


ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED

1884

Part Two.

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AN

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

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PART II.

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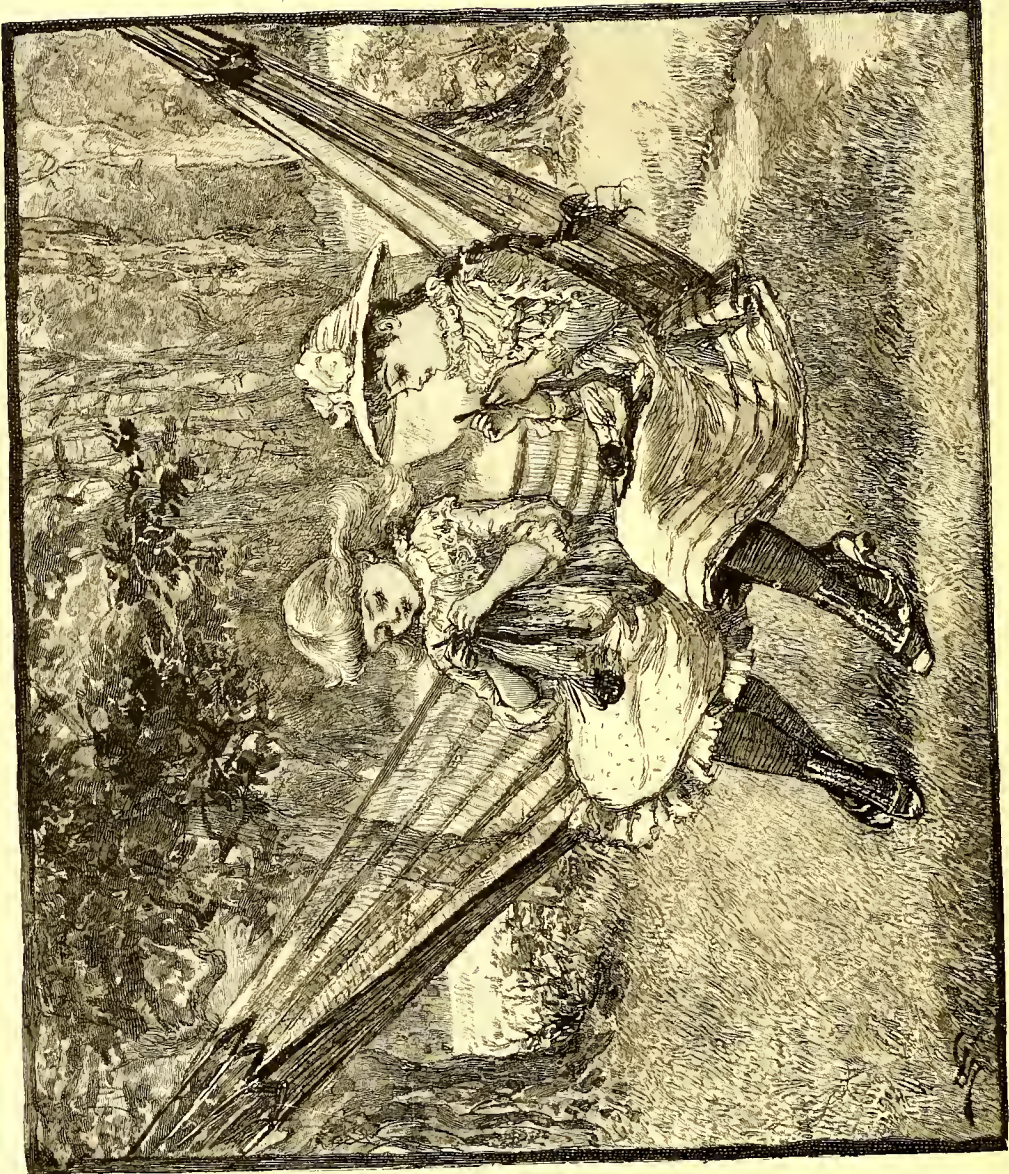
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"ROCKET" AND "FLYER."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 7.

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“ROCKET” AND “FLYER.”

BY JOEL STACY.

IN the soft, green light of the leafy June,
“Rocket” and “Flyer” sat humming a tune;
Humming and chatting, they soberly swayed
In the hammock under the linden’s shade.

Said “Rocket” to “Flyer”: “To make them
quite strong,

Mamma said we scarcely could take too much
pains;”

“Oh, yes!” answered “Flyer,” “and ever so
long! —

But, how funny for horses to make their own
reins!”

A live pair of horses. They worked side by
side,

As each a crochet-needle daintily plied.
Their *real* names were Fanny and Marjorie
Blair,

And never was seen a more beautiful pair.

Spirited, supple, strong, gentle, and fleet

Were “Rocket” and “Flyer,” as Robbie
allowed.

Rob was their master,—so chubby and sweet,
’T was plain to be seen why his horses were
proud.

Such a grip as he had! Such a “*whoa!*” and
a “*go!*”

Such a power over horses—(of *their* kind, you
know);

Such a genius for making them follow his will,—
For making them amble, or holding them still!

Well, it seems that one day, when the spirited
span

Were hitched to a rose-bush that stood by the
door,

At the sight of a spider, they broke loose and ran;
And Robbie sat wailing as never before.

His lines were all tangled, and broken, and torn.
The rose-bush rained petals, and sprang back in
scorn.

For “Rocket” and “Flyer,” as Robbie declared,
“Had turned into girls just because they were
scared!”

In vain they begged pardon, flushed, laughing
and warm;

In vain coaxed and kissed in their prettiest
style;

But at last, by a promise, they conquered the
storm,

And won from their master a nod and a smile.

They would make him “a new set of reins?—
good and strong?”

Make him “reins that were nearly a dozen yards
long?”—

Ah, “Rocket” and “Flyer.”—you beautiful
span!

’T is you who can manage the stout little man!

And this was the reason they swung side by side,
And each a crochet-needle daintily plied:—
Their *real* names were Fanny and Marjorie Blair,
And never was seen a more beautiful pair.



The Scarlet Tanager,

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURES OF EAVESDROPPING.



IN the grassy bank by the door of the old parsonage, a slender boy, with thin, dark features and straight black hair, sat with a shingle on his lap, skinning a bird.

Hearing the latch of the gate click, he looked up and scowled.

"It's old Pickerel!" he muttered, bending his eyes again intently on his work. "Wonder what he wants here!"

The visitor was a young man, not more than thirty; but, being a school-master, the boys called him old; and, because his name was Pike, they called him Pickerel.

He came along the graveled walk, swinging his light cane, and without appearing to notice particularly the boy's occupation said, in a tone of voice meant to be conciliatory:

"Is your father at home, Gaspar?"

"No, he aint," Gaspar replied curtly, without looking up again from his bird.

Old Pickerel — or, rather, young Mr. Pike — paused and hesitated, while a look of displeasure or disappointment, or both, gathered on that beaming, friendly face of his.

What he thought was: "When you come to my school, you'll be taught manners more becoming a minister's son, and learn not to say *aint*." What he said was — (in a tone still resolutely conciliatory, for he seemed aware of wild traits in this young colt, whom he was to catch first and afterward tame):

"I am sorry for that. At what time will he return?"

"Don't know," said Gaspar shortly, as before, while he continued skinning his bird.

The visitor was about to turn away in disgust, but he hesitated again. It was evidently hard for

him to keep up the bland and winning manner of his first questions; but he did it heroically, and asked if Gaspar's mother was in.

"Guess so," was the discourteous answer he received; and he moved on toward the door.

"If the old gentleman aint at home, the old lady will do," mused Gaspar, who commonly spoke of his parents in this light, irreverent way. (Sometimes, I regret to relate, they were "the old man" and "the old woman.")

"What's up, I wonder? I'll bet they've sent for him to talk over my going into the high school this fall!"

He stopped skinning his bird, and fixed on vacancy a fierce, discontented look.

"But I aint going to the high school; that's all there is about that! My days of slavery are over. I'm going to have a good time now, when I can; and when I can't, I'll make a row."

He tried to give his mind once more to the bird-skinning, but he was excited and listless; a longing possessed him to know how a quiet little conversation about himself would sound.

He seemed to conclude that it would be amusing; so, slipping the shingle, with the bird and knife on it, under a lilac-bush, he glided cautiously around the corner of the house, and turned up an expectant ear under the sitting-room window.

He could hear voices within, but it was some time before he could make out much that was said. At length, his mother's voice began to rise and swell with tempestuous emotion.

"I wish my husband were here to talk with you," she was saying, "for I can't, — I can't, — without giving way to my feelings and saying what I know I shall regret afterward."

"You need not hesitate to be quite frank with me," was the reply, in earnest accents, breaking through the subdued tones of the formal call. "I know something about boys. I have studied them all my life, and I have never yet found one that did not have some good traits that could be success-

fully appealed to, if approached by the right person in the right way."

"It is about me," thought Gaspar, listening breathlessly. But he was not displeased by the visitor's remark. "Guess old Pick aint such a very scaly fellow, after all!" he said to himself. But his mother was speaking now.

"Oh, yes! And Gaspar is no exception. He can be the pleasantest, most obliging boy you ever saw, when things go to suit him; but that is n't much of the time, I'm forced to say, if I am his mother! And when things don't go just ac-

"He seems to regard us as his enemies; whereas, mercy knows, we work and pray only for his good. He is not a malicious or a vicious boy; nor lazy, if he is only interested in what he is doing—then, I am often surprised to see how industrious and capable he is!"

"That is boy-like. I have known many just such cases," said the visitor.

"I should n't mind, if we could ever get him interested in anything we wish him to do," the mother resumed. "But that seems well-nigh impossible. The very fact that we wish a thing done is enough



AN UNGRACIOUS RECEPTION.

ording to his notion—oh! I can't begin to tell you how we suffer from his unfilial conduct!"

The mother's voice became flamed and gusty with grief; while the listener under the window scowled and set his teeth, as if he found eaves-dropping not so agreeable a pastime as he had anticipated.

The school-master made some sympathetic response, which was only half-audible to Gaspar, and then Mrs. Heth went on:

to prejudice him against it, and often we have induced him to pursue a desired course by appearing to oppose him in it. He told his sister that he could n't be hired to go to the picnic last week; but when his father said, 'I suppose you wont care to go, and it will be better, perhaps, for you to stay at home,' he changed his mind and went, to our great relief."

"Ho, ho!" whispered Gaspar softly, not at all

pleased to learn how he had been cajoled. "I'll look out for you next time!"

"His father and I have wished to give him an education; and though we are not rich, we would cheerfully have made any sacrifices to send him to college and prepare him for a profession. But he hates study. Oh! when I think of the difference between him and some boys I know, who are striving for an education against the greatest obstacles, while he is throwing away his opportunities, it makes me——"

"What is she crying for?" Gaspar said to himself, in the painful interval of silence which followed.

"We should be willing for him to leave school," she resumed presently, "if there were any other useful thing he would apply himself to. But he thinks he 's cruelly misused if we even require him to take care of the horse, or split a little kindling-wood. It is, in fact, so great a trial to get anything of that kind done, that his father would never ask it of him if it were not a still greater trial to see him idle. That he is a minister's son, makes the matter seem worse than if he belonged to anybody else; so much is expected of a minister's family! But he appears to have no regard for his father's position; and, indeed, but very little respect for him, anyway."

"I infer that he is not a very good scholar," said the visitor.

"He is a very poor scholar. But it is n't the fault of his ability. I never saw a child so quick to learn, when he once gives his mind to anything. But his object in school seems to have been to have all the fun he could, while studying just enough to pass his examinations, and not get left by his class. Not one of his teachers has seemed able to get at the right side of him; and I know he has worked against them in every way he could."

"Evidently they have not understood him," said the school-master.

"How could they be expected to understand him, when I, his own mother, can not?" said the woman, despondently. "Oh, what would I not give to find the right chord to touch in his nature, and know just how to reach it! There must be such a chord,—he is so bright, so ingenious, so ready to help almost anybody but his own family and friends!"

Gaspar scowled harder than ever, and his breath came thickly. He wished his mother would not talk in that way!

"You see, now," she went on, "why we have sent for you. We need your advice and help. We are very anxious that he should enter at your school the next term; and I thought that, perhaps, if you could talk with him, knowing something of his peculiar disposition to begin with, you might have some influence over him."

The school-master did not reply for a moment.

"Guess he don't care to take that contract," thought Gaspar, remembering his recent surly behavior to the visitor. "He 'll think that I 'm too bad to try to do anything with, and I can't blame him." So he hardened his heart, although, for some reason, he felt now that he would a little rather have the good opinion of old Pickerel.

"What sort of persons are his associates?" the teacher asked, after a pause.

"Just such as you might suppose,—the most idle and reckless boys in the neighborhood. There is Pete Cheevy, perhaps the worst of them all. Scarce a day passes but he and our boy are off together robbing birds' nests, or killing the poor little birds."

"I have observed them together," said the visitor; "and I must confess that I have wondered to see your son keeping such company."

"We have tried to prevent it," rejoined the mother; "and we have tried to prevent this warfare on the birds. But Gaspar has a gun—an old-fashioned fowling-piece that his uncle gave him; he even feels hard toward us, because his father will not buy him a-breech-loader! He says that we oppose him in everything. Whereas, mercy knows, we have been too indulgent. He is an only son; he was our idol in his babyhood—all our hopes centered in him. Now,—to think how he repays us!"

And Gaspar, under the window, could distinctly hear his mother's sobs.

"I am sure there must be some way of reaching his better nature," said Mr. Pike. "But I see he is suspicious of me; thinking, no doubt, that because I am a school-master I must be plotting against his liberty. I will help you, if I can, Mrs. Heth; but it is possible that it will not be best for him to enter the high school; and, if so, for his own good we should wish to know it."

"He 's a level-headed old Pick, anyway!" thought Gaspar, under the window.

"It is n't always wise to oppose such a boy in everything," the visitor went on. "But if we can discover the bent of his genius, and what he wishes most at heart, we may, perhaps, direct him in the right way,—not by damming the stream, but by turning it into a proper channel."

His voice sounded as if he was rising to go, and the boy made haste to get away from the window.

CHAPTER II.

A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

WHEN Mr. Pike came out of the house, a few minutes later, he saw Gaspar Heth sitting on the grass where he had left him, with the little raw, red body of the bird on the shingle beside him,

and the skin in his hands, smoothing out the ruffled plumage.

"What sort of bird is that?" the school-master inquired, approaching, and leaning on his cane.

Gaspar did not answer for a moment, undecided whether to regard this man as a friend or an enemy. He shaped the wings, and holding out the beak and tail, said at length:

"Don't you know it?"

"No, I don't; I know very little about birds, — much less than I wish I did."

"It's a flicker," said Gaspar, quite pleased to be able to teach the master of the high school something.

"A flicker? What's a flicker?" queried the master.

"A high-hole," said Gaspar.

"Well!" Mr. Pike answered good-humoredly, "that leaves me as ignorant as I was before. What is a high-hole?"

Gaspar laughed. It was fun to puzzle old Pickereel, and he wished some boys that he knew were there to witness his triumph.

"It's a yellow-hammer," he replied. "Now you know."

"Now I don't know; in fact, I know less than I did before," said the master. "For, if I am not mistaken, the yellow-hammer is a European species; we have no yellow-hammer in this country."

This bit of bird-knowledge took the gleeful Gaspar by surprise. He did not respect old Pick any the less for it, however.

"You are not mistaken," he said. "We have no true yellow-hammer. But that is one of the common names this bird goes by. It is called a flicker, too, I suppose, on account of the flashing yellow of its wings when it flies; and a high-hole, from the holes it makes for its nest in the trunks of trees."

"Now I know the bird," replied the school-master; "as I think I should have done at first, if I had seen it on the wing. It is the pigeon-woodpecker, or golden-winged woodpecker, or golden-shafted woodpecker; it seems to have a great many names."

Gaspar was growing interested in the conversation.

"It has still another name," he said; "*you* ought to know that."

"Why so?"

"Because it is Latin, and because you are the school-master."

"I am humiliated now!" said the teacher, with a humorous, rueful smile. "I pretend to teach Latin, and yet I don't know the Latin name for this bird! — though, I suppose, it must be some

sort of *picus*, that being the Latin name for woodpecker."

"That's it," cried Gaspar, growing more and more animated. "Though I have always called it *pick-us*, because it picks the trees."

"A very natural mistake," said the school-master. "But the *i* has the long sound; and the word is not related to our word *pick* at all. This *picus* must have some other Latin word to qualify it, and show what particular species it is. Do you remember it?"

"*Auratus*; *pickus auratus*, or something like that."

The master smiled again.

"Not *auratus*, but *auratus*, my boy, with the accent on the long *a* of the second syllable; *picus auratus*. That is, *woodpecker decked with gold*; and a very good name it is. I am not surprised that you did not get it quite right; on the contrary, I am surprised that you should have observed and remembered the Latin name at all."

"There's a book about birds in the public library; in looking it over, I've noticed that all the woodpeckers are called *picus*, — which I thought meant *pickers*, — and then I could n't help wondering what some of the other words meant. I have asked myself what *auratus* stood for, a good many times; and now I am glad that I know it means 'decked with gold.' But I can't see the use of giving Latin and Greek names to birds and things, nowadays."

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," said the master. "Take this bird, for instance. We have seen that it has several common names; one of which, certainly, belongs to another bird. So, if a person speaks of a yellow-hammer, how are you to know whether he means this or the European species? In ordinary conversation you may think that is not very important; but in all scientific descriptions, it is necessary that such names shall be used as can not be misunderstood."

"But why can't men of science agree upon English names?" the boy inquired.

"That is a sensible question. The answer to it is that all men of science are not English-speaking people. There are German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Russian ornithologists, and those of many other countries. Now, it is true, they might all agree upon an English name for each bird; but it would be as unreasonable for us to expect that of foreigners, as we would consider it, if we were all required to learn a French or a Dutch name. It really seems much simpler and more convenient to use Latin and Greek names, which learned men in all countries agree upon and understand: so that a German man of science will know just what a Spanish man of science is

writing about, if he uses correct scientific terms. Now, take the case of this very bird. A Swedish naturalist, named Linnaeus, who was a great botanist, and classified and gave scientific names to plants, also gave names to many birds—to this species, I suppose, among others; so that, when *picus auratus* is alluded to by any writer in any language, ornithologists know just what bird is meant. So, you see, these scientific terms that you dislike form a sort of universal language understood by men of science the world over.”

“Can’t a person be a good ornithologist without knowing Latin and Greek?” Gaspar inquired.

“Oh, yes; but he will find it very useful indeed to know those languages, especially as some species of birds have more than one scientific name, given them by more than one writer on the subject. To know at least the rudiments of Greek and Latin will be a great help to him; and these can be acquired without very severe study. But, after all,” the master continued, seeing the boy’s countenance fall, “to know a thing itself is of much greater importance than to know fifty different names for it, be they ever so scientific. I suppose you have learned a great deal about this bird, its characteristics of form and color, its habits, its food, and its eggs.”

“I know all that,” said Gaspar, brightening again. “I have its eggs, and they are beauties! Six of them, pure white, about an inch long. I got them myself, by hard digging with a knife, out of a hole in a tree as long as my arm—I mean the hole, not the tree.”

“But did n’t you feel a little sorry to take away the eggs from the mother bird?” Mr. Pike ventured to say, watching the boy’s face carefully.

“I should have felt worse if I had n’t known she would keep right on and lay more, and hatch her brood just the same, only somewhat later. I wanted the eggs for my collection.”

“Have you a collection? I should like to see it.”

“Would you?” said Gaspar. “Well, I’d like to show it to you, if you wont mind the looks of my room. I am scolded every day in the year for the litter I keep it in, but I don’t see what harm it does. I’ll show you my collection of bird-skins, too, if you like.” And, as the master replied that he would like that, too, very much, Gaspar led the way into the house.

CHAPTER III.

GASPAR’S COLLECTIONS.

MRS. HETH had watched with anxious interest the school-master and her wayward son talking together in the yard; but it was not without a feel-

ing of dismay that she saw Gaspar bring in the visitor, and start with him toward the chamber stairs.

“Gaspar!” she cried, “what are you going to do?”

“Show my collections,” said Gaspar, stiffly.

“He wont care for your collections, and, you know, you keep your room in such a state that I am positively ashamed to have it seen,” remonstrated the mother.

“Excuse me, I have been in boys’ rooms before,” replied the master, “and I have a real desire to see his collections.”

With a face full of apprehension and distress, the good woman drew back into the sitting-room, thankful that she had at least prepared him for the untidy appearance of things, which the most careful and conscientious housekeeping could not permanently remedy.

Owing, perhaps, to that forewarning, Mr. Pike, on entering the chamber, did not appear to notice at all the oil-spots on the wall-paper, the scattered feathers and bits of cotton-wool and sticks and leaves on the carpet, clothing and shoes flung about, some loose matches on the bed, and a hammer and a handful of nails on a chair. He did not mean to be surprised at anything; and he was, perhaps, all the more surprised for that reason.

Gaspar began to open his bureau drawers, the contents of which accounted for a tumbled heap of shirts and socks, thrust into a box, which peeped out from under the bed; all his wearing apparel having been removed to make space for the things, which, in his eyes, were of vastly greater importance. These were his collections; and it was the order and beauty displayed in their arrangement, contrasted with the great disorder of the room, which surprised the master.

There were eggs of various sizes, from those of the osprey and the great horned-owl down to those of the humming-bird and the smallest wren. The larger eggs were laid side by side in open pasteboard boxes. “For, of course, I could n’t bring home a night-heron’s nest, or a fish-hawk’s nest,” Gaspar explained. “Guess such rafts of sticks and limbs would be too much, even for *my* room!” Some of the smaller eggs, also, were in boxes. “For it happens, sometimes, that two or three of us will discover a rare nest, and, of course, only one can have it; but we can share the eggs, if it has more than one.”

Most of the eggs, however, were in their native nests, which were arranged with neatness and taste. These were of a great variety of size and structure, from that of the ruby-throated humming-bird, so diminutive and dainty,—(a soft bunch of the gathered down of plants, having delicately colored

lichens stuck all over it, except in the thimble-like hollow which contained the two pearls of lovely white eggs) — from that small miracle of bird-architecture, resembling a knot on a limb, to the larger and coarser nests woven of strings and sticks and hair.

zle to me. There's one egg in the lower nest, lighter-colored and much larger than the other two."

"The nest is the chipping-sparrow's," said Gaspar; "sometimes called the hair-bird's, because



GASPAR EXHIBITS HIS COLLECTIONS TO MR. PIKE.

Mr. Pike noted these differences with a great deal of interest, and finally exclaimed:

"What's this? It looks like a sort of two-story nest, with eggs above and below."

"That's just what it is," replied Gaspar, delighted to see the interest with which the master regarded his treasures. "Do you see through it?"

"I see through it, in one sense," Mr. Pike replied; "for the upper story seems to have been rather hastily constructed. But it's a puz-

zle to me. There's one egg in the lower nest, lighter-colored and much larger than the other two. The two small, bluish-green eggs in the lower story are the bird's own; the larger one is that of a stranger, the meanest of all birds,—the cow-bunting, which lays its eggs in the nests of other birds."

"I thought that was the habit of the cuckoo," observed the master.

"It may be of the European cuckoo," said Gaspar; "I have heard that it is. But our American cuckoos build nests of their own. Here is one,

built of twigs and leaves and moss,—the black billed cuckoo's,—which I found myself."

The master examined the nest, but did not appear quite convinced.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Emerson says:

'Yonder masterful cuckoo
Crowds every egg out of the nest,
Quick or dead, except its own.'

"And by 'yonder cuckoo,' an American writer could hardly have meant a bird across the ocean, if he knew what he was talking about, as Emerson generally did."

"But he did n't, if he was talking about our native cuckoos," Gaspar declared confidently.

The school-master smiled to see this black-eyed boy brush aside the words of the Concord philosopher with a disdainful gesture. Gaspar went on: "I've watched the birds ever so many times: and don't I know? The cow-bunting is the rogue! I saw the bird go to this sparrow's nest, when there were two sparrow eggs in it, and it left that third egg. But it did n't crowd out the others: it left its own to be hatched with them, and the young bird to be taken care of by the sparrow, along with her own young. But what did the sparrow do? She saw that it was a strange egg, but did n't know how to get rid of it: so she set to work with her mate to build the upper story of the nest, and got it ready in time to lay her next egg in it. But they had done their work in too great a hurry: it was open to criticism, as you see. So they abandoned it, and I took it for my collection."

"It is very curious!" said the master.

Three drawers contained the nests and eggs. Gaspar opened a fourth, in which were displayed the smallest of his bird-skins. Each had the beak and claws attached, and was wrapped about a slender artificial body of cotton-wool, and laid on its back. The different specimens of a species—the male and female and young—were ranged side by side; those of the species nearest akin were placed next; and so on, through each family, sub-family, and order. It was a wonderful sight; all were so beautiful, all so still; not like dead birds, but rather like birds in a trance or sleep. The larger birds were ranged in like manner in broad paste-board boxes.

"Do you know all these species and their eggs?" the master inquired.

"Oh, of course!" said Gaspar carelessly. "It took me a long while to learn all the warblers and their eggs; for there are a great many of them, and some are very much alike. These are the warblers," he added, spreading his hands over a row of the smaller birds; "the chestnut-sided, the blue yellow-backed, the blue-winged yellow, the

blackpoll, the black-throated blue, the Cape May, the yellow-rumped, the——"

"Never mind about the rest!" exclaimed the master. "I am surprised that you should have studied and collected so many specimens."

"The only way to study them is to collect them," replied Gaspar. "Now, some folks are interested in books. But what I am interested in is birds."

"You should be a naturalist," observed the master.

"Oh! that's what I should like to be!" said the boy, his dark features glowing with enthusiasm. "But, no,—my folks want to make something else of me. They think the time I spend studying birds is 'time thrown away.' I am 'idling'; and I am a 'cruel wretch' because I take eggs and nests."

"But do you not think, yourself, that it is a great pity to destroy so many eggs and birds?" asked the master. "You have a beautiful display here; but do you know what struck me at first? Not the beauty, but the pity of it! I am glad I have seen it, for now I know there is another side to the question than that of wanton destruction and cruelty."

"Wanton destruction and cruelty!" cried Gaspar, his black eyes flashing. "I never take a bird nor an egg that I don't need to complete my collection. I only get my share, and hardly that. If you could see the host of real enemies one of these little sparrows has to dodge and hide away from before she can make a nest and raise her brood! minks and snakes, and red squirrels, and weasels, and hawks, and jays, and butcher-birds, and owls, and cats, and——"

"And young collectors," put in the master, in a quiet tone.

"I own," said Gaspar, "that they are about the worst enemies that birds have, after all! I don't mean the real collectors, for I believe they are the birds' best friends."

"I think the true ornithologist is a friend to the birds, as he must be their lover," the master admitted. "But you know, Gaspar, as well as I do, that 'collecting' is a mania with boys; innocent enough when confined to autographs and postage-stamps, but harmful when it leads to the destruction of living creatures, with no noble end in view. How many boys do you know who have begun collections of birds and eggs that will never have the least scientific value, but will be neglected and flung out-of-doors in a year or two?"

"How many? lots of them!" Gaspar answered, frankly. "But I am not one of 'em."

"You go with them, however?"

"Yes, I go with them sometimes, for their

company and help. There 's that Pete Cheevy; he can climb trees like a squirrel, and I 've some rare nests I could never have got without his assistance. By going with me, he has picked up a lot of eggs and nests; but it 's just waste material for such a fellow; all that a collection is to him is just something to brag of."

"Don't you think it is a great evil. Gaspar? Where is the law against such things?" inquired the school-master.

"Boys in this town care nothing for the law; they 're in no danger, as long as there 's nobody to complain of them. But I wish myself, sometimes, that the law might be enforced,—provided my father would get me a permit to take birds and eggs for scientific purposes," the boy hastened to add.

"Are you sure that your purposes are scientific?" the master inquired.

Gaspar looked down thoughtfully at his row of fly-catchers, smoothed the breasts of the chebec and the wood pewee in an absent-minded sort of way,—then suddenly turned his dark eyes on the master.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Before answering, Mr. Pike put to him a few questions as to his methods of preserving the eggs and birds, or, rather, the shells and skins; and especially as to the marks by which he distinguished species and ascertained the names of birds new to him.

Gaspar described the process of blowing an egg, and of curing a skin; then proceeded to deliver so intelligent and entertaining a lecture upon beaks and shanks and wing-coverts, mandibles, *tarsi* and primaries, that Mr. Pike listened with surprise and pleasure.

"Really, Gaspar," he said, "you show the zeal and instinct of a naturalist. I don't wonder you find the pursuit fascinating. How many more of our native birds will it take to complete your collections?"

"I want particularly a scarlet tanager, and a yellow-billed cuckoo, and five or six more," replied the boy; "with about as many rare nests and eggs."

"Now, Gaspar," rejoined the master, "I have a proposition to make, in your own interest, as well as that of the birds. You must agree with me that the wholesale destruction of birds and eggs by boys who have no scientific knowledge of the subject, and do not aspire to have, ought to be prohibited."

"Yes, sir," Gaspar admitted.

"Now, I want you to unite with me in helping to put a stop to it."

"But—what—how can I?"

"We will get up an interest in the subject among the townspeople, especially among the boys; and, if necessary, we will call the attention of the proper authorities to it; for the destruction of the birds, you know, means the destruction of our forests and orchards and crops by injurious insects, which our feathered friends help to keep down. We will see, Gaspar, if we can not get this useful and humane law enforced."

The boy's face looked gloomy.

"In return for what you do," the master continued, "I think I shall be able to get you a certificate from the officers of the Natural History Society, which will allow you to take birds and eggs for strictly scientific purposes."

The boy's face brightened.

"Now, that is fair, is it not?" said Mr. Pike, in a cheery tone.

"Yes—but—I don't know!" stammered Gaspar. "It will be hard for me to go back on the fellows who have hunted birds and nests with me before now."

"You need n't 'go back on them', as you say, or do anything mean and dishonorable. But what is to prevent your telling them that a movement is on foot to enforce the law, and that you, for one, intend to obey the law in future?"

Gaspar laughed with those bright black eyes of his.

"They would n't believe me!"

"What, have you so bad a reputation as a law-breaker? I am sorry to hear it! But you can mend it by mending your practices, and soon teach the boys that you are in earnest. Now promise me that you will help on by word and example the movement I propose, and I promise to get you the permit."

After some hesitation, Gaspar made the promise. Mr. Pike gave him his hand.

"I am very glad that I have had this talk with you, Gaspar. And now I am going to tell you frankly that I really came here to-day to consult with your parents about your entering the high school."

"I knew you did," said Gaspar, rather shamefacedly.

"And that is the reason why you were, perhaps, a little short with me as I came in? Well, never mind; you would have been more courteous, perhaps, if you had understood me better. I am not going to urge your parents to send you to school, unless you see, yourself, that you ought to go. Whatever you make of yourself in life, you will find a little more education than you now have extremely useful; and especially, if you mean to be an ornithologist, you should acquire a good, liberal, general knowledge, and learn how to describe your observations

and discoveries with correctness and force. Think of it, will you? Meanwhile, I will talk with your parents, and help them to a better understanding of you and your aims than they now have. Remember your promise, Gaspar, about the boys and birds!"

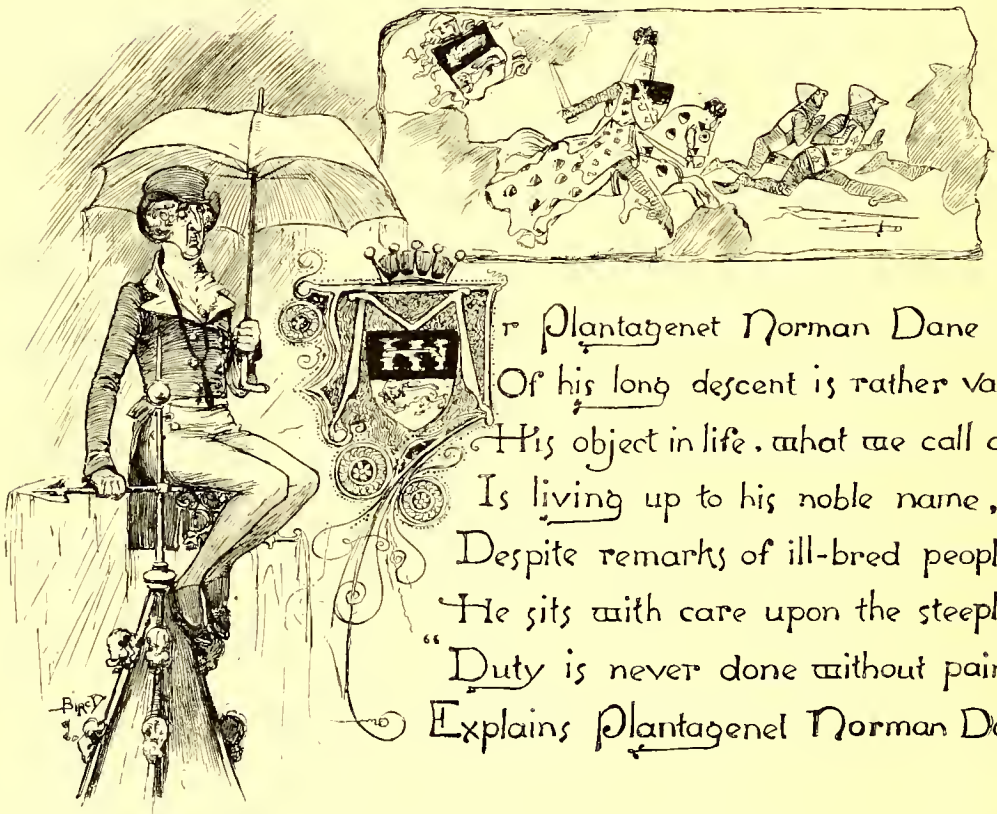
Mr. Pike afterward talked again with Mrs. Heth, and gave her much comfort and encouragement regarding her son. He lost no time in applying for the certificate, which he had promised, on his part; and, when he found that a small fee for it was required, gladly paid it out of his own pocket.

In the meantime, he became better acquainted with Gaspar, and had good reason to believe that his influence might do much toward reforming the boy, and likewise in preserving the birds of the neighborhood from wanton destruction.

Everything was, in fact, going on favorably when Gaspar one day suddenly disappeared, — disappeared as mysteriously and completely as if he had vanished in air, or had been swallowed up by the earth.

What strange thing had happened to him will be told in a future chapter.

(To be continued.)



Mr Plantagenet Norman Dane
 Of his long descent is rather vain;
 His object in life, what we call aim
 Is living up to his noble name,
 Despite remarks of ill-bred people,
 He sits with care upon the steeple;
 "Duty is never done without pain"
 Explains Plantagenet Norman Dane.

SUPPORTING HERSELF.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

DEAR GIRLS:

The Editor asks, "Will I not talk to her girls?" Of course, I will! I would rather talk to one girl than to a planet-full of other people any time. And she asks, "Will I tell them something of what I think about girls' supporting themselves?"

There was once an old negro preacher, who said: "My bredren, if I had all heaven for my pulpit, and all earth for my congregation, and all eternity for my Sunday mornin', de tex I hab chosen to-day is de tex I'd choose on dat occasion." And, indeed, if I had the summer lightning for my magazine columns, and all the girls in North America for my readers, and the long vacation to talk in, the text which the editor has given me is the one I should "choose on dat occasion."

Dear Girls, there are just two things to be said on this large, long, broad question. The first is only: *Do it!* The second is only: *Do it thoroughly!* And have I no doubt that girls are made to support themselves? None in the world. And am I sure that they can support themselves? Perfectly sure. And do I believe that they ought to support themselves? With belief unspeakable. But would I have them neglect their parents, and desert their homes, and be disagreeable to their brothers, and ruin their health, and spoil their manners, and never get married?

Let us begin like the old Chaldeans, and read those six solemn questions backwards. Never get married? By no means! if you have no command of any trade or profession which will enable you to provide for your family under any of the many terrible emergencies of sickness, or death, or misfortune, or sin, which may throw that provision upon the woman's hands. By all means get married, if you love a man enough to face these emergencies for his sake!

Spoil your manners? If a lady is less a lady for earning her own living, she never was a lady at all, and her manners are not worth the ink I am expending upon the mention of them.

Ruin your health? If you are strong enough to live an idle or frivolous or dependent life, you have done the hardest work you will ever find yourself in the way of doing. You could be a carpenter, with less risk to muscle and nerve and brain and tissue, than to live the life that many girls live after leaving school.

Estrange your brothers? If your brothers think the less of you for an honest determination

to be able to take care of yourself, they don't deserve a good sister, and don't know her when they see her.

Desert your home? Not so long as Heaven spares you that blessed thing to cling to! Remain in it if you may; absent yourself from it if you must; but keep your heart as true to it as loyal love can be.

Neglect your parents? I would rather that you neglected yourself.

And just here let me say that I understand, and you understand, and we all understand that *some* girls must stay at home and accept a dependent life. So must some boys. To all our sweeping rules we have sharp exceptions. Now and then, the incompetent father, or the feeble mother, or the erring brothers, or the sad, untold family secret demands the devotion of the entire individual life of some one child. Now and then the child herself or himself is sorely burdened with incapacity or disease, which makes even an acquaintance with the means of pursuing an independent career a doubtful or an impossible thing, and the monotony of sheltered, small, home duties the better, truer life. This happens to brothers as well as to sisters. It need not happen because you are a girl. It should happen only because you are an exceptional girl.

Then, do I think that, as a rule, girls should learn to provide for themselves? As a rule, most assuredly! *As a rule*, it is honest, safer, nobler, and more womanly for a woman to be able to care for herself and for the father, or mother, or brother, or husband, or child, whom a hundred chances may, at any hour, fling upon her warm heart and brave hand for protection. As a rule, a girl should make herself mistress of some industry, or art, or profession, or trade, which has a market value in the great struggle for existence into which God has plunged this weary world.

As a rule, she can succeed in doing this if she determine to, and will fail in it if she does not.

Girls, first make up your minds that you will *be* something! All the rest will follow. *What* you shall be comes more easily and clearly in due time. When you have perfectly and solemnly decided to be *something*, your battle is half fought. A young lady, herself the only self-supporting sister of several in a family, poor, proud, and struggling, once said to me: "I, for one, am sure that, if a girl *wants* to command an independent means of live-

lihood, she will find out the way." And this, as a rule, is golden truth. There are exceptional parents, as there are exceptional daughters. But this you may depend upon, little women! if your whole heart is set upon, and your whole head is trained for, becoming an elocutionist, or a green-grocer, or an engraver, or a florist, or a singer, or a doctor, the chances are that elocutionist, or green-grocer, or engraver, or florist, or singer, or doctor you will be. Your mother may forbid you a whim; she will not disregard a purpose. Your father may laugh at a notion; he will respect an enthusiasm. You will not find a friend to encourage you in jerky, hysterical, vague attempts to acquire fame without genius, or wealth without labor, or success without perseverance. You may find for your unswerving aspiration, and your dogged hard work,—you may find—ah, my dear girls! I wish I could say you will find—as many helping hands as your brothers will find. But that is not yet; perhaps the day will come. Women must work yet awhile under discouragement such as only women know. Don't expect the help your brother gets! Make up your mind to that in the beginning. I am only saying that, once your mind is *made*, you will find help enough to enable you to keep it in shape; and, after all, that is a great deal.

Now, the earlier you do this the better. A girl of thirteen can not decide, to be sure, with any discretion or any assurance, whether she will be a sculptor or a wash-woman, a farmer or a poet; but she can decide distinctly whether it is her wish or her duty, after leaving school or college, to remain dependent upon her parents or to fit herself for a self-providing life.

The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter, your gloves and bonnets is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and an interval in life. The chemical experiment which you may some day have to explain to pupils of your own is quite another thing from the lesson that you may never think of again. The practice in book-keeping, which may some time regulate your dealings with live, flesh-and-blood customers, becomes as interesting as a new story. The dull old rules for inflection and enunciation fairly turn into poetry, if you hope to find yourself a great public reader some coming day. And the very sawdust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary, in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring girls or boys for college. All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for, are those who lead the gentlest and cleanest

lives. So, on the great ocean of school-life, the girls, with aims to study for, are those whose labor is the richest and the ripest. Ah! you will never realize till you have tried it what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing *distinct aims*. The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason. I fancy that I can select in a crowded street the busy, blessed women who support themselves. They carry themselves with an air of conscious self-respect and self-content which a shabby alpaca can not hide, nor a *Bonnêt* silk enhance, nor even sickness or exhaustion quite drag out.

But, girls, if you don't mean to make a thorough business of the occupation you have chosen, never, never, *never* begin to be occupied at all. Half-finished work will do for amateurs. It will never answer for professionals. The bracket you are sewing for a New Year's present can hang a little crooked on its screws, and you will be forgiven "for the love's sake found therein" by the dear heart to which you offer it; but the trinket carved for sale in the Sorrento rooms must be cut as true as a rose-leaf. You can be a little shaky as to your German declensions in the Schiller club, which you join so enthusiastically after leaving school, and no great harm ever come of it; but teach Schiller for a living, and for every dative case forgotten you are so much money out of pocket.

People who pay for a thing demand thorough workmanship or none. To offer incomplete work for complete market price, is to be either a cheat or a beggar. The terrible grinding laws of supply and demand, pay and receive, give and get, give no quarter to shilly-shally labor. The excellence of your intentions is nothing to the point. The stress of your poverty has not the slightest connection with the case. An editor will never pay you for your poem because you wish to help your mother. No customer will buy her best bonnet or her wheat flour of you because you are unable to pay your rent. When you have entered the world of trade, you have entered a world where tenderness and charity and personal interest are foreign relations. Not "for friendship's sake," nor "for pity's sake," nor "for chivalry's sake" runs the great rallying-cry of this great world.—but only "*for value received.*"

It is with sorrow and shame, but yet with hope and courage, that I write it,—there is reason for the extensive complaint made by men, that women do not work thoroughly. I am afraid that, till time and trouble shall have taught them better, they will not. Is it because they have never been trained? Is it because they expect to be married? That it is not in the least because they can not,

we know; for we know that some of the most magnificently accurate work in the world has been done by women.

Now, by whom are the girls of to-day, must find for yourselves, and teach us all a better way. Make up your minds to work hard and to work patiently. Don't expect to get the return of skilled labor for unskilled effort. Remember that, no matter what you intend to become, you can not avoid *apprenticeship*. Don't expect, if you bring your education to an end at eighteen, to become a teacher or a preacher, a lawyer or a physician, like your brother whose preparatory studies last till he is twenty-five. Don't think you can rush to the art-galleries, and sell your amateur water-colors in competition with artists who have given years and years of drudgery to the handling of their brushes and the culture of their inspirations. Don't expect *The Century Magazine* to print your stories till you have first thrown a great many poor manuscripts into the fire. If you wish to go into the book-seller's business, be content to begin by familiarizing yourself with the backs of libraries. If you aspire to be a railroad ticket agent (like a few bright women I have seen), learn your arithmetic lesson keenly, that you may make quick change for hurried people. Be content to begin humbly! Be careful to labor faithfully! Be patient to toil long!

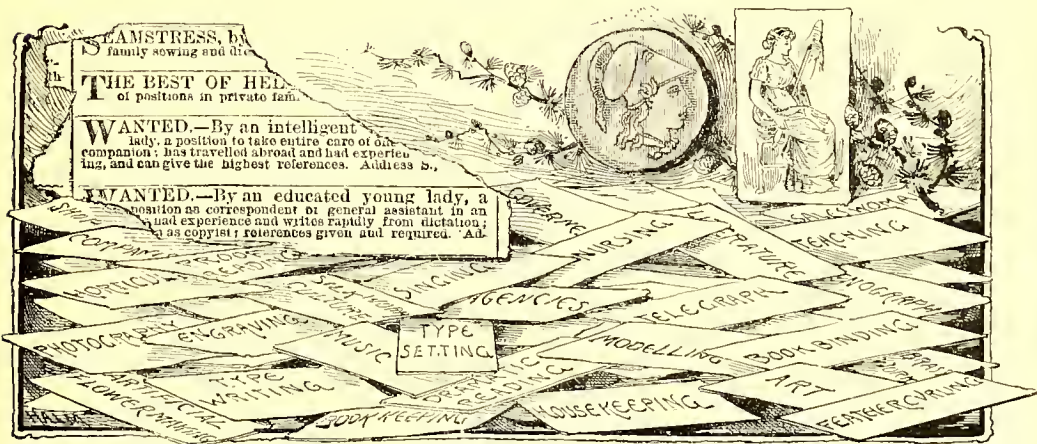
One of the foremost of modern novelists was a woman—a woman whose patience was as immense

as her fame, and her fame is owing as much to her patience as to her genius. In her great story of *Daniel Deronda* George Eliot puts into the mouth of a musician addressing a young lady who has aspirations for the stage, these memorable, cutting words:

"You have been brought up in ease,—you have done what you would,—you have not said to yourself, "I must know this exactly," "I must understand this exactly," "I must do this exactly." In uttering these three terrible *musts*, Klesmer lifted up three long fingers in succession. "It seems you have not been called upon to be anything but a charming young lady whom it is an impoliteness to find fault with. * * * You would find, after your education in doing things slackly, * * * great difficulties in study. You would be subjected to tests; people would no longer feign not to see your blunder. You would at first be accepted only on trial. * * * Any success must be won by the utmost patience. You would have to keep your place in a crowd; and after all, it is likely you would lose it and get out of sight. If you determine to face these hardships and still try, you will have the dignity of a high purpose. * * * You will have some merit, though you may win no prize."

But now I have told you to work, and work thoroughly. I have n't helped you in the least to know what to do, or how to do it?

Why no, my dear girls, I suppose I have n't. That would take as long as the negro wanted to take for his sermon. Perhaps some other time, if you care to hear me, I will talk to you further about these things. Only believe me to be right in this: When once your mind is firmly and hopefully made up to work, the what and the how will follow fast enough.



THE PHILOPENA.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



THE ABSOLUTE FOOL AND THE LION. (SEE PAGE 524.)

THERE were once a Prince and a Princess who, when quite young, ate a philopena together. They agreed that the one who, after sunrise the next day, should accept anything from the other—the giver at the same time saying “Philopena!”—should be the loser, and that the loser should marry the other.

They did not meet the next day; and at the time our story begins, many years had elapsed, and the Prince and the Princess were nearly grown up. They often thought of the philopena they had eaten together, and wondered if they should know each other when they met. He remembered her as a pretty little girl dressed in green silk and playing with a snow-white cat; while she remembered him as a handsome boy, wearing a little sword, the handle of which was covered with jewels. But both must have changed a great deal in all this time.

Neither of these young people had any parents; the Prince lived with guardians and the Princess with uncles.

The guardians of the Prince were very enterprising and energetic men, and were allowed to govern the country until the Prince came of age. The capital city was a very fine city when the old king died; but the guardians thought it might be much finer, so they set to work with all their might

and main to improve it. They tore down old houses and made ever so many new streets; they built grand and splendid bridges over the river on which the city stood; they constructed aqueducts to bring water from streams ever so many miles away; and they were at work all the time upon some great building enterprise.

The Prince did not seem to take much interest in the works which were going on under direction of his guardians; and when he rode out, he preferred to go into the country or to ride through some of the quaint old streets, where nothing had been changed for hundreds of years.

The uncles of the Princess were very different people from the guardians of the Prince. There were three of them, and they were very quiet and cozy old men, who disliked any kind of bustle or disturbance, and wished that everything might remain as they had always known it. It even worried them a little to find that the Princess was growing up. They would have much preferred that she should remain exactly as she was when they first took charge of her. Then they never would have been obliged to worry their minds about any changes in the way of taking care of her. But they did not worry their minds very much, after all. They wished to make her guardianship as little laborious or exhausting as possible, and

so, divided the work; one of them took charge of her education, another of her food and lodging, and the third of her dress. The first sent for teachers, and told them to teach her; the second had handsome apartments prepared for her use, and gave orders that she should have everything she needed to eat and drink; while the third commanded that she should have a complete outfit of new clothes four times a year. Thus everything went on very quietly and smoothly; and the three uncles were not obliged to exhaust themselves by hard work. There were never any new houses built, and if anything had to be repaired, it was done with as little noise and dirt as possible. The city and the whole kingdom were quiet and serene, and the three uncles dozed away most of the day in three great comfortable thrones.

Everybody seemed satisfied with this state of things except the Princess. She often thought to herself that nothing would be more delightful than a little noise and motion, and she wondered if the whole world were as quiet as the city in which she lived. At last, she became unable to bear the dreadful stillness of the place any longer; but she could think of nothing to do but to go and try to find the Prince with whom she had eaten a philopena. If she should win, he must marry her; and then, perhaps, they could settle down in some place where things would be bright and lively. So, early one morning, she put on her white dress, and mounting her prancing black horse, she rode away from the city. Only one person saw her go, for nearly all the people were asleep.

About this time, the Prince made up his mind that he could no longer stand the din and confusion, the everlasting up-setting and setting-up in his native city. He would go away, and see if he could find the Princess with whom he had eaten a philopena. If he should win, she would be obliged to marry him; and then, perhaps, they could settle down in some place where it was quiet and peaceful. So, on the same morning in which the Princess rode away, he put on a handsome suit of black clothes, and mounting a gentle white horse, he rode out of the city. Only one person saw him go; for, even at that early hour, the people were so busy that little attention was paid to his movements.

About half-way between these two cities, in a tall tower which stood upon a hill, there lived an Inquisitive Dwarf, whose whole object in life was to find out what people were doing and why they did it. From the top of this tower he generally managed to see all that was going on in the surrounding country; and in each of the two cities

that have been mentioned he had an agent, whose duty it was to send him word, by means of carrier pigeons, whenever a new thing happened. Before breakfast, on the morning when the Prince and Princess rode away, a pigeon from the city of the Prince came flying to the tower of the Inquisitive Dwarf.

"Some new building started, I suppose," said the Dwarf, as he took the paper from the pigeon. "But no; it is very different! The Prince has ridden away from the city alone, and is traveling to the north."

But before he could begin to puzzle his brains about the meaning of this departure, another pigeon came flying in from the city of the Princess.

"Well!" cried the Dwarf, "this is amazing! It is a long time since I have had a message from that city, and my agent has been drawing his salary without doing any work. What possibly can have happened there?"

When he read that the Princess had ridden alone from the city that morning, and was traveling to the south, he was truly amazed.

"What on earth can it mean?" he exclaimed. "If the city of the Prince were to the south of that of the Princess, then I might understand it; for they would be going to see each other, and that would be natural enough. But as his city is to the north of her city, they are traveling in opposite directions. And what is the meaning of this? I must most certainly find out."



THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS EAT A PHILOPENA.

The Inquisitive Dwarf had three servants whom he employed to attend to his most important business. These were a Gorgoness, a Water Sprite, and an Absolute Fool. This last one was very valuable; for there were some things he would do which no one else would think of attempting. The Dwarf called to him the Gorgoness, the oldest and most discreet of the three, and told her of the departure of the Princess.

"Hasten southward," he said, "as fast as you

can, and follow her, and do not return to me until you have found out why she left her city, where she is going, and what she expects to do when she gets there. Your appearance may frighten her; and, therefore, you must take with you the Absolute Fool, to whom she will probably be willing to talk; but you must see that everything is managed properly."

Having dispatched these two, the Inquisitive Dwarf then called the Water Sprite, who was singing to herself at the edge of a fountain, and telling her of the departure of the Prince, ordered her to follow him, and not to return until she had found out why he left his city, where he was going, and what he intended to do when he got there.

"The road to the north," he said, "lies along the river bank; therefore, you can easily keep him company."

The Water Sprite bowed, and dancing over the dewy grass to the river, threw herself into it. Sometimes she swam beneath the clear water; sometimes she rose partly in the air, where she seemed like a little cloud of sparkling mist borne onward by the wind; and sometimes she floated upon the surface, her pale blue robes undulating with the gentle waves, while her white hands and feet shone in the sun like tiny crests of foam. Thus, singing to herself, she went joyously and rapidly on, aided by a full, strong wind from the south. She did not forget to glance every now and then upon the road which ran along the river bank; and, in the course of the morning, she perceived the Prince. He was sitting in the shade of a tree near the water's edge, while his gentle white horse was grazing near by.

The Water Sprite came very gently out of the river, and seating herself upon the edge of a grassy bank, she spoke to him. The Prince looked up in astonishment, but there was nothing in her appearance to frighten him.

"I came," said the Water Sprite, "at the command of my master, to ask you why you left your city, where you are going, and what you intend to do when you get there."

The Prince then told her why he had left his city, and what he intended to do when he had found the Princess.

"But where I am going," he said, "I do not know, myself. I must travel and travel until I succeed in the object of my search."

The Water Sprite reflected for a moment, and then she said:

"If I were you, I would not travel to the north. It is cold and dreary there, and your Princess would not dwell in such a region. A little above us, on the other side of this river, there is a stream which runs sometimes to the east and sometimes

to the south, and which leads to the Land of the Lovely Lakes. This is the most beautiful country in the world, and you will be much more likely to find your Princess there than among the desolate mountains of the north."

"I dare say you are right," said the Prince; "and I will go there, if you will show me the way."

"The road runs along the bank of the river," said the Water Sprite; "and we shall soon reach the Land of the Lovely Lakes."

The Prince then mounted his horse, forded the river, and was soon riding along the bank of the stream, while the Water Sprite gayly floated upon its dancing ripples.

When the Gorgoness started southward, in pursuit of the Princess, she kept out of sight among the bushes by the roadside; but sped swiftly along. The Absolute Fool, however, mounted upon a good horse, rode boldly on the road. He was a good-looking youth, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and a handsome figure. As he cantered gayly along, he felt himself capable of every noble action which the human mind has ever conceived. The Gorgoness kept near him, and in the course of the morning they overtook the Princess, who was allowing her horse to walk in the shade by the roadside. The Absolute Fool dashed up to her, and, taking off his hat, asked her why she had left her city, where she was going, and what she intended to do when she got there.

The Princess looked at him in surprise. "I left my city because I wanted to," she said. "I am going about my business, and when I get to the proper place, I will attend to it."

"Oh, said the Absolute Fool, "you refuse me your confidence, do you? But allow me to remark that I have a Gorgoness with me who is very frightful to look at, and whom it was my intention to keep in the bushes: but if you will not give fair answers to my questions, she must come out and talk to you, and that is all there is about it."

"If there is a Gorgoness in the bushes," said the Princess, "let her come out. No matter how frightful she is, I would rather she should come where I can see her, than to have her hiding near me."

The Gorgoness, who had heard these words, now came out into the road. The horse of the Princess reared in affright, but his young rider patted him on the neck, and quieted his fears.

"What do you and this young man want?" said the Princess to the Gorgoness, "and why do you question me?"

"It is not of our own will that we do it," said the Gorgoness, very respectfully; "but our master,

the Inquisitive Dwarf, has sent us to obtain information about the points on which the young man questioned you; and until we have found out these things, it is impossible for us to return."

"I am opposed to answering impertinent questions," replied the Princess; "but in order to rid myself of you, I will tell you the reason of my

report to you to-morrow morning. And if you should need help, or escort, he will aid and obey you as your servant. As for me, unless we find the Prince, I shall continue searching for him. There is a prince in the city to the north of my master's tower, and it is not unlikely that it is he whom you seek."



THE WATER SPRITE DIRECTS THE PRINCE TO THE LAND OF THE LOVELY LAKES.

journey." And she then stated briefly the facts of the case.

"Ah, me!" said the Gorgoness; "I am very sorry; but you can not tell us where you are going, and we can not return until we know that. But you need not desire to be rid of us, for it may be that we can assist you in the object of your journey. This young man is sometimes very useful, and I shall be glad to do anything that I can to help you. If you should think that I would injure you, or willingly annoy you by my presence, it would grieve me to the heart." And as she spoke, a tear bedimmed her eye.

The Princess was touched by the emotion of the Gorgoness.

"You may accompany me," she said, "and I will trust you both. You must know this country better than I do. Have you any advice to give me in regard to my journey?"

"One thing I would strongly advise," said the Gorgoness, "and that is, that you do not travel any further until we know in what direction it will be best to go. There is an inn close by, kept by a worthy woman. If you will stop there until to-morrow, this young man and I will scour the country 'round about, and try to find some news of your Prince. The young man will return and

"You can find out if it is he," answered the Princess, "by asking about the philopena."

"That will I do," said the Gorgoness, "and I will return hither as speedily as possible." And, with a respectful salutation, the Gorgoness and the Absolute Fool departed by different ways.

The Princess then repaired to the inn, where she took lodgings.

The next morning, the Absolute Fool came back to the inn, and seeing the Princess, said: "I rode until long after night-fall, searching for the Prince, before it occurred to me that, even if I should find him, I would not know him in the dark. As soon as I thought of that, I rode straight to the nearest house, and slept till daybreak, when I remembered that I was to report to you this morning. But as I have heard no news of the Prince, and as this is a beautiful, clear day, I think it would be extremely foolish to remain idly here, where there is nothing of interest going on, and when a single hour's delay may cause you to miss the object of your search. The Prince may be in one place this morning, and there is no knowing where he will be in the afternoon. While the Gorgoness is searching, we should search also. We can return before sunset, and we will leave word here as to the direction we have taken, so that when she

returns, she can quickly overtake us. It is my opinion that not a moment should be lost. I will be your guide. I know this country well."

The Princess thought this sounded like good reasoning, and consented to set out. There were some beautiful mountains to the south-east; and among these, the Absolute Fool declared, a prince of good taste would be very apt to dwell. They, therefore, took this direction. But when they had traveled an hour or more, the mountains began to look bare and bleak, and the Absolute Fool declared that he did not believe any prince would live there. He therefore advised that they turn into a road that led to the north-east. It was a good road; and therefore he thought it led to a good place, where a person of good sense would be likely to reside. Along this road they therefore traveled. They had ridden but a few miles when they met three men, well armed and mounted. These men drew up their horses, and respectfully saluted the Princess.

"High-born Lady," they said, "for by your aspect we know you to be such, we would inform you that we are the soldiers of the King, the outskirts of whose dominions you have reached. It is our duty to question all travelers, and, if their object in coming to our country is a good one, to give them whatever assistance and information they may require. Will you tell us why you come?"

"Impertinent vassals!" cried the Absolute Fool, riding up in a great passion. "How dare you interfere with a princess who has left her city because it was so dull and stupid, and is endeavoring to find a prince, with whom she has eaten a philopena, in order that she may marry him. Out of my way, or I will draw my sword and cleave you to the earth, and thus punish your unwarrantable curiosity!"

The soldiers could not repress a smile.

"In order to prevent mischief," they said to the Absolute Fool, "we shall be obliged to take you into custody."

This they immediately did, and then requested the Princess to accompany them to the palace of their King, where she would receive hospitality and aid.

The King welcomed the Princess with great cordiality. He had no prince of his own, and he was very sorry that he had not; for, in that case, he would hope that he might be the person for whom she was looking. But there was a prince, who lived in a city to the north, who was probably the very man; and he would send and make inquiries. In the meantime, the Princess would be entertained by himself and his Queen; and, if her servant would make a suitable apology, his

violent language would be pardoned. But the Absolute Fool positively refused to do this.

"I never apologize," he cried. "No man of spirit would do such a thing. What I say, I stand by."

"Very well," said the King; "then you shall fight a wild beast." And he gave orders that the affair should be arranged for the following day.

In a short time, however, some of his officers came to him and told him that there were no wild beasts; those on hand having been kept so long that they had become tame.

"To be sure, there's the old lion, Sardon," they said; "but he is so dreadfully cross and has had so much experience in these fights, that for a long time it has n't been considered fair to allow any one to enter the ring with him."

"It is a pity," said the King, "to make the young man fight a tame beast; but, under the circumstances, the best thing to do will be to represent the case to him, just as it is. Tell him we are sorry we have not an ordinary wild beast; but that he can take his choice between a tame one and the lion Sardon, whose disposition and experience you will explain to him."

When the matter was stated to the Absolute Fool, he refused with great scorn to fight a tame beast.

"I will not be degraded in the eyes of the public," he said; "I will take the old lion."

The next day, the court and the public assembled to see the fight; but the Queen and our Princess took a ride into the country, not wishing to witness a combat of this kind, especially one which was so unequal. The King ordered that every advantage should be given to the young man, in order that he might have every possible chance of success in fighting an animal which had been a victor on so many similar occasions. A large iron cage, furnished with a turnstile, into which the Absolute Fool could retire for rest and refreshment, but where the lion could not follow him, was placed in the middle of the arena, and the youth was furnished with all the weapons he desired. When all was ready, the Absolute Fool took his stand in the center of the arena, and the door of the lion's den was opened. When the great beast came out, he looked about for an instant, and then, with majestic step, advanced toward the young man. When he was within a few paces of him, he crouched for a spring.

The Absolute Fool had never seen so magnificent a creature, and he could not restrain his admiration. With folded arms and sparkling eyes, he gazed with delight upon the lion's massive head, his long and flowing mane, his magnificent muscles, and his powerful feet and legs.

There was an air of grandeur and strength about him which completely enraptured the youth. Approaching the lion, he knelt before him, and gazed with wondering ecstasy into his great, glowing eyes. "What glorious orbs!" he inwardly exclaimed. "What unfathomable expression! What possibilities! What reminiscences! And everywhere, what majesty of curve!"

peared. for he was as much delighted as any one at the victory of the young man.

"Noble youth," he exclaimed, "you are the bravest of the brave. You are the only man I know who is worthy of our royal daughter, and you shall marry her forthwith. Long since, I vowed that only with the bravest should she wed."

At this moment, the Queen and the Princess,



"THEY MET THREE MEN, WELL ARMED AND MOUNTED."

The lion was a good deal astonished at the conduct of the young man; and he soon began to suppose that this was not the person he was to fight, but probably a keeper, who was examining into his condition. After submitting to this scrutiny a few minutes, he gave a mighty yawn, which startled the spectators, but which delighted the Absolute Fool; for never before had he beheld such dazzling teeth, such immensity of expression. He knelt in silent delight at this exhibition of the beauty of strength.

Old Sardon soon became tired of all this, however, and he turned and walked back to his den. "When their man is ready," he thought to himself, "I will come out and fight him."

One tremendous shout now arose from the multitude. "The youth has conquered!" they cried. "He has actually frightened the lion back into his den!" Rushing into the arena, they raised the Absolute Fool upon their shoulders and carried him in triumph to the open square in front of the palace, that he might be rewarded for his bravery. Here the King, followed by his court, quickly ap-

returning from their ride, heard with joy the result of the combat; and riding up to the victor, the Queen declared that she would gladly join with her royal husband in giving their daughter to so brave a man.

The Absolute Fool stood for a moment in silent thought; then, addressing the King, he said:

"Was Your Majesty's father a king?"

"He was," was the answer.

"Was his father of royal blood?"

"No; he was not," replied the King. "My grandfather was a man of the people; but his pre-eminent virtue, his great ability as a statesman, and the dignity and nobility of his character made him the unanimous choice of the nation as its sovereign."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the Absolute Fool: "for it makes it necessary for me to decline the kind offer of your daughter in marriage. If I marry a princess at all, she must be one who can trace back her lineage through a long line of royal ancestors." And as he spoke, his breast swelled with manly pride.

For a moment, the King was dumb with rage. Then loudly he shouted: "Ho, guards! Annihilate him! Avenge this insult!"

At these words, the sword of every by-stander leaped from its scabbard; but, before any one could take a step forward, the Princess seized the Absolute Fool by his long and flowing locks, and put spurs to her horse. The young man yelled with pain, and shouted to her to let go; but she held firmly to his hair, and as he was extraordinarily active and fleet of foot, he kept pace with the galloping horse. A great crowd of people started in pursuit, but as none of them were mounted, they were soon left behind.

"Let go my hair! Let go my hair!" shouted the Absolute Fool, as he bounded along. "You don't know how it hurts. Let go! Let go!"

But the Princess never relinquished her hold until they were out of the King's domain.

"A little more," cried the indignant youth, when she let him go, "and you would have pulled out a handful of my hair."

"A little less," said the Princess, contemptuously, "and you would have been cut to pieces; for you have not sense enough to take care of yourself. I am sorry I listened to you, and left the inn to which the Gorgoiness took me. It would have been far better to have waited there for her as she told me to do."

"Yes," said the Absolute Fool; "it would have been much better."

"Now," said the Princess, "we will go back there, and see if she has returned."

"If we can find it," said the other, "which I very much doubt."

There were several roads at this point and, of course, they took the wrong one. As they went on, the Absolute Fool complained bitterly that he had left his horse behind him, and was obliged to walk. Sometimes he stopped, and said he would go back after it; but this the Princess sternly forbade.

When the Gorgoiness reached the city of the Prince, it was night; but she was not sorry for this. She did not like to show herself much in the daytime, because so many people were frightened by her. After a good deal of trouble, she discovered that the Prince had certainly left the city, although his guardians did not seem to be aware of it. They were so busy with a new palace, in part of which they were living, that they could not be expected to keep a constant eye upon him. In the morning, she met an old man who knew her, and was not afraid of her, and who told her that the day before, when he was up the river, he had seen the Prince on his white horse, riding on the bank of the

stream; and that near him, in the water, was something which now looked like a woman, and again like a puff of mist. The Gorgoiness reflected.

"If the Prince has gone off in that way," she said to herself, "I believe that he is the very one whom the Princess is looking for, and that he has set out in search of her; and that creature in the water must be our Water Sprite, whom our master has probably sent out to discover where the Prince is going. If he had told me about this, it would have saved much trouble. From the direction in which they were going, I feel sure that the Water Sprite was taking the Prince to the Land of the Lovely Lakes. She never fails to go there, if she can possibly get an excuse. I'll follow them. I suppose the Princess will be tired, waiting at the inn; but I must know where the Prince is, and if he is really her Prince, before I go back to her."

When the Gorgoiness reached the Land of the Lovely Lakes, she wandered all that day and the next night; but she saw nothing of those for whom she was looking.

The Princess and the Absolute Fool journeyed on until near the close of the afternoon, when the sky began to be overcast, and it looked like rain. They were then not far from a large piece of water; and at a little distance, they saw a ship moored near the shore.

"I shall seek shelter on board that ship," said the Princess.

"It is going to storm," remarked the Absolute Fool. "I should prefer to be on dry land."

"As the land is not likely to be very dry when it rains," said the Princess, "I prefer a shelter, even if it is upon wet water."

"Women will always have their own way," muttered the Absolute Fool.

The ship belonged to a crew of Amazon sailors, who gave the Princess a hearty welcome.

"You may go on board if you choose," said the Absolute Fool to the Princess. "but I shall not risk my life in a ship manned by women."

"You are quite right," said the Captain of the Amazons, who had heard this remark; "for you would not be allowed to come on board if you wanted to. But we will give you a tent to protect you and the horse in case it should rain, and will send you something to eat."

While the Princess was taking tea with the Amazon Captain, she told her about the Prince, and how she was trying to find him.

"Good!" cried the Captain. "I will join in the search, and take you in my ship. Some of my crew told me that yesterday they saw a young man, who looked like a prince, riding along the shore of the lake which adjoins the one we are on. In

the morning we will sail after him. We shall keep near the shore, and your servant can mount your horse and ride along the edge of the lake. From what I know of the speed of this vessel, I think he can easily keep up with us."

Early in the morning, the Amazon Captain called her crew together. "Hurrah, my brave girls!" she said. "We have an object. I never sail without an object, and it delights me to get one. The purpose of our present cruise is to find the Prince of whom this Princess is in search; and we must spare no pains to bring him to her, dead or alive."

Luckily for her peace of mind, the Princess did not hear this speech. The day was a fine one, and before long the sun became very hot. The ship was sailing quite near the land, when the Absolute Fool rode down to the water's edge, and called out that he had something very important to communicate to the Princess. As he was not allowed to come on board, she was obliged to go on shore, to which she was rowed in a small boat.

"I have been thinking," said the Absolute Fool, "that it is perfectly ridiculous, and very uncomfortable, to continue this search any longer. I would go back, but my master would not suffer me to return without knowing where you are going. I have, therefore, a plan to propose. Give up your useless search for this Prince, who is probably not nearly so handsome and intellectual as I am, and marry me. We will then return, and I will assume the reins of government in your domain."

"Follow the vessel," said the Princess, "as you have been doing; for I wish some one to take care of my horse." And without another word, she returned to the ship.

"I should like to sail as far as possible from shore the rest of the trip," said she to the Captain.

"Put the helm bias!" shouted the Amazon Captain to the steers-woman; "and keep him well out from land."

When they had sailed through a small stream into the lake adjoining, the look-out, who was swinging in a hammock hung between the tops of the two masts, sang out, "Prince ahead!" Instantly all was activity on board the vessel. Story books were tucked under coils of rope, hem-stitching and embroidery were laid aside, and every woman was at her post.

"The Princess is taking a nap," said the Captain, "and we will not awaken her. It will be so nice to surprise her by bringing the Prince to her. We will run our vessel ashore, and then steal quietly upon him. But do not let him get away. Cut him down, if he resists!"

The Prince, who was plainly visible only a short distance ahead, was so pleasantly employed that he had not noticed the approach of the ship. He

was sitting upon a low, moss-covered rock, close to the water's edge; and with a small hand net, which he had found on the shore, he was scooping the most beautiful fishes from the lake, holding them up in the sunlight to admire their brilliant colors and graceful forms, and then returning them uninjured to the water. The Water Sprite was swimming near him, and calling to the fish to come up and be caught; for the gentle Prince would not hurt them. It was very delightful and rare sport, and it is not surprising that it entirely engrossed the attention of the Prince. The Amazons silently landed, and softly stole along the shore, a little back from the water. Then, at their Captain's command, they rushed upon the Prince.

It was just about this time that the Gorgoness, who had been searching for the Prince, caught her first sight of him. Perceiving, before he knew it himself, that he was about to be attacked, she rushed to his aid. The Amazon sailors reached him before she did, and seizing upon him they began to pull him away. The Prince resisted stoutly; but perceiving that his assailants were women, he would not draw his sword. The Amazon Captain and mate, who were armed with broad knives, now raised their weapons, and called upon the Prince to surrender or die. But at this moment, the Gorgoness reached the spot, and catching the Captain and mate, each by an arm, she dragged them back from the Prince. The other Amazons, however, continued the combat; and the Prince defended himself by pushing them into the shallow water, where the Water Sprite nearly stifled them by throwing over them showers of spray. And now came riding up the Absolute Fool. Seeing a youth engaged in combat with the Amazon sailors, his blood boiled with indignation.

"A man fighting women!" he exclaimed. "What a coward! My arm shall ever assist the weaker sex."

Jumping from the horse, he drew his sword, and rushed upon the Prince. The Gorgoness saw the danger of the latter, and she would have thrown herself between him and his new assailant, but she was afraid to loosen her hold of the Amazon Captain and mate. But a thought struck her just in time, and in a loud voice she called out:

"Caterpillar!"

"Where?" exclaimed the Absolute Fool, stopping short.

"On your neck," cried the Gorgoness.

With a look of horror on his features, the Absolute Fool dropped his sword and began to look for the caterpillar. The Prince had perceived the approach of the Absolute Fool; and now, having freed himself from the Amazons, he drew his sword,

feeling glad to have a man to fight; for although of so gentle a disposition, he was a brave fellow. But when he saw that the other had dropped his weapon, he would not wound him with his sword, but contented himself with pommeling him with the flat of the blade.

"Begone!" cried the Prince. "It is bad enough to be attacked by a crowd of women, but I will not allow myself to be assaulted without reason by a man."

"Stop that! Stop that!" cried the Absolute Fool, as he retreated before the Prince. "Wait till I find this caterpillar, and then I will show you what I can do."

By this time the two had nearly reached the place where the ship was moored, and the Princess, who had been awakened by the noise of the combat, appeared upon the deck of the vessel. The moment she saw the Prince, she felt convinced that he was certainly the one for whom she was looking. Fearing that the Absolute Fool, whom she knew to be very strong and active, might turn upon him and kill him, she sprang from the vessel to his assistance; but her foot caught in a rope, and, instead of reaching the shore, she fell into the water, which was here quite deep, and immediately sank out of sight. The Prince, who had noticed her just as she sprang, and who felt equally convinced that she was the one for whom he was searching, dropped his sword and rushed to the edge of the bank. Just as the Princess rose to the surface, he reached out his hand to her, and she took it.

"Philopena!" cried the Prince.

"You have won," said the Princess, gayly shaking the water from her curls, as he drew her ashore.

Within an hour, the Prince and Princess, after taking kind leave of the Gorgoness, and Water Sprite, and of the Amazon sailors, who cheered them loudly, rode away to the city of the Princess; while the three servants of the Inquisitive Dwarf returned to their master to report what had happened.

The Absolute Fool was in a very bad humor: for he was obliged to return on foot, having left his horse in the kingdom where he had so narrowly escaped being killed: and, besides this, he had had his hair pulled, and had been beaten, and the Princess had not treated him with proper respect. He felt himself deeply injured. When he reached home, he determined that he would

not remain in a position where his great abilities were so little appreciated. "I will do something," he said, "which shall prove to the world that I deserve to stand among the truly great. I will reform my fellow beings, and I will begin by reforming the Inquisitive Dwarf." Thereupon he went to his master, and said:

"Sir, it is foolish and absurd for you to be meddling thus with the affairs of your neighbors. Give up your inquisitive habits, and learn some useful business. While you are doing this, I will consent to manage your affairs."

The Inquisitive Dwarf turned to him, and said: "I have a great desire to know the exact appearance of the North Pole. Go and discover it for me."

The Absolute Fool departed on this mission, and has not yet returned.

When the Princess, with her Prince, reached her city, her uncles were very much amazed; for they had not known she had gone away. "If you are going to get married," they said, "we are very glad; for then you will not need our care, and we shall be free from the great responsibility which is bearing us down."

In a short time the wedding took place, and then the question arose in which city should the young couple dwell. The Princess decided it.

"In the winter," she said to the Prince, "we will live in your city, where all is life and activity; and where the houses are so well built with all the latest improvements. In the summer, we will come to my city, where everything is old, and shady, and serene." This they did, and were very happy.

The Gorgoness would have been glad to go and live with the Princess, for she had taken a great fancy to her; but she did not think it worth her while to ask permission to do this.

"My impulses, I know, are good," she said; "but my appearance is against me."

As for the Water Sprite, she was in a truly disconsolate mood, because she had left so soon the Land of the Lovely Lakes, where she had been so happy. The more she thought about it, the more she grieved; and one morning, unable to bear her sorrow longer, she sprang into the great jet of the fountain. High into the bright air the fountain threw her, scattering her into a thousand drops of glittering water; but not one drop fell back into the basin. The great, warm sun drew them up; and, in a little white cloud, they floated away across the bright blue sky.

WORDS INCLINED TO JINGLE.



ROSY SNOW.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

ROSY snow on the roofs in the morning;
 Drifts in the hollows, by wild winds curled;
 Bells on the beaten road chime away cheeringly—
 O the great white world!
 Brown little sparrows on twigs bare and red,
 You shall have crumbs both of cake and of bread—
 I will remember you, flitting unfearingly
 Out in the great white world!

ROSY snow on the orchard this morning!
 Faint-flushed blossoms with crisp edges curled;
 Soft-floating petals by blithe breezes flung to me—
 O the sweet white world!
 Young whistling robin with round ruddy breast,
 I'll never touch your blue eggs in the nest;
 I will remember the welcome you've sung to me
 Out in the sweet white world!



A PICNIC.

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XX.

GONE BACK TO BARBARISM.

THE renewal of acquaintance, under circumstances so extraordinary as those detailed in the previous chapter, calls for explanation; for although the incident may appear strange, and even improbable, it is, nevertheless, quite reasonable. How it came about will be learned from the following relation of facts:

In the year 1838, the English Admiral Fitzroy, —then Captain Fitzroy,—while in command of H. M. S. “Beagle,” engaged in the survey of Tierra del Fuego, had one of his boats stolen by the natives of Christmas Sound. Pursuing the thieves, he made capture of a number of their relatives, but unfortunately not of the actual culprits. For a time he held the captives as hostages, hoping by that means to effect the return of the boat. Disappointed in this, however, he at length released them all, except three, who voluntarily remained on board the “Beagle.”

These were two young men and a little girl; and all of them were soon after baptized by the sailors. One of the men had the name “Boat Memory” bestowed upon him, because he had been taken at the place where the boat was stolen.

The other was christened “York Minster,” after a remarkable mountain, bearing a fancied resemblance to the famed cathedral of York, near which he was captured. “Fuegia Basket,” as the girl was called, was named from the wicker-work craft that the crew of the stolen boat had improvised to carry them back to their ship.

Later on, the commander of the “Beagle,” while exploring the channel which now bears his ship’s name, picked up another native of a different tribe. This was a young boy, who was bought of his own uncle for a button—his unnatural relative freely parting with him at the price! The transaction suggested the name given him, “Jemmy Button.”

Returning soon after to England, Fitzroy, with truly philanthropic motives, took the four Fuegians along with him. His intentions were to have them educated and Christianized, and then restored to their native country, in hopes that they might do something toward civilizing it. In pursuance of this plan, three of the Fuegians were put to school; the fourth, “Boat Memory,” having died soon after landing at Plymouth.

When Captain Fitzroy thought their training sufficiently advanced for his purpose, this humane officer, at his own expense, chartered a vessel to convey them back to Tierra del Fuego, intending

to accompany them himself; and he did this, although a poor man, and no longer commanding a ship in commission; the "Beagle," meanwhile, having been dismantled and laid up.

By good fortune, however, Captain Fitzroy was spared this part of the expense. The survey of Tierra del Fuego and adjacent coasts had not been completed, and another expedition was sent out by the British Admiralty, and the command of it entrusted to him. So, proceeding thither in his old ship, the "Beagle," once more in commission, he carried his Fuegian *protégés* along.

There went with him, also, a man then little known, but now of world-wide and universal fame, a young naturalist named Darwin — Charles Darwin — he who for the last quarter of a century, and till his death, has held highest rank among men of science, and has truly deserved the distinction.

"York Minster," "Jemmy Button," and "Fuegia Basket" (in their own country called respectively Eleparu, Orundelico, and Ocushlu) were the three odd-looking individuals that Ned and Henry had rescued from the wharf-rats of Portsmouth, as described at the beginning of our story; while the officer who appeared on the scene was Fitzroy himself, then on the way to Plymouth, where the "Beagle," fitted out and ready to put to sea, was awaiting him.

In due time, arriving in Tierra del Fuego, the three natives were left there, with every provision made for their future subsistence. They had all the means and appliances to assist them in carry-out Captain Fitzroy's humane scheme; carpentering tools, agricultural implements, and a supply of seeds, with which to make a beginning.*

Since then nearly four years have elapsed, and lo! — the result. Perhaps never were good intentions more thoroughly brought to naught, nor clearer proofs given of their frustration, than these that Henry Chester and Ned Gancy have now before their eyes. Though unacquainted with most of the above details, they see a man, but half-clothed, his hair in matted tangle, his skin besmeared with dirt and blubber; in everything and to all appearances as rude a savage as any Fuegian around him, who is yet the same man they had once seen wearing the garb and having the manners of civilization! They see a girl, too, — now woman-grown, — in whom the change, though less extreme, is still strikingly, sadly for the worse. In both, the transformation is so complete, so retrograde, so contrary to all experience, that they can scarcely

realize it. It is difficult to believe that any nature, however savage, after such pains has been taken to civilize it, could so return to itself! It seems a very perversity of backsliding!

But this is not a time for the two young men to inquire into the causes of the change, nor might that be a pleasant subject to those who have thus relapsed; so Ned and Henry refrain from appearing even to notice it. They are too overjoyed in knowing that they and their companions are no longer in danger to care greatly for anything else.

Of their safety they have full and instant assurance, by the behavior of Eleparu, who has taken in the situation at a glance. Apparently head of the community, with a shout and authoritative wave of the hand he sends off those who so lately had threatened to attack them. But all seem friendly enough, now that they see him so; and having, indeed, no reason to be otherwise. Hunger, chiefly, had made them hostile; and now they need not be hungry for a long time.

Accordingly, they at once set about appeasing their appetites with the grand store, which must provide them for days and even weeks. On this account, no indiscriminate grabbing is allowed; but Annaqua, with another of the old men, proceeds to serve out the blubber in equal rations, — first cutting it into strips, like strings of sausages; then measuring off different-sized pieces, according to the ages of the recipients.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the keen hunger of those seeking relief, not one of them touches a morsel till the partition is complete and each has his share. Then, as at a given signal, they fall to, after holding the blubber a second or two near the blaze of the fire.

During these unpleasant proceedings, mutual explanations are exchanged between Eleparu and the two young men of his former brief but memorable acquaintance. He first inquires how they come to be there; then tells his own story, or such part of it as he desires them to know. They learn from him that Ocushlu is now his wife; but when questioned about the boy, and what has become of him, he shows reserve, answering:

"Oh, 'Jemmy Button' — he not of our people; he Tekenika. English officer brought Jemmy back, too — left him at Woolya — that his own country — lie out that way;" and he points eastward along the arm.

Observing Eleparu's reticence whenever Orundelico (or "Jemmy Button") is mentioned, the questioners soon forbear asking further concerning

* A young missionary named Mathews, who had volunteered, was taken out and left with them. But Captain Fitzroy, revisiting Woolya — the intended mission station — a few days after, found Mathews threatened with death at the hands of those he had hoped to benefit. During the interval, the savages had kept the poor fellow in constant fear for his life, even "Jemmy Button" and "York" having been unable to protect him. Captain Fitzroy took him away, and he afterward engaged in missionary work among the Maories of New Zealand.

him, and other matters of more importance claim their attention.

Meanwhile, Ocushlu is engaged in conversation with Mrs. Gancy and Leoline. She is about the same age as the latter; but in other respects how different they are, and what a contrast they form! The poor Fuegian herself seems to realize it, and with sadness of heart. Who could interpret her thoughts when, after gazing at the beautiful white girl, clean-faced and becomingly attired, her glance is turned to her own unsightly self? Perhaps she may be thinking of the time when, a school-girl at Walthamstow, she, too, wore a pretty dress; and perchance she bitterly regrets having returned to her native land and barbarism! Certainly, the expression on her countenance seems a commingling of sadness and shame.

But whatever, at the moment, may be her reflections or feelings, ingratitude is not among them. Having learned that Leoline is the sister of one of the youths who so gallantly espoused the cause of her companions and herself in a far-off foreign land, she hastens to one of the boats, and, returning, hands to the white girl a string of the much-prized violet shells.

“For what your brudder did at Portsmouth.”

The graceful act is reciprocated, and with interest, both mother and daughter presenting her with such articles of apparel as they can spare, among them the scarf they so nearly had to part with in a less satisfactory way.

Equally grateful proves Eleparu. Seeing the unfinished boat, and comprehending the design, he lends himself earnestly to assist in its completion, and no slight helper does he prove; as, during the many months passed on board the “Beagle,” he had picked up some knowledge of ship-carpentry. So the task of boat-building is resumed, this time to be carried on to final success. And with such expedition does it progress, that in less than a week thereafter, the craft is ready for launching; and on the next day it is run off into the shallow water, a score of the Fuegian men lending helping hands.

On the following morning, with the party of castaways and all their belongings on board, it is shoved off the shoal, and moves away amidst a pean of friendly shouts from the savages. Eleparu, like a toast-master, leads the chorus; and Ocushlu waves the red scarf high over her head.

CHAPTER XXI.

“BOAT AHoy!”

THE new boat behaves handsomely, even excelling in speed the lost gig, the oars and sailing-

gear of which, luckily saved, have fitted it out completely. Under canvas, with a fair wind, it easily makes ten knots an hour; and, as the wind lasts for the remainder of the day, Captain Gancy and his little party are carried into the Beagle Channel without need of touching an oar.

At sunset, they are opposite Devil Island, at the junction of the south-west and north-west arms of the channel; and as the night threatens to be dark, with a fog already over the water, they deem it prudent to put in to the isle, despite its uncanny appellation.

Landing, they are surprised to see a square-built hut of large size, quite different from anything of Fuegian construction, and evidently the work of white men.

“I reck’n the crew o’ some sealin’ vessel hev put it up,” says Seagriff, adding, however: “Yet I can’t understan’ why they should ’a’ stopped hyar, still less built a shanty, secin’ it’s not much of a place for seal. I guess they must hev got wrecked somewhere near, an’ were castaways, like ourselves.”

About the builders of the hut, he has surmised wrongly. They were *not* sealers, nor had they been wrecked; but were a boat’s party of real sailors—man-of-war’s men from the very ship which gave the channel its name, and at the date of its discovery.

The island did not deserve the harsh name bestowed upon it, and which originated from the incident of a screech-owl having perched above the head of one of the “Beagle’s” sailors who slept under a tree outside the hut, and having so frightened the superstitious tar with its lugubrious “whoo-woo-woah!” that he believed himself hailed by one of the evil spirits which the savages believe to inhabit the solitudes of weird Fireland.

“Well,” says Captain Gancy, after an inspection of the untenanted building, “it’ll serve us a turn, whoever may have built it. The roof appears to be all tight and sound, so we need n’t be at the bother of turning the boat-sail into a tent this time.”

A fire is kindled inside the hut, and all gather around it, the night being chilly cold. Nor are they afraid of the blaze betraying them here, as the fog will prevent its being seen from any distance. Besides, they are in every way more confident than hitherto. They have passed beyond the country of the Ailikolips with their lives miraculously preserved; and everything now looks well for getting to Good Success Bay—the haven of safety they are seeking. From Devil Island it is not over two hundred miles distant; and, with winds and tides favoring, they should reach it in three days, or less.

Still, there is cause for anxiety and apprehension, as the old sealer, Seagriff, is well aware.

"We 're not out o' the woods yet," he says, employing a familiar backwoods expression often heard by him in boyhood, adding, in like figurative phrase, "we still hev to run the gauntlit o' the Tekeneekers."

"But surely we have nothing to fear from them?" exclaims Ned Gancy; and Henry Chester adds, with a questioning look:

"No, surely not."

"Why hev n't we?" demands Seagriff.

"Because," answers Chester, "they are Jemmy Button's people; and I 'd be loath to believe him ungrateful, after our experience with his old companions, and from what I remember of him. What do you think, Ned?"

"I agree with you entirely," replied the younger Gancy.

"Well, young masters, that may all be so, an' I 'd be only too pleased to hope it 'll turn out so. But agenst it, thar 's a contrary sarcumstance, in there bein' two sorts o' Tekeneekers; one harmless and rather friendly disposed toward white people, an' th' other bein' just the reverse,—'most as bad as the Ailikoleeps. The bad uns are called Yapoos, an' hev thar ground east'ard along the channel beyond, whar a passage leads out, known as the Murray Narrer. Therfur, it 'll all depend on which o' the two lots Mister Button belongs to."

"If he is *not* of the Yapoos, what then?" questions the skipper.

"Well, knowin' that, an' we 'll know it afore comin' to the Yapoo country, it bein' beyond the other, then our best way 'll be to make southard through the Murray Narrer. That 'd take us out to the open sea agen, with a big 'round-about o' coastin'; still, in the end, it might be the safer way. Along the outside shore, there 's not so much likelihood o' meetin' Feweebins of any kind; and ef we did meet 'em, 't would be easier gettin' out o' their way, so long ez we 're in a boat sech ez we hev now."

The last observation contains a touch of professional pride; the old ship's carpenter having, of course, been chief constructor of the craft that is so admirably answering all their needs.

"Well, then," says the Captain, after reflection, "I suppose we 'll have to be guided by circumstances. And from what has passed, we ought to feel confident that they 'll still turn up in our favor."

This remark, showing his continued trust in the shielding power of an Omnipotent Hand, closes the conversation; and all soon after retire to rest, with a feeling of security that has been long denied them until now. For, although lately under the

protection of Eleparu, they had never felt full confidence; doubting, not his fidelity, but his power to protect them. For the authority of a Fuegian chief—if such there be—is slight at the best, and is made naught of on many occasions. Besides, they could not forget that one fearful moment of horror, to be remembered throughout life, when the savages had almost begun their attack upon them.

Having passed the night in peaceful slumber, they take their places in the boat as soon as there is light enough to steer by. There is still a fog, though not so dense as to deter them from reëmbarking, while, as on the day before, the wind is with them. With sail filled by the swelling breeze, they make rapid way, and by noon are far along the Beagle Channel, approaching the place where the Murray Narrow leads out of it, trending southward. But now they see what may prove an interruption to their onward course. Through the fog, which has become much less dense, a number of dark objects are visible, mottling the surface of the water. That they are canoes can be told by the columns of smoke rising over each, as though they were steam-launches. They are not moving, however, and are either lying to or riding at anchor. None are empty; each has a full crew.

As the canoes are out in the middle of the channel, and right ahead, to pass them unobserved is impossible. There is no help for it but to risk an encounter, whatever may result; so the boat is kept on its course, with canvas full spread, to take the chances.

While yet afar off, Captain Gancy, through his glass, is able to announce certain facts, which favor confidence. The people in the canoes are of both sexes, and engaged in a peaceful occupation,—they are fishing.

But the time for observation is brief. The boat, forging rapidly onward, is soon sighted by the canoemen, who, starting to their feet, commence a chorus of shouts, which come pealing over the water, making echoes along both shores. And something is seen now which gives the boat's people a thrill of fear. Above one of the canoes suddenly appears a white disc, seemingly a small flag,—not stationary, but waved and brandished above the head of the man who has hoisted it.

At sight of the dreaded color, white,—the Fuegian symbol of war,—well may the boat-voyagers feel anxious; for, from their former experience, they are confident that this display must be intended as a warlike challenge.

But to their instant relief, they soon learn that it is meant as a signal of peace, as words of friendly salutation reach their ears. The man who is waving the signal shouts:

“Boat ahoy! Down your sail—bring to! Me ‘Jemmy Button.’ We Tekeneekas—friends white people—brothers!”

Hailed in such fashion, their delight far exceeds their surprise, for ‘Jemmy Button’ it surely is; Henry Chester and Ned Gancy both recognize him. It is on his side that amazement is greatest when he recognizes them, which he docs when his native name, Orundelico, is called out to him.

He waits not for the boat to come up, but, plunging into the water, swims to meet it. Then clambering over the rail, he flings his arms wide open,—to close, first around the young Englishman, and then around the young American, in a friendly hug.

CHAPTER XXII.

TEKENIKA HOSPITALITY.

ONCE more are the castaways in a land-locked cove begirt by high, wooded hills, with their boat moored at its inner end, as before. It is a larger embayment than that where the gig came to grief, though not much wider at the mouth. And there is little resemblance between the two landing-places, since, at the present one, the boat is not the only craft. Ten or more of Fuegian canoes lie alongside her; while on a broad, grassy flat, above water-mark, stands a like number of wigwams, their smoke-blackened thatches in strong contrast with the white, weather-bleached boat-sail, which is again serving as a tent. The wigwams are of Tekenika construction, differing, as already said, from those of the Ailikolips, in being acutely cone-shaped, and in having their floors sunk several feet below the surface of the ground. Their ribs, moreover, are stout tree-trunks, instead of slender saplings, while the thatches are partly of rushes and partly of broad strips of bark.

Such are the dwellings of Orundelico’s people; though only for a part of the year, while they engage in a certain fishery of periodical occurrence. On an island, down the Murray Narrow, they have a larger “wigwamery” of more permanent residences; and there the very old and young of the community now are; only the able-bodied being at the fishing station.

When they were with the Ailikolips, the castaways believed themselves among the lowest and most degraded beings in the human scale. But they have now changed their minds, a short acquaintance with the Tekenikas having revealed to them a type of man still lower, and a state of

existence yet more wretched, if that be possible. Indeed, nothing can come much nearer to the “missing link” than the natives of central Tierra del Fuego. Though of less malevolent disposition than those who inhabit the outside coasts, they are also less intelligent and less courageous, while equally the victims of abject misery.

Alas! “Jemmy Button” is no longer “Jemmy Button,” but again the savage Orundelico; he, too, having gone back to barbarism! His scanty dress, his long, unkempt hair, and the wild animal-like expression of his features—all attest his relapse into a condition of savagery, total and complete. Not a vestige of civilized man remains with him to show that he has ever been a mile from the Murray Narrow.

But stay! I am wronging him—twice wronging him. He has not entirely forgotten the foreign tongue taught him on board the “Beagle” and during a year’s residence in England; while something he remembers also—something better—the kindness there shown him and the gratitude owing for it.

He is paying the debt of honor as best he can, and on this account Captain Gancy has consented to make a brief stop at the fishing station. There are also two other distinct reasons for his doing so. Before proceeding further, he wishes to obtain more information about the Yapoos; and he needs a fresh supply of provisions—that furnished by Eleparu having been neither abundant nor palatable.

Orundelico can do better for them, even to providing fresh meat, a thing they have not tasted for a long time. They are now in a region where roams the guanaco;* and the Tekenikas are hunters as well as fishermen. A party has been sent inland to procure one or more of these animals, and the boat-voyagers are awaiting its return before continuing their interrupted voyage.

Meanwhile, the hospitality shown them by “Jemmy Button” is as generous as his limited means will allow. To make their time pass agreeably, he entertains them with accounts of many odd manners and customs, and also of such strange phenomena of nature as are peculiar to his country. The Tekenikas, he assures them, are a peaceful people, never going to war when they can avoid it. Sometimes, however, they are forced into it by certain neighboring tribes that make maraud upon them. The Ailikolips are enemies of theirs; but a wide belt of neutral territory between the two prevents frequent encounters. They more often have

* The guanaco, by some supposed to be the llama in its wild state, is found on the eastern side of Tierra del Fuego. Its range extends to the furthest southern point by the Straits of Le Maire; and, strange to say, it is there of a much larger size than on the plains of Patagonia.

quarrels with the Yapoos living to the eastward, though these are tribally related to them. But their most dreaded foes are the Oensmen, whose country lies north of the channel, beyond the range of high mountains that borders it. The Oensmen he describes as giants, armed with a terrible weapon, "the bolas."* But, being exclusively hunters, they have no canoes; and when on a raid to the southern side of the channel, they levy on the craft of the Yapoos, forcing the owners to ferry them across.

Orundelico's own people can fight, too, and bravely, according to his account: but only do so in defense of their homes and at the last extremity. They are not even possessed of warlike weapons—neither the deadly club nor the flint-bladed dagger—their spears, bows, and slings being used only as implements for fishing and the chase.

Besides the *harmaur* (guanaco), they hunt the *hiappo* (sea-otter) and the *coypou*, or South American beaver, † which is also found in Tierra del Fuego. The chase of the otter takes place out in the open water, where the amphibious animal is surrounded by the well-trained dogs, in a wide circle; they then close in upon it, diving whenever it goes under, to prevent its escape through the enfiling ring.

Of the Tekenika mode of fishing he treats them to an actual exhibition. No hooks are used; the bait, a lump of seal-flesh, being simply attached to a hair line. The fish, seizing it, is gently drawn to the surface, then dextrously caught by the left hand and secured, before it can clear its teeth from the tough, fibrous bait. The rods used in this primitive style of angling are of the rudest kind,—mere sticks, no longer than the handle of a coach-whip.

In hunting the *harmaur*, or, as they also call it, *wanukaye* (evidently a corruption of "guanaco"), one of their modes is to lie in wait for it on the limb of a tree which projects over the path taken by these animals, the habit of which is to follow one another in single file, and along old, frequented tracks. Above these, among the branches, the Tekenika hunter builds a sort of thatched staging or nest. Seating himself on this, he awaits the coming of the unsuspecting creature; and,

when it is underneath, plunges his spear down between its ribs; the blade of the spear being a bone taken from some former victim of its own species!

Orundelico also shows them the Fuegian mode of fire-kindling, the first sparks being obtained from the *cathow*, or fire-stone, ‡ two pieces of which every Fuegian carries about him, as an habitual smoker does his flint and steel or box of matches. The inflammable material used by the natives is of three sorts: the soft down of certain birds, a moss of fine fiber, and a species of dry fungus found attached to the under side of half-rotten trees. The *cathows*, rasped against each other like flints, emit sparks which ignite the tinder, which soon bursts into a generous flame.



"HARRY CHESTER SPRINGING FORWARD, CUT THE CORD."
(SEE PAGE 538.)

From Orundelico his guests come to know more of those matters about which his former associate, Eleparu, was so reticent, and as they now learn, with good reason.

"'York' bad fella," he answers, on being ques-

* Jimmy Button's "Oensmen" are the *Yacana-cumecs*, kindred of the Patagonians, who at some distant time have crossed the Magellan Strait and now rove over the large tract to which Narborough gave the name of "King Charles's South Land." They are a hunting tribe, the guanaco being the chief object of their pursuit and source of subsistence.

† *Alypobotanus coypus*. It is found in many South American rivers, and, less frequently, in Fuegian waters. In habits and otherwise the coypou is much like the beaver, but is a smaller animal and has a rounder tail.

‡ It is found on several of the mountainous islands of western Tierra del Fuego, and is much prized by the natives for the purpose indicated. Being scarce in most places, it is an article of commerce between the tribes, and is eagerly purchased by the Patagonians, in whose territory it is not found.

tioned, "he rob me after Englis' off'cer leave us all at Woolya. Took 'way my coat, tools, everything. Yes! 'York' very bad man! He no Tekenika; him blubber-eating Ailikolip!"

Strange words from a man who, while giving utterance to them, is industriously devouring a piece of seal-flesh which is nearly raw.

Is there a people or nation on earth that does not believe itself superior to some other?

Jemmy further declares that the hostile party encountered in Whale Boat Sound must have been Ailikolips; though Eleparu had denied it. Still, as there are several communities of Ailikolips, it may have been one with which Eleparu's people had no relations.

With a grateful remembrance of their late host's behavior, the castaways are loath to believe all that is alleged against him by their present entertainer; though they feel some of it must be true, or why should Eleparu have been so reticent as to Orundelico?*

Like "York," Jemmy has married; and his wife is with him at the fishing station. His "helpmeet" is anything but a beauty, however, being as ugly as can well be imagined. But withal, she is of a kindly, gentle disposition, quite as generous as Ocushlu, and does her best to help entertain her husband's guests.

Notwithstanding all the hospitality extended to them, the castaways find the delay irksome, and are impatient to be gone. Glad are they when at length a shout heard from the hills announces the approach of the hunters; and still more gratified at seeing them issue from the wood, bearing on their backs the four quarters of a guanaco as large as a year-old bullock!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DREADED OENSMEN.

FROM the information they have gained about the Yapoos, which shows them to be ferocious and treacherous, and hostile to white men, Captain Gancy decides upon running out to seaward through the Murray Narrow,—a resolve in harmony with the advice given him by his Fuegian host, and by the trusty Seagriff also. The inlet in which they are is just outside the entrance to the Narrow, on its western side; and, once around a separating tongue of land, they will be in it. As if some good fortune seemed to favor their taking this route instead of following the Beagle Chan-

nel, a fine breeze has set in from almost due north; and it is still blowing when the spoil-laden hunters return.

To take advantage of it, immediate departure must be made, and is determined upon. Down comes the tent, and its component parts are transferred to the boat with all their other belongings. Enough, also, of the guanaco meat to last them for a much longer voyage than they hope theirs will be.

What if they make no voyage at all? What if they are not even allowed to embark?

But why should these questions occur to them?

Because, just as they all have come down to the boat, and are preparing to step into it, something is seen on the water outside, near the opposite shore of the channel, which painfully suggests the questions,—a fleet of canoes, crowded with men, and evidently making across for the cove!

"The Yapoos!" exclaims Orundelico in a voice betokening great alarm.

But not so great as when, the instant after, he again cries out:

"Oh! Oh! The Oensmen 'long with them!"

Captain Gancy, quickly covering the canoes with his glass, makes out, what is yet undistinguishable by the naked eye of any other than a Fuegian, that there are two sorts of men in them, quite different in appearance, unlike in form, facial aspect, dress, everything. Above all, are they dissimilar in size, some being of gigantic stature; the others alongside of them appearing like pigmies! The latter are seated or bent down working the paddles; while the big men stand erect, each with an ample robe of skin hanging toga-like from his shoulders, cloaking him from neck to ankles.

It is seen, also, that the canoes are lashed together, two and two, like double-keeled catamarans, as though the heavy, stalwart Oensmen did not dare to trust themselves to embark in the ordinary Fuegian craft.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" repeats Orundelico, shivering from crown to toe. "The Oensmen, shoo! This the time of year they come plunder; now *oosho* (red leaf). They rob, kill us all, if we stay here. Too late now get pass 'em. They meet you out yonner. We mus' run to hills; hide way up in woods!"

The course he counsels is already being taken by his compatriots; all of whom, men and women, on hearing the word "Oensmen"—the most terrifying bogey of their babyhood—have made a rush to the wigwams and hastily gathered up the most

* The robbery was actually committed. After being left at Woolya, "York" and "Fuegia" found their way to the country that they had been taken from, further west; but not until they had stripped their former associate of most of the chattels that had been given him by Captain Fitzroy.

portable of their household goods. Nor do they stay for "Jemmy"; but, all shouting and screaming, strike off into the woods, "Jemmy's" wife among them.

Left alone with the boat's people, he remains by them but for a brief moment, urging them to flight.

"Oensmen bad — very bad," he keeps affirming. "They worse than Ailikolip. They kill you all. Come! Hide in the woods." And with these words, he is off like a shot.

"What's to be done?" asks the Captain, appealing to Seagriff. "If we retreat inland, we shall lose the boat — even if we save ourselves."

"Let me hev another look through yer glass, Cap'tin."

A hasty glance enables him to make a rough estimate of the distance between the cove's mouth and the approaching canoes. "I guess we can get out

Besides, it's not likely we could escape t' other way, seein' how we're hampered," says Seagriff, with a



SAVED AT LAST. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

o' this corner, 'fore they shut us up in it. Ef we can but make 'roun' that p'int eastard, we'll be safe. side glance toward Mrs. Gancy and Leoline. "On land they'd soon overtake us, hide or no hide,—

sure to. Therefor, our best, our *only* chance air by the water," he affirms.

Never did crew or passengers get more quickly on board a craft, and the instant that everybody is in the boat, it is shot out into the water, like an arrow from a bow, and brought head around, like a teetotum. Then, with the four oars in the hands of four men who work them with strength and will, it goes gliding, aye, fairly bounding on for the outside channel.

Again it is a pull for their lives, and they know it. If they had any doubt of it before, there can be none now; for as they draw near to the entrance of the cove, they see the canoes spreading out to intercept them. The big, fierce-looking men, too, are in a state of wild excitement, evidently purposing an attack. They cast off their skin wraps from their shoulders, displaying their naked bronze bodies and arms, like those of a Colossus. Each has in his hand what appears to be a bit of cord uniting two balls, about the size of small oranges. It is the *bolas*, an innocent-looking thing, but, in reality, a missile weapon as deadly in practiced hands as a grenade or bomb-shell. That the giant savages intend casting them is clear. Their gestures leave no room for doubting it; they are only waiting until the boat is near enough.

The fugitives are well-nigh despairing, for it is almost near enough now. Less than two cables' lengths are between it and the foremost of the canoes,—each holding a course straight toward the other. It seems as though they *must* meet. Forty strokes more, and the boat will be among the canoes. Twenty will bring it within reach of the *bolas*.

And the strokes are given, but no longer to propel it in that direction; for the point of the land spit is now abeam, the helm is put hard-a-port, bringing the boat's head around with a sharp sheer to starboard, and it is clear of the cove!

The mast being already stepped, Ned and Henry now drop their oars and hasten to hoist sail. But ere the yard can be run up to the mast-head, there comes a whizzing, booming sound,—and it is caught in the *bolas*! The mast is struck, too, and the balls, whirling around and around, lash it and the yard together, with the frumpled canvas between, as tight as a spliced spar!

And now dismay fills the hearts of the boat's people; all chance of escape seems gone. Two of their oars for the time are idle, and the sail, as it were, fast-furled. But no; it is loose again! for quick as a thought, Harry Chester has drawn his knife and, springing forward, cut the lapping cord with one rapid slash. With equal prompt-

ness Ned Gancy, having the halyards still in hand, hoists away; the sheet is hauled taut aft, the sail instantly fills, and off goes the boat, like an impatient steed under loosened rein and deep-driven spurs,—off and away in gay, careering dance over the water, quickly leaving the foiled, furious giants far—hopelessly far—in the wake!

* * * * *

This was the last peril encountered by the castaways that claims record here. What came after were but the ordinary dangers to which an open boat is exposed when skirting along a rock-bound, storm-beaten coast like that which forms the southern and western borders of Tierra del Fuego. But they passed unharmed through all, and, three days later, reached Good Success Bay.

There were their hearts made glad by the sight of a ship at anchor in shore, Seagriff still further rejoicing on recognizing it as a sealing vessel,—the very one on which, years before, he had cruised while chasing the fur-coated amphibia through the waters of Fireland.

But another and greater joy is in store for them all, as, pulling up nearer, they see a large boat—a pinnace—swinging by its painter at the ship's side, and, lettered on its stern, the name "CALYPSO"! Over the ship's rail, too, is seen a row of familiar faces—those of their old shipmates, whom they feared they might never see again. There are they all,—Lyons and nine others,—and all uniting in a chorus of joyous salutation.

Soon hands are being shaken warmly on both sides, and mutual accounts rendered of what has happened to each party since their forced separation. The crew of the pinnace had encountered but little incident or accident. They had kept to the outside coast and circumnavigated it from the Milky Way to the Straits of Le Maire. They had fallen in with some natives, but luckily had not fallen out with them.

The gig's people, whose lives had been more than once in jeopardy from the inhabitants, might well be thankful to Captain Fitzroy, one of whose objects in carrying the four Fuegians to England and back to their own country is thus told by himself:

"Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from 'Jemmy Button's' children, prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands, and by the idea, however faint, of their duty to God, as well as to their neighbors."

The hopeful prediction has borne good fruit, even sooner than Captain Fitzroy looked for. But for his humane act, Captain Gancy and all dear to him would have doubtless left their bones, unburied, on some lone spot in the LAND OF FIRE.

THE RIVER-END MOREYS' RAB.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

THERE were two Scotch collies in Cloverbank, one belonging to the rich Moreys on the hill, and the other the river-end Moreys' Rab. The former was a pampered animal, in whom I have no interest whatever; but the latter was a most affectionate, faithful creature, and the only companion poor little Martha Morey ever had. It was this dog that had the misfortune to mistake the tax-collector for a tramp.

Old Sam Morey and little Martha lived alone in an unpainted, tumble-down house with old-fashioned "lights" over the door and a dove-cote under the eaves. The house had a fine view of the river which marked the boundary of this end of the town,—“the river end,” as the Cloverbank people called it, and in a tone which betrayed the fact that it was by no means the court end of the town.

The Moreys on the hill did not exchange calls with the river-end Moreys, although both were descended from a certain sturdy old John Morey, who had settled in Cloverbank over a hundred years ago. It is doubtful whether the richer and luckier of the two families could have told exactly what the connection was; and the daughter of the house, little Isabel, never dreamed that the same blood flowed in her veins as in the wild little creature's who lived at the river end. Martha Morey, however, had often listened to the family history, and sometimes told Rab—who received the intelligence with a sniff of indifference—that he was a sixteenth cousin of that other Scotch collie that lived in the big house on the hill.

“Why,” said Bill Swift, who, on one occasion, overheard this boast, “they are n't any better folks than you and your father be.”

“Better folks! Why, Bill, they are—they are the best family in town. They have silver forks, Bill. Why, they have a piano!”

I forgot Bill Swift, when I said Martha and her father lived alone. But then, he went home every night to a little shanty of his own, and, besides, Bill was just next to nobody. If he had not been, he would never have worked for old Sam Morey “for his keep.” And such “keep!” You can imagine what it must have been, with shiftless Sam to provide, and poor little Martha as house-keeper and cook.

Poor little Martha, indeed! What a life the child had led before that never-to-be-forgotten day when Rab came! How she had longed for companionship, even trying to make friends with the

frogs in the spring. There were long days, often with no human face to look upon, except, perhaps, the grimy countenance of a tramp, whose rough look would cause her heart to beat like a trip-hammer. And, worse than all, there were the nights when Sam—heaven help him!—did not come home at all, and which Martha passed listening to the wind whistling in the pine-tops and the windows rattling in the casement.

But enough of these dismal memories: for the day came at last, when her father brought home a lovely black-and-white puppy (with a sharp little nose and a tail just like a rat's), and said in his pleasant way,—for with all his faults old Sam Morey always spoke kindly to his little girl,—“Marthy, here 's a playmate for you.”

Dear old Rab! A playmate! Why, he was the most loyal, adoring of friends, and a brave protector besides. He grew big and handsome every day, with a sleek black coat, and a white vest; and his tail, which he had so grand a way of waving in the air, became unusually bushy and majestic. He was an endless diversion to Martha with his funny dog-ways—such dancing around after his tail, and giving sly licks at her cheek in unguarded moments; even the funny little flap of his ears when he ran delighted her, and his trick of resting his chin on her lap when she ate, and nudging her with it from time to time to attract her attention to the fact that he, too, was hungry. Martha knew that he longed for the gift of speech, if only to tell her how he loved her. At least, so his brown eyes seemed to say, as he sometimes stood by her side looking patiently, wistfully into her face.

Rab fully realized what an unguarded life his little mistress led, and constituted himself her body-guard. No grimy tramp set Martha's heart beating now, for Rab became a terror even to the innocent passer-by. You would have thought, to hear him growl, that old Sam Morey's dilapidated buildings were store-houses of wealth.

One day, old Isaac Hunter was driving to the village, and his harness broke in front of the Morey house. Isaac stopped his horse and descended slowly from his wagon, when Rab, who with ears upright and glaring eyes had been watching him from the door-step, dashed down the path, barking furiously, and seized the old man by the leg. If Martha had not appeared just then upon the scene, there is no knowing how the en-

counter would have ended. As it was, there was a hole in Isaac's boot-top.

"Is that your dog?" asked he of Martha, who was holding Rab by the ear.

"Yes, sir."

"Had him long?"

"Two years," answered innocent Martha, with a fond pat on Rab's sleek black head.

"Long enough to have taught him better manners," said ungracious Isaac, as he gathered his reins together and drove off.

That very evening, as Sam sat, with his pipe, in the front yard, a neighbor leaned over the gate and thus addressed him: "Hello, Sam, why don't you shingle your roof?"

"Wall," said Sam, taking the pipe from his mouth, "there don't seem to be any right time to shingle a house. Can't when it rains, you know. And when it's pleasant, there 's no need of it."

The neighbor laughed, and presently began again: "I say, Sam, have you paid your dog-tax this year?"

"Blest, now, if I have n't forgotten that tax!" said Sam, scratching his head; but adding, with a sudden glance of suspicion, "Why are you so free with your questions?"

"Well, it is n't exactly from curiosity, Sam. You see, old Isaac Hunter passed here to-day, and your dog introduced himself to notice. Isaac collects the dog-tax, you know, and he says there has n't any tax been paid on your dog this year; nor last year, either, for the matter of that. I thought I 'd be neighborly, and let you know that he is coming down to-morrow night to collect."

"You don't mean it?" said Sam. "It 'll be uncommon inconvenient. I can't let him have the money then."

"Well, there is no way to avoid the tax, they say, but to kill the dog."

To kill dear old Rab! Can you understand, you children with tender parents, with brothers and sisters, with hosts of friends, with never-ending amusements,—can you understand what the words meant to lonely little Martha Morey?

"Oh, Father," she cried, "you *would n't* kill Rab!"

"Marthy," answered Sam, with his eyes on the vanishing figure of his neighbor, "I have n't got a penny to my name, and that 's the truth."

She flung her arms around the dog, and buried her face in his shaggy coat. Her faithful, only friend; and he loved her so!

"I dunno as I could kill him myself," continued Sam, looking at the two with a troubled face. "Bill Swift will have to do it. Come, Marthy,—come little gal,—don't take on so!"

The tax was two dollars—such a trifle against

Rab's life! Sam went out,—poor, weak, old fellow,—unable to witness Martha's misery. It was bright moonlight, and the child wiped her eyes bravely, for she remembered to have heard that huckleberries were ripe in the lower pasture; and she would work instead of cry. Would her father try to raise the money and save Rab? She seized a basket, poor little desperate soul, and calling her dog, shut the door of the house.

It was a long walk to the pasture, but she had soon scrambled over the wall and made her way to the place where the berries grew. I have never picked berries by moonlight, but I can imagine what the difficulties may be. Martha trailed through the wet bushes and picked with nervous, eager fingers, without daring to think how many berries it would take to earn two dollars, or whether four dollars, even, might not be demanded by that hard-hearted collector of taxes. Meantime, Rab kept close to her side, watching proceedings with wise eyes, as if he, too, understood all about it. By midnight the moon went down, and Martha sadly groped her way home.

There, she lit a lamp and measured the berries. Only two quarts; but in her desperation a thought had come to her, and holding fast to the hope it held, she at last fell asleep.

The sun shone in at her eastern window, and woke the little sleeper at the usual hour. Martha's trouble woke, too, and urged her to hurry about her morning work. She made the fire and cooked the breakfast. She gave Rab his, too, which he ate with his usual appetite, unconscious that his life was trembling in the balance. Ah, poor, loving Rab, who licked Sam's hands, and stood looking trustfully into his face at the very moment when that worthy was telling Bill that he must shoot the dog!

"This afternoon, sometime, Bill, you must find time to do it," Sam said, "for Isaac Hunter is coming for the tax in the evening; and, mind you, I don't mean to own any dog then. Come toward sunset. Now, Marthy, keep 'round the house with him."

"Yes, sir," replied Martha, with her usual meekness; but, for the first time in her life, she avoided her father's kiss.

The berries she had picked, upon inspection by daylight, proved very unsalable. They were hardly ripe, and the preponderance of green berries was perceptible. Nevertheless, Martha got her hat and put it on. Looking in the little cracked glass, she saw a slender girl with dusky hair, beneath which her face seemed unusually small and delicate. Blue eyes full of tears, a little mouth set in a sad curve, the dress old and faded. Then she kissed dear old Rab, shut him in the house in spite of his

frantic entreaties to go, too, and set out for the village.

It was to one of the stores of Cloverbank that Martha was bound, on an errand the very thought of which made her cheeks burn. She was going

desire on your part — perfectly natural," was the facetious remark of Mr. Towle, when Martha had stammered out her proposition. "But you see, from my point of view it does n't seem so attractive."

"Indeed," cried poor Martha, "that is n't what



MARTHA AND RAB

to do what she had never done before — to beg a favor. But it was for Rab's life, and with this reflection she plucked up courage and went in.

"And so you want me to make you a present of two dollars,—eh? Well, that is a very natural

I said at all. I said I would bring you berries all summer, and I wanted you, as a great favor, to pay me beforehand."

"In advance, so to speak. Would they be as clean picked as these, Miss Morey.?" asked Mr.

Towle, sarcastically, with a wave of his hand toward the basket. "No, no," said he, changing his tone as he saw a customer advancing. "I'll pay you for your berries when you bring them."

Martha turned away. Blinded with tears, she ran against a stout woman who was coming in.

"Well, well, little girl, what's the trouble? Could n't sell your berries?" questioned she, in a kind tone. "Well, just run up to Mrs. Morey's, on the hill, you know, and I guess she will buy them; for she asked me if I saw any one with berries to send them to her."

With renewed hope and courage, Martha wiped her eyes and started for the hill. Perhaps these rich Moreys would hold out a helping hand, for she had heard that they did many acts of kindness in the village; and then—and Martha's cheeks flushed—there was the relationship, too, in her favor.

She soon came to the broad gate of the rich Moreys' house, which stood with its long windows and broad piazzas, a very stronghold of ease and plenty. On the front piazza sat Isabel Morey and three young friends, who, Martha saw at a glance, were not Cloverbank girls.

Poor Martha! She was too ignorant of the ways of the world to go to the back of the house with her wares; instead of doing so, she walked slowly up to Isabel, and asked if they would like to buy huckleberries.

"Huckleberries!" cried one of the girls, coming toward her. "Isabel, your good mother said if she could get any, I would n't have to go back to the South without having tasted a huckleberry pie. And she looked into Martha's basket, saying, "And so these little green things are the much-talked-of huckleberry?"

Isabel blushed and laughed. "They are not very good specimens, Ruby," and turning to Martha, said coldly: "None to-day, thank you."

Down to zero sank Martha's heart, her courage had almost gone; yet she could not go without another effort for Rab.

"They are not very good, I know," she said, eagerly; "I picked them by moonlight, because" (with a sob) "I wanted the money so. Unless I have it, my dog will be shot just for the money to pay the tax. I thought, perhaps, because I am a relation, you would let me have it."

"A relation!" cried Isabel; "pooh! That's a story. We don't want any berries, I tell you, so you had better go on to your next relations."

Little Martha went home desperate. She prepared the dinner, but she ate none of it herself. She took Rab, who was wild with joy at her return after so unusual a separation, out of the house, away from her father and Bill Swift, and went up on the hill.

It was the same spot where they had frolicked together but a few days before, and Martha remembered how the solemn beauty of the sunset had, at last, hushed their wild gambols. She thought then, as she stood watching the tender glow of the wonderful sky, that life, even to a poor, little bare-foot girl like herself, was sweet and good. And now—oh, the difference! It was Rab's last afternoon—the last one. He was her only, best friend; and he was going to be shot—shot for no fault of his, and by those he loved and trusted.

"Oh, Rab! Rab!" cried the poor little girl, "how can they do it, when you trust them so? If you only knew, you would run away and find a home with somebody else; but you never could trust anybody, never any more. Rab, dear old dog, can't you understand? You have stuck as close to us always as if we were rich folks, and loved us, and tried to keep harm away; and now, just for two dollars, you are going to be shot!"

And Rab, who had never once taken his solemn eyes from hers, licked her hand and moved still closer by way of answer.

The afternoon shadows grew longer and longer. Rab slept with his head on Martha's lap, and Martha, poor child, wept. Once, she woke him up with a great hug, crying: "How can I do without you? How can I bear the long evenings, old fellow, all alone again?"

The sun sank lower and lower, and dropped at last softly below the horizon. Then the child with a frantic kiss on Rab's head, sprang to her feet and flew down the hill, past the orchard, past the great empty barns, and in at the old kitchen door, knowing well that it hit Rab's nose as she shut it, and that he stood waiting patiently for it to be opened again. She heard Bill Swift's whistle, and knew that Rab trotted off obedient to the call. She could see how he jumped and wagged his tail in answer to Bill's voice—Bill, who had just stood and grinned, when he had been ordered to shoot him. Oh! that was Bill now, in the hall, for his gun. And now, now he was calling Rab down behind the stable to be shot—to be shot! "Oh, how can he do it!" cried Martha, muffling her shawl around her ears. But she could not shut out the sound she dreaded.

For, at the same moment, a loud bang and a girl's shrill cry filled the air; then there was perfect stillness, and Martha tried to realize that brave, loving Rab was dead.

Isabel Morey, notwithstanding her treatment of Martha, was by no means a hard-hearted girl. She had, indeed, a very tender heart, and it was filled with remorse, although Isabel tried her best not to think any more about the girl who was try-

ing to get money to save her dog. You see, she was proud; and what proud girl would wish to have Martha Morey claim her for a relation? But, somehow, the troubled blue eyes and quivering lip haunted Isabel all day; and that afternoon which Martha and Rab spent on the hill, and on which Isabel gave her lawn party, was the most uncomfortable one she could remember.

The girl had been fed on praise and pleasure all her life, and that is a diet that will agree with nobody's disposition. It was only Isabel's high standard of living that prevented her from being just as well pleased with herself as the rest of the household was with her. She knew those whose lives were lovely, and her own seemed very poor and ugly, just now, in comparison. So, when fond good-night kisses were pressed on her cheek, she burst out:

"Don't kiss me, mother! I'm a proud, bad-hearted girl, who never thinks of anybody but herself; and I don't deserve all the love and the kisses I get. I'm an unfeeling savage, mother, and I'm sure I have broken a girl's heart."

"Broken a girl's heart!" echoed Mrs. Morey. "Dear, dear, and who is the damsel?"

"It's a poor girl that came to sell berries," explained Isabel. "She wanted the money to save her dog, that was going to be shot to avoid the dog-tax. And I would not give her any, because she said she was a relation. Yes, that was the real reason. Her name happens to be Morey."

"Well, then, I presume she is a relation. All the Moreys in this part of the country are of the same stock. Which family is it, Belle?"

"The river-end Moreys, mother."

"A daughter of old Sam, then. Well, dear, any child of his has a sad life. Help her, if you have a chance."

"To-morrow, I will go and see Martha, and give her the money," said Isabel, who had real tears in her eyes; and after calling herself more bad names, she was led off to bed, where, I hope, she slept more comfortably than poor Martha, who tossed on her little cot and moaned for Rab till morning.

One of the advantages of a story is, that we can skip unhappy days which, in real life, we have to go through as best we may, finding out, let us hope, that pain at least teaches us tenderness and sympathy for others. So we need not follow Martha through that lonesome, wretched day.

It was just twenty-four hours since she had parted from Rab; and Martha sat before the dying coals

in the fire-place, with her head resting on the old, rush-bottom chair. For the first time in her brave, young life she had owned to herself her father's faults, and the privations and loneliness they brought upon her. She made a sad picture of desolation, and Isabel Morey, standing in the doorway, felt grateful for her own happy life, as she realized what Martha's must be.

"Martha," she cried, "I've come to bring you the money."

Martha raised herself, and looked with a shiver at Rab's empty place. "It's too late," said she.

"Oh," cried Isabel, impulsively, "why did you let them kill him so soon?"

"Ask Bill," said Martha, with a weary sigh.

But Bill, who had just come in from the stable, grinned in his usual simple way, and went out again. And Martha dropped her head back in its place on the chair.

Something in the little figure appealed to every good impulse of Isabel's heart.

"Martha," she cried, "we are relations, as you said. I did not know it before last night, but now I am glad of it; and I believe you will forgive me, and we shall be friends."

"Oh," said Martha, "even the girls here at river end despise me, and you——" But the words were smothered on Isabel's shoulder; for the two little descendants of old John Morey were locked in each other's arms.

And then the strangest thing happened. In the door stood two Scotch collies: one belonged to the Moreys on the hill, and the other was——

"Rab!" screamed Martha.

"Yaas, it's Rab," said Bill Swift's voice. "If this 'ere young lady wants to pay the dog-tax, here's a chance."

"And you did n't shoot him, dear, *dear* Bill?" cried Martha.

"S'pose I'd shoot Rab? Pooh! I'm not so silly as some folks think me," answered Bill. "No, no; I jest shot at a crow, and I tied Rab up in my old shed at home."

From this time, the two Morey girls and the two Scotch collies became the four best friends in Cloverbank. Martha overcame her shyness, and paid many a delightful visit to the big house on the hill, where, in spite of her faded frocks, they could no more despise her than a moonbeam or a violet—sweet, gentle little Martha. And the rich Moreys' love for her became the channel through which flowed many of the good and inspiring things of this life, which made her own full and happy.



oo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

Under the vine-clad porch she stands,
A gentle maiden with willing hands,
Dropping the grains of yellow corn,
Low and soft, like a mellow horn,
While the sunshine over her falls,
Over and over she calls and calls

"Coo! coo! coo!" to the doves—
The happy doves at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

With a rush and a whirl of shining wings,
They hear and obey—the dainty things!
Dun and purple and snowy white,
Clouded gray, like the soft twilight,
Straight as an arrow shot from a bow,—
Wheeling and circling high and low,

Down they fly from the slanting roof
Of the old red barn at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

Baby Alice with wide blue eyes
 Watches them ever with new surprise,
 While she and Wag on the mat together
 Joy in the soft midsummer weather.
 Hither and thither she sees them fly,
 Gray and white on the azure sky,
 Light and shadow against the green
 Of the maple grove at Mendon.

“Coo! coo! coo!” says Arné,
 Calling the doves at Mendon!



Down they flutter with timid grace,
 Lured by the voice and the tender face,
 Till the evening air is all astir
 With the happy strife and the eager whirl.
 One by one and two by two,
 And then a rush through the ether blue;
 While Arné scatters the yellow corn
 For the gentle doves at Mendon.

“Coo! coo! coo!” says Arné,
 Calling the doves at Mendon!



They hop on the porch where the baby sits,
 They come and go, as a shadow flits,
 Now here, now there, while in and out
 They crowd and jostle each other about;
 Till one, grown bolder than all the rest,—
 A snow-white dove with an arching breast,—
 Softly lights on her outstretched hand
 Under the vines at Mendon.

“Coo! coo! coo!” says Arné,
 Calling the doves at Mendon!

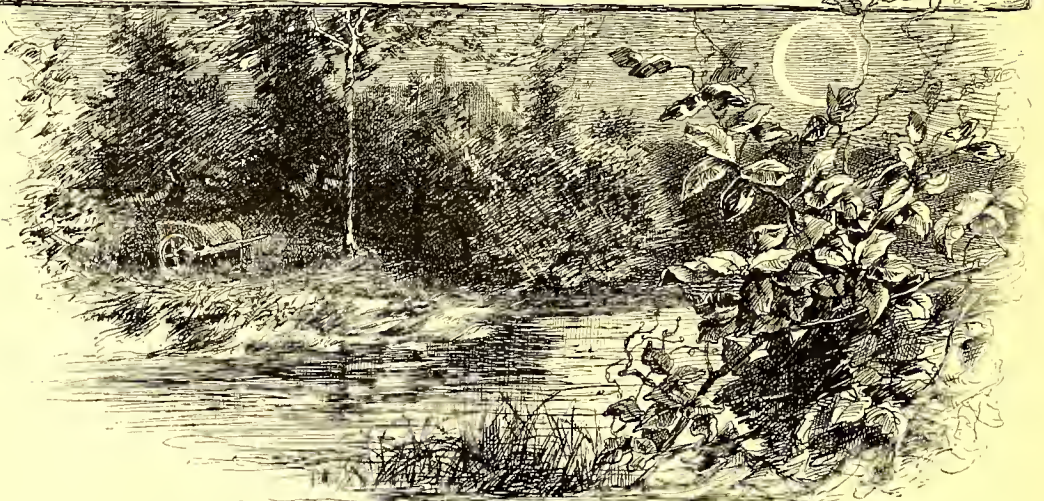
A sound, a motion, a flash of wings,—
 They are gone—like a dream of heavenly
 things!

The doves have flown and the porch is
 still,

And the shadows gather on vale and hill.
 Then sinks the sun, and the mountain breeze
 Stirs in the tremulous maple trees;

While Love and Peace, as the night comes
 down,

Brood over quiet Mendon!





FIFTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"THAT'S the sort I like," said Geoff, as the story ended; "Onawandah was a trump, and I'd give a good deal to know such a fellow and go hunting with him. Got any more like it, Aunty?"

"Perhaps; but it is the girls' turn now, and here is a quiet little story that teaches the same lesson in a different way. It contains a hint which some of you would better take," and Aunt Elinor glanced around the circle with a smile that set her hearers on the alert to see who was to be hit.

"Hope it is n't *very* moral," said Geoff, with a boyish dislike of being preached at.

"It wont harm you to listen and take the moral to heart, my lad. Wild horses, gold mines, and sea scrapes are not the only things worth reading about. If you ever do half so much good in the world as the people in this story did, I shall be proud of you," answered Aunt Elinor, so soberly that Geoff folded his hands and tried to look meekly impressed.

"Is it true?" asked Min.

"Yes. I heard 'Abby' tell it herself, and saw the silk stocking and the scar."

"That sounds *very* interesting. I do like to hear about good clothes and awful accidents," cried the girl, forgetting to spin in her eagerness to listen.

They all laughed at her odd mixture of tastes, and then heard the story of

LITTLE THINGS.

Abigail sat reading "Rasselas" aloud to her father while he shaved, pausing now and then to

explain a word or correct the girl's pronunciation; for this was a lesson as well as a pleasure. The handsome man, in his nankin dressing-gown, ruffled shirt, black small-clothes, and silk stockings, stood before the tall, old-fashioned bureau, looking often from the reflection of his own ruddy face to the pale one beside him, with an expression of tender pride, which plainly showed how dear his young daughter was to him.

Abby was a slender girl of fifteen, in a short-waisted gingham gown, with a muslin tucker, dimity apron, and morocco shoes on a pair of small feet demurely crossed before her. A blue-eyed, brown-haired little creature, with a broad brow, and a sweet mouth, evidently both intelligent and affectionate; for she heartily enjoyed the story, and answered her father's approving glances with a face full of the loving reverence so beautiful to see.

Schools were not abundant in 1815; and, after learning to read, spell, sew, and cipher a little, at some dame school, girls were left to pick up knowledge as they could; while the brothers went to college or were apprenticed to some trade. But the few things they did study were well learned; so that Abby's reading was a pleasure to hear. She wrote a fine, clear hand, seldom misspelt a word, kept her own little account-book in good order, and already made her father's shirts, hemstitching the linen cambric ruffles with the daintiest skill, and turning out button-holes any one might be proud of. These accomplishments did not satisfy her, however, and she longed to know much more, — to do and be something great and good, — with the sincere longing of an earnest, thoughtful girl.

These morning talks with her father were precious half-hours to her; for they not only read and discussed well-chosen books, but Abby opened her heart freely, and received his wise counsels with a grateful docility which helped to make her after-life as benevolent and blessed as his.

"I don't wonder that Rasselas wanted to get out of the Happy Valley and see the world for himself. I often feel so, and long to go and have adventures, like the people I read about. To do something very splendid, and be brave and great and loved and honored," said Abby, as she closed the book and looked out of the open window with wistful eyes; for the chestnut trees were rustling in the May sunshine, and spring was stirring in the girl's heart, as well as in the budding boughs and early flowers on the green bank below.

"Do not be in a hurry to leave your Happy Valley, my dear; but help to keep it so by doing your part well. The happiness of life depends very much on little things; and one can be brave and great and good, while making small sacrifices and doing small duties faithfully and cheerfully," answered Mr. Lyon, with the look of one who practiced what he preached.

"But *my* little things are so stupid and easy. Sewing, and learning to pickle and preserve, and going out to tea when I don't want to, and helping mother, are none of them romantic or exciting duties and sacrifices. If I could take care of poor people, or be a colonel in a splendid uniform and march with drums and trumpets, or even a fire-warden and run to save lives and property, and be loved and thanked and trusted, as you are, I should be contented," continued Abby, kindling at the thought; for she considered her father the noblest of men, and glowed with pride when she saw him in his regimentals on great occasions, or when she helped him into the leathern cap and coat, and gave him the lantern, staff, and canvas bags he used, as fire-warden, long before steam-engines, hook and ladder companies, and electric alarms were dreamed of.

Mr. Lyon laughed as he washed his face at the queer, three-cornered stand, and then sat down to have his hair tied in a queue by his daughter, who prided herself on doing this as well as a barber.

"Ah, my girl, it's not the things that make the most noise and show that are the bravest and the best; but the everlasting patience, charity, and courage needed to bear our daily trials like good Christians." And the smile changed to a sigh, for the excellent man knew the value of these virtues and their rarity.

"Yes, I know, sir; but it is so splendid to be a hero, and have the world ring with one's glory, like Washington and Lafayette, or Perry, Hull, and

Lawrence," said Abby, winding the black ribbon so energetically that it nearly broke; for her head was full of the brave deeds performed in the wars of 1775 and 1812—the latter of which she well remembered.

"Easy, my dear, easy!—remember that it was the faithful doing of small things which fitted these men to do the grand deeds well, when the time came. Heroes are not made in a minute, and we never know what we may be called upon to live through. Train yourself now to be skillful, prompt, courageous, and kind; then when the duty or the danger comes you will be prepared for it. 'Keep your spindle ready and the Lord will send the flax,' as the old proverb says."

"I will, father, and remember the other saying that you like and live up to, 'Do right and leave the consequences to God,'" answered Abby, with her arm about his neck and a soft cheek against his, feeling that with such an example before her she ought not to fail.

"That's my good girl! Come, now, begin at once. Here's a little thing to do, a very homely one, but useful, and some honor may be gained by doing it nicely; for, if you'll darn this bad rent in my new stocking, I'll give you five dollars."

As he spoke, Mr. Lyon handed her a heavy silk stocking with a great "barn-door" tear in the calf. He was rather proud of his handsome legs and dressed them with care, importing hose of unusual fineness for state occasions; being one of the old-time gentlemen whose stately elegance added dignity to any scene.

Abby groaned as she examined the hole torn by a nail, for it was a very bad one, and she knew that, if not well done, the costly stocking would be ruined. She hated to darn, infinitely preferring to read, or study Latin with her brother, instead of repairing old damask, muslin gowns, and the family hose. But she did it well, excelling her elder sister in this branch of needle-work; so she could not refuse, though the sacrifice of time and taste would have been almost impossible for any one but father.

"I'll try, sir, and you shall pay me with a kiss; five dollars is too much for such a thing," she said, smiling at him as she put the stocking into the capacious pocket where girls kept housewife, scissors, thimble, pin-ball, and a bit of lovenge or flag-root in those days.

"I'm not so sure that you'll find it an easy job, but remember Bruce and his spider, and don't be conquered by the 'little thing.' Now, I must be off. Good-bye, my darling," and Mr. Lyon's dark eyes twinkled as he thought of the task he had set her; for it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could restore his damaged stocking.

Abby forgot her heroics and ran to get his hat and cane, to receive his morning kiss, and answer

the salute he always paused at the street corner to give her before he went away to the many cares and labors of his own busy day. But while she put her little room in order, dusted the parlor, and clapped laces for her mother, who, like most ladies long ago, did up her own caps and turbans, Abby was thinking over the late conversation, and wondering if strict attention to small affairs would really lead to something good or glorious in the end.

When her other duties were done, she resolutely sat down to the detested darn, although it would have been much pleasanter to help her sister cut out green satin leaves and quill up pink ribbon into roses for a garland to festoon the skirt of a new white dress.

Hour after hour she worked, slowly and carefully weaving the torn edges together, stitch by stitch, till her eyes ached and the delicate needle grew rusty in her warm hand. Her mother begged her to stop and rest, sister Catharine called her to come and see how well the garland looked, and a friend came to take her to drive. But she refused to stir, and kept at her weaving, as patiently as King Robert's spider, picking out a bit that puckered, turning the corner with breathless care, and rapping it with her thimble on the wooden egg till it lay flat. Then she waited till an iron was heated, and pressed it nicely, finishing in time to put it on her father's bureau, where he would see it when he dressed for dinner.

"Nearly four hours over that dreadful darn! But it's done now, and hardly shows, so I do think I've earned my money. I shall buy that work-box I have wanted so long. The inlaid one, with nice velvet beds for the thimble, scissors, and bodkin, and a glass in the cover, and a little drawer for my silk-reels. Father will like that, and I shall be proud to show it."

These agreeable thoughts were passing through Abby's mind as she went into the front yard for a breath of air, after her long task was over. Tulips and hyacinths were blooming there, and, peeping through the bars of the gate, stood a little girl wistfully watching the gay blossoms and enjoying their perfume. Now, Abby was fond of her garden, and had been hurrying the early flowers, that they might be ready for her father's birthday nose-gay, so her first impulse was to feign that she did not see the child, for she did not want to give away a single tulip. But the morning talk was fresh in her memory, and presently she thought:

"Here is a little thing I can do," and ashamed of the selfish impulse, she gathered several of her finest flowers and offered them, saying cordially:

"I think you would like these? Please take them, and by and by when there are more, you shall have prettier ones."

"Oh, thank you! I did want some for mamma. She is ill, and will be so pleased," was the grateful answer, given with a little curtsy and a smile that made the wistful face a very happy one.

"Do you live near by?" asked Abby, seeing at once from the child's speech and manner that she was both well-bred and grateful.

"Just around the corner. We are English, and papa is dead. Mamma kept school in another place till she was too ill, and now I take care of her and the children as well as I can."

The little girl of twelve, in her black frock, with a face far too old and anxious for her years, was so innocently pathetic as she told the sad story, that Abby's tender heart was touched, and an impetuous desire to do something at once made her exclaim:

"Wait a minute, and I'll send something better than flowers. Would n't your mother like some wine jelly? I helped make it, and have a glassful all my own."

"Indeed she would!" began the child, blushing with pleasure; for the poor lady needed just such delicacies, but thought only of the children's wants.

Waiting to hear no more, Abby ran in to get her offering, and came back beaming with benevolent good-will.

"As it is not far and you have that big basket, I'll go with you and help carry the things, if I may? My mother will let me, and my father will come and see you, I'm sure, if you'd like to have him. He takes care of everybody, and is the best and wisest man in all the world."

Lucy Mayhew accepted these kind offers with childish confidence, thinking the young lady a sort of angel in a coal-scuttle bonnet, and the two went chatting along, good friends at once; for Abby had very engaging manners, and her cheerful face won its way everywhere.

She found the English family a very interesting one, for the mother was a gentlewoman, and in sore straits now; being unable to use her accomplishments any longer, and failing fast, with no friends to protect the four little children she must soon leave alone in a strange land.

"If *they* were only cared for, I could go in peace; but it breaks my heart to think of them in an asylum, when they need a home," said the poor lady, telling her greatest anxiety to this sympathetic young visitor; while Lucy regaled the noses of the eager little ones with delicious sniffs of the pink and blue hyacinths.

"Tell father all about it, and he'll know just what to do. He always does, and everyone goes to him. May he come and see you, ma'am?" said Abby, longing to take them all home at once.

"He will be as welcome as an angel from

Heaven, my child. I am failing very fast, and help and comfort are sorely needed," answered the grateful woman, with wet eyes and a heart too full for many thanks.

Abby's eyes were full also, and promising to "send father soon," she went away, little dreaming that the handful of flowers and a few kind words were the first links in a chain of events that brought a blessing into her own home.

She waited anxiously for her father's return, and blushed with pleasure as he said, after examining her morning's work:

"Wonderfully well done, my dear! Your mother says she could n't have done it better herself."

"I'm sorry that it shows at all; but it was impossible to hide that corner, and if you wear it on the inside of the leg, it won't be seen much," explained Abby, anxiously.

"It shows just enough for me to know where to point when I boast of my girl's patience and skill. People say I'm making a blue-stocking of you, because we read Johnson; but my black stocking will prove that I have n't spoilt you yet," said Mr. Lyon, pinching her cheek, as they went down to dinner arm in arm.

Literary ladies were looked upon with awe, and by many with disapproval, in those days, so Abby's studious tastes were criticised by the good cousins and aunts, who feared she might do something peculiar; though, years later, they were very proud of the fine letters she wrote and the intellectual society which she had unconsciously fitted herself to enjoy and adorn.

Abby laughed at her father's joke, but said no more just then; for young people sat silent at table while their elders talked. She longed to tell about Lucy; and when dessert came, she drew her chair near to her father's, that she might pick the kernels from his walnuts and drop them into his wine, waiting till he said, as usual: "Now, little girl, let's take comfort." For both enjoyed the hour of rest he allowed himself in the middle of the day.

On this occasion he varied the remark by adding, as he took a bill from his pocket-book and gave it to her with a kiss:

"Well-earned money, my dear, and most cheerfully paid."

"Thank you, sir! It seems a great deal for such a little job. But I *do* want it very much. May I tell you how I'd like to spend it, father?" cried Abby, beaming with the sweet delight of helping others.

"Yes, child; come and tell me. Something for sister, I suspect; or a new book, perhaps." And, drawing her to his knee, Mr. Lyon waited with a face full of benignant interest in her little confidences.

She told her story eagerly and well, exclaiming as she ended: "And now, I'm so glad, so very glad; I have this money, all my own, to spend for those dear little things! I know you'll help them; but it's so nice to be able to do my part, and giving away is such a pleasure."

"You are your father's own daughter in that, child. I must go and get my contribution ready, or I shall be left out," said Mrs. Lyon, hastening away to add one more charity to the many which made her quiet life so beautiful.

"I will go and see our neighbor this evening, and you shall come with me. You see, my girl, that the homely 'little job' is likely to be a large and pleasant one, and you have earned your part in it. Do the duty that comes first, and one never knows what beautiful experience it may blossom into. Use your little earnings as you like, and God bless you, my dear."

So Abby had her part in the happy days that came to the Mayhews, and enjoyed it more than a dozen work-boxes; while her father was never tired of showing the handsome darn and telling the story of it.

Help and comfort were much needed around the corner; for very soon the poor lady died. But her confidence in the new friends raised up to her was not misplaced; and when all was over, and people asked, "What will become of the children?" Mr. Lyon answered the sad question by leading the four little orphans to his own house and keeping them till good homes were found for the three youngest.

Lucy was heart-broken, and clung to Abby in her sorrow, as if nothing else could console her for all she had lost. No one had the heart to speak of sending her away at present; and, before long, the grateful little creature had won a place for herself which she never forfeited.

It was good for Abby to have a care of this sort, and her generous nature enjoyed it thoroughly, as she played elder sister in the sweetest way. It was her first real lesson in the charity that made her after-life so rich and beautiful; but then she little dreamed how well she was to be repaid for her small share in the good work which proved to be a blessing to them all.

Soon, preparations for sister Catherine's wedding produced a pleasant bustle in the house, and both the younger girls were as busy as bees, helping everywhere. Dressmakers ripped and stitched upstairs, visitors gossiped in the parlor, and cooks simmered and scolded in the kitchen; while notable Madam Lyon presided over the household, keeping the peace and gently bringing order out of chaos.

Abby had a new sprigged muslin frock, with a

white sash, and her first pair of silk stockings, a present from her father. A bunch of pink roses gave the finishing touch, and she turned up her hair with a tortoise-shell comb in honor of the occasion.

All the relations — and there were many of them — came to the wedding, and the hospitable mansion was crowded with old and young. A fine breakfast was prepared, a line of carriages filled the quiet street, and troops of stately ladies and gentlemen came marching in; for the Lyons were a much-honored family.

The interesting moment arrived at last, the minister opened his book, the lovely bride entered with her groom, and a solemn silence fell upon the rustling crowd. Abby was much excited, and felt that she was about to disgrace herself by crying. Fortunately she stood near the door, and finding that a sob *would* come at thought of her dear sister going away forever, she slipped out and ran upstairs to hide her tears in the back bedroom, where she was put to accommodate guests.

As she opened the door, a puff of smoke made her catch her breath, then run to throw open the window before she turned to look for the fallen brand. A fire had been kindled in this room a short time before, and, to Abby's dismay, the sudden draught fanned the smoldering sparks which had crept from a fallen log to the mop-board and thence around the wooden mantel-piece. A suspicious crackling was heard, little tongues of flame darted from the cracks, and the air was full of smoke.

Abby's first impulse was to fly down-stairs, screaming "fire!" at the top of her voice; her second was to stand still and think what to do,—for an instant's recollection showed her what terror and confusion such a cry would produce in the crowded house, and how unseemly a panic would be at such a time.

"If I could only get at father! But I can't without scaring everyone. What would he do? I've heard him tell about fires, and how to put them out, I know—stop the draught first," and Abby shut the window. "Now water and wet blankets," and away she ran to the bath-room, and filling a pail, dashed the water over the burning wood. Then, pulling the blankets from off the bed, she wet them as well as she could, and hung them up before the fire-place, going to and fro for more water till the smoke ceased to pour out and the crackling stopped.

These energetic measures were taken just in time to prevent a serious fire, and when Abby dared to rest a moment with her eyes on the chimney, fearing the treacherous blaze might burst out in a new place, she discovered that her clothes were wet,

her face blackened, her hands blistered, and her breath gone.

"No matter," she thought, still too much elated with her success to feel the pain. "Father will be pleased, I know; for this is what he would call an emergency, and I've had my wits about me. I wish mother would come—O, dear! how queerly I feel —" and in the midst of her self-congratulation, poor little Abby fainted away; slipping to the floor and lying there like a new sort of Casabianca, faithful at her post.

Lucy found her very soon, having missed her and come to look for her the minute the service was over. Much frightened, she ran down again and tried to tell Mr. and Mrs. Lyon quietly. But her pale face alarmed every one, and when Abby came to herself, she was in her father's arms, being carried from the scene of devastation to her mother's room, where a crowd of anxious relatives received her like a conquering hero.

"Well done, my brave little fire-warden! I'm proud of you!" were the first words she heard, and they were more reviving than the burnt feathers under her nose, or the lavender-water plentifully sprinkled over her by her mother and sister.

With that hearty commendation, her father left her to see that all was safe, and Abby found that another sort of courage was needed to support her through the next half-hour of trial; for her hands were badly burned, and each of the excellent relatives suggested a different remedy.

"Flour them!" cried Aunt Sally, fanning her violently.

"Goose-oil and cotton-batting," suggested Aunt Patty.

"Nothing so good as lard," pronounced Aunt Nabby.

"I always use dry starch or a piece of salt pork," added cousin Lucretia.

"Butter them!" commanded grandma. "That's what I did when my Joseph fell into the boiler and came out with his blessed little legs the color of lobsters. "Butter them, Dolly."

That settled the vexed question, and Abby's hands were well buttered, while a hearty laugh composed the spirits of the agitated party; for the contrast between grandma's words and her splendid appearance, as she sat erect in the big arm-chair issuing commands like a general in silver-gray satin and an imposing turban, was very funny.

Then Abby was left to repose, with Lucy and old Nurse beside her, while the rest went down to eat the wedding feast and see the happy pair off in a chaise, with the portmanteau slung underneath, on their quiet honey-moon trip to Pomfret.

When the bustle was all over, Abby found her-

self a heroine in her small circle of admiring friends and neighbors, who praised and petted her as if she had saved the city from destruction. She needed comfort very much, for one hand was so seriously injured that it never entirely recovered from the deep burn which contracted two of her finger-tips. This was a great sorrow to the poor girl; for she could no longer play on her piano, and was forced to content herself with singing like a lark when all joined in the sweet old ballads forgotten now.

It was a misfortune, but it had its happy side; for, during the long months when she was partially helpless, books were her solace, and she studied many things which other duties or pleasures would have crowded out if "Abby's poor hand" had not been an excuse for such liberty and indulgence. It did not make her selfish, however, for while regretting her uselessness, she unexpectedly found work to do that made her own life happy by cheering that of another.

Lucy proved to be a most intelligent child; and when Abby asked what return she could make for all the little girl's loving service during her trouble, she discovered that help about lessons would be the favor most desired. Lucy's too early cares had kept her from learning much, and now that she had leisure, weak eyes forbade study, and she longed vainly to get on as her new friend did; for Abby was her model in all things,—looked up to with admiration, love, and wonder.

"Father, I've been thinking that I might read Lucy's lessons to her and hear her recite. Then she would n't grieve about being backward, and I can be eyes to her as she is hands to me. I can't sew or work now, but I can teach the little I know. May I, sir?" asked Abby, one morning, after reading a paper in the *Spectator*, and having a pleasant talk about it during the happy half-hour.

"A capital plan, Daughter, if you are sure you can keep on. To begin and then fail would leave the child worse off for the hope and disappointment. It will be tiresome to go on day after day, so think well before you propose it," answered her father, much pleased with the idea.

"I *can* do it, and I *will*! If I get tired, I'll look at you and mother, always so faithful to what you undertake, and remember my motto," cried Abby, anxious to follow the example set her in the daily life of these good parents.

A hearty hand-shake rewarded her, and she set about the new task with a resolute purpose to succeed. It was hard at first to go back to her early lessons and read them over and over again to eager Lucy, who did her best to understand, remember, and recite. But good-will and gratitude worked wonders; and day after day, week after

week, month after month, the teaching went on, to the great surprise and satisfaction of those who watched this labor of love. Both learned much, and a very strong, sweet friendship grew up, which lasted till the young girls became old women.

For nearly two years the daily lessons were continued; then Lucy was ready and able to go to school, and Abby free from the duty that had grown a pleasure. Sister Catherine being gone, she was the young lady of the house now, and began to go to a few parties, where she distinguished herself by her graceful dancing and sprightly though modest manners. She had grown strong and rosy with the exercise her sensible mother prescribed and her energetic father encouraged, taking long walks with her to Roxbury and Dorchester on holidays, over bridges and around the common before breakfast each morning, till the pale little girl was a tall and blooming creature, full of life and spirit. Not exactly beautiful, but with a sweet, intelligent face, and the frank, cordial ways that are so charming. Her brother Sam was very proud of her, and liked to see her surrounded by his friends at the merry-makings to which he escorted her; for she talked as well as she danced, and the older gentlemen enjoyed a good chat with Miss Abby as much as the younger ones did the elaborate pigeon-wings and pirouettes then in vogue.

Among the older men was one whom Abby much admired; for he had fought, traveled, and studied more than most men of his age, and earned the honors he wore so modestly. She was never tired of asking him questions when they met, and he never seemed tired of giving long, interesting replies; so they often sat and talked while others danced, and Abby never guessed that he was studying her bright face and innocent heart as eagerly as she listened to his agreeable conversation and stirring adventures.

Presently he came to the house with brother Sam, who shared Abby's regard for him; and there, while the young men amused themselves or paid their respects to the elders, one of them was still watching the tall girl with the crown of brown hair, as she sat by her father, poured the tea for Madam, laughed with her brother, or made bashful Lucy share their pleasures; always so busy, dutiful, and winning, that the visitor pronounced Mr. Lyon's the most delightful house in Boston. He heard all the little tales of Abby's youth from Sam, and Lucy added her tribute with the eloquence of a grateful heart; he saw how loved and trusted she was, and he soon longed to know how she would answer the question he desired to ask her. Having received permission from Papa, in the decorous old style, he only waited for an opportunity to discover if charming Abigail would con-

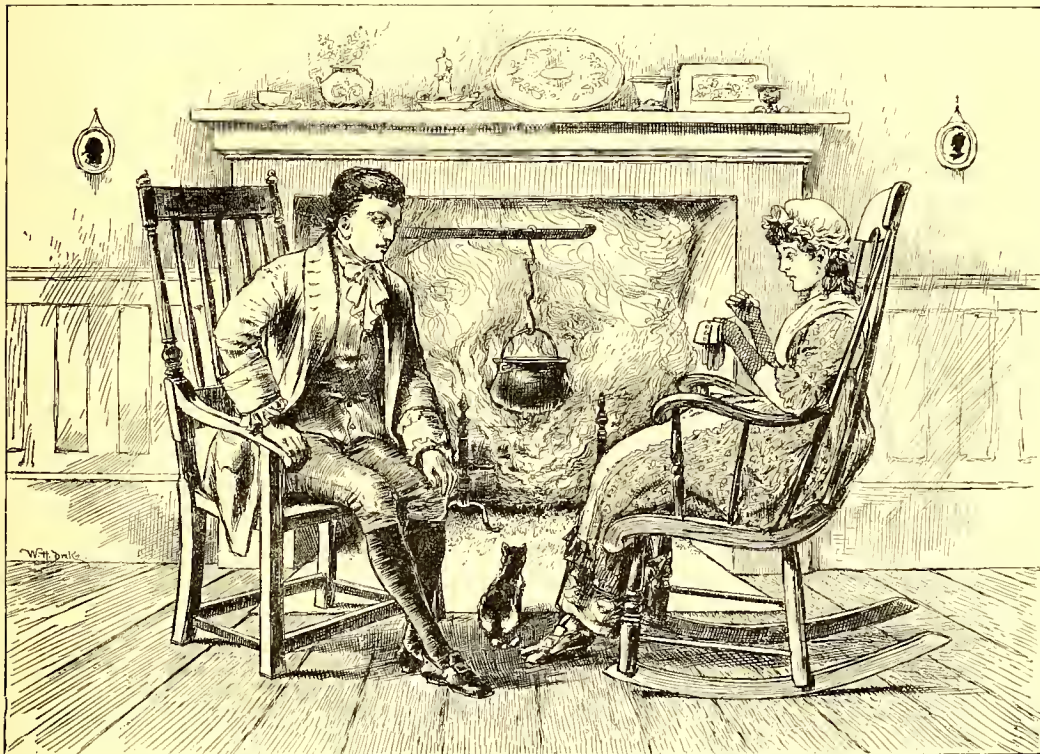
sent to change her name from Lyon to Lamb, and, as if her lesson was to be quite complete, a little thing decided her fate and made a very happy woman of the good girl.

On Abby's seventeenth birthday, there was to be a party in her honor, at the hospitable family mansion, to which all her friends were invited; and, when she came down early to see that all was in order, she found one impatient guest had already arrived.

It was not alone the consciousness that the new

it," said Abby, glad to find employment for her eyes.

A minute afterward she was sorry she had offered, for he accepted the little service with thanks, and stood watching while she sat down at her work-table and began to sew. She was very sensitive about her hand, yet ashamed of being so; for the scar was inside and the drawn fingers showed very little, as it is natural to half close them. She hoped he had never seen it, and tried



“I 'M AFRAID I 'M GIVING YOU A DEAL OF TROUBLE,” SAID THE GENTLEMAN.”

pink taffety gown and the beautiful new head-dress were very becoming which made her blush so prettily as she thanked her friend for the fine nosegay he brought her, but something in his face, though he only wished her many happy returns in a hearty way, and then added, laughing, as the last button flew off the glove he was awkwardly trying to fasten:

“It is evident that you did n't sew on these buttons, Miss Abby. I've observed that Sam's never come off, and he says you always keep them in order.”

“Let me put one on for you. It will take but a moment, and you 'll be so uncomfortable without

to hide it as she worked. But this, or some new consciousness, made her usually nimble fingers lose their skill, and she knotted the silk, split the button, and dropped her thimble, growing angry with herself for being so silly and getting so red and flurried.

“I'm afraid I'm giving you a deal of trouble,” said the gentleman, who was watching the white hands with great interest.

“No; it is I who am foolish about my burnt hand,” answered Abby, in her frank, impetuous way. “See how ugly it is!” And she held it out as if to punish herself for the girlish feeling she despised.

The answer to this little outburst made her forget everything but the sweetest pleasure and surprise; for, kissing the scarred palm with tender respect, her lover said:

“To me it is the finest and the dearest hand in the world. I know the brave story, and I’ve seen the good this generous hand is never tired of doing. I want it for my own. Will you give it to me, dear?”

Abby must have answered “yes”; for she wore a new ring under her own glove that night, and danced as if there were wings on the heels of her pink shoes.

Whether the button ever got sewed on or not, no one knows; but that bit of needlework was even more successful than the other small job, for

in due time there was a second wedding, without a fire, and Abby went away to a happy home of her own, leaving sister Lucy to fill her place and be the most loving and faithful of daughters to her benefactors while they lived.

Long years afterward, when she had children and grandchildren about her, listening to the true old stories that are the best, Abby used to say, with her own cheerful laugh:

“My father and mother taught me many useful lessons, but none more valuable than those I learned that year; and I may honestly say that patience, perseverance, courage, friendship and love came out of that silk stocking. So let me give you this bit of advice: Don’t despise little things, my dears!”

THE SONG OF THE ROLLER SKATES.

By A. C.

(The Start.)

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
To the left, to the right;
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
On our rollers so bright!
Swoop-a-hoo! here we go;
All a-gliding along;
Swoop-a-hoo! here we go;
With a roller-skate song!

Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
All the children in town
Whizzing down, whizzing down!

(The Turn.)

Slower now. Have a care!
Here ’s the corner,—beware!
See the curb! It is near;
We must carefully steer.

Sweep around, one and all!
Make the curve,—do not fall!
—That was gracefully done,
Hurrah for the fun!

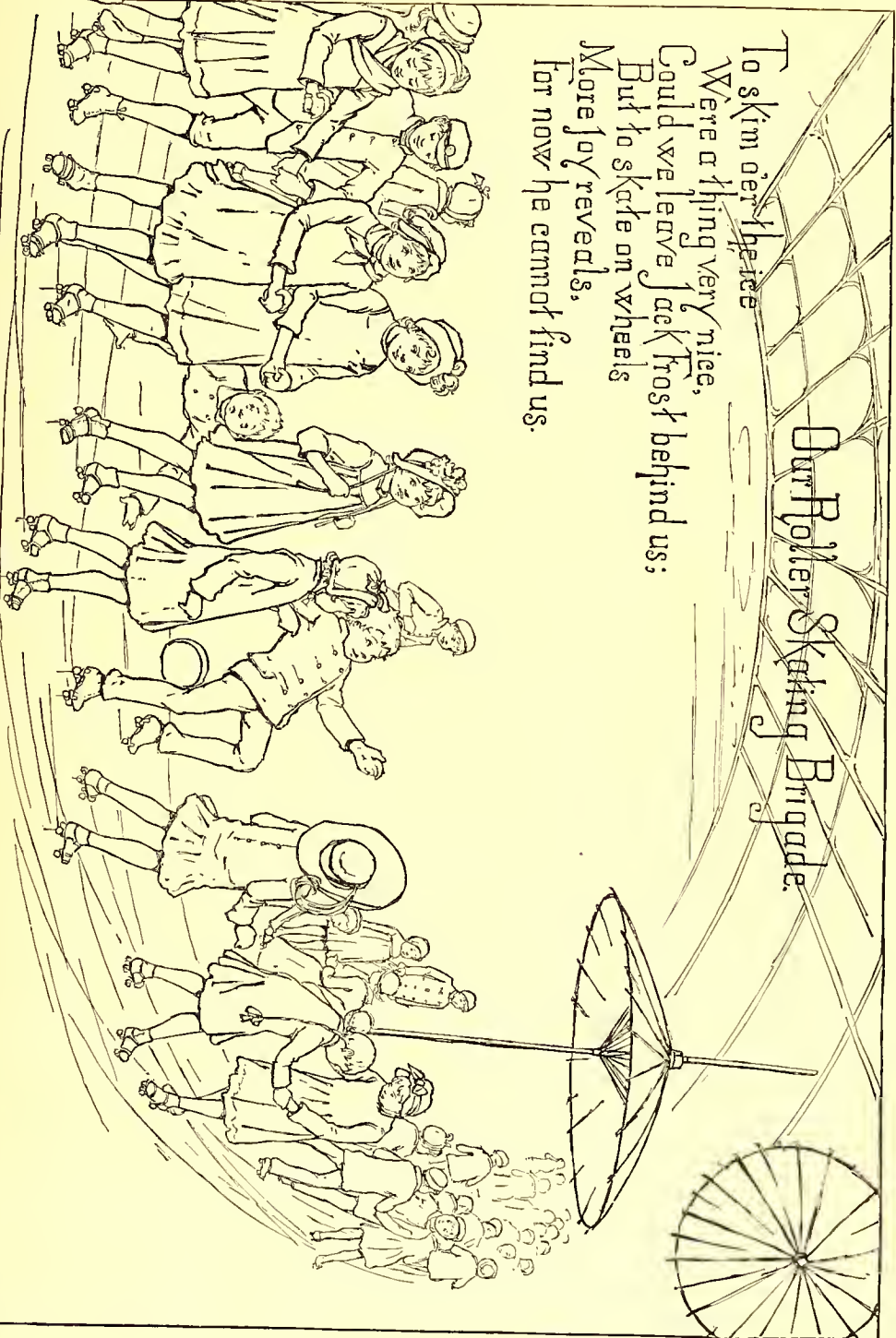
Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
Every child on the track
Whizzing back! whizzing back!

(Home again.)

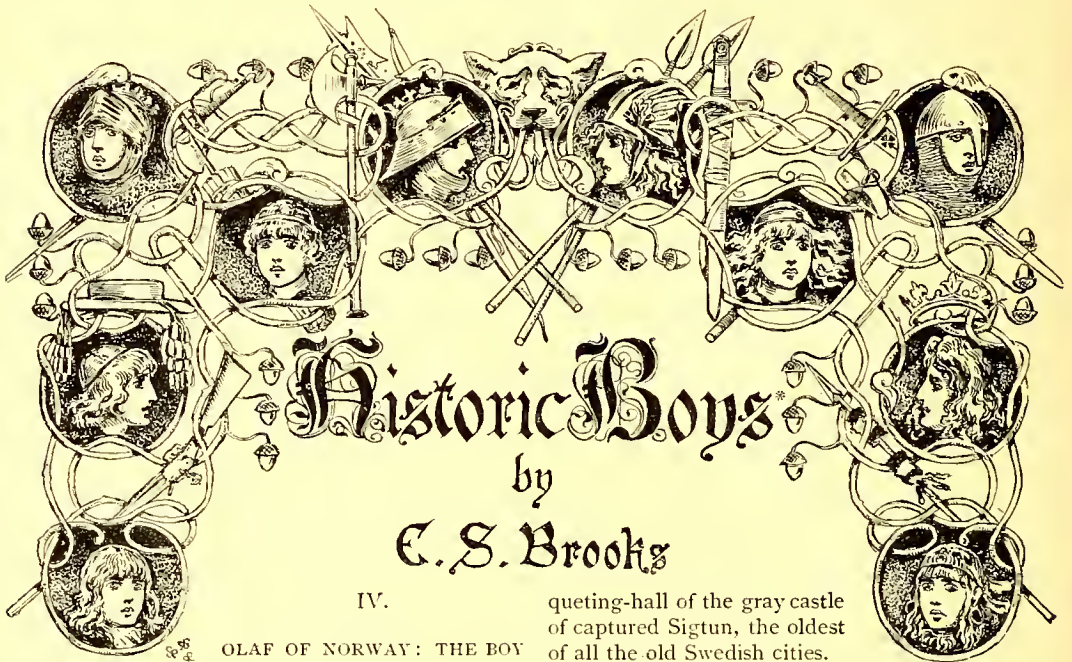
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
To the left,—to the right.
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
All aglow with delight!
Swoop-a-hoo! who ’s ahead?
Well, they ’re all nearly there.
Swoop-a-hoo! cheeks so red;
Full of laughter, the air!
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!

Our Roller Skating Brigade.

To skim o'er these
 Were a thing very nice,
 Could we leave Jack Frost behind us;
 But to skate on wheels
 More joy reveals,
 For now he cannot find us.



Rose Mueller



IV.

OLAF OF NORWAY: THE BOY
VIKING.

[Afterward King Olaf II., of Norway.]
A. D. 1010.

OLD RANE, the helmsman, whose fierce mustaches and shaggy shoulder-mantle made him look like some grim old northern wolf, held high in air the great bison-horn filled with foaming mead.

"Skoal to the Viking! Hael; was-hael!"† rose his exultant shout. From a hundred sturdy throats the cry reëchoed till the vaulted hall of the Swedemen's conquered castle rang again.

"Skoal to the Viking! Hael; was-hael!" and in the center of that throng of mail-clad men and tossing spears, standing firm and fearless upon the interlocked and uplifted shields of three stalwart fighting-men, a stout-limbed lad of scarce thirteen, with flowing light-brown hair and flushed and eager face, brandished his sword vigorously in acknowledgment of the jubilant shout that rang once again through the dark and smoke-stained hall, "Was-hael to the sea-wolf's son! Skoal to Olaf the King!"

A fierce and warlike shout, boys and girls, to be given in honor of so young a lad. But those were fierce and warlike days when men were stirred by the recital of bold and daring deeds — those old, old days, eight hundred years ago, when Olaf, the boy viking, the pirate chief of a hundred mail-clad men, stood upon the uplifted shields of his exultant fighting-men in the heavy-raftered ban-

queting-hall of the gray castle of captured Sigtun, the oldest of all the old Swedish cities.

Take your atlas and, turning to the map of Sweden, place your finger on the city of Stockholm. Do you notice that it lies at the easterly end of a large lake? That is the Maelar, beautiful with winding channels, pine-covered islands, and rocky shores. It is peaceful and quiet now; and palace and villa and quaint northern farm-house stand unmolested on its picturesque borders. But channels, and islands, and rocky shores have echoed and reëchoed with the war-shouts of many a fierce sea-rover since those far-off days when Olaf, the boy viking, and his Norwegian ships of war plowed through the narrow sea-strait, and ravaged the fair shores of the Maelar with fire and sword.

Stockholm, the "Venice of the North," as it is called, was not then in existence; and little now remains of old Sigtun save ruined walls. But travelers may still see the three tall towers of the ancient town, and the great stone-heap, alongside which young Olaf drew his ships of war, and over which his pirate crew swarmed into Sigtun town, and planted the victorious banner of the golden serpent upon the conquered walls.

For this fair young Olaf came of hardy Norse stock. His father, Harald Graenske, or "Grey-mantle," one of the tributary kings of Norway, had fallen a victim to the torture of the haughty Swedish queen; and now his son, a boy of scarce thirteen, but a warrior already by training and from desire, came to avenge his father's death. His

† "Hail and Health to the Viking!"

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mother, the queen Aasta, equipped a large dragon-ship or war-vessel for her adventurous son, and with the lad, as helmsman and guardian, was sent old Rane, whom men called "the far-traveled," because he had sailed westward as far as England and southward to Nörvasund (by which name they then knew the Straits of Gibraltar). Boys toughened quickly in those stirring days, and this lad who, because he was commander of a dragon-ship, was called Olaf the King,—though he had no land to rule,—was of viking blood, and quickly learned the trade of war. Already, among the rocks and sands of Sodermann, upon the Swedish coast, he had won his first battle over a superior force of Danish war-vessels.

Other ships of war joined him; the name of Olaf the Brave was given him by right of daring deeds, and "Skool to the Viking!" rang from the sturdy throats of his followers as the little sea-king was lifted in triumph upon the battle-dented shields.

But a swift runner bursts into the gray hall of Sigtun. "To your ships, O King; to your ships!" he cries. "Olaf, the Swedish king, men say, is planting a forest of spears along the sea-strait, and, except ye push out now, ye may not get out at all!"

The nimble young chief sprang from the up-raised shields.

"To your ships, Vikings, all!" he shouted. Up with the serpent banner, and away!"

Straight across the lake to the sea-strait, near where Stockholm now stands, the vikings sailed, young Olaf's dragon-ship taking the lead. But all too late; for, across the narrow strait, the Swedish king had stretched great chains, and had filled up the channel with stocks and stones.

The boy viking stood by his dragon-headed prow, and shook his clenched fist at the obstructed sea-strait and the Swedish spears.

"Shall we then land, Rane, and fight our way through?" he asked.

"Fight our way through?" said old Rane, who had been in many another tight place in his years of sea-roving, but none so close as this. "Why, King, they be a hundred to one!"

"Well, may we not cut these chains, then?" said impetuous Olaf.

"As soon think of cutting the solid earth, King," said the helmsman.

"So; and why not, then?" young Olaf exclaimed, struck with a brilliant idea. "Ho, Sigvat," he said, turning to one of his men, "what was that lowland under the cliff which thou didst tell me of?"

"'T is called the fen of Agnefit, O King," replied the man, pointing toward where it lay.

"Why, then, my Rane," asked the boy, "may we not cut our way out through that lowland fen to the open sea and liberty?"

"'T is Olaf's own device," cried the delighted helmsman, catching at his young chief's plan. "Ho, war-wolves all, bite ye your way through the Swedish fens! Up with the serpent banner, and farewell to Olaf the Swede!"

It seemed a narrow chance, but it was the only one. And so, in the dead of night the Swedish captives and stout Norse oarsmen were set to work, and before day-break an open cut had been made in the lowlands beneath Agnefit, or the "Rock of King Agne," where, by the town of Södertelje, the vikings' canal is still shown to travelers; the waters of the lake came rushing through the cut, and an open sea-strait waited young Olaf's fleet.

A strong breeze blew astern; the Norse rowers steered the cumbrous ships with their long oars, and with a mighty rush, through the new canal and over all the shallows, out into the great Norrström, or North Stream, as the Baltic Sea was called, the fleet passed in safety while the loud war-horns blew the notes of triumph.

So the boy viking escaped from the trap of the Swedish king, and then away he sailed to Gotland, to Finland, and at last, "through the wild sea" to Denmark, where he met a brother viking, one Thorkell the Tall. The two chiefs struck up a sort of partnership; and coasting southward along the western shores of Denmark, they won a sea-fight in the Ringkiobing fiord, among the "sand hills of Jutland." And so business continued brisk with this curiously matched pirate firm—a giant and a boy—until, under the cliffs of Kinlimma, in Friesland, hasty word came to the boy viking that the English king, Ethelred "The Unready," was calling for the help of all sturdy fighters to win back his heritage and crown from young king Cnut, or Canute the Dane, whose father had seized the throne of England. Instantly, Olaf, the ever ready, hoisted his blue and crimson sails and steered his war-ships over sea to help King Ethelred, the never ready. Up the Thames and straight for London town he rowed.

"Hail to the serpent banner! Hail to Olaf the Brave!" said King Ethelred, as the war-horns sounded a welcome: and on the low shores of the Isle of Dogs, just below the old city, the keels of the Norse war-ships grounded swiftly, and the boy viking and his followers leaped ashore. "Thou dost come in right good time with thy trusty dragon-ships, young King," said King Ethelred; "for the Danish robbers are full well entrenched in London town and in my father Edgar's castle."

And then he told Olaf how, "in the great trading place which is called Southwark," the Danes

had raised "a great work and dug large ditches, and within had builded a bulwark of stone, timber and turf, where they had stationed a large army."

"And we would fain have taken this bulwark," added the King, "and did in sooth bear down upon it with a great assault; but indeed we could make naught of it."

"And why not?" asked the young viking.

"Because," said King Ethelred, "upon the bridge betwixt the castle and Southwark have the ravaging Danes raised towers and parapets, breast high, and thence they did cast down stones and weapons upon us so that we could not prevail. And now, Sea-King, what dost thou counsel? How may we avenge ourselves of our enemies and win the town?"

Impetuous as ever, and impatient of obstacles, the young viking said, "How? why, pull thou down this bridge, King, and then may ye have free river-way to thy castle."

"Break down great London Bridge, young hero?" cried the amazed king. "How may that be? Have we a Duke Samson among us to do so great a feat?"

"Lay me thy ships alongside mine, King, close to this barricaded bridge," said the valorous boy, "and I will vow to break it down, or ye may call me caitiff and coward."

"Be it so," said Ethelred, the English king; and all the war-chiefs echoed, "be it so!" So Olaf and his trusty Rane made ready the war forces for the destruction of the bridge.

Old London Bridge was not what we should now call an imposing structure, but our ancestors of eight centuries back esteemed it quite a bridge. The chronicler says that it was "so broad that two wagons could pass each other upon it," and "under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river."

So young Olaf and old Rane put their heads together, and decided to wreck the bridge by a bold viking stroke. And this is how it is told in the "Heimskringla," or Saga of King Olaf:

"King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he took down old houses; and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships so widely that it reached over the ships' sides. Under this screen he set pillars, so high and stout that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them."

"Now, out oars and pull for the bridge," young Olaf commanded; and the roofed-over war-ships were rowed close up to London Bridge.

And as they came near the bridge, the chronicler says, "there were cast upon them, by the Danes upon the bridge, so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that nei-

ther helmet nor shield could hold out against it; and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged that many retreated out of it."

But the boy viking and his Norsemen were there for a purpose, and were not to be driven back by stones or spears or arrows. Straight ahead they rowed, "quite up under the bridge."

"Out cables, all, and lay them around the piles," the young sea-king shouted; and the strong, brave rowers, unshipping their oars, reached out under the roofs and passed the stout cables twice around the wooden supports of the bridge. The loose end was made fast to a cleat in the stern of each vessel, and then, turning and heading down stream, King Olaf's twenty stout war-ships waited his word.

"Out oars!" he cried; "pull, war-birds! Pull all, as if ye were for Norway!"

Forward and backward swayed the stout Norse rowers; tighter and tighter pulled the cables; fast down upon the straining war-ships rained the Danish spears and stones; but the wooden piles under the great bridge were loosened by the steady tug of the cables, and soon with a sudden spurt the Norse war-ships darted down the river, while the slackened cables towed astern the captured piles of London Bridge. A great shout went up from the besiegers, and "now," says the chronicle, "as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons upon it, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled—some into the castle, some into Southwark." And before King Ethelred, "The Unready," could pull his ships to the attack, young Olaf's fighting-men had sprung ashore, and, storming the Southwark earthworks, carried all before them, and the Battle of London Bridge was won.

So King Ethelred won back his kingdom, and the boy viking was honored above all others. To him was given the chief command in perilous expeditions against the Danes, and the whole defense of all the coast of England. North and south along the coast he sailed with all his war-ships, and Danes and Englishmen long remembered the dashing but dubious ways of this young sea-rover, who swept the English coast and claimed his dues from friend and foe alike. For those were days of insecurity for merchant and trader and farmer, and no man's wealth or life was safe except as he paid ready tribute to the fierce Norse allies of King Ethelred. But soon after this, King Ethelred died, and young Olaf, thirsting for new adventures, sailed away to the south and fought his way all along the French coast as far as the mouth of the river Garonne. Many castles he captured; many rival vikings subdued; much spoil he gath-

ered; until at last his dragon-ships lay moored under the walls of old Bordeaux, waiting for fair winds to take him around to the Straits of Gibraltar, and so on "to the land of Jerusalem."

One day, in the booty-filled "fore-hold" of his dragon-ship, the young sea-king lay asleep; and suddenly, says the old record, "he dreamt a wondrous dream."

"Olaf, great head of kings, attend!" he heard a deep voice call; and, looking up, the dreamer seemed to see before him "a great and important man, but of a terrible appearance withal."

"If that thou art Olaf the Brave, as men do call thee," said the vision, "turn thyself to nobler deeds than vikings' ravaging and this wandering cruise. Turn back, turn back from thy purposeless journey to the land of Jerusalem, where neither honor nor fame awaits thee. Son of King Harald, return thee to thy heritage; for thou shalt be King over all Norway."

Then the vision vanished and the young rover awoke to find himself alone, save for the sleeping foot-boy across the cabin door-way. So he quickly summoned old Rane, the helmsman, and told his dream.

"'T was for thy awakening, King," said his stout old follower. "'T was the great Olaf, thine uncle, Olaf Tryggvesson the King, that didst call thee. Win Norway, King, for the portent is that thou and thine shall rule thy fatherland."

And the war-ships' prows were all turned northward again, as the boy viking, following the promise of his dream, steered homeward for Norway and a throne.

Now in Norway Earl Eric was dead. For thirteen years he had usurped the throne that should have been filled by one of the great King Olaf's line; and, at his death, his handsome young son, Earl Hakon the Fair, ruled in his father's stead. And when young King Olaf heard this news, he shouted for joy and cried to Rane:

"Now, home in haste, for Norway shall be either Hakon's heritage or mine!"

"'T is a fair match of youth 'gainst youth," said the trusty helmsman; "and if but fair luck go with thee, Norway shall be thine!"

So, from "a place called Furovald," somewhere between the mouths of Humber and of Tees, on the English coast, King Olaf, with but two stout war-ships and two hundred and twenty "well-armed and chosen persons," shook out his purple sails to the North Sea blasts, and steered straight for Norway.

And now news comes that Earl Hakon, with a single war-ship, is steering north from Sogne Fiord; and Olaf, pressing on, lays his two ships on either side of a narrow strait, or channel, in Sandunga

Sound. Here he stripped his ships of all their war-gear, and stretched a great cable deep in the water, across the narrow strait. Then he wound the cable ends around the capstans, ordered all his fighting-men out of sight, and waited for his rival. Soon Earl Hakon's war-ship, crowded with rowers and fighting-men, entered the strait. Seeing, as he supposed, but two harmless merchant-vessels lying on either side of the channel, the young earl bade his rowers pull between the two. Suddenly there is a stir on the quiet merchant-vessels. The capstan bars are manned; the sunken cable is drawn taut. Up goes the stern of Earl Hakon's entrapped war-ship; down plunges her prow into the waves, and the water pours into the doomed boat. A loud shout is heard; the quiet merchant-vessels swarm with mail-clad men, and the air is filled with a shower of stones, and spears, and arrows. The surprise is complete. Tighter draws the cable; over topples Earl Hakon's vessel, and he and all his men are among the billows struggling for life. "So," says the record, "King Olaf took Earl Hakon and all his men whom they could get hold of out of the water and made them prisoners; but some were killed and some were drowned."

Into the "fore-hold" of the King's ship the captive earl was led a prisoner, and there the young rivals for Norway's crown faced each other. The two lads were of nearly the same age, — between sixteen and seventeen, — and young Earl Hakon was considered the handsomest youth in all Norway. His helmet was gone, his sword was lost, his ring-steel suit was sadly disarranged, and his long hair, "fine as silk," was "bound about his head with a gold ornament." Fully expecting the fate of all captives in those cruel days, — instant death, — the young earl nevertheless faced his boy conqueror proudly, resolved to meet his fate like a man.

"They speak truth who say of the house of Eric that ye be handsome men," said the King, studying his prisoner's face. "But now, Earl, even though thou be fair to look upon, thy luck hath failed thee at last."

"Fortune changes," said the young earl. "We both be boys; and thou, King, art perchance the shrewder youth. Yet, had we looked for such a trick as thou hast played upon us, we had not thus been tripped upon thy sunken cables. Better luck next time."

"Next time!" echoed the King; "dost thou not know, Earl, that as thou standest there, a prisoner, there may be no 'next time' for thee?"

The young captive understood full well the meaning of the words. "Yes, King," he said; "it must be only as thou mayst determine. Man can die but once. Speak on; I am ready!" But

Olaf said: "What wilt thou give me, Earl, if at this time I do let thee go, whole and unhurt?"

"Nothing," said the generous young viking, advancing nearer to his handsome rival. "As



"SKOAL TO THE VIKING!"

"'T is not what I may give, but what thou mayst take, King," the earl made answer. "I am thy prisoner; what wilt thou take to free me?"

thou did'st say, we both be boys, and life is all before us. Earl, I give thee thy life, do thou but take oath before me to leave this my realm of

Norway, to give up thy kingdom, and never to do battle against me hereafter."

The conquered earl bent his fair young head.

"Thou art a generous chief, King Olaf," he said. "I take my life as thou dost give it, and all shalt be as thou wilt."

So Earl Hakon took the oath, and King Olaf righted his rival's capsized war-ship, refitted it from his own stores of booty, and thus the two lads parted; the young earl sailing off to his uncle, King Canute, in England, and the boy viking hastening eastward to Vigen, where lived his mother, the Queen Aasta, whom he had not seen for full five years.

It is harvest-time in the year 1014. Without and within the long, low house of Sigurd Syr, at Vigen, all is excitement; for word has come that Olaf the sea-king has returned to his native land, and is even now on his way to this, his mother's house. Gay stuffs decorate the dull walls of the great-room, clean straw covers the earth-floor, and upon the long, four-cornered tables is spread a mighty feast of mead and ale and coarse but hearty food, such as the old Norse heroes drew their strength and muscle from. At the door-way stands the Queen Aasta and her maidens, while before the entrance, with thirty "well-clothed men," waits young Olaf's step-father, wise Sigurd Syr, gorgeous in a jeweled suit, a scarlet cloak, and a glittering golden helmet. The watchers on the house-tops hear a distant shout, now another and nearer one, and soon, down the highway, they catch the gleam of steel and the waving of many banners; and now they can distinguish the stalwart forms of Olaf's chosen hundred men, their shining coats of ring-mail, their foreign helmets, and their crossleted shields flashing in the sun. In the very front rides old Rane, the helmsman, bearing the great white banner blazoned with the golden serpent, and, behind him, cased in golden armor, his long brown hair flowing over his sturdy shoulders, rides the boy viking, Olaf of Norway.

It was a brave home-coming; and as the stout young hero, leaping from his horse, knelt to receive his mother's welcoming kiss, the people shouted for joy, the banners waved, and the war-horns played their loudest.

The hero of nine great sea-fights, and of many

smaller ones, before he was seventeen, young Olaf Haraldson was a remarkable boy, even in the days when all boys aimed to be battle-trying heroes. Toughened in frame and fiber by his five years of sea-roving, he had become strong and self-reliant, a man in action though but a boy in years.

"I am come," he said to his mother and his step-father, "to take the heritage of my forefathers. But not from Danish nor from Swedish kings will I supplicate that which is mine by right. Either I shall bring all this kingdom of Norway under my rule, or I shall fall here upon my inheritance in the land of my fathers."

These were bold words for a boy of seventeen. But they were not idle boastings. Before a year had passed, young Olaf's pluck and courage had won the day, and in harvest-time, in the year 1015, being then but little more than eighteen years old, he was crowned King of Norway in the Drontheim, or "Throne-home," of Nidaros, the royal city, now called on your atlas the city of Drontheim. For fifteen years King Olaf the Second ruled his realm of Norway. The old record says that he was "a good and very gentle man"; but history shows his goodness and gentleness to have been of a rough and savage kind. The wild and stern experiences of his viking days lived again even in his attempts to reform and benefit his land. When he who had himself been a pirate tried to put down piracy, and he who had been a wild young robber sought to force all Norway to become Christian, he did these things in so fierce and cruel a way that at last his subjects rebelled, and King Canute came over with a great army to wrest the throne from him. On the bloody field of Stiklestad, July 29, 1030, the stern King Olaf fell.

So King Canute conquered Norway; but after his death, Olaf's son, Magnus the Good, regained his father's throne. The people, sorrowful at their rebellion against King Olaf, forgot his stern and cruel ways, and magnified all his good deeds mightily. And, after King Magnus died, his descendants ruled in Norway for nearly four hundred years; and thus was brought to pass the promise of the dream that, in the "fore-hold" of the great dragon-ship, under the walls of old Bordeaux, came so many years before to the daring and sturdy young Olaf of Norway, the Boy Viking.



"LOOK OUT, THERE!"

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

CONSIDERING THE QUESTION.

TWO strong, fair-haired, blue-eyed boys approached their father as he sat by his pleasant library window reading.

"Father," said the older boy, a youth of about fifteen years of age, "we have something very serious, Hugh and I, that we wish to submit to you."

"And what is it, Neil?" inquired Mr. Burton, lifting his kind eyes from his book, and looking first at Neil and then at Hugh, as they stood flushed and excited before him.

"We wish you would let us go to a new sort of school," said Neil.

"And what sort of school is it?" Mr. Burton demanded, in his usual cheery tone.

"Oh, it's a shooting school," cried Hugh, who was a quick, impulsive boy; "it's going to be immense, so Tom Dale says, and Ed Jones is going, and——"

"Hold on, Hugh," said Neil, gently interrupting him; "let me explain the whole thing to father, so that he can understand. You see, there's a man who has a shooting-gallery——"

A decided frown from Mr. Burton cut Neil's enthusiastic description short off. For more than a year the boys had been begging for a gun, and the kind father had exhausted his ingenuity in the effort to invent a sufficient number of excuses for not promptly meeting their desires. In fact, Mr. Burton did not like guns himself, and was very much opposed to allowing boys to handle firearms. As is the case in most villages, there had been in Belair, where our story begins, two or three distressing accidents through the careless-

ness of boys with guns, and it made a chill creep up the father's back to think of trusting one of his dear boys to the chances of such dangers. Of course, Neil and Hugh did not stop to reason about the matter. Other boys had guns. Only the day before, George Roberts, a young playmate of theirs, had brought in half a dozen meadow-larks, killed with his single-barreled shotgun at his father's country-place. They had listened to George's enthusiastic description of his day's sport, until that night they dreamed it all over again.

"It hardly seems fair that we can't have such fun," Hugh had said to Neil, after George had gone.

"Of course, father is right," said Neil, who was a proud, honorable boy; "but I don't see why guns can't be made safe for boys."

"They are safe," insisted Hugh. "I know perfectly well that I'd never hurt myself or any one else with a gun if I had one. What's the use of being careless? I don't see any excuse for all these accidents."

"That's what I say, too," said Neil. "If you keep the muzzle of the gun pointed away from yourself, how is it going to shoot you, I'd like to know?"

But a man had fitted up a "shooting school" in the village, and the boys were all anxious to go. For five cents, a boy could shoot three times at a target; and the big-lettered bills posted here and there announced that extreme care would be taken to prevent accident. "Surely," thought Neil and Hugh, "Father will not object to our trying our hands once or twice in a safe shooting school."

But Mr. Burton did object very promptly, and in a tone so decided that the boys turned dolefully away. He called them back, however, and explained to them that a shooting gallery was a place where all sorts of rough fellows congregated, some of whom would bet and swear; that it was no place for good boys.

"I did n't know that," said Neil; "I thought it would be all right, and—and, I—I wanted to learn to shoot, like other boys."

Mr. Burton looked steadily at the boys. He was a very kind man, and loved his children dearly. It was because he loved them that he had so long refused to allow them to have a gun. He had always believed that a dog and a gun could ruin any boy, especially if the boy had his own way. No doubt, in a measure, he was right. Boys need the directing care of grown-up men in almost everything, particularly where danger is involved and some fearful accident may result from the slightest mismanagement.

"Boys, will nothing satisfy you but guns?"

Mr. Burton said this in a hopeless sort of tone that brought a quick flush to Neil's cheek.

"I don't believe I can ever be satisfied without a gun," eagerly exclaimed Hugh.

"Well, I can," said Neil, proudly. "If it is n't right for me to have a gun, I'll try and not want one."

"But it is right," insisted Hugh, going nearer Mr. Burton. "All the boys that amount to anything have guns. Philo Lucas has a double-barreled one."

Neil was amazed at Hugh's energetic way of pushing the matter: he looked at Mr. Burton to see how it impressed him.

"I heard a man say not long ago," remarked the father, "that he thought he should have to prosecute Philo Lucas."

"Oh! What for?" both boys inquired in a breath.

"For killing robins and meadow-larks, which is against the law."

"Meadow-larks! Is it unlawful to shoot meadow-larks?" cried Hugh.

"Yes; and all other insect-eating birds not in the list of game-birds," replied Mr. Burton.

The boys looked at each other as it flashed into their minds that George Roberts was a law-breaker and liable to be fined or imprisoned for killing those meadow-larks.

"But we won't shoot any of those little birds," Hugh hurried to say; "we'll shoot quails and ducks and snipe and——"

"What will we shoot them with?" said Neil, smiling rather grimly.

"Oh, but Papa will buy us some guns! Won't you, Papa?" cried the enthusiastic Hugh.

Mr. Burton rose and put his book on a table. His face wore a troubled expression. It was plain to him that a crisis in his boys' lives had been reached, and that they must be helped safely over it.

One thing was sure, he could not consent to allow Neil and Hugh to be running over the country with guns in their hands, with no safe person to direct and restrain them.

He walked back and forth for a while, the boys cying him half hopefully, half despairingly. Presently he said:

"Neil, will you and Hugh promise me that, if I consider this question of guns carefully and conscientiously with a view to your best interests, you will cheerfully abide by my decision?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Hugh in a second; "and I want mine a double-barrel, with engraved locks, and a pistol-grip to the stock!"

Mr. Burton smiled in spite of the gravity of the situation. Neil laughed, too, at Hugh's sanguine forwardness.

"I shall want ten days of time to study this subject," said Mr. Burton; "and at the end of that time, I shall decide guns or no guns, and the matter is then to be at final rest."

"Yes, sir," said Neil; "I shall be satisfied with your decision. for I know that you know best."

"Oh, papa, but you must n't decide against us. I do want a gun so much, and I'll be so careful!" cried Hugh, almost trembling.

Mr. Burton dismissed his sons, promising to study the subject of guns for boys very carefully, and to let them know his conclusion at the end of ten days. He was a conscientious, prudent man, full of keen sympathies with the tastes of healthy boys, and he greatly desired to give the fullest scope consistent with safety to the development of strong, manly natures in Neil and Hugh. He had never been able to join in any field-sports himself, owing to a lame knee, and consequently he knew very little about guns or their use. He had often imagined, however, what excitement there must be in following the bevy of game-birds from field to field in the crisp autumn weather, or in flushing the swift-winged woodcock from marshy thickets in July. He had the sportsman's instincts, but his unfortunate lameness had shut off from him any active participation in the sportsman's pleasures. This, no doubt, served to strengthen his desire to see his boys have all the freedom that the accident of his life had denied to him.

So Mr. Burton began a systematic examination of the subject of allowing boys to learn the use of fire-arms. He consulted with sportsmen on one hand, and with men who opposed field-sports on the other hand. He carefully weighed all the arguments of both sides. He tried to make of himself an impartial judge; but it was no easy matter. His solicitude for the welfare of his sons, the well-known danger of fire-arms, the tendency of too much indulgence in field-sports toward idleness and an unambitious life, and the earnest protest of some of his most trusted friends against allowing boys to have guns, would overbear his desire to please Neil and Hugh.

When the ten days had passed, the decision had been reached, however, and what it was will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE CHARLEY FROM TENNESSEE.

WHILE Mr. Burton was in the depth of his dilemma about guns, his brother Charles, whom Neil and Hugh had always called Uncle Charley, came, on a visit, from his plantation home in Tennessee. It was the day before the end of the time

for Mr. Burton's decision when Uncle Charley arrived, bringing his gun with him. Almost the first thing he said was:

"How far is it to the nearest prairie? Are the prairie-chickens as plentiful as usual this season?"

He was an inveterate sportsman. Neil and Hugh were delighted. They felt sure that Uncle Charley would use his influence with their father in favor of letting them learn to shoot.

He was a tall, dark man with a long mustache and curly black hair, very kind and gentle in his manner, and exceedingly fond of boys, though he was a bachelor. Of course, he had a great deal to talk about with Mr. Burton before he could find time to say much to Neil and Hugh, who were longing to draw him out upon the subject nearest their hearts. But Hugh, who was always inclined to be irrepressible, would manage now and then to slip in a word or two about guns and hunting. Neil, who was older and steadier, wisely held his tongue.

It was a moment of breathless interest when Mr. Burton, without any preliminaries whatever, suddenly said to his brother in the hearing of the boys:

"Charles, I have a gun question that I must settle for Neil and Hugh, and I want your advice."

"Well," said Uncle Charley, blandly, "what is the nature of the question?"

"Are the boys large enough to be trusted with shot-guns? Ought they to be allowed to have them?"

Mr. Burton put these questions with intense gravity of voice and manner. Uncle Charley looked at Neil and Hugh, and smilingly shook his head.

"Rather small, rather small," he promptly replied.

Neil turned pale, and the tears actually jumped into Hugh's eyes.

"That is just my opinion," said Mr. Burton; "I have been considering the matter for some days. The boys have been asking me to buy them guns. They promised to stand manfully by my decision, and I am glad that you, who know so much about guns and shooting, have helped to confirm me in my first impression."

"The boys are rather small," said Uncle Charley, reflectively; "but I don't know,—they look like careful, sensible lads. How old are you, Neil?"

"I am past fifteen, sir," the boy replied, with a touch of pride in his tone.

"And I'm thirteen, going on fourteen," cried Hugh.

A tender, sympathetic light had come into Uncle Charley's face. He fully appreciated the hopes

and fears of his young kinsmen. He had the feelings of a big grown-up boy himself.

"Suppose we sleep over this question," he said to Mr. Burton, "and possibly we may see through it more clearly in the morning."

By this time, Hugh's heart was jumping and thumping so, that he was sure Uncle Charley would hear it. As for Neil, he gave Uncle Charley a grateful look, which was perfectly understood.

That night, the boys lay in their bed and talked over the probabilities.

"Oh, I'm sure we'll get our guns now," said Hugh. "Uncle Charley is on our side; I saw that; and he'll have influence with papa."

"If father has n't already made up his mind, you are right," assented Neil; "but if he has determined against us, Uncle Charley never can change him."

"It would be too bad if all our hopes and plans should fall through now, would n't it?" said Hugh.

"Yes, but we'd really be no worse off. We've always had a good time, you know," philosophized Neil.

Greatly to the disappointment of the boys, neither Mr. Burton nor Uncle Charley mentioned guns or shooting next morning. Quite early, the gentlemen drove away from the house, and did not return until late in the afternoon. Then some friends came to dine, and the boys had to go to bed again without any further information.

"They have gone and forgotten all about it," grumbled Hugh. "It's just like men; they don't think a boy worth noticing."

"It does look as if we are in for a little disappointment," said Neil; "but there's no way of helping it that I see. We'll just have to wait and be contented with what we have."

"But I can't be contented, and it's no use trying," cried Hugh. "It does seem too bad for anything."

"I guess father had made up his mind sound and solid before Uncle Charley came," said Neil, "and so the matter will be dropped right where it is."

"Why, I thought I could almost feel a gun in my hands when Uncle Charley said, 'Suppose we sleep over this question,' to papa. I was perfectly sure it was all right then; were n't you, Neil?" rejoined Hugh.

So two or three days passed by, until at last, one morning, Uncle Charley had everything ready to go to the prairie to hunt prairie-chickens. Then, all of a sudden, he said to Neil, as if the thought had just occurred to him:

"How would you and Hugh like to go along with me?"

Hugh jumped as if something had stung him, and Neil was quite as much surprised.

"I should like it ever so much," the latter replied.

"But we have n't any guns," exclaimed Hugh.

"Oh, well, you can watch me shoot, and you can carry game for me, and help drive the wagon," said Uncle Charley, cheerfully. "There'll be lots of fun besides shooting."

Of course, the boys did not need a second invitation. Half a loaf was much better than no bread at all. If they could n't have guns of their own, they need not refuse to go and watch Uncle Charley shoot. Then, too, the drive out to the prairie and



a week spent in the open air would be jolly sport. Just how much fun two healthy, good-natured boys can get out of such an excursion can not be exactly measured. There is the sunshine, and there is the blue sky, the grass like a green sea, the vast fields of corn, the cool wind, the freedom—it needs a boy to fully appreciate such things.

Neil and Hugh forgot their disappointment in the matter of the guns, and jumped right into the spirit of the trip to the prairie.

Two wagons had been made ready; one, for the dogs and camp utensils, which was to be driven by a man who was also to serve as cook; and one with springs, for Uncle Charley and the boys.

When they started out of the village, many of their young friends looked wistfully after them, as if they, too, would like to be in the party.

Neil and Hugh waved their hats and shouted good-bye as the wagons clattered over the graveled street past the village store and post-office. They were soon out in the open country, in a wide lane between green hedges, with fields on either hand, and farm-houses showing here and there among the orchards.

It was mid-August and the sun shone fiercely; but a breeze came off the prairie, cool and sweet, smelling of stubble and wild grass.

The horses that drew the wagons were strong, well-fed animals, anxious to go; and Uncle Charley let them trot along briskly, for he, too, was chafing with every moment's delay. He had visions of large coveys of prairie-chickens in his mind, and, with all a Southern sportsman's enthusiasm, was longing to loose his dogs and handle his trusty gun.

Uncle Charley's gun was a breech-loader of the finest English make, with beautiful Damascus steel barrels, engraved lock-plates, walnut stock and rebounding locks. Hugh took it in his hands, and was surprised to find how light it was.

"Why, this gun would just suit me," he exclaimed, in surprise. "I could handle it without any trouble, I'm sure. How much did it cost you, Uncle Charley?"

"Four hundred dollars," was the answer.

"Whew!" whistled Hugh, looking rather wildly at Neil. "No wonder papa don't care about buying us guns! It would take eight hundred dollars to get us one apiece!"

Uncle Charley smiled, all to himself, in a sort of mysterious way, as if he were thinking of something he did not desire to talk about.

Meantime, the wagons clattered along the smooth road, the horses' feet raising a cloud of dust, which shone almost like gold in the early morning sunlight. The big wagon that held the dogs and camp things was behind, and this cloud of dust sometimes nearly hid it from view, the man and the dogs looking, through the film, like those dim figures some artists put into the backgrounds of their sketches.

As they passed along between the farms—those broad, liberal, fertile farms of the West—they saw steam threshing-machines puffing away out in the fields, in the midst of stacks of wheat and rye, where men and boys were working hard in the flying chaff and tumbling straw. The corn was in silk and tassel, and the meadows of timothy had been mowed, the hay-cocks standing thick on the greening stubble. They saw meadow-larks flying about in the bright sunshine or standing in the

tufts of clover, their breasts gleaming like polished brass.

"Why is it against the law to shoot larks and robins?" said Hugh; "I don't see why it's any worse to kill them than it is to kill quails."

"Why is it worse to kill a horse than it is to kill a pig?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"Because a pig's good to eat and a horse is n't," quickly answered Hugh.

"Is n't there a better reason?" said Uncle Charley; "is n't a horse more useful to us as a servant than he would be for food, even if his flesh were delicious?"

"Certainly," said Hugh.

"Well, a meadow-lark is a very useful bird to the farmer. It eats great numbers of insects, eggs, and larvæ that would work great harm to wheat, corn, and orchards; then, its flesh is not very good; while a quail eats grain, and its flesh is excellent food. Do you see the difference?"

"That does seem reasonable," said Hugh; "I had n't thought of it in that way. A meadow-lark is like a horse, it helps the farmer make his crop by destroying bugs and things; and the quail is like a pig, it eats corn and wheat and gets fat, to be killed and eaten."

Uncle Charley laughed.

"I see you apply a theory in a very practical sort of way," he remarked. "But the law protects all kinds of harmless birds, the flesh of which is not profitable for food," he continued, "out of fear of the influence that the mere wanton slaughter of birds would have upon the morals of the people. If a boy is allowed to be cruel as he grows up, he is likely to develop into a dangerous man. I think there is a great difference between a moderate indulgence in field-sports, and the abandonment of one's self to the brutal and indiscriminate slaughter of birds and animals."

They had now reached the edge of the open prairie. As far as they could see, the land rolled away in dull, green billows. The grass was short on the swells and tall in the sloughs. Herds of cattle were scattered from near at hand to where they barely speckled the horizon.

Uncle Charley gave Neil the lines.

"You drive slowly along," he said, "while I work the dogs over some of this ground."

Getting out of the wagon, gun in hand and cartridge-belt around his waist, he motioned to the man to loose the dogs,—two beautiful white and brown setters that knew just what he wanted them to do.

Neil drove slowly along over the grass, for they had left the road, he and Hugh watching Uncle Charley, who was walking briskly after the galloping dogs.

"Look at Don and Belt!" cried Hugh. "Did you ever see more beautiful dogs!"

Don was the larger dog, being tall and strong-limbed, while Belt was slender, nervous, and active. They ran in parallel lines some thirty yards apart, their heads well up and their silky, fringed tails waving like banners.

"Is n't it jolly!" exclaimed Neil, as his excitement overmastered him. "I never saw anything so fine!"

"If we only had guns," said Hugh, leaning over the side of the wagon, "how perfectly happy we would be!"

"Look at Don!" called the man from the camp-wagon.

The big dog had stopped suddenly with his head turned aside and his tail as stiff as a stick. Belt stopped too and looked toward Don.

"He knows what he's about,"

said the man. "There are prairie-chickens there, sure."

They saw Uncle Charley begin to move more cautiously, holding his gun in front of him. He had not taken many steps when, with a great buzz, up rose a large flock of birds.

Bang! bang! went both barrels of Uncle Charley's gun. The boys

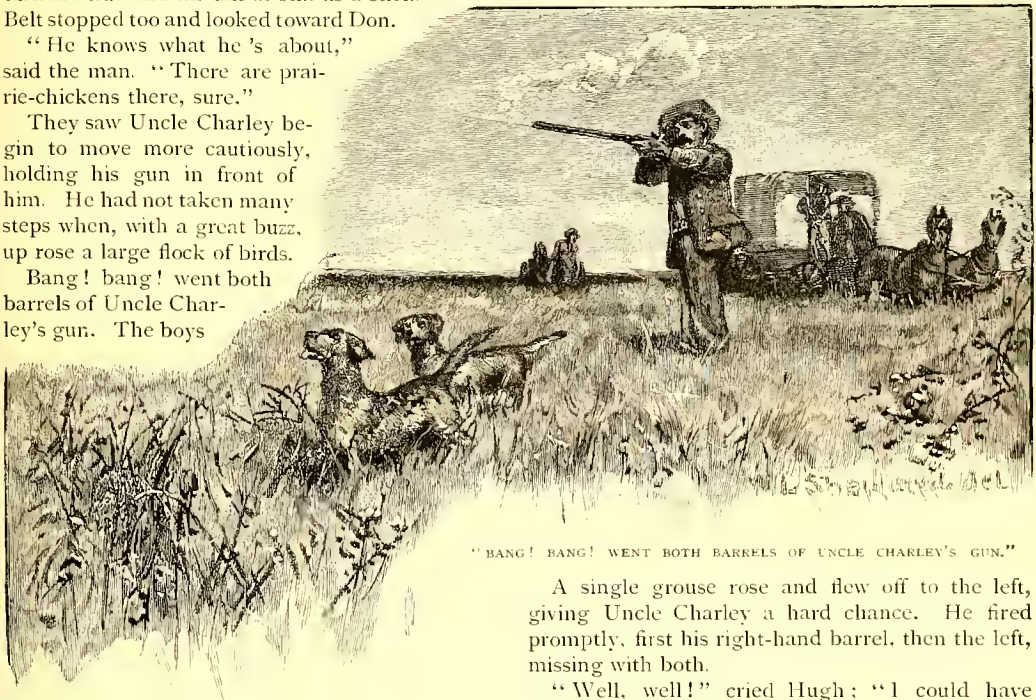
spot where the rest of the flock had settled down in the grass, and so, motioning the dogs forward, he tramped away, reloading his gun as he went. Hugh climbed into the wagon again and Neil drove on.

"What is the naturalist's name for prairie-chicken, Neil?" said Hugh, holding up one of the birds by its wing.

"Pinnated grouse, or *Tetrao cupido*, is what scientific men call the bird," replied Neil, who was rather proud of his ornithological knowledge.

Soon Belt came to a stanch stand and Don "backed" him,—as the man in the wagon said,—that is, Don pointed because he saw Belt point.

Neil stopped the wagon to watch Uncle Charley "flush," or scare up the birds.



"BANG! BANG! WENT BOTH BARRELS OF UNCLE CHARLEY'S GUN."

A single grouse rose and flew off to the left, giving Uncle Charley a hard chance. He fired promptly, first his right-hand barrel, then the left, missing with both.

"Well, well!" cried Hugh; "I could have killed that bird myself!"

Uncle Charley reloaded his gun, and walked on. Another and another bird buzzed up. Bang! bang!—one hit and one miss. The sport now grew intensely exciting. The grouse were just enough scattered to give the gunner a chance to flush them one at a time. When he came back to the wagon, he had eight birds, which, with the two already there, made ten in all.

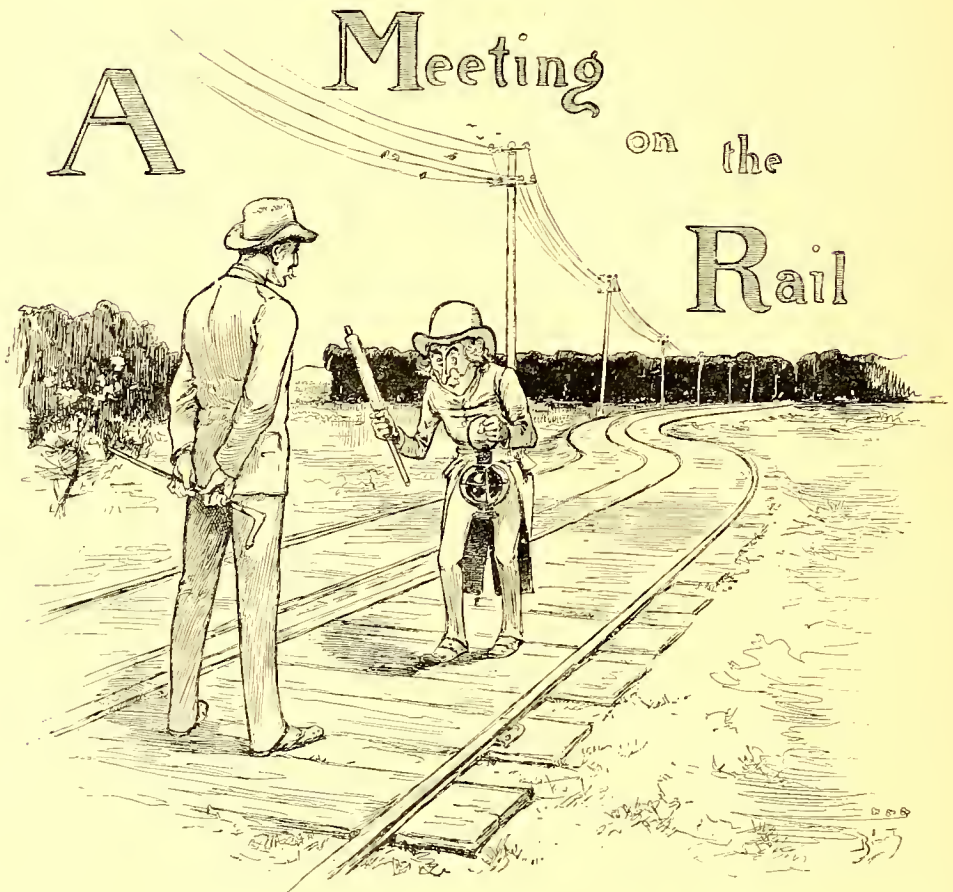
The dogs had their tongues out, and were panting vigorously.

saw two of the birds tumble down. Hugh yelled like a young Indian, and jumping out of the wagon, ran to where Uncle Charley stood. Don retrieved one bird and Belt the other.

Neil wished to go and examine the game; but the horses were restless, and he could not leave them. Hugh brought the birds to the wagon, however, so Neil could see what fine, bright-feathered young prairie-cocks they were.

Uncle Charley had marked with his eye the

(To be continued.)



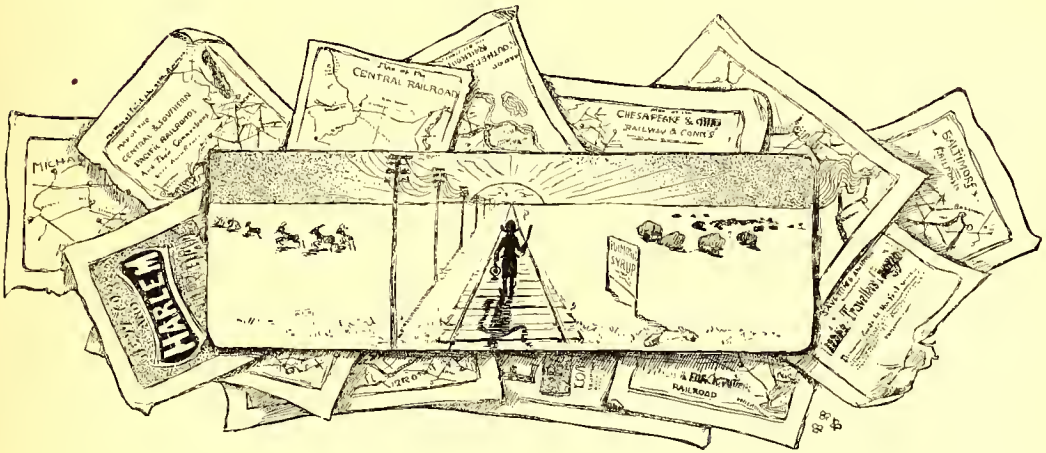
He was walking on the railroad, and the track he closely scanned,
 With a red flag, neatly folded, and a lantern in his hand;
 And, happening to pass him as I journeyed on my way,
 We paused a moment to exchange the greetings of the day.

"My friend, will you inform me," in an anxious tone he said,
 "If you have seen a broken rail or misplaced switch ahead?"
 And, when I told him I had not, with wonder in my eye,
 He showed his disappointment by a plaintive little sigh.

"I'm a hero by profession," he proceeded to explain,
 "And it's always been the hobby of my life to save a train;
 But, though I've gone on foot across the continent and back,
 I never yet have found a thing the matter with the track!"

“I’ve a red flag for the day-time and a lantern for the night,
To wave the very moment that the engine comes in sight;
But, in spite of my endeavors, it’s a melancholy fact
That I have n’t had a chance yet to perform a noble act!”

And, bidding me good-bye, he slowly sauntered up the ties,
While downward at the shining rails he bent his eager eyes;
And now, whene’er in newspapers a hero’s name I see,
I think about my little friend and wonder if it’s he!



MAIDEN-HAIR.

By Beccie Chandler.

“What a beautiful plant!” said little Ned,
As he touched it with loving care;
“I never have seen it,—please tell me its name.”
And we answered him: “Maiden-hair.”

Ned laughed, as he looked at the pretty fern,
The name was so funny and new;
Then said, as he noticed the shiny stems:
“Why, here are the hair-pins, too!”

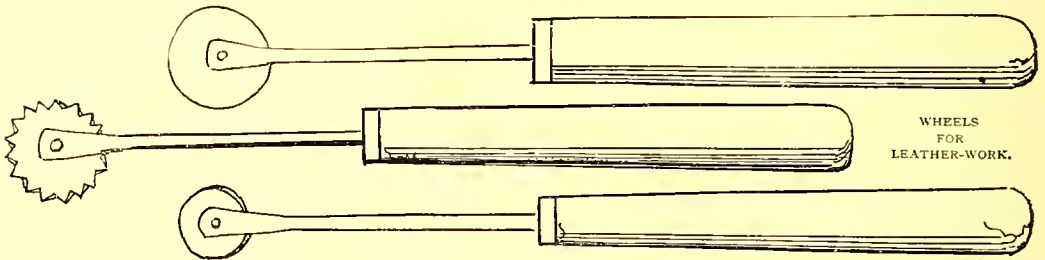
LEATHER-WORK FOR YOUNG FOLK.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

MR. WILLIAM WELLS, in his work on the "Games and Songs of American Children," has observed that there are some sports which have their times and seasons, or which come and go. The same may be said of certain smaller arts. One of these is hammering cold brass, which has come into favor again after being forgotten; and another

two and a half or three dollars, some of this being very beautiful. Those who want pieces, or less than a whole skin, can generally buy them of book-binders, or book-binders' furnishers. They should pick out the thickest.

Hard leather should be soaked a long time. Well-tanned English leather may be kept in water



is leather-work. It is true that there have always been ladies who, in a small way, made bunches of grapes and flowers, and even covered boxes with wet leather, producing results the highest aim of which was to look almost like wood-carving.

But leather-work, properly understood, is a beautiful art in itself, and makes no effort to imitate anything. And it embraces so much and is so varied, that one might almost as well attempt to tell in a few pages all that can be made with wood and how to make it, as with the skins of animals. But I can, in this space at least, describe what is done by children in the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia.

Leather has the property of becoming very soft when soaked in water, and growing hard when dried. It will become even harder if alum or salt be added to the water; but this is not necessary for ordinary work. Now, let us suppose that we have an old chair, and would like to cover the seat and back. Or it may be a table, or panels for a door or a cabinet, or the sides of a portfolio or album. Any flat surface whatever may be decorated with this flexible and plastic material. First, of course, get your leather, as Mrs. Glasse is said to have said, but did not say, of the hare in her own edition of her cookery. It may be had for from twenty-five cents up to eighty cents for a skin; but the kind for ordinary, average work generally sells in the cities at retail for from fifty to sixty cents. That which is colored costs from one to

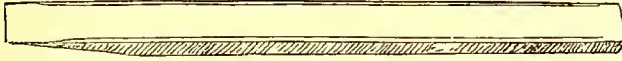
for hours; the ordinary American sheep-skin, such as beginners use, may be wet with a sponge while working, and, in fact, need not be put into the tub at all. Salt and alum are usually dispensed with in simple sheet stamping. When used it should be so as to make a strong solution, say a tea-spoonful of powder to a pint of water.

Pupils must not expect—as almost all do—to make a perfect work of art at a first attempt. There must be some experimenting. The soaking, for instance, must depend on the thickness of the leather.

Do not choose bright-colored and thin leather. It will not take a deep impression, and it will get soiled easily.

For tools, you will want certain small wheels set in handles. Two of these can be had at every shoe-makers' furnisher's. One is the *dot-wheel*, which is like a very thin dime with a milled edge; another is like a *thick* dime; and a third is the pattern, or prick, wheel, like the spur-rowel. These cost twenty-five cents each. They generally have, on either side of the wheel, a square "shoulder," which should be filed down to keep it from bearing into the leather. It is advisable to have one very small wheel made, one-third or one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and set in a handle. This is useful for small curves. What are called flower-wheels, or those with ornaments on them, used by shoe-makers, are also cheap and useful. In time, the pupil will use the large and expensive tooling.

wheels and other implements of the book-binder. But what I am now describing is the cheap and easy process once followed in Europe of old, in the days when there was more *art* and less machinery, finish, and expense than at present.



TRACER.

It may happen, however, that the wheeled tools for marking out can not be readily obtained or made. In this case, take a smooth-edged tracing-tool, or tracer, such as is used for metal work. It looks like a large thick nail without a head, but it is made of steel, and the point has an edge exactly like that of a screw-driver. With a little extra pains, all that can be done with the wheel can be effected quite as well with this, the object being simply to mark smooth and deep lines into the wet leather. It is easy to do this with a wheel which rolls over the leather and, at the same time, presses down; it is almost as easy to run the polished edge of a metal tracer along it, but edges of many tools of other substances will catch in the fiber and pull it. While the wheel is a little easier for a beginner to work with and to run perfectly even lines, the tracer can be used to turn corners and make curves which no wheel can describe.

It is, therefore, advisable that every leather-worker should not only have a tracer, but practice with it on waste leather until he or she can, at will, mark out a pattern as easily as with a pen or pencil. This tool should cost from twenty to thirty cents.

The next tools needed are the stamps, corresponding exactly to the mats used to indent, or roughen and depress, the background in *repoussé* or sheet-metal work. These, however, are rougher or deeper, so that when pressed on wet leather

what with a penknife. A very important tool is a flexible ivory or horn paper-knife; or, better still, and indeed far better, a peculiar paper-knife made of india rubber, round at one end and pointed at the other, which may be found in a few shops for ten cents. The use of the flat blade is to smooth out mistakes in the wet leather. With the edge of a very smooth knife, a pattern may be marked out almost as well as with a wheel. It is possible, therefore, for a really ingenious and skillful worker to make a piece of leather-work with only a paper-knife and a stick notched across the ends; and there is in our school a really well-executed panel made with nothing else.

Having these, you may begin work. Draw your pattern on any kind of paper. Take the leather and soak it, then cut it to the size required and stretch it on a board. A bread-board, costing from thirty to fifty cents, made in three pieces of



STAMPS OR MATS FOR INDENTING THE GROUND.

greenish-yellow-colored poplar, is the least liable of all to warp. If you use any other board, it must have pieces nailed to the back. Poplar resists water. Tack the leather on the edges, but do not stretch it *too* tightly. If it were tight like a drum, it would draw the pattern out. Lay the paper on the wet leather, after wiping the latter dry with a towel, and then go over it with the prick-wheel, just hard enough to prick through the paper, but not through the leather. Remove the paper



INDIA RUBBER PAPER-KNIFE, USEFUL AS A SMOOTHER.

they make a mark, or surface, like that of morocco. An ingenious person can cut a stamp out of any piece of hard wood. A very good one is sometimes made, as for modeling in clay, by breaking a pine stick in two and leveling the points some-

and the design will be found dotted in the skin. Now take the wheel with a smooth edge like a dime, or the tracer, and tool all the pattern. This is exactly like outlining in *repoussé*. Then, with a stamp and hammer, indent all the ground. You

may finish by going over the outline with a dot-wheel, or else with the smooth-wheel, or tracer, bearing on very strongly.

When it is dry you may, with good black ink, or any dye which accords with the leather, paint the pattern all over. If it is to be merely blackened, the simplest method is to go over the whole with ebbonizing varnish, which is, when dry, perfectly flexible, and does not crack or peel off. It can be used by itself on the leather; and in that case, the color will be of a very deep rich brown. Leather, to be used for *portières*, hangings, and door-panels, may be treated

in this way with all dyes, or painted, as was once very common. I have an old German book, the cover of which has been thus colored and varnished.

When finished, the outline may be gilt in the

go over it all again. The result will be that the gold will all be in lines of dots.

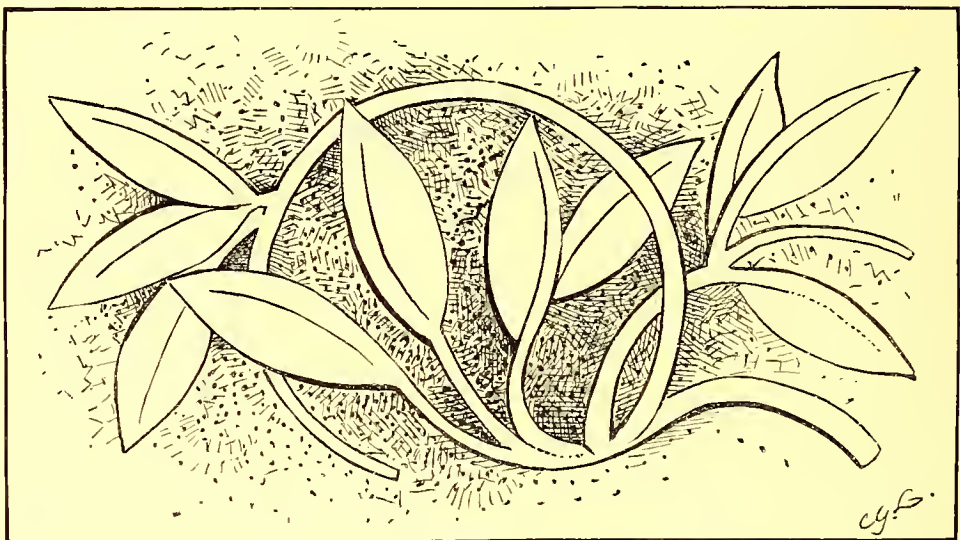
Another way to stamp the leather is to take a panel of wood, and with gouges carve on it a sunken, or incised, pattern. This is easier to do, with a few hours' practice, than one would suppose. Then, with a dry sponge and the fingers, carefully press the wet leather down into the mold. When dry, it may be "served up plain" or colored and gilded. With a single mold you may print off as many impressions as you may need.

Tack them on seasoned panels. They may be used for decorating walls, doors, furniture, or, indeed, any plain surface.

Another way to make these sheets is to have two molds cast in plaster of Paris, one in intaglio, or sunken, the other in relief, exactly fitting it. They



DESIGN FOR A LEATHER CHAIR-SEAT.



PATTERN FOR A FIRST EASY LESSON IN LEATHER-WORK.

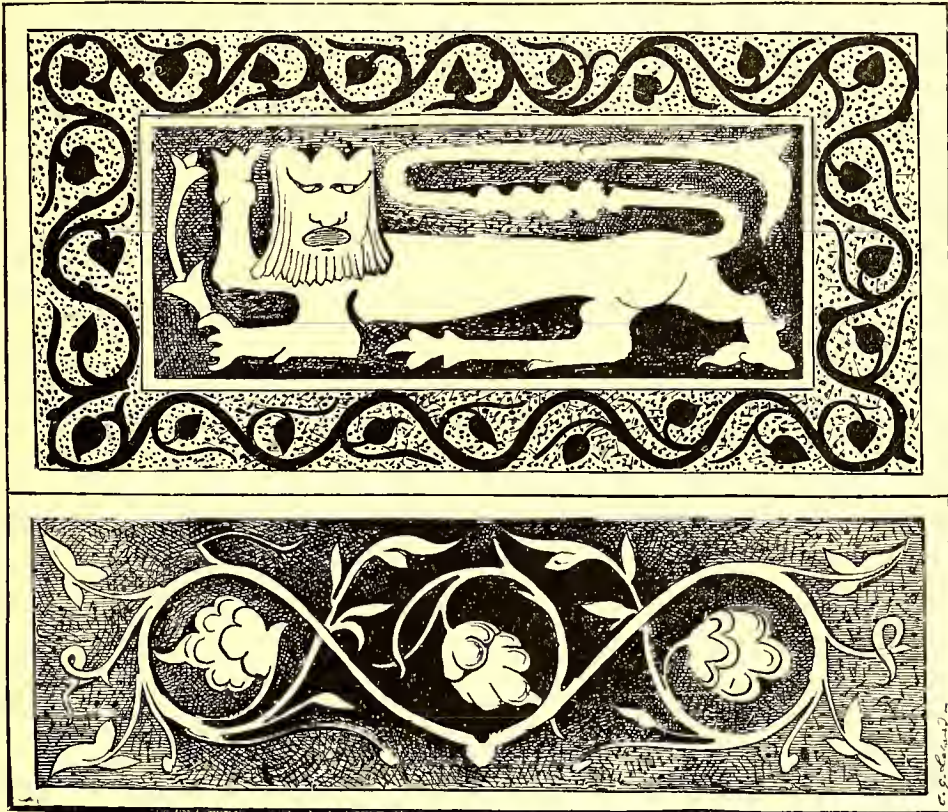
ordinary way with leaf or, if this be beyond the artist's power, by taking any good gold ink and, with a very finely pointed small brush, painting in all the outlines. Then take the dot-wheel and

must be perfectly dried, and then oiled and dried by gentle heat more than once. The wet leather is laid between them. In most cases the upper mold, in relief, may be dispensed with.

The thicker the leather is, the deeper the relief may be. In this, as in all the minor arts, it is, of course, advisable to "finish off" as neatly as possible; but it is far more important to have good designs and show the free and confident touch of an artist. The very great majority of people prefer more *finish*, as in machine-made work, to autographic or, as I may say, *autochiric* touch, which is that which shows the hand of the worker. In the great ages of art, when it was shown in everything, elegant design and autochirism, or the

to detect any joining, particularly if the edge be gilt. As regards wetting down, I may observe that, if possible, the whole pattern should be worked off at one sitting, or while the leather is wet. But if this can not be done, then keep a clean sponge and a small basin of clean water by you, and dampen the leather as you work.

Every book-binder has waste pieces of colored leather which may be used for mosaic. The smallest bits may be used for leaves, ornaments, or portions of work, since, when pasted on, the



PATTERN FOR THE LID AND SIDE OF A BOX.

evidence of the hand itself, were most prized. To work *well*, it is not necessary to have many and expensive tools and costly material; but to do the best you can with what you have.

There is another kind of sheet-leather work called mosaic, or *appliqué*. This consists in cutting out patterns of thin, colored leather, and pasting or gumming them on the ground. Then, the ground and pattern at the edge being slightly wet, the edge is to be tooled down into the leather with the wheel, which has an edge like a dime. If this is done with great care, it will be impossible

seams hardly show, and in large work, as for door-panels, this is of no consequence. If you intend to produce duplicate work, it will be often worth while to have some ornamental patterns cut out of tin or sheet-brass. You can then, with scissors or penknife, cut them out by the stencil. It is not difficult to learn to design patterns. I have known many young ladies to insist that they could *never* learn to do so, who, in a few weeks, succeeded in producing very elegant and original ornaments. Any child of ten or twelve years can soon be taught to combine certain ornaments, so

as to make borders or frames, and then to construct these ornaments on curves. I knew one who, after insisting that she could never learn to design, was induced to try. Between the first of November and the end of May, she not only learned to design and draw, but also to carve oak panels and work in leather. The first thing she designed and executed in leather was a beautiful box in mosaic.

To make such a box, get it first in pine, cherry, or poplar, and then cover it neatly with paper, pasted all over. Then work the leather as I have explained, and paste it on with book-binder's paste. This is made by boiling flour and water, adding a table-spoonful of powdered alum to a cupful of paste, and stirring it constantly while boiling. It will be better to use it about twenty-four hours after boiling. Stir it once or twice every day. A little thin liquid-glue well mixed in will give it greater strength.

To work leather in relief, or to make vases, figures, and similar ornaments, is much more difficult than on the flat sheet. Those who have, however, learned the former will find little difficulty

with the latter. For descriptions of these more advanced processes, I refer the reader to a little Manual of Leather-work, written by me and published by the Art Interchange Company, 140 Nassau street, New York; price 35 cents, by mail. It should be borne in mind that any kind of pattern for any work may be adapted to leather. It has a great deal in common with *repoussé* and panel wood-carving. In both, the object is to bring out a pattern on a plane surface in relief, and to indent the background. In conclusion, let me say that, of all the minor arts, leather-work is perhaps the easiest, and requires in proportion to its results the least outlay. With a tracer, a stamp, a hammer and a piece of leather, all costing together not more than a dollar, one can make the cover for a chair seat or back, which ought to be worth at least twice as much. No one should, however, begin by attempting to make a finished and elegant piece of work at the first effort, as I am sorry to say too many amateurs do. There should be in leather, as in brass-work, much preliminary practice in running lines, until a perfect command of the tracer or, in leather, the wheel is attained.

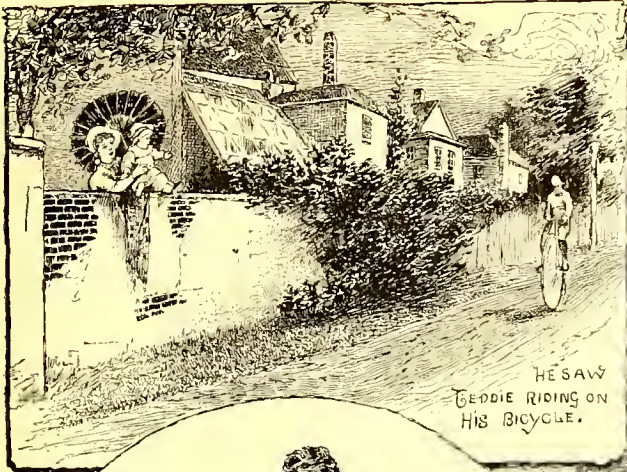
FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

THE LITTLE BOY WE CALL "H'Y."

WE call him "H'y" for short. He is a year and a half old. He can run all around the house. We think he is a won-der-ful boy. He says very fun-ny things, and some very big words. "H'y's" mamma showed him the inside of the tall clock, and told him about the pen-du-lum. One day his papa showed him the inside of his watch, and when he saw the little wheel go back and forth he cried out: "Oh, papa! papa! pen-du-lum!"

Then, too, he saw Teddie riding on his bi-cy-cle, one morning. A few days later, "H'y" was playing with his blocks. He knew O and T, and he called H "baby's letter," because his name begins with H; but he had not learned Q. His mamma sat in an arm-chair near him, and she saw him looking for a long time at the block that had Q on it. At last she said: "What is it, 'H'y?'"

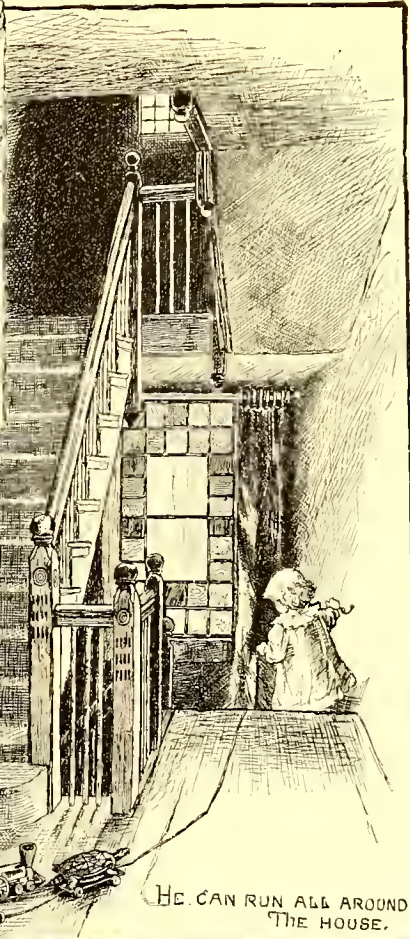
"H'y" looked up and laughed, and said:—"Bi-cy-cle!"



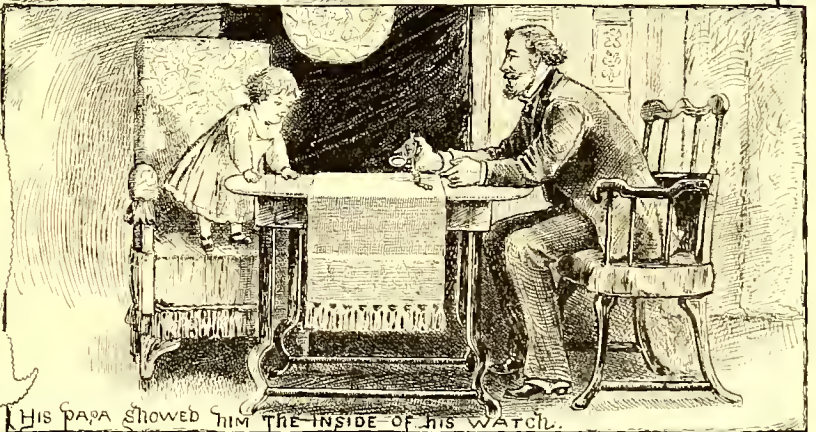
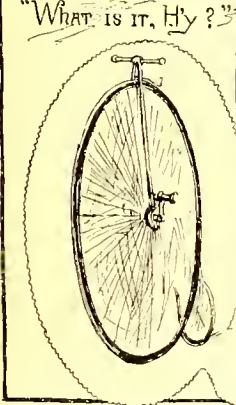
HE SAW
TEDDIE RIDING ON
HIS BICYCLE.



"WHAT IS IT, HY?"



HE CAN RUN ALL AROUND
THE HOUSE.



HIS PAPA SHOWED HIM THE INSIDE OF HIS WATCH.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



WHEN you search the starry skies,
The Twins you will not find;
For they're racing with the Sun,
Or hanging on behind.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Thur.	6	Cancer	H. M. 11.57	May Day.
2	Fri.	7	Leo	11.57	☾ near Mars.
3	Sat.	8	Sextant	11.57	Thomas Hood, died 1845.
4	S	9	Leo	11.57	3d Sunday after Easter.
5	Mon.	10	Virgo	11.56	Nap. Bonaparte, d. 1821
6	Tues.	11	"	11.56	
7	Wed.	12	"	11.56	☾ near Spica.
8	Thur.	13	Libra	11.56	
9	Fri.	FULL	"	11.56	
10	Sat.	15	Scorpio	11.56	
11	S	16	Ophiuch	11.56	4th Sunday after Easter.
12	Mon.	17	"	11.56	
13	Tues.	18	Sagitt.	11.56	Maria Theresa, b. 1717.
14	Wed.	19	"	11.56	
15	Thur.	20	Capri.	11.56	☾ very close to bright star.
16	Fri.	21	Aqua.	11.56	
17	Sat.	22	"	11.56	Edward Jenner, b. 1749.
18	S	23	"	11.56	Rogation Sunday.
19	Mon.	24	Pisces	11.56	Nat. Hawthorne, d. 1864.
20	Tues.	25	"	11.56	Columbus, d. 1506.
21	Wed.	26	"	11.56	
22	Thur.	27	"	11.56	Ascension Day.
23	Fri.	28	"	11.57	
24	Sat.	NEW	"	11.57	Queen Victoria, b. 1819.
25	S	1	"	11.57	Sunday after Ascension.
26	Mon.	2	"	11.57	
27	Tues.	3	Gemini	11.57	☾ near Venus.
28	Wed.	4	"	11.57	☾ near Jupiter. [eraldays.
29	Thur.	5	Cancer	11.57	Venus near Twins for sev-
30	Fri.	6	Sextant	11.57	Decoration Day. ☾ near
31	Sat.	7	Leo	11.58	[Mars.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

It's the very time and season,
For the merry bounding ball;
Toss it, bat it, kick it, pat it,
All you boys, with whoop and call.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

MAY 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS is now a lovely object in the west; on the 4th of June she will be at her brightest. She has left the constellation of *The Bull*, and is now in *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, and not far from Castor and Pollux. SATURN has set: he is so near the Sun that he is not noticeable even after the Sun has gone down. MARS is near Regulus in the south-west, but has lost the brightness that made him so conspicuous in February. You will know him by his red color. JUPITER now occupies the very spot he covered in January, near Castor and Pollux. Regulus, the star of *Leo*, is now more than two hours to the west of our south mark. Spica in *Virgo* is one hour to the east of it, and will be due south at a quarter to ten o'clock. Exactly in the south, rather low down, we can see a group of four quite conspicuous stars, forming a four-sided figure. These are in the constellation of *Corvus*, or *The Crow*. Arcturus is now very high up in the south-east.

We can now take another step in tracing the course of the Sun among the stars. Remembering that on the 20th of August he is exactly where we now see Regulus, we can trace his path to the 15th of October, when he will be very near, but a little higher than, Spica, the star of *The Virgin*. Remember, also, how high up we looked in January to his summer course between *Taurus* and *Gemini*, and now notice how much lower in the sky Spica is. But we shall trace him to his winter quarters still lower.

"JACK FROST" AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

"I'm Queen of the May!" said a proud Cherry-tree, who was arrayed in bridal white. "I'm the first comer, and have left all my sisters far behind me."

"You may be Queen," said "Jack Frost," as he gave her a sharp nip, "but I am still King."

"Well!" said the Cherry-tree, as she viewed with dismay the withered remains of her bridal veil, "this is the first time I ever took Time by the forelock, and I wish I had given him a good pull for getting me into such a scrape. I shall have to call all my blossoms in, and begin over again. Another time I will remember that 'Haste makes Waste.'"



"GOOD-BYE, April!" cried May's pretty voice, as she came dancing in with a great bunch of flowers in her hand, "I've such a lovely white wreath for the May Queen, and all sorts of bright, sweet things for you, Mother Nature. Everything looks beautiful—the brooks are all in tune, and your garden is fairly beginning to smile.

"Yes, my pretty May," said Dame Nature, "I'm right glad to see you back again to help me with it. This is a busy time with me, you know; but I feel quite light-hearted the minute I catch the first waft of fragrance that announces your coming, my pretty Blossom Queen. I wish you'd give your attention to the dandelions; for some reason, they are lazy this year. Stir them up a bit; they won't bite, you know. The blossoms are all waiting for your smile, and there's plenty of dainty work for you to do, my dear."

"Well," said May, "I'll do my best; but what with May Day at one end of my visit, and Decoration Day at the other, I've been hard worked of late years, and don't feel quite so gay as I once did. Is it possible that I'm getting old?" And, peeping into a brook to see, pretty May tossed her head at the lovely image she saw there, until the flowers came showering down from her hair, and then she laughed softly to herself,—a happy laugh in which one could hear the trill of the robin and the bluebird.

MAY SONG.

Blossoms on the tree-tops,
 Blossoms in the hedges,
 Blossoms by the way-side,
 Blossoms in the sedges;
 Blossoms of the cherry,
 Blossoms of the peach,
 Blossoms of the apple,
 Falling each by each.

In the fragrant shower,
 I stand beneath the trees,
 While all about me bloweth
 The balmy, soft May breeze.
 Winter is forgotten,
 Gentle Spring is here,
 And the lovely Summer
 Now is drawing near.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MAKE your best bows and curtsies to the Lady May, my beloved. Here she comes, tripping to the song of birds, her green robes floating about her as she sprinkles the woods with flowers, festoons the fruit-trees with blossoms, and touches up the early gardens here and there. Heaven bless her! dear, sweet, happy Lady May—the darling of the year!

Now let me ask you, one and all, this question :

HOW MANY FLOWERS IN A DAISY?

DID ever you count the flowers in a common field daisy? It would be a difficult task, but not an impossible one. Last season, I loved to watch a group of fine, white, yellow-centered daisies, nodding near my pulpit; and I was surprised to see how many flowers each of them carried. If now or later in the season you have courage to look a daisy in the face and ask it how many flowers it has, you, too, may be astonished at the reply.

Now, who can read me this botanical riddle?

These dear little beauties, known as marguerites in some quarters, are not to be found in our bleak Northern fields just yet; but I'm told that they are raised in many sunny homes, and also that men grow them in hot-houses and sell them for a few cents a bunch.

HER "BRAW NEW CLAES."

A GOOD friend of yours, L. A. W. Shackelford, sends this pretty rhyme, which all my Scotch hearers will enjoy at first hearing, though some o' my wee American bairns may not ken the meanin' o' its odd words. Ah, well! the dear Little School-ma'am will help them, as she always is ready to do.

Find the mate to this little star,* my chicks (or, perhaps I should say, my little eaglets, as I am addressing Young Americans especially), and you

will come upon a something that may help you to enjoy this bonnie song :

Oh! sing wi' me, little birdies flitt'n thro' the air!
An' ye jolly win's hummin' ower the glens an' the braes!
Jimp wi' me, kittlins, while I 'm jimpin' ev'rywhere,
For the cranreuch has bro't me some hraw new claes!

I ha'e a dainty bonnet, full o' ribbons an' a feather,—
Some stripit-sheld stockings, an' siller-buckled shoon.
An' a soft bright plaidie, a' fixit up thegither
Wi' braid, an' wi' buttons roun', an' sheeny as the moon.

An' soon the honnie snaw will be heapit ower the groun';
An' the worl' will be a ringin' wi' the skates an' the sleighs;
An' I shall ga' sklentint' an' screevin' up an' down,
As happy as a robbin i' my braw new claes.

* Wee, little,—bairns, children. 1st stanza: Braw, fine, handsome,—claes, clothes,—wi', with,—flitt'n, flitting,—thro', through,—an', and,—win's, winds,—hummin', humming,—owre, over,—braes, declivities, precipices, the slopes of hills,—jimp, jump,—kittlins, kittens,—cranreuch, hoar frost, white frost,—bro't, brought.
2d stanza: Ha'e, have,—o', of,—ribbons, ribbons,—stripit-sheld, striped and speckled,—siller-buckled shoon, silver-buckled shoes,—plaidie, a plaid, a loose outer garment,—a', all,—fixit, fixed,—thegither, together,—roun', round,—sheeny, shiny.
3d stanza: Bonnie snaw, pretty snow,—heapit ower the groun', heaped over the ground,—worl', world,—ga', go,—sklentint', sklentint', running aslant,—screeve, to glide swiftly along,—i', in.

THE ARTILLERY FERN.

My birds bring me wonderful accounts of affairs in plant life, but nothing that surprises me more than the actions of the Artillery Fern, as described by the dear Little School-ma'am, who, it appears, has found an account of one of the plants in a newspaper. Have any of my chicks ever seen one of these ferns fire itself off?

This is what the newspaper says of it :

—The artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florist's greenhouses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive fashion with which it resists the action of water upon it. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small red seed, be dipped in water and then held up to the light, there soon will occur a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack, throwing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by another, and another, until very soon the entire fern-like branch will be seen discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open, they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess a rare and delicate beauty.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!

HERE is a true story from a respected correspondent, which quite surpasses Mother Goose's fanciful account of the mouse that ran up the clock and then ran down again :

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some weeks ago, a certain piano was very carelessly left open for a whole day and two nights, while the responsible members of the family were out of the house. A lady visitor, on the evening before she intended to depart, left upon the open piano a ball of red worsted, and the stripe of an Afghan, which she was making. When she returned, forty-eight hours afterward, and entered the parlor with several members of the family, the sight that greeted them was astounding.

A large hole, and several smaller ones, had been made in the piano cover—the ball of worsted was half gone, and the Afghan stripe was a complete wreck! This was very mysterious. "Could it have been rats? A mouse could scarcely make off with so much," said one and all.

A few days later a large rat was caught. Here, it was thought,

was the solution of the mystery. But more was to follow. The owner of the Afghan came again to the house, the family being again away, and the piano closed, as indeed it was for some time later. *That very night* the mysterious thief came again! On the wall hung a painted satin banner, with half a dozen yellow silk balls hanging at the bottom. These disappeared. The cords were gnawed through, and the balls carried off. What could it all mean? Days afterward came the true solution of the mystery. An unpleasant odor began to issue from the piano. "Mice!" exclaimed everybody, and significant looks were exchanged. As soon as possible, the key-board of the piano was taken out, and a long piece of hooked wire thrust into the corner from which the odor proceeded. Presently was drawn out a little bunch of red worsted; then a little more; and now a whole nest—a nest made of red worsted and soft yellow silk (no child had stolen those balls, after all), and in it were five tiny dead mice!

After a little more poking, out ran a fine large wood-mouse, with her one surviving young one in her mouth. She was struck at, and being forced to drop the little one, ran back. But finally she ventured out again, and was caught.

And what do you suppose made her select those balls above every other article in the room? To obtain them, she must have run right up the wall, which, fortunately for her, was of rough plaster. But this she certainly did; for, behind a large picture on the wall, over the piano, was found the rest of the worsted and silk, where the nest evidently had been first begun, and then abandoned.

Some people may consider this almost too strange a mouse-story to be believed, but it is strictly true in every particular.

From one of your most faithful readers,

H.

INSECTS TILTING.

OUR friend, Mr. C. F. Holder, sends us another queer story, with a picture showing a pretty "see-saw":

DEAR JACK: In strolling through the woods I have often observed insects and various animals engaged in games and sports that did not differ greatly from some of those which children play. Once I saw two ants who were having a mock battle; another time two bugs were detected in a veritable game of tag, hiding behind twigs and leaves, and then darting out and away. Prof. Lockwood once observed a solemn toad at play; it was standing on its hind legs, holding in its mouth a twig exactly as if it were trying to play the flute.

With this I send you a picture showing a game of see-saw, which, though probably accidental, really occurred. A toad-stool that grew in a damp spot beside the walk, formed the rest, and across it had blown a spear of hay or grass, so that it almost balanced. While the spear was thus balanced, a butterfly came sailing along, and seeing the inviting roost, alighted for a moment's rest. But a moment later a comical green grasshopper, with two long waving whiskers, was seen to light upon the other end of the see-saw, just bearing it down, and, as he advanced up the spear, he was in turn raised into the air by the butterfly. In this way, for a moment or so, a regular tilt was had; but the butterfly, becoming alarmed at the approach of its curious neighbor, soon flew away, and up went its end of the see-saw, throwing the grasshopper sprawling into the air, and effectually breaking up the game.



THE LETTER-BOX.

3 PLOWDEN BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, LONDON, Feb. 2d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a little letter to tell you I like you very much; I have taken you since 1881, and I have you bound every year. My papa buys you for me each month, because I work hard at my studies. Bessie L. wants to know how to use her Christmas cards; she can make a very pretty folding door-screen about 5 feet high; if the canvas is painted black and varnished, the cards look very well upon it. She can also make fans, and tables for the drawing-room which look very pretty. I am eleven years of age, and when I am twelve, Mamma wants me to make her a screen for her dining-room with my Christmas and birthday cards. I have seen some, and they look very pretty. I hope you will publish this letter from your little English friend,

FLORENCE B.

me; she has been with me nearly four years; she goes to school with me; we are in the same class. I must close now, for I am afraid this letter will be too long to be printed.

Your little friend,

LAURA C. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Baltimore boy, whose papa has read ST. NICHOLAS to him for four years. I have a puzzle for other little boys to guess. I was born on the 5th of December, 1871, and I have had two more birthdays than my dear mamma. Can any of your readers tell me how old mamma is?

Yours truly,

E. S. T.

Baltimore, Feb. 9, 1884.

NEW YORK CITY, March 3d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in "The Land of Fire," by Captain Reid, and also in the "Spinning-wheel Stories." I like all Miss Alcott's works, and I hope she will write a good many stories for this book. I have taken you for three or four years, and I like you very much better than any other magazine I have ever read. I am so sorry "Girl-Noblesse" is to be concluded in the next number. I like it very much.

Your constant reader,

JOSIE V.

Miss Alcott will contribute a "Spinning-Wheel" story to each number of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884.

114 WARREN AVE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your jolly good magazine for March has come, and we enjoy it very much. My little sister, five years old, is singing around the house about "The Amiable Ape who Lived on the African Cape."

I go to school where there are twenty-four hundred (2400) children, but there are only sixty in our room, so we don't realize that there are so many in the school.

I am eight years old, and Mamma is writing for me because I make such a mess when I write, as I do to my Grandma, who is the dearest, sweetest Grandma in the world.

Please give my love to Miss Louisa Alcott and the "Amiable Ape" lady. Your little friend,

N. CLINTON T.

HARTFORD, CONN., March 3d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you this letter to-day, in hopes it will be in the "Letter-Box" in a little while. It is the first one I ever wrote, but I have thought of doing it many times. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS four years, and so has a little girl that lives across the street from me. We have nice times together in the summer, and often take our ST. NICHOLASES out and read them under the trees. I am very much pleased with the ST. NICHOLAS. I must not make my letter any longer, although I would like to.

Your loving reader,

MABEL B. D.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., February 20th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Harper's Ferry. I don't know but one little girl here, so I am always glad to get you every month. I think you are the nicest book I ever saw. I have no sisters, only three brothers. I am ten years old. I certainly did like that story in the March number called "Wong Ning's Ideas"; it was so funny. We have beautiful scenery here; there are mountains all around us, and John Brown's Fort is here, too. I spend the summer out in the country at my aunt's; in the winter I stay at home. We have a governess to teach us. We look forward with great pleasure to your coming every month. Your constant reader,

ANNA LOVE R.

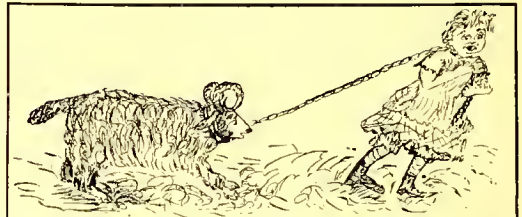
GERMANTOWN, COLUSA CO., CAL., February 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our public school has been taking you just a month; we all enjoy reading the nice stories and letters in you. In our school there are thirty-six scholars; we have a nice large play-ground, and we play different games at recesses. I live two miles from our school.

We have had a great deal of rain, and it snowed very hard in the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains; it is a perfectly beautiful sight in the morning to see the clear blue mountains covered with snow.

I have no sisters nor brothers, so I have a little friend staying with

A NAUGHTY young contributor sends us these two sketches, which he calls a "respectful perversion" of three lines from "Mary and Her Little Lamb":



1. "And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."



2. "And so the teacher put him out."

HERE comes another young contributor—Almeda H. Curtis—with a little novelette:

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DID NOT MIND PICKING OVER THE RAISINS.

GRACIE HALL was eleven years old. She was a real nice little girl, only she *did* love raisins. Now, you want to know what that had to do with her being a nice little girl; well, I will tell you. Her mamma was making a cake for her to take to a surprise party the next day, and Gracie was reading a very interesting

story-book she got last Christmas. "Gracie, want to pick over some raisins for mamma, like a good little girl?" "I don't mind," said Gracie. When she was through, she handed them to her mamma to put in the cake. "Are these all there are," said mamma. "Yes, ma'am," said Gracie. "Did you eat any of them, Gracie?" "Only a few, Mamma; only a few." "How often did you eat them?" Gracie said: "I ate only one out of every five." Mamma said no more; but when she asked Gracie to pick over raisins after that, Gracie did not say, "I don't mind," but did them without saying anything.

AND here is a juvenile bard who sends us some rhymes about

THE SWALLOW AND HER NEST.

THE rain is gone, the sun shines here,
Fields of green grass do now appear,
But some small part is still brown and sere.

The swallow, from her nest in the wall,
Doth tweet and chirp and say to all,
"This is *my* nest, look here, look here,
But you must not touch the eggs you see,
For they are my pride and property."

Four slender eggs: all which are spotted,
Partly with brown specks—they all are dotted.

The swallow is a bird that is ever on the wing,
And, like all happy birds, they sometimes sing;

But not on the ground, for that is not their way,
Though they do, more or less, I have heard people say.

Their nest is made up of mud or clay,
And they add to it faithfully day by day;
They carry earth and grass all the day long,
And don't get tired of their work or song.

W. B. J.

We fear that W. B. J. got a little tired of *his* song toward the end of it.

CHEBOYGAN, MICH., February 14th, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years: I love it very much. My mamma died last Spring, so my aunty keeps house for us. I have a very dear teacher that comes to our house to teach us, and I love her very much. I have a little brother and sister. Arthur is nine and Effie is six years old. You remember the Fan Brigade in ST. NICHOLAS two or three years ago; we had it last fall with the operetta of Red Riding Hood. It was very nice, and we made about one hundred dollars. I have a pet pony whose name is Daisy. She is jet black. I taught her to canter. In the summer I ride her very often. I have a side-saddle, and a riding-habit which a very dear friend made for me. I wish you would print this letter, as it is the first one I have written. Your little friend,
MINA H.

Leonard Sparrow, Emma H., Grace M. Hall, Alice M. H., May A., Willie D. Sanders, Cora Haselcine, Katy Sage, P. B., J. Allen Montgomery, L. B., Mary Halvern, Ettie Cohen, Mabel M. Reed, Corena L. Abbott, J. Edward Gifford, Alonzo L. Ware, Ella S. Gould, H. L. Smith, Annie Ward, Gwennie Ward, Mabel G. Thelwall, Margaret G. Anderson, E. J. S., Nellie S. T. W., Nina B. and Elaine M., Annah E. Jacobs, Archie V. Thomson, Mabel Kellogg, F. S. Arnold, Wynford K. Steele, Albert Pearson, George H. Palmer, George Pulaski, Bessie Rhodes, Miss Katie C. Chamberlain, Florence Montgomery, Mary E. Evans, Edna S. Rockwell, Lizzie Baker, Bertha T., A Friend, Flora Derwent, Florence H., Marian Pyott, Annie A. C., Moira M. Sandford, Bessie MacDougal, Mabel Chollwell-Miller, Lillie H., Agnes Thorne, A. L. T., C. A. Elsberg, Bessie R., Grace H., Lulu Lindsay, Marion Bush, B. B. P., Willie Thomas, Maude O., Edith C., Irene Hanson, Aubrey G. Maguire, F. H., Guendoline O'Brien, Gustavus Pauls, Ed. V. Shipsey, Edward S. Wilson, George Bullard, Mabel Palmer, Bentra M. Shelley, Edgar S. Banta, Margaret W. Leighton: We must thank you all, dear boys and girls, for your hearty letters, and say how much we should like to print every one of them: but there is not room for even the briefest.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-SEVENTH REPORT.

VERY gratifying is it to report a larger number of new Chapters this month than in any previous month in the history of the "A. A." There has been, on an average, one new Chapter every day but Sundays. Why should we not have a branch in every city and village in the United States? All are invited, young and old.

Prof. G. Howard Parker's report on the class in Entomology is given this month, and further particulars regarding the general meeting in Nashua next September.

It has been decided to print a new edition of the hand-book, in cloth; but it can hardly be ready before June, and we defer any description of it for the present.

The following kind letter will delight our young bird-students:

Dear Sir: I shall be happy to aid the "A. A.," to the best of my ability, in ornithological matters.

Truly yours,
ARTHUR P. CHADBOURNE,
21 Buckingham St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
575	Spencer, Mass. (A).....	6.	Miss May Ladd.
576	Hadley, Mass. (A).....	6.	Miss Mary A. Cook.
577	Rochester, N. Y. (C).....	13.	Charles Boswell.
578	Osceola, Iowa (A).....	8.	Harlan Richards.
579	Roxbury, N. Y. (A).....	18.	Henry G. Cartwright.
580	So. Boston, Mass. (C).....	5.	F. M. Spalding, 777 B'dway.
581	Urbana, Ohio (B).....	7.	Edward Stockslager.
582	Germantown, Pa. (E).....	4.	Miss Ada M. Wheeler, 127 W. Pa. St.
583	Chicago, Ill. (R).....	6.	G. E. Hale, 96 Drexel Ave.
584	Colorado Springs, Col. (A).....	4.	Mrs. E. B. McMorris.
585	Buffalo, N. Y. (I).....	6.	Francis M. Moody, 187 North Pearl St.
586	Lowell, Mass. (C).....	6.	H. C. Raynes, 36 Lawrence St.
587	Concord, N. H. (A).....	4.	Miss Lucretia E. Lamprey.
588	Chicago, Ill. (S).....	8.	W. A. Wilkins, 41 Aldine Sq.
589	Cleveland, Ohio (B).....	90.	H. Bert Crowl, 501 Franklin Ave.
590	Pomfret Centre, Conn. (A).....	4.	Mrs. S. O. Marsh.
591	Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. (A).....	6.	Miss Winnie Smith.
592	New York, N. Y. (P).....	4.	C. A. Elsberg, 1701 Lexington Ave.
593	Brookline, Mass. (A).....	6.	Geo. L. Briggs.
594	No. Granville, N. Y. (A).....	6.	James E. Rice.
595	Oneonta, N. Y. (A).....	4.	Miss Jessie E. Jenks.
596	Chicago, Ill. (T).....	5.	Byron W. Peck, 334 E. Indiana.
597	Lawrence, Kansas (B).....	5.	Albert Garrett.
598	St. George's Hall (A).....	17.	Mrs. Mary B. Kinear, Reister-town P. O., Maryland.
599	Bethlehem, Pa. (B).....	4.	Eric Doolittle.
600	Galveston, Texas (A).....	5.	Philip C. Tucker, Jr.

EXCHANGES.

Birch bark, magnetic sand, gypsum, pressed ferus, and autumn leaves, for sea-shells, foreign coins, and ores.—Harvey Sawyer, Ludington, Mich.

2000 silk-worms, for Polyphemus cocoons.—Florence Maynard, Northampton, Mass.

Minerals and eggs, for eggs and skins.—Geo. H. Lorimer, 2246 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, insects, and cocoons, for birds' skins, eggs, insects, and cocoons.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence with distant chapters wanted by Frank H. Foote, Keene, N. H.

Gypsum, chalcodony, meteorite, and mica, for fossils and rare minerals.—Frank U. Jay, 2510 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Pacific shells and sea-weeds, for ocean curiosities, and correspondence with Texas chapters wished for by H. C. Howe, of Fulton, N. Y.

Rare butterflies, for New England butterflies.—Chas. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass.

Fossils and minerals, for fossils. Correspondence wanted in every State, with reference to exchanging.—E. P. Boynton, Third Ave and 5th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Feldspar, mica rock, eggs, and cocoons, for cocoons.—Percival C. Pyle, Wilmington, Del.

Lepidoptera.—Jas. P. Curtiss, 57 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y. I can not furnish any more trilobites for exchange.—Wm. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Minerals for exchange, and correspondence.—E. Y. Gibson, 723 Washington Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Retinite, pink, yellow, and white, calcite, malachite, specularite, serpentine, auriferous iron, pyrites, and others, for either lepid—coleo—or hymenoptera.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Zeolite, stilobite, heulandite, feldspar, etc., for cinnabar and other minerals.—Franklin Bache, 123 Price St., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Large amount of natural history material, and many consecutive numbers of Appleton's Journal (weekly), for works of Agassiz, Mivart, Darwin, and Huxley, upon Evolution.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Craw-fish, orange-blossoms, Mississippi sand in bottles, for bird-skins, ocean shells, and star-fish.—Percy L. Benedict, 1243 Great Charles St., New Orleans, La.

REPORT OF CLASS IN ENTOMOLOGY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 16th, 1884.

Of the twenty members of the Entomological Class, five have completed the full number of papers with credit, and are therefore entitled to full honors. They are:

1. Bashford Dean, New York City, N. Y.
2. Helen Montgomery, Wakefield, Mass.
3. Mrs. Rachel H. Mellon, Pittsburg, Pa.
4. Daisy G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
5. Isabel G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.

Of the remainder who have passed with credit on a part of the assigned subjects, are:

H. A. Stewart, Gettysburg, Pa., in Hemiptera, Neuroptera, Diptera, Coleoptera, and insects in general.

Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.—Lepidoptera and Hemiptera.

Fred Clearwater, Brazil, Ind.—Lepidoptera.

George J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.—Lepidoptera.

Elizabeth Marquand, Newburyport, Mass.—Lepidoptera.

Arthur Stone, Boston, Mass.—Lepidoptera.

Respectfully submitted,

G. HOWARD PARKER.

AN ANECDOTE OF AGASSIZ.

H. E. Deats, of Pittstown, N. J., sends the following interesting anecdote of Prof. Agassiz, which he copied from the *Home Circle*:

"His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The last, especially, were the objects of the boy's attention. He came to London with letters to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

"The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. 'I think,' he said at last, 'I know a little about fishes.'

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there.

"All of the great scientific savants of England belonged to this society. That evening, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct. "Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick.

"Agassiz took the chalk, and rapidly sketched a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause. 'Sir,' Agassiz said, on telling the story, 'that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest, for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science.'"

[This anecdote may contain a helpful suggestion for the very small number of our members who are opposed and ridiculed at home. Study earnestly, and learn so much that you can prove the value of your work.]

QUESTIONS.

1. Do earthquakes generally occur in volcanic regions? 2. Why does whirling make a person dizzy? 3. What is the best way to keep cocoons and caterpillars? 4. Of what use are toads? 5. Do squirrels drink water? 6. What are the uses of flies? 7. Explain the comparative anatomy of the legs of a horse and a man. 8. Where do prairie-dogs get water? 9. What is the best cure for a rattlesnake's bite?

NOTES.

86. *Attacus Cynthia*.—Some one in the Agassiz March report asks, "What is the *Attacus Cynthia*?"

It is a large moth from the "Ailanthus Silkworm," a native of Japan, and introduced in 1858 into France, where it is now said to be "as much at home as in its native habitat."

I have had two cocoons which opened and produced handsome moths about the size of the *Cecropia* Moth. The wings have a narrow band of white, which, as spread, form a sort of collar, and are extended by a crescent of a rich brown, edged with satiny white. There are crescents on both front and hinder wings. There is, outside the white line, a rose-purple border, which edges the collar, and the heavy inner edge of the broad border, which, like the whole ground-work is a sort of brown olive-green. The body is covered with rows of white cottony tufts, three parallel rows down the back, six in each row, about the size of a small pin's head. On the front edge of the fore-wings is a small oval black spot, bordered with an edge of white above. The cocoon resembles that of *Attacus Promethia*. These came to me from Brooklyn, N. Y.

The caterpillar, (which I have not seen) and the cocoon and eggs (but not the moth) are figured in Figure's *Insect World*, p. 248, where, "when full grown," it is described as "emerald-green, with the head, the feet, and the last segment of a beautiful golden yellow." J. P. B.

87. *Snow Crystals*.—While walking in a meadow I came to a small hillock between two evergreen trees. In ascending this knoll, I was suddenly transfixed by the beautiful colors of the snow; the crystals of which the slant rays of the February sun lighted up brightly. Below are the prominent colors, the pure beauty of which cannot be described:

Green.—With a sort of liquid luster.

Blue.—Very clear, and merging into the green.

Purple.—Which gave a magnificent cast to the landscape.

Linwood M. Howe.

88. *Trenton, B.*—I found the nest of a wood-pewee (*Contopus virens*). It had two cream-colored eggs, speckled with black near the larger end. I climbed the tree, but did not touch the eggs. While I was looking at them, one egg cracked open in the middle, and a little wood-pewee came out.—Herbert Westwood, Pres.

[We have never known of another instance in which any one has seen a wild bird leave the egg. Has any one?]

A CONVENTION PROPOSED BY CHAPTER 21.

We are the more inclined to publish the following communication from Chapter 21, because the Nashua branch is one of our oldest and most energetic; because the plan is entirely spontaneous with them, and especially, because they assure us that the proposed "convention is for the discussion of scientific subjects, comparison of methods, exchange of specimens, etc., but not politics."

We should add as one of the chief advantages, the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted. After long and pleasant intercourse by letter, it is worth much to meet each other face to face.

Let us all go to Nashua next September, if possible, and have a good and profitable time.

TO THE CHAPTERS OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

Believing that nothing can promote the welfare of the Association so much as annual meetings of the chapters, Chapter 21 proposes to try the experiment of inviting the A. A. to meet at Nashua, N. H., September third and fourth, 1884.

The exercises will consist of the discussion of scientific subjects and questions that relate to the welfare of the Association. Delegates are requested to make short reports of their several Chapters.

Please forward to the Nashua Chapter any important subject you would like the Convention to consider.

An opportunity will be given to the delegates to visit the finest private mineralogical collection in the State.

Chapters intending to send delegates will please inform us immediately in regard to the number; for if there is not a sufficient number intending to come, the Convention will not be held. The President of the A. A. has consented to attend, and other scientists are expected.

Good hotel accommodations can be obtained at two dollars per day. Chapters are reminded that the Convention will afford an excellent opportunity to effect an exchange of specimens.

If other information is desired, apply, with stamps, to

F. W. Greeley, Nashua, N. H.

[N. B. Chapters which think favorably of sending delegates to this Convention will kindly advise the President of the A. A. as well as the Secretary of Chapter 21.]

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE.

CHANGE the first and last letter of the first word defined to form the second word defined. *Example:* Change a substance used in brewing to a healing substance. *Answer:* m-al-t, b-al-m.

1. Change to supplicate to a measure of weight.
2. Change a lesson to a facility.
3. Change a season to undisturbed.
4. Change to glide to a medley.
5. Change a kind of fuel to a word meaning to erect.
6. Change a girl's name to a masculine name.
7. Change domestic animals to a garment worn by the Romans.
8. Change perfume to something worshipped.
9. Change a horned animal to a masculine name.
10. Change species to a feminine name.
11. Change joyous to kill.

When these changes have been rightly made, place the words one below the other in the order here given. The primals will name certain embellishments used on the day named by the finals.

CYRIL DEANE.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

5	7
1 0 . . . 0 2	
. * * * *	
. * * * *	
. * * * *	
3 0 . . . 0 4	
6 8	

FRAME: From 1 to 2, a common name for Campeachy wood; from 3 to 4, one who warns of faults or gives advice by way of reproof or caution; from 5 to 6, a share; from 7 to 8, the apparent junction of earth and sky.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. The color of the wood of the upper bar. 2. Part of the day. 3. A cave. J. P. B.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonals (reading downward) from left to right, a climbing plant; from right to left, a precious stone.

1. Having joints.
2. Peaceful.
3. Transit from one place to another.
4. An injunction.
5. To prepare.
6. Flags of an army.
7. A controversy.

F. S. F.

A CREMATION-CHARADE.

To burn my first, with heat would fill;
 To burn my second, the birds would kill;
 To burn my whole, if such were fate,
 Would destroy a town in the Keystone State.
 "S. M. ARTY."

BEHEADINGS.

THE beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of the President of the United States who said, "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time."

1. Behead partly open and leave a receipt.
2. Behead a musical company and leave a conjunction.
3. Behead to tear and leave termination.
4. Behead dry and leave to free from.
5. Behead a space of time and leave a pronoun.
6. Behead "so be it" and leave mankind.
7. Behead a ditch and leave a kind of grain.
8. Behead a bird and leave a famous vessel.
9. Behead a familiar contraction of a Latin word meaning "in the same place" and leave to command.
10. Behead two and a quarter inches and leave to be ill.
11. Behead a hood and leave a bird.
12. Behead a sign and leave adults.
13. Behead the name of a famous but imprudent king and leave the perception of sounds.
14. Behead nice and leave to consume.

KANSAS BOY.

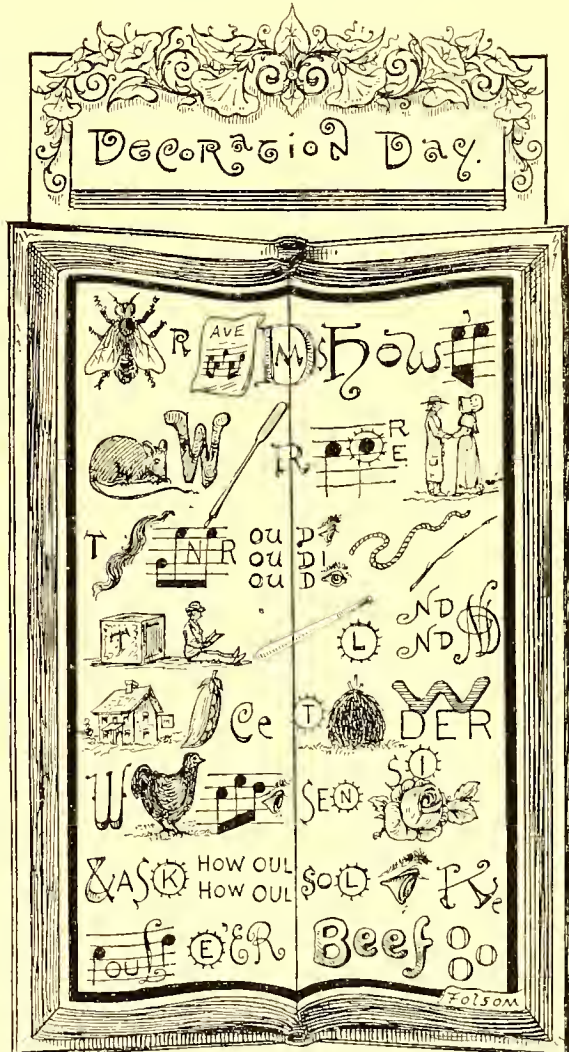
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-six letters, and am two lines from one of Thomson's poems.

My 57-33-16-26 are heavy vapors. My 21-58-17-66-8-63 name the "melancholy Dane." My 2-59-41-48-75-53 is a cover for the hand. My 30-55-19 is tumult. My 40-18-5-61 is the chief magistrate of

Venice. My 23-14-38-73 is a title of address. My 56-3-20-32-42-36-70 is cut in small hollows. My 37-1-69-44-11-35-60-28-50 is a tree of the laurel family whose bark has an aromatic smell and taste. My 62-9-63-29-64-72 is a projecting candlestick. My 15-46-49-54 is necessity. My 10-52-12-70-25 is convenient. My 4-67-71-51-7-45-47-31-27-49-68-34 is pertaining to the north-west. My 22-6-24-13-43-74 are large vehicles.

LOTTIE J. J.



FIRST read the above as a rebus. The answer will be a four-line stanza. Then select the eight letters included in eight similar circles. When these letters are rightly placed, they will spell the name of the writer of the stanza.

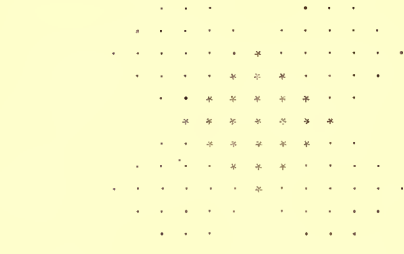
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a country of Europe; my finals a sea-port of that country noted for its trade in grain.

1. A hut for herdsmen.
2. Joined.
3. To greet.
4. A succession.
5. Results.

VESSIE W.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A large vessel or cistern. 3. A gentleman's servant. 4. A mild chloride of mercury, much used as a medicine. 5. A grain-measure of Tripoli, containing nearly six gallons. 6. A number. 7. In candle.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A wager. 3. To weave or entwine together. 4. Gained knowledge of. 5. Resembling tin. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In candle.
- III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. The egg of an insect. 3. Bare. 4. Compared. 5. Kigid. 6. A river of Scotland. 7. In candle.
- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. Was seated. 3. A convention or council. 4. Exhausted. 5. To pull or haul. 6. To expire. 7. In candle.
- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A period of time. 3. A species of antelope in South Africa. 4. A soldier who is taught and armed to serve either on horseback or on foot. 5. The positive pole of an electric battery. 6. The female of the fallow-deer. 7. In candle.

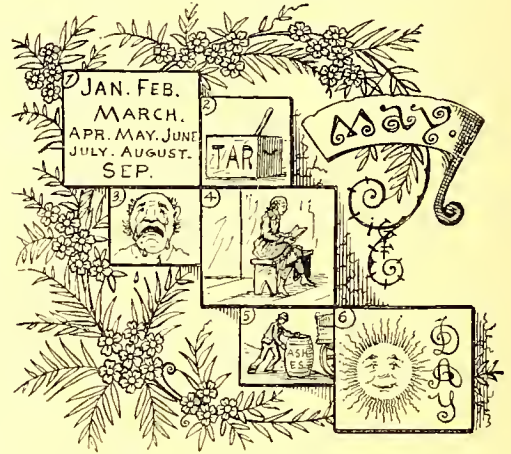
ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains three letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell the name of a great engineering enterprise recently completed.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large wooden vessel. 2. A sphere. 3. A nocturnal bird. 4. A lad. 5. A place of safety. 6. Advanced in

- years. 7. An affirmation. 8. A unit. 9. The central part of a wheel. 10. Anger. 11. Much needed in summer. 12. To annex. 13. Enormous. 14. A slippery customer.

A MAY DIAGONAL.



EACH of the six pictures here shown may be described by a word of six letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the day for an annual excursion.

WORD-SQUARE.

- 1. The father of Saturn. 2. Not of remote date. 3. To charge with an offense. 4. In grammar, a word meaning of neither gender. 5. Invisible. 6. The surname of an English writer of the eighteenth century.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

CORKSCREW PUZZLE. Welcome showers. Cross-words: 1. eWer. 2. ovEn. 3. pLan. 4. roCk. 5. cOat. 6. doMc. 7. bEnt. 8. noSe. 9. tHin. 10. prOp. 11. oWls. 12. tiEs. 13. tRap. 14. roSe. — CHARADE. Breakfast.

EASY BEHEADINGS. 1. G-oat. 2. G-one. 3. S-cream. 4. G-old. 5. T-omsk.

ENIGMA. Smoother, smother, mother, other, her, he, eh.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Whom. 2. Hero. 3. Orbs. 4. Most.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Benjamin; finals, Franklin. Cross-words: 1. BlufF. 2. ErroR. 3. NevA. 4. JoiN. 5. ArK. 6. ModeL. 7. IcenI. 8. NatioN.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Sad. 3. Mated. 4. Satiric. 5. Satirical. 6. Derived. 7. Dicer. 8. Cad. 9. L.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, rascal; 2 to 6, linnet; 5 to 6, escort; 1 to 5, relate; 3 to 4, Tabard; 4 to 8, doctor; 7 to 8, tartar; 3 to 7, target; 1 to 3, rout; 2 to 4, lord; 6 to 8, tier; 5 to 7, exit.

FIVE WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Late. 2. Acid. 3. Time. 4. Eden. II. 1. Earl. 2. Area. 3. Ream. 4. Lame. III. 1. Base. 2. Amen. 3. Send. 4. Ends. IV. 1. King. 2. Iron. 3. Nora. 4. Gnaw. V. 1. Sane. 2. Arid. 3. Nine. 4. Eden.

PI. Again the blackbirds sing; the streams Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams, And tremble in the April showers The tassels of the maple flowers.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, flowers. Cross-words: 1. preFace. 2. baLny. 3. dOt. 4. W. 5. bEg. 6. beRth. 7. ConSole.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Primals, Easter; finals, Lilies. Cross-words: 1. Entail. 2. AbassI. 3. Sequel. 4. TahitI. 5. EfficE. 6. RecesS. II. Primals, Lilies; finals, Lenten. Cross-words: 1. Lentil. 2. InsanE. 3. ListEN. 4. Invert. 5. EngagE. 6. SaturN. III. Primals, Lenten; finals, Season. Cross-words: 1. LimitS. 2. EntirE. 3. NauseA. 4. ThameS. 5. EskimO. 6. NatioN.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES received, too late for acknowledgment in April number, from Hester M. F. Powell, 13.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Cyril Deane — Madeleine Vultee — Maggie T. Turill — Jessie A. Platt — Mamma, Hattie, and Clara.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from J. D. W., 1 — Willie Mossman, 5 — E. N., 1 — Helen Ballantine, 2 — Edith M. Van Dusen, 2 — Bessie Grice, 1 — Grace H. Frisbie, 2 — Maude Bugbee, 9 — "Young Martin" and "Merry Pecksniff," 7 — Paul Reese, 11 — Viola Percy Conklin, 2 — R. McKean Barry, 1 — Carrie Howard, 2 — Ida Paine, 1 — May H. Munroe, 1 — Laura Churchill, 1 — J. V., 1 — S. R. T., 11 — Julia Vauk and Mamie Rogers, 3 — De and Ish, 1 — Olive B. Worden, 1 — Eben M. Willis, 1 — Uncle Mo and Cousin Mamie, 2 — Nellie B. Kempton, 1 — Moses W., 4 — Jessie Doig, 1 — Maggie B. Hoffman, 1 — Will R. Rowe, 2 — Birdie Alberger, 2 — Amy M. Thunder, 1 — Ed., 9 — Louie, 1 — Nellie K., 2 — Frank T. Pope, 5 — Clara, 1 — "Fin. 1. S.," 3 — "Shumway Hen and Chickens," 11 — M. E. K., 2 — Henry Amnden, 1 — Bessie Evanson, 1 — Reginald H. Murphy, Jr., 1 — Wm. H. Clark, 11 — Edna Seaman, 1 — S. S., 3 — Sallie Viles, 9 — Buttercup, 3 — Carrie Rothchild, 1 — H. C. White, 2 — Jennie and Berdie K., 4 — Alex. H. Laidlaw, 3 — Geo. P. Miller, 8 — Harry and Kittie, 1 — Agnes Griffen, 1 — H. I. D., 1 — John C. Winne and Geo. C. Beebe, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — Edward J. Shipsey, 2 — Edward S. Oliver, 2 — Bettie S. Latham and Mrs. B., 5 — F. B. Bonesteel, 1 — Josie Buchanan, 2 — Russell K. Miller, 2 — Lizzie and Papa, 7 — L. C. B., 4 — Mamma and Adelaide, 6 — Edith Helen Moss, 2 — "The Cottage," 3 — Geo. James Bristol, 4 — Minnie B. Murray, 11 — Julia T. Nelson, 2 — "March Wind," 4 — Alice V. Westwood, 7 — W. B. Angell, 8 — George Lyman Waterhouse, 11 — Bessie B. Anderson, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Laura and Willie Rice, 9 — Charlotte Evans, 2 — Blake and Ellison H., 6 — Appleton H., 5 — Chas. H. Kyte, 10 — Marguerite Kyte, 2 — M. White and V. Westover, 5 — Bessie Rogers and Co., 10 — Lucy M. Bradley, 11 — J. S. Palmer, 7 — Geo. Habenicht, 1 — E. Westervelt, 1 — Margaret, Muriel, and Edith Grundy, 5 — B. T. B., 3 — Hugh and Cis, 11 — Francis W. Islip, 11.



"DAISY TIME."

(See page 611.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A CHILD'S NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THEY put her to bed in the darkness,
And bade her be quiet and good ;
But she sobbed in the silence, and trembled,
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the Night was so real, so awful !
A mystery closing around,
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stifling, so empty, so dreary —
That horror of loneliness black !
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,
Since none understands it aright ; —
But at last, from her bosom was lifted
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening, the hands that undressed her
Led her out of the door close by,
And bade her look up for a moment —
Up into the wonderful sky,

Where the planets and constellations,
Deep-rooted in darkness, grew
Like blossoms from black earth blooming,
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down to meet her, —
That luminous purple dome :

She was caught up into a glory,
Where her baby-heart was at home ; —

Like a child in its father's garden,
As glad as a child could be,
In the feeling of perfect protection
And limitless liberty.

And this had been all around her,
While she shuddered alone in bed !
The beautiful, grand revelation,
With ecstasy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child-slumber,
All folded in splendors high,
All happy and soothed with blessings
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And in dreams her light, swift footsteps
Those infinite spaces trod, —
A fearless little explorer
Of the paths that lead up to God.

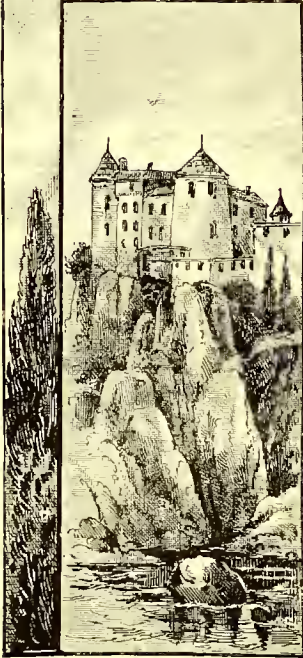
The darkness now was no dungeon,
But a key unto wide release ;
And the Night was a vision of freedom —
A Presence of heavenly peace.

And I doubt not that in like manner
Might vanish, as with a breath,
The gloom and the lonely terror
Of the Mystery we call Death.

The Banner of Beaumanoir.



TOUT CHEMIN LOYAUTÉ



SIXTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

LARKS were singing in the clear sky over Dinan, the hill-sides were white with hosts of blooming cherry-trees, and the valley golden with willow blossoms. The gray tower of the good Duchess Anne was hung with

garlands of ivy and gay with tufts of fragrant wall-flowers, and along the fosse the shadows deepened daily as the young leaves thickened on the inter-lacing branches overhead. Women sang while they beat their clothes by the pool; wooden shoes clattered to and fro as the girls brought water from the fountain in Place St. Louis; men, with their long hair, embroidered jackets, and baggy breeches, drank cider at the inn doors; and the great Breton horses shook their high collars till the bells rang again as they passed along the roads that wound between wide fields of colza, buckwheat, and clover.

Up at the chateau, which stood near the ruins of the ancient castle, the great banner streamed in the wind, showing, as its folds blew out, the device and motto of the Beaumanoirs—two clasped hands and the legend, "*En tout chemin loyauté*."* In the court-yard hounds brayed, horses pranced, and servants hurried about; for the count was going to hunt the wild boar. Presently, away they went, with the merry music of horns, the clatter of hoofs, and the blithe ring of voices, till the pleasant clamor died away in the distant woods, where mistletoe clung to the great oaks, and men-

hirs and dolmens, mysterious relics of the Druids, were to be seen.

From one of the windows of the chateau tower a boy's face looked out, full of eager longing. A fine, strong face, but sullen now, with black brows, dark, restless eyes, and lips set, as if rebellious thoughts were stirring in his mind. He watched the gay cavalcade disappear until a sunny silence settled over the landscape, broken only by the larks and the sound of a girl's voice singing. As he listened, the frown smoothed itself from his brow, and his eye brightened when it rested on a blue-gowned, white-capped figure, sprinkling webs of linen, spread to bleach in the green meadow by the river Rance.

"If I may not hunt, I'll away to Yvonne† and take a holiday. She can tell better tales than any in this weary book, the bane of my life!"

As he spoke, the boy struck a volume that lay on the wide ledge, with a petulant energy that sent it fluttering down into the court-yard below. Half ashamed and half amused, young Gaston peeped to see if this random shot had hit any one. But all was quiet and deserted now; so, with a boyish laugh and a daring glance at the dangerous descent, he said to the doves cooing on the roof overhead: "Here 's a fine pretext for escape. Being locked in, how can I get my lesson unless I fetch the book? Tell no tales of the time I linger, and you shall be well fed, my pretty birds."

Then swinging himself out as if it were no new feat, he climbed boldly down through the ivy that half hid the carved flowers and figures which made a ladder for his agile feet.

The moment he touched ground, he raced away like a hound in full scent to the meadow, where he was welcomed by a rosy, brown-eyed lass, whose

* Always loyal.

† Pronounced Evone.

white teeth shone as she laughed to see him leap the moat, dodge behind the wall, and come bounding toward her, his hair streaming in the wind, and his face full of boyish satisfaction in this escapade.

"The old tale," he panted, as he threw himself down upon the grass and flung the recovered book beside him. "This dreary Latin drives me mad, and I will *not* waste such days as this poring over dull pages like a priest, when I should be hunting like a knight and gentleman."

"Nay, dear Gaston, but you ought, for obedience is the first duty of the knight, and honor of the gentleman," answered the girl, in a soft, reproachful tone, which seemed to touch the lad, as the voice of a master tames a high-mettled horse.

"Had Father Nevin trusted to my honor, I would not have run away; but he looked me in like a monk in a cell, and that I will not bear. Just one hour, Yvonne, one little hour of freedom, then I will go back, else there will be no sport for me to-morrow," said the lad, recklessly pulling up the bluets that starred the grass about him.

"Ah, if I were set to such a task, I would so gladly learn it that I might be a fitter friend for you," said the girl, reverently turning the pages of the book she could not read.

"No need of that; I like you as you are, and by my faith, I doubt your great willingness, for when I last played tutor and left you to spell out the pretty legend of St. Coventin and his little fish. I found you fast asleep with the blessed book upon the floor," laughed Gaston, turning the tables on his mentor, with great satisfaction.

The girl laughed also as she retorted, "My tutor should not have left me to play with his dogs. I bore my penance better than you. and did not run away. Come, now, we 'll be merry. Will you talk, or shall I sing, while you rest this hot head, and dream of horse and hound and spearing the wild boar?" added Yvonne, smoothing the locks of hair scattered on the grass, with a touch as gentle as if the hand were that of a lady, and not that of a peasant rough with hard work.

"Since I may not play a man's part yet, amuse me like a boy with the old tales your mother used to tell when we watched the fagots blaze in the winter nights. It is long since I have heard one, and I am never tired hearing of the deeds I mean to match, if not outdo, some day.

"Let me think a bit till I remember your favorites, and do you listen to the bees above there in the willow, setting you a good example, idle boy," said Yvonne, spreading a coarse apron for his head, while she sat beside him racking her brain for tales to beguile this truant hour.

Her father was the count's forester, and when the countess had died some sixteen years before, leaving a month-old boy, good dame Gillian had taken the motherless baby and nursed and reared him with her little girl, so faithfully and tenderly that the count never could forget the loyal service. As babies, the two slept in one cradle; as children they played and quarreled together; and as boy and girl they defended, comforted, and amused each other. But time brought inevitable changes, and both felt that the hour of separation was near; for, while Yvonne went on leading the peasant life to which she was born, Gaston was receiving the education befitting a young count. The chaplain taught him to read and write, with lessons in sacred history and a little Latin. Of the forester he learned woodcraft, and his father taught him horsemanship and the use of arms, accomplishments considered all-important in those days.

Gaston cared nothing for books, except such as told tales of chivalry, but dearly loved athletic sports, and at sixteen rode the most fiery horse without a fall, handled a sword admirably, could kill a boar at the first shot, and longed ardently for war, that he might prove himself a man. A brave, high-spirited, generous boy, with a very tender spot in his heart for the good woman who had been a mother to him and his little foster-sister, whose idol he was. For days he seemed to forget these humble friends, and led the gay, active life of his age and rank; but if wounded in the chase, worried by the chaplain, disappointed in any plan, or in disgrace for any prank, he turned instinctively to Dame Gillian and Yvonne, sure of help and comfort for mind and body.

Companionship with him had refined the girl, and given her glimpses of a world into which she could never enter, yet where she could follow with eager eyes and high hopes the fortunes of this dear Gaston, who was both her prince and brother. Her influence over him was great, for she was of a calm and patient nature, as well as brave and prudent beyond her years. His will was law; yet in seeming to obey, she often led him, and he thanked her for the courage with which she helped him to control his fiery temper and strong will. Now, as she glanced at him she saw that he was already growing more tranquil under the soothing influences of the murmuring river, the soft flicker of the sunshine, and a blessed sense of freedom.

So, while she twisted her distaff, she told the stirring tales of warriors, saints, and fairies whom all Breton peasants honor, love, and fear. But best of all was the tale of Gaston's own ancestor, Jean de Beaumanoir, "the hero of Ploërmel, where, when sorely wounded and parched with thirst, he cried for water, and Geoffrey du Bois answered, like a

grim old warrior as he was, 'Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and the thirst will pass'; and he drank, and the battle madness seized him, and he slew ten men, winning the fight against great odds, to his everlasting glory."

"Ah, those were the times to live in! If they could only come again, I would be a second Jean!"

Gaston sprang to his feet as he spoke, all aglow with the warlike ardor of his race, and Yvonne looked up at him, sure that he would prove himself a worthy descendant of the great baron and his wife, the daughter of the brave Du Guesclin.

"But you shall not be treacherously killed, as he was, for I will save you as the peasant woman saved poor Gilles de Bretagne when starving in the tower, or fight for you as Jeanne d'Arc fought for her lord," answered Yvonne, dropping her distaff to stretch out her hand to him; for she, too, was on her feet.

Gaston took the faithful hand, and pointing to the white banner floating over the ruins of the old castle, said heartily: 'We will always stand by one another, and be true to the motto of our house till death.'

"We will!" answered the girl, and both kept the promise loyally, as we shall see.

Just at that moment the sound of hoofs made the young enthusiasts start and look toward the road that wound through the valley to the hill. An old man on a slowly pacing mule was all they saw, but the change that came over both was comical in its suddenness: for the gallant knight turned to a truant school-boy, daunted by the sight of his tutor, while the rival of the Maid of Orleans grew pale with dismay.

"I am lost if he spy me, for my father vowed I should not hunt again unless I did my task. He will see me if I run, and where can I hide till he has past?" whispered Gaston, ashamed of his panic, yet unwilling to pay the penalty of his prank.

But quick-witted Yvonne saved him; for lifting one end of the long web of linen, she showed a hollow whence some great stone had been moved, and Gaston slipped into the green nest, over which the linen lay smoothly when replaced.

On came the chaplain, glancing sharply about him, being of an austere and suspicious nature. He saw nothing, however, but the peasant girl in her quaint cap and wooden sabots, singing to herself as she leaned against a tree with her earthen jug in her hand. The mule paused in the light shadow of the willows to crop a mouthful of grass before climbing the hill, and the chaplain seemed glad to rest a moment, for the day was warm and the road dusty.

"Come hither, child, and give me a draught of water," he called, and the girl ran to fill her pitcher, offering it with a low reverence.

"Thanks, daughter! A fine day for the bleaching, but over warm for much travel. Go to your work, child; I will tarry a moment in the shade before I return to my hard task of sharpening a dull youth's wit," said the old man when he had drunk; and with a frowning glance at the room where he had left his prisoner, he drew a breviary from his pocket and began to read, while the mule browsed along the road-side.

Yvonne went to sprinkling the neglected linen,



"I FOUND YOU FAST ASLEEP WITH THE BOOK ON THE FLOOR."

wondering with mingled anxiety and girlish merriment how Gaston fared. The sun shone hotly on the dry cloth, and as she approached the boy's hiding-place, a stir would have betrayed him had the chaplain's eyes been lifted.

"Sprinkle me quickly: I am stifling in this hole," whispered an imploring voice.

"Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and the thirst will pass," quoted Yvonne, taking a naughty satisfaction in the ignominious captivity of the willful boy. A long sigh was the only answer he gave, and taking pity on him, she made a little hollow in the linen where she knew his head lay, and poured in water till a choking sound assured her Gaston had enough. The chaplain looked up,

but the girl coughed loudly, as she went to refill her jug, with such a demure face that he suspected nothing, and presently ambled away to seek his refractory pupil.

The moment he disappeared, a small earthquake seemed to take place under the linen, for it flew up violently, and a pair of long legs waved joyfully in the air as Gaston burst into a ringing laugh, which Yvonne echoed heartily. Then, springing up, he said, throwing back his wet hair and shaking his finger at her: "You dared not betray me, but you nearly drowned me, wicked girl. I can not stop for vengeance now; but I'll toss you into the river some day, and leave you to get out as you can."

Then he was off as quickly as he came, eager to reach his prison again before the chaplain came to hear the unlearned lesson. Yvonne watched him till he climbed safely in at the high window and disappeared with a wave of the hand, when she, too, went back to her work, little dreaming what brave parts both were to play in dangers and captivities of which these youthful pranks and perils were but a foreshadowing.

Two years later, in the month of March, 1793, the insurrection broke out in Vendée, and Gaston had his wish; for the old count had been an officer of the king's household, and hastened to prove his loyalty. Yvonne's heart beat high with pride as she saw her foster-brother ride gallantly away beside his father, with a hundred armed vassals behind them, and the white banner fluttering above their heads in the fresh forest wind.

She longed to go with him; but her part was to watch and wait, to hope and pray, till the hour came when she, like many another woman in those days, could prove herself as brave as a man, and freely risk her life for those she loved.

Four months later the heavy tidings reached them that the old count was killed and Gaston taken prisoner. Great was the lamentation among the old men, women, and children left behind; but they had little time for sorrow, for a band of the marauding Vendéans burned the chateau, and laid waste the Abbey.

"Now, Mother, I must up and away to find and rescue Gaston. I promised, and if he lives, it shall be done. Let me go; you are safe now, and there is no rest for me till I know how he fares," said Yvonne, when the raid was over, and the frightened peasants ventured to return from the neighboring forests, whither they had hastily fled for protection.

"Go, my girl, and bring me news of our young lord. May you lead him safely home again to rule over us," answered Dame Gillian, devoted still,—for her husband was reported dead with

his master, yet she let her daughter go without a murmur, feeling that no sacrifice was too great.

So Yvonne set out, taking with her Gaston's pet dove and the little sum of money carefully hoarded for her marriage portion. The pretty winged creature, frightened by the destruction of its home, had flown to her for refuge, and she had cherished it for its master's sake. Now, when it would not leave her, but came circling around her head a league away from Dinan, she accepted the good omen, and made the bird the companion of her perilous journey.

There is no room to tell all the dangers, disappointments and fatigues endured before she found Gaston; but after being often misled by false rumors, she at last discovered that he was a prisoner in Fort Penthièvre. His own reckless courage had brought him there, for in one of the many skirmishes in which he had taken part, he ventured too far away from his men, and was captured after fighting desperately to cut his way out. Now, alone in his cell, he raged like a caged eagle, feeling that there was no hope of escape: for the fort stood on a plateau of precipitous rock washed on two sides by the sea. He had heard of the massacre of the royalist emigrants who landed there, and tried to prepare himself for a like fate, hoping to die as bravely as young Sombreuil, who was shot with twenty others on what was afterward named the "*Champ des Martyrs*."* His last words, when ordered by the executioner to kneel, were, "I do it; but one knee I bend for my God, the other for my king."

Day after day Gaston looked down from his narrow window, past which the gulls flew screaming, and watched the fishers at their work, the women gathering sea-weed on the shore, and the white sails flitting across the bay of Quiberon. Bitterly did he regret the willfulness which brought him there, well knowing that if he had obeyed orders he would now be free to find his father's body and avenge his death.

"Oh, for one day of liberty, one hope of escape. one friend to cheer this dreadful solitude!" he cried, when weeks had passed and he seemed utterly forgotten.

As he spoke, he shook the heavy bars with impotent strength, then bent his head as if to hide even from himself the few hot tears wrung from him by captivity and despair.

Standing so, with eyes too dim for seeing, something brushed against his hair, and a bird lit on the narrow ledge. He thought it was a gull, and paid no heed; but in a moment a soft coo startled him, and looking up, he saw a white dove struggling to get in.

"Blanchette!" he cried, and the pretty creature

* The Field of Martyrs.

flew to his hand, pecking at his lips in the old carressing way he knew so well.

"My faithful bird, God bless thee!" exclaimed the poor lad, holding the dove close against his cheek to hide the trembling of his lip, so touched, so glad was he to find in his dreary prison even a dumb friend and comforter.

But Blanchette had her part to play, and presently fluttered back to the window ledge, cooing loudly as she pecked at something underneath her wing.

Then Gaston remembered how he used to send messages to Yvonne by this carrier-dove, and with a thrill of joy looked for the token, hardly daring to hope that any would be found. Yes! there, tied carefully among the white feathers, was a tiny roll of paper, with these words rudely written on it:

"Be ready; help will come. Y."

"The brave girl! the loyal heart! I might have known she would keep her promise, and come to save me," and Gaston dropped on his knees in gratitude.

Blanchette meantime tripped about the cell on her little rosy feet, ate a few crumbs of the hard bread, dipped her beak in the jug of water, dressed her feathers daintily, then flew to the bars and called him. He had nothing to send back by this sure messenger but a lock of hair, and this he tied with the same thread, in place of the note. Then kissing the bird he bade it go, watching the silver wings flash in the sunshine as it flew away, carrying joy with it and leaving hope behind.

After that the little courier came often unperceived, carrying letters to and fro; for Yvonne sent bits of paper and Gaston wrote his answers with his blood and a quill from Blanchette's wing. He thus learned how Yvonne was living in a fisher's hut on the beach, and working for his rescue as well as she dared. Every day she might be seen gathering sea-weed on the rocks or twirling her distaff at the door of the dilapidated hut, not as a young girl, but as an old woman; for she had stained her fair skin, put on ragged clothes, and hidden her fresh face under the pent-house cap worn by the women of Quiberon. Her neighbors thought her a poor soul left desolate by the war, and let her live unmolested. So she worked on secretly and steadily, playing her part well and biding her time till the long hempen rope was made, the sharp file procured unsuspected, and a boat ready to receive the fugitives.

Her plan was perilously simple, but the only one possible; for Gaston was well guarded, and out of that lofty cell it seemed that no prisoner could escape without wings. A bird and a woman lent him those wings, and his daring flight was a nine days' wonder at the fort. Only a youth accustomed

to feats of agility and strength could have safely made that dangerous escape along the face of the cliff that rose straight up from the shore. But Gaston was well trained, and the boyish pranks that used to bring him into dire disgrace now helped to save his life.

Thus, when the order came, written in the rude hand he had taught Yvonne long ago, "Pull up the thread which Blanchette will bring at midnight. Watch for a light in the bay. Then come down, and St. Barbe protect you," he was ready; for the little file, brought by the bird, had secretly done its work, and several bars were loose. He knew that the attempt might cost him his life, but was willing to gain liberty even at that price; for imprisonment seemed worse than death to his impatient spirit. The jailer went his last round, the great bell struck the appointed hour, and Gaston stood at the window, straining his eyes to catch the first ray of the promised light, when the soft whir of wings gladdened his ear, and Blanchette arrived, looking scared and wet and weary, for rain fell, the wind blew fitfully, and the poor bird was unused to such wild work as this. But obedient to its training, it flew to its master; and no angel could have been more welcome than the storm-beaten little creature as it nestled in his bosom, while he untangled the lengths of strong fine thread wound about one of its feet.

He knew what to do, and tying on the file to one end, as a weight, he let it down, praying that no cruel gust would break or blow it away. In a moment a quick jerk at the thread bade him pull again. A cord came up, and when that was firmly secured, a second jerk was the signal for the last and most important haul. Up came the stout rope, knotted here and there to add safety and strength to the hands and feet that were to climb down that frail ladder, unless some cruel fate dashed the poor boy dead upon the rocks below. The rope was made fast to an iron staple inside, the bars were torn away, and Gaston crept through the narrow opening to perch on the ledge without, while Blanchette flew down to tell Yvonne he was coming.

The moment the distant spark appeared, he bestirred himself, set his teeth, and boldly began the dangerous descent. Rain blinded him, the wind beat him against the rock, bruising hands and knees, and the way seemed endless, as he climbed slowly down, clinging with the clutch of a drowning man, and blessing Yvonne for the knots that kept him from slipping when the gusts blew him to and fro. More than once he thought it was all over; but the good rope held fast, and strength and courage nerved heart and limbs. One greater than St. Barbe upheld him, and he dropped at

last, breathless and bleeding, beside the faithful Yvonne.

There was no time for words, only a grasp of the hand, a sigh of gratitude, and they were away to the boat that tossed on the wild water with a single rower in his place.

"It is our Hoël. I found him looking for you. He is true as steel. In, in, and off, or you are lost!" whispered Yvonne, flinging a cloak about Gaston, thrusting a purse, a sword, and a flask into his hand, and holding the boat while he leaped in.

"But you?" he cried; "I can not leave you in peril, after all you have dared and done for me."

"No one suspects me; I am safe; go to my mother, she will hide you, and I will follow soon."

Waiting for no further speech, she pushed the boat off, and watched it vanish in the darkness, then went away to give thanks, and rest after her long work and excitement.

Gaston reached home safely, and Dame Gillian concealed him in the ruins of the Abbey, till anxiety for Yvonne drove him out to seek and rescue in his turn. For she did not come, and when a returning soldier brought word that she had been arrested in her flight, and sent to Nantes, Gaston could not rest, but disguising himself as a peasant, went to find her, accompanied by faithful Hoël, who loved Yvonne, and would gladly die for her and his young master. Their hearts sunk when they discovered that she was in the Boufflay, an old fortress, once a royal residence, and now a prison, crowded with unfortunate and innocent creatures, arrested on the slightest pretexts, and guillotined or drowned by the infamous Carrier. Hundreds of men and women were there, suffering terribly, and among them was Yvonne, brave still, but with no hope of escape, for few were saved, and then only by some lucky accident. Like a sister of mercy she went among the poor souls crowded together in the great halls, hungry, cold, sick, and despairing, and they clung to her as if she were some strong, sweet saint who could deliver them or teach them how to die.

After some weeks of this terrible life, her name was called one morning, on the list for that day's execution, and she rose to join the sad procession setting forth.

"Which is it to be?" she asked, as she passed one of the men who guarded them, a rough fellow, whose face was half hidden by a shaggy beard.

"You will be drowned; we have no time to waste on women," was the brutal answer; but as the words passed his lips, a slip of paper was pressed into her hand, and these words breathed into her ear by a familiar voice: "I am here!"

It was Gaston, in the midst of enemies, bent on saving her at the risk of his life, remembering all he owed her, and the motto of his race. The shock of this discovery nearly betrayed them both, and turned her so white that the woman next her put an arm about her, saying sweetly:

"Courage, my sister; it is soon over."

"I fear nothing now!" cried Yvonne, and went on to take her place in the cart, looking so serene and happy that those about her thought her already fit for heaven.

No need to repeat the dreadful history of the Noyades; it is enough to say that in the confusion of the moment Yvonne found opportunity to read and destroy the little paper, which said briefly:

"When you are flung into the river, call my name and float. I shall be near."

She understood, and being placed with a crowd of wretched women on the old vessel which lay in the river Loire, she employed every moment in loosening the rope that tied her hands, and keeping her eye on the tall, bearded man who moved about seeming to do his work, while his blood boiled with suppressed wrath, and his heart ached with unavailing pity. It was dusk before the end came for Yvonne, and she was all unnerved by the sad sights she had been forced to see; but when rude hands seized her, she made ready for the plunge, sure that Gaston would "be near." He was, for in the darkness and uproar, he could leap after her unseen, and while she floated, he cut the rope, then swam down the river with her hand upon his shoulder till they dared to land. Both were nearly spent with the excitement and exertion of that dreadful hour; but Hoël waited for them on the shore and helped Gaston carry poor Yvonne into a deserted house, where they gave her fire, food, dry garments, and the gladdest welcome one human creature ever gave to another.

Being a robust peasant, the girl came safely through hardships that would have killed or crazed a frailer creature; and she was soon able to rejoice with the brave fellows over this escape, so audaciously planned and so boldly carried out. They dared stay but a few hours, and before dawn were hastening through the least frequented ways toward home, finding safety in the distracted state of the country, which made fugitives no unusual sight and refugees plentiful. One more adventure, and that a happy one, completed their joy, and turned their flight into a triumphant march.

Pausing in the depths of the great forest of Hunaudaye to rest, the two young men went to find food, leaving Yvonne to tend the fire and make ready to cook the venison they hoped to bring. It was night-fall, and another day would see them in Dinan, they hoped; but the lads had con-

sented to pause for the girl's sake, for she was worn out with their rapid flight. They were talking of their adventures in high spirits, when Gaston laid his hand on Hoël's mouth and pointed to a green slope before them. An early moon gave light enough to show them a dark form moving quickly into the coppice, and something like the antlers of a stag showed above the tall brakes before they vanished. "Slip around and drive him this way. I never miss my aim, and we will sup royally to-night," whispered Gaston, glad to use the arms with which they had provided themselves.

Hoël slipped away, and presently a rustle in the wood betrayed the cautious approach of the deer. But he was off before a shot could be fired, and the disappointed hunters followed long and far, resolved not to go back empty-handed. They had to give it up, however, and were partially consoled by a rabbit, which Hoël flung over his shoulder, while Gaston, forgetting caution, began to sing an old song the women of Brittany love so well :

"Quand vous étiez captif, Bertrand, fils de Bretagne,
Tous les fuseaux tournaient aussi dans la campagne."

He got no further, for the stanza was finished by a voice that had often joined in the ballad, when Dame Gillian sang it to the children, as she spun :

"Chaque femme apporte son écheveau de lin ;
Ce fut votre raçon, Messire du Guesclin."

Both paused, thinking that some spirit of the wood mocked them ; but a loud laugh and a familiar "Holo ! holo !" made Hoël cry, "The forester !" while Gaston dashed headlong into the thicket whence the sound came, there to find the jolly forester, indeed, with a slain deer by his side, waiting to receive them with open arms.

"I taught you to stalk the deer and spear the boar, not to hunt your fellow-creatures, my lord.

But I forgive you, for it was well done, and I had a hard run to escape," he said, still laughing.

"But how came you here ?" cried both the youths, in great excitement ; for the good man was supposed to be dead with his old master.

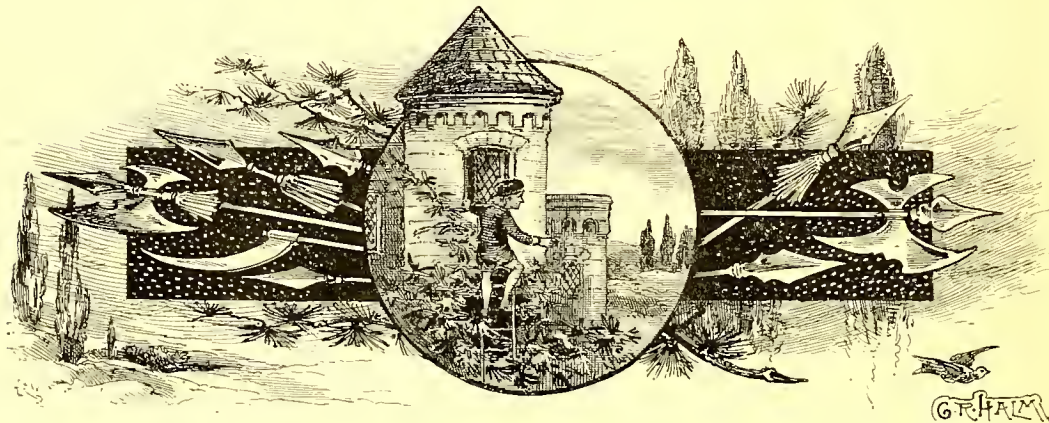
"A long tale, for which I have a short and happy answer. Come home to supper with me, and I 'll show you a sight that will gladden hearts and eyes," he answered, shouldering his load and leading the way to a deserted hermitage, which had served many a fugitive for a shelter. As they went, Gaston poured out his story, and told how Yvonne was waiting for them in the wood.

"Brave lads ! and here is your reward," answered the forester, pushing open the door and pointing to the figure of a man with a pale face and bandaged head lying asleep beside the fire.

It was the count, sorely wounded, but alive, thanks to his devoted follower, who had saved him when the fight was over ; and after weeks of concealment, suffering, and anxiety, had brought him so far toward home.

No need to tell of the happy meeting that night, nor of the glad return ; for, though the chateau was in ruins and lives were still in danger, they all were together, and the trials they had passed through only made the ties of love and loyalty between high and low more true and tender. Good Dame Gillian housed them all, and nursed her master back to health. Yvonne and Hoël had a gay wedding in the course of time, and Gaston went to the wars again. A new chateau rose on the ruins of the old, and when the young lord took possession, he replaced the banner that was lost with one of fair linen, spun and woven by the two women who had been so faithful to him and his, but added a white dove above the clasped hands and golden legend, never so true as now,

"En tout chemin loyauté."



JUNE.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.



APPLE-blossoms in the orchard,
Singing birds on every tree;
Grass a-growing in the meadows
Just as green as green can be;

Violets in shady places,—
Sweetest flowers were ever seen!—
Hosts of starry dandelions,—
“Drops of gold among the green!”

Pale arbutus, fairy wind-flowers,
Innocents in smiling flocks;

Coollest ferns within the hollows,
Columbines among the rocks:

Dripping streams, delicious mosses,
Tassels on the maple-trees;
Drowsy insects, humming, humming;
Golden butterflies, and bees:

Daffodils in garden borders,
Fiery tulips dashed with dew;
Crocus-flowers; and, through the greenness,
Snow-drops looking out at you!

TWO BOYS OF MIGGLESVILLE.

BY W. W. FINK.

PART I.

HOW TOMMY STARTED THE LIBRARY.

"NONSENSE, Tommy! Start a public library in Migglesville? Books cost money, my boy, and people in this town don't spend money that way. They would n't subscribe ten dollars."

Mr. Glen was evidently out of patience with Migglesville; but seeing the look of disappointment on his son's face, he said:

"What books do you want?"

"I would rather not tell," said Tommy, with a firm expression on his pinched, white face; for he was a cripple, and his face showed the marks of suffering and ill-health. "You are not able to buy books for me, but I think I can start a public library."

"Well, well," said Mr. Glen, good-naturedly, "try it if you like, but don't be disappointed if you fail; for remember, we are living in Migglesville now." And he went away, feeling that he would hear no more of the library.

Migglesville was a small town, and, what was worse for Tommy's undertaking, it was well-nigh a dead town. It was discouraged. The county-seat had gone to Kitesboro', six miles away. The railroad, if one ever came to the county, would be sure to go to Kitesboro'. There was talk of a seminary at Kitesboro', and they already had graded schools there. Migglesville had nothing but old houses and bad luck. Yet it was here that Tommy Glen planned to start a public library.

"How many books would be a library?" he said to himself as he balanced his crutch across his knee.

Then he turned to his dictionary and read, "**Li'brary**, *n.* 1. A collection of books."

"It does n't say a hundred nor a thousand," said he, "but a collection."

So he turned to the word *collection*, and read, "**Colle'ction**, *n.* 2. That which is gathered or drawn together."

Suddenly he felt that he must scream: he had such a happy idea! He threw on his hat, took his crutch, and started off to see Willie Groome. He knew that Willie's constant desire was to read Gordon's "South Africa," that he thought of it by day and dreamed of lion-hunting by night. Willie was at work in his father's garden.

"Heigho, Tommy," he said, as the latter approached.

"Say, Will," said Tommy, with nervous directness, "what book would you rather read than any other book in the world?"

"Gordon's 'South Africa,'" answered Willie, excitedly.

"Then why don't you buy it?" asked Tommy.

"Father says it would be foolish for me to spend all my money on one book, and that only about lions and tigers and things."

"Well, would n't he let you buy it if some more of us would buy a book apiece and exchange with you?"

"Why, that would be a kind of a circulating library, Tommy," exclaimed Willie.

"Of course it would."

"But, Tommy, everybody 'd want to borrow our books, and we would n't have half a chance."

"We would n't let 'em," said Tommy, emphatically. "Nobody can get a book out of this library without putting one in."

Just then Willie's father came toward them.

"Glad to see you out, Tommy," he said pleasantly. "Willie, you can stop work and play with Tommy."

"I did n't come to play, Mr. Groome; I came on business," answered the lame boy.

"On business! Whew! What kind of business?"

Then Tommy explained his plan so clearly and enthusiastically that Mr. Groome said:

"Yes; Willie can buy the book. He has money enough of his own, and if by buying one book he can get several more to read, I should say that would be doing very well."

"And wont you let him get it right away?" said Tommy, eagerly. "I am going to buy mine, but it wont be so showy as Tommy's, for his has pictures, and——"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Groome, laughingly, "you want it, so that the other fellows can see what they will miss if they don't join in?"

Tommy confessed that such was his idea, and, with a hearty laugh at his "generalship," Mr. Groome left the boys with the promise that Willie could go to Kitesboro the next day and buy the book.

The next day Willie came bounding into Tommy's room with Gordon's "South Africa."

In a minute the two boys were poring over its pages.

"Oh, look! Is n't that glorious!" exclaimed Willie, as they turned to the picture of a lion-hunt.

Tommy was about to reply when, looking

through the window, he saw Harry Lane and Si Milford across the street.

"Just the boys I wanted to see. Please call them, Will."

"Yes; but they 'll be for looking all over the book, and we wont have half a chance," said Willie.

"That 's just what I want," answered Tommy. "Don't you see the point?"

Willie called them, but much against his own inclinations.

"What 's up?" said Harry, as they entered the

"The *library!*" said Si, questioningly.

"Yes. We're a Library Association, and any one can join it by putting in one good book."

"Oh, fiddle!" said Si. "I don't buy books to give away. Not much!"

"All right," said Tommy, with a great show of indifference.

"Yes; but I should say it would be very mean not to lend a fellow a book after you 'd read it," persisted Si.

"And I should say it would be very mean to



THE FOUNDERS OF THE MIGGLESVILLE LIBRARY.

room, and the next moment he exclaimed: "Whew! Gordon's 'South Africa!' Whose is that?"

"Willie bought it," said Tommy, "and I 'm to buy another book, and then we 'll exchange."

"Say, boys," said Si, "lend this book to me first, after you 've read it, wont you?"

"Not unless you buy a book, and put into the library with ours," said Tommy.

want some one to buy books for you when you were not willing to return the compliment," said Harry Lane, with some warmth. "I 'll buy a book to get into this arrangement. Let 's see. Fifteen or twenty fellows would be fifteen or twenty books that we could all read by buying one apiece. Tommy, what are you going to buy?"

Now Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" was the

great desire of Tommy's heart, and he had talked so much about it with Harry and Si that he knew they were as anxious to read it as he was.

So he said: "I will buy one volume of 'Prescott' if you will buy another."

"I'll buy one," said Harry. "Si, you'll buy another, wont you?"

"No, you don't," exclaimed Si.

"Don't what?" asked Harry.

"I said I would n't go into this thing, and I wont," said Si, with an injured air.

"Well, we don't wish to force you to buy a book, Si," said Tommy, pleasantly.

Just then he called their attention to the picture of a lion-hunt, and they all bent over him to see it.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed, "don't smother a fellow!"

"Then read something out loud," cried Si.

"All right. Sit down and I will."

They all ranged themselves before him, and he began reading:

"The hunters were now in the jungle, and they could hear the lion's deep and terrible roar. Suddenly there was a crashing of tangled underbrush, and the king of beasts sprang madly forward from his lair. The natives scattered in terror, leaving the intrepid white man to receive the charge alone; but with wonderful coolness he dropped upon one knee, and bringing his rifle to his face, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger, but his gun missed fire!"

By this time, Willie's stubby hair was standing fiercely erect, in delightful horror. Harry's eyes were nearly as large as sauce-dishes, while Si was holding his breath, working the muscles of his face and clenching his fists in utter disregard of his personal appearance.

But just at this point, Tommy closed the book on his finger, and said quietly: "Come to think of it, this is n't according to the rules."

"What is n't according to the rules?" exclaimed his listeners, almost fiercely.

"Reading a library book to outsiders," replied Tommy.

"Oh, go on!" cried Si.

"Don't do it," said Harry. "Our rules wont allow it, unless Si will agree to buy the other volume of 'Prescott.'"

"Well, I'll—I'll do it, said Si. "Read on."

Tommy read very gladly after this, until the lion lay dead at the hunter's feet.

Then they fell to planning in good earnest. Si was now as enthusiastic as any of them. He and Tommy gave Harry their share of the money to buy "Prescott," and the next day found them all together again with the cherished volumes before

them. They had a library! and they decided to call themselves the Migglesville Library Association. Among other rules which they adopted were the following:

"1st. Any one can become a life member by contributing a book costing two dollars, a book costing less than that only giving a membership for one year.

"2d. Two or more persons may club together to buy expensive books, so that membership need not cost more than two dollars.

"3d. No book will be received which is either vulgar or silly, but" (as Tommy put it) "'a book can be as funny or adventuresome as it pleases.'"

Not many days passed before the neighbors began wondering why so many boys were going in to see Tommy Glen. And it was also remarked that boys who had never been known to work before were buzzing around like hornets, hunting jobs, cutting wood, raking hay,—anything to earn money. Was Migglesville waking up? Had there been a reformation,—or was there a circus coming?

The book-seller at Kitesboro' noticed a great improvement in his trade; and, what was very strange, nearly every one to whom he sold a book was a Migglesville boy, or a Migglesville girl; for the girls had taken the library fever, and were as anxious to buy books as the boys.

Occasionally some one would be refractory, wishing to borrow books without becoming a member. But Tommy's rules and Tommy's tact conquered this difficulty also.

The farmers' boys caught the spirit, and came to the library from miles around.

Tommy's mother had entered heartily into the work, and made everything agreeable in Tommy's room for all who came. Mr. Glen was away on business, and as yet knew nothing of his son's success.

When it was noised abroad that the boys had started a library, there was general astonishment.

A library in Migglesville! Some older people slipped in to see what it meant, and found so many interesting books that they were glad to buy "a book apiece" and join the Association.

When Mr. Glen returned to Migglesville, almost the first question he asked was: "Well, Tommy, how about that library?"

"Most of our books are out," said Tommy, so much excited that he could not stop to explain, at the same time leading the way to his room.

Mr. Glen looked at the books and rubbed his eyes to be sure that he was not dreaming.

"Here is our list," said Tommy.

"Here is our list!" repeated Mr. Glen in bewilderment. Then he ran his eyes down the column. It contained a total of ninety-nine volumes, and their cost footed up \$150.00!

"Who subscribed all this money?" said he.

"Nobody," answered Tommy.

"Then, where on earth did these books come from?"

Tommy told the story of the library.

"If you had tried to raise a subscription, you would have failed," said Mr. Glen. "Tommy, you are a general! I am proud of you! Your library will do great things for Migglesville."

The next day, there was the regular meeting of the Library Association; and just as Tommy had finished reading his report, something happened which made the library of much more importance to Migglesville than any one could have believed, although at the time it seemed of no consequence, beyond the fact that it was very funny:

The door opened and a poorly clad, broad-faced, stupid-looking boy of fifteen walked into the room with a book under his arm.

This was Johnny Haven. Any one would have told you that he was the dullest boy in town; not that he was a fool. He seemed ordinarily bright when it came to work or play, but he never knew his lessons at school. He was the laughing-stock of much smaller boys; and some of the more cruel called him to his face, the "Migglesville Dunce."

No one had thought of asking him to join the Library Association; but he had worked, earned money, bought a book, and here he was.

"Hello, Johnny," whispered a boy beside him. "are you in this thing, too?"

"No; but I'd like to be," replied Johnny.

"Got a book?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you hand it in?"

"Is that the way to do?"

"Yes; go right up." And as Johnny walked forward, the boy turned and winked at some of his fellows. There was a good deal of curiosity to know what kind of book Johnny Haven had brought; and when Tommy took it and read its title, "Elements of Geology," there was a burst of laughter, in which even the gentlemen and ladies present were forced to join. If his book had been a Chinese grammar, it could not have astonished them more.

But only one, Job Spencer, was mean enough to say:

"Well, Professor Haven, that book may do for a *wisc* man like you; but the rest of us are not that far along. Guess you'd better take it home."

Few laughed at his heartless speech, however.

"What book did *you* put in?" demanded Johnny.

"Robinson Crusoe."

"Well," said Johnny, "this geology is worth forty Robinson Crusoes!"

There was another laugh, but Dr. Brownlow

said quickly, "Johnny is right. If I had to take my choice between any half-dozen books in this excellent library, and a geology, I would take the geology. I hope you will accept Johnny's offer, and that others may contribute books on kindred subjects. I intend doing so myself, *provided you take Johnny in.*"

Of course Johnny was admitted, but there was much merry-making at his expense. Even the other books in the library seemed to laugh at his geology; yet we will see how long their laughter lasted.

PART II.

THE "MIGGLESVILLE DUNCE."

WE must go back a little from the time when Johnny Haven set the boys and girls of Migglesville to laughing by bringing a geology to the library.

Poor Johnny was always at the foot of his class. It was not a graded school, and not a very good one of its kind; but it *did* manage to have an examination at the close of the year.

Mr. Haven had been watching his son's lack of progress with deepening mortification and sorrow; but when examination day came, and Johnny failed in everything, his chagrin was keen indeed.

"Johnny," he said, after it was all over and they were at home, "what *is* the matter? You hardly answered a question, and yet you did not seem to care."

Johnny seldom betrayed any emotion, but now his lip quivered and his cheek flushed.

"I do care!" he exclaimed; "but do you suppose I am going to show it?"

The words were like music in his parent's ears. It was not indifference after all, but grit.

"Father," he said, "have n't I studied hard?"

"Yes, my boy, hard enough to have committed all your books to memory."

"I know a good deal more than they think I do," said Johnny; "but when I come to recite I get bothered: they laugh at me, and I forget it all. I want to leave school!"

"Leave school!" exclaimed Mr. Haven.

"Yes, sir; and study at home."

"Why not study at school?"

"Because they make me study too many things at once. I was n't made to study every thing at once. I'd rather know one thing well than forty things a little. I don't want to go to that school any more!" he continued, almost fiercely. "But if you'll let me study at home, I'll show you that I can learn a great deal of one thing while they are learning a little of everything."

"Perhaps you are right, Johnny," said Mr.

Haven. "As a rule, it is better for boys and girls to go to school and lay a broad foundation for an education. Still, if you can't get on at school, you can try studying at home. But what put this idea into your head?"

"I thought it out," said Johnny. "And then when Will Regan came home from college and could n't pass an examination for teacher at Kitesboro', and did n't know enough for county surveyor, and could n't keep books or do anything else, I thought it would have been much better for him if he had known just one thing well."

"Well, my boy, what do you wish to know well?"

"Geology."

"Geology! Why?"

"Because I know I should like it, and then I was reading the other day that a practical geologist could make a good living."

"But you will need to understand other things before you can master geology," said Mr. Haven.

"Then I can learn them," said Johnny, his eyes shining like stars.

So he had his father's consent to try his plan, and the Migglesville school lost its dunce.

People said Mr. Haven was wise in taking Johnny from school, for he could learn nothing. They did not know that Johnny was studying harder than any other boy in town.

Dr. Brownlow contributed a zoölogy, a botany, and an advanced work on geology to the library, and induced others to contribute other scientific books.

A year passed, and still the library grew. Tommy Glen had his hands full, all the books he could read, and the glorious consciousness that he was doing good in Migglesville.

The thought sent the blood flying through his veins, and as it rushed along, it began picking up and throwing away little particles of unhealthy muscle and bone, leaving in their stead larger and healthier particles.

The library was also at work in the sluggish body of Migglesville. The old town waked up, rubbed its eyes, washed its face, combed its hair, and felt better. Weeds suffered where they had previously flourished; fences at which cows had laughed now laughed at the cows. Then Migglesville waked up a little more, and organized a Lyceum; a little more, and graded schools were introduced.

Few thought of Johnny Haven. Tommy Glen noticed that he always drew some scientific work from the library, and felt very sorry for the poor boy who seemed so anxious to read hard books which he never could understand. A genuine friendship grew up between them, but it sprung

from sympathy for each other's misfortunes. Still, fearing to wound Johnny's feelings, Tommy never tried to find out how much the former knew about the books he was reading, and Johnny never told.

He spent a great deal of time roving up and down the river, and over the hills, beating stones to pieces and carrying them home — for playthings; so it seemed to the people of Migglesville.

But he knew every ledge of rock along the river for miles each way, and the little pieces he carried home were specimens for his cabinet.

When he came to a difficult question, he took hold of it like a bull-dog, and never let go until he had mastered it.

He was not dull. He was one-ideaed, and one-ideaed people have always been the moving spirits of the world. He found that a knowledge of botany and zoölogy was essential to the understanding of geology, and he attacked them.

The pictures of the fossil remains of mastodons, mammoths, and other gigantic animals filled him with wonder. His study became more enchanting than the wildest romance.

One day word came to town that Mr. Martin, whose farm adjoined Migglesville, had found an enormous tooth, a mammoth's tooth, "as large as a water-bucket."

People flocked to see it. Few had ever seen anything of the kind, but all agreed it must be a mammoth's tooth,—it was so large!

Just then some one began laughing.

"There comes the Migglesville dunce! Now we'll find out all about it," said Job Spencer.

And Johnny came bounding from the town, bareheaded, his hair flying in the wind, and his eyes shining like stars.

"Where is it?" he cried, bolting through the crowd.

"Here it is, Professor. Wont you give us a lecture on the mammoth?" sneered Job. The secret of Job's hatred for Johnny was that, having tried to abuse Johnny some time before, he had received a sound flogging in return; and he now only dared attack him with his tongue.

Johnny fell on his knees before the tooth, rolled it over, ran his fingers nervously around it, and then raised it so as to see its crown.

"It is n't a mammoth's tooth at all!" he cried. "It's a mastodon's."

"Oh! Of course *you* know all about it at first sight!" sneered Job.

"Yes, sir; I *do* know. A mammoth's tooth is nearly smooth, like an elephant's, for they were nothing but big elephants; but a mastodon's tooth is covered with pointed knobs, just like this, and it *is* a mastodon's tooth."

"Johnny is right!" said Dr. Brownlow with sud-

den energy. "I had forgotten the distinction, but Johnny has not. This is the tooth of a mastodon."

"Well, it's all he does know," persisted Job.

"May be it is," said Johnny, quietly; then, turning to Mr. Martin, he asked eagerly, "What will you take for that tooth?"

Mr. Martin looked puzzled. "What 'll you give?" he asked, by way of reply.

"I'll work a month for it," said Johnny.

As time passed by, he earned money to buy books; and after awhile he had the best scientific library in town.

He was now nineteen, and was growing a little mustache. People said, "It is a wonder how Johnny Haven has improved in looks," and "What a pity it is that he should be so dull!"

He spent more time than ever on the hills and along the river. True, he worked very hard when



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT MIGGLESVILLE.

Then there was another laugh. "Work a month for an old tooth!"

"I reckon it's hardly worth all that," said Mr. Martin. "Work a week, and you can have it."

"All right," said Johnny. The crowd dispersed, very much amused at the whole affair.

Yet no one had any idea that Johnny knew much more than he had shown that day.

But in the room in his father's house to which he carried his precious relic was a very complete collection of the rocks and plants of the country for miles around.

his father needed him, or when he hired out to some one else; but he was frequently absent on his odd excursions for days together.

About this time, Migglesville surprised itself by voting a tax to buy more books for the library, making it free for all, and paying Tommy Glen a salary as librarian.

A little later, Kitesboro' became excited. The railroad was coming! It was still a hundred miles away, but it was coming. The engineers had been in the neighborhood, mapping out the line; and Kitesboro' being the chief town within a section of

fifty miles, they had planned to run the railroad through—so the officers said—if—if Kitesboro' would give the right of way, station-grounds, and fifty thousand dollars!

Then Kitesboro' sat down and laughed. The idea! The railroad would come, anyway. Could n't afford to miss Kitesboro'. Kitesboro' would n't give a cent to induce the railroad to come.

Every one burned wood in all that country, for there was plenty of it. No one thought of coal—no one except Johnny Haven.

When he heard of the railroad, he thought of coal for the engines and for shipping to the great plains out West where the road was going.

"According to *geology*," said he to himself, "there ought to be coal here."

He read his books again on the subject of the coal formations, and then he disappeared from Migglesville almost altogether. People saw him leaving town early every morning with some tools on his shoulder, but thought nothing of it. Only his parents knew what he was doing.

The railroad engineers were at work twenty miles east of Kitesboro', surveying lines in various directions, to make the people of Kitesboro' think they were going somewhere else.

One day, a young man with a little mustache rode into their camp and began asking questions.

"Where do you get your coal?" he said to one of the officers of the road.

"At B—, three hundred miles east of this."

"I can show you a fine vein of coal not far from here," said the young man.

This brought the railroad men about him, and the questions flew thick and fast from both sides.

He did not tell them where the coal was, except that the railroad could easily reach it without bridging the river. To reach Kitesboro', they would have to build a very expensive bridge.

After a hurried consultation, some of the responsible officers of the road were telegraphed and soon appeared, accompanied by an experienced mining engineer, and started with the young man toward Migglesville.

When they reached that place, they went directly to Mr. Haven's house.

Papers were drawn up and signed, in which it was agreed that, if certain things were just so, they would do so and so; after which they all rode down the river to a tract of land which Mr. Haven had often tried to sell, but could not, because it was so broken.

When they returned, more papers were signed; after which the railroad men bought a large tract of land in the edge of Migglesville, and a great many corner lots, for none of which they paid very much, since land, like everything else, was cheap in the poor old town.

Then it was discovered that the railroad was coming to Migglesville. Migglesville threw up its hat and yelled for joy.

Kitesboro', hearing the shout, became frightened, and raised the fifty thousand dollars, but was told to keep it. It raised seventy-five thousand, one hundred thousand, and sent a committee over to Migglesville to see the officers of the road.

But their answer was: "We are coming to Migglesville. We have coal here, and that is worth more than forty Kitesboro's."

"Coal?" cried Migglesville.

"Coal?" cried Kitesboro'.

"Yes. Young Haven found it, and then he found us."

"Coal! Johnny Haven! John-*nee* Haven! Well, a fool for luck!"

But Migglesville said this under its breath.

Before the railroad men left town, however, the mining engineer said to some of the citizens:

"You ought to be proud of young Haven. He knows more about geology than any one of his age I ever saw. We are going to send him on ahead to look up the coal matters for the company."

Then Migglesville waked up more than ever, and it is safe to say that before midnight, when the first people went to bed, the name of Johnny Haven had been pronounced two thousand times. Every one called him a genius. Within a week, at least a dozen young men, who had been skimming over all kinds of studies, bought geologies and began to realize how little they knew.

A bank was started in Migglesville, and Mr. Haven deposited ten thousand dollars, one-half in Johnny's name. It was what he had received for the land he had not been able to sell until Johnny found coal on it.

"Ten thousand dollars! Johnny Haven!" but no one said "a fool for luck" any more.

Then the great day came, when the first train steamed into town. A great many Kitesboro' men were there, for Kitesboro' was moving over.

On the train, among leading railroad men, came Johnny Haven, and when he stepped upon the platform he received a cheer that nearly took away his breath.

A banquet followed, and speeches and toasts. But something was wrong. Whenever a speaker said "Migglesville," Migglesville hung its head. It was ashamed of its name.

It did well enough so long as Migglesville was old and sleepy and shabby, but for a live railroad town, the center of what was to be a great coal trade, it would never do.

And finally, it felt so badly about it that Dr. Brownlow, mounting a platform, said:

"I propose that we take the necessary steps toward changing the name of this town, and I hope that we may name it after the two young men who have done more than all others to make it what it is, and what it promises to be:

"First, after Thomas Glen, who had the courage and genius to start a public library [applause]; second, after John Haven, who, by his untiring energy and splendid abilities, made himself master, first of one and then of many things, and, by

the light of that science he so dearly loves, guided the railroad to this town."

Then Migglesville threw up its hat and jumped after it, and the sound of many voices was heard by the lonely watchers at Kitesboro'.

And now, when Mr. John Haven, in charge of the U. S. Geological Survey in the Rocky Mountains, writes to his proud and happy parents, he does not address his letter to Migglesville, but to *Glen Haven*.

THE SPIDER AND THE TUNING-FORK.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.



The snake-charmer uses music to subdue the poisonous cobra; but that is not so very startling, for even if the snake be a horrid creature, there is something in its gliding grace which makes its

liking for the sweet notes of the flute seem almost harmonious. As for the bird, the very thought of the dainty creature brings music to the mind. Then, again, stories which tell of dogs, horses, rabbits, or mice, even, appreciating and enjoying music do not seem at all incredible. But when it comes to saying that *spiders* like music,—Well, I do say that.

A great many years ago, a prisoner of state, who was allowed to cheer the solitude of his dungeon by playing on his flute, discovered after a while that, every time he played, a great number of spiders gathered about him. When he ceased playing, his audience immediately scampered back to their webs. Since that time, the liking of spiders for music has often been tested and proved. I myself would have been glad to play for a spider audience, but, to own the sad truth, I am not well enough acquainted with any musical instrument to coax a tune out of it. I did try several times to charm spiders by whistling to them; but either it is true, as my friends say, that I do not know how to whistle, or spiders do not care for that sort of music.

Perhaps I would have given up trying to satisfy myself of the liking of spiders for music, had not a scientific gentleman of Europe given me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. Now I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. It is only necessary to hold the fork by the handle and rap one of the prongs against something hard.

I procured a tuning-fork, and then sought out a spider to experiment on. I found a handsome, brand-new web, and though I did not see Mistress

Epeira, I knew she must be at home. *Epeira diadema* is her full name, though most persons call her a garden spider. It is she who makes those beautiful, wheel-like webs which festoon the rose-bushes and trees.

As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I knew, however, she must be in her gossamer parlor, which is attached to her web, and which she uses for her own retiring-room. I am positive that the story which tells of how she invited a fly into her parlor is incorrect, for she keeps that sacred to her own use.

Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork on a stone, and in a moment a soft, melodious hum filled the air. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. On the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hesitated a moment at the outer edge of the web, and then, instead of going straight to the tuning-fork, ran to the very center of the web.

When there, she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes one after the other, and gave it a little tug, as a boy does his fishing-line to see if a fish is hooked. Each was passed by until she came to the spoke upon which the humming fork rested. There she stopped, and it was easy to see she was excited. She gave the whole web a shake; then tugged at the spoke again. "Hum-m-m-m" still sang the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was made up. Down she darted and caught the end of the fork in her arms. She tried to bite into the hard metal, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased vibrating.

I pulled the fork away, and Madame Epeira retired in disappointment to the center of the web. But if she was disappointed, so was I, for I was satisfied that it was not the music of the fork that had attracted her. Unfortunately, it was altogether too probable that she mistook the hum of the fork for the buzz of a fly,—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

Time after time I repeated the experiment with the fork, touching in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Spider was deluded into trying to capture the tuning-fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointment. If she did not become wiser, however, she certainly did become angrier at each failure to take prisoner the humming intruder into her home.

If I had known how to play the flute instead of the tuning-fork, I might have learned more about the musical tastes of spiders; but as it is, I am willing to believe what others say, that spiders do like music, and to admit that I made my experiment with the wrong instrument.

THE BROWNIES' VOYAGE.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE time, a restless Brownie band
Resolved to leave the Scottish strand,
And visit Orkney Island green,
That in the distance might be seen,
When seas were calm and fogs withdrew,
A speck above the ocean blue.

In answer to a summons wide,
The Brownies came from every side—
From hills that overlook the sea,
And from the braes of Doon and Dee;
A novel spectacle they made,
All mustered in the forest shade:
With working implements they came,
Of every fashion, use, and name—
For turn his hand a Brownie can
To all the handicrafts of man.

Soon, one who seemed to be a chief
Addressed the band in language brief:

"From lofty peaks how oft have we
Surveyed those islands in the sea,
And longed for means to thither sail
And ramble over hill and vale!
That pleasure rare we may command,
Without the aid of human hand.
So, Brownies young and Brownies old,
Prepare yourselves for action bold.
A heavy task before you lies,
That well might weaker folk surprise;
For ere the faintest streak of gray
Has advertised the coming day,
A sturdy craft, both tough and tall,
With masts and halyards, shrouds and all,

With sails to spread, and helm to guide,
Completed from the ways shall glide.
No second night may Brownies plan
To finish what the first began.

And every skillful stroke that fell
Without exception counted well.
While some were spiking planks and beams.
The calkers stuffed the yawning seams,

And poured the resin left
and right,
To make her stanch and
water-tight.
A crowd were busy bring-
ing nails,
And bolts of canvas for
the sails,
And coils of rope of every
size
To make the ratlines,
shrouds, and guys.
It mattered little whence
it came,
Or who a loss of stock
might claim ;
Supply kept even with
demand,
Convenient to the rigger's
hand.



So exercise your mystic
power
And make the most of
every hour !”

With axes, hammers,
saws, and rules,
Dividers, squares, and
boring tools,
The active Brownies
scattered 'round,
And every one his labor
found.

Some fell to chopping
down the trees,
And some to hewing
ribs and knees ;
While more the heavy
keelson made,
And fast the shapely
hull was laid.
Then over all they
clambered soon,
Like bees around their
hive in June.



'T was hammer, hammer, here and there,
And rip and racket everywhere,
As each good Brownie did his best,
Nor gave himself a moment's rest.

'T was marvelous to see how fast
The vessel was together cast ;
Now here a touch, and there a blow,
And tier on tier it seemed to grow,

Until, with all its rigs and stays,
It sat prepared to leave the ways.
It but remained to name it now,
And break a bottle on her bow,
To knock the wedges from the side,
And from the keel, and let it slide.

But, as when dangers do assail
The human kind, though some may quail,
There will be found a few to face
The danger, and redeem the race ;
So, some brave Brownies nobly stood
And manned the ship as best they could ;



And when it rode upon the sea,
The Brownies thronged the deck with glee,
And veering 'round in proper style,
They bore away for Orkney Isle.

But those who will the ocean brave
Should be prepared for wind and wave ;
For storms will rise, as many know,
When least we look for squall or blow.
And soon the sky was overcast,
And waves were running high and fast ;
Then some were sick and some were filled
With fears that all their ardor chilled ;
And some retired the decks between,
And took no interest in the scene.

Some staid on deck to sound for bars ;
Some went aloft to watch for stars ;
And some around the rudder hung,
And here and there the vessel swung .
While others, strung on yard and mast,
Kept shifting sails to suit the blast.

Now, with the keel almost in sight,
It listed left and listed right ;
At times, the stem was high in air,
And next the stern was lifted there.
So thus it tumbled, tossed, and rolled,
And shipped enough to fill the hold.
Till more than once it seemed as though
To feed the fish they all must go.

But still they bravely tacked and veered,
 And hauled, and reefed, and onward steered;
 While screaming birds around them wheeled,
 As though they thought their doom was sealed;
 And hungry gar and hopeful shark
 In shoals pursued the creaking bark,

For now the ship to ruin flew,
 As though it felt its work was through,
 And soon it stranded, pitch and toss,
 Upon the rocks, a total loss.
 The masts and spars went by the board—
 The hull was shivered like a gourd!

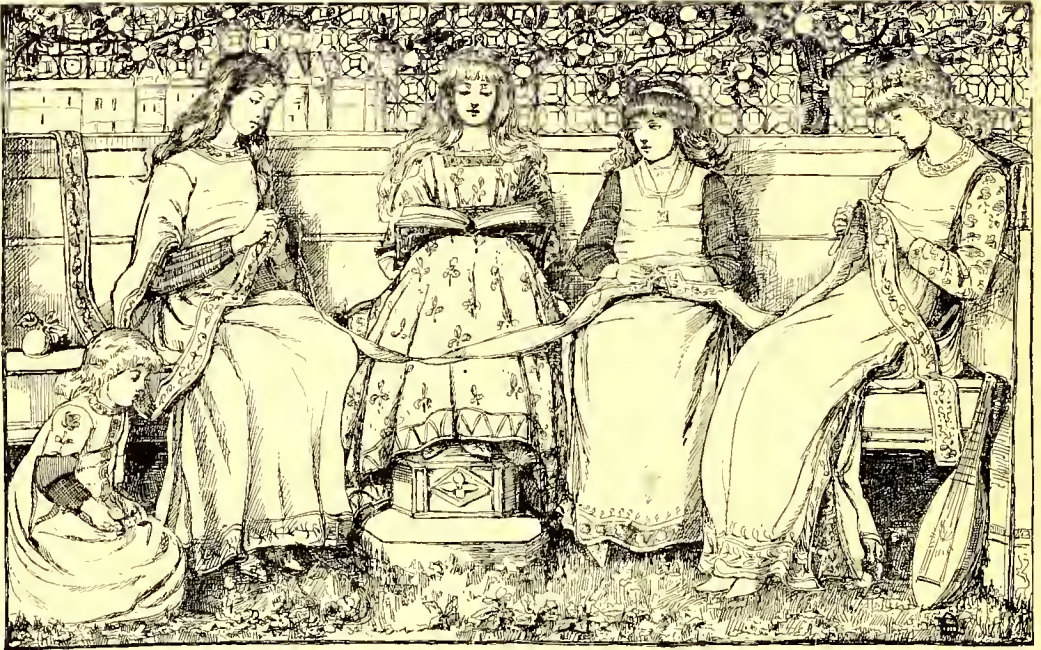


Still wondering how it braved a gale
 That might have made Columbus pale.

The rugged island, near them now,
 Was looming on their starboard bow;
 But knowing not the proper way
 Of entering its sheltered bay,
 They simply kept their canvas spread,
 And steered the vessel straight ahead.
 The birds seemed winded in the race,
 The gar and shark gave up the chase,
 And turning back, forsook the keel,
 And lost their chances of a meal.

But now, on broken plank and rail,
 On splintered spars and bits of sail
 That strewed for miles the rugged strand,
 The Brownies safely reached the land.

Now, Brownies lack the power, 't is said,
 Of duplicating aught they've made:
 When once a task is all complete,
 No more may they the work repeat.
 So all their efforts were in vain
 To build and launch a ship again;—
 And on that island, roaming 'round,
 That Brownie band may still be found.



A SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

FLOWER FANCIES.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

I. DANDELIONS.

UPON a showery night and still,
 Without a sound of warning,
 A trooper band surprised the hill,
 And held it in the morning.
 We were not waked by bugle-notes,
 No cheer our dreams invaded;
 And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
 On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
 Till one day, idly walking,
 We marked upon the self-same spot
 A crowd of veterans talking.
 They shook their trembling heads and gray
 With pride and noiseless laughter;
 When, well-a-day! they blew away,
 And ne'er were heard of, after!

II. RAGGED SAILORS.

O RAGGED, ragged Sailors!
 I pray you answer me:
 What may you all be doing
 So far away from sea?
 "We're loitering by the road-sides,
 We're lingering on the hills,

To talk with pretty Daisies
 In stiff and snowy frills.
 "And though our blue be ragged,
 Right welcome still are we
 To tell the nodding lasses
 Long tales about the sea!"

GUSTAVUS KEAN'S SPELLING.

BY J. C. MONTAGUE.

GUSTAVUS KEAN is my cousin; but that is not the reason I am writing about him. Perish the thought! I have no foolish pride in my relatives, and I relate his experiences only in the hope that they may afford warning and encouragement to other boys.

The one blight upon Gustavus Kean's young life was the shadow cast by his spelling-book. To an unprejudiced mind this book was very much like any other spelling-book, but to his agonized eye it seemed exactly five miles square, and there were days when its shadow blotted every ray of sunlight from his saddened existence. Do not jump to the hasty conclusion that Gustavus could not spell. Bless the boy! For pure brilliancy, copiousness and ease in spelling, for downright creativeness, I have never met (and I hope I never may meet) his equal. But the trouble was that these finished productions of his differed radically and entirely from the standards of good spelling as set forth in the dictionaries. Gustavus thought this little fact a trifle unworthy of his notice. He did not quarrel with those who spelled differently from him, but he pitied those narrow minds who could see beauty in only one set form. He had a broad, catholic mind, himself; he eschewed all help from spelling-books and dictionaries, and he was by all odds the very worst speller, for a boy thirteen years old, in all America.

At last, matters came to a crisis. He wrote a letter to his rich uncle in Boston, which so far exceeded any of his earlier productions that his uncle groaned and turned pale as he read it. The next day came a letter to Mrs. Kean. In it was the following paragraph:

"Gustavus's spelling is simply dreadful. It is atrocious. Something *must* be done for him, at once. If he can not be brought to look differently upon this matter, he must change his name, and I will start him on a ranch in Texas. I can not face a frowning world with the consciousness that one who passes as my nephew is densely ignorant of the very rudiments of his mother-tongue."

Naturally, this troubled Mrs. Kean very much, and when Gustavus came home late that afternoon, radiant at having beaten every boy on the block in repeated velocipede-races, and blissfully ignorant of the cruel fate in store for him, she showed him his uncle's letter, and expressed her regret at this state of things. Gustavus assumed a pensive and gently regretful attitude, and his

expression plainly said, "If Uncle Tom were not such a kind man in other matters, I could find it in my heart to scorn him for his narrow-mindedness in this particular." His father talked to him long and seriously; his mother grew pathetic, and worked upon his finer feelings to such an extent that he was on the verge of tears. But just at this moment his elder sister unfortunately remarked that a bad speller was a positive disgrace to a family, which so restored his moral tone, and roused the slumbering pride within him, that he gathered his almost shattered forces together, delivered an oration of great length and fire, hurled defiance at all makers of dictionaries, and finally left the room with much pomp and dignity.

Nevertheless, the next morning he carried to school a note from his mother, which implored his teacher to give the most rigorous and unceasing attention to his spelling, in future; and from that hour Gustavus Kean was a blighted boy. Column after column of words did he learn by heart one day, only to entirely forget them in less than twenty-four hours. Sheet after sheet of paper did he cover with dictation exercises; letter after letter did he write to imaginary relatives from imaginary resting-places in Europe. And all to no purpose. Gustavus and the covers of his spelling-book grew limp together, and he had exactly seventy-six mistakes in his last exercise. Almost every day he was "kept in" at school during the pleasantest hours of the afternoon, and the haunts of his former playgrounds knew him no more. Another boy won the championship of the velocipede-races; and one day, when the boys were having a snow-ball fight, Charlie Aiken broke a pane of glass in one of old Mr. Blanchard's windows, and Gustavus—oh, bitter thought!—was not there to see the scrimmage which followed.

Matters went on in this way for quite awhile, the heart of Gustavus growing daily more heavy within him, and his frequent wish being that his existence had never entered into the plan of Providence. At last, a very little thing caused an explosion. His teacher pleasantly informed him that "clam" was not spelled "clam^b." Here Gustavus felt himself touched at a tender point. He had been fond of clam-soup all his life, and he had always spelled the word "clamb." He could not bring himself to believe that he was wrong. There was a strange error somewhere, but assuredly *he* was not the person at fault—it must be the teacher! He

argued the point well and brilliantly; but, like Pharaoh of old, the teacher's mind seemed hardened, and she would not be convinced. The argument soon grew more heated, a stormy scene followed, and I should not like to tell you how many times he was obliged, that afternoon, to write the word clam on the blackboard—*without* the final "b."

Bitterness had now eaten into the very soul of Gustavus. He went home late that afternoon, bristling with defiance, and breathing fire and fury against all mankind. His further proceedings were wrapped in mystery; he avoided his parents and sister, and the gloom and ceremony with which he bade the cook good-night, as she met him coming out of the store-room, would have made the fortune of any tragic actor. As his parents were occupied with visitors, he was enabled to carry out his own designs unmolested, and to his great satisfaction. Later than usual he went to bed; a few last preparations were made, the light was put out, and quiet settled down upon the little hall bedroom on the third story.

Mrs. Kean looked in on her son and heir, as was her custom, before going to her own room for the night. She lighted the gas, and there lay the young Gustavus curled into a ball of rosy comfort, sleeping the sleep of the just, and dreaming as placidly of the new goat and cart he hoped to have in the spring, as if he were not the projector of dark and deadly schemes for the morrow. Mrs. Kean gazed at him with pride and affection: for, strange as it may appear to outsiders, mothers do seem to be fond of their boys, even if they are bad spellers.

But why did she suddenly look surprised and startled?

There, carefully spread on a chair, lay Gustavus's Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes in formidable array, and on the floor, at the foot of his bed, stood an immense, covered peach-basket—a veteran that had seen much service, and the stability of the handle of which could not be counted upon. And what a medley of things in the basket!—A pair of stout trousers, and a blue flannel shirt with red lacings, and a large red neck-tie.—Gustavus always had a fine eye for color,—a red polo-cap, a small hatchet, some nails and cord, crackers, potted meat, a small box of guava jelly, and a conspicuous absence of under-clothes. This plainly indicated a trip to Texas, and preparations for ranch-life.

Next came an autograph album, an old opera-glass of his sister's (with a cracked lens), a paper of morning-glory seeds, and a Jew's-harp,—and, at the very bottom of the basket, dirtier and limper than ever, lay the despised spelling-book.

Plainly, Gustavus did not intend to neglect the arts and sciences in his new life.

Naturally, Mrs. Kean was very much troubled at this discovery, and I think she must have indulged in a little cry, and so dimmed her eyesight, otherwise she would never have dropped the opera-glass on the floor. Of course the noise awoke Gustavus. For one blessed moment he thought it must be Christmas-eve, and that his mother was arranging his presents by his bedside, according to her time-honored custom. But this sweetly consoling thought was quickly dispelled by his eye falling on the hatchet. He took in the situation at once, and saw that, for the present, he was the hero of a lost cause.

He rose to explain his position with dignity; but when his mother, in a very soft and muffled voice, exclaimed:

"Oh, Gustavus! How could you think of leaving me?" he was cut to the quick at the thought of his base ingratitude, and, lifting up his voice, he wept.

What a pathetic scene then followed! I think that I could wring your very heart-strings if I chose to describe it; but I will spare you. I will merely say that they had a good, comfortable crying-time together; that Gustavus explained all his woes to his mother, even to the recent clam-insult, and vowed with ardor that nothing but the most unheard-of course of severity from his teacher, and the blackest dejection on his own part, could have induced him to look with favor upon the Texas scheme.

His mother gave him the fullest sympathy, but at the same time impressed upon him the necessity of the stand which his teacher had taken. Gustavus was in a wondrously meek and impressionable state of mind,—the exertion of packing that basket had been too much for his nervous system,—and, for once in his life, he felt that the arguments of the other side might deserve some attention. A delicate suggestion that a little less obstinacy and greater application to study might appreciably soften the hardness of his lot, was received with favor, and Gustavus went to sleep for the second time that night, at peace with all mankind, with his spelling-book under his pillow, and a firm resolution lodged in his manly breast to get up early the next morning, and learn all the easy words in the dictionary beginning with "q," before breakfast-time.

Gustavus felt a little delicacy about meeting the family the next morning; but, to his great relief, no notice was taken of his adventurous schemes, and joy and serenity reigned at the family board. A fearful pang seized him at school when he opened his lunch-basket and saw that identical box

of guava jelly staring him in the face. For a moment it seemed as if he should be catch up with remorse; but the proud consciousness that he had not missed one word in his spelling-lesson that day revived his drooping spirits, and he quickly decided that the jelly, and not he, should be the victim, and that remorse must look out for itself.

That night, as he lay on the rug before the fire in his sister's room, she ventured to say:

"Why were you going to take your spelling-book with you, Gustavus? I thought that was just the sort of thing you were trying to get away from."

Gustavus looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then replied, with fine scorn:

"That's just like a girl! They always think a fellow does n't care anything about his education unless he grinds away at it all the time. Of course, I always intended to learn how to spell, *sometime*."

After this cutting rebuke, there was silence for a few minutes; then, with the courage of one willing to die in the pursuit of knowledge, she persisted in questioning him, further, about his projected plans.

At first she was met with proud reserve; but finally he melted, and told her that it was his uncle's letter which had suggested the Texas plan. It was his idea to work his way out West, and then take possession of a ranch, and build himself a

log-hut. He was greatly surprised to hear that a ranch was not a well-cultivated plot of ground, inclosed by handsome iron railings and well stocked with cattle, ready to be taken possession of by the first boy who made his appearance from the East. (His ideas were largely colored by recollections of visits to the zoological gardens.)

A half-hour's talk with his sister gave him a surprising amount of information. He saw, with the keenest regret, that things are not what they seem, and that under no circumstances could he make the Texan trip in the simple, airy, unencumbered way which he had intended to go. Traveling with even a small trunk had no charms for his Bohemian soul, and so the whole delightful plan vanished into thin air, and nothing was left him but a prosaic city life and a spelling-book.

But stop! there was that goat and cart yet to live for—the one dream of his young life! And the dream proved a reality, too; for Gustavus worked diligently during the rest of the winter (that is, most of the time, for there were days when his studious spirit took a vacation, and his mischievous genius and he sallied forth together, striking terror to the hearts of all who met them). But he finally succeeded in sending such a correct and elegant epistle to Boston, that, in the spring, his uncle presented him with the coveted treasures.

The cart could hold four boys, and the goat answered to the name of Texas.

DAISY TIME.

BY FLETA FORRESTER.

DAISY TIME has come again!

Daisies, sweet and bright,
Turn their round, white faces up
To meet and kiss the light.

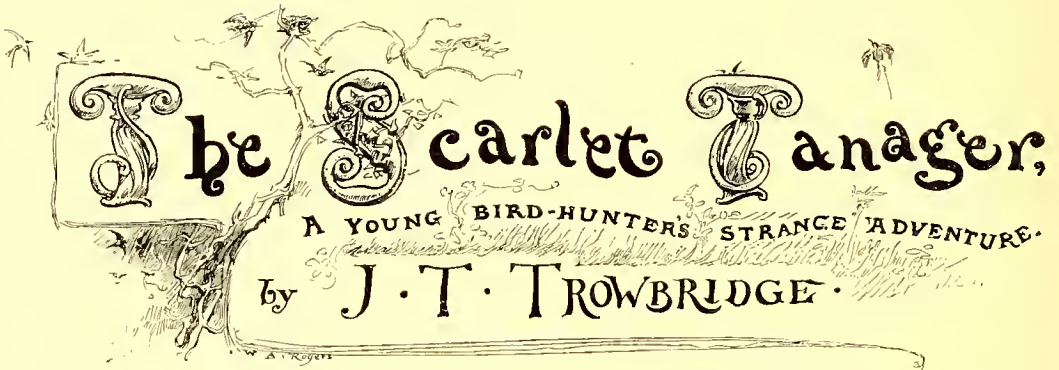
Just as troops of children come,—
Come to gaze and stare,—
So the wistful daisy faces
Meet you everywhere!

Daisies play bo-peep with you
At every fence you pass;

Steal into your garden beds
And creep into your grass.

Daisies on the hill-side;
Daisies on the plain;
Through so close, one can but think
The snow is there again!

Strolling through the meadow,
Scattered by the brook;
Daisies, daisies everywhere!
Whichever way you look!



The Scarlet Tanager,

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW GASPAR BROKE HIS PROMISE.



SAID, everything was going on favorably. But it could not be expected that a boy like Gaspar would change the habits of his life and his whole mode of thought in a day or a week. He was impatient to see the promised certificate, the idea of which tickled his boyish pride; and as he did not know the reason why it

was delayed, he more than once had resolved to break off his connection with the school-master and go back to his wild associates.

His behavior to his parents was a little more considerate than it had been; but it was still perverse. The minister was a rather silent man, and he had so long regarded his son with gloomy dissatisfaction, that he could not easily take the first steps toward a better understanding. Yet his heart had softened toward him, and he, too, with the mother, hoped for good results from the teacher's influence.

A little more than a week had passed. It was Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Heth was absent from home, when Gaspar took his gun and started for the woods; there was a load in it, which he wished to fire off. His sister Ella called after him.

"You are not going a-hunting, are you?" she asked.

"I am. What have you got to say about it?" he retorted haughtily.

She was a year and a half younger than he, but old enough to see how wrong his conduct often was, and to wish he would mend it.

"Now, Gaspar," she cried, "you know it is n't right! Papa said you must be sure to trim those borders, for to-morrow is Sunday."

"There 'll be time enough for the borders when I get back," he scowlingly replied. "So don't fret, little school-ma'am."

"That's what you always say, 'time enough.' You put off your work to the last, and then it is never done. You 'll not touch those borders to-day, I know you 'll not," she cried, "if you don't do them now."

"You 'll see! I can't be gone long, for I've no ammunition. I am not to be ordered around by you, anyhow!" And Gaspar stalked off.

"Don't say anything more to him," the mother called to Ella. "He will have his way."

"I suppose so," said Ella; "he always has had it, and he always will have it. But it provokes me!" And she stood in the door-way, gazing after him with sparkling dark eyes.

In the lane leading to the wood, Gaspar caught glimpses of a ragged fellow lurking behind some bushes.

"Hallo, Pete!" he cried. "What are you hiding there? Where did you get that melon?" he added, as Pete Cheevy, recognizing him, came out from his ambush with a cantaloupe in his grimy hands.

"Found it rollin' up hill lookin' fer an owner," said the grinning Pete. "Sit down here, an' we 'll rip it open an' hev a jolly treat."

It was a temptation. But Gaspar had been shunning the Cheevy urchin for a week, and he was not to be drawn back to him now by the bribe of a melon which he knew must have been stolen.

"No, thank you," he replied, walking on.

“Thought you tol’ me las’ Sat’d day you wer’ n’t go’n’ ter shoot any more birds, now ’t they talk o’ tight’nin’ up the law on ’em,” observed Pete.

“I ’m not,” said Gaspar, thinking how Pete and the other fellows would envy him when he had his certificate. “But I may pick up a blue jay; there’s no law about them.”

“I ’ll go ’long with ye, ’f ye want me ter,” Pete proposed.

Gaspar reflected that the egg-hunting season was over, and he needed no assistance in climbing trees.

“Say, shell uh?” (Ragged urchin’s phrase for “shall I.”)

“Not with that melon,” Gaspar replied significantly.

“Never mind the melon! I ’ll hide it till we come ’long back.” But as Gaspar walked on without more words, Pete bawled after him: “Seems t’ me somebody ’s awful stiff all t’ once! Go ’long ’th yer o’ gun! I don’ wan’ ter shoot it. An’ ye shan’t hev any o’ my mushmelon, neither.”

He pulled out from the pocket of his tattered trousers a knife with half a blade, and proceeded to “rip it open,” as he phrased it, under a clump of bushes, where he regaled himself, devouring greedily all the good part of the melon and throwing away the rinds. Then he rose up, stretched himself, wiped his fingers on his trousers and his face on his sleeve, and hardly knowing what else to do for amusement that afternoon, followed Gaspar up into the woods.

“Pleg’ on the feller! dunno’ what ’s got inter him!” he muttered. “He ’ll come roun’ mebbly, ’f I ask him ’f he don’t want any kingfisher’s eggs; he was pesterin’ me fer ’em, las’ month.”

The woods were very still that afternoon, and Gaspar went a long way without seeing or hearing any but the commonest birds. Not a woodpecker drummed, not a jay screamed. But at length, when he was about a mile from home, in the most ancient part of the forest, where still a few very old trees grew along with those of a younger generation, his quick ear detected a sound which made him stop short and raise his gun.

It was something like a robin’s song, and yet he knew it was not a robin’s. Two or three times before, he had heard it in deep woods, and had caught glimpses of the brilliant plumage of the bird which uttered it. It came now from the sun-spotted foliage high above his head, into which he gazed eagerly, trembling with excitement, sure that a prize which he had long sought in vain was at last within his reach.

The song was repeated, and then something like a winged flame darted among the branches; only the wings were not flame-like. Black wings

and tail, and a body as red as fire,—O joy! It was the one bird he most desired of all, so rare in all that region: *the Scarlet Tanager!*

I can not say that Gaspar forgot his promise to the master. But though his permit had not come, he believed it ought to have come; “and it’s probably on the way now, if it’s coming at all,” he reasoned, while he watched eagerly for a good shot. “Anyhow, I ’m not going to let a male Scarlet Tanager escape me, permit or no permit, law or no law!”

He saw a movement of the bright carmine breast through a screen of leaves, drew a quick aim, and fired.

The bird dropped from its perch, but seemed to partially recover the use of its wings before it had fallen far, and alighted, or rather lodged, in the fork of one of the largest old trees in the forest.

It was an oak, the main stem of which had, years before, been broken off about twenty feet from the ground. But from that point two living limbs still grew, one very large, branching toward the south, and a smaller one pushing out in the opposite direction; both rising high among the surrounding tree-tops.

It was in the hollow between these two limbs that the bird had fallen, and well out of sight, as Gaspar found by walking two or three times around the tree.

“A rare bird like that—it is too bad to lose it!” he said, gazing wistfully up at the spot. “But of course nobody can shin up a trunk like that. What a fool I was, not to let Pete come with me! I would make him help me bring a ladder; or he might get on that smaller limb from the branches of this little pine. Pete ’s such an exasperating fellow!” he exclaimed impatiently. “Why is n’t he here when he ’s wanted?”

Having no second charge for his gun, he laid it on a mossy log, where he sat down to wait for the bird to show itself again, and to consider what he should do.

CHAPTER V.

PETE CHEEVY AND THE GUN.

At dusk that evening, the minister in his dressing gown, with his black study-cap on his head,—for he was bald,—was pacing to and fro before his door, when Mr. Pike came in at the gate.

Mr. Heth looked up quickly, with a perturbed and lowering face, as if expecting somebody else, and at sight of the school-master made an effort to appear unconcerned and gracious.

After a few commonplace words of greeting had been passed between them, Mr. Pike, declining an invitation to enter the house, took an envelope from his pocket, saying :

"I have called to see Gaspar ; I have something which I think will please him."

"What is it?" the minister demanded sharply.

"The permit I promised him," replied the caller, wondering what new shadow of trouble had come over the household, "the permit from the Natural History Society."

"He don't deserve it!" Mr. Heth broke forth, with strong feeling. "He is the most undutiful, ungrateful boy I ever saw! I wonder at myself for expecting better things of him, after his behavior in the past."

Surprised and pained, the master could only ask : "Has anything new occurred, Mr. Heth?"

"Nothing new," re-

plied the agitated father.

"It's the same old story.

But it is all the more exasperating just at this time, when we had hopes — were beginning to have hopes, — after your talks with him, and his improved behavior, as if he really meant to do better, — but I give him up! I give him up! I find I can place no reliance whatever upon him."

"I can't bear to think he has driven you to that conclusion," said the master, in tones of sympathy and distress. "Where is he now?"

"That's what I don't know. I have n't seen him since I left home at about two o'clock. I gave him a light task to do, — a very light task, — but told him to be sure to do it; for I wished to try him again and see if there was any conscience or obedience in the boy. He promised heartily;

but at about three o'clock he took his gun and went off — no one knows where. His sister Ella reminded him of his work; but he answered her in his usual way, — that he would be back in time for it, that it was no affair of hers, and that she

was n't his guardian, — or in words to that effect. He has not been home since."

"He must return now very soon," observed the school-master. "It is too late to shoot anything."

"And it is too late to do his work," said the minister. He may come now when he pleases. I could almost say, in my wrath and grief, that I care little whether he comes at all. But no, no! In spite of everything, I still have his good at heart. Come in. His mother will be glad to see you. By your interest in him, misplaced as it has been, you have won something more than her esteem."

"I can not think my interest has been misplaced," Mr. Pike replied, rallying from his first discouragement. "I have great confidence that a boy of his fine ability and love of nature will come out all right. I think something has occurred to detain him. I will go in and wait a little while."



"'HOW ABOUT THAT GUN?' DEMANDED MR. CHEEVY." (SEE PAGE 617.)

He remained an hour, — two hours. It was half-past nine o'clock, and Gaspar had not returned. It was not an unusual thing for the boy to be absent so late, although that had commonly happened, heretofore, when he had gone out after

supper. He did not often get his supper away from home, and the evening meal was something that held an important place in his esteem. Mr. Pike could not wonder that Mrs. Heth was growing more and more anxious for her son's safety.

"Pete Cheevy, if anybody, will be apt to know where he is," she remarked, as the visitor at last rose to go.

"I think so," said he, "and if there is a light in the house as I go up the street, I will call and make inquiries."

The Cheevys lived in a little old house under the brow of a wooded hill that rose abruptly, with steep, half-hidden ledges, a few rods back from the street. There was no light visible as Mr. Pike approached the place, and he concluded that the family had gone to bed. But looking back, after he had passed, he saw a glow in an upper room under the low gable, the window of which was open.

He hesitated a minute, unwilling to disturb the family; but seeing a shadow pass the window, and thinking the chamber might be Pete's, he entered the yard and leaned against a bank-wall under the cliff. The moon was just rising; the rocks and overhanging woods were picturesquely touched with light; but everything was still, except for the sound of the master's own movements and the shrill notes of the tree-crickets.

Again the shadow crossed the casement, and to make sure that it was Pete in the room, the master mounted the bank-wall. He was rewarded for the effort by seeing our young acquaintance, by the light of a not very brilliant lamp, performing some queer antics with a gun; now petting it as if it were some living creature, now taking aim at some imaginary game, and again trying the lock as if he found in its mechanism a wonderful fascination.

"One would think he had never seen a gun before," the master said to himself, standing high on the bank to get a better view. "Peter!" he called, in a loud whisper.

Peter did not hear; he was pulling up the hammer for another imaginary shot. This time his game seemed to be out of the window, toward which he made a sudden dash, pointing the muzzle in the direction of the school-master.

"Peter!" called the latter, in a sharp, warning voice.

Pete stopped as if he himself had received a

shot, and in an instant boy and gun had disappeared in the chamber. Mr. Pike waited in silence, and in a little while saw a head cautiously advance to the casement and peer out into the half-moon-lit night.



PETE FINDS GASPAR'S GUN. (SEE PAGE 617.)

"Peter!" The head drew quickly back. "Peter Cheevy!" Peter now came again to the window, but without the gun.

"Who be ye, 'n' wha' d' ye want?" he said, in a startled voice.

"I am Mr. Pike, and I want to know if you have seen Gaspar Heth this afternoon?"

"Me? How sh'd I see him? D'd you say Gaspar Heth?"

"Yes, I did say Gaspar Heth," said the master. "Where did you see him last?"

"Dunno. Have n't seen him lately—not much—not very lately. Though I b'lieve I did," Pete continued, recovering from his embarrassment, and assuming a tone of the utmost candor,—“now I rec'lect, I did see him goin' up into the woods to-day.”

"What time?"

"I dunno. Some time t'day. Guess this aft'noon. Yes, I 'm sure 't was this aft'noon. Why?"

"Because he has n't come home, and his folks are anxious about him."

"Be they? Sho! Guess Gap Heth can take care o' himself; he generly 'most alluz could. He 's nobody's fool, Gap Heth!" observed Pete, philosophically.

"Did he have his gun with him?" the school-master inquired.

"I disremember; somehow I can't rec'lect 'bout

the gun. Though 't seems t' me he *did* hev his gun. Yes, I 'm pretty sure on 't, come t' think."

"And you went a little way with him?"

"Me? No, I jes' did n't! Ketch me! Gap Heth 's snubbed me lately, 'n' I 'm not go'n' to tag aft' him!"

"What has he snubbed you for?"

"What fer? I don't know, 'n' I don't care! Talks 'bout you 'n' some folks screwin' up the law on bird-huntin'. That don't trouble me. Bird's-egg'in' time 's over, 'n' I don't shoot."

"Don't shoot?" cried the master. "I imagined you did, by the way I saw you handling your gun just now."

Pete made no reply to this simple remark; and if the light had been favorable for such a display, he might have been seen to roll his eyes and open his mouth with a ghostly attempt at a grin.

"So you have n't seen him since this afternoon, when he was going into the woods?" urged the master. "You are very sure?"

"Oh, yis! pos'tive sure!" Pete exclaimed, as if relieved to have the conversation come back to the main topic. "Tell ye 'f I hed; course I would! why should n't I?"

Although suspicious that the boy knew something about Gaspar that he was unwilling to tell, Mr. Pike did not press him further with questions: nor did he think it necessary to go back and inform the Heths of the ill success of his attempt to get news of their son.

CHAPTER VI.

MASTER PETE EXPLAINS.

THE next morning, however, on his way to church, the master turned in at the parsonage gate. He felt sure the boy must be at home by that time; but the first anxious face that met him at the door told a different tale.

It was the face of the mother. "Have you heard from him?" she tremulously inquired.

"Not a word, except that the Cheevy boy saw him going into the woods yesterday afternoon."

As he followed her into the entry, she said to him, with quivering lips, "Do you believe it possible he has run away?"

No, he could not believe that.

"Or that he has met with some accident—with his gun?"

Mr. Pike thought that more probable, but refrained from saying so.

"I don't know what to think," he replied. "I will walk up into the woods and see if I can find any trace of him."

"His father has already been to look for him,"

said Mrs. Heth. "We had a terrible night; and at daylight he set off, exploring the woods and calling at neighbors' houses, where our poor boy might have been seen. But Mr. Heth came home all tired out. He is lying down now for a little rest. How he is going to get through his sermon this forenoon, I don't know."

Although these words were spoken in a fluttering voice, hardly above a whisper, they roused the minister in his room above, and he called from the door:

"Is that Gaspar, or any news of him?"

"No; it is Mr. Pike; he is going into the woods to look for Gaspar," replied Mrs. Heth.

"It's no use," the minister replied. "I believe the boy has taken himself out of the way."

Nevertheless, Mr. Pike went to the woods, and spent the time he had intended for church in searching rocks and hollows for what he dreaded to find.

Mrs. Heth remained at home, vainly hoping to see her son come back. But the father, mastering his agitation, and nerving himself for the performance of duty, stood that morning as usual in the pulpit and bravely went through with prayer and sermon,—a pathetic figure to those who knew what grief and apprehension were at his heart.

In the meanwhile the school-master, having spent an hour in unavailing search, bethought him to find Pete Cheevy again, in order to get that experienced youth to show him some of Gaspar's favorite haunts.

Pete was not at home; but his father was, a sort of enlarged edition of Pete himself,—slouching, tattered, unkempt,—who stared innocently enough when told of Gaspar's disappearance.

"I had n't heard a word on 't!" he said.

"I supposed everybody in town had heard of it by this time. And I should think Pete would have told you," remarked the school-master.

"Guess Pete don't know it," replied the elder Cheevy, standing in his door-way, and fumbling his unbuttoned vest.

"Oh, yes, he does; for I stopped last night and told him Gaspar had n't been heard from at half-past nine o'clock."

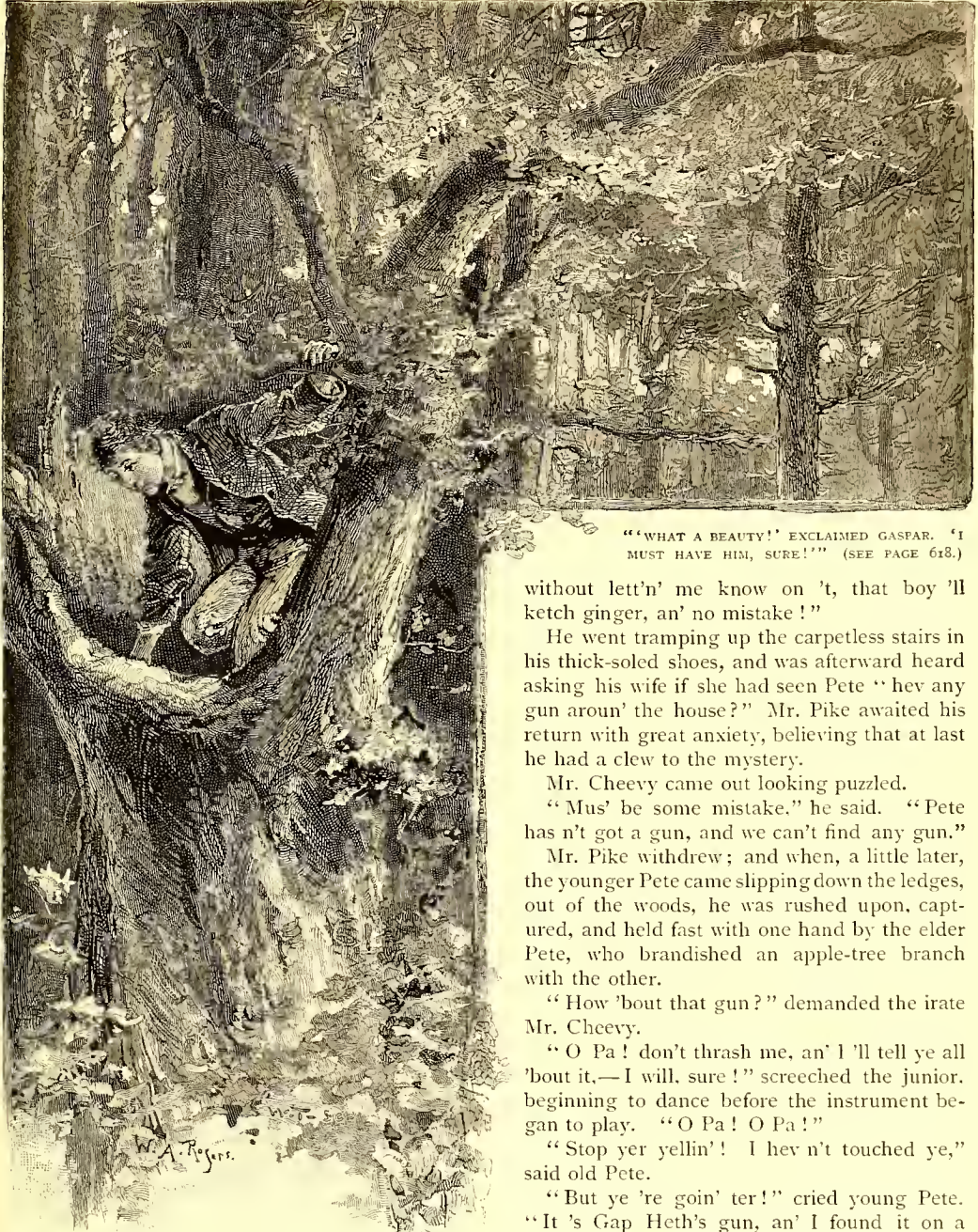
"Half-pas' nine? What 're ye talkin' 'bout? My boy was a-bed and asleep 'fore that time."

"I beg your pardon," said the master, "I saw him through the window, in his room, playing with his gun."

"Ye 're gett'n' things mixed up now, fer cert'n!" said the paternal Cheevy. "My boy has n't any gun."

A sudden suspicion flashed across the master's mind. He was silent for a moment. Then he said:

"I can't be mistaken about the gun; and I



“WHAT A BEAUTY!” ENCLAMED GASPAR. “I MUST HAVE HIM, SURE!” (SEE PAGE 618.)

without lett’n’ me know on ’t, that boy ’ll ketch ginger, an’ no mistake !”

He went tramping up the carpetless stairs in his thick-soled shoes, and was afterward heard asking his wife if she had seen Pete “ hev any gun aroun’ the house?” Mr. Pike awaited his return with great anxiety, believing that at last he had a clew to the mystery.

Mr. Cheevy came out looking puzzled.

“Mus’ be some mistake.” he said. “Pete has n’t got a gun, and we can’t find any gun.”

Mr. Pike withdrew; and when, a little later, the younger Pete came slipping down the ledges, out of the woods, he was rushed upon, captured, and held fast with one hand by the elder Pete, who brandished an apple-tree branch with the other.

“How ’bout that gun?” demanded the irate Mr. Cheevy.

“O Pa! don’t thrash me, an’ I ’ll tell ye all ’bout it,—I will, sure!” screeched the junior, beginning to dance before the instrument began to play. “O Pa! O Pa!”

“Stop yer yellin’! I hev n’t touched ye,” said old Pete.

“But ye ’re goin’ ter!” cried young Pete. “It ’s Gap Heth’s gun, an’ I found it on a log in the woods yest’day, an’ I jes’ brought it hum to keep it fer him, ’s sure as I live an’ breathe this minute!”

“Be them the fac’s?” said the father. “Don’t you dare try to give me anythin’ else but the genooine fac’s! No triflin’ with *me*, you know.”

think you will find it in his room now, if you will go and look. I certainly saw it last night.”

“Can’t be!” said the elder Cheevy. “But I ’ll go ’n’ look, an’ if I find he ’s keep’n’ a gun

As the instrument seemed about to strike up a vivacious air, Pete danced again, swinging around the circle of which the radius was the paternal arm. At last, when he seemed to be sufficiently terrified to tell the truth, he was ordered to "stan' still an' tell it." This was his statement:

"I saw Gap a-goin' up int' the woods with his gun, an' by 'n' by I follered him; but I could n't get a sight on him, no way; I never saw him once, an' I dunno where he went. But over by Bingham's Swamp I came across his gun a-layin' on a log; an' he was n't anywheres aroun', an' there was n't anybody in sight, an' I'd never had a gun, an' that seemed my only chance, an' I took it."

"Hooked it, you mis'ble man's boy!" exclaimed old Pete.

"I did n't mean it fer hookin'; I *found* it!" young Pete exclaimed.

"Wall, that 's another thing," said the father, softening. "Anybody 's lib'le to *find* things. But why did n't you tell *me*?"

"I did n't know 's ye 'd lemme keep it," whimpered the boy.

"Now see what a scrape you 're gettin' inter by not tellin'!" said his father. "When School-master Pike talked about your gun this mornin', I told him, o' course, that you had n't any gun.—Where is 't now?"

"I got scared, an' hid it under some bushes up int' the woods, fus' thing this mornin'. Old Pickrel scared me las' night."

"Wall, you get it, an' kerry 't back to where ye found it, lively! I don't want any boy o' mine hauled up fer findin' things that there 's go'n' to be so much fuss about as there is 'bout this, now Gap has got lost. Don't you see, if anything's happened ter him, ye might be put in jail fer murder? S'pose he 's found shot, an' his gun found in your hands!—Now you scamper an' git rid on't in a hurry; an' mind, ye leave it jes' where you found it. Now scud!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOLLOW TREE.

OWING to the terrors of the situation, Pete had told a tolerably straightforward story. He had found the gun on a log, in the way he described. It was the same mossy log upon which Gaspar had sat down to wait for the scarlet tanager to show itself again, and to consider what he should do.

As the bird did not show itself, and as he knew nothing of Pete's following him into the woods, he finally said to himself: "I guess what Pete can do, I can do. I know he could shin up this pine and get off on the oak, and I believe I can."

It was a slender pine, about eight inches through, with a tendency to die at the top, which top, by the way, had had the misfortune to be thrust up into the branches of larger and taller trees. One of these was the great oak with the broken stem, at the summit of which, in the fork of the trunk, the scarlet tanager had lodged.

Gaspar himself was a good climber, as well as a resolute boy. He laid his gun across the log, hugged the pine with knees and arms, and began to work his way upward. He reached the branches without difficulty, and scrambled through them into the scraggly top, above which the smaller limb of the oak made a tremendous sweep, nearly twenty feet from the broken trunk.

In passing the dead, or dying, twigs of the pine-tops, he lost his cap, which lodged in them. "Never mind," he said, "I can get that on my way back." He looked over at the fork of the huge oak, but could not see his bird,—only the decayed hollow into which it had fallen. To reach it, by clasping the limb curved above him, and descending over that, in mid-air, was a feat which made him hesitate. Then he said, "Here goes!" and balancing himself in the pine-top, he stretched up his arms until he could clasp them securely over the oaken limb.

After his arms, up went his legs; and holding fast to the branch with hands and feet, he began to work his way down to the trunk, pausing to look back at the pine, and assure himself that his return that way would be safe.

"Yes," he said, "I can get back as easily as I came." And he slipped daringly down the great limb to the fork.

On reaching it, he found that the broken stem contained, inside the ring of living wood and bark, a rotten cavity, into which the bird must have disappeared. The hole was large at the top, but it narrowed below; and there, looking down, he saw his bird clinging with half-spread wings to the decayed lining of the trunk.

"What a beauty!" he exclaimed; "I must have him, sure!"

He rested, with one arm about the limb he had descended, and cautiously thrust the other down into the hollow. With his utmost straining he could not reach the prize with his hand. "Perhaps," thought he, "I can reach him with my foot."

So he got one leg into the cavity, and put it carefully down, his object being to place his foot beneath the bird, which seemed stupefied or exhausted, and force it gently upward.

"If he flies out," reasoned the boy, "he will fall to the ground, and I can catch him."

But instead of flying out, the tanager, roused by

the pressure of the foot, fluttered still further down, and clung again to a projection of the decayed lining.

"I shall lose him that way," Gaspar exclaimed. "I shall lose him anyway, unless I can reach him with my hand. I wish I had a string or something to make a slip-noose!"

The sight of the rich red body and velvety black tail and wings inspired him with that enthusiastic eagerness to possess the specimen which only a naturalist can understand.

Then he ventured on a rash undertaking, believing that he could let himself down into the hollow beside the bird until it would be easy to grasp it. This he did, forcing his toes into the rotten wood — if anything so far gone in decay can be called wood — and keeping as firm a hold as he could of the top of the opening.

When he thought he had gone far enough, he held on by his feet and one upstretched hand, and reached down with the other. There was the bird still; but he had hardly touched it, when it fluttered off again, and he made a sudden, fatal movement to grasp its wing.

The hold of hand and feet on the decayed wood gave way, and he slipped down into the narrow part of the cavity.

There, by desperately spreading legs and arms, and clutching his fingers into the soft lining, he managed for awhile to support himself.

He looked up; his head was about three feet from the top of the opening. It was impossible to seize the rotten rim again. The space below was large enough to let his body slide down, but too small to allow him to use his legs and feet to any advantage. And the punk-like substance into which he thrust his fingers was too slight to yield him much support.

He had been terrified by his first slip. And now he began to realize the horror of his situation.

He could wedge his knees and elbows into the cavity so that the slipping was arrested. But it began again the moment he tried to work his way upward.

There seemed to be nothing he could do but to hold himself in place and scream for help. And scream he did, with what strength he had left. But he soon perceived the futility of any such efforts. His voice was projected upward into the forest-tops and pitiless blue sky; it could not have been heard far in any other direction.

It was a terrible moment to a boy so full of life and hope but a little while before, but whom a sudden and awful death now threatened.

His strength began to fail; he could not even scream any more; he could only think. And all the while he was slowly slipping, slipping.

He thought of his home, which he had often threatened to leave in hate and scorn, but which appeared a paradise to him now. — If he were only there again! It seemed far off and strange; while his collections of birds and eggs, lately so real and all-important to him, faded into a sickening dream.

Then he thought of his parents, whose kindness he had so often repaid with ingratitude, and he called out in his agony:

"O Father! help me! help! help!"

But his father was probably at that moment riding quietly along the village street, thinking perhaps of his perverse son, whom he had left at home to do a trifling task which that son had neglected, and now could never do.

He remembered the prayers his mother taught him in childhood to repeat, but which he had utterly neglected in his later reckless years. He wished he could pray now, for perhaps the angels might help him. But it seemed to him as if he had never prayed; certainly his heart and soul had never gone into a prayer as they did now into the mere wish that he might pray.

All this time he felt himself slipping, slipping. The tree was probably hollow to the root. Death in that horrible depth seemed certain. And who would ever think of looking for him there?

After a long while, his absence would excite alarm. The woods would be searched, and his gun might be found on the log below there. But would even that give his friends a clue to his fate?

He remembered that, to an observer on the ground, there was no visible sign that the tree had an opening at the top; and who would dream of his having climbed that enormous trunk?

"Oh, why did n't I let Pete come with me?" he said despairingly, little suspecting that Pete was even then prowling in the woods, listening to hear his gun.

Still, inch by inch, he knew that he was slipping, slipping, slipping.

If he only had room to use his knees and feet! If he could clutch with his fingers some solid support! The top of the cavity was so near! why could he not reach it?

"I must! I will!" he cried out, in a choked and stifled voice, and nerved himself for a last determined struggle.

It seemed for a minute that he was actually making progress upward; and he quickened his efforts with the energy of desperation. Then all at once something seemed to give way with his strength, and he had a sense of sliding rapidly, his fingers tearing from their hold, his nails from their sockets, and soul and body rushing down into darkness.

A PAGE FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.



"THE FELLOWS AT SCHOOL CALL ME A GIRL 'CAUSE I WEAR DRESSES." (DRAWN FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY A GIRL OF TEN.)

A VALENTINE.

BY PAUL HOFFMAN, aged eleven years.

I KNOW a little girl,
 But I wont tell who.
 Her hair is yellow gold,
 Her eyes are pretty blue;
 Her smile is ever sweet,
 And her heart is very true.
 Such a pretty little girl,—
 But I wont tell who.

I see her every day,
 But I wont tell where.
 It may be in the lane
 By the elm-tree there;

Or it may be in the garden
 By the roses fair.
 Such a pretty little girl,—
 But I wont tell where.

I 'll marry her some day,
 But I wont tell when.
 And I 'll be very rich,
 And have millions then;
 And she 'll have all she wants,
 Which is more than I can ken.
 Such a pretty little girl,—
 But I wont tell when.

MARGARET'S "FAVOR-BOOK."

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

MARGARET DANA was one of the practical, earnest girls who are always ready to try new things, and ambitious to make the most of every opportunity. She had one trial, and that was, that her father would not let people call her Maggie, or Marguerite, or Daisy, or Pearl, or Madge, or anything but plain Margaret. That had been his mother's name, and he said it was good enough for her grand-daughter, without any modern improvements. To be sure, most of the girls in her class at school were Bessies, and Minnies, and Nellies, and Fannies; but in spite of the affliction of having a name which did not end in "ie," Margaret took life pleasantly enough. In school, she studied sufficiently to keep her place in the class, and outside, every moment was filled with work or play.

It was a rule of the Dana household, however, that the children should write at least a few lines every day, in the form of a letter, or a diary, or a composition. Copying did not count, or Margaret would have finished her daily task without much thought. Mrs. Dana had an idea that people found many things burdensome only because they were not accustomed to do them, and resolved that her children should form the habit of expressing their thoughts on paper, hoping that it would be as easy for them as talking when they grew older. Margaret had a brother in college, and three or four cousins, with whom she exchanged letters occasionally, and her school compositions came once in two weeks, so that she was seldom at a loss for an object in her daily writing. Sometimes, when she read stories where the heroine kept a journal in which to record her very sentimental ideas, Margaret was tempted to begin one; but she never proceeded far, for she could not think up any trials to philosophize over, and what she was doing and enjoying seemed unworthy of a place in so dignified a volume. So that after she had written a few pages, in which she had told about their old-fashioned house, which she could never make sound as interesting as the "vaulted halls" and "dim old libraries" which the heroines described, her journal was apt to languish, and, after a few more entries, was usually put into the fire. Once the family tried the experiment of a general diary, which was to be written every night, and was to record the doings of the whole household. But as Mr. and Mrs. Dana, and Grandma Edwards, and Ned, and Kate, and cousin Fanny,

and even little John, all were expected to take their turn at it, Margaret wrote in it only now and then. And, besides, it was not half so interesting to write in that great book in the sitting-room as it was to scribble off something of her very own in the sacred privacy of her own corner. This corner was a very cozy sort of place. Kate and Margaret shared a long, low room, which they took great pride in decorating with every pretty thing which came in their way. Sometimes they used to talk over the changes they would make in it if they were rich: The simple, light paper was to be exchanged for an elegant dark tint with a wonderful frieze; the somewhat dingy carpet was to give place to a beautiful inlaid floor, adorned with oriental rugs in soft colors; the air-tight stove was to be replaced by an open fire-place, where a cheerful blaze was always to be glowing (they usually made their plans in the cold weather). In fact, the furniture was all to be of the most new-old-fashioned kind, such as they saw now and then in the house of some friend. To tell the truth, I am very doubtful whether they would have liked the room one bit better if some indulgent fairy had transformed it to the splendid apartment of which they dreamed.

As it was, the two girls took much comfort in its friendly shabbiness. The two windows looked west and south. At the western one, Kate had a table where she used to sit and write or paint, and when she was resting she could look over the river at the low line of blue hills, where the scene seemed the same, and yet ever changing with the changing seasons, like the expression of a familiar face. Often the two girls sat there together and watched the sun sink down behind those wooded slopes, and saw the dark line of trees printed for a moment on his flaming disk, and then standing out distinct and clear on the background of red sky. Sometimes, in the hot July afternoons, they leaned far out at the window to catch the first breath of a summer shower, which they could see coming up over the hills, and watched the thick veil of drops draw nearer and nearer, until the first noisy-pattering could be heard on the roof above them. This west window was Kate's corner, where she had all her very special belongings. The southern one was in the slope of the roof, and had little side-lights, which made it almost like a bay-window. In this little nook, Margaret had her low easy-chair, and a sort of folding leaf which could be put up

when she wanted a table, or suffered to hang down when she only wished to read or to look out at the cool freshness of the elms. Directly under the window-sill were two little shelves, where she had a few favorite books and her writing materials. This was *her* cozy corner, and the two girls were very careful to leave each other's possessions undisturbed, so that there might be that sort of separateness which only makes companionship more pleasant. Here they dreamed their dreams, as girls will, and had long confidential talks together; for these two sisters appreciated each other, and if they had friends who seemed at first brighter and more entertaining, they never forgot that close tie of sisterhood which was more than any passing fancy.

One evening, the two sat together in their own room. Kate was writing diligently on an essay which was to be read on the last day of school, and Margaret was biting the end of her pen and half-closing her eyes, as she had a habit of doing when she was thinking intently. At last she burst out with, "I think people who keep journals in books are horrid!"

"How else can you keep one?" inquired Kate, without looking up from her work.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Margaret; "I mean that people in books who keep journals are horrid, because they write down such doleful things; and she glanced at the story which she had just finished reading, which certainly was a rather depressing account of the trials and afflictions of a self-scrutinizing young lady. "Why can't they write down the fun they have, and the kind things people do for them, instead of always telling their troubles, and making one feel dreadfully sorry for them?"

"Try it," said Kate, as she wrote the last word in her essay, and then ran down-stairs to read it to her father.

"I declare, I believe I will," said Margaret slowly to herself, after she had thought awhile. "Something pleasant happens almost every day; and if I write down at night what people have done for me during the day, I shall not be always forgetting to thank them for it, as I do now, and it will be great fun to read it over some time."

Margaret was never one of the dilatory sort; when she made up her mind to do anything, she never waited until her enthusiasm had cooled. That very night she sewed a few sheets of paper into a little book, and made her first entry in this novel kind of diary.

"I have resolved to keep a "Favor-Book," and to write down in it all the kind and pleasant things people do for me."

If it had not been for the rule about writing every day, the "Favor-Book" might have been

neglected, as the rest of the winter went by; but before the spring came, Margaret was herself surprised to see how full it had grown.

One night, during the first week in March, she sat in her favorite seat and turned over the pages and read the simple record. It was only a list of the little favors of every day, such as all receive, but Margaret was glad to recall every one of them.

Jan. 4. My brother let me read the ST. NICHOLAS first, because I wanted to. I must remember to let him have it first, next time.

Jan. 5. Alice Williams invited me to a party, and I had a splendid time.

Jan. 7. Mother said I might go out skating when the rest did, and she would wipe the dinner dishes for me.

Jan. 8. I received a fine letter from brother Ned, and he hates to write letters to us girls when he has so much other writing to do.

Jan. 9. Cousin Fanny mended my dress for me, because she thought I did n't know how to do it in the best way.

Jan. 10. Kate tried hard and found a capital subject for me to write a composition about.

Jan. 11. Nellie Forbes waited for me to-day, because I was not quite ready to go to walk when the other girls went.

Jan. 12. Mother let me ask two of the girls to tea.

Jan. 14. Because I was so busy, Fred went down street on an errand which Mother had asked me to do.

Jan. 15. Ellen lent me her new story-book.

Jan. 16. Alice came over and brought her work, and taught me some of the stitches for Kensington embroidery.

Jan. 17. Father took Kate and me to a concert.

Jan. 18. Mary came over and stayed with me, because I had a cold. And it was splendid skating, too.

Jan. 19. Ellen came to ask how I was, on her way to church.

Jan. 20. Cousin Fanny read to me quite a while to-day. Fred sat down and played backgammon, because I had such a cold,—and he don't like games very well, either.

Jan. 21. Father taught me how to play checkers, because he said staying in the house was dull work for me. Mrs. Williams sent me some jelly.

Jan. 22. Mary came over again.

Jan. 23. Kate made the bed in our room to-day, although it is my week to keep it in order. I must make it for her some time.

Jan. 24. My kitten climbed up in a tree, and I could not get her to come down, she was so much frightened. Henry Lund came along and said he

would help me; so he went into the house and got a broom, and put my sacque on it, and climbed part way up and coaxed her to get on the sacque, and then got her down.

Jan. 25. Grandma gave me a bottle of cologne this morning. I mean to give half of it to Ellen, for she likes it so much, and hardly ever has any.

Jan. 26. Mother helped me ever so much on my Sunday-school lesson.

Jan. 27. I could not get any more worsted like my cushion, and it was almost done. I felt very much disappointed, because I wanted to finish it for Mother's birthday. Agnes Willis heard me talking about it at recess, and came all the way over here after school, although it rained, and brought her bag of worsted to see if she had n't some that would match. I don't think I have ever been over polite to Agnes, either. I have never tried much to get acquainted with her.

Jan. 29. Mary is getting up a dialogue just for fun, and she has asked me to take the very nicest part in it.

Jan. 30. Mrs. Williams lent me a cape to wear at our dialogue.

Feb. 3. The night of the dialogue, Mary's sister Julia helped us all she could. She fixed my hair for me, and was very kind in many ways. When I told Mother about it, she said, "That 's the sort of older sister I want you to be to Johnny and the baby."

Feb. 4. Grandma told me something which she said would be a good motto for my "Favor-Book." I told her about this book a good while ago, and she said she "heartily favored the 'Favor-Book' idea." The motto was something which a very old lady said to her a long time ago. It was this: "Wherever I go, I learn something, either to avoid or practice." Grandma said that every favor I note down would be something for me to practice. She gave all us children something to do last Sunday, when there was such a dreadful storm that no one could go to church. She made us all find verses in the Bible about doing favors to people. We found ever so many.

Feb. 5. I had a letter from cousin Sarah. I did not answer her last one very promptly, so it was very good in her to write again so soon.

Feb. 6. Old Miss Stone called this afternoon, and I am afraid I was not very glad to see her. She asked Mother why I looked so sad, and Mother told her that my cat was sick, and I felt worried. Miss Stone said, "I must send her some catnip," and before tea her girl came over and brought me

a box, and in it was a bunch of dry catnip, tied up with a blue ribbon. And Pussy was almost well the next day.

Feb. 7. Mrs. Williams sent for me to come over and spend the day, and I had a happy time.

Feb. 8. Brother Ned came home and brought a package of candy for us all, and a new book for Kate and one for me.

Feb. 10. Mother went into the city to-day and brought me home a new neck-tie and a box of writing-paper. Johnny was very good all the time she was gone, and helped me amuse the baby.

Feb. 11. Ned took me out sleigh-riding to-day. The last sleigh-ride of the season, we think.

Feb. 13. Agnes helped me with my algebra. She has such a nice way of helping; she does not act as if you did not know anything.

Feb. 14. Aunt Mary helped me about my patch-work and found me some new silk pieces.

Feb. 15. I was walking out to see Agnes Willis, and Ellen Stone overtook me and asked me to ride, and then called at Agnes's house for me, an hour later, and brought me home.

Feb. 18. Yesterday was my birthday, and I had presents from Mother, Ned, and Kate, and cousin Sarah sent me a birthday card. Mother asked two of the girls here to tea.

Feb. 20. I went in to Mrs. Johnson's of an errand this morning, and she went upstairs on purpose to get a new book to lend to me.

Feb. 21. Kate let me use her paints this afternoon.

Feb. 22. I was invited to a lovely party at Ellen's, to celebrate Washington's birthday.

Feb. 24. Mrs. Forbes stopped me on the street to ask how our baby was, and to say she was so sorry to hear she had been sick.

Feb. 27. Miss Saunders found something very interesting for me to read at our missionary meeting, and I know she is very busy and does not have much time to spare.

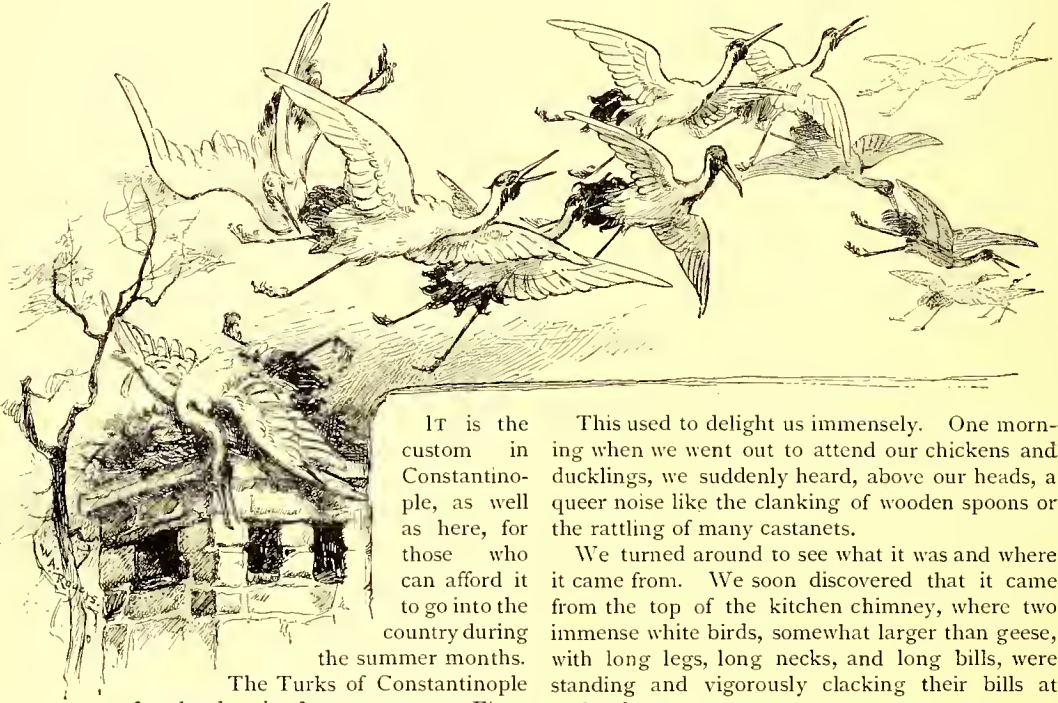
As she read the last entry and laid aside the book, her mother came softly into the room and sat down beside her.

"You told me that your 'Favor-Book' was full, my dear," she said. "I have bought you a new one, that you may keep on remembering the kindnesses which you receive," and she laid down in Margaret's lap a pretty volume in a red leather binding, on which was stamped her name, and underneath it the words,

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

HOW WE FOOLED THE STORKS.

BY OSCANYAN.



It is the custom in Constantinople, as well as here, for those who can afford it to go into the country during the summer months.

The Turks of Constantinople forsake the city for two reasons: First, for a change of air; and second, for a dairy diet, of which they are very fond.

One season, Keahat-hanch-Keöy, a cozy little village in the valley of the Sweet-Waters, where the Golden Horn begins, was chosen by our family, for its rich pasture grounds and good milk.

We children were delighted with the place. We had an abundance of pure milk and of fresh eggs, and each of us had also a favorite hen which was his special charge.

Our chief delight was to place ducks' eggs in one of the hen's nests, and when the eggs were hatched to see the mother astonished at the odd appearance of her young.

Yet she was kind and attentive to them, and raised them with care. But we children were most amused when the ducklings grew old enough to waddle and took to the water, setting the mother hen in a fume. Oh, how she would fret and cackle, and strut around the pond in real anger, scolding, scratching the ground, trying by all means to get them out before they were drowned!

This used to delight us immensely. One morning when we went out to attend our chickens and ducklings, we suddenly heard, above our heads, a queer noise like the clanking of wooden spoons or the rattling of many castanets.

We turned around to see what it was and where it came from. We soon discovered that it came from the top of the kitchen chimney, where two immense white birds, somewhat larger than geese, with long legs, long necks, and long bills, were standing and vigorously clacking their bills at each other.

We ran into the house and informed our father of our discovery, and asked him to come out and see the birds.

He said he knew all about them. "They are called storks," he said. They live in Africa, though they may have been born here; for it is their habit to spend their summers in northern climates, where they raise their young, and return home with them before winter. The ancient Egyptians regarded these birds as sacred, and it was considered a crime to hurt them, and in some places they were even worshiped. When summer comes, they leave their homes in a body, that is, a great many of them together, and take a northerly direction. They must have arrived here last night. They separate in pairs, and locate themselves in different places, so you will soon see many others. They choose the chimney-tops wherever they can, because they are warm and they think them safer.* They prefer to live in valleys, because they live on frogs, reptiles, fish, and insects."

Thus enlightened, we went out again to have

* The chimneys in Turkey are built square, and their tops are covered, like school-house ventilators, with holes on the sides for the smoke to escape.

another look at them. We used to gaze and gaze at them with wonderment, and our interest in them increased day by day, as we watched their movements.

They often stood together for hours rattling their bills at each other, or demurely surveying the grounds about them, often starting finally after some object or prey which they had espied.

One day, after "playing the castanet" (as we called it) for some time, they both suddenly darted away, one diving to the ground as though it was shot. Soon, it was seen ascending with a snake dangling from its claws. It rose far up into the air, and then suddenly dropped its prey. The other bird, who was on the lookout for this, instantly pounced upon the fallen victim (which had been killed by the fall), and seized and carried the dead snake to the nest on the chimney-top.

The storks' flight is very pretty. They throw

would let us approach them, but we were afraid to go too near, for when they turned their heads toward us to take a look, their long bills used to frighten us very much. So we watched our opportunity to visit their nest during their absence.

One day when they were away, we got a ladder, and raised it on the top of the small house which served for the kitchen. There we rested it against the chimney, and I ascended to the nest.

We found their bed, or nest, made of the coarsest twigs and pieces of sticks. It contained four eggs, about the size of goose-eggs, but they were of a buff color, while goose-eggs are white.

When we came down, and as we were talking about the nest, the idea struck me that it would be very funny to experiment on the storks as we did on the hens, and see what would be the result. We laughed heartily over the plot, and determined to take away their eggs and replace them with



"I REMOUNTED THE LADDER, AND CAREFULLY CHANGED THE EGGS."

their heads back, extend their legs, and with outstretched wings soar very high. Their movements, when on the ground in search of food, are equally graceful and picturesque; they take long and measured strides, and strut about in conscious dignity and confident security. They rest sleeping on one leg, with the neck folded and head turned backward on the shoulder.

We had a great desire to see their nest. They

goose-eggs. "But they are not of the same color!" said my brother.

It was evident that the birds would discover the deception, and would not sit. My brother suggested that we should paint the goose-eggs exactly the color of the stork-eggs, with some water colors we had, and then all would be right.

We prepared four fresh goose-eggs, and when both the birds were away, I remounted the ladder

and carefully changed the eggs, and came down as rapidly as I could, before the birds returned.

The poor creatures, not perceiving the deception, went on sitting on the new eggs; for we noticed they took turns in their sittings — the male, which was the larger of the two, sitting by day and the female by night.

After four weeks' close watching, we knew, one day, that the eggs were hatched; for there was a great trouble in the stork family. Both the birds were standing and clanking their bills at each other as if they would talk each other down. At last, they both flew away and soon returned with many others of their tribe.

They all perched around the nest (or as many as could do so), the rest hovering over it and waiting for their turn to have a close look at the goslings. After due inspection and careful examination, they set up a clanking of bills that could be heard a great way off. They clanked and rattled, rattled and

clanked, until their jaws got tired; then they suddenly ceased, and began pecking at something, after which they all took to flight.

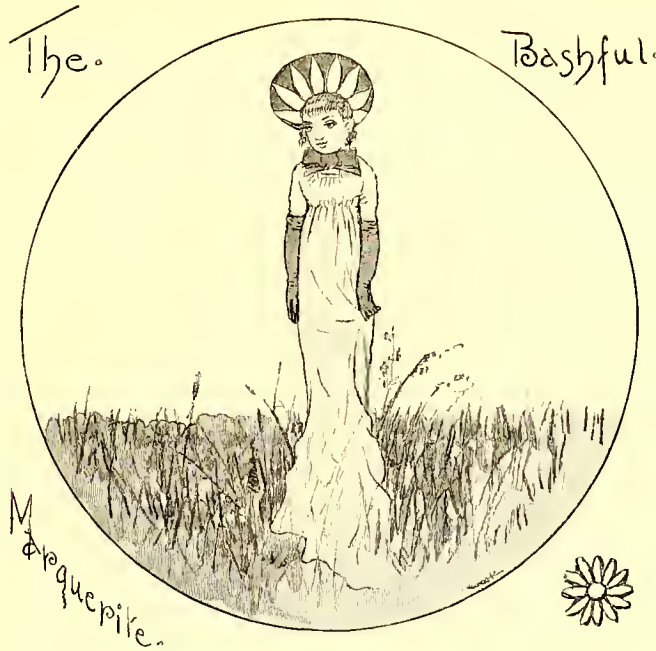
We were curious to know what had happened. We made haste to ascend the ladder and find out the state of affairs before the birds came back. I was the first to explore, and I was both amazed and grieved to find the mother stork lying dead on top of the young goslings which had been hatched, and which were also dead.

I came down the ladder to allow the others to see the catastrophe, and all ascended by turns, and came down with sorrowful faces.

We rushed into the house and informed our father of what had happened. He, without saying a word, ordered the servant to go up and remove the dead birds. When they were brought down, we children dug a grave and buried the poor things. We learned many years afterward that no stork had ever, after that day, perched upon that chimney.



"MY MA SAYS THAT WOMEN OUGHT TO VOTE."



BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

SWEET Marguerite looked shyly from the grass
Of country fields, and softly whispered: "Here
I make my home, content; for I,—alas!—
Am not the rose the city holds so dear."

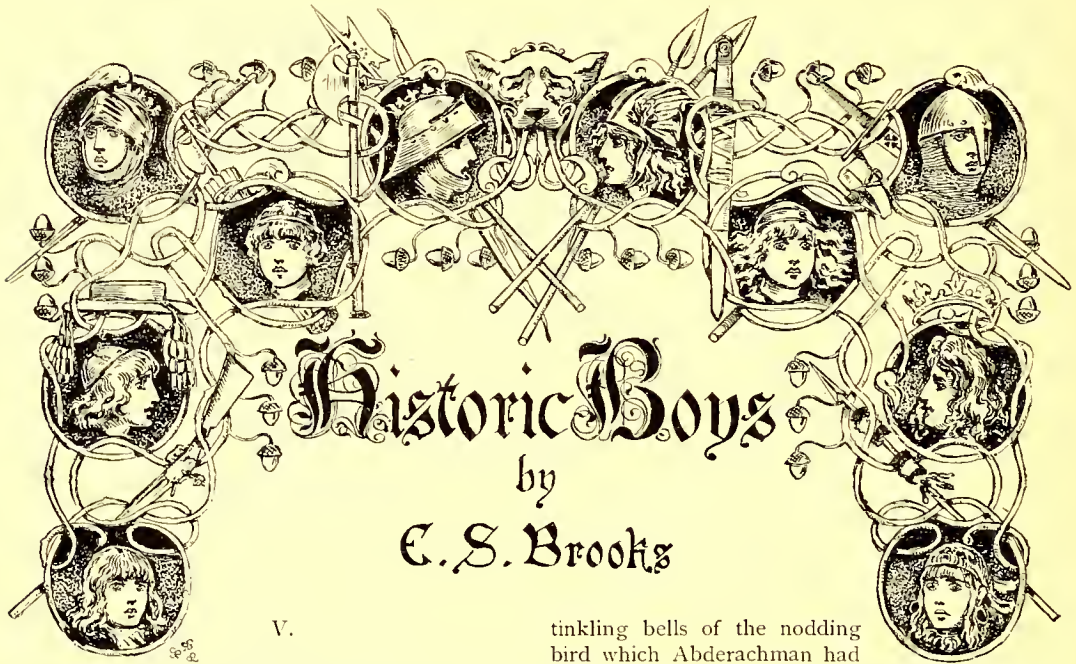
Just then, the Queen, driving by chance that way,
Called to a page: "Bring me that Marguerite;
I am so tired of roses!"—From that day,
The daisy had the whole world at her feet.

MAMMA'S MORAL.

RESTLESS ambition, eager, grasping greed,
Do not gain all things in this world of ours;
Shy merit, modest, unassuming worth,
Of make the way for men, as well as flowers.

TOMMY'S APPLICATION.

I MUST say things seem rather "mixed" to me;
Please will you tell me, then, dear mother, why
You send me off to that big dancing-school
For fear that I should grow up shy?



V.

FREDERICK OF HOHENSTAUFEN: THE BOY
EMPEROR.

A. D. 1207-1212.

[Afterward Frederick the Second, Emperor of Germany.]

GLEAMING with light and beauty, from the wavy sea-line where the blue Mediterranean rippled against the grim fortress of Castellamare to the dark background of olive groves and rising mountain walls, Palermo, "city of the Golden Shell," lay bathed in all the glory of an Italian afternoon.

It was a bright spring day in the year 1207.

Up the Cassaro, or street of the palace, and out through the massive gate-way of that curious old Sicilian city,—half Saracen, half Norman in its looks and life,—a small company of horsemen rode rapidly westward to where the square yellow towers of La Zisa rose above its orange groves. Now La Zisa was one of the royal pleasure houses, a relic of the days when the swarthy Saracens were lords of Sicily.

In the sun-lit gardens of La Zisa, a manly-looking lad of thirteen, with curly golden hair and clear blue eyes, stood beneath the citron trees that bordered a beautiful little lake. A hooded falcon perched upon his wrist, and by his side stood his brown-skinned attendant, Abderachman the Saracen.

"But will it stay hooded, say'st thou?" the boy inquired, as he listened with satisfaction to the

tinkling bells of the nodding bird which Abderachman had just taught him to hood. "Can he not shake it off?"

"Never fear for that, little Mightiness," the Saracen replied. "He is as safely blinded as was ever the eagle of Kairwan, the eyes of which the Emir took for his crescent-tips, or even as art thou, O *el Aaziz*,† by thy barons of Apulia."

The look of pleasure faded from the boy's face.

"Thou say'st truly, O Abderachman," he said. "What am I but a hooded falcon? I, a King who am no King! Would that thou and I could fly far from this striving world, and in those great forests over sea of which thou hast told me, could both chase the lion like bold, free hunters of the hills."

"Wait in patience, O *el Aaziz*; to each man comes his day," said the philosophic Saracen.

But now there was heard a rustle of the citron hedge, a clatter of hoofs rang on the shell-paved road-way, and the armed band that we saw spurring through Palermo's gates drew rein at the lake-side. The leader, a burly German knight, who bore upon his crest a great boar's head with jeweled eyes and gleaming silver tusks, leaped from his horse and strode up to the boy. His bow of obeisance was scarcely more than a nod.

"Your Highness must come with me," he said, "and that at once."

The boy looked at him in protest. "Nay, Baron Kapparon,—am I never to be at my ease?" he asked. "Let me, I pray thee, play out my

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† *El Aaziz*; an Arabic phrase for "the excellent" or "most noble one."

day here at La Zisa, even as thou did'st promise me."

"Tush, boy; promise must yield to need," said the Knight of the Crested Boar. "The galleys of Diephold of Acerra even now ride in the Cala port, and think'st thou I will yield thee to his guidance? Come! At the palace wait decrees and grants which thou must sign for me ere the Aloe-Stalk shall say us nay."

"Must!" cried the boy, as an angry flush covered his face; "who saith 'must' to the son of Henry the Emperor? Who saith 'must' to the grandson of Barbarossa? Stand off, churl of Kapparon! To me, Sicilians all! To me, sons of the Prophet!" and, breaking away from the grasp of the burly knight, young Frederick of Hohenstaufen dashed across the small stone bridge that led to the marble pavilion in the little lake. But only Abderachman the Saracen crossed to him. The wrath of the Knight of Kapparon was more dreaded than the commands of a little captive king.

The burly baron laughed a mocking laugh. "Well blown, *sir Sirocco!*"* he said, insolently. "but, for all that, Your Mightiness, I fear me, must come with me, churl though I be. Come, we waste words!" and he moved toward the lad, who stood at bay upon the little bridge.

Young Frederick slipped his falcon's leash. "Cross at thy peril, Baron Kapparon!" he cried; "one step more, and I unhoo my falcon and send him straight to thy disloyal eyes. Ware the bird! His flight is certain, and his pounce is sharp!" The boy's fair face grew more defiant as he spoke, and William of Kapparon, who knew the young lad's skill at falconry, hesitated at the threat.

But as boy and baron faced each other in defiance, there was another stir of the citron hedge, and another rush of hurrying hoofs. A second armed band closed in upon the scene, and a second knightly leader sprang to the ground. A snow-white plume trailed over the new-comer's crest, and on his three-cornered shield was blazoned a solitary aloe-stalk, sturdy, tough, and unyielding.

"Who threatens the King of Sicily?" he demanded, as, sword in hand, he stepped upon the little bridge.

The German baron faced his new antagonist. "So! is it thou, Count Diephold; is it thou, Aloe of Acerra?" he said. "By what right dar'st thou to question the Baron of Kapparon, guardian of the King, and chief Captain of Sicily?"

"Guardian, forsooth! 'Chief Captain,' say'st thou?" cried the Count of Accra, angrily. "Pig of Kapparon, robber and pirate, yield up

the boy! I, who was comrade of Henry the Emperor, will stand guardian for his son. Ho, Buds of the Aloe, strike for your master's weal!"

There is a flash of steel as the two leaders cross ready swords. There is a rush of thronging feet as the followers of each prepare for fight. There is a mingling of battle cries—"Ho, for the Crested Boar of Kapparon!" "Stand, for the Aloe of Acerra!"—when for the third time the purple citron-flowers sway and break, as a third band of armed men spur to the lake-side. Through the green of the foliage flashes the banner of Sicily,—the golden eagle on the blood-red field,—and the ringing voice of a third leader rises above the din, "Ho, Liegemen of the Church! rescue for the ward of the Pope! Rescue for the King of Sicily!"

The new-comer, Walter of Palear, the "fighting bishop of Catania" (as he was called) and Chancellor of Sicily, reined in his horse between the opposing bands of the Boar and the Aloe. His richly brodered cope, streaming back, showed his coat of mail beneath, as, with lifted sword, he shouted:

"Hold your hands, lords of Apulia! stay spears and stand aside. Yield up the King to me—to me, the Chancellor of the realm!"

"Off now, thou false Chancellor!" cried Count Diephold. "Think'st thou that the revenues of Sicily are for thy treasure-chest alone? Ho, Boars and Aloes both; down with this French fox, and up with Sicily!"

"Seize the boy and hold him hostage!" shouted William of Kapparon, and with extended arm he strode toward poor little Frederick. With a sudden and nimble turn, the boy dodged the clutch of the baron's mailed fist, and putting one hand on the coping of the bridge, without a moment's hesitation, he vaulted over into the lake. Abderachman the Saracen sprang after him.

"How now, thou pirate of Kapparon," broke out Count Diephold; "thou shalt pay dearly for this, if the lad doth drown!"

But Frederick was a good swimmer, and the lake was not deep. The falcon on his wrist fluttered and tugged at its jess, disturbed by this unexpected bath; but the boy held his hand high above his head and, supported by the Saracen, soon reached the shore. Here the retainers of the Chancellor crowded around him, and springing to the saddle of a ready war-horse, the lad shouted, "Ho, for Palermo, all! which chief shall first reach St. Agatha's gate with me, to him will I yield myself!" and, wheeling his horse, he dashed through the mingled bands and sped like an arrow through the gardens of La Zisa.

The three contesting captains looked at one another in surprise.

*The *Sirocco* is a fierce south-easterly wind of Sicily and the Mediterranean.

"The quarry hath slipped," laughed Count Diephold. "By St. Nicholas of Myra, though, the lad is of the true Suabian eagle's brood. Try we the test, my lords!"

There was a sudden mounting of steeds, a hurrying gallop after the flying king; but the Chancellor's band, being already in the saddle, had the advantage, and as young King Frederick and Walter the Chancellor passed under St. Agatha's pointed arch, the Knights of the Crested Boar and of the Aloe-stalk saw in much disgust the great gate close in their faces, and they were left on the wrong side of Palermo's walls,—outwitted by a boy.

But the baffled knights were not the men to give up the chase so easily. Twenty Pisan galleys, manned by Count Diephold's fighting-men, lay in the Cala port of Palermo. That very night, they stormed under the walls of Castellamare, routed the Saracens of the royal guard, sent Walter the Chancellor flying for his life toward Messina; and, with young Frederick in his power, Diephold, the usurping Count of Acerra, ruled Sicily in the name of the poor little king.

In the royal palace at Palermo, grand and gorgeous with columns and mosaics and gilded walls, this boy of thirteen—Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Emperor Elect of Germany, King of Sicily, and "Lord of the World"—sat, the day after his capture by Count Diephold, sad, solitary, and forlorn.

The son of Henry the Sixth of Germany, the most victorious but most cruel of the Hohenstaufen emperors, and of Constance the Empress, daughter of Roger, the great Norman King of Sicily, Frederick had begun life on December the twenty-sixth, 1194, as heir to two powerful kingdoms. His birth had been the occasion of great rejoicings, and vassal princes and courtier poets had hailed him as "the Imperial Babe, the Glory of Italy, the Heir of the Cæsars, the Reformer of the World and the Empire!" When but two years old, he had been proclaimed King of the Romans and Emperor Elect of Germany, and, when but three, he had, on the death of his father, been crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, in the great Cathedral of Palermo.

But in all those two sovereignties, no sadder-hearted nor lonelier lad could have been found than this boy of thirteen, this solitary and friendless orphan, this Frederick of Hohenstaufen, the Boy Emperor. In Germany his uncle Philip of Suabia and Otho of Brunswick disputed the imperial crown. And beautiful Sicily, the land of his birth, the land over which he was acknowledged as king, was filled with war and blood. From the lemon groves of Messina to the flowery slopes of Palermo, noble and priest, Christian and Saracen, French

and German, strove for power and ravaged the land with fire and sword. Deprived sometimes of even the necessities of life, deserted by those who should have stood loyal to him, often hungry and always friendless, shielded from absolute want only by the pity of the good burghers of Palermo, used in turn by every faction and made the excuse for every feud, this heir to so great power was himself the most powerless of kings, the most unhappy of boys. And now, as he sits in his gleaming palace, uncertain where to turn for help, all his sad young heart goes into an appealing letter which has come down to us across the centuries, and a portion of which is here given to complete the dismal picture of this worried young monarch of long ago:

"To all the Kings of the world and to all the Princes of the universe, the innocent boy, King of Sicily, called Frederick: Greeting in God's name! Assemble yourselves, ye nations; draw nigh, ye princes, and see if any sorrow be like unto my sorrow! My parents died ere I could know their caresses, and I, a gentle lamb among wolves, fell into slavish dependence upon men of various tribes and tongues. My daily bread, my drink, my freedom, all are measured out to me in scanty proportion. No king am I. I am ruled, instead of ruling. I beg favors, instead of granting them. Again and again I beseech you, O ye princes of the earth, to aid me to withstand slaves, to set free the son of Cæsar, to raise up the crown of the kingdom, and to gather together again the scattered people!"

But it is a long lane that has no turning, and before many months came another change in the kaleidoscope of this young king's fortunes. Pope Innocent the Third had been named by the Empress Constance as guardian of her orphaned boy. To him Walter the Chancellor appealed for aid. Knights and galleys were soon in readiness. Palermo was stormed. Count Diephold was overthrown and imprisoned in the castle dungeon. Kapparon and his Pisan allies and Saracen serfs were driven out of Sicily, and the "son of Cæsar" reigned as king once more. Then came a new alliance. Helped on by the Pope, a Spanish friendship ripened into a speedy marriage. Frederick was declared of age when he reached his fourteenth birthday, and a few months after, on the fifteenth of August, 1209, amid great rejoicings which filled Palermo with brilliancy and crowded the narrow and crooked streets with a glittering throng, the "Boy of Apulia," as he was called, was married to the wise and beautiful Constance, the daughter of Alfonso, King of Arragon. This alliance gave the young husband the desired opportunity; for, with five hundred foreign knights at his back, he

asserted his authority over his rebellious subjects as King of Sicily. The poor little prince, whose childhood had known only misfortune and unhappiness, became a prince indeed, and, boy though he was, took so manly and determined a stand that, ere the year was out, his authority was supreme from the walls of Palermo to the straits of Messina.

Meantime, in Germany, affairs had been going from bad to worse. Frederick's uncle, Philip of Suabia, had been assassinated at Bamberg, and Otho of Brunswick, head of the house of Guelf, crossed the Alps, was crowned Emperor at Rome, and marched into southern Italy, threatening the conquest of his boy rival's Sicilian kingdom.

Again trouble threatened the youthful monarch. Anxious faces looked seaward from the castle towers; and, hopeless of withstanding any attack from Otho's hardy and victorious troops, Frederick made preparations for flight when once his gigantic rival should thunder at Palermo's gates.

"Tidings, my lord King; tidings from the North!" said Walter the Chancellor, entering the King's apartment one bright November day in the year 1211. "Here rides a galley from Gaeta in the Cala port, and in it comes the Suabian Knight Anselm von Justingen, with a brave and trusty following. He beareth word to thee, my lord, from Frankfort and from Rome."

"How, then; has Otho some new design against our crown?" said Frederick. "I pray thee, good Chancellor, give the Knight of Suabia instant audience."

And soon, through the gothic door-way of that gorgeous palace of the old Norman and older Saracen lords of Sicily, came the bluff German Knight Anselm von Justingen, bringing into its perfumed air some of the strength and resoluteness of his sturdy Suabian breezes. With a deep salutation, he greeted the royal boy.

"Hail, O King!" he said. "I bring thee word of note. Otho, the Guelf, whom men now call Emperor, is speeding toward the North. Never more need Sicily fear his grip. The throne which he usurps is shaken and disturbed. The world needs an emperor who can check disorders and bring it life and strength. Whose hand may do this so surely as thine—the illustrious Lord Frederick of the grand old Hohenstaufen line, the Elect King of the Romans, the Lord of Sicily?"

Frederick's eye flashed and his cheek flushed at the grand prospect thus suddenly opened before him. But he replied slowly and thoughtfully.

"By laws human and by right divine," he said, "the empire is my inheritance. But canst thou speak for the princes of the empire?"

"Ay, that can I," said the knight; "I bear with me papers signed and sent by them. We have

each of us examined as to our will. We have gone through all the customary rites. And we all in common, O King, turn our eyes to thee."

"I thank the princes for their faith and fealty," said Frederick; "but can they be trusty liegemen to a Boy Emperor?"

"Though young in years, O King," said the Suabian, "thou art old in character; though not fully grown in person, thy mind hath been by nature wonderfully endowed. Thou dost exceed the common measure of thine equals; thou art blest with virtues before thy day, as doth become one of the true blood of that august stock, the Cæsars of Germany. Thou wilt surely increase the honor and might of the empire and the happiness of us, thy loyal subjects."

"And the Pope?" queried the boy; for in those days the Pope of Rome was the "spiritual lord" of the Christian world. To him all emperors, kings, and princes owed allegiance as obedient vassals. To assume authority without the Pope's consent and blessing meant trouble and excommunication. Frederick knew this, and knew also that his former guardian, Pope Innocent, had, scarce two years before, himself crowned his rival Otho of Brunswick as Emperor of Germany.

"I am even now from Rome," replied Von Justingen; "and Pope Innocent, provoked beyond all patience at the unrighteous ways of this Emperor, falsely so called, hath excommunicated Otho, hath absolved the princes from their oath of fealty, and now sends to thee, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, his blessing and his bidding that thou go forward and enter upon thine inheritance."

The young Sicilian sat for some moments deep in thought. It was a tempting bait—this of an imperial crown—to one who felt it to be his by right, but who had never dared to expect nor aspire to it.

"Von Justingen," he said at last, "good knight and true, I know thou art loyal to the house of Staufen and loyal to thy German fatherland. 'Tis a royal offer and a danger-fraught attempt. But what man dares, that dare I! When duty calls, foul be his fame who shrinketh from the test. The blood of kings is mine; like a king, then, will I go forward to my heritage, and win or die in its achieving!"

"There flashed the Hohenstaufen fire," said the delighted Von Justingen; "there spoke the spirit of thy grandsire, the glorious old Kaiser Red Beard! Come thou with me to Germany, my prince. We will make thee Cæsar indeed, though the false Otho and all his legions are thundering at Frankfort gates."

So, in spite of the entreaties of his queen, and the protests of his Sicilian lords, who doubted the

wisdom of the undertaking, the young monarch hurried forward the preparations for his perilous attempt. The love of adventure, which has impelled many another boy to face risk and danger, flamed high in the heart of this lad of seventeen, as, with undaunted spirit, he sought to press forward for the prize of an imperial throne. On March the eighteenth, 1212, the "Emperor of the Romans Elect," as he already styled himself, set out from orange-crowned Palermo on the "quest for his heritage" in the bleak and rugged North. The galley sped swiftly over the blue Mediterranean to the distant port of Gaeta, and upon its deck the four chosen comrades that formed his little band gathered around the fair-haired young prince, who, by the daring deed that drew him from Palermo's sun-lit walls, was to make for himself a name and fame that should send him down to future ages as *Stupor Mundi Fredericus*—"Frederick, the Wonder of the World!" In all history there is scarcely to be found a more romantic tale of wandering than this story of the adventures of young Frederick of Hohenstaufen in search of his empire.

From Palermo to strong-walled Gaeta, the "Gibraltar of Italy," from Gaeta on to Rome, he sailed with few adventures, and here he knelt before the Pope, who, as he had crowned and dis-crowned Otho of Brunswick, the big and burly rival of his fair young ward, now blessed and aided the "Boy from Sicily," and helped him on his way with money and advice. From Rome to Genoa, under escort of four Genoese galleys, the boy next cautiously sailed; for all the coast swarmed with the armed galleys of Pisa, the staunch supporter of the dis-crowned Otho. With many a tack and many a turn the galleys headed north, while the watchful lookouts scanned the horizon for hostile prows. On the first of May, the peril of Pisa was past, and Genoa's gates opened to receive him. Genoa was called the "door" to his empire, but foes and hardships lay in wait for him behind the friendly door. On the fifteenth of July, the boy and his escort of Genoese lancers climbed the steep slopes of the Ligurian hills and struck across the plains of Piedmont for the walls of Pavia, the "city of the hundred towers." The gates of the grand old Lombard capital flew open to welcome him, and royally attended, with a great crimson canopy held above his head, and knights and nobles following in his train, the "Child of Apulia" rode through the echoing streets.

But Milan lay to the north, and Piacenza to the south, both fiercely hostile cities, while the highway between Pavia and Cremona rang with the war-cries of the partisans of Otho the Guelf. So, secretly and at midnight, the Pavian escort rode with the boy out through their city gates, and moved

cautiously along the valley of the Po, to where, at the ford of the Lambro, the knights of Cremona waited in the dark of an early Sunday morning to receive their precious charge. And none too soon did they reach the ford; for, scarcely was the young emperor spurring on toward Cremona, when the Milanese troops, in hot pursuit, dashed down upon the returning Pavian escort, and routed it with great loss. But the boy rode on unharmed; and soon Cremona, since famous for its wonderful violins, hailed with loud shouts of welcome the young adventurer.

From Cremona on to Mantua, and then on to Verona, the boy was passed along by friendly hands and vigilant escorts, until straight before him the mighty wall of the Alps rose, as if to bar his further progress. But through the great hill-rifts stretched the fair valley of the Adige; and from Verona, city of palaces, to red-walled Trent, the boy and his Veronese escort hurried on along the banks of the swift-flowing river. Midway between the two cities, his escort turned back; and with but a handful of followers the young monarch demanded admittance at the gates of the old Roman town, which, overhung by great Alpine precipices, guards the southern entrance to the Tyrol. Trent received him hesitatingly; and, installed in the Bishop's palace, he and his little band sought fair escort up the valley and over the Brenner pass, the highway into Germany. But now came dreary news.

"My lord King," said the wavering Bishop of Trent, undecided which side to favor, "'t is death for you to cross the Brenner. From Innsbruck down to Botzen the troops of Otho of Brunswick line the mountain-ways, and the Guelf himself, so say my coursermen, is speeding on to trap Your Mightiness within the walls of Trent."

Here was a dilemma. But trouble, which comes to "Mightinesses" as well as to untitled boys and girls, must be boldly faced before it can be overcome.

"My liege," said the Knight of Suabia, stout Anselm von Justingen, "before you lies the empire and renown; behind you, Italy and defeat. Which shall it be?"

"The empire or death!" said the resolute boy.

"But Otho guards the Brenner pass, my lord," said the Bishop.

"Is there none other road but this?" asked Frederick.

"None," replied Von Justingen, "save, indeed, the hunter's track across the western mountains to the Grisons and St. Gall. But it is beset with perils and deep with ice and snow."

"The greater the dangers faced, the greater

the glory gained," said plucky young Frederiek. "Now, who will follow me, come danger or come death, across the mountains yonder to the empire and to fortune?" and every man of his stout little company vowed to follow him, and to stand by their young master, the Emperor elect.

So it was that, in the first months of the early fall, with a meager train of forty knights, the Boy Em-

The hurrying hoofs of the royal train elatter over the draw-bridge and through the great gate. Constance is won! but hard behind, in a cloud of dust, comes Frederiek's laggard rival, Otho.

His herald's trumpet sounds a summons, and the Bishop of Constance and the Archbishop of Bari stand forward on the walls.

"What ho, there, warders of the gate!" came



peror boldly climbed the rugged Alpine slopes, mounting higher and higher, and braving the dangers of glacier and avalanche, blind paths and storm and cold, and pressed manfully on toward an uncertain empire.

But though the risk was great, no one was merrier than he; and at last, with only sixty knights and a few spearmen of Appenzell, the young monarch climbed the steps of the Ruppen, the last of the Alpine passes that had separated him from the land of his forefathers.

But now comes the word that Otho and his knights are on the track of the boy, and certain of his capture. On the young Emperor hurries, therefore, and from the final Alpine slope he sees in the distance the walls of the strong old city of Constance glittering in the sun.

Soon a messenger who has been sent forward comes spurring back. "Haste ye, my liege!" he cries. "Otho is already in sight; his pennons have been seen by the lookout on the city towers."

"CROSS AT THY PERIL, BARON KAPPARON!" (SEE PAGE 629.)

the summons of the herald; "open, open ye the gates of Constance to your master and lord, Otho the Emperor!"

The thronging spear-tips and the swaying crests of Otho's two hundred knights flashed in the sun,

and the giant form of the big Brunswicker strode out before his following. But the voice of young Frederick's stanch friend and comrade, Berard, Archbishop of Bari, rang out clear and quick.

"Tell thy master, Otho of Brunswick," he said, "that Constance gates open only at the bidding of their rightful lord, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Emperor of the Romans and King of Sicily."

Otho, deeply enraged at this refusal, spurred furiously forward, and his knights laid spears in

And now it was won indeed. From every part of Germany came princes, nobles, and knights flocking to the Imperial standard. Otho retired to his stronghold in Brunswick; and on the fifth of December, 1212, in the old Römer, or council-house, of Frankfort, five thousand knights with the electors of Germany welcomed the "Boy from Sicily." Four days after, in the great cathedral of Mayence, the pointed arches and rounded dome of which rose high above the storied Rhine, the



"WHAT HO, THERE, WARDERS OF THE GATE!"

rest to follow their leader; but the Bishop of Constance commanded hastily, "Ho, warders; up draw-bridge—quick!"

The great chains clanked and tightened, the heavy draw-bridge rose in air, and Otho of Brunswick saw the gates of Constance swing shut in his very face, and knew that his cause was lost.

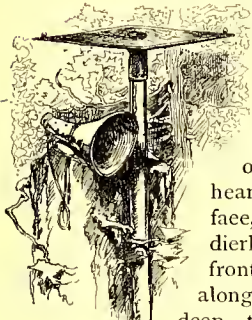
By just so narrow a chance did young Frederick of Hohenstaufen win his Empire.

sad little prince of but five years back was solemnly crowned in presence of a glittering throng, which with cheers of welcome, hailed him as Emperor.

And here we leave him. Only seventeen, Frederick of Hohenstaufen—the beggar prince, the friendless orphan of Palermo, after trials and dangers and triumphs stranger than those of any prince of fairy tales or "Arabian Nights"—entered upon a career of empire that has placed him in history as "one of the most remarkable figures of the Middle Ages."

QUEER GAME.

BY MRS. S. B. HERRICK.



railings
wet weath-

The big
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close up to
and tu-
ring ten or

The chil-
stood on the
morning
day was all
his hand a
to his lips
and then
soft, mellow
where she
the sugar,
fast: "My

Then the
Will blew
mountain
house send
brought an-
door with a sudden rush.

"Well, Will!" said the new-comer, "what on earth was that for? I thought it was the crack of doom."

"That," said Will, very impressively, "was for breakfast."

"How do you manage it, old fellow?" said Arthur, making several ineffectual attempts to blow some sound out from the pierced shell which Will handed to him.

"Oh, it's easy enough when you know how," said Will, with an air of superior wisdom. "I'll teach you how after breakfast. We have n't time for it, now."

The children's cousin Arthur had come from

HE children's home was a large, rambling frame house with a great many rooms in it, and with long entries that turned off short, as if they had heard an order, "Right about face," and obeyed with soldierly precision. Across the front of the house and all along the southern side were deep, two-storied porches with around them; prime play-places in er they were, too.

brown house was set down in the Virginia mountains. Crowding the back door were immense chestlip-poplar trees, with trunks meas-twelve feet around.

dren, Will, Harry, and little Emily, southern porch, waiting. The freshness of a perfect summer around them, Will held in large conch-shell, which he raised every now and then as he talked, dropped again. Mrs. Carrington's voice came from the dining-room, had been employed in getting out butter, honey, and cream for break-son, you may blow the horn now." conch went up to some purpose, for such a ringing blast as made the which rose abruptly behind the back a quick-replying echo, and other boyish figure out of the open door with a sudden rush.

the North only the evening before, to pay them a visit at their home. It was his first experience of the old-fashioned Virginia way of living, and he naturally inquired about everything that seemed novel or strange to him, while Will felt very important at having so many questions asked which he was able to answer.

"I say, Will," said Arthur, "what are all those queer-looking little baby-houses under the trees? I never saw a whole city of baby-houses before."

"Baby-houses?—*those!*" exclaimed Will, the puzzled look on his face clearing away as he followed the direction of Arthur's gaze, "Oh, those are bee-hives."

"Harry!" continued Will, with more frankness than politeness, "what do you think? Arthur wants to know what the bee-hives are! He calls them baby-houses."

"Bee-hives!" said Arthur, rather contemptuously; "in New York we have round-topped hives, like an Eskimo hut, you know."

"Ho, ho," laughed Will. "Now, do tell me in what part of New York you saw those antediluvian bee-hives."

Brought to book, Arthur was forced to confess that he had not seen any hives at all; that his meager knowledge had been gained from a picture in one of his old scrap-books. And for the honor of his native State, he at last reluctantly admitted that perhaps they *had* given up straw hives and used the patent Langstroth hive, and that New York bee-keepers did not now have to smother every swarm of bees in order to secure their winter stock of honey.

"Of course they don't," said Harry; "Father bought his hives in New York at first, and his Italian queen-bee, too."

The boys' eager talk of bees, bee-keeping, and bee-hunting was interrupted by Mr. Carrington's coming in from the orchard with a basket of great rosy peaches in his hand.

"Come, boys," he said cheerily, "lend us a hand at breakfast; plenty of time for talking afterward."

"Yes; and a safer place for talking, too!" exclaimed Arthur, as he retreated in-doors to escape the hum of a bee which seemed to him to be dangerously near his ears.

"Father," said Will, breaking the silence which

accompanied the first onslaught upon batter-cakes, corn-bread, and rolls, "can't you take Arthur and Harry and me out bee-hunting with you to-day, and give Arthur the bees and honey we find, just

ton answered, good-humoredly. "We shall don our coats of mail before we invade their territory."

When the boys had disposed of their breakfast, and were fidgeting in their chairs, longing to be off, Mr. Carrington went into a store-room, called by common consent "the bee-room," and brought out the "coats of mail." First came the helmet, which was a cylinder of wire-gauze about fifteen inches high and nine across, just large enough to slip over his head and rest comfortably on his shoulders. This bee-hat was closed over the top by a round piece of calico; on the bottom was sewed a curtain of the same calico slit up in two places on opposite sides.

Mr. Carrington arranged the cylinder so that these slits came over his broad shoulders, tucking one-half the curtain into the back of his coat, while the other half he buttoned inside his coat in front. He then drew on a pair of india-rubber gardening gauntlets. "Now," he said, "I am bee-proof. Put this other hat and pair of gloves on yourself, my boy, and let us have a look at the hives."

Arthur equipped himself in the novel suit of armor, and followed his uncle out to bee-town.

Mr. Carrington stopped before the shelving platform in front of a hive. Taking hold by the projecting eaves of the flat roof, he lifted off the top, showing a square box in which hung six oblong frames, which were full of delicious honey-combs of a delicate creamy yellow, and fragrant with the odor of flowers. A few bees were crawling over the combs, but only a few, and these seemed very peacefully inclined.

"Did those few bees make all that honey?" said Arthur.

"No, indeed," said his uncle; "we are coming to the bees presently. This is only a store-house where the bees put the honey for me, after they have filled their own hive, which is underneath this. I will come to their home when I have disposed of these combs.

Carefully removing the frames, Mr. Carrington uncovered the lower box, and began taking out the frame of comb from it. This honey looked very different from that in the upper story. Instead of being a delicate yellow, the comb was of an ugly brown, some of the cells capped over with a shallow-



THE PICTURE IN ARTHUR'S OLD SCRAP-BOOK.

as you did last summer with Harry and me? Wont you, Father?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carrington; "that is a very good idea. To-day is just the day for a bee-hunt. If Arthur does n't feel too tired after his journey, we will go and see if we can find my bee-tree. I have caught and sent out half a dozen wild bees in the pasture just over the mountain, and I think the tree can not be more than two miles away."

"Caught and sent out bees, Uncle Hugh!" said Arthur, bewildered; "what do you mean?"

"I will show you better than I can tell you, if you feel like going," answered his uncle.

"I'm not tired before breakfast, Uncle," said Arthur; "of course I feel like going."

"In the meantime I will let you into some of the secrets of bee-housekeeping in the village under the chestnuts, as soon as we have finished breakfast," said his uncle.

"Wont they sting?" said Arthur, rather timidly.

"We shall provide against that," Mr. Carrington

domed roof of wax, others open and full of honey. The whole comb was swarming with bees, sucking away at the honey, as if for dear life.

"What makes this comb so brown, Uncle Hugh?" said Arthur.

"It is old comb," said Mr. Carrington, "and has been used over and over again for different purposes; for storing honey and bee-bread, and even as cradles for the baby bees. When a young bee is hatched and leaves its cell, it leaves behind its first baby-clothes, which, of course, are the cocoon, or chrysalis, in which it grew from the maggot state into its perfect beehood. When the infant bee comes out of its cell, other bees go in to clean out the deserted chamber. Instead of throwing out the baby-clothes they find there, they glue them carefully against the walls of the cell, thus thickening and strengthening it, but at the same time making it look ugly and brown. Some cells have been found to have a series of seven or eight of these linings, one corresponding to each baby that has been hatched there. After awhile the cell gets too small for cradle purposes, and then it is used as a store-room."

"Notice these bees, Arthur; see, here is a brown bee; these others, you see, are yellow. The brown bees are wild bees; the yellow ones are Italian. See, here is a beauty," he said, taking up a light-

don't you see the golden bands across the body? That shows it to be an Italian."

"And are the Italian bees better than the wild



FIG. 1. BEES. (NATURAL SIZE.)
a, drone; b, worker; c, queen.

bees?" further queried his nephew, as he carefully examined the pretty one his uncle held.

"They are gentler," said Mr. Carrington, stroking the bee tenderly with the tip of his gloved finger, as though he loved it. "And it is said that the Italian bee has a longer proboscis, and so can get honey from the red clover, which is so abundant hereabout. I thought they were better; for, when I was a very poor man, I bought an Italian queen-bee in the big city of New York, and paid twenty dollars for her, and I have never yet repented of my extravagance. I have now sixty-nine hives of pure Italian bees, and they are all the descendants of my pretty queen. Allowing forty thousand bees to a swarm, which is a moderate number, it is not a bad showing for her majesty. Let me see, forty

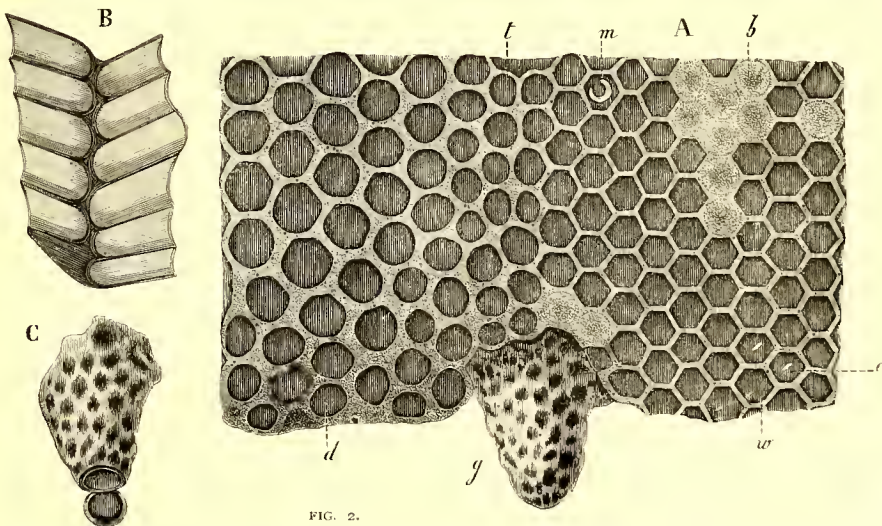


FIG. 2.

A, comb; d, drone cells; w, worker cells; t, store cells of intermediate size; b, capped honey cells; m, cell with maggot; c, cells with eggs; g, queen cell; B, sidewise view of comb; C, queen cell with lid cut off by bees to let her majesty out.

yellow bee on the forefinger of his clumsy india-rubber glove; "this is a pure Italian bee."

"What is the difference, Uncle Hugh?" asked Arthur.

"The difference?" said Mr. Carrington. "Why,

thousand by sixty-nine makes — well, at least two and a half millions of living descendants, besides dozens of queens I have given away, with all their descendants; these, added to the multitudes that have lived and died in the meantime, must make,



THE ORIGINAL BEE-HUNTERS.

all together, not far from two hundred millions in twelve years."

Taking out frame after frame, Mr. Carrington looked carefully over each one as he talked. "See here, my boy; here, in this knot of bees, is the queen. She is the mother of every Italian queen in this hive and of many thousands of bees besides. There she is, the one with the long, slender body. See how different she is from the worker bees. Here is a drone, too, that has somehow managed to escape the August slaughter. See how heavy and

clumsy he looks. Here are all three kinds of bees together,—queen, workers, and drones."

"What is the August slaughter? Do you kill the drones in August?" asked Arthur.

"No," said Mr. Carrington, "I do not, but the working bees do. In August, usually, but always after midsummer, the bees become tired of supporting the drones in idleness, so they sting them to death. I opened this hive," added Mr. Carrington, "on purpose to show you a queen's cell. Do you see that thing like a peanut, hanging from the

lower edge of the comb? [Fig. 2, g]. That is the cell of a new queen the bees are making. This [Fig. 2, A] is a very irregular piece of comb; on the left are the large cells, the drone cells, on the right are the worker cells, and between the two are intermediate sizes; many people consider the perfect symmetry of honey-comb a great marvel. It seems to me that these irregularities are much more marvelous, for the bees evidently reason about it; they never waste a bit of room.

"These brood cells, that is, the cells in which the queen lays her eggs, are either drone size for drone eggs, or worker size for worker eggs. She makes no mistakes."

"What? Do you mean that the queen always lays the right egg in the right place? How can she know?" said Arthur.

"That is one of the mysteries, but it is a fact. So long as a queen retains her faculties, she makes no mistakes; sometimes a queen grows very old, or for some other well-known reason becomes a little 'cracked,' then she does make mistakes. But our little queen, here, is a very Elizabeth for intelligence. You see, up there among the worker cells, one [Fig. 2, m] with a small white worm in it. Well, that is about as sure to come out a worker when it hatches as that the sun will rise to-morrow. See, here [Fig. 2, d] are some drone cells, and here again [b] capped-over honey cells."

"Uncle, you said just now that the bees were 'making a queen.' How can they *make* a queen?" asked Arthur.

"That is a long story, and I must leave it for another time. It will keep," answered Uncle Hugh, with a good-humored smile.

After an early dinner Mr. Carrington, Will, Harry, and Arthur, loaded with bee-hats, gloves, and other paraphernalia, stood on the porch, waiting for the start. Little Emily, looking wistfully at them, said: "Father, may n't I go, too?"

"O, no!" said Harry, "girls are a nuisance; they are always tumbling down, or hurting themselves, or tearing their clothes."

"No, little one; I am afraid you would not be able to stand the walk," said her father.

"Yes, I would, Papa. I stood the walk to church last Sunday, and it was three miles."

"Yes, Father," said Will, "she did. If she gets tired, I'll help her. She's a brave little body."

"Well, run in and see what Mamma says; tell her it's a good two miles to the bee-tree and back, and ask her if she thinks you can stand it," said Mr. Carrington.

"Mother says," said Emily, out of breath, "that she thinks I can stand it, and that Aunt Nancy lives in that d'rection, an' if I get tired, I can stay with Aunt Nancy till you come back."

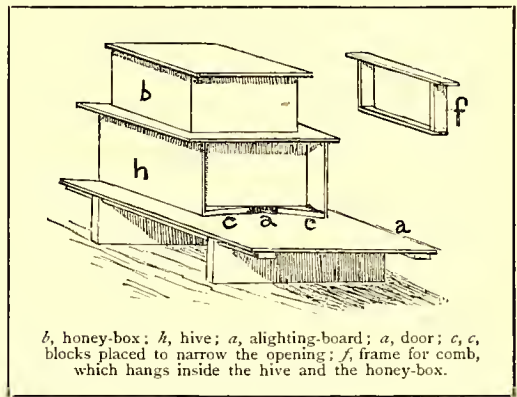
"Aunt Nancy" was an old colored woman, who often worked about the house for Mrs. Carrington.

"Very well, daughter," said her father; "get your own little bee-hat and gloves, and come on."

The party started off, Mr. Carrington taking the lead with his staff, the boys following with boxes and baskets for the bees and the honey they were to capture, little Emily trudging on cheerfully behind with a bundle of rags in one hand, and the other clasped closely in Arthur's. The boys were talking eagerly with their Father and one another.

"I wish to look a little closer at that staff your father has in his hand," said Arthur to Will.

Mr. Carrington's staff [see initial letter] was a long stout stick, having an iron point on the lower



ONE OF MR. CARRINGTON'S HIVES.

end, and on the upper a small diamond-shaped platform, nine by five inches, making it appear, as you looked at it sidewise, a long-legged letter T, with a very short cross-piece above. On the little platform, at the two sharp ends of the diamond, were two pins for "sights," like the little knobs on a rifle by which the hunter takes aim. Besides this staff, Mr. Carrington had with him a small trumpet-shaped implement made out of a common gourd, in the small end of which a piece of glass was fitted,—a sort of gourd-funnel with the small end covered with glass. He also had a piece of full honey-comb and a bottle of anise oil.

"Boys," said Mr. Carrington, "I know just about where our bee-tree is, for I have been looking out for it during all the week; so we can manage the whole business this afternoon. Usually," he said, turning to Arthur, "we hunt our bee-tree and mark it one day, and go out for the bees and honey another. Marking a tree with my initials makes that tree mine, according to the bee-hunters' code, no matter on whose land the tree may be. We always ask permission of the owner, of course, but it is never refused. Trees are not



MOSE TAKING THE CROSS-LINE.

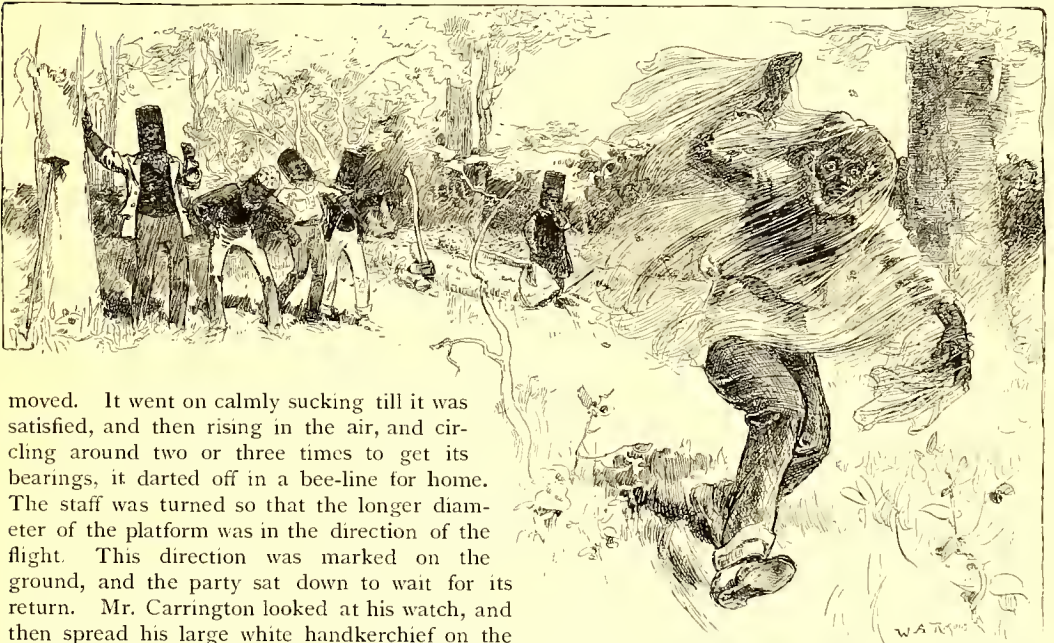
counted for much hereabout; besides, the bees always go into hollow trees, which are of very little value. In old times bees were hunted very differently from our modern methods. The bees were sacrificed for the honey: the goose that laid the golden egg was slain. Christian bee-hunters were about

upon a par with the original wild hunters of the woods, the bears and the Indians. But now bee-culture is getting to be a great industry all over America, especially in California and the great West."

The party mounted a steep ridge of land north of

the house, went "over the mountain," as the boys called it, and soon were beyond the home becpasture. They then began their search for bees. In a few minutes Will caught one tipping in the bell of a wild morning-glory still wide open in the cool shadow of a large rock. He caught it, and brought it—buzzing and scolding in its fragrant prison-house—to his father. Mr. Carrington struck the iron point of his staff into the ground, laid the piece of honey-comb, saturated with anise, on the diamond-shaped platform, and then carefully transferred the bee from the flower to his little gourd, closing the larger end with the palm of his hand, and turning the smaller end (with the glass in it) uppermost. The bee at once rose to the light; he then placed the larger end of the trumpet on the comb and waited, covering the glass end with his hand. The bee, attracted by the smell of honey and anise,—which bees love,—dropped down upon the comb and began to fill itself with honey; this a frightened bee always does. When the bee became tranquil and happy, sucking its beloved nectar, the trumpet was re-

swarm has grown so large as to crowd the hive and they are going to found a colony, or 'swarm,' as it is called; in which case each family will need a sovereign. As soon as it is clear to the wiseacres that it will be necessary to send off a swarm, the bees go to work to make a queen. A worker maggot, or if there happens to be none in the hive, a worker egg, is selected near the edge of the comb. Two cells next door to the one in which this maggot is are cleared out, and the dividing walls are cut down, so that three ordinary cells are turned into one. The food which the worker worm has been feeding on is removed, and the little creature is supplied with a new kind of food,—a royal jelly. Change of food, a larger room, and a different position,—for you remember in the comb I showed you yesterday the queen's cell hangs down instead of being horizontal,—these three changes of treatment turn the bee that is developing from a worker into a queen. She is different in her outer shape, different in almost all her organs, and different in every single instinct. There is nothing else in all nature that seems to me more wonderful than this.



"MOSE WAS FLYING AT FULL SPEED, HIS ROSY DRAPERY STREAMING IN THE AIR." (SEE PAGE 645.)

moved. It went on calmly sucking till it was satisfied, and then rising in the air, and circling around two or three times to get its bearings, it darted off in a bee-line for home. The staff was turned so that the longer diameter of the platform was in the direction of the flight. This direction was marked on the ground, and the party sat down to wait for its return. Mr. Carrington looked at his watch, and then spread his large white handkerchief on the grass beside him to help the bee to find them again.

"Yesterday I told you, Arthur, that I would answer your question about 'making a queen,'" he said. "Now is a good time, while we are waiting for our recent visitor to find us again. Bees do not usually want more than one queen at a time. In fact, they will not have more than one unless the

"For fear that one queen may not come out all right the provident little creatures usually start two or three queen-cells at once. It is curious to watch the first queen as she comes out. She moves up and down the combs, looking for other



queen-cells, and if she finds one, she falls upon it in the greatest excitement, and stings her rival to death. Sometimes, by accident, two new queens come out at the same time; then it is wonderful to see the bees. They clear a space and bring the two rival queens together, and stand back to watch the fight. And it is a royal fight indeed; a fight to the death, for they never give up till one or the other is fatally stung. The victor is then accepted as sovereign."

"How is it, Uncle Hugh, if both the queens sting at the same time. What does the swarm do then?"

"That, I believe, never happens. When the two queens find themselves in such a position that they both will certainly be stung, if they go on, they withdraw and 'start fair' again," replied his uncle.

"What happens if a queen dies?" asked Arthur.

"At first the bees seem filled with consternation; there is a great hurrying and scurrying through the hive. Knots of bees gather at the comb-corners, and discuss the political event. They do not speak, exactly, but they manage to make themselves understood; for after a few hours they quiet down and begin making a queen. Huber, the great bee-student, who, though blind, found out more about their ways and manners than all the seeing eyes in the world before him, made a very

simple experiment to find out how they did talk. He passed

a fine wire grating, too fine for the bees to get through, between the combs in a hive, making two separate colonies of the one swarm. At first the half left queenless was in a great excitement; pretty soon, however, they quieted down and went to work as usual. Somehow, they had found out that the queen was safe and sound, though they could not see nor touch her. He then put another grating beside the first, but about half an inch from it. The queenless half became excited, and finally began to build queen-cells. If the news had been communicated by sight or smell or sound, it would have gone through two gratings as well as through one; but if it had been told by touching *antennae*, the two gratings would put

an entire stop to conversation, so he thought; and other people, since, have found that such *is* their way of talking.

"In a great many other ways queens are different from common bees. Her majesty is required to do no work; she is cared for and fed and cuddled up warm by other bees. All she has to do

may hold her and tease her, even tear her limb from limb, if you have the heart to be so cruel, and she will never sting you; but just let her meet another queen and then you will see her sting."

"There," said Mr. Carrington, starting up, "see, there is my bee back at the honey, and it has brought a friend with it." Then, looking at his



A BEE-RANCH
IN LOWER
CALIFORNIA.

is to lay eggs, and that, I must do her justice to say, she does well. She lays sometimes 3000 eggs a day, for days together. There is one very curious thing I forgot to tell you about the queens; a queen-bee will never sting anything but another queen. You

watch, "It has been gone just four minutes; the tree can not be over a mile from here, by a rough calculation."

The trumpet was clapped down over the sucking bee. Again it was allowed to fill itself, and the party rose and walked forward in the line of the former flight.

A few minutes' walk and Aunt Nancy's house came in sight. It was a single-roomed cabin made of rough logs filled in with sun-dried mud. At one end was a chimney made in the same way, of logs plastered with mud. Uncle Mose, Aunt Nancy's husband, was sitting on a splint-bottomed chair tipped against the wall, fast asleep in the sun.

"Well, Emily, do you wish to stay here with good old 'Aunt Nancy,' or will you go on with us?" said Mr. Carrington.

"I will go with you, Father; I'm not even a tiny bit tired," said the little girl.

"Mose!" called Mr. Carrington. "Come, wake up, and help us cut down our bee-tree!"

"Law, Mars' Hugh, I war' n't 'sleep; I war' jist a-steddyin'," said Mose, rubbing his eyes.

"Well, old man, forego your studies for a little while, and come and help us. You'd better take one of these boys' bee-hats."

"Law, no, Mars' Hugh; de bees don't eber trouble me, and dose bee-hats hinder my sight."

Mose disappeared in the cabin, and came out bearing a large piece of brilliant pink mosquito-netting and an axe.

"I 'll jist carry 'long dis, wha' de ol' woman kivers up her 'ined clo'es wif, to keep 'em from de flies, and I 'll be all right," said Mose.

"You 'll be sorry if you put that thing on; it's worse than nothing," said Mr. Carrington.

"Mars' Hugh," said Mose, impressively, "I knows I 's an ign'ant ol' niggah, but I does know some fings."

"Very well," said Mr. Carrington, "this is a free country, and if you like to be stung, far be it from me to interfere with your rights."

The boys laughed, and Mose put on an added shade of dignity.

"Now, Mose," said Mr. Carrington, "give me your mosquito-netting, and take my staff with this bee on it, and get the other line while I get mine again with the second bee, which seems to have eaten its full."

"Arthur," said his uncle, "you see if Mose marks a line by one bee from away over there, and I mark another from here by the other bee, since they both fly straight, the bee-tree must be where these two lines meet. If you were a surveyor, you could tell me just where that point would be. I, being a woodsman, can tell you pretty nearly as well."

"The tree is about a half a mile from here, nor' nor' east," he said, returning after a little time, having marked Mose's line. "Now for it, boys, with a will!"

Picking up their traps they started off in good heart over the rough ground, even little Emily, with her parcel of rags, merry at their good fortune. They followed the bee-line as nearly as possible, Mr. Carrington keeping his hat covered with his handkerchief, with staff and anised honey-comb exposed, so as to draw other bees by both sight and smell. They captured many bees, released them, and found their bee-line true. Before long they noticed one of the released bees going back in the direction they had come.

"Ah, little tell-tale!" said Mr. Carrington, "we 've passed your tree, have we? Well, we have not passed it far!"

They turned upon their steps, and soon found an old Spanish oak, which looked as if it might be the tree, but they could see no hole.

"Never mind, boys, trust to the bees again," said Mr. Carrington. "They have not guided us all this way through the woods to fail us at last. Ev'ry one of you look at that clear space between the boughs. You will probably see the bees passing and repassing. Look sharp, boys!"

They all looked earnestly at the spot indicated, but could make out nothing.

"Father, / see the bees!" exclaimed Emily, in her high treble. "They 're going in right over your head."

Sure enough, the little girl had discovered the opening into the hollow tree, not two feet above her father's hat.

"Here, Mose," said Mr. Carrington, "here 's your bobinet."

"Yes, sah," said Mose, enveloping himself in folds of pink mosquito-netting, looking preternaturally solemn as the children all laughed.

"Where are your rags, Emily?" said her father. Taking them, he set them a-smoldering, and pushed them into the hole above his head.

Mose could not get over his grievance, but was heard muttering between the blows of his axe, "Nev' you min', Mars Will, I tole you once, an' I tell you ag'in, de bees don't ever trouble 'bout me."

In a few minutes, after Mr. Carrington, Will, and Mose had taken their turns at the axe, the tree began to show signs of falling; finally it swayed, and under Mose's skillful strokes crashed down, the opening into the wild bees' home lying uppermost. A log about five feet long, containing the hollow, was soon chopped out, and this carefully split open, showing sheets of comb and masses of bees within.

Though much quieted by the smoking, some of the bees dashed out angrily. All the party but Mose being protected by bee-hats were safe, but the old man's mosquito-netting proved a poor protection. Beating off the bees, he rushed away, more and more frantic with their buzzing and their stings, and the last thing Mr. Carrington and the boys saw of Mose he was flying at full speed, his dignity all forgotten, his rosy drapery streaming like an aurora in the air. The boys shouted, and even Mr. Carrington could not help laughing at the poor old fellow. When they turned to their work again, little Em was found sitting by the tree sobbing, and vainly trying to wipe away her tears with the large india-rubber gauntlets through the wire-gauze of her bee-hat. She was a pitiful, absurd little figure, and the boys laughed silently over her unconscious head, while they spoke comforting words to her.

Before the bees had been boxed, and the honey

bucketed, Mose came back, as dignified as ever, to help "tote de fings home."

"How 're your stings, Uncle Mose?" said Will.

"My stings 're all right, Mars' Will," said Mose solemnly; "I tol' you de bees did n' ever trouble me."

The return cavalcade took up its line of march, Mose carrying the bucket of honey, Will and his father the box of bees, and the other two boys took the little girl between them, jumping her over the rough places.

A weary party reached home just as the cows were coming up to be milked and the cool breath of evening was rising out of its ambush in the deep

valleys beyond; but it was a very merry party, in spite of its weariness.

Mr. Carrington and Will carried their box of wild bees — there were almost two pecks of bees — and emptied them out on the alighting-board of a hive ready-stocked with combs and bread to make it seem home-like to them; and then all went upstairs to make ready for their early country tea.

"Arthur," said his uncle, when they were seated around the table, a half an hour later, "you have a nice little nest-egg out there in the hive under the trees. Many a man has made a fortune with a poorer start. Let us see what you will do with your captured treasure, my boy."



MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE CHARLEY MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

OUR friends drove on until late in the afternoon before they found a suitable spot on which to camp, under some scrubby oak-trees, beside a sluggish little brook. There was a spring of very good water close by. A farm-house was in sight, on a high swell of the prairie. It was flanked by broad-winged barns, and half-hidden in a dusky apple-orchard. A tall windmill, with a gayly painted wheel, was shining and fluttering in the bright sunlight.

As soon as the wagons were stopped the dogs leaped out and ran to wallow in the brook.

The man who had driven the camp-wagon soon had the horses cared for and the tents put up. The luncheon brought from home was spread upon a clean cloth, and the boys thought they had never before eaten anything quite so good. The long ride in the open air and the excitement of the sport had whetted their appetites. Hugh said the sun had burned the back of his neck so badly that he believed the skin would come off;

but he was ready to follow the man-of-all-work to the farm-house, where they got a basket of apples. While they were gone Uncle Charley gave Neil his first lesson in handling a gun.

"The first thing to be learned," said he, "is to stand properly. Plant both your feet naturally and firmly on the ground, so that the joints of your legs are neither stiff nor bent; then lean the upper part of your body slightly forward. Grip the gunstock just behind the guard with the right hand, the forefinger lightly touching the foremost trigger, that is, the trigger of the right-hand barrel. The stock of the gun, a few inches in front of the guard, must rest easily in the hollow of the left hand. Hold the muzzle of the gun up and slanting away from you, so that the lower end of the butt is just lower than your right elbow. Now, if both hammers have been cocked, and you gently and swiftly draw the butt of the gun up to and against the hollow of the right shoulder, you will find yourself in good position for taking aim, which is best done by keeping both eyes wide open, and looking straight over the rib between the barrels with the right eye."

Neil took Uncle Charley's gun, and began to

try to follow his instructions. "But how am I to tell when I am sighting with my right eye, if I keep both eyes open?" inquired he.

"Oh, you 'll soon discover that trick," said Uncle Charley, "by fixing your aim with both eyes open, and then, holding it perfectly steady, closing the left eye; if the line of sight now changes, you have not sighted correctly; if it remains fixed, the aim has been taken with the right eye."

Neil tried it over and over with great care, until he was quite sure he had mastered the method. He was a cool-headed, methodical boy, not in the least nervous, and what he undertook he always tried to do well.

"Be careful there!" cried Uncle Charley, as Neil lowered the gun to the ground, "never set your gun down with a hammer up. That is the cause of many deplorable accidents."

"Oh, I forgot!" said Neil, his face flushing.

"You must never forget anything when you are handling fire-arms. To avoid accident you must be constantly on the alert and cautious, not overlooking even the slightest precaution."

When Hugh and the man returned from the farm-house, the sun had sunk low down in the west, and the prairie-chickens were booming their peculiar calls far out on the rolling plain.

"Hugh," said Uncle Charley, "I shall leave you and Mr. Hurd" (the man-of-all-work) "in charge of the camp, while Neil and I go for a short tramp among the chickens."

Then he took his gun, and calling the dogs, started down the side of the little stream, closely followed by Neil. Hugh felt quite tired, so he lay down at the root of a tree and soon fell into a light, sweet sleep, while Mr. Hurd went about preparing the supper.

When they had gone a little way from camp, Uncle Charley said to Neil:

"Here, take my gun and let 's see if you can kill a prairie-chicken."

Of course Neil was delighted. He took the gun, and eagerly followed the dogs, as they showed signs of scenting game down the stream. Very soon a large bird flew up from among some low willows and thick grass at the water's edge. As quickly as possible Neil took the best aim he could, and fired first the right barrel, then the left; but the big bird flew on as though nothing had happened.

Uncle Charley laughed heartily, and Neil looked rather stupid and abashed at his failure.

"If you had killed that duck, you would have been liable to a fine," said Uncle Charley.

"Why, was that a duck? I thought it was a grouse," exclaimed Neil.

"Well, you 're saved this time," added Uncle

Charley; "those cartridges you fired had no shot in them!"

"I thought something was wrong," said Neil, "for I aimed exactly at that bird."

"Well, I 'll put some properly loaded cartridges in the gun now," said Uncle Charley, laughing grimly; "but you must n't fire at any bird but a prairie-chicken, because the law forbids it at this season."

They went on, and the dogs soon pointed a flock of grouse in some low dry grass on a windy swell of the prairie. Neil had seven fair shots, and killed just one bird. He could not understand how this could happen. He tried very hard to aim just as he had been instructed, but he kept missing, nevertheless.

When it had begun to grow dusky on the prairie, and they had turned toward the camp, Uncle Charley explained to Neil why he had missed so many birds. He said:

"For one thing, you are in too great a hurry, and consequently shoot too soon. Then, too, you aim right at a flying bird, which is wrong, save when it flies directly away from you. It is absolutely necessary to aim somewhat ahead of the game when its course is to left or to right of your line of aim."

Neil was thoughtful for a moment. "Ah, I see into the philosophy of it," he said; "you mean that the bird flies a little way while the shot are flying to it, and consequently, if I aim right at it, the shot will probably go behind it."

"Precisely," said Uncle Charley.

"Well, I 'll not forget that lesson," Neil murmured. "The bird that I killed was flying straight away from me."

When they reached the camp, it was quite dark, save that Mr. Hurd had a fire blazing, which lighted up a large space. A pot of coffee was steaming on a bed of coals, and some birds were broiling, filling the air with a savory smell that made Neil very hungry. They were rather surprised to find a strange man sitting by the fire. He stood up when they approached, and then he and Uncle Charley hastened toward each other and shook hands.

"Why, my old friend Marvin, how glad I am to see you!" cried Uncle Charley.

"Charley, my boy, how d' ye do?" said Marvin.

CHAPTER IV.

MARVIN THE MARKET-HUNTER.

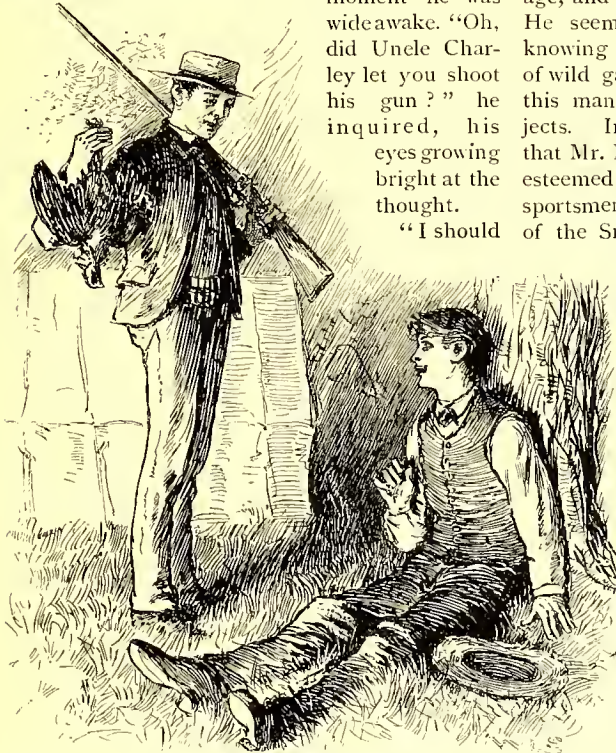
HUGH had been quietly sleeping all this time at the root of the tree; but when he heard Uncle Charley's voice, he awoke and sat up, rub-

bing his eyes with his fists. At first he could hardly remember where he was, and stared wildly about him; everything looked so strange in the glare of the firelight.

"See what I brought down!" cried Neil, going up to his brother and holding out the prairie-chicken.

Hugh's memory cleared as by magic, and in a moment he was wideawake. "Oh, did Uncle Charley let you shoot his gun?" he inquired, his eyes growing bright at the thought.

"I should



NEIL'S FIRST PRAIRIE-CHICKEN.

think he did," said Neil; "have n't you heard me firing away?"

"I believe I've been asleep," said Hugh; "but who is the gentleman Uncle Charley is talking with?"

"His name is John Marvin; they seem to be old friends; Mr. Hurd says he's a market-hunter."

"What is a market-hunter?" asked Hugh.

"A market-hunter is a man who kills game to sell. He makes his living by hunting," replied Neil.

Supper was soon ready, and Marvin joined them in eating the well-cooked meal. It delighted the boys to hear him and Uncle Charley talk over their hunting adventures and their experiences by flood and field, they had been to so many wild and interesting places, and had seen so many strange birds and animals.

Mr. Marvin said he had been having good luck with prairie-chickens since the opening of the season. Birds, he said, were far more plentiful than usual, and he hoped to make enough money, by the time cold weather came on, to enable him to go South, where he hoped to hunt throughout the coming winter.

Mr. Marvin was a man of about fifty years of age, and had followed market-hunting all his life. He seemed to know everything that is worth knowing about guns and dogs and the habits of wild game. Uncle Charley evidently regarded this man's opinions as authority on outdoor subjects. In fact, Neil and Hugh soon discovered that Mr. Marvin was a very well-known and highly esteemed man among the best class of American sportsmen and naturalists. He was a regular agent of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for

collecting rare specimens of nests, eggs, birds, fishes, and animals.

They all sat up quite far into the night, planning various little expeditions, and enjoying the cool breeze and the fresh perfume of the prairie; and when they lay down in their tents they slept until the eastern sky was growing bright with dawn.

Marvin's tent was only a little way up the brook from those of Uncle Charley and the boys. Just after breakfast he hastened down to say that he had seen a large flock of grouse alight in a field of oat-stubble on the neighboring farm. Uncle Charley made short work with the rest of his meal, slipped on his long rubber boots to protect his feet and legs from the heavy dew, called the dogs, seized his gun, and was off with Marvin before the boys were half through break-

fast. Not many minutes later the guns began to boom.

Neil and Hugh could easily distinguish the sound of Marvin's gun from that of Uncle Charley, for the reason that Marvin used a heavy tennore gun with five drams of powder and an ounce and a quarter of shot for a charge.

Hugh said that gun sounded like a young cannon.

As the sun rose higher and the grass began to dry, the boys went for a stroll along the brook. They found many beautiful wild flowers, the loveliest ones being large white water-lilies, with broad thin leaves floating on a still pond. While looking at these, they saw an old duck with her half-grown brood of young ones hastily swimming away to hide among the tall weeds on the farther side of the water.

"I see now why the law forbids shooting ducks in summer," said Neil. "If one were to shoot that old duck now, the young ones would not know what to do; they would probably wander about for a few days and die."

The boys gathered some lilies and carried them back to the camp. Uncle Charley and Marvin returned about ten o'clock with a heavy load of birds. Marvin had killed twenty-three and Uncle Charley nine.

"It's no use for me to shoot with Marvin," said the latter, in a tone of good-natured chagrin; "he always doubles my score."

Through the middle of the day, while it was too hot to hunt, they all lay in the shade of the trees and talked, or read some books on natural history that Neil had brought from his father's library. Mr. Marvin took great pleasure in listening to Neil reading aloud from "Wilson's Ornithology." Occasionally, he would interrupt the reading to throw in some interesting reminiscence of his wild-wood rambles, or to make some shrewd comment on the naturalist's statements. Neil soon liked Mr. Marvin very much, and so did Hugh. In fact, he was so simple and straightforward and honest in his way, so frank-faced and clear-eyed, that one must like him and trust him. He told the boys a great many stories of his life in Southern Florida, with adventures that befell him while he was exploring the everglades and vast swamps of that wild region. He seemed a very encyclopedia of varied hunting experience. Almost any healthy boy will find such a man to be a charming companion; and if the boy is desirous of obtaining knowledge, he can gather a great deal of it from listening to his conversation.

Mr. Marvin soon discovered the great hope the boys had of one day being good shots, so he went to his tent and brought a little sixteen-bore gun that he used for killing snipe and woodcock and other small birds. He took out the cartridges, and handed the gun to Hugh.

"Now," said he, "let me see how you would handle it if you were going to shoot a bird."

Hugh seized the gun, much as a hungry boy would grab a cut of plum-pudding, jerked it up to his shoulder, shut one eye,—which got his face all in a funny twist,—opened his mouth sidewise, and pulled the trigger. They all laughed at him long and loudly. Uncle Charley declared that he would give a dollar for a correct photograph of that attitude.

But Hugh was too much in earnest to be laughed down. He kept trying until he could get himself into passable form; but it was plain to Uncle Charley that he would never be so cool and graceful as Neil. Hugh's enthusiasm counted for a

great deal, however, and might carry him through some tight places where more deliberation and scrupulous care would fail. Mr. Marvin next put some unloaded cartridges in the gun, and allowed Hugh to fire at an apple that he flung into the air. When the cartridges exploded, Hugh winked his eyes and dodged.

"Be perfectly cool and steady," said Mr. Marvin; "you'll get it all right presently."

"Of course I will," exclaimed Hugh, his voice trembling with excitement and his eyes gleaming. "I'd have hit that apple if the shell had been loaded."

"No, you'd have over-shot it," said Mr. Marvin; "you were too slow in pulling the trigger. The apple fell a foot between the time you shut your eyes and the time you fired."

Hugh had a pretty hard time controlling his eyes; but he finally succeeded in keeping them open while firing, and then he began to show some steadiness and confidence.

Mr. Marvin then explained that the first great rule in shooting at a moving object is to learn to look steadily at the point where you wish your shot to go; and the second rule is to learn to level the gun at that point without any hesitation or "poking." You have no time for taking a deliberate aim at a swiftly moving bird, and to attempt such a thing will make of you what sportsmen call a "poke-shot," that is, one who squints, and aims, and pokes his gun along, trying to keep his fore-sight on the flying game. A really good shooter fixes his eyes on the spot to be covered by his aim, at the same time that he swiftly raises his gun and points it in the correct line,—his eyes, his arms, and his right forefinger all acting in perfect harmony together. You observe that when a good musician begins to play on the piano he does not fumble for the keys, but finds them as certainly and as naturally as he winks his eyes. So the shooter must not fumble for his aim, but get it by a swift, steady, sure movement that is only obtainable by careful and intelligent practice.

Mr. Marvin next put a loaded cartridge in the right-hand barrel of the gun and said:

"Now, sir, you're going to make your first shot, and I wish you to do it just as I have directed; if you do, you'll hit this apple; if you don't, you'll miss it. Ready, now, fire!" and he flung the apple into the air.

Hugh forgot everything in a second, raised his gun awkwardly, squinted one eye, and pulled trigger. The report of his shot rang out on the prairie, but the apple came down untouched.

"Over-shot it," said Mr. Marvin, shaking his head. "You 'poked' badly; and such a squint!"

Hugh looked all over the apple, but he could

not find a scratch. "I'll not miss it next time," he cried; but he did. In fact, he shot seven times before he touched the apple.

Mr. Marvin had to scold him several times about carelessly handling the gun. He once said:

"Never allow the muzzle of your gun to point toward yourself or any one else, no matter whether it is loaded or not. If you are careless with an empty gun, you will be careless with a loaded one."



"HE EXTENDED THE STOCK OF THE EMPTY GUN TOWARD NEIL." (SEE PAGE 653.)

Then he added: "I once heard a backwoodsman say that his father proved to him that a gun was dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel."

"How could that be?" said Hugh.

"Why, his father whipped him with the ramrod!" said Mr. Marvin. Hugh admitted that the proof was quite relevant, and promised to try to form a careful habit of handling guns.

CHAPTER V.

A LESSON IN WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

The prairie upon which our friends were encamped was one of those beautiful rolling plains

for which Illinois is so justly famous. There were but few inclosed farms in that immediate region, the greater portion of the land being still in its wild, grassy state, and used mostly for pasturing cattle that were attended by mounted herdsmen. Sometimes these herdsmen would get angry at the hunters for shooting near their cattle. This was not surprising, however, for the reports of the guns often so frightened a herd that each separate steer would take its own course, and run for a mile as fast as it could go, bellowing furiously. Men who know say that a run like that will take a dollar's worth of fat off each steer; so we can not wonder that cattle-men should grumble at careless sportsmen for causing them such loss. But sometimes the chicken-shooters do worse harm than merely frightening the herds. If a bird happens to be flushed near a herd of cattle, a heedless hunter may shoot a steer instead of the game; then, if the owner is near, he is ready to fight; and you may well believe that a big brown-faced prairie herdsman is a dangerous fellow when angry.

Mr. Marvin told of an adventure he once had with a cattle-owner. He said:

"I was shooting on that beautiful little prairie in Indiana called Wea Plain; and when quite near a drove of cattle I flushed a single chicken. I fired, and brought down the bird in good style; but, as luck would have it, the rest of the shot went broadside into a fine fat steer that was grazing about fifty yards away. Such a bawling as that animal set up was terrible to hear, and the whole drove stampeded at once. Well, while I

was standing there, gazing after the galloping cattle, suddenly 'bang! bang!' went a gun not far away, and both of my fine dogs fell over dead. I turned quickly, and saw a furious herdsman sitting on his horse with a Winchester rifle smoking in his hand.

"Now you put on your best gait and walk a chalk-line from here!" cried the man. I began to try to explain, but he grew more and more angry, and said he did n't want to hear a word from me. I saw he was desperate and dangerous, so I made the best of a bad situation, and walked away."

"There is a good lesson in my adventure," said Mr. Marvin, "and you boys must remember it. Never get so excited, in following game, as to forget to be prudent and careful about the safety of others or their property. Of course the herdsman did wrong in killing my dogs; but I did wrong, too, in the first place, by carelessly shooting toward his cattle. Suppose it had been a man or a boy I had hit, instead of a steer,—how miserable I would have been!"

The good advice of Mr. Marvin took hold of Hugh's conscience, and he inwardly declared that he would always be very careful what he did with a gun.

The next day was Sunday, and they all rested and read, or strolled along the brook.

Neil, while out by himself, was passing around the edge of what might be called a little oasis in the prairie, a low, swampy spot of ground grown up with a thicket of low willows and elbow brush, when he flushed a woodcock. At once he rightly suspected that quite a number of these exquisite game-birds had collected here to feed upon the insects and larvæ which they could find by boring with their long bills in the mud. He kept his discovery to himself.

Next morning he went early to Mr. Marvin's tent, and asked him for his little sixteen-bore gun.

"I wish to shoot some woodcock down here in a little thicket," he said, seeing that Mr. Marvin hesitated.

"Suppose I go with you," suggested Mr. Marvin. "Are you very sure there are woodcock there? I looked at that place the other day and thought I'd examine it again soon."

"I should be delighted if you would go with me," quickly replied Neil; "will your dogs point woodcock?"

"I should think so," said Mr. Marvin, "they know all about them; but are you sure that any birds are there?"

"I flushed one there yesterday," Neil replied; "and I saw many places where others had been boring in the mud."

Mr. Marvin looked sharply at Neil, and said:

"Where did you learn about the ways of woodcock? You never hunted any, did you?"

"I have read all the books on ornithology that I could obtain," replied Neil.

Mr. Marvin was already getting the guns out, and selecting cartridges loaded with small shot.

"Shooting woodcock is quick work," he said. "Almost every shot must be a snap-shot."

"What is a snap-shot?" asked Neil.

"A shot which is made without any aim," answered Mr. Marvin. "When you are in the

bushes and brush, and a bird flies up, you must shoot in a great hurry, or it will get away."

Uncle Charley and Hugh saw Mr. Marvin and Neil going off together across the prairie, and Hugh wondered how it chanced that Neil had thus gained the market-hunter's confidence. Neil was carrying the little sixteen-bore across his shoulder with much the air of an old sportsman, though it kept him almost on the run to keep up with Mr. Marvin, who strode along at a great pace, his head thrust forward, and his eyes fixed on the distant fringe of bushes that marked the woodcock swamp.

The morning was cool and sweet, with a thin film of fleecy clouds across the sky. The grass was dewless, and a little cool wind blew from the south-west. In every direction the grouse were crying in their mournful, monotonous way. In the east a great flare of red showed where the sun was just getting up behind the clouds. The distant low hills of the prairie looked like ocean waves. Here and there the herds of cattle were scattered, some lying down and some grazing. Neil had never felt happier in his life.

The thicket, or "cripple," as woodcock feeding-grounds are sometimes called, lay in a low place near the border of a thin wood, where the prairie began to break up into a hilly fringe of timbered land.

Mr. Marvin held in the dogs until they reached the margin of the place; then he loosed them, and bade them work. Those well-trained and intelligent animals were eager for sport, and at once began cautiously scenting along the border of the thicket. They were not the same kind of dogs as Uncle Charley's. They were small wiry pointers, with short hair and smooth, sharp tails. Their names were Snip and Sly, and they seemed never to get tired.

"You'd better call Snip and go to the left; I'll take Sly and go to the right," said Mr. Marvin. "We'll be apt to find more in that way."

Snip seemed perfectly content with the arrangement. He went as Neil directed, after giving him a bright look, as if to say: "Ha! you're going to shoot my birds for me, are you?"

Mr. Marvin and Neil were soon lost from each other's sight. Neil went along very cautiously, watching every movement Snip made. In some places the bushes and weeds were so tangled that it required a great deal of struggling to get through them. The ground was like jelly in certain spots, shaking and quivering under Neil's feet. Somehow, Snip passed by a woodcock without scenting it, and it flew up from a spot very near to Neil's feet. Whiz! went its wings. Its rise was so sud-

den and unexpected that Neil was really startled, and he stood gazing at the bird until it dropped again down into the cripple. He had entirely forgotten to shoot at it!

The next moment Snip came to a stanch stand a little farther in the thicket. Neil drew a long breath to try to steady his nerves, held his gun in position, and walked slowly forward. Flip! whiz! Out of a tuft of tangled weeds rose a fine strong bird, its wings gleaming brightly, and its long bill thrust forward. Neil tried to keep cool and aim steadily; but he was so eager to kill the game that he fumbled and poked with his gun before pulling trigger, and the bird escaped.

Snip looked inquiringly at the young sportsman, as if at a loss to know what this slow business could mean.

Neil heard Mr. Marvin fire several times. "That means game for the market-men," he said to himself; "*he* does n't get excited."

It required a great deal of tramping before Snip could find another woodcock. This time Neil behaved in a more sportsmanlike way; but he missed the bird, nevertheless. He had shot so hurriedly, in order to hit the bird before it got into the bushes again, that his aim had been wrong.

Bang! bang! he heard Mr. Marvin's gun again, some distance off. Just then he stumbled a little, and stepped upon a soft place, sinking instantly to his armpits in a slimy slush of mud and water. He seized a strong bush as he went down, and this was all that saved him, for his feet did not touch bottom. His gun had fallen across some tufts of aquatic weeds and grass, so that it did not sink.

"Ugh! ugh!" grunted Neil, as the ugly black mud oozed around him.

Then he began to struggle, trying to get out. But the mud clung to him and he could gain no chance to use the strength of his arms. This frightened him, and he called Mr. Marvin in as loud a voice as he could command. There was no answer. He called again and again; still no answer. The whole surrounding country had suddenly grown as noiseless as midnight. Neil was a brave boy, but his heart sank as he thought of what might now befall him. The mud was cold, chilling him with its disgusting touch. He heard a herdsman singing far away on the prairie, and then the double report of a gun in the extreme distance. Had Mr. Marvin gone off after a flock of grouse? The thought made Neil nearly desperate. He struggled hard and long to draw himself out, but to his dismay the bush to which he was clinging began to show signs of giving way. If it should break, he would disappear in the mud and never be seen again.

He called Mr. Marvin again and again, in a high, clear voice. Bang! bang! sounded the gun once more, apparently a little nearer. Neil now screamed and yelled desperately, for his arms were growing tired and weak. He thought of Hugh, and Uncle Charley, and his kind father at home. He looked at the gun, and it flashed into his head that his foolish desire to have a gun had been the cause of his dreadful misfortune. He wished he were at home. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he was quite pale. He kept up his doleful calling, but he was too weak to struggle any longer. Even the dog seemed to have deserted him in his extreme danger.

CHAPTER VI.

HUGH'S FIRST BIRD.

SOON after Mr. Marvin and Neil had gone away toward the woodcock grounds, Uncle Charley took Hugh and went to look for grouse. Hugh carried Uncle Charley's small gun; and as they walked along, watching the dogs circle about in search of the game, Uncle Charley explained the curious process by which the barrels of fine shot-guns are made. He said:

"Those beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel, are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together, and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun-barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing, operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is

one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breech end. There are various ways of "choking" gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gunmakers use, the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard, and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best."

Hugh had listened very attentively to what Uncle Charley said, but he was also watching the dogs as they searched in every direction for grouse. In the midst of a slough, Belt came to a stand, but Don refused to back him.

"There 's a prairie-chicken, sure!" exclaimed Hugh, holding his gun ready.

"I think not," said Uncle Charley; "for Belt acts as if he does n't feel interest in what he is doing, and Don, you see, refuses to back him."

"I'll walk up, anyhow," said Hugh; "there *may* be a chicken."

"Don't be in too great a hurry; be deliberate, and, if a bird flies up, take good aim before you fire," said Uncle Charley.

Hugh proceeded very cautiously through the high grass, keeping his eyes alert and his hands ready. Uncle Charley stood watching him. Belt turned his head to one side, and behaved rather sheepishly, as if ashamed of what he was doing.

Suddenly, with a sharp flapping of wings, a heavy bird rose from a tuft of water-grass and slowly flew along in a straight line away from Hugh. Here was the main chance for a good, easy shot, and the boy did not neglect his opportunity. Up went his gun, a good steady aim was taken, and then the report rang out on the air. The big bird fell almost straight down.

"Well done!" cried Uncle Charley, laughing loudly, "well done!"

But Belt refused to retrieve.

Hugh hurried to where his game had fallen, and picked it up. Uncle Charley kept on laughing.

"Why, it 's a thunder-pumper!" said Hugh, holding the bird high by its long, slim legs. "I was sure it was a chicken!"

"A great sportsman are you!" cried Uncle Charley, "not able to know a bittern from a grouse! Why, Belt knew better all the time!"

"Well, I hit it, all the same, anyhow," responded Hugh.

"That 's nothing to boast of, I should say," remarked Uncle Charley; "do you know how many shot you let fly at that bird?"

"An ounce of number nines, I think," replied Hugh.

"But how many pellets are there in an ounce of number nine shot?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"I don't know," said Hugh.



A THUNDER-PUMPER.

"Well, there are five hundred and ninety-six." "So many?"

"Yes," said Uncle Charley, "you had five hundred and ninety-six chances to hit it."

"I am sorry I killed it," said Hugh; "but I thought it was a prairie-chicken. It is a very handsome bird; is it of any value?"

"No," replied Uncle Charley; "but the Indians formerly hunted them for their mandibles, with which they used to point their arrows for killing small game. See how sharp they are! I allowed you to shoot at it in order to teach you a lesson. First, whenever you see a dog acting as Belt did, you may be sure it is not pointing a game bird. Second, you ought to know as soon as a bird rises whether or not it is of a kind fit to kill. A true sportsman is always quick with his eyes, and never commits the mistake of shooting a thunder-pumper for a grouse!"

"How did I handle my gun?" inquired Hugh, "did I seem to know how to shoot?"

"You hurried too much. The bird had n't gone twenty feet when you fired. You must remember to be deliberate and to keep your wits about you."

They went on, and the dogs soon pointed a small flock of grouse in a field of weeds. The birds were in excellent condition, scarcely grown, and flew slowly; but Hugh missed four before he killed one. He banged away at every wing he saw. Uncle Charley several times scolded him roundly for his careless shooting. He promised to be very cautious; but he had not fired a half-dozen more shots before he hit, Belt in the ear with a pellet, making him howl at a terrible rate.

“One more heedless action,” cried Uncle Charley, “and I’ll take that gun from you and never allow you to touch it again! I never saw any one so awkward. You act as if you had no eyes!”

Hugh felt greatly chagrined. The tears came into his eyes as Belt ran up, with his ear bleeding, to fondle about him. Of course the hurt was very slight, but Hugh’s conscience told him that he had been foolishly careless, after all that had been said to him. He resolved in his heart never again to allow his eagerness and enthusiasm to drive away his prudence and caution.

All the morning, as we have said, the sky had been overcast with a film of clouds. About ten o’clock, it began to drizzle, and so our hunters turned toward the camp. Uncle Charley had killed a dozen chickens and Hugh had killed one. They reached the tents just as the rain began to fall heavily.

Mr. Marvin and Neil had not returned.

“I think they’ll get a good old-fashioned wetting,” said Hugh.

“Are n’t they coming yonder?” Uncle Charley inquired, pointing at two dark spots far out on the prairie, barely discernible through the gray, slanting lines of rain.

“I can’t tell,” said Hugh; “they are so far away and the air is so full of mist.”

Uncle Charley showed Hugh how to clean his gun inside and how to wipe it dry outside before putting it into its case.

A good gun requires careful usage. Rust must never be allowed to appear anywhere about it, especially on the inside.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. MARVIN TALKS ABOUT MARKET-HUNTING.

WHEN, at last, Mr. Marvin heard Neil’s cries, he hastened to the spot whence they proceeded, and perceived at once that the lad was in a dangerous predicament. Picking up Neil’s gun, he fired both barrels into the air, to provide against accident, as he wished to use the gun in getting Neil out of the mire. Treading carefully, he extended the stock of the empty gun toward Neil, who clutched it with a strong grip the moment it came within his reach. And thus the boy was drawn slowly but surely out of the mud, and, at last, regained his footing upon firm ground.

So the two dark forms, so indistinctly seen by Uncle Charley and Hugh, proved to be Mr. Marvin and Neil, though the latter looked more like a rough model in mud than like a real live boy. He was completely incrustated in the sticky, slimy muck

of the marsh which, being very black, made his face look almost ghostly pale.

“Why, what in the world is the matter, Neil?” cried Hugh, as at last he recognized him.

Neil laughed rather dolefully, glancing down over his unpleasant coat of mud-mail.

“I fell into a quagmire up yonder. I think if I had let go I should have gone clear down to China!”

“The boy went swimming in a loblolly of prairie mud,” said Mr. Marvin; “it made him very clean, you see.”

Neil was soon quite comfortable, and when dinner was ready, he ate heartily, and enjoyed all the jokes the others turned upon his singular and dangerous adventure. But he could not help shuddering now and then as he thought of the desperate situation from which Mr. Marvin had snatched him at the last moment.

The rain continued all the rest of the day, coming steadily down in fine drops, making the prairie look sad and dreary enough. The dogs curled themselves up under a wagon, with their noses between their feet, and slept, no doubt dreaming of grouse and woodcock.

During the afternoon, the conversation turned to market-hunting, and Mr. Marvin told the boys many interesting facts about his business.

“I do not shoot much game for the general market,” he said. “Most of what I kill goes to wealthy individuals with whom I have contracts. By taking great care in packing and shipping my game, I have managed to get the confidence of some rich epicures and some private clubs in the cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York, and they pay me nearly double what I could get in the general market. They usually allow me twenty-five cents each for prairie-chickens, twenty cents each for quails, and forty cents each for woodcock. So you see the eight woodcock I killed this morning will gain me three dollars and twenty cents. My employers pay the express charges and often send me supplies of ammunition, so that my expenses are very light. I have made as much as fifteen dollars a day shooting geese at fifty cents each. Spring, summer, and autumn I spend in the North and West; in winter I go south to Georgia and Florida, where I find the best of shooting. In North Georgia, for instance, there are many old plantations partly grown up in broom-sedge, the greatest covert for quail that I ever saw. In Florida I do not shoot much game, as it is hard to get ice with which to pack it, and the shipping facilities are not good; but I kill herons and roseate spoonbills and ibises for their feathers, and I collect rare specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. You ought to see some of the curious bird’s-nests I have sent

to that institute. Herons' nests from the Okeechobee region, cuckoos' nests from Georgia, rails' nests from the Kankakee, and nests of the Canada jay from the pine-woods of Canada. I have sold great numbers of eggs, too, to collectors and scientific men."

"What a grand time you have had," exclaimed Hugh, "going from one fine hunting-ground to another, always escaping our cold, dreary winters, and always out in the free open air with your dogs and guns. How I should like to be a market-hunter!"

"You'd soon become tired of it," replied Mr. Marvin; "there are many disappointments and vexatious drawbacks connected with it. At some seasons, game of all kinds is scarce, and shooting becomes very dull work. I remember that several years ago I could hardly find chickens enough on the prairie for my own boiling. Of course, I like the business; it just suits me; but I do not advise any boy to think of trying it. With stringent game-laws and the growing opposition to free hunting by the landlords, the time is near when a market-hunter will have a poor chance for a living."

"I am curious to know something more about woodcock-hunting," said Neil, whose disaster had only whetted his appetite for sport.

"I hunted with an Englishman in Michigan, once, who put bells on his dogs when he went woodcock-hunting," said Mr. Marvin.

"Why?" queried Hugh.

"Well, when the dogs got into thick covert, he could trace their course by the sound of the bells, and whenever the tinkling ceased, he knew they were pointing birds."

"That was not a bad idea," said Neil.

"He was a jolly fellow, that Englishman," continued Mr. Marvin; "he liked a droll joke even if it were against himself. He told me that one day he went out to a woodcock covert with a belled dog, and after following the sound back and forth and around and around in the tangled growth, suddenly the tinkling ceased. Very much pleased, he went to the spot expecting to flush a bird, but he could find neither his dog nor any woodcock. Long and patiently he tramped about the spot to no purpose. Then he called his dog; it did not come. Here was a mystery. Could it be possible that his dog had fallen dead in some dense clump of the covert? He called until he was hoarse, and finally went back to camp tired and mystified. And there lay his dog at the tent door dozing, in the sun. It had lost the bell!"

"Where do you find the most profitable market-hunting?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"When the full flight of geese and ducks is good. I get my best shooting in the Kankakee region of

Indiana and Illinois," said Mr. Marvin; "but turkey-shooting in North Georgia used to be very profitable."

"Have you never hunted large game, such as deer and bear?" queried Hugh.

"Not much; it does not pay. I don't care for anything larger than a goose or a turkey. When it comes to real sport, quail-shooting is the very best of all," replied Mr. Marvin.

"You are right," said Uncle Charley, "the quail is the noblest game-bird in America."

"A thunder-pumper is not bad game when a fellow is keen for a shot," said Hugh, with a comical grimace. Uncle Charley laughed, thinking of how Hugh looked as he stood holding the bittern up after he had shot it.

Neil and Mr. Marvin did not understand the joke, or they would have laughed, too. It was not fair to Neil, perhaps, to thus keep Hugh's mistake a secret after Neil's mishap had been so fully discussed, but Hugh was the younger, and Uncle Charley favored him on that account.

When night came it was still raining steadily. Mr. Marvin remained talking with Uncle Charley and the boys until late bed-time. He told many of his strange adventures and described a number of pleasing incidents connected with his tramps by flood and field. It was especially interesting to hear him describe the habits of birds and animals as he had observed them. But Neil, whose practical, philosophical turn of mind led him to desire information that would be of general benefit, asked many questions concerning practical gunnery.

"Mr. Marvin," he said, "there is a proposition of natural philosophy laid down in my school-book which bothers me. The book states that a body, say a bullet for instance, thrown upward, will fall to the earth with the same force as that with which it started. Now, if this is true, why do we never hear of any one being hit with a falling bullet, and killed?"

"Your school-book is mistaken, if that is what it says," replied Mr. Marvin. "A bullet shot from a rifle directly upward will start with a force sufficient to drive it through three or four inches of hard oak wood. It will fall with scarcely force enough to dint the same wood. I have, in shooting vertically at wild pigeons flying over, had number eight shot fall on my head and shoulders without hurting me. The difficulty with the philosophical theory is that it does not consider correctly the resistance of the atmosphere and the comparative bulk and shape of falling bodies. Now, an arrow with a heavy point will come much nearer falling with its initial velocity than will a round bullet; because the arrow, falling point downward, has all the weight of the shaft directly over the point, which makes it nearly the same as

if it were a bullet of just the point's diameter, but weighing as much as the whole arrow."

"I see," said Neil; "I wish I could have studied that out myself."

"Oh, I don't like investigations and study and all that," cried Hugh; "I like fun and adventure and the pleasant, merry things of life."

"But the habit of investigation is most important," said Mr. Marvin, gravely; "it prevents ac-

cident through ignorance and mistake, and it often leads to valuable discoveries. You will never be a successful man if you refuse to study and investigate. I should not wish to trust a boy alone with a gun, if he thought of nothing but fun and frolic. He 'd soon kill himself or some one else."

After this, Mr. Marvin went away to his own tent, leaving the boys to think over and reflect upon what he had said.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

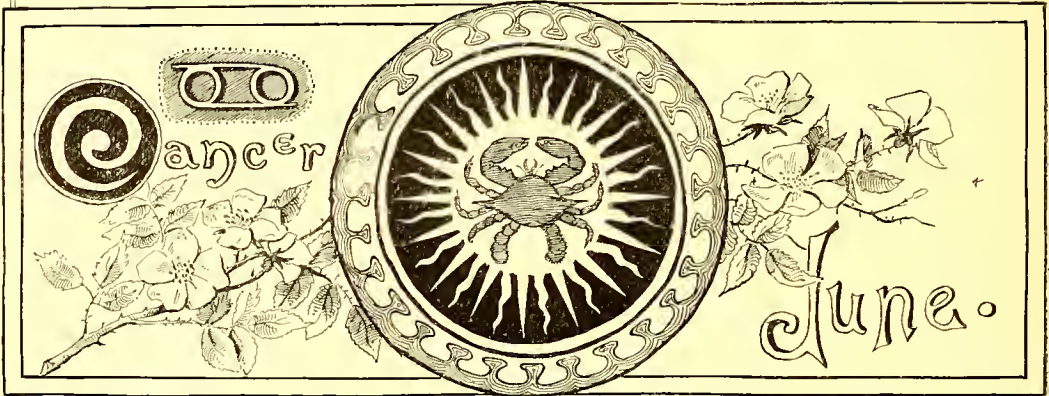
GRANDMA'S SURPRISE PARTY.



C. J. Taylor.

They all went down the garden-walk, And Grandma will be so surprised!
 And saw the flowers bloom. What can she say or do?
 Each picked a bunch—a pretty She'll give each girl and boy a
 bunch— kiss,
 To put in Grandma's room. And give the Baby two.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	♄	8	Virgo	H. M. 11.58	Whitsunday. [Regulus.
2	Mon.	9	"	11.58	(1st) Mars very close to
3	Tues.	10	"	11.58	☾ near Spica. Venus at
4	Wed.	11	"	11.58	[greatest brilliancy.
5	Thur.	12	Libra	11.58	Jefferson Davis b. 1803.
6	Fri.	13	"	11.59	Patrick Henry d. 1799.
7	Sat.	14	Scorpio	11.59	Robert Bruce d. 1329.
8	♄	FULL	Ophiuch	11.59	Trinity Sunday.
9	Mon.	16	Sagitt.	11.59	Charles Dickens d. 1870.
10	Tues.	17	"	11.59	Peter the Great b. 1672.
11	Wed.	18	Capri.	11.59	Roger Bacon d. 1294.
12	Thur.	19	"	12.	Charles Kingsley b. 1819.
13	Fri.	20	Aqua.	12.	Dr. Thos. Arnold d. 1842.
14	Sat	21	"	12.	
15	♄	22	Pisces	12.	1st Sunday after Trinity.
16	Mon.	23	"	12. 1	Edward I. of Eng. b. 1239.
17	Tues.	24	"	12. 1	Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.
18	Wed.	25	Aries	12. 1	Battle of Waterloo, 1815.
19	Thur.	26	"	12. 1	James VI. of Scotland b.
20	Fri.	27	Taurus	12. 1	Longest day. [1566.
21	Sat.	28	"	12. 2	Capt. John Smith d. 1631.
22	♄	29	"	12. 2	2d Sunday after Trinity.
23	Mon.	NEW	"	12. 2	
24	Tues.	1	"	12. 2	Midsummer Day.
25	Wed.	2	"	12. 2	Bat. of Bannockburn, 1314.
26	Thur.	3	Leo	12. 3	George IV. of England d.
27	Fri.	4	Sextant	12. 3	☾ near Mars. [1830
28	Sat.	5	Leo	12. 3	Queen Victoria cr. 1838.
29	♄	6	Virgo	12. 3	3d Sunday after Trinity.
30	Mon.	7	"	12. 3	Sultan Mahmoud d. 1839

"CHILDREN! can you tell me why
The Crab's the sign for June?"
"Yes, we can sir; he backward goes,
And the days will shorten soon."

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

By hook, and by crook, to bother the cook,
The little boy catches some fish;
Then home with his brother, to show to his mother,
O what better fun could he wish?

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

JUNE 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS has lost but very little of that superlative brilliancy which it reached on the 4th, and is by far the most beautiful object in the sky. It will not be Evening Star much longer, for it will soon be lost in the rays of the sun. When it re-appears, it will be as Morning Star, and so remain till next May. It is now standing almost still among the stars and is exactly in line with Castor and Pollux, and JUPITER is only a little to the west. No picture in the heavens made by the stars only can exceed in beauty that now presented in the western sky, with the two most brilliant planets so close together, and Castor, Pollux, and Regulus to complete the scene. MARS, a comparatively insignificant object, has passed to the east of Regulus. SATURN we shall not see in the evening again till the end of the year. ARCTURUS, far up, nearly overhead, is due south at thirty-three minutes past eight o'clock. Spica has now passed nearly one hour to the west of our south mark. High up in the east is the brilliant Vega, the only noticeable star in the constellation *Lyra* or *The Harp*. Being so, the star is generally called *Lyra*. Between Arcturus and *Lyra* is the star *Alphecca*, the brightest in the constellation of the *Northern Crown*, which is formed of a lovely half-circle of stars. *Capella* is low down in the north-west. Rising in the south-east is *Antares*, in the constellation of *Scorpio*, *The Scorpion*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac.

THE BEES AND THE ROBBER.

"EVERYTHING was made for man, and all he has to do is to help himself," said a man lifting up the Hive, and grabbing at the Honey.

"That 's true!" buzzed the whole swarm, settling down upon him, and covering him from head to foot; "we were just made for you, and as you have helped yourself to the Honey, we will make you a present of the Sting;" and so saying, the busy little Bees improved the shining hour.

"Well, well," said the man, when he had at last made his escape, "I've always heard that stolen fruit is sweet; but I have found that there is more sting in it than honey."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"I've come with my roses," rippled June, with a voice like a brook murmuring over pebbles; "they're going to be lovely this year, Mother. Blush Rose really deserves your praise, and little Wild Rose and Sweet Brier have made a special effort. I've had a good long rest, and am ready to go to work again. Are the peas ready for shelling?"

"No, no, child," said Dame Nature, "you must not soil your hands with such work; but go and take a look at them, and the strawberries, and see if the cherries are beginning to blush, and then get you to your roses. It takes a sharp eye to see the worms at their hearts, but you must not trust too much to appearances; and give me all the smiles you can, my pretty one, to warm my old heart."

WHY?

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Why have the bluebirds come
With painted wings?
Why is the great earth full
Of lovely things?—
Golden stars in the grass,
Rosy blooms in the trees,—
Wafts of scent and song
Blown on every breeze?

Why? Do you hear afar
The tread of little feet
Touching the golden stars,
Crushing the clover sweet?

Do you hear soft voices sing:
"We have thrown our books away!
Dear Earth, we come to you
For rest and play?"

Well the good Earth knows
When school is out;
And so she molds the rose
And brings the birds about.
She spreads green boughs abroad
To shade the way;
And makes her meadows meet
For holiday.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes the summer, brimful of flowers and birds and child-folk! And I never felt better in my life. What a world of joy it is!

Well, what shall we begin with *this* time?

I know. You all have slates, and slate-pencils?

You have. How pleasant it is to hear a hundred thousand youngsters reply so promptly!

And where did these slates and pencils come from?

You bought them, eh? I do not doubt that. But where did they come from originally?

Oho! Jack can not hear a hundred thousand clear voices this time. There is a mumbled confusion of sounds such as "don't know;" "out of the ground;" "slate;" "made out of clay;" "never heard any one say, sir;" but no definite answer. Let your Jack hear from you by letter, one at a time, please. Any day that astonishing Little School-ma'am may ask us where slate-pencils come from, and we may as well all be ready with an answer.

Now for

FACTS FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.

You all may remember that your Jack asked in April if any of you ever had known of a dog over fourteen years of age, or of a horse older than thirty years, a mule older than fifty, or a sheep past nine summers. The Little School-ma'am and I had been informed that these respective ages had sometimes been exceeded, but we were not sure of it, and so we asked for information based on personal knowledge. The deacon, too, wished to get some definite facts on these points.

Many replies have come, and your Jack hereby thanks the writers most truly. Apart from the kindness and painstaking they show, these letters have a practical value; for they answer questions that are often asked by others besides the deacon,

the dear Little School-ma'am, and myself. Therefore, I show you some extracts which the deacon has selected for you direct from the letters.

Here they are:

A BLACK-AND-TAN 16 YEARS OLD.

ORONO, Maine.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Our next-door neighbor has a black-and-tan dog that will be sixteen the 10th of May. It weighs seven and a half pounds, and is blind at times.

The owner has a daughter of the same age, and that is how they know the age of the dog so well.

Of the other animals I know nothing.

Yours truly,

VIRGINIA M. RING.

A SCOTCH COLLIE 17 YEARS OLD.

MANCHESTER, Vt.

DEAR JACK: In answer to your inquiries relative to the age of animals, I would say that we have a full-blood Scotch collie that will be seventeen (17) years old the coming June. I base my knowledge on my always having known him, and that our ages have always been called the same. I would add that Mr. Slap, as we call him, is hale and healthy.

Truly yours,

N. M. C.

A MONGREL 16 YEARS OLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Mr. Charles H. Collamore, of Warren, R. I., many years ago possessed a small short-legged mongrel dog, white, with yellow spots, which went by the name of Squint. He had raised it from puppyhood; in fact, it was born on his premises and died there. I remember to have seen it myself in its old age. When it died, the local paper deemed the event worthy to be celebrated in verse. The cause of its death was purely old age.

I knew it to have been very, very old; but was not sure of its exact age at the time of its decease. So, yesterday I obtained from Mr. Collamore the necessary information:

Squint died aged 16 years, 4 months, and 10 days.

Yours truly,

GEORGE L. COOKE, JR.

A TERRIER 19 YEARS OLD.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR JACK: In reply to your query in the April St. NICHOLAS, here is an instance that I can vouch for:

The Rev. S. Brenton Shaw, 142 Broadway, of this city, has in his possession a brown Russian terrier 19 years old. Mrs. Shaw chops his food, and in other ways provides for the animal's comfort. The dog suffers no inconvenience, apparently, from his extreme old age. Mrs. Shaw will not have the dog destroyed.

S. F. BLANDIN,

Office Chief Police, City Hall.

P. S.—I take the licenses for dogs in the office of the Chief of Police. I will make some inquiries of dog owners, as they come for their licenses. I license between three and four thousand.

B.

A BLACK-AND-TAN OVER 18 YEARS OLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK: Our next-door neighbor has a dog that was 18 years of age last August. There is no doubt about his age, because he was born in Mr. Morrison's own

house. The name of the dog is Sport. Sport was shot once, and he carried the ball two years, when a gentleman lanced the place and took the ball out. There still remains a lump on Sport's side where the bullet went into his body, though it does not hurt him now. He is a black-and-tan. All the spots that were tan-color are now gray, except the feet, and they are growing gray. Notwithstanding his great age, Sport is still quite active and playful.

I have heard that General Washington's war-horse lived to the age of thirty-six years. When we were in Wisconsin, papa knew of two horses, one twenty-eight years of age and the other twenty-nine, whose owner occasionally drove them to Galena, Ill., a distance of fifty miles, and returned the next day; and he told papa that when he turned them loose into pasture, they would frolic like young colts. My great-grandmother had a horse that lived over thirty-five years. I am ten years old. Yours truly,
HERBERT V. PURMAN.

A HORSE 33 YEARS OLD.

CLOSTER, N. J.

MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: We had an old family horse that my father had used twenty-eight years. The horse was five years old when purchased, in 1855. This animal died last August, aged thirty-three years and four months, to the regret and grief of us all, having been remarkable for his intelligence and speed up to the last few months of his existence.

Alas, poor "Meteor," for he seemed like one of the family! How we missed his familiar neigh when we went in the stable! Father had taught this horse to perform a splendid trick act—he would take a flag in his mouth and wave it and trot around waving it, then he would take a snap whip, and when father was running from him, would try to whip him when he got within a few feet. Meteor would get down and pull father's boot off, as much as to say: "You can not go to bed with your boots on." Then the horse would lie perfectly still while the whip was snapped and switched violently over him, and not get up till he was told his oats were ready for him, when he would spring to his feet and shake his head up and down to express his satisfaction. Then he would stand on a box about a foot and a half high and turn around to the right and left, holding one foot up extended, and change his feet when he reversed the movement. He also would keep time to music.

We drove him out every day for exercise, and he would trot real fast for a short distance and then subside into a walk. In conclusion, I would state that I have driven this horse since I was eight years old, being at times all alone in the carriage.
J. T.

ANOTHER HORSE 33 YEARS OLD: AND CAT 14 YEARS OLD.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My grandfather owned two horses, one of which lived to be thirty, the other thirty-three years of age. I also owned a cat which lived to the age of fourteen. Although I never heard of a dog as old as that, I thought that I would write and tell you what I know personally concerning "the ages of animals."
Yours,
MARY R. CHURCH.

A MARE 38 YEARS OLD.

MOORESTOWN.

DEAR JACK: You ask, "Has any one ever heard of a horse older than thirty years?" Yes, I have. We have a neighbor who owns a mare thirty-eight years old. Her name is Nelly. Only last summer she was seen to

jump a three-rail fence, and seemed to enjoy her dust bath as much as her son Harry does. He is twenty-one,—just eight years older than I. The *Moorestown Chronicle* had a paragraph lately referring to old Nelly:

Jonathan Pettit is the owner of a Mayday mare which has arrived at the respectable age of thirty-eight years, twenty-two of which have been spent while in his possession. Though not so spry as she used to be, the animal did plenty of good hard work only last summer, but is used now only as a carriage horse.

I have heard that there is a white mule, now being taken care of at one of our army posts in Texas, which served through the Mexican War, and is now a pensioner of the U. S. Government. Is it true?

Faithfully yours,
JENNY H. M.

A MARE 40 YEARS OLD.

NEAR BOUND BROOK, N. J.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Seeing in the ST. NICHOLAS that you wanted to hear about a horse over thirty, or a dog over fourteen, I will write you of both. We have here at our home a mare which is forty years old. She was bought when she was three years old, for my uncle to ride when he was a little boy. She has been in the family thirty-seven years. She is too old now to ride, but I drive her. I will be happy to show her to any one who would like to see her. My father owned a dog that lived to be fourteen. It was born in his printing-ink factory in 1855 and died there in 1872.

Your young reader,
GEORGE MATHER.

A MULE 63 YEARS OLD.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR JACK: The late Professor Mapes had on his farm, in New Jersey, a mule named Kitty,—a hardy, willing worker,—famous throughout the neighborhood for having gone beyond her fiftieth year, and for being quite able to compete with mules not half that age. Kitty Mule, as we called her, lived to be sixty-three years old, and she was in working order up to within one week of her death. Her history was well known. I saw her daily for twenty-seven years.
P. T. Q.

A HORSE 37 YEARS OLD.

NEWTON, Iowa.

DEAR JACK: I can tell you about a horse that lived to be thirty-seven years old! He was owned by a Mr. Steele, in Derby, Vt. When he was about thirty years old, Mr. Steele gave him to a gentleman in Barton, Vt., requiring him to sign a contract that he should be well kept and kindly cared for while he lived, and when he died should be well buried in a coffin made of two-inch pine plank. A few years after another friend of the fine old horse took him to Glover, Vt., to live with him, and, according to contract, took the best of care of him; giving him hay-tea to drink and pudding and milk to eat.

One day he received a visit from another friend, who, thinking (perhaps) that a change of air would be pleasant for the old fellow, took him home with him to Northfield, Vt., where he soon after died, aged thirty-seven years, several months, and some days. His beautiful dark bay coat was taken off, made to look as natural as life, and placed in the Museum at the Capitol in Montpelier. He and all his family were noted for their beauty, lofty style, and great intelligence. My papa has owned several of them, and we have a picture of one.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS since I was ten years old, am now thirteen, and think, with ST. NICHOLAS to read and a good horse to ride, a boy ought to be all right.

Your friend,
FRED K. EMERSON.

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.

VIRGINIA.—Address Children's Aid Society, New York: New York Foundling Asylum, 68th Street; or New York Orphan Asylum, West 73d Street.

STONY FORD, March, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February number you spoke about Jack Frost being such a beautiful decorator. I saw the piece in the magazine, but did not feel so much interested at the time; but one cold morning last week Jack Frost visited our dining-room windows, and painted lovely fern and oak leaves and a great many other funny but very pretty designs, but the funniest of them all was a little girl standing on what seemed to be a very high mountain, holding out her hands to an imaginary stove. I am not a very big girl, only just eleven years old, and I don't know very much about Jack Frost, still I think I can tell what makes frost on the window-panes. It is the moisture of the room within and the extreme cold outside. The cold draws the moisture on the window-panes and the cold air freezes it. I asked my grandma if she thought I could tell how Jack painted them any better, and she told me to get the encyclopedia; well, I did, and an awfully heavy book it is, too. I looked for frost, but the words were so big and long that I did not very well understand them, and I will have to ask some other little girl to explain it better. Your earnest little reader,
 MABEL G. A.

GROVETON, TEXAS, Feb. 5th, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am much interested in the astronomical part of the "ST. NICHOLAS Almanac." All through January we have been able to see the four planets, viz., Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, as well as Sirius, and through the latter part of the month the comet and the new moon also.
 The stars shine very brightly here, much brighter than in my old Iowa home, and lately the heavens have been very beautiful.
 Your constant reader,
 ALICE M. S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken your valuable book six years, I have never thanked you for the pleasant hours you have afforded me, but I sincerely do now.

My favorite author is Miss Alcott. I am greatly interested in the "Spinning-wheel Stories," and also in "Winter Fun."
 E. S. P. thinks he is too old to read ST. NICHOLAS. It's so natural for me to read it every month, I never thought to consider my age (I was seventeen last December). My mother reads it every month, and enjoys it very much.

I am studying stenography, and also taking piano lessons.

JOSIE S.

WEST NEWTON, MASS.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, though I have been intending to for a long time.

My father, who when he was a little boy used to live on a farm, often tells us stories, one of which I think will interest the readers of this magazine. They had an old cat with her kittens up in the loft, and one day a tom-cat came in and killed all but one of them. This one the old cat took out to the farm, where she hid it under the hay and fed it every day. None of the family knew where it was until one day, several months afterward, my grandfather, when he took off the hay to feed the cows, found it there. It was as large as a full-grown cat, but its eyes were not open and it could not walk. After a few days it opened its eyes and learned to walk, and became afterward a respectable old cat. Your constant reader,
 ELSIE P.

NEWTOWN, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about my kittens. I had three. I named them France, Fanny, and Blacky. One day a little girl came to see me, and we were sitting at the dinner-table, when we heard some one playing on the piano in another room. I went to the door and found Fanny sitting on the piano-stool, and putting her paw first on one key and then on another, and looking surprised at the sounds. Whenever my Mamma sat down to write,

France would spring upon her shoulder, and jump down on the desk and sit on her paper; and when she was sewing, kittle would strike at her thread, and then lie down on her work. My cousin has a cat thirteen years old. He can open doors, and is very fond of sliding down hill. He slides alone, and when the sled is drawn up, he stands ready to get on for another slide, and is never tired of the sport.
 JESSIE C. DREW, eight years old.

203 Bristol Rd., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for some time, and we all like it very much. I think the Spinning-wheel Stories by Miss Alcott are beautiful. Could you tell me how to make jumbles? I have read about them in "What Katy did at Home and at School" and other American books, and the children in them always seem so fond of them. I was thirteen last August. I have a brother of fifteen, and two sisters aged eight and ten.

I am yours truly,

ALICE IRELAND.

April, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt has been giving you to me for four years, and I was delighted when you came again this year. You get better every year, and I don't know what I would do without you. "The Land of Fire" is splendid, and "The Origin of the Stars and Stripes" so interesting. Everybody ought to read it.
 Your constant reader,
 L. E. C.

FORT WARREN, MASS.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how I am spending the summer. I have a little garden with four-o'clocks, lady-slippers, oxalises, geraniums, poppies, morning-glories, gladioluses, petunias, and I have planted some mignonne, pansy, and some Joseph's coat that came from General Garfield's garden, and mamma says that when her fuchsia stops blooming she will give me a slip of it. I have no pets except my little brother; he is four years old. I had two canaries; but my aunt sent the spring with us, and when she went away I gave them to her. From one of your readers,
 HATTIE I. W.

YONKERS, April 10, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and am one of your readers. I like especially the serial stories of Tierra del Fuego, or "Land of Fire," and "Winter Fun."

Have any of your readers ever seen an open bee's-nest? I found one one day built of hay and sticks on a wood-pile; the bees were very busy at a lump of honey in the center. I thought bees nested in the ground. Your faithful friend,
 ARTHUR HYDE.

Arthur and other boys who are interested in bee's-nests will welcome the paper entitled "Queer Game," in this number.

The following letter from Dakota Territory will interest all our readers, we are sure.

BLUNT, DAKOTA, 1883.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear from a little girl out in Dakota, many miles from New York. My mamma is a widow, and has come out here and taken up two claims: one is a tree claim and the other is a homestead. They join each other.

We intend to farm this summer, and have chickens, and set out apple-trees, peach-trees (which we are not sure will grow), plum-trees, cherry-trees, and all the different kinds of trees that will make an orchard.

And we intend to raise small fruits, such as currants, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, and, too, we intend to raise grapes, and to have a small vegetable garden.

Mamma says she is not going to sow wheat and oats and plant corn, but rent 300 acres to a man and let him raise it on shares.

I said above in this letter that mamma had taken up two claims; perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS do not know what

"taking up claims" means, so "I will rise to explain," as they say in town-meeting.

Well, in the first place, Dakota is a large Territory, and nearly all prairie land, and only a few years ago nobody lived here but wild, *wild* Indians, who made no use of the land, but lived by hunting.

Uncle Sam saw what splendid land it was. "Too good to be wasted," he thought, and so he bought it of the Indians, and now we can buy it of him.

Well, we buy of Uncle Sam a quarter of a section, or 160 acres of land, for 9 cents an acre.

But we must make a promise to Uncle Sam that we will live on the land five years, and cultivate it. Then at the end of that time we get a deed from him and the land is ours. This is a homestead.

Now a tree claim is this:

As this is prairie land and there are no trees growing here, so we buy another quarter section of Uncle Sam and plant to acres in trees. So when the trees are growing nicely, Uncle Sam gives us a deed for *this* land, and if we take up the two claims together (as mamma has done) it makes us a farm of 320 acres.

I do not know whether this is a very nice letter or not; but I am only ten years old, and never wrote for a paper before, and all I asked my mamma was how to spell the big words.

With many kind wishes, dear St. NICHOLAS, I am yours truly,

BERTHA C.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in a newspaper the other day this little story about a painter who died in London last year, and I think other boys might like to read it, too. The painter was named Cecil Lawson, and the paper said that at the age of four he copied in oil a picture by Clarkson Stanfield; at six he began to paint the portrait of a lady who lived next door; at ten he was in a dame school, when, being one day reprimanded by the mistress, he left the school and returned with a canvas bigger than himself, and asked whether a boy who could paint like that did not deserve to be more respectfully treated.

Yours truly, L. W. G.

ENGLWOOD, N. J., January 28, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the "Letter-box" this morning about one of your readers having seen "A Ship in the Sun," so I thought I would write and tell you how I saw a pilot-boat in a rainbow.

We were off the banks of Newfoundland in a dense fog, and no pilot. About four o'clock we heard a noise that sounded like distant thunder. It went on so the captain had the ship directed toward the place where it seemed to come from. The sun had come up a few minutes before and formed a beautiful little rainbow on one side of the ship. Through this beautiful arch there sailed suddenly a tiny little pilot-boat with all sails set. From it was sent a little row-boat with the pilot. After having taken him on board and after the row-boat had returned, the pilot-boat disappeared as magically as it had come.

I have been taking you for about four years, and think you are the nicest magazine published. I am twelve years old, and at boarding-school. I am your true friend and constant reader,

R. BOLLES.

OUR thanks are due to the following young friends, all of whose letters we would be glad to print if there were room: Maud E. Nellie Little, Josie Buchanan, Edward S. Oliver, Bessie Legg, Hattie C. F., C. R. Brink, Lena W., G. B. Rives, Gracie Whitney, Claire D., M. E., Mammie J. P., Clarice C., Evert F., A. Andrews, E. A. and B., E. S. D., L. H. Moses, Mary Bines, Walter M. Buckingham, E. C. Byam, John Foote, Mary Chamberlain, Daisie Vickers, Ruth W. Hall, E. S. B., G. E. D., Maidee L. Roberts, Sarah H., Florence M. L., H. L. Smith, Margaret W. Leighton, M. N., Mary Dogan, Nellie McCune, E. Carman, Hester M. F. Powell, E. M. Jr., Georgene Faulkner, F. C., Jessie Heely, May L. Goulding, Estelle Macpherson, Adelaide L. Gardiner, and Richard Wilson.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

The following Chapters have been admitted since our latest report:

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
601	West Point, Miss. (A)	16.	R. S. Cross.
602	Guelph, Ont. (A)	22.	Miss Daisy M. Dill, Box 213.
603	Chicago, Ill. (U)	4.	C. F. McLean, 3120 Calumet Ave.
604	Fredonia, N. Y. (A)	6.	Mrs. Jennie N. Curtis.
605	E. Orange, N. J. (B)	6.	Frank Chandler.
606	Evansville, Md. (A)	5.	C. D. Gilchrist, 421 Chandler Ave.
607	San Francisco (H)	6.	R. Dutton, Cal. & Devisadero St.
608	Los Gatos, Cal. (A)	4.	E. L. Menefee.
609	Brooklyn, N. Y. (H)	6.	Philip Van Ingen, 122 Remsen St.
610	Racine, Wis. (B)	5.	Chas. S. Lewis, Racine, Coll.
611	London, England (D)	5.	R. T. Walker, 14 Queen's Gardens, W.
612	Urbana, Ohio (C)	13.	Edwin M. S. Houston.
613	Winooski, Vt. (A)	4.	S. G. Ayres.
614	Baltimore, Md. (H)	7.	R. S. Hart, 211 Pressman St.
615	Newport, R. I. (C)	5.	J. P. Cotton, 15 Park St.
616	Norwich, Conn. (A)	15.	A. L. Aiken.
617	So. Winstown, Mass. (A)	27.	R. C. Campbell.
618	Central Village, Ct. (A)	20.	Fdgar M. Warner, Esq.
619	Phila., Pa. (T)	5.	James McMichael, 520 N Twenty-first St.
620	Manlius, N. Y. (A)	4.	G. C. Beebe.
621	Garden Grove, Cal. (A)	4.	Horace C. Head.
622	Utica, N. Y. (B)	5.	William White (care On. Co. Bank).

EXCHANGES.

Peacock iron, and coal, Michigan coral and fossils.—E. D. Lowell, 722 West Main St., Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence with other Chapters.—F. L. Armstrong, Meadville, Pa.

Silver, copper, lead, mica, and sea-urchins.—W. G. Curtis, Abington, Mass.

General exchanges.—Willie Clute, Sec. 514, Iowa City, Iowa.

Eggs and skins of Colorado birds. (Eggs blown through small hole in side, and same sort wished.)—W. F. Strong, 804 Cal. St., Denver, Colorado.

Labeled Hemiptera and Coleoptera. (Write first.)—E. L. Stephan, Pine City, Minn.

Eggs.—Frank Burrill, Lisbon, Me.

Bird's-eggs, and skins, and fossils.—F. H. Wentworth, 123 Twenty-fifth St., Chicago, Ill.

Fine specimens of Manganese.—Caroline S. Roberts, Sec. 522, Sharon, Conn.

Labeled fossils, shells, and minerals; and correspondence in South and West.—E. P. Boynton, 3d Ave. and 5th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mounted Canadian insects (labeled), for rare minerals.—Sharlie Hague, 172 E. 87th St., New-York, N. Y.

Correspondence with any one that has a botanical garden.—Miss Jessie E. Jenks, Oneonta, N. Y.

Berries of Abies precatarius (the standard weight of Hindoo goldsmiths), for cocoons or butterflies.—Miss Isabelle McFarland, Sec. 448, 1727 F St., Washington, D. C.

17-year locusts of 1870, for large Trilobites. Devonian fossils.—C. R. Eastman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Pressed plants for a hang-bird's nest and eggs.—Stella E. Hills, Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin.

Correspondence.—T. F. McNair, Hazelton, Pa.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the food of a prairie-dog? 2. What woods are least liable to rot? 3. What is a cidaris? 4. Is a knowledge of the classics necessary to a scientific education? [Not "necessary," but highly helpful and desirable.] 5. Why is mold on the same substance of various colors? 6. Can you give the address of a specialist on fish? [We can not, but should be very grateful if such a person would volunteer his assistance in answering our young friends.]

ANSWERS.

I will gladly answer any member of the A. A. who may wish to know the publisher, price, etc., of any book or pamphlet, if he will enclose a stamp.—T. Mills Clark, 117 E. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

In answer to the question, "Do ants live all winter?"—Yes. Last Friday, while skating, I found a sheep's skull. I brought it home and put a glass tube near it. About 27 ants crawled into the tube.—L. G. Westgate. [Sir John Lubbock kept two ant queens alive for more than 7 years.]

Pebbles are formed by the violent washing of small fragments of rock, broken and carried along the bed of a stream.—J. K. Graybill.

In answer to A. S. G.: The name "sea-bean" is incorrect, but was given to the large brown beans that are often polished and sold as ornaments, because they are often found on the sea-shore. The real name of this plant is the Scimitar pod, or "Entada scandens."

It is a member of the Leguminosæ, or bean family, and grows in India and South America. It is a strong climber. Its large flat pods are hard and woody in structure, and are from four to six, or even eight feet, in length. These are often curved so as to resemble a scimitar. The beans sometimes fall into the sea, and have been carried by the Gulf Stream as far as the coast of Scotland, where they have been known to germinate.—Hiram H. Bice.

Many sea-beans come ashore at Galveston. The tide before full moon brings them in greatest abundance. I have gathered as many as 300 good ones in a walk of 5 miles. I think there are 6 or 8 kinds. Two kinds, I know, grow on vines. The largest are four inches in diameter, half an inch thick, and very dark brown. I planted 6 of them at high-tide mark. All grew, and in less than 4 weeks had run 30 feet, all the vines running toward the west. The leaves were from 2 to 4 inches long, and half an inch wide, and more than an eighth of an inch thick. They were very dark green on the upper side and light on the under side. Edges of leaves smooth. I have planted other kinds, but they do not grow so well. None of them grow in the sea. Possibly, however, the little black-eyed scarlet peas do.—J. G. S., care Box 121, Tyler, Texas.

NOTES.

89. *Coal*.—I have had an opportunity of going into the largest coal mine in Des Moines. Above the vein of coal is a black, soft, crumbling shale, of a very thin laminate structure. Fossils are sometimes found in this. The coal is traversed by thin veins of a grayish rock, dense and heavy; between the veins of coal are layers of fire-clay, gray in color, and greasy. In this clay is found a fossil plant, called *Lepidodendron*. This was a reed, with a soft pith and a hard and much-scarred bark. It was one of the coal-forming plants, and is often found near coal. Iron pyrites of beautiful golden color, and small globules of sulphur, occur in veins. But the most beautiful thing found in the mine is the saltpetre. This is found in needle-like crystals, transparent, of a light-green color, and decidedly resembling moss. The logs used as props are covered with two sorts of fungi. One is that beautiful little fungus with slender black stem and white creased head, called *Marcasium*, the other is like the common fungus that grows on old stumps. Both kinds are pure white when they grow underground. As I was labeling my fossils, a gentleman who has taught in a college for fifteen years told me I was all wrong, and that plants never had anything to do with the formation of coal. What do you think of that?—A Friend.

[We think he was mistaken.]

90. *Spring-beetle*.—We put a Spring-beetle, or *Elatér*, into our poison jar, and left it there for three days. After it had been out a week, it began to show signs of life, and finally quite revived. The jar had been freshly made, and everything else that was put into it died instantly.—Laurena Streit, Ch. 434.

91. *Pyrus*.—In the 33d report. A. A., Jan., 1884, I find in Prof. Jones's schedule the *pyxis* classed with indehiscent fruits. Is it not a mistake? Was not the peculiar manner of opening, resembling the lid of a box, the reason for its name?—Anna L. J. Arnold, Prin. High School, Urbana, O.

[It was a mistake, as was also the printing of *Figure's Insect World*, for *Figuer's Insect World*, in last number.]

92. *Wheel-bug*.—Alonzo Stewart has been studying the so-called "Nine-pronged wheel-bug." He has found specimens with as many as 12 prongs. This bug is very destructive to other insects, which it kills with its beak, through which is emitted a poisonous fluid. One that he kept from Aug. 11th to 27th ate, among other things, a *Telra Polypheumis*, a poisonous spider, and some katydids, and it ate from 5 to 10 caterpillars an hour.—R. P. Bigelow, Sec. 109.

[We would like to hear more of this curious bug; what is its Latin name?]

93. *Seals*.—Seals are able to close their nostrils, and can remain under water 25 minutes.

94. *Promethea*.—I have found 7 *Promethea* cocoons on a small wild cherry-tree.—F. P. Poster, Sec. 442.

95. *Woods*.—I should like to mention my way of preparing woods for the cabinet. Cut pieces from a log, so that the bark shall form a back like the back of a book.

They should be 5 inches in height, 4 in width, and one and a half in thickness. The wood may then be finished in oil or varnish. On the back, about two inches from the top, cut away the bark between parallel incisions, and glue a piece of paper across on which to write the label. So prepared, they present a very handsome appearance on the shelf. The accompanying sketch may make it clearer.—Myron E. Baker.

96. *Parasites*.—On a lirioidendron (tulip) tree, I found about 30 *Promethea* cocoons, one of which, as it would not rattle, I

opened, and within I found, closely packed, 7 small, white, soft bodies. They look like larvæ of some sort, but I can not recognize them.—G. C. McKee.

[Perhaps some of our friends will help us name these strange intruders? Meanwhile, you should watch them carefully, make notes on their growth, etc., and report later.]



97. Will some one give me particulars about the fossil here sketched?—W. D. Grier.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

535. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*—I send you the dates at which some of our more common flowers bloom: White violets, Feb. 16; Blue violets, all winter; Hyacinths, Jan. 28; Crocus, Jan. 30; Honey-suckle, Feb. 8; White spirea, Feb. 28; Houstonia, Feb. 3; Daisies, Feb. 29; Butter and eggs, March 1; Cherry-tree, Feb. 20.—Clara J. Martin.

264. *Gainesville, Fla.*—This Chapter has disbanded, as its secretary is dead. Paul E. Rollins was a private in the Gainesville Guards, and on his death, at a special meeting, a series of resolutions was passed, of which the following is one: "His upright and noble life endeared him to us all, and should be a standard for our emulation."

Query.—I am a subscriber to *ST. NICHOLAS*, and notice in the April No. a note, No. 85, that H. A. Cooke, with others, has decided that the rings of a tree do not indicate the years it has lived, "but the number of stoppages in its growth." Having a personal interest in the matter, I would be much indebted to him for the information how many such "stoppages" can occur in a year, and the causes of them.—Respectfully yours, Jno. M. Hamilton.

548. *Cranford, N. J.*—In answer to a March question, the richer the soil is made, the darker the color of flowers will be. Charcoal, indigo and ammonia, put around the roots of plants make the flowers change color, and coppers brightens them.—L. M.

258. *Reading, Pa.*—We have a man here in town that we are very proud of. His name is Herman Strecker. He works in a marble-yard all day, and at night studies for many hours. He has the largest collection of butterflies in the U. S., and the second largest in the world. I think it numbers 75,000.—Helen Daer.

I have decided not only to take notes of what I see, but also to make pencil sketches, for I find that when you try to draw an object, you are forced to observe numerous little points of structure and form that would totally escape your notice otherwise.—W. E. McHenry.

187. Mr. Lintner, the State entomologist, has been very kind to us, and has given us a copy of his first annual report. We have a MS. paper, *The Naturalist*, to which all are supposed to contribute. Our president and secretary form a "literary committee," and decide upon a programme for each meeting, and edit the paper. Each member keeps a note-book, and the reading of these forms an important part of our meetings. Also, at each meeting, each member brings two questions, written on a slip of paper, and hands them to his right-hand neighbor, whose duty it is to answer them the next week.—John P. Gavit, Albany, N. Y. (A).

381. *New Orleans*.—Though a small Chapter, we are one of the many whose interest has never flagged. We have built a cabinet, and will have to build another, as this is full.—P. Benedict

511. Our Chapter now has 12 members, and we have about 200 specimens of insects.—Kitty C. Roberts, Blackwater, Fla.

478. *Constocks, N. J.*—Our Chapter is progressing fairly. Our secretary attempted to stuff a red squirrel the other day, from memory of what he had read on the subject. When it was done, it looked as if it had been struck by lightning, but it was stuffed just the same.—G. C. Baker.

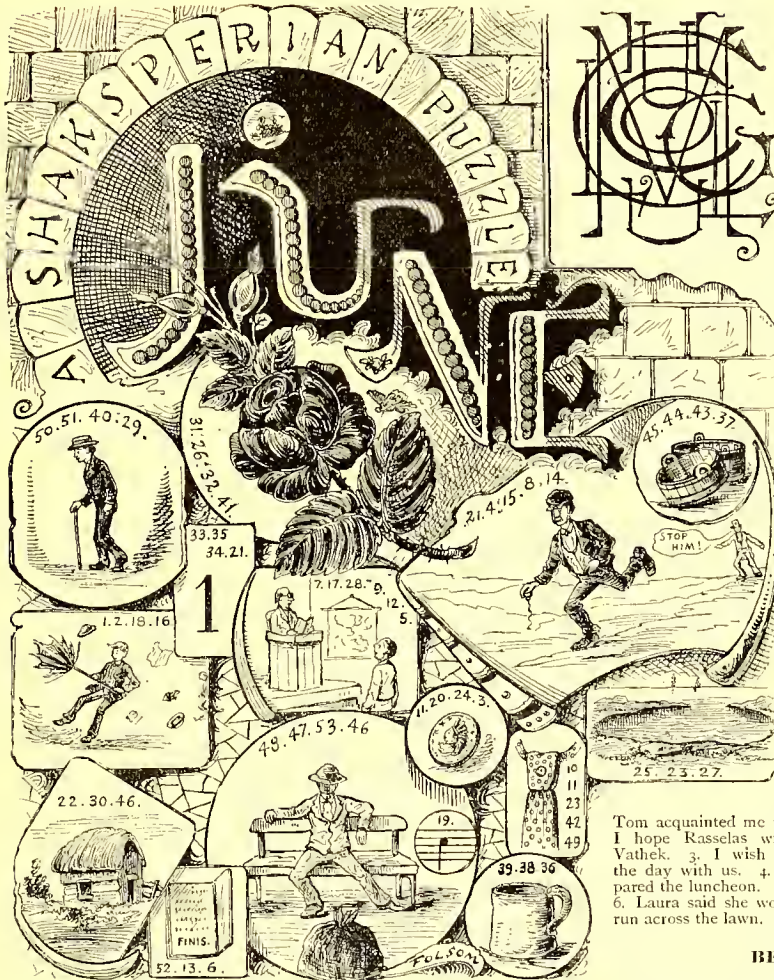
112. *Boston, Mass.*—We gave an entertainment and exhibition of our minerals, and although it was a very rainy evening, we had a fair audience, and made \$6.00. We anticipate great pleasure from the numerous field meetings we are planning.—Annie S. McKissick.

Bird's-eggs identified.—I shall be happy to identify bird's-eggs for members of the A. A., if sent to me.—D. C. Eaton, Woburn, Mass., Box 1255.

The reports from our Chapters have been continually increasing in interest, and we wish to express our thanks to the faithful secretaries. We must hint to them, however, that they try to condense their monthly letters a little more. Please don't use two words if one will serve the purpose. Take these printed reports as models. But once a year we desire a long, and detailed report from each Chapter. This should be written as carefully as possible, and sent on or near the anniversary of the Chapter's organization. Remember to put the number of your Chapter at the head of the first page, and always give address in full. Address all communications, except questions about specimens, to the President.

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a member of parliament, to whom Nicholas Nickleby applies for a situation as private secretary.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of a good-natured blacksmith, who is married to a termagant. 2. The surname of a bright young man who boards with Mr. Pocket. 3. The surname of the proprietor of Dothcroy's Hall. 4. The surname of a retired banker, who prides himself on being a practical man. 5. The surname of a pompous, self-satisfied man, who alludes to his daughter Georgiana as "the young person." 6. The Christian name of a great friend of Philip Pirrip. 7. The surname of a footman in the service of Angelo Cyrus Pantam, Esq. 8. The surname of a member of Mr. Crummles's dramatic company. 9. The surname of a neighbor of Mrs. Copperfield. MYRICK R.



CONCEALED HALF-SQUARE.

In the following sentences are concealed words which may replace the dots in the above diagram. When rightly selected, the lines will read the same across as up and down.

1. When we reached Aleppo, Tom acquainted me with the real facts of the case. 2. I hope Rasselas will prove more entertaining than Vathek. 3. I wish you would invite Nettie to spend the day with us. 4. I told Clara to rest while we prepared the luncheon. 5. If ma told you to, do it at once. 6. Laura said she would do it for me. 7. Then let us run across the lawn. ALMA.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to pull away by force, and leave repose. 2. Behead to hang about, and leave above. 3. Behead fanciful and leave to distribute. 4. Behead to agree, and leave a confederate. 5. Behead a fish, and leave to put to flight. 6. Behead angry, and leave to estimate. 7. Behead flushed with success, and leave behind time. 8. Behead a wanderer, and leave above.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a poet. F. M. N.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

TAKE a certain word from each proverb. When the selections have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of a place famous in American history.

1. "As busy as a bee."
2. "As ugly as a hedge fence."
3. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."
4. "As knowing as an owl."
5. "As full as an egg is of meat."
6. "As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment."
7. "As busy as a hen with one chicken."
8. "As brisk as a bee in a tar-pot."
9. "As lively as a cricket"
10. "As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good."

CYRIL DEANE.

This differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer is a quotation from the play of "Coriolanus." The letters of the monogram in the upper right-hand corner spell the name of an actor who is very popular in the character of "Coriolanus."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in German, but not in waltz;
 My second in errors, but not in faults;
 My third is in trappings, but not in gear;
 My fourth is in landing, but not in pier;
 My fifth is in orange, but not in pear;
 My sixth is in labor, but not in care;
 My seventh in salmon, but not in smelts;
 My whole is in Venice, and nowhere else.

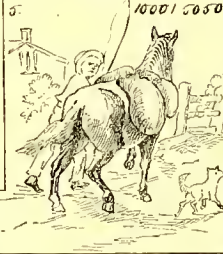
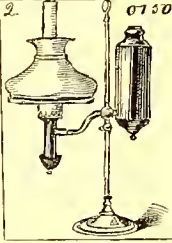
MAV L. F.

A DICKENS CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the names alluded to contains seven letters, and all may be found in the works of Charles Dickens. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

When the figures in each picture have been translated into letters they will spell the word necessary to answer the question for the picture. EXAMPLE: Picture No. 1. What are these men fishing for? ANSWER: Cod. (C, 100; 0; d, 500.) 2. What does this lamp contain? 3. What is the lit-



the girl crying for? 4. What does this kettle need? 5. Where is this horse going? 6. What is the man about to do with the rope? 7. What does this musician want?

Geo. BARDWELL.



My initials and finals spell the name of a famous English comedian, who was born and who died on June 28th.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length):
1. To captivate. 2. A volcanic mountain of Iceland. 3. To dis-

tribute. 4. A rude farming establishment. 5. Flexible. 6. To settle an income upon. 7. Aquatic animals.
MARION V.

HOOR-GLASS.

CENTRALS, reading downward, spell the name of a restorer.
CROSS-WORDS: 1. To destroy. 2. Compact. 3. A small fruit. 4. In anemone. 5. The nickname of a President of the United States. 6. To direct. 7. Very wise.
CHARLOTTE.

BURIED FLOWERS.

1. Bring me a hammer or chisel, Ellen. 2. When put in the sun flowering plants generally do well. 3. See the tear, O see the tear

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE. Primals, Decorations; finals, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. pray, DraM. 2. task, EasE. 3. fall, CalM. 4. slip, Olio. 5. peat, ReaR. 6. Emma, AmmI. 7. dogs, TogA. 8. odor, IdoL. 9. ibex, ObEd. 10. sort, NoRA. 11. glad, SlaV.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, Logwood; from 3 to 4, Monitor; from 5 to 6, Portion; from 7 to 8, Horizon. Included word-square: 1. Red. 2. Eve. 3. Den.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Jasmine; from right to left, Diamond. Cross-words: 1. JointeD. 2. pAcifIc. 3. paSS-Age. 4. comMand. 5. pRoVide. 6. eNsigNs. 7. DisputE.

CREMATION-CHARADE. Carbon-dale.
BEHEADINGS. Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. A-ajar. 2. B-and. 3. R-end. 4. A-rid. 5. H-our. 6. A-men. 7. M-oad. 8. L-ark. 9. I-bid. 10. N-ail. 11. C-owl. 12. O-men. 13. L-ear. 14. N-eat.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:
Among the changing months May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed.
WORD-SQUARE. 1. Uranus. 2. Recent. 3. Accuse. 4. Neuter. 5. Unseen. 6. Sterne.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 6—Lily and Agnes Harburg, France, 10.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from B. P. E. and Co.—S. R. T.—“Three Units”—Arthur Gride—H. and Co.—Katie L. Robertson—Madeline Vultee—“Two Stones”—Fannie, Carrie, and Saida—Maggie T. Turill—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma—Zealous—Hyslop—Charles Haynes Kyte—Wm. H. Clark—Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William—Shumway Hen and Chickens—Kiua—Francis W. Isip—Hugh and Cis—M. W. Hickok—E. Muriel Grundy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Frank Hoyt, 1—Harry J. Lynch, 1—L. O. Gregg, 1—Willie D. Grier, 1—Minnie E. Patterson, 1—Mary Chamberlin, 1—Cousin Mammie, 2—Julia Hayden Richardson, 2—Walter Lindsay, 1—Laura G. and Lillian, 1—Paul Resse, 11—Viola Percy Conklin, 3—Susan Pottles and Zenobia Higgins, 4—Jessie E. Jenks, 2—F. and H. A. Davis, 11—Chas. Crane, 1—K. L. M., 3—Julian A. Keeler, 2—Eva Halle, 4—“Pepper and Maria,” 10—Mabel Vida Budd, 4—Mary Ashbrook, 1—Fred S. Kersey, 1—Jennie Balch, 4—“Sinbad the Sailor,” 6—Gracie Smith, 6—Etie E. Southwell, 2—R. K. Miller, 2—Emma M. L. Tilton, 2—F. Sweet, 1—“Flip,” 1—Mabel Palmer, 1—E. Cora Deemer, 3—E. Gertrude Cosgrave, 11—Leon Robbins, 1—Grace Zublin, 1—Clara Powers, 1—Alfred Mudge, 1—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 1—Natalie Sawyer, 5—Dickie Welles, 1—Cooper, Charley and Laura, 7—James M. Barr, 2—“Fin I. S.,” 8—Ruth and Sam Camp, 8—Alfred Hayes, Jr., 1—Marian C. Hatch, 3—Alan M. Cohen, 1—Van L. Willis, 1—Jessie and Madge Hope, 1—Effie K. Tallboys, 7—“Rex Ford,” 6—“Worcester Square,” 1—Mary A. and Helen R. Granger, 1—Helen W. Gardner, 1—Mamie H. Haud, 4—Hessie D. Boylston, 2—Alice F. Wann, 1—Susie May Lum, 1—Alfred Hayes, Jr., 1—Anna Schwartz, 1—No Name, New York, 11—Bertha Feldwisch, 0—Hattie E. Bacon, 1—Arthur Hyde, 3—Albert Lightfoot, 4—Edith Moss, 1—C. H. Aldrich, 10—Mamie W., 1—Aldrich, 2—Irma and Mamie, 3—Eleanor, Maude, and Louise Peart, 3—Alex. Laidlaw, 7—“The Newsome Family,” 5—Angela V., 1—Unknown, 5—William H. Clark, 11—Julie and Tessie Gutman, 1—Edward Livingston Hunt, 2—Jennie and Birdie, 5—Mary Mayo, 1—George Habemicht, 1—E. D. and S. S., 5—Janet Burns, 6—Fred. E. Stanton, 6—Horace R. Parker, 5—Alice Westwood, 9—Ruth and Nell, 7—Rose W. Greenleaf, 1—Fred. J. Wheeler, 3—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Marie and Florence, 4—Appleton H., 7—Bess Burch, 8—Professor and Co., 8—Emily Danzel, 1—Millie and Mamma, 3—Arthur Barnard, 2—Maggie, Nellie, and Alice Smith, 2—Lois Hawks, 2—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 5—George Lyman Waterhouse, 10—L. C. B., 7—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 7—Charlotte and Harry Evans, 5—H. I. P., 2—Mary Stuart, 7—Crocus, 9—“Captain Nemo,” 11—Vessie W. and Millie W., 8—B. S. Latham, 2—Lulu and Mamie, 4—J. A. Platt, 11—C. W. F., 4—W. Sheraton, 1—Jennie M. Jones, 1—B. Palmer, 4—J. C. Winne and G. C. Beebe, 5—Buzz Gree and Co., 3.



From a painting by Alfred Kappes.

By permission of Mr. R. M. Donaldson.

"MY BIG BRUDDER CAN MAKE IT GO!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1884.

No. 9.

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HOW THE TORIES BROKE UP "MEETING."

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

FOR the third time little Ruth Holley stepped out on the broad flat stone that served as a doorstep, and shading her eyes with her hand looked eagerly down the road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, glancing at the long slanting shadows; "it's almost supper-time and they have n't come, and Sister Molly is never late!"

Then she turned and passed through the narrow entry into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over a big iron pot which hung from the crane in the wide fire-place.

"Well, Daughter, any signs of 'em yet?"

"No, Mother," answered Ruth, almost ready to cry. "Perhaps Gray Duke has run away, or some of the dreadful Tories have stopped them; and if anything should happen to Geordie or the twins, I don't know what I *should* do!"

Mrs. Holley raked the embers forward and threw a fresh log on the fire. "I would n't borrow any trouble, Daughter," she said quietly; "real trouble comes thick and fast enough in these dark days without any need of borrowing more."

The kitchen door opened, and a tall gray-haired man entered.

"I've put the milk in the pantry, Mother. Where are Molly and the children? Have n't they come?"

Mrs. Holley shook her head.

"Ruth is worrying, Father, for fear that they've been caught by Tories or that Gray Duke has run away with them."

The farmer threw back his head and laughed.

"No fear of that, little girl! Molly Pidgin is a born horsewoman, and Duke may be fiery and unmanageable enough with strangers, but he's like a lamb with Molly. And as for being caught by the Tories,—why, I'd just like to see 'em do it, that's all! There is n't a horse in these parts that can keep within sight of Duke's heels. I knew his value well when I gave him to Molly for a wedding gift. And they are well matched for spirit!"

"I wish Molly had less spirit, Father, for then when Edward went away, she would have come up here to stay with us," returned Mrs. Holley. "Middlesex is no place for her; it's a perfect nest of Tories! But we had hard work to get her to spend even this week with us!"

"Well, I suppose she thought some of the Tories would run off the cattle or ransack the house while she was away. We are passing through dark days—dark days, Mother! It's bad enough to have to fight an open foe, but when it comes to having neighbors who are on the watch for every chance to plunder you and to give you over to the Red-coats, it's almost more than flesh and blood can stand!"

It was the summer of 1781, the darkest and most trying period of the Revolution. The campaign of 1779 had proved a failure. The British were everywhere successful, and the American army had done almost nothing toward bringing the war to a close. And 1780 was a still more discouraging year. The winter was one of the coldest

ever known, and the sufferings of the Continental troops in their winter quarters at Morristown were terrible. Early in 1781, several hundred of the soldiers revolted and were only kept by the point of the bayonet from going home, so that this year, too, opened most disastrously. The dwellers on the Connecticut coast lived in constant fear of the British, who occupied New York City and Long Island, and frequently crossed the Sound at night in boats, to plunder the inhabitants and carry them away captives. Norwalk, Middlesex (now Darien), and Stamford were particularly hated by the English on account of the patriotism of their three ministers, and the Red-coats had been planning for a long time some way of punishing the Rev. Mr. Mather, whose earnest teachings served to keep up the almost fainting courage of the people of Middlesex.

Mrs. Holley swung the crane further over the fire, and then helped Ruth to set the table with the dark-blue china and the large pewter platters, which had been scoured until they shone like silver.

"Hark! What is that?" said the farmer, going to the door. But Mrs. Holley and Ruth were there before him, just in time to see a powerful gray horse dash up to the door and stop obediently at the decided "Whoa!" of his mistress, a rosy-checked, bright-eyed young woman. Behind her, on the pillion, and securely tied to her waist, was four-year-old Geordie, while in front, encircled by her arms, sat the baby twins, Ben and Desire, as like as two peas. In a moment, Geordie was unfastened and Ruth was smothering him with kisses, while Mrs. Holley looked very proud with a twin on either arm.

"Well, Molly," said her father, looking at her admiringly as she sprang lightly to the ground, "you are as spry as ever. We had begun to worry about you. What made you so late?"

"I was waiting for dispatches from Edward, and they came just before I left. They've had a terrible winter, Father," and the tears gathered in Molly's eyes. "Our brave men have been without shoes and had only miserable rags for clothing, and hundreds of them have died from hunger and cold. At times they have had neither bread nor meat in the camp, and the Continental money lost value so that it took four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat! Edward says if it had not been for the great heart and courage of Washington they would have given up in utter despair. But things are looking brighter now. Congress has sent them money, and General Greene has had some splendid victories in the South; and Edward says there are still more to follow."

"You don't say!" cried the farmer in a ringing voice, and his bent form straightened, and

his blue eyes flashed. "Now, may the Lord be praised! How many times have I told you, Mother, that we'd certainly win in the end."

"But these victories cost so, Father!" said Molly, throwing her arm over the horse's neck and hiding her face against his glossy mane. "O Duke, Duke! When will your master come back to us?"

Duke had been champing his bit uneasily, but at the sound of his mistress's voice, he became instantly quiet. He turned his full, bright eye on her and lowered his head until his nose rubbed against her hand.

"Just look at the critter, Mother!" cried Farmer Holley. "I think he actually knows what the girl is saying."

"Edward wrote that there was a great scarcity of horses in the army, and asked me, in case Duke was needed for our Washington, if I would be willing to give him up."

"It would be rather hard to give up Duke. Eh, Molly, girl?"

"I would even part with him, if necessary. I will do anything and everything that I can, for the sake of our country," said Molly. "And dear old Duke is fit to carry even so good and great a man as Washington."

In a few moments the family was seated at the table, and opening the big, leather-bound Bible, Farmer Holley read a short chapter, followed by the simple evening prayer.

The next morning, after breakfast was cleared away, Molly said to her father:

"I believe I'll ride down to Middlesex church. I don't like to miss one of Parson Mather's sermons. They are a great comfort to me. And I can see, too, whether the house is all right. I can get there in time for the afternoon service, and I'll take Ruth with me for company."

Shortly before noon, Duke was brought to the door, and so impatient was he, that he could hardly wait for Molly and Ruth to mount. Off they went at a rapid pace, through the gate and down the old post-road, and Canaan Parish was soon left far behind.

After a few pats and a little coaxing, Duke settled down to a sober trot. A ride of six miles brought them to Molly's house, and a glance told them that all was safe. Then they came in sight of the wooden meeting-house, with its stiff little belfry. On one side was a dense swamp bordering the road. As they passed it, Ruth glanced carelessly back, and her heart gave a great thump, as she thought she saw a bit of red color and a glitter as of sunshine on burnished steel. She looked again, but there was nothing but an unbroken wall of green leaves, so thick was the

growth of bushes and tangled vines. Her first impulse was to tell Molly. Then she laughed at her foolish fears. "I'm but a silly girl," she thought; "it was all imagination!"

The bell was still ringing, and Molly went behind the church, where the horses were fastened, and tied Duke to a tree. Then she took Ruth by the hand, crossed the porch, passed through the little entry the aisle to a square,

"Surrender or die!" called a loud voice. "Escape is impossible, for both doors are guarded."

Three or four young men climbed out of the windows, but the shots fired after them warned others of the dangers of flight. With clanking arms a number of British soldiers, led by some of the Middlesex Tories, rudely entered the church and proceeded to plunder the congregation. Silver watches were taken, silver buckles were torn from knee-breeches and shoes, and ear-rings were roughly snatched from women's ears.

Molly started up indignant, as a trooper pointed to the gold beads on her neck.

"I'll thank ye for those gewgaws, ma'am," said he.

"Softly, softly, Mistress Pidgin," exclaimed a neighbor; "re-



"DUKE DASHED ACROSS THE GREEN, AND DARTED UP THE HILL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The young girl heard but little of the service. She could not get that bit of red color and the glitter in the swamp out of her mind. The windows were open, and she found herself listening intently for every little sound, but she heard nothing except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves, as the warm south wind gently stirred the branches of the trees. But when Mr. Mather, from his high pulpit perched beneath the great sounding-board, began to read the hymn, suddenly the words died away on his lips. He closed his book and remained motionless, with his eyes riveted on the open door.

istance is of no use." And Molly gave up the necklace.

Then she whispered to Ruth: "Keep close by me, Little Sister! Do just as I do—keep getting nearer the door—a step at a time—without attracting attention. If I *can* only save Duke!" The British tied the men, two by two, and, amid the soldiers' jeers and hooting, the gray-haired minister was dragged from the pulpit.

"Let the rebel parson lead the march," cried one; "and hark ye, sirrah, step lively, or you'll feel the prick of my bayonet—we must make

haste. or the whole town will be after us," he added in a lower tone, addressing one of his comrades.

In the meantime, Molly and Ruth had reached the door without being seen, and Mistress Pidgin peeped out cautiously. The guard had left his post to help lead the horses to the front of the church. Most of them had been taken, but Duke was still standing under the tree.

The two sisters darted down the steps, climbed up on a stone fence, untied Duke, and mounted, but had gone only a few yards when they encountered two men.

"Stop!" cried one of them, seizing the bridle. Molly bent over Duke, and patted him gently on the neck. Then she raised her whip and brought it down with all her might on his flank. He reared wildly, and, with a furious plunge that would have unseated a less skillful rider than Molly, he freed himself from his captor, dashed across the green, and, with ears laid flat against his neck and his tail streaming out like a white banner, he darted like an arrow up the road.

Ruth was partly thrown from the pillion, but Molly's strong arm was around her, and her calm voice sounded re-assuringly:

"Pull yourself up to the pillion! Never fear! I can hold you;" and even in that mad flight the little girl was able to draw herself up to a secure position. As they reached the top of a long hill,

Molly drew rein and looked back. A few mounted men had started in pursuit, but Duke was too fleet for them, and they had turned back.

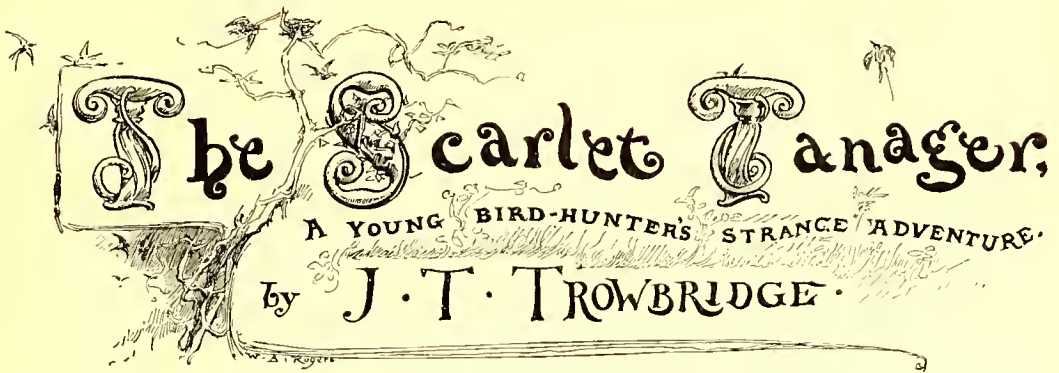
"O my brave Duke," said Molly; "may you always carry your rider as swiftly from danger as you have carried us to-day!"

Duke bore them swiftly up the old road to Canaan Parish, and as soon as they reached home safely, the alarm was given by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and several of the men started at once for Middlesex. But they were too late! The prisoners had been carried across the Sound, and from thence they were sent to the prison-ships in New York Bay, where some of them languished and died, and others, among them Parson Mather, after a long delay, were returned to their homes.

Meantime, Duke was sent to the headquarters of the Continental Army, and it was the proudest day of Molly's life when, soon after the declaration of peace, she stood on a balcony with Edward and the children beside her, and heard the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the wild cheers of the people. For, as she looked up the street she saw, amid the waving of flags and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, passing under the triumphal arch, with proudly arched neck and quivering nostrils, a magnificent gray horse, bearing on his back that martial figure so well known and loved—the noble Washington.



"FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."



The Scarlet Tanager,

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPRISONED.



ASPAR was stunned by the fall, but not seriously hurt.

On coming to himself, he found that he was in a narrow dungeon, perhaps three feet in diameter, which smelled strongly of damp and decay. He was sitting on a soft, rotting mass of stuff,

which must have served to break his fall; his legs were buried in it to the knees. He had a sense of having been terribly wrenched and jarred, with a sick and giddy feeling about the head.

The hollow was dark. He felt the rough, mouldering walls with his hands, and then looked up. A round spot of light, which did not seem very far above, showed the aperture by which he had been entrapped.

"If I had room enough to work in that narrow part up there, I could get out," he said to himself. For he had his knife in his pocket, and he believed he could cut foot-holds into wood sufficiently solid to bear his weight.

"But it will take so long!" he thought. "I shall starve first, or smother"—for he was feeling the need of fresh air.

His mind was quickly diverted from that project by an incident. One could hardly expect to meet with an adventure at the bottom of such a tube as that; yet one happened to Gaspar.

As he was getting upon his feet, he felt something stir in the rubbish beneath him, and thought of his scarlet tanager. He thrust down his hand and seized something which was less like feathers

than fur, but loosed his hold instantly on receiving a bite in the thumb. The creature thereupon scampered over his knees and darted across his shoulder and down the back of his coat, with a quick chipper which told plainly enough what sort of companion he had in his dungeon.

"A chipmunk!" he exclaimed. "Where did the fellow go to?" For all was still again in a moment.

This trifling incident seemed important to the prisoner, and it gave him hope. He reasoned:

"It is not the habit of chipmunks to climb trees. This one never came in at the top of the trunk; he must have a hole somewhere down here. There is probably an opening on one side as there is at the roots of most hollow trunks."

If the squirrel had his summer home there, it seemed strange that he had not run out of his door when he saw so extraordinary a visitor coming down the chimney. Some dislodged fragments of the crumbling interior must have fallen, Gaspar thought, and suddenly stopped the hole. Had the frightened animal now dived down amongst them to find his way out? If so, they had closed after him; for the prisoner could discern no glimmer of light except what came in at the top.

His eyes growing accustomed to the obscurity, he could see about all that was to be seen in that dismal place. This was very little indeed; only the dim outline of the litter beneath his feet, and the walls consumed by the slow combustion of time. He soon had out his knife, and began to chip into them, quickly striking the rings of the hard wood which supported the living branches.

"My best chance," he said, "will be to find the natural opening, if there is one." And he set himself to search for that.

After poking awhile with his feet, he was rewarded by seeing a faint gleam of light which did not come in at the top. With fresh hope and joy, he dug the rubbish away from it, and discovered a

narrow, jagged slit, apparently in the angle between two branching roots.

Exploring it with his hands, he found it not more than three or four inches in breadth and inclosed by solid folds of wood and bark. But if it did not promise immediate escape to the prisoner, it offered what was almost as welcome, a prospect of fresh air.

"If I can breathe," he said, "I will cut my way out in time."

He burrowed still farther, throwing the rubbish in a heap behind him; but could not find that the slit enlarged as he went deeper. On the contrary, it soon grew narrower, as if the two roots—if they were two, originally—were crowded together at the surface of the ground.

He could now look out and see the waning afternoon light on the dead leaves that strewed the forest floor. He had not thought that he should ever look upon that peaceful scene again; and as he fixed his yearning eyes upon it, and drew the fresh air into his lungs, a deep sense of gratitude filled his heart, such as he had not felt in all his life before.

He could not see the pine he had climbed, nor the log on which he had left his gun; and he concluded that they must be on the opposite side of the hollow tree. The slant of the sunlight among the forest stems, and the apparent falling away of the ground in the direction of Bingham's swamp, confirmed him in this opinion.

The first thing he did, after looking out and inhaling fresh draughts of air, was to call again for help. But now, as much of his voice as was not muffled in the tree seemed to strike down upon the earth, and to penetrate the forest no farther than when he sent it straight up into the sky.

"No use in my losing time this way!" he said, and at once set about enlarging the aperture with his knife.

The decayed part of the bark was easily scraped from the edges of the separated folds; but hard enough he found the green wood beneath. He worked away at it with right good will, however, knowing that the slightest splinter or shaving he removed diminished by so much the barrier that kept him from liberty and home.

For home meant liberty and happiness to him now. How could he ever have scoffed at it, and nursed a moody discontent, with the blessings he enjoyed? Was it not his own fault that his father had opposed the killing of birds, and the hunting of nests and eggs, which had been so large a part of his boy life; seeing him with those low associates, in whose company he seemed to forget all the love and duty he owed his parents and friends?

He made slow progress, hurting his hand with

the short-bladed knife and on the rough edges of the wood. But still he worked away, and as he worked, he thought:

"Why was I never willing to do anything to please them, while they were always doing so much for me? Why could n't I have seen that it was only my good they thought of when they sent me to school, and tried to have me keep better company, and be industrious, and respectful, and decent? Oh, what a fool I have been!"

Yes, he had been worse than a fool; he had been headstrong in his selfish, thankless, often cruel opposition to their wishes. All this he said to himself, recalling many instances of his unworthy conduct, and longing for freedom, that he might begin life over again and redeem the past.

"What if I had died in this hole—what if I should die here now—leaving all my bad actions to be remembered? The very last thing I did was to disobey my father and break my promise to School-master Pike; the last words I spoke to Ella were mean and unjust!"

It was growing dark; the sunlight had disappeared from the boughs and stems, and deep shadows were creeping over the solitary forest. Occasionally he ceased cutting, to look out and call, and listen. No voices answered, no footsteps approached; nor was he much disappointed, for he knew well that it was not yet time for his absence from home to excite alarm, and he was in the most unfrequented part of the woods.

It would soon be quite dark; he must make the most of what daylight was left. He expected nothing else than that he must spend the night where he was, with no near neighbors but the katydids and owls. Supperless, lonesome, oppressed by the gloom, the odors of decay, and his own terrors and regrets—the prospect was one to make a better and braver boy shudder.

"I shall work a part of the night, anyway; for when I can't see, I can feel. Then when I am tired out, I can perhaps sleep."

The night insects had struck up their monotonous notes in the darkening woods; and now a fine, incessant hum about his ears, with an occasional sting on face or hands, gave warning that a swarm of mosquitoes had found him out. He could imagine them rising like a misty cloud from Bingham's swamp, and dividing into two parties, one of which filed in at the aperture where he was at work, while the other poured down upon him through the opening above. They interrupted his work; how then could he hope that they would let him sleep?

Fighting the invaders with one hand, he plied his knife with the other, blistering his palm and bruising his knuckles, but determined not to give

over his toil till he had made a hole that he could squeeze his body through, and get out of that terrible place. The darkness closed in upon him; he could no longer see where he thrust his blade. Patience was not one of his virtues, and he was growing desperate. The tough, green fibers would not come away fast enough, and he began to work off thicker chips, pressing and prying with the knife.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CLEW, AND WHAT IT LED TO.

HAVING obtained possession of the fowling-piece, Pete felt it a great grievance that he should be obliged to give it up.

"He's dead, or run away; I don't see why I can't hev it 's well 's anybody," he muttered, as



"YE CAN HEAR IT NOW!" SAID PETE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Suddenly something snapped. He uttered a cry of dismay. The knife had but one whole blade, and that had broken under his hand.

To the misery of the night that followed, was now added the horrible apprehension that he might not be traced to that remote part of the woods, and that he was destined to perish in the hollow tree.

"But I can at least put my hand and some part of my clothing out of the hole," he said; "and there is my gun, which will be found some time; that will set people to looking hereabouts. But perhaps it may not be found till long after I am dead!"

He did not know that his gun had already been carried off by the prowling Pete, while he lay silent and stunned in the bottom of the hollow trunk.

he crawled into the bushes where he had concealed the gun that Sunday afternoon. "Might 's well leave it here. B'sides, ther' might be folks in the woods that 'ud see me with it."

He persuaded himself that it would be well to wait until night, at all events; in the meantime he would not go home, but live on melons, which he knew well enough where to find.

"What's b'come o' the feller, anyhow?" he said, as he crept out of the bushes again, without the gun. And that strange fascination which often attends the wrong-doer led him to wander again through the woods in the direction of Bingham's swamp.

He stopped often to look about him, and often changed his course; but invariably his feet would turn again, and his eyes look off toward the spot where he had found the gun.

At last he came in sight of the log. Then he stopped and sat down on a mossy root. After a while he went on again, not directly toward the log, but walking around it, wondering more and more how the gun ever got there, and what had become of its owner. The woods were strangely still; and he was frightened at the thought of Gaspar having shot himself and crawled away to die, perhaps in some of the hollows of the great swamp.

He stopped to pick and chew a few fresh check-erberrry leaves; then, resolved not to be a coward, having looked all about again to see that nobody was in sight, he walked straight to the log.

He was still in a nervous tremor, looking first at the ground for traces of Gaspar, and then peering about in the silent woods, when all at once he heard a voice.

Where did it come from? It seemed quite near, and yet there was nobody in sight. He looked up into the trees, he looked all around again in the quiet forest, with superstitious fear—waiting quakingly until he heard the mysterious voice again, then he took to his heels.

He ran like a deer, and never stopped until, leaping over a ridge of rock, he came face to face with a man. It was Mr. Pike, the school-master.

"Peter," he exclaimed, "you are the boy I was looking for!"

"Wha' d' ye want o' me?" said the breathless Pete.

"Wait, and I'll tell you," replied the master, seeing the boy inclined to avoid him and continue his flight. "What were you running for?"

"Jes' for fun—I dunno—sometimes I run, an' sometimes I don't," stammered Pete. "Is n't any law against a fellow's runnin', is ther'?"

"No," said the master, sternly. "But there are laws against some other things. Don't try to get away! You are going with me, or I am going with you, whichever way it happens. But I promise to be your friend in this matter, if you'll tell me the truth."

"Truth 'bout what?"

"About Gaspar Heth."

"'Bout Gap Heth?" gasped Pete, with wild eyes.

"Yes; what has become of him?"

"Dunno what 's become on him; I tol' ye so last night."

"Well, then," said the master, laying hold of his ragged collar, "tell me what has become of his gun, and where you found it."

Pete glared up at him, pale and chattering with fright. He did not know how much Mr. Pike knew of the truth, and was afraid to utter a straightforward lie.

"If you wont speak, then you and I go straight to Squire Coburn's," and Mr. Pike started to lead him off.

As Squire Coburn was the village justice, Pete struggled and hung back; but at last he exclaimed:

"Lemme go, an' I 'li tell ye. I found the gun on a log over yender by Bingham's swamp, but Gap Heth wa'n't anywheres around, sure 's I'm alive!"

"Come and show me the p'lace," said the master.

Pete started, but presently hung back again.

"I don't want to!" he said. "That 's what I was runnin' away from—his *ha'nt*."

"His what?" Mr. Pike demanded, impatiently.

"His *ha'nt*. I heard it, jes' as plain! But could n't see a thing. That 's what scairt me. I'm awful 'fraid o' *ha'nts*!"

"What do you mean by *haunts*?—Ghosts? Do you imagine you 've heard Gaspar's ghost?"

"I know I hev!" cried Pete.

"Come along and show me the spot," said the master. "If you heard Gaspar's voice, it was Gaspar himself who called, and not his '*ha'nt*.' Come! for he must be in trouble."

Partly re-assured, Pete accompanied him; but paused again before they had gone far over the ridge.

"Ye can hear it now!" he said.

Mr. Pike listened a moment. "It is certainly Gaspar calling!" he exclaimed; and, leaving the reluctant Pete to his fears, he set out to run in the direction of the voice.

Curiosity prompted Pete to follow at a safe distance. "That 's the log!" he shouted, as the master paused, not knowing which way to turn; "right afore ye!"

The voice sounded again; and Mr. Pike, standing by the log, was as much puzzled at first as Pete had been to decide whence it came. Proceeding from the hollow tree, it was like the speech of a ventriloquist; and one could imagine it almost anywhere except where it was.

But instead of running away as Pete had done, Mr. Pike called:

"I hear you, Gaspar! where are you?"

"In the hollow tree," replied the voice. "Come around the other side."

The master had already seen far enough to assure himself that Gaspar was not behind the tree. He now obeyed the voice, and was more disturbed than he had ever been in all his life, to see a grimy hand thrust out of an opening in the bark. If the voice was like ventriloquism, the appearance of the hand was like magic.

"Why, Gaspar!" he cried, hastening to the aperture, and seizing the hand as if to make surc of it, "how did you ever get in there?"

"I slipped in at the top, trying to get a bird."

Gaspar spoke in a stifled voice, and as he could not bring his mouth to the outer rim of the orifice, it sounded almost as if the tree itself had spoken.

Mr. Pike looked up, and the manifest impossibility of a boy's climbing that prodigious trunk added to his bewilderment. But his eyes followed the limb that curved across the top of the pine, where he saw Gaspar's cap lodged; and he required no further explanation of the mystery.

"Run as you would for your life!" he said to the staring Pete. "Bring the nearest farmer with his ax. And get word to the Heths, if you have a chance. Say that Gaspar is found—alive—in a hollow tree!"

Pete was off again in a moment, plying those nimble legs of his.

"You can stand it ten or fifteen minutes longer," Mr. Pike said, turning again to Gaspar.

"Oh yes," replied the prisoner, in feeble and quivering accents. "After a night and a day in such a place as this, I sha' n't care for half an hour more, if you wont leave me!"

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathizing master; "how you must have suffered! I wont leave you; never fear."

It is strange how the voice of pity will sometimes stir depths of the heart which agony itself could not reach. In all the wretchedness and horror of his imprisonment, Gaspar had not wept as he wept now that he was found and a friend was speaking to him consoling words.

"It has n't been very gay in here," he said, checking his sobs, and trying to speak cheerfully. "I'm nearly starved. And the mosquitoes—you never saw such a place for mosquitoes! But I don't care for anything now that you——" Here his sobs choked him again.

"Was there no way of getting out?" Mr. Pike inquired.

"I might have cut my way out if I had n't broken my knife. Then, this morning, I tried climbing. The hollow is pretty large at the top and bottom, but there is a spot I could n't get through; it's so narrow I had no chance to use my legs and arms. Then I tried digging under the trunk, but tore my fingers for nothing. There's no *under* to it. You just go right down into the hard roots."

"It's one of the most astonishing adventures I ever heard of!" exclaimed the master. "I came in sight of this place once, this morning, hunting for you, but who would ever have thought of finding you in a hollow trunk? I don't wonder Pete Cheevy thought it was your ghost that called!"

"Did he?" said Gaspar, with a faint laugh. "I did n't know whether anybody would be hunt-

ing for me or not; I was afraid I might n't be thought worth the trouble."

"What do you mean by that, Gaspar?"

"Oh, you know what I mean!" said the voice in the tree, breaking again. "I heard all your talk with my mother that first day you called at our house; and every word she said to you was true—only it was n't half the truth! It took a night and a day in a hollow tree to bring me to my senses, and show me what a worthless wretch I have been."

It required an effort for the master to control his voice and reply, stooping to the dark aperture within which he could hear sounds of weeping:

"It will take more than that—it will take a great many hollow trees and their lessons to convince your mother and me that you are as worthless as you think yourself now. I told her then that I was sure there was good in you which only needed to be developed."

"I know you did; I heard you," said Gaspar. "That's what made me like you. But I have treated you as I have treated all my friends, and I have got my pay for it. If I had n't broken my promise to you about shooting birds, I should n't have got into this scrape. What did my folks say?"

"They have n't known what to say or think. Your disappearance has been a terrible thing to them. I believe your father concluded that you had run away; but your mother feared something worse had happened—that you had met with a fatal accident. They passed a dreadful night, as well as you, Gaspar!"

"I suppose so. I have thought of them a thousand times," murmured the boy; "knowing so well that I never was worth the least part of the trouble I have caused them."

"You may have had some reason to think so," said the master. "But I trust we shall all have reason to think very differently in the future."

"I hope so!" breathed Gaspar, devoutly. "If I did n't, I should wish never to get out of this tree alive."

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM."

DURING the latter part of this conversation between the boy in the hollow tree and the man outside, the man began to look anxiously at his watch. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed; and still no farmer came with his ax, and no Pete re-appeared.

"Wont they ever come?" said Gaspar, despairingly.

"They are a long while about it," replied the

master. "If you can bear to have me leave you a few minutes, I believe I can bring somebody, or find an ax; it is n't far out of the woods on one side." He consulted his watch again, adding: "I have n't much confidence in that Pete."

"Oh, he will bring somebody, I 'm certain," said Gaspar. "Don't go! It seems to me as if I could n't be left alone again."

"Wait! I hear shouts!" said the master. "I believe the men Peter sent have mistaken their way and gone on the wrong side of the swamp."

He was right in his conjecture. He answered the shouts, and the men answered back. And soon the woods resounded with cries from other directions, where men and boys who had caught up the news that Pete had left on his way to the village came hurrying to see Gaspar Heth taken out of a hollow tree.

The voice of the school-master, standing guard by his young friend, guided all comers to the place. And now appeared Pete himself with the gun, and his father with an ax; and the two men first named, who had lost their way, came struggling through the swamp; and that spot in the woods, which had been so silent and solitary a little while before, became a scene of surprising activity. Shouts answered shouts as other comers appeared; the oddest guesses and comments were made regarding Gaspar's situation; and every one had to go and peep in at the narrow aperture for a glimpse of his mosquito-bitten face or his blotched and smeary hands.

"However did he squeeze in through that leetle hole?" said Simon Crabbe, the cobbler, who was near-sighted as well as dull-witted, and who had not yet taken in the significance of the tree's broken top. "Reminds me of a toad in a rock; but they say a toad crawls in when he 's small, and grows there."

Mr. Pike explained that Gaspar was climbing after a bird; adding,—“Run up the tree there, Pete, and get his cap; he will want it in a few minutes.”

"After a bird!" said grim-looking old Dr. Kent. "I thought we were going to put a stop to this bird business. How is it, Mr. Pike?"

Mr. Pike appeared too busy just then to heed the question.

"Stand back," he cried, "and make room for the axes!"

The crowd drew back and the elder Cheevy was the first to strike into the tree, making the bark and chips fly into the faces of those who remained too near. Although accounted a sort of vagabond, lazy and shiftless in his habits, he was athletic and handy with an ax; and now he had a good opportunity to show his skill. The

first of the men from the swamp took a position facing him, and offered to strike in on the other side of the loop-hole he was enlarging; but old Pete warned him off.

"You 'll hinder more 'n you 'll help," he said. (Hack! hack!) "You jes' lay low with the rest (hack!) an' you 'll see a hole 'n this 'ere shell 'n half a jiffy (hack!) that a hoss 'n cart could back out of!" (Hack, hack!) And off fell the great chips.

If it was a strange event to those looking on, waiting to see a lost boy cut out of a hollow oak, what was it to the boy himself, crouched beyond the possible reach of the ax, watching every stroke which opened wider the door of his prison and let the broad daylight in?

"That will do!" he called to the chopper. "I can get out now."

But Cheevy did not mean that he should creep out.

"You 're go'n' ter walk out like a man!" he said, ending, at last, with: "Now, how 's that?" as he drew back and poised his ax.

"All right!" And Gaspar leaped into the light and air of the beautiful August afternoon. "I 'm much obliged to you, Mr. Cheevy! I 'm much obliged to you all for coming to see what a fool I have made of myself!"

His eyes glistened and his voice was unsteady as he received the congratulations and answered the questions of friends crowding around. Suddenly he said, "Excuse me!" and, to the amazement of everybody, walked back into the tree.

"Have n't you had enough of it yet?" cried the master, looking in after him.

"Quite enough and to spare," replied Gaspar. "But there 's one thing I must n't forget." And he took down from the inner coating of the trunk something he had fastened to it with a pin.

It was his scarlet tanager, found while he was digging in the rubbish which had treacherously flaked off and come down with him when he slipped through the narrow part of the cavity.

"I must keep this to remember this adventure by," he said, with a rueful smile and a long breath, as he once more stepped out of the tree, and instinctively brushed the particles of decayed wood from the brilliant plumage. "Now where's my gun?"

"Here 't is; I 've be'n keepin' on 't fer ye!" cried young Pete Cheevy, springing forward with alacrity. "An' here 's yer cap that I jes' got out o' the tree."

"Thank you very much for both, Pete!" said Gaspar earnestly, as he put on the cap; while Master Pike smiled significantly at old Pete, and old Pete winked deprecatingly at Master Pike.

Then all the young fellows, and some of the

older ones, had to take turns getting into the hollow trunk, or at least putting their heads in; "jes' so 's to see," as Cobbler Crabbe expressed it, "how it must have seemed to the boy shet up there for nigh about twenty-four hours."

Meanwhile grim old Dr. Kent looked hard at the bird in Gaspar's hand, and repeated his still unanswered question to Master Pike:

"How is it about this bird-shooting? Did n't I understand that we were all going to unite in frowning it down and putting a stop to it?"

it. But let's be consistent; don't let us be respecters of persons. His father's a minister, and a man we all respect, and a good friend of mine besides; but if his son—and I'd say the same if he were mine—is guilty of breaking the law we've pledged ourselves to see enforced, I don't see but that we ought to make an example of him. It will be a good beginning."

"Your remarks are just," replied Master Pike. "And though I think Gaspar has been punished enough for a good many faults besides bird-shoot-



"'YOU'RE GOIN' TO WALK OUT LIKE A MAN!' SAID CHEEVY."

"Yes, I believe that was the understanding," replied Master Pike.

"And did n't we agree that we'd have the first boy that should break the law prosecuted? That's what was publicly given out as a notice and warning to all; was n't it?"

The school-master nodded a reluctant assent.

"Well," said the doctor, with an emphasis meant to clinch his argument, "I don't want to mar the good feeling of a time like this. Gaspar has been rescued from a bad fix, and I'm glad of

it, I should n't object to seeing him prosecuted and fined, if he had broken the law in this case. But he has not."

"Not broken the law?" cried the grim-featured doctor, "with that dead bird in his hand?"

All eyes turned upon Gaspar, who was about to speak, when the master forestalled him.

"No, Doctor; and a prosecution in this case would n't hold water. Gaspar is an ornithologist, or is going to be one; and he has a certificate from the Natural History Society which allows

him to take birds for scientific purposes. Here it is."

He took from his pocket the paper which he was to have given Gaspar the night before.

"It is dated, you see, two days ago; so that the shooting of this tanager is a case exempt from the action of the law."

"To be sure! to be sure!" said the doctor; while Gaspar stared with mingled feelings of astonishment and gratitude.

"You had it for me all the time, and to think I did not know it!" he said to Master Pike, on their way out of the woods. "You are too easy with me; for I really deserved to forfeit it for breaking my promise."

"I think," replied the master, indulgently, "you will keep your promises better in future."

He had good reason for such a belief; thenceforward his influence over his pupil was complete.

Before they emerged from the woods, they were met by Minister Heth, who had heard the news, and was hastening to the scene of the rescue. At sight of his son, saved from a horrible fate, haggard, famished, insect-bitten, with soiled and blood-smearred hands, he forgot all his resentment, and like waters from a broken dam his paternal love gushed forth.

All he said, however, was simply,—in a voice and with features which a strong will controlled,—

"Gaspar! is it you at last?"

"Yes, what there is left of me!" replied Gaspar, with the same self-control. "How's mother?"

"She will be better for seeing you, Gaspar!" said the minister, his resolute voice beginning to quaver and give way. "Come, my boy!"

What was left of him, after twenty-four hours in a dungeon with remorse and fear and starvation and mosquitoes—Gaspar might well say that. He had lost something which he could well spare; and what was left was the better part of him, as his conduct thenceforward, up to this date, has proven.

He has not yet chosen the career by which he is to earn his living; but he is preparing himself for usefulness by laying a broad foundation of knowledge; and whatever work he may do in the world, he means that the pursuit in which he still delights—the study of birds—shall be his recreation.

He has learned to stuff and mount his specimens; and if you visit the family, you will see on the parlor mantel-piece a beautiful sample of his work, which, from the associations connected with it, has an especial value in the eyes of his friends.

It is the Scarlet Tanager.

TO A KATYDID.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

SPRITE, in leafy covert hid,
'Twixt your "did n't" and your "did,"
Simple folk are quite in doubt
What your talk is all about.

"*Did*" and "*did n't*"! That 's a clear
Contradiction, Katie dear;
One would think you scarcely knew
Any odds between the two.

"Did?"—but what? And where? And when?
"Did n't!"—There you go again!
Such a slippery little chit!—
After all, what matters it?

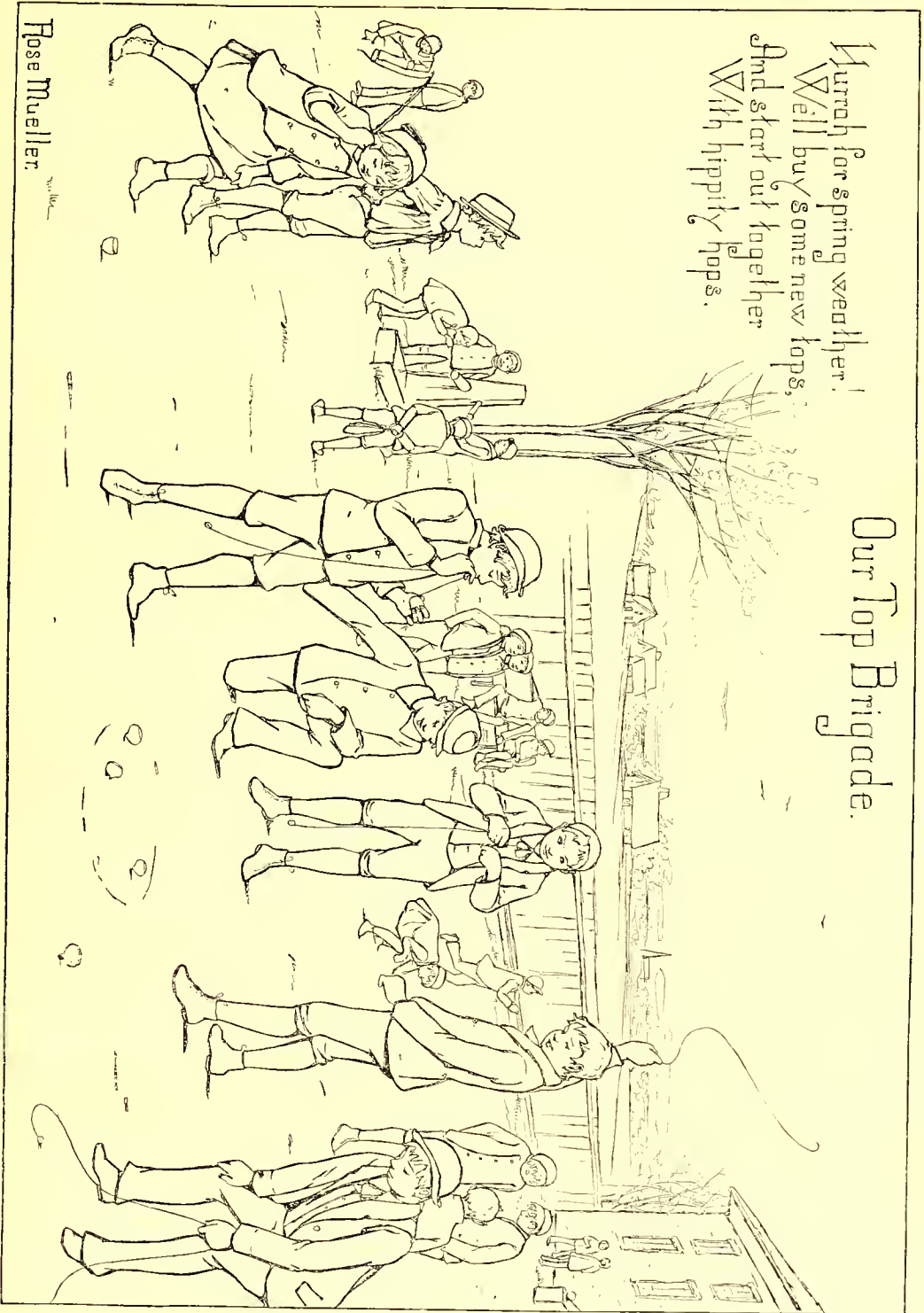
Who—do you imagine—cares,
Katie, for your small affairs?
Hold your peace; and, for the rest,
We 'll concede you did your best.

If you did n't, more 's the shame;
If you did, then where 's the blame?
So give o'er: You wont be chid
Though you did n't or you did.

Only,—your own counsel keep,
Letting honest people sleep.
If you did, then be it so;
If you did n't, let it go!

Hurray for spring weather!
 We'll buy some new tops,
 And start out together
 With hippity hops.

Our Top Brigade.



Rose Mueller.



SEVENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Now, my lads and lasses, we must hurry, or we shall never empty this portfolio. Find easy places, and I will read several to-night; we are so early, there will be time enough," said Aunt Elinor, as the flock settled down, ready, as usual, for an unlimited supply.

"Never mind about choosing. Take the first that comes. We shall like it, whatever it is," answered Min, twirling her wheel busily and with a good deal of skill.

"This is my one ghost story, and such a very mild one it won't frighten anybody." And amid a little stir of interest the reader began:

"Well, what do you think of her? She has only been here a day, but it does n't take *us* long to make up our minds," said Nelly Blake, the leader of the school, as a party of girls stood chatting about the register one cold November morning.

"I like her, she looks so fresh and pleasant, and so strong. I just wanted to go and lean up against her, when my back ached yesterday," answered Maud, a pale girl wrapped in a shawl.

"I'm afraid she's very energetic, and I do hate to be hurried," sighed plump Cordelia, lounging in an easy-chair.

"I know she is, for Bidly says she asked for a pail of cold water at six this morning, and she's out walking now. Just think how horrid!" cried Kitty with a shiver.

"I wonder what she does for her complexion.

I never saw such a lovely color; real roses and cream," said Julia, shutting one eye to survey the freckles on her nose with a gloomy frown.

"I longed to ask what sort of braces she wears to keep her so straight. I mean to, by and by; she looks as if she would n't snub a body," and Sally vainly tried to square her round shoulders, bent with much poring over books; for she was the bright girl of the school.

"She wears French corsets, of course. Nothing else gives one such a fine figure," answered Maud, dropping the shawl, to look with pride at her own wasp-like waist and stiff back.

"She could n't move about so easily and gracefully if she wore a strait-jacket like you. She's not a bit of a fashion plate, but a splendid woman, just natural and hearty and sweet. I feel as if I should n't slouch so much if I had her to brace me up," cried Sally in her enthusiastic way.

"I know one thing, girls, and that is *she* can wear a jersey and have it set elegantly, and *we* can't," said Kitty, laboring with her own, which would wrinkle and twist, in spite of many hidden pins.

"Yes, I looked at it all breakfast time, and forgot my second cup of coffee, so that my head aches as if it would split. I never saw anything fit so splendidly in my life," answered Nelly, turning to the mirror, which reflected a fine assortment of many-colored jerseys; for all the girls were out in their fall suits, and not one of the new jackets sat like that worn by Miss Orne, the new teacher who

had arrived to take Madame's place while that excellent old lady was laid up with a rheumatic fever.

"They are pretty and convenient, but I'm afraid they will be a trial to some of us. Maud and Nelly look the best, but they have to keep stiff and still or the wrinkles come. Kit has no peace in hers, and poor Cordy looks more like a meal-bag than ever, while I am a perfect spectacle with my round shoulders and long, thin arms. A jersey on a bean-pole describes me; but let us be in the fashion or die!" laughed Sally, exaggerating her own defects by poking her head forward, and blinking through her glasses in a funny way.

There was a laugh and then a pause, broken in a moment by Maud, who said in a tone of apprehension:

"I do hope Miss Orne is n't full of the new notions about clothes, and food, and exercise and rights and rubbish of that sort. Mamma hates such ideas, and so do I."

"I hope she *is* full of good, wise notions about health and work and study. It is just what we need in this school. Madame is old and lets things go, and the other teachers only care to get through and have an easy time. We ought to be a great deal better, brisker, and wiser than we are, and I'm ready for a good 'stirring-up' if any one will give it to us," declared Sally, who was a very independent girl and had read as well as studied much.

"You Massachusetts girls are always raving about self-culture, and ready for queer new ways. I'm contented with the old ways, and wish to be let alone and 'finished off' easily," said Nelly, the pretty New Yorker.

"Well, I go with Sally, and want all I can get in the way of health, learning, and manners while I'm here, and I'm really glad Miss Orne has come, for Madame's old-fashioned 'niminy-priminy' ways did fret me dreadfully. Miss Orne is more like our folks out West—spry and strong and smart, see if she is n't," said Julia, with a decided nod of her auburn head.

"There she is, now! Girls, she's running! actually trotting up the avenue—not like a hen, but like a boy—with her elbows down and her head up. Do come and see!" cried Kitty, dancing about at the window as if she longed to go and do likewise.

All ran, in time to see a tall young lady come up the wide path at a good pace, looking as fresh and blithe as the goddess of health, as she smiled and nodded at them so like a girl, that all returned her salute with equal cordiality.

"She gives a new sort of interest to the old

tread-mill, does n't she," said Nelly, as they scattered to their places at the stroke of nine, feeling unusually anxious to appear well before the new teacher.

While they pull down their jerseys and take up their books, we will briefly state that Madame Stein's select boarding-school had for many years received six girls at a time and 'finished them off' in the old style. Plenty of French, German, music, painting, dancing, and deportment turned out well-bred, accomplished, and amiable young ladies, ready for fashionable society, easy lives, and entire dependence on other people. Dainty and delicate creatures usually, for, as in most schools of this sort, minds and manners were much cultivated, but bodies rather neglected. Heads and backs ached, dyspepsia was a common ailment, and "poorlies" of all sorts afflicted the dear girls who ought not to have known what "nerves" meant, and who should have had no bottles in their closets holding wine and iron, cough-mixtures, and cod-liver oil for weak lungs. Gymnastics had once flourished, but the fashion had gone by; and a short walk each day was all the exercise they took, though they might have had, in good weather, fine rambles about the spacious grounds, and glorious romps in the old coach-house and bowling-alley, when it rained; for the house was in the suburbs and had once been a fine country mansion. Some of the liveliest girls did race down the avenue now and then, when Madame was away, and one irrepressible creature had actually slidden down the wide balusters, to the horror of the entire household.

In cold weather all grew lazy, and cuddled under blankets and around the registers, like so many warmth-loving pussies, poor Madame's rheumatism causing her to enjoy a hot-house temperature and to indulge the girls in luxurious habits. Finally, she had been obliged to give up entirely and take to her bed, saying, with the resignation of an indolent nature:

"If Anna Orne takes charge of the school I shall feel no anxiety. *She* is equal to anything."

She certainly looked capable as she came into the school-room ready for her day's work, with her lungs full of fresh air, her brain stimulated by sound sleep, wholesome exercise, and a simple breakfast, and her mind much interested in the task before her. The girls' eyes followed her as she took her place, involuntarily attracted by the unusual spectacle of a robust woman. Everything about her seemed so fresh, harmonious, and happy, that it was a pleasure to see the brilliant color in her cheeks, the thick waves of glossy hair on her spirited head, the flash of white teeth as she spoke, and the clear, bright look of eyes

both keen and kind. But the girls' most admiring glances were bestowed upon the dark-blue jersey that showed the fine curves of the broad shoulders, round waist, and plump arms, without a wrinkle to mar its smooth perfection.

Girls are quick to see what is genuine, to respect what is strong, and to love what is beautiful; and before that day was over Miss Orne had charmed them all, for they felt that she was not only able to teach but also to help and amuse them.

After tea, the other teachers went to their rooms, glad to be free from the clatter of half a dozen lively tongues, but Miss Orne remained in the drawing-room and set the girls to dancing till they were tired, then gathered them round the long table to do what they liked till prayer-time. Some had novels, others did fancy-work or lounged, and all wondered what the new teacher would do next.

Six pairs of curious eyes were fixed upon her as she sat sewing on some queer bits of crash, and six lively fancies vainly tried to guess what the articles were, for no one was rude enough to ask. Presently she tried on a pair of mittens, and surveyed them with satisfaction, saying as she caught Kitty staring with uncontrollable interest:

"These are my beautifiers, and I never like to be without them."

"Are they to keep your hands white?" asked Maud, who spent a great deal of time in caring for her own. "I wear old kid gloves at night after putting cold-cream on mine."

"I wear these for five minutes night and morning, for a good rub, after dipping them in cold water. Thanks to these rough friends I seldom feel the cold, always have a good color, and keep well," answered Miss Orne, polishing up her smooth cheek till it looked like a rosy apple.

"I'd like the color, but not the crash. Must it be so rough, and with *cold* water?" asked Maud, who often privately rubbed her pale face with a bit of red flannel, rouge being forbidden.

"It is best so; but there are other ways to get a color. Run up and down the avenue three or four times a day, eat no pastry, and go to bed early," said Miss Orne, whose sharp eye had spied out the little weaknesses of the girls, and whose kind heart longed to help them at once.

"It makes my back ache to run, and Madame used to say we were too old now."

"Never too old to care for your health, my dear. Better run now than lie on a sofa by and by with a back that never stops aching."

"Do you cure your headaches in that way?" asked Nelly, rubbing her forehead wearily.

"I never have them;" and Miss Orne's bright eyes were full of pity for all pain.

"What do you do to help it?" cried Nelly, who firmly believed that it was inevitable.

"I give myself plenty of rest, air, and good food. I never know I have any nerves except by the enjoyment they give me, for I have learned how to use them. I was not brought up to believe that I was born an invalid, and I was taught to understand the beautiful machinery God gave me, and to keep it religiously in order."

Miss Orne spoke so seriously, that there was a brief pause in which the girls were wishing that some one had taught them this lesson and made them as strong and lovely as their new teacher.

"If crash mittens would make my jersey sit like yours, I'd have a pair at once," said Cordy, sadly eying the buttons on her own, which seemed in danger of flying off if their plump wearer moved too quickly.

"Brisk runs are what you want, and less confectionery, sleep, and lounging in easy-chairs," began Miss Orne, all ready to prescribe for these poor girls, the most important part of whose education had been so neglected.

"Why, how did you know?" said Cordy, blushing as she bounced out of her luxurious seat and whisked into her pocket the paper of chocolate creams she was seldom without.

Her round eyes and artless surprise set the others to laughing and gave Sally courage to ask, then and there, what she had been secretly longing to ask.

"Miss Orne, I wish you would show us how to be strong and hearty, for I do think girls are a feeble set nowadays. We certainly need a 'stirring-up,' and I hope you will kindly give us one. Please begin with me, and then the others will see that I mean what I say."

Miss Orne looked up at the tall, overgrown girl who stood before her with the broad forehead, near-sighted eyes, and narrow chest of a student; not at all what a girl of seventeen should be physically, though a clear mind and a brave spirit shone in her clever face and sounded in her resolute voice.

"I shall very gladly do what I can for you, my dear. It is very simple, and I am sure that a few months of my sort of training will help you much, for you are just the kind of girl who should have a strong body to keep pace with a very active brain," answered Miss Orne, taking Sally's thin, inky fingers in her own with a friendly pressure that showed her good will.

"Madame says violent exercise is not good for girls, so we gave up gymnastics long ago," said Maud in her languid voice, wishing that Sally would not suggest disagreeable things.

"One does not need clubs, dumb-bells, and bars

for my style of exercise. Let me show you," and, rising, Miss Orne went through a series of energetic, but graceful evolutions, which put every muscle in play without great exertion.

"That looks easy enough," began Nelly.

"Try it," answered Miss Orne, with a sparkle of fun in her blue eyes.

They did try it, no doubt to the astonishment of the solemn portraits on the wall, unused to such antics in that dignified apartment. But some of the girls were out of breath in five minutes, and others could not lift their arms over their heads. Maud and Nelly broke several bones in their corsets trying to stoop, and Kitty tumbled down in her efforts to touch her feet without bending her knees. Sally made the best motions, being easy in her clothes, and full of enthusiasm.

"Pretty well for beginners," said Miss Orne, as they paused at last, flushed and merry. "Do that regularly every day and you will soon gain a few inches across the chest and fill out the new jerseys with firm, elastic figures."

"Like yours," added Sally, with a face full of such honest admiration that it could not offend.

Seeing that she had made one convert, and knowing that girls, like sheep, are sure to follow a leader, Miss Orne said no more then, but waited for the lesson to work. The others called it one of Sally's notions, but were interested to see how she would get on, and had great fun, when they went to bed, watching her faithful efforts to imitate her teacher's rapid and effective motions.

"The wind-mill is going!" cried Kitty, as several of them sat on the bed, laughing at the long arms swinging about.

"That is the hygienic elbow-exercise, and that the Orne quickstep—a mixture of the grasshopper's skip and the water-bug's slide," added Julia, humming a tune in time to the stamp of the other's foot.

"We will call these the Jersey Jymnastics, and spell it with a J, my dears," said Nelly; and the name was received with as much applause as the young ladies chose to give it at that hour.

"Laugh on, but see if you don't all follow my example sooner or later when I become a model of grace, strength, and beauty," retorted Sally, as she turned them out and went to bed, tingling all over with a delicious glow that sent the blood from her hot head to warm her cold feet, and bring her the sound, refreshing sleep she so much needed.

This was the beginning of a new order of things; for Miss Orne carried her energy into other matters besides gymnastics, and no one dared oppose her when Madame shut her ears to all complaints, saying, "Obey her in everything, and don't trouble me."

Pitchers of fresh milk took the place of tea and coffee; cake and pie were rarely seen, but better bread, plain puddings, and plenty of fruit.

Rooms were cooled off, feather beds sent to the garret, and thick curtains abolished. Sun and air streamed in, and great cans of water appeared suggestively at doors in the morning. Earlier hours were kept, and brisk walks taken by nearly all the girls, for Miss Orne baited her hook cleverly and always had some pleasant project to make the wintry expeditions inviting. There were games in the parlor, instead of novels and fancy work, in the evening; shorter lessons and longer talks on the many useful subjects that are best learned from the lips of a true teacher. A cooking class was started, not to make fancy desserts, but the plain substantial dishes all housewives should understand. Several girls swept their own rooms, and liked it after they saw Miss Orne sweep hers in a becoming dust-cap; and these same pioneers, headed by Sally, boldly coasted on the hill, swung clubs in the coach-house, and played tag in the bowling-alley on rainy days.

It took time to work these much-needed changes, but young people like novelty; the old routine had grown tiresome, and Miss Orne made things so lively and pleasant that it was impossible to resist her wishes.

Sally did begin to straighten up after a month or two of regular training; Maud outgrew both corsets and back-ache; Nelly got a fresh color; Kitty found her thin arms developing visible muscles; and Julia considered herself a Von Hillern after walking ten miles without fatigue.

But dear, fat Cordy was the most successful of all, and rejoiced greatly over the loss of a few pounds when she gave up over-eating, long naps, and lazy habits. Exercise became a sort of mania with her, and she was continually trudging off for "a constitutional," or trotting up and down the halls when bad weather prevented the daily tramp. It was the desire of her soul to grow thin, and such was her ardor that Miss Orne had to check her sometimes, lest she should overdo the matter.

"All this is easy and pleasant now, because it is new," she said; "and there is no one to criticise our simple, sensible ways, but when you go away I am afraid the good I have tried to do for you will be undone. People will ridicule you, fashion will condemn, and frivolous pleasures will make our wholesome ones seem hard. Can you be steadfast and keep on?"

"We will!" cried all the girls; but the older ones looked a little anxious, as they thought of going home to introduce the new ways alone.

Miss Orne shook her head earnestly, wishing

that she could impress the important lesson indelibly upon them; and very soon something happened which had that effect.

April came, and the snowdrops and crocuses were up in the garden beds; Madame was able to sit at her window peering out like a dormouse waking from its winter sleep, and much did the good lady wonder at the blooming faces turned up to nod and smile at her, the lively steps that tripped about the house, and the amazing spectacle of *her* young ladies racing round the lawn as if they liked it. No one knew how Miss Orne reconciled her to this new style of deportment, but she made no complaint, and only shook her impressive cap when the girls came beaming in to pay little visits full of happy chat about their affairs. They seemed to take a real interest in their studies now, to be very happy, and all looked so well that the wise old lady said to herself:

"Looks are everything with women, and I have never been able to show such a bouquet of blooming creatures at my breaking up as I shall this year. I will let well enough alone, and if fault is found, dear Anna's shoulders are broad enough to bear it."

Things were in this promising state, and all were busily preparing for the May fête, at which time this class of girls would graduate, when the mysterious events to which we have alluded occurred.

They were gathered—the girls, not the events—around the table one night, discussing with the deep interest befitting such an important topic what they should wear on examination day.

"I think white silk jerseys and pink or blue skirts would be lovely, and so pretty and so appropriate for the J. J. Club, and so suitable for our exercises. Miss Orne wishes us to show how well we go together, and of course we wish to please her," said Nelly, taking the lead, as usual, in matters of taste.

"Of course!" cried all the girls with an alacrity which plainly showed how entirely the new friend had won their hearts.

"I would n't have believed that six months could make such a difference in my figure and feelings," said Maud, surveying her waist with calm satisfaction, though it was no longer slender, but in perfect proportion to the rest of her youthful shape.

"I've had to let out every dress, and it's a mercy I'm going home, if I'm to keep on at this rate;" and Julia took a long breath, proud of her broad chest, expanded by plenty of exercise and loose clothing.

"I take mine in, and don't have to worry about my buttons flying off à la Clara Peggotty. I'm

so pleased that I wish to be training all the time, for I'm not *half* thin enough yet," said Cordy, jumping up for a trot around the room, that not a moment might be lost.

"Come, Sally, you ought to join in the jubilee, for you have done wonders and will be as straight as a ramrod in a little while. Why so sober to-night? Is it because our dear Miss Orne leaves us to sit with Madame?" asked Nelly, missing the gayest voice of the seven, and observing her friend's troubled face.

"I'm making up my mind whether I'd better tell you something or not. I don't wish to scare the servants, trouble Madame, or vex Miss Orne, for I know *she* would n't believe a word of it, though I saw it with my own eyes," answered Sally in such a mysterious tone, that the girls with one voice cried:

"Tell us this minute!"

"I will, and perhaps some of you can explain the matter."

As she spoke, Sally rose and stood on the rug with her hands behind her, looking rather wild and queer, for her short hair was in a toss, her eyes shone large behind her round glasses, and her voice sank to a whisper as she made this startling announcement:

"I've seen a ghost!"

A general shiver pervaded the listeners, and Cordy poked her head under the sofa pillows with a faint cry, while the rest involuntarily drew nearer to one another.

"Where?" demanded Julia, the bravest of the party.

"On the top of the house."

"Good gracious!" "When, Sally?" "What did it look like?" "Don't scare us for fun!" cried the girls, undecided whether to take this startling story in jest or earnest.

"Listen, and I'll tell you all about it," answered Sally, holding up her finger impressively.

"Night before last I sat studying till eleven. Against the rules I know, but I forgot; and when I was through, I opened my window to air the room. It was bright moonlight, so I took a stroll along the top of the piazza, and coming back with my eyes on the sky I naturally saw the roof of the main house from my wing. I could n't have been asleep, could I? yet I solemnly declare that I saw a white figure with a veil over its head roaming to and fro as quietly as a shadow. I looked and looked, then I called softly, but it never answered, and suddenly it was gone."

"What did you do?" quavered Cordy in a smothered voice from under the pillow.

"I went right in, took my lamp, and marched up to the cupola. But there was not a sign of any

one, all the doors were locked and the floor was dusty, for we never go there now, you know. I did n't like it, but I just said to myself: 'Sally, go to bed; it's an optical illusion and serves you right for studying against the rule.' That was the first time."

"Mercy on us! Did you see it again?" cried Maud, getting hold of Julia's strong arm for protection.

"Yes, in the bowling-alley at midnight," whispered Sally.

"Do shut the door, Kit, and don't keep clutching at me in that scary way; it's very unpleasant," said Nelly, glancing nervously over her shoulder as the five pairs of wide-opened eyes were fixed on Sally.

"I got up to shut my window last night, and saw a light in the alley,—a dim one, but bright enough to show me the same white thing with the veil going up and down as before. I'll confess I was nervous then, for you know there *is* a story that in old times the man who lived here would n't let his daughter marry the lover she wanted, and she pined away and died, and said she'd haunt her cruel father, and she did. Old Mrs. Foster told me all about it when I first came, and Madame asked me not to repeat it, so I never did. I don't believe in ghosts, mind you; but what on earth is it that I saw trailing about in that ridiculous way?"

Sally spoke nervously and looked excited, for in spite of courage and common sense she *was* worried to account for the apparition.

"How long did it stay?" asked Julia, with her arm round Maud, who was trembling and pale.

"A good fifteen minutes by my watch, then vanished, light and all, as suddenly as before. I did n't go to look after it that time, but if I see it again, I'll hunt till I find out what it is. Who will go with me?"

No one volunteered, and Cordy emerged long enough to say imploringly: "Do tell Miss Orne, or get the police;" and then she dived out of sight again and lay quaking like an ostrich with its head in the sand.

"I won't! Miss Orne would think I was a fool, and the police don't arrest ghosts. I'll do it myself, and Julia will help me, I know. She is the bravest of you, and has n't developed her biceps for nothing," said Sally, bent on keeping all the glory of the capture to themselves, if possible.

Flattered by Sally's compliments, Julia did not decline the invitation, but made a very sensible suggestion, which was a great relief to the timid till Sally added a new fancy to haunt them.

"Perhaps it is one of the servants moon-struck or love-lorn," said Julia. "Myra looks sentimental, and is always singing sentimental songs."

"It's not Myra; I asked her, and she turned pale at the mere idea of going anywhere alone after dark, and said the cook had seen a banshee gliding down the garden path one night when she had had the face-ache and had risen to get the camphor. I said no more, not wanting to scare them; ignorant people are so superstitious."

Sally paused, and the girls all tried not to look "scared" or "superstitious," but did not succeed very well.

"What are you going to do?" asked Nelly, in a respectful tone, as Julia and Sally stood side by side, like Horatius and Herminius waiting for a Spurius Lartius to join them.

"Watch like cats or a mouse, and pounce as soon as possible," answered Sally. You must all promise to say nothing; then we can't be laughed at if it turns out to be some silly accident or mistake, as it probably will."

"We promise!" solemnly answered the girls, feeling deeply impressed with the thrilling interest of the moment.

"Very well; now don't talk about it or think about it till we report, or no one will sleep a wink," said Sally, walking off with her ally as coolly as if, after frightening them out of their wits, they could forget the matter at word of command.

The oath of silence was well kept, but lessons suffered, and so did sleep; for the excitement was great, especially in the morning, when the watchers reported the events of the night, and in the evening, when they took turns to go on guard. There was much whisking of dressing-gowns up and down the corridor of the west wing, where our six roomed, as the girls flew to ask questions early each morning or scurried to bed at night, glancing behind them for the banshee as they went.

Miss Orne observed the whispers, nods, and eager congratulations, but said nothing, for Madame had confided to her that the young ladies were planning a farewell gift for her. So she was blind and deaf, and smiled at the important airs of her girlish admirers.

Three or four days passed, and no sign of the ghost appeared. The bolder openly scoffed at the false alarm, and the more timid began to recover from their fright.

Sally and Julia looked rather foolish as they answered, "No news," morning after morning, to the inquiries which were rapidly losing the breathless eagerness so flattering to the watchers.

"You dreamed it, Sally. Go to sleep and don't do it again," said Nelly, on the fifth day, as she made her evening call and found the girls yawning and cross for want of rest.

"She has exercised too much, and produced a morbid state of the brain," laughed Maud.

"I just wish she would n't scare me out of my senses for nothing," grumbled Cordy; "I used to sleep like a dormouse, and now I dream dreadfully and wake up tired out. Come along, Kit, and let the old ghosts carry off these silly creatures."

"My regards to the 'Woman in White' when you see her again, dear," added Kitty, as the four went off to laugh at the whole thing, though they carefully locked their doors and took a peep out of the window before going to sleep.

"We may as well give it up and have a good rest. I'm worn out and so are you, if you'd own it," said Julia, throwing herself down for a nap before midnight.

"I shall *not* give it up till I'm satisfied. Sleep away, I'll read awhile and call you if anything comes," answered Sally, bound to prove the truth of her story if she waited all summer.

Julia was soon asleep, and the lonely watcher sat reading till past eleven; then she put out her light and went to take a turn on the flat roof of the piazza that ran around the house, for the night was mild and the stars companionable. As she turned to come back, her sharp eye caught sight of something moving on the house-top as before, and soon, clear against the soft gloom of the sky, appeared the white figure fitting to and fro.

A long look, and then Sally made a rush at Julia, shaking her violently as she said in an excited whisper:

"Come! she is there. Quick! upstairs to the cupola! I have the candle and the key."

Carried away by the other's vehemence Julia mutely obeyed, trembling, but afraid to resist; and noiseless as two shadows they crept up the stairs, arriving just in time to see the ghost vanish over the edge of the roof, as if it had dissolved into thin air. Julia dropped down in a heap, desperately frightened, but Sally pulled her up and led her back to their room, saying, when she got there, with grim satisfaction, "Did I dream it all? Now I hope they will believe me."

"What was it? Oh, what could it be?" whimpered Julia, quite demoralized by the spectacle.

"I begin to believe in ghosts, for no human being could fly off in that way with nothing to walk on. I shall speak to Miss Orne to-morrow; I've had enough of this sort of fun," said Sally, going to the window, with a strong desire to shut and lock it.

But she paused with her hand raised, as if turned to stone, for as she spoke the white figure went slowly by. Julia dived into the closet with one spring. Sally, however, was on her mettle

now, and, holding her breath, leaned out to watch. With soundless steps the veiled thing went along the roof, and paused at the further end.

Never waiting for her comrade, Sally quietly stepped out and followed, leaving Julia to quake with fear and listen for an alarm.

None came, and in a few minutes, that seemed like hours, Sally returned, looking much excited; but she was sternly silent, and to all the others' eager questions she would only give this mysterious reply:

"I know all, but can not tell till morning. Go to sleep."

Believing her friend offended at her base desertion at the crisis of the affair, Julia curbed her



THE LONELY WATCHER SAT READING TILL PAST ELEVEN.

curiosity and soon forgot it in sleep. Sally slept also, feeling like a hero reposing after a hard-won battle.

She was up betimes and ready to receive her early visitors with an air of triumph, which silenced every jeer and convinced the most skeptical that she had something sensational to tell at last.

When the girls had perched themselves on any available article of furniture, they waited with respectful eagerness, while Sally left the room for a few minutes, and Julia rolled her eyes, with her finger on her lips, looking as if she could tell much if she dared.

Sally returned, somewhat flushed, but very sober,

and in a few dramatic words related the adventures of the night up to the point when she had left Julia quivering ignominiously in the closet, and, like Horatius, had faced the foe alone.

"I followed till the ghost entered a window," she said, finally.

"Which?" demanded five awe-struck voices at once.

"The last."

"Ours?" whispered Kitty, as pale as her collar, while Cordy, her room-mate, sat aghast.

"As it turned to shut the window the veil fell back and I saw the face." Sally spoke in a whisper and added, with a sudden start: "I see it, now!"

Each girl sprang or tumbled off her perch as if moved by an electric shock and stared about as Nelly cried wildly:

"Where? Oh, where?"

"There!" and Sally pointed at the palest face in the room, while her own reddened with the mirth she was vainly trying to suppress.

"Cordy?"

A general shriek of amazement and incredulity followed the question, while Sally could not help laughing heartily at the dumb dismay of the innocent ghost.

As soon as she could be heard, however, she proceeded to explain:

"Yes, it was Cordy walking in her sleep. She wore her white flannel wrapper and a cloud around her head, and took her exercise over the roofs at midnight so that no time might be lost. I don't wonder she is tired in the morning after these dangerous gymnastics."

"But she could n't vanish off the house-top in that strange way without breaking her neck," said Julia, much relieved, but still mystified.

"She did n't fly nor fall, but went down the ladder left by the painters. Look at the soles of her felt slippers, if you doubt me, and see the red paint from the roof. We could n't open the cupola window, you remember, but just now I ran out and looked up and saw how she did it asleep, though she never would dare to do it awake. Somnambulists do dreadfully dangerous things, you know," said Sally, as if her experience with those peculiar people had been vast and varied.

"How could I? It's horrible to think of. Why did you let me, Kit?" cried Cordy, uncertain whether to be proud or ashamed of her exploit.

"I never dreamed of *your* doing such a silly thing, and never waked up. People say that sleep-walkers are always quiet. But even if I had seen you I'd have been too scared to know you. I'll tie you to the bed-post after this, and not let you scare the whole house," answered Kitty, regarding it all as a fine joke.

"What did I do when I got in, Sally?" asked Cordy, curiously.

"You took off your things and went to bed, as if glad to get back. I did n't dare to wake you, and so kept all the fun to myself till this morning. I thought I ought to have a good laugh for my pains since I did all the work," answered Sally in high glee at the success of her efforts.

"I did wish to get as thin as I could before I went home—the boys plague me so there—and I suppose it weighed upon my mind and set me to walking at night. I'm very sorry, and I never will do it again if I can help it. Please forgive me, and don't tell any one but Miss Orne; it was so silly," begged poor Cordy, tearfully.

They all promised, and then joined in comforting her, and praising Sally, and plaguing Julia; and so they had a delightfully noisy and exciting half hour before the breakfast bell rang.

Miss Orne wondered what made the young faces so gay and the laughter so frequent, as mysterious hints and significant nods went around the table, but as soon as possible she was borne into the school-room and was made to hear the thrilling tale.

Her interest and surprise were very flattering, and when the subject had been well discussed, she promised to prevent any further escapades of this sort, and advised Cordy to try the Banting method for the few remaining weeks of her stay.

"I'll try anything that will keep me from acting ghost and making every one afraid of me," said Cordy, secretly wondering why she had not broken her neck in her nocturnal gymnastics.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Orne?" asked Maud, who did believe in them, in spite of the comic explanation of this one.

"Not the old-fashioned sort, but there is a modern kind that we are all afraid of, more or less," answered Miss Orne with a half-playful, half-serious look at the girls around her.

"Do tell about it, please," begged Kitty, while the rest looked both surprised and interested.

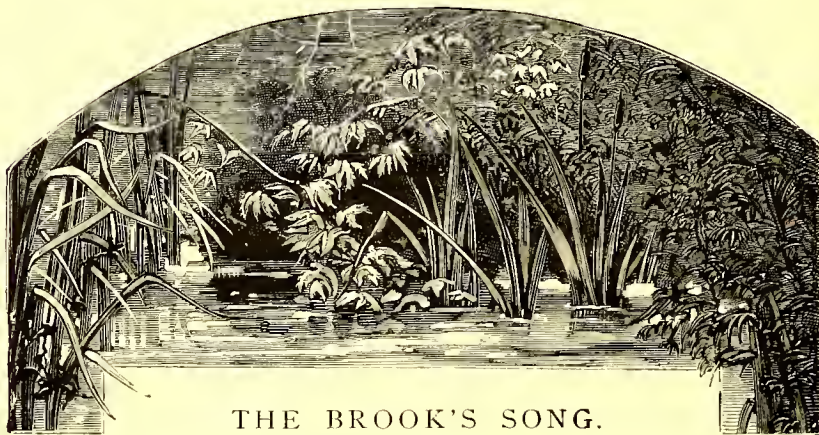
"There is one which I am very anxious to keep you from fearing. Women and young girls are especially haunted by it. 'What—will—people—say?' is the name of this formidable ghost, and it does much harm; for few of us have the courage to live up to what we know to be right in all things. You are soon to go away to begin your lives in earnest, and I do hope that whatever I have been able to teach you about the care of minds and bodies will not be forgotten or neglected because it may not be the fashion outside our little world here."

"I never will forget or be afraid of that ghost, Miss Orne," cried Sally, quick to understand and accept the warning so opportunely given.

"I have great faith in *you*, dear, because you have proven yourself so brave in facing phantoms more easily laid. But this is a hard one to meet and vanquish, so watch well, stand firm, and let these jerseys that you are so fond of cover not only healthy young bodies but happy hearts bent on your becoming sweet, wise, and useful women in the years to come. Dear girls, promise me this, and I shall feel that our winter has not been wasted and that our spring is full of lovely promise for a splendid summer."

As she spoke, with her own beautiful face bright with hope and tenderness, Miss Orne opened her arms and gathered them all in to seal their promise with grateful kisses more eloquent than words.

Long after their school days were over, the six girls kept the white jerseys they wore at the breaking-up festival as relics of the J. J. ; and long after they were scattered far apart, they remembered the lessons which helped them to be what their good friend hoped—healthy, happy, and useful women.



THE BROOK'S SONG.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

KING FROST comes and locks me up,
The sunshine sets me free ;
I frolic with the grave old trees,
And sing right cheerily.

I go to see the lady flowers,
And make their diamond spray ;
The birds fly down to chat with me,
The children come to play.

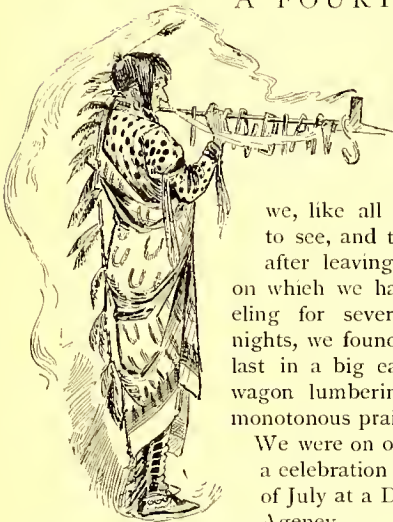
I am the blue sky's looking-glass,
I hold the rainbow bars ;
The moon comes down to visit me,
And brings the little stars.

Oh, merry, merry is my life
As a gypsy's out of Spain.
Till grim King Frost comes from the North
And locks me up again.



A FOURTH OF JULY AMONG THE INDIANS.

BY W. P. HOOPER.



—real Indians—real, live Indians—were what we, like all boys, wanted to see, and this was why, after leaving the railroad on which we had been traveling for several days and nights, we found ourselves at last in a big canvas-covered wagon lumbering across the monotonous prairie.

We were on our way to see a celebration of the Fourth of July at a Dakota Indian Agency.

It was late in the afternoon of a hot summer's day. We had been riding since early morning, and had not met a living creature—not even a bird or a snake. Only those who have experienced it know how wearying to the eyes it is to gaze all day long, and see nothing but the sky and the grass.

However, an hour before sunset we *did* see something. At first, it looked like a mere speck against the sky; then it seemed like a bush or a shrub; but it rapidly increased in size as we approached. Then, with the aid of our field-glass, we saw it was a man on horseback. No, not exactly that, either; it was an Indian chief riding an Indian pony. Now, I had seen Indians in the East—"Dime Museum Indians." I had seen the Indians who travel with the circus—yes, and I had seen the untutored savages who sell bead-work at Niagara Falls; but this one was different—he was quite different. I felt sure that he was a genuine Indian. He was unlike the Indians I had seen East. The most striking difference was that this one presented a grand unwashed effect. It must have required years of patient industry in avoiding the wash-bowl, and great good luck in dodging the passing showers, for him to acquire the rich effect of color which he displayed. Though it was one of July's hottest days, he had on his head an arrangement made of fur, with bead trimmings and four black-tipped feathers; a long braid of his hair, wound with strips of fur, hung down in front of each ear, and strings of beads ornamented his neck. He wore a calico shirt, with tin bands on his arms above the elbow; a blanket was wrapped around his waist; his leggings had strips of beautiful bright bead-work, and his

moccasins were ornamented in the same style. But in his right hand he was holding a most murderous-looking instrument. It was a long wooden club, into one end of which three sharp, shining steel knife-blades were set. Though I had been complaining of the heat, still I now felt chilly as I looked at the weapon, and saw how well it matched the expression of his cruel mouth and piercing eyes.

He passed on while we were trying to make a sketch of him. However, the next day, an interpreter brought him around, and, for a small piece of tobacco, he was glad to pose while the sketch was being finished. We learned his name was "Can-hes-ka-wan-ji-dan" (One Hoop).

A few moments later, we passed an iron post set firmly into the ground. It marked one of the



"ONE HOOP" IN HIS SUMMER COSTUME.

boundaries of the Indian Reservation. We were now on a tract of land set aside by the United States Government as the living-ground of sixteen hundred "Santee" Sioux Indians. We soon saw more Indians, who, like us, seemed to be moving toward the little village at the Indian Agency.

Each group had put their belongings into a big bundle, and strapped it upon long poles, which were fastened at one end to the back of a pony. In this bundle, the little papposes rode in

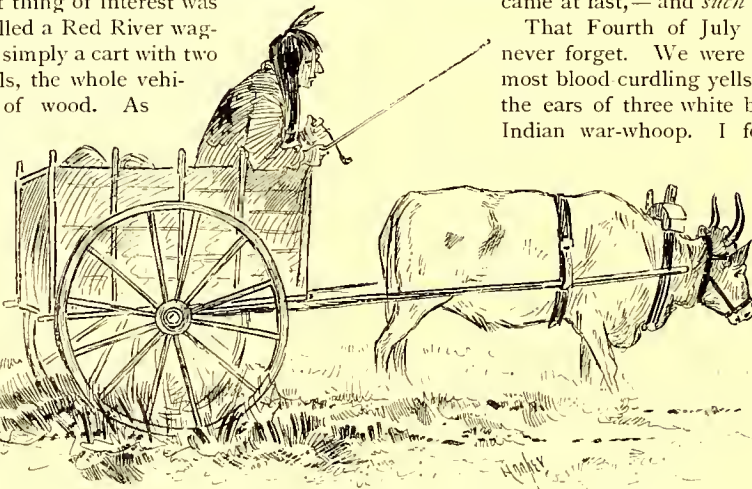
As we neared the Agency buildings, we passed many Indians who had settled for the night. They chose the wooded ravines, near streams, by which to put up their tents, or "tepees," which consisted of



GOING TO THE AGENCY.

from a nest. In some cases, an older child would be riding in great glee on the pony's back among the poles. The family baggage seemed about equally distributed between the pony and the squaw who led him. She was preceded by her lord and master, the noble red Indian, who carried no load except his long pipe.

The next thing of interest was what is called a Red River wagon. It was simply a cart with two large wheels, the whole vehicle made of wood. As the axles are never oiled, the Red River carry - all keeps up a most terrible squeak-



A RED RIVER CARRY-ALL.

ing. This charming music-box was drawn by one ox, and contained an Indian, who was driving with a whip. His wife and children were seated on the bottom of this jolting and shrieking cart.

long poles covered with patched and smoke-stained canvas, with two openings, one at the top for a "smoke-hole" and the other for a door, through which any one must crawl in order to enter the domestic circle of the gentle savage. We entered several tepees, making ourselves welcome by gifts of tobacco to every member of the family. That night, after reaching the Agency and retiring to our beds, we dreamed of smoking great big pipes, with stems a mile long, which were passed to us by horrible-looking black witches. But morning came at last, — and *such* a morning!

That Fourth of July morning I shall never forget. We were awakened by the most blood curdling yells that ever pierced the ears of three white boys. It was the Indian war-whoop. I found myself in-

stinctively feeling for my back hair, and regretting the distance to the railroad. We lingered in-

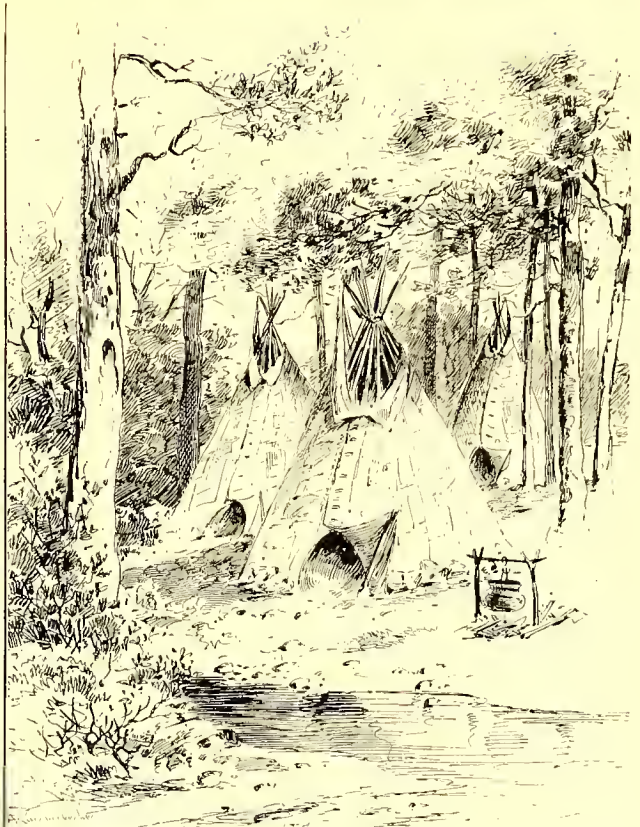
doors in a rather terrified condition, until we found out that this was simply the beginning of the day's celebration. It was the "sham-fight"; but it looked real enough, when the Indians came tearing by,

their ponies seeming to enter into the excitement as thoroughly as their riders. There were some five hundred, in full frills and war-paint, and all giving those terrible yells.

Their costumes were simple, but gay in color—paint, feathers, and more paint, with an occasional shirt.

For weapons, they carried guns, rifles, and long spears. Bows and arrows seemed to be out of style. A few had round shields on their left arms.

Most of the tepees had been collected together and pitched so as to form a large circle, and their wagons were placed outside this circle so as to make a sort of protection for the defending party. The attacking party, brandishing their weapons in the air with increased yells, rushed their excited and panting ponies up the slope toward the tepees, where they were met by a rapid discharge of blank cartridges and powder. Some of the ponies became frightened and unmanageable, several riders were unhorsed, and general confusion prevailed. The entrenched party, in the meantime, rushed out from behind their defenses, climbing on top of their wagons, yelling and dancing around like demons. Added to this, the sight of several rider-



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT FOR THE NIGHT.



THE SHAM-FIGHT.

less ponies flying wildly from the tumult made this sham-fight have a terribly realistic look.



RUNNING
COSTUME.

LA CROSSE
COSTUME.

ply paint in fancy patterns, moccasins, and a girdle of red flannel. But how they could run! I did not suppose anything on two legs could go so fast. The *la crosse* costumes were bright and attractive. The leader of one side wore a shirt of soft, tanned buckskin, bead-work and embroidery on the front, long fringe on the shoulders, bands around the arms, and deep fringe on the bottom of the skirt.



SHA-KE-TO-PA. A YOUNG BRAVE.

glittering bead-work. In the game, there were a hundred Indians engaged on each side. The game was long, but exciting, being skillfully played.

The grounds extended about a mile in length. The ball was the size of a common base-ball, and felt almost as solid as a rock, the center being of lead. The shape of the Indian *la crosse* stick is shown in the sketch.

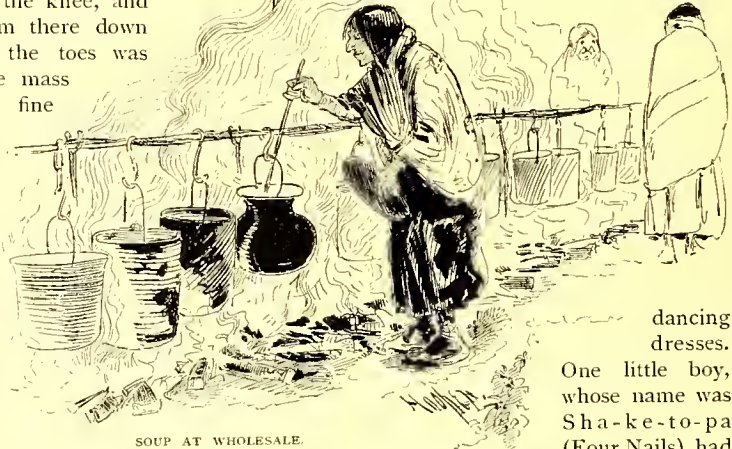
Then came games on horseback. But the most interesting performance of the whole day, and one in which they all manifested an absorbing interest, was—the dinner.

At 3 A. M. several oxen had been butchered, and from that time till the dinner was served all the old squaws had their hands full. Fires were made in long lines, poles placed over them, and high black pots, kettles, and zinc pails filled with a combination of things, including beef and water, were suspended there, and carefully tended

by ancient Indian ladies in picturesque, witch-like costumes, who gently stirred the boiling bouillon with pieces of wood, while other seemingly more ancient and worn-out-looking squaws brought great bundles of wood from the ravines, tied up in blankets and swung over their shoulders.

Think of a dinner for sixteen hundred noble chiefs and braves, stalwart head-men, young bucks, old squaws, girls, and children! And such queer-looking children—some dressed in full war costume, some in the most approved

The legs were bare to the knee, and from there down to the toes was one mass of fine



SOUP AT WHOLESALE.

dancing dresses.

One little boy, whose name was Sha-ke-to-pa (Four Nails), had

five feathers—big ones, too—in his hair. His face was painted; he wore great round ear-rings, and rows of beads and claws around his neck; bands of beads on his little bare brown arms; embroid-

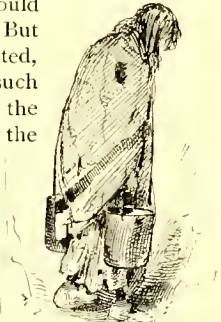
ered leggings and beautiful moccasins, and a long piece of red cloth hanging from his waist. In fact, he was as gaily dressed as a grown-up Indian man, and he had a cunning little war-club, all ornamented and painted.

When the dinner was nearly ready, the men began to seat themselves in a long curved line. Behind them, the women and children were gathered. When everything was ready, a chief, wearing a long arrangement of feathers hanging from his back hair and several bead pouches across his shoulders, with a long staff in his left hand, walked into the center of the circle. Taking a spoonful of the soup, he held it high in the air, and then, turning slowly around, chanting a song, he poured the contents of the spoon upon the ground. This, an interpreter explained to us, was done to appease the spirits of the air. After this, the old squaws limped

tifully and repeatedly helped, the women and children, who had been patiently waiting, were allowed to gather about the fragments and half-empty pots and finish the repast, which they did with neatness and dispatch.

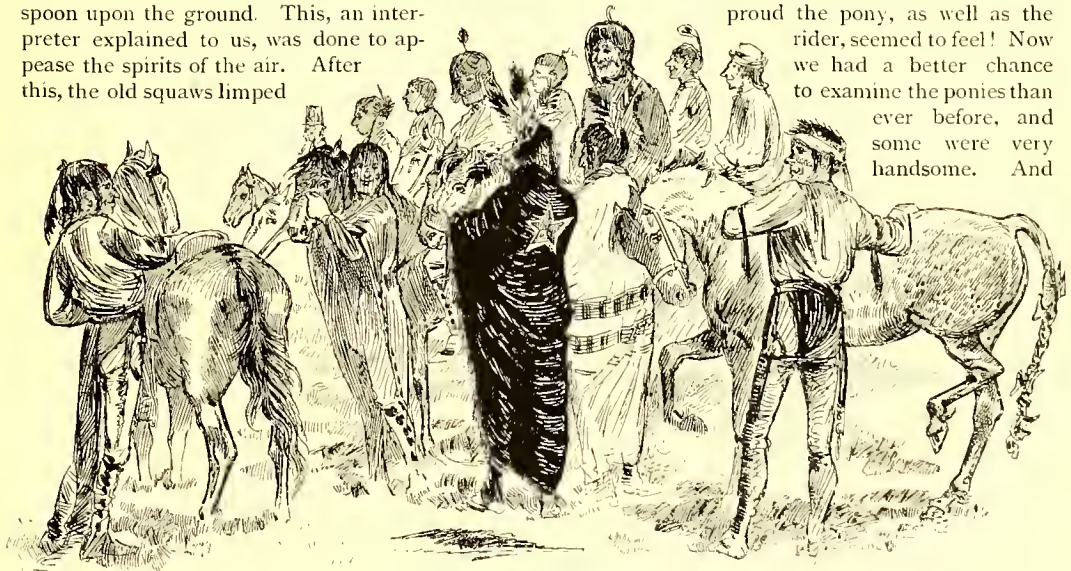
Then the warriors lay around and smoked their long-stem pipes, while the young men prepared for the pony races.

The first of these races was "open to all," and more than a hundred ponies and their riders were arranged in a row. Some of the ponies were very spirited, and seemed to fully realize what was going to take place, and they would persist in pushing ahead of the line. Then the other riders would start their ponies: then the whole line would have to be re-formed. But finally, they were all started, and such shouting, and such waving of whips in the air!—and how the



A WAITRESS.

little ponies did jump! When the race was over, how we all crowded around the winner, and how proud the pony, as well as the rider, seemed to feel! Now we had a better chance to examine the ponies than ever before, and some were very handsome. And



AFTER THE PONY-RACE.

nimble around with the pails of soup and other food, serving the men. After they were all bountifully helped, the women and children, who had been patiently waiting, were allowed to gather about the fragments and half-empty pots and finish the repast, which they did with neatness and dispatch.

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such prices! Think of buying a beautiful three-year-old cream-colored pony for twenty dollars!

But as the hour of sunset approached, the interest in the races vanished, and so did most of the braves. They sought the seclusion of their bowers, to adorn themselves for the grand "grass dance," which was to begin at sunset.

What a contrast between their every-day dress and their dancing costumes! The former consists of a blanket more or less tattered and torn, while the gorgeousness of the latter discourages a description in words; so I refer you to the pictures. Of course, we were eager to purchase some of the Indian finery, but it was a bad time to trade successfully with the Indians. They were too much taken up with the pleasures of the day to care to turn an honest penny by parting with any of their ornaments. However, we succeeded in buying a big war-club set with knives, some pipes with carved stems a yard long, a few knife-sheaths and pouches glittering with beads, and several pairs of beautiful moccasins,—most of which now adorn a New York studio.

Soon the highly decorated red men silently assembled inside a large space inclosed by bushes stuck into the ground. This was their dance-hall. The squaws were again shut out, as, according to Santee Sioux custom, they are not allowed to join in the dances with the men. The Indians, as they came in, sat quietly down around the sides of the inclosure. The musicians were

man's ear, was rather depressing, but it seemed very pleasing to the Indians.

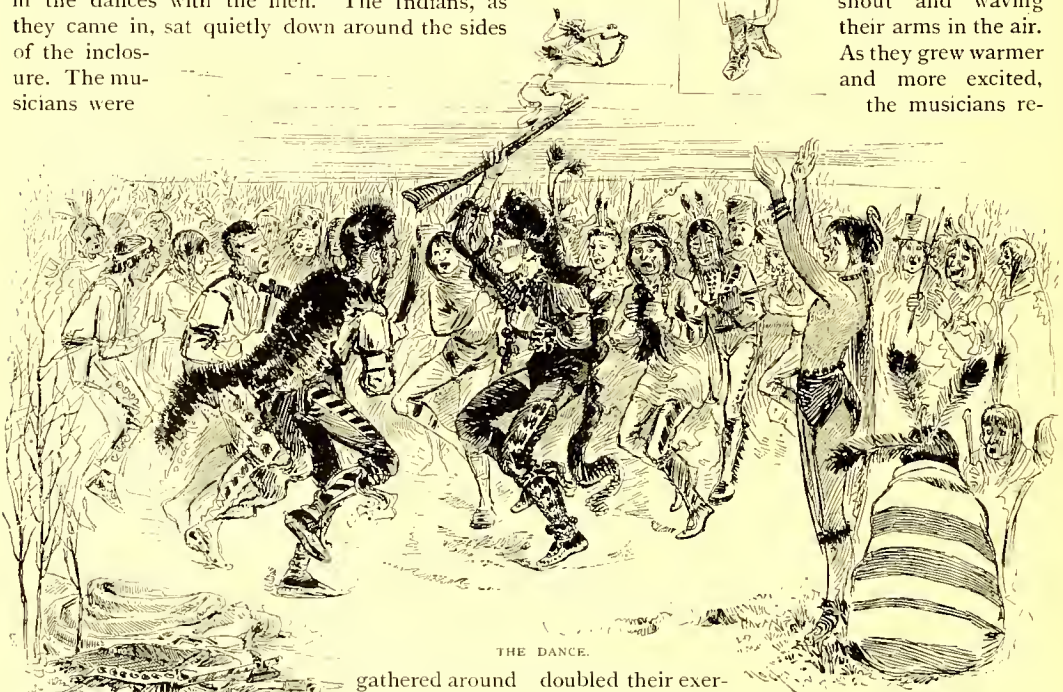
The ball was opened by an old chief, who, rising slowly, beckoned the others to follow him. In his right hand the leader carried a wooden gun, ornamented with eagles' feathers; in the left he held a short stick, with bells attached to it. He wore a cap of otter skin, from which hung a long train.

His face was carefully painted in stripes of blue and yellow.

At first, they all moved slowly, jumping twice on each foot; then, as the musicians struck up a more lively pounding and a more inspiring song, the dancers moved with more rapidity, giving an occasional shout and waving their arms in the air. As they grew warmer and more excited, the musicians re-



HOLIDAY CLOTHES
AND EVERY-DAY
CLOTHES.



THE DANCE.

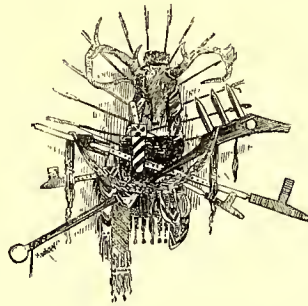
gathered around a big drum, on which they pounded with short sticks, while they sang a sort of wild, weird chant. The effect, to an uneducated white

doubled their exertions on the drum and changed their singing into prolonged howls; then one of them, dropping his drum-sticks, sprang to his feet, and, waving his hands over his head, he

yelled till he was breathless, urging on the dancers. This seemed to be the finishing touch. The orchestra and dancers seemed to vie with each other as to who should make the greater noise. Their yells were deafening, and, brandishing their knives and tomahawks, they sprang around with wonderful agility. Of course, this intense excitement could last but a short time; the voices of the musicians began to fail, and, finally, with one last grand effort, they all gave a terrible shout, and then all was silence. The dancers crawled back to their places around the inclosure, and sank exhausted on the grass. But soon some supple brave regained enough strength to rise. The musicians slowly recommenced, other dancers came forward,

and the "mad dance" was again in full blast. And thus the revcls went on, hour after hour, all night, and continued even through the following day. But there was a curious fascination about it, and, tired as we were after the long day, we stood there looking on hour after hour. Finally, after midnight had passed, we gathered our Indian purchases about us, including two beautiful ponies, and began our return trip toward the railroad and civilization. But the monotonous sound of the Indian drum followed us mile after mile over the prairie: in fact, it followed us much better than my new spotted pony.

My arm aches now, as I remember how that pony hung back.



THE FLOWER GIRL.

*From an Algonquin Indian Story.**

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

I'M going to the garden
Where summer roses blow;
I'll make me a little sister
Of all the flowers that grow;

I'll make her body of lilies,
Because they're soft and white;
I'll make her eyes of violets,
With dew-drops shining bright;

I'll make her lips of rose-buds,
Her cheeks of rose-leaves red,

Her hair of silky corn-tops
All braided 'round her head;

With apple-tree and pear leaves
I'll make her a lovely gown,
With rows of golden buttercups
For buttons, up and down.

I'll dance with my little sister
Away to the river strand,
Away across the water,—
Away into Fairy-land.

* Several of the Algonquin tribes have a legend of a girl who was made entirely of flowers.

GOLD-ROBIN.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



THE children came scampering down the lane,—
 “Mamma! Gold-Robin’s come back again!
 Of all the elm trees he likes ours best,—
 Look, Mamma, look! he is mending his nest!”

They pulled mamma to the open door,
 “O yes,” she said, “but I saw him before;
 The very moment the beauty came,
 I saw him flit like a living flame

“Hither and yon through the green leaves gay,
 Till he seemed to add a light to the day;

And my very heart rejoiced to hear
 His fairy bugling so deep and clear.

“There’s his pretty mate. See! Up in the tree.
 A soberer dress and cap wears she.
 They’ve been at work here the whole day long,
 Except when he stopped just to sing her a song.

“What a piece of good fortune it is, that they
 Come faithfully back to us every May!
 No matter how far in the winter they roam,
 They are sure to return to their summer home.”

The little ones capered and laughed aloud.
Of such a neighbor who would n't be proud?
See, how like a splendid king he is dressed,
In velvet black with a golden vest!

What money could buy such a suit as this?
What music can match that voice of his?
And who such a quaint little house could build,
To be with a beautiful family filled?

O happy winds that shall rock them soft
In their swinging cradle hung high aloft!
O happy leaves that the nest shall screen!—
And happy sunbeams that steal between!

O happy stars of the sunnier night,
That watch o'er that delicate home's delight,—
And happy and fortunate children we,
Such music to hear and such beauty to see!

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. W. CRANNELL.

IN the early part of the year 1777, the leaders of the Revolution found themselves faced by new and very perplexing embarrassments. It was reported that General Burgoyne had arrived at Quebec, purposing to advance from the North with a strong support; hearing which, General Schuyler, fearful that the enemy might capture Ticonderoga and then force their way to Albany, strenuously called for reënforcements and supplies. It was also reported that the British were active in and around New York, having received large reënforcements composed partly of German mercenaries. Early in June, Sir William Howe left his head-quarters in New York, crossed the river into New Jersey, and established himself at New Brunswick.

In the Continental Army, the terms of service of many of the men who had enlisted for a year or less were expiring; and they, anxious to be released from the severe duties of soldier-life, were returning to their homes. Men were wanted to fill up the ranks thus depleted, and the several States were urged to furnish the recruits. General Knox wrote, "Nothing but the united efforts of every State in America can save us from disgrace and probably from ruin." To this appeal no State responded more readily than Connecticut; and when the great struggle was over, Washington wrote, "If all the States had done their duty as well as the little State of Connecticut, the war would have been ended long ago."

It was during these disheartening times, or, to be exact, on the twentieth day of June, 1777, that Richard Lord Jones, a boy who had but just passed his tenth birthday, fired by the same spirit of patriotism that animated the breasts of the lusty farmers of that day, offered himself as a volunteer to serve in the ranks for his oppressed country.

Richard was born at Colchester, Conn., on the

fifteenth day of May, 1767. He enlisted at Hartford, for the term of three years, in Captain James Watson's company of the Third Connecticut Regiment, commanded by Colonel Samuel B. Webb, the father of the venerable General James Watson Webb, and was the youngest enlisted person on the pay-roll of the Army of the Revolution. He was immediately placed under the charge of Bandmaster Ballentine, and instructed to play the fife. In a short time, he showed so much proficiency that he was deemed one of the best fifers in the regiment.

About two months after Richard's enlistment, he was sent to the regiment, at White Plains. After remaining there a short time he, with the regiment, went on up the Hudson to Peekskill, the headquarters of General Putnam, whose command embraced the fortified posts in the Highlands on both sides of the river. On the sixth day of October, 1777, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, situated on the west side of the river, were captured by the enemy under Sir Henry Clinton. Putnam with his troops on the east side, unable to render timely assistance, after being under arms all night, started early in the morning and retreated up the Hudson, our young soldier breakfasting, before the start, on a hard biscuit and a slice of raw pork. When opposite New Windsor, Putnam detached one division of his forces under Governor George Clinton, which crossed the river; while he, with the other, continued up the east side to protect the country from the ravages of the enemy, who had removed the obstructions in the Hudson and were on their way up the river. Dick, as he was familiarly called, went with the troops under Governor Clinton, who continued the march until within sight of Kingston, which was found in flames, having been fired by the enemy under General Vaughn, who had preceded Clinton by a few hours.

During a halt on the way, the arrest of the British spy, Daniel Taylor, was made. From Dick's statement it appears that Sergeant Williams, of Colonel Webb's regiment, and another soldier, strolled away from the camp a short distance, and fell in with two men, one of whom questioned the sergeant as to who was in command. Upon the sergeant's answering "Clinton," the stranger said that he would like to see him; whereupon Williams conducted him to Governor Clinton's quarters. On being presented to the Governor, the stranger appeared confused, and said that this was not the man he wished to see. He then swallowed hastily something which he put into his mouth. This act immediately excited the suspicions of the Governor, who called for a physician and had an emetic administered which brought forth a small silver bullet. Upon its being opened, a note was revealed intended for the British general, Burgoyne, and written by Sir Henry Clinton. It contained the information that "nothing but Gates was between them." (General Gates was then in command of the American forces farther up the Hudson). The man who was captured supposed that he was in the British camp, as Colonel Webb's regiment wore a uniform similar to that worn by the British army; and he was also deceived by hearing the name "Clinton," believing it to be Sir Henry, Commander of the British forces, instead of Governor George Clinton, who was in command of the Americans. Taylor was condemned as a spy and executed.

At Hurley, a small village west of Kingston, the regiment remained about two weeks. There the news was received of the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, and also of the retreat of the British on the Hudson to New York. The regiment was then ordered to Norwalk, Conn., and was soon after engaged in an enterprise, planned by General Putnam, having in view the destruction of a large quantity of lumber on the east end of Long Island, which was being prepared by the enemy for their barracks in New York. General Samuel M. Parsons was entrusted with the execution of the enterprise, aided by Colonel Webb, who was to land near Huntington. Parsons succeeded in destroying the lumber and one of the enemy's vessels, and returned safely with his entire party unhurt and twenty of the enemy prisoners; but Colonel Webb was not so fortunate, he having encountered in his passage the British sloop of war "Falcon." Being in a common transport without guns, he could not offer battle or attempt a defense; so he was obliged to steer for a creek on Long Island. He reached it, but missing the channel, the vessel struck on a bar at its mouth. Colonel Webb and the captain of the vessel then

took to the small boat on the windward side, and Dick was called for by the colonel, with whom he was a great favorite; but a stout soldier had already taken him in his arms and was clambering over the side of the sloop, when the small boat upset. The surf was running high, but Colonel Webb caught a rope on the lee side, and regained a footing on board the vessel again. The captain swam the creek and was rescued by some people on shore.

In the meantime the "Falcon" had anchored and begun firing, and as there was no chance to escape, the colors were struck and the enemy took possession. When the tide permitted, the sloop was floated off and taken to Newport, R. I., with the colonel, four officers, twenty privates of his regiment, and forty militia, all picked men.

Upon the arrival of the prisoners at Newport, they were taken before a British officer for examination. The colonel being called forward was followed by Dick, who was anxious to learn what his own fate was to be. The British officer noticing the little fellow at the heels of his colonel, sternly inquired:

"Who are you?"

"I am one of King Hancock's men," answered Dick, straightening himself proudly.

"What can *you* do for him?" asked the officer, with a smile, and so strong an emphasis on the "you" that Dick answered defiantly:

"I can fight for him."

"Can you fight one of King George's men?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dick promptly, and then added, after a little hesitation, "if he is not much bigger than I."

The officer called forward the boatswain's boy, who had been curiously looking on; then turning to the young continental, asked:

"Dare you fight him?"

Dick gave the Briton, who was considerably larger than he, a hasty survey, and then answered:

"Yes, sir."

"Then strip," said the officer, and turning to the British lad, "strip, and do battle for King George."

Both boys divested themselves of all superfluous clothing as rapidly as possible, and went to work at once, and in dire earnest. It was a "rough and tumble" fight; first one was on top and then the other, cheered in turn by cries of, "Give it to him, King Hancock!" and "Hurrah for King George!"

It was a memorable encounter for both contestants, but at last the courageous little rebel got the better of his adversary. The young Briton shouted "enough," and was rescued from the embrace of his furious antagonist.

With a generosity natural to great minds, but seldom displayed during the War of Independence,

the British officer ordered the discharge of our young hero, for his pluck, and he was set at liberty. About the same time, Colonel Webb was released on parole, and in company they left on a small sloop for Providence, where horses were procured on which they continued their journey to Norwich. At this place they found Major Ebenezer Huntington, of their regiment, at the house of his father. They journeyed on through Wethersfield, and in less than a week Dick arrived

The regiment wintered that year at Warren, in the vicinity of Newport. In the spring of 1779, the regiment was inspected by Baron Steuben. During this period the men were mustered every morning for exercise. As Dick was sometimes late on parade, the fife-major threatened to send a file of men for him on the next occasion of his tardiness; and one morning, in accordance with this threat, a corporal with a file of men escorted him to the parade, amidst the merriment of the soldiers, who hugely enjoyed seeing three men escort the little lad to the parade ground.

At Warren the regiment remained until the British evacuated Rhode Island, on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1779, when it was marched to the island by way of Bristol. About two weeks were spent at Newport, when it was ordered westward. Passing through Greenwich, Hartford, and New Haven, it crossed the Hudson River at Dobb's Ferry, and brought up on the heights of Morristown, N. J., the headquarters of General Washington. The entire march of about two hundred miles, over rough and frozen ground, was made by Dick with bare feet. Soon after reaching Morristown, the regiment commenced



FACE OF BILL PRESENTED BY MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON TO RICHARD LORD JONES, MAY, 1780.

at his father's house in Hartford. After remaining at home a short time, he rejoined his regiment at West Point, which, owing to the loss of Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the military authorities had decided to fortify. Huts were built in the upper edge of the bank, just below the point, and here the winter of 1777 was passed. Early in the spring of 1778, the regiment, under Kosciusko, built Fort Webb, which formed a portion of the works at that stronghold. A chain was stretched across the river above the point, and a battery built at each end, while Fort Clinton, situated on the point, commanded the river.

In the early summer, the regiment was sent to Providence, and thence to Tiverton, where it remained for a short time. General Sullivan was in command of the troops in Rhode Island at this time, and our young hero was in all the engagements on the island that had in view the recapture of Newport, and which were unsuccessful in consequence of the failure of the French fleet under Count D'Estaing to cooperate with the continental forces.

building huts, which were first occupied on the twelfth day of January, 1780.

The winter at Morristown was one of unusual severity, and aggravated the sufferings of the army, which, for want of clothing and the necessities of life, endured as much distress as was experienced the previous winter at Valley Forge. For days the army was without meat, and for weeks it subsisted on half rations. In January, Washington wrote: "For a fortnight past the troops, both officers and men, have been almost famishing." But with spring came encouragement and hope: for Lafayette had returned from France with promises of renewed support.

A review by General Washington and his staff being anticipated, the officers of Colonel Webb's regiment cut up their shirts into pieces the size of a collar, and gave one piece to each soldier. At that time, not a private soldier in the regiment had a shirt to his back. The men made an appearance on that occasion that was both ludicrous and pathetic, but they accepted with a proper pride the enthusiastic and appropriate comments on their display of shirt collars.

Our hero, Dick, having a good voice, and being a favorite among both officers and men, was brought into prominence on several occasions, and it was at a dinner party given in the month of May by Colonel Webb to General Washington and staff, that the most interesting incident in his army life occurred.

The colonel sent for him, and, after handing him a small silver cup filled with wine, requested him to sing a song. Dick drank the unfamiliar beverage as if it were water, the result of which caused so strangling a sensation, that immediate compliance with the request was impossible. Upon Colonel Webb's suggestion, he marched up and down the room until the effect had passed away, and then in his clear, boyish voice sang a patriotic song.

After the applause that followed the song had subsided, the colonel directed Dick to go to Colonel Jackson's hut, where Mrs. Washington and other ladies were, and to tell Mrs. Washington that Colonel Webb had sent him to sing her a song. Dick obeyed orders, and at the conclusion of his song received from Mrs. Washington, in acknowledgment of her thanks, a three-dollar Continental bill. This bill was sacredly kept by Dick until the day of his death, in loving remembrance of the noble woman who gave it to him. It is now the property of Major Richard Lord Annesley, of Albany, N. Y., a grandson of the youthful patriot. An engraving of one side of this bill is here presented. The following certificate concerning it was written by the recipient of the bill, more than seventy years after the date of its presentation to him :

"The bill of three dollars, accompanying this, is a sample of the currency of the United States during the War of the Revolution. This bill was presented to R. L. Jones (the subscriber) by Mrs. Martha Washington, at Colonel Jackson's hut, on the heights of Morristown, New Jersey, in May, 1780—immediately after the extreme hard winter, when Col. S. B. Webb's Regiment, to which he was attached, struck their tents and took possession of their huts, January 12th,—snow two or three feet deep. He was then, when the bill was received, just thirteen years of age, and just at the end of his term of enlistment of three years,—supposed to be the youngest person on the pay-roll of the army.

"RICHARD L. JONES.

"NEW ALBANY, INDIANA, October 12th, 1850."

After the singing of the song, the officers joined the ladies and started for a walk. When about half-way down a long hill, they seated themselves on some fallen trees, and Dick was again requested to sing. Upon the completion of the song, they arose, and an officer, accompanied by a lady, beckoned Dick with one hand, while he placed the other behind his back, from the open palm of which Dick took three English shillings. The officer was General Lafayette, who but a few days before had returned from France.

A short time afterward, the regiment left the huts, and was marched toward Springfield, where it was engaged in the action with the enemy under

General Knyphausen, on June 23. Prior to the battle, on June 20, Dick's term of three years expired, and he was honorably discharged. In company with two men of his regiment, whose terms had also expired, he started for home, walking the entire distance of nearly two hundred miles.



RICHARD LORD JONES, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY.

How pleasant were his anticipations of re-union with loved ones, as he bravely plodded along the highway and across fields until he reached his father's home in Hartford!

At home! All the long, cold winters of cruel want lay behind, and before him rose the future, bright with anticipations of prosperity and peace. But the soldier-life of the boy became one of the brightest memories to the old man, and, in his last years, his greatest pleasure consisted in recounting the incidents connected with the days of his soldierhood to a willing listener. After reaching manhood, he engaged in the cotton-manufacturing business in his native State, which he carried on successfully for a while; but the times and he were out of joint. The war of 1812 brought him financial ruin. In the year 1818, he moved west and settled at Gallipolis, Ohio. He afterward became a farmer near New Albany, Indiana, where he resided many years and where he died July 23, 1852.

A WAY TO GROW WISE.

BY MARTHA HOLMES BATES.



ALMOST all of my girl and boy friends are fond of good books; but I have noticed that many of them, when they have read a volume through to the period at the end, toss it quickly aside, and without giving a second thought to the contents of its pages, hasten away in search of some new entertainment or occupation.

Now, I want to give a bit of advice on this subject of reading, which I hope every reader of ST. NICHOLAS will follow, for a few

weeks at least, so as to give my suggestion a fair trial.

You all, of course, wish and intend to become intelligent and well-informed men and women; it is for this end that we all learn to read in the beginning: in order, however, to succeed in our ambition, we must not only know *how to read*, but *how to make use of what we read*. And some knowledge of the nature of our minds is a great assistance in learning this important lesson. The writings of all the learned men in the world could not make us wise if our mental faculties were not first trained to think, reason, and remember.

So here is my advice: After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to

the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.

Now, shut your eyes, and see if you can remember my advice.

A GOOD DRUGGIST.

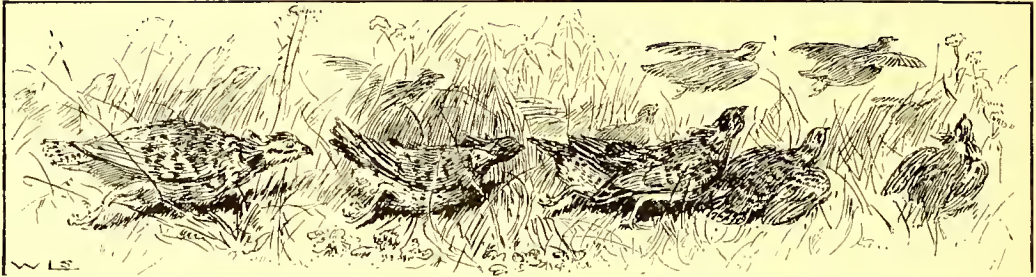
BY MARY LANG.

A MAN who kept a store
Once wrote upon his door:

“Oh, I can make a pill
That shall ease ev’ry ill!
I keep here a plaster,
To prevent disaster;
Also some good ointment,
To soothe disappointment.”

When customers applied,
These words are what he cried:

“Now, *Patience* is the pill
That eases ev’ry ill:
Take-care is a plaster,
Which prevents disaster;
Good-humor an ointment,
Soothing disappointment.”



MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE PRAIRIE WEEDS.

NEXT morning the sky was bright and clear. The sun soon dried the grass, and the boys were eager to be off after the game.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin had arranged for a hunt in a stretch of weed prairie lying about a mile and a half west of the camp. One side of this field was bordered by a luxuriant corn plantation, another side by a wheat field.

Neil and Hugh, armed with the small-bore guns belonging to Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, stepped proudly and briskly along, listening to the words of advice and caution which those kind gentlemen were speaking for their benefit.

It was a beautiful sight to see the four dogs ranging at a brisk gallop, each ambitious to scent the first bird. Snip took the prize before reaching the weedy part of the prairie, by coming to a stanch stand on a high knoll where the grass was very short and thin. In a moment the three other dogs had backed him. "Surely there are no birds there," said Neil; "we could see them; there's nothing to hide them."

Hugh had nervously brought his gun to the position of "ready." He was suffering from what is called hunter's fever; his eagerness to get a shot had overcome his nerves.

They all moved on in a row, keeping about ten paces apart, Mr. Marvin at one end, Uncle Charley at the other, and the boys in the middle; every dog stood as rigid as a post.

A few more steps, and up rose a scattered flock of birds—grouse, scarcely old enough to fly with full power, but in excellent plight for market. Uncle Charley fired right and left, bringing down two; Mr. Marvin did the same. Neil killed a bird at his second shot, but Hugh blazed away somewhat at random and did not touch a feather.

"Mark where they pitch down," exclaimed Mr. Marvin; "they're fine birds—just old enough to suit the epicures." He was a little excited, too; but he was quite deliberate, nevertheless.

At last the birds, rounding a little in their course, settled into the weeds.

"Where's your game, Hugh?" said Uncle Charley, as the dogs brought in the dead grouse.

"I think I missed," murmured Hugh.

"Better luck next time," remarked Mr. Marvin, in a tone of encouragement. They all reloaded their guns and started on at a brisk pace.

Presently they reached a fence that stood between them and the weed field. Mr. Marvin halted and took the shells out of his gun.

"What are you unloading for?" asked Hugh.

"I never climb over a fence with a loaded gun in my hands," said Mr. Marvin; "a large number of the dreadful hunting accidents are caused by not observing this simple rule."

Hugh took out his shells, too, and by a side glance saw Uncle Charley and Neil do likewise.

"One of my best friends was killed by falling off a fence with a loaded gun in his hand," Mr. Marvin added. "One can never be too careful."

The weed covert into which the game had gone proved to be troublesome. The rich soil of the prairie had sent up such a tall growth that Hugh and Neil would have been lost in it, so they had to stay on the edges of the thickest part while Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley went in with the dogs and flushed the grouse. Soon a lively firing began.

The boys banged away at every bird that came near them. Neil was beginning to show some skill, fetching down his game quite often and in good style; but Hugh could not be patient and painstaking enough.

The birds that escaped the guns went over into the wheat-stubble and, scattering widely, offered a chance for some good sport. Hugh took Snip and

went to where he had marked down three of them. The dog soon pointed one in a place where, owing to some thick weeds, the wheat had been left uncut. Hugh stopped for a minute to try to steady himself, and then went slowly on, glancing rapidly in every direction, for he did not know just at what point the game would rise. Now, a good sportsman never allows his eyes to wander at such a time, but keeps them fixed steadily to the front; in that way he can see a bird rise anywhere within the space covered by even the dimmest part of his vision. Then, too, he trusts to his ears to warn him of the first flutter of a wing in the covert.

Hugh felt his heart beating rapidly, but he kept himself fairly steady until he flushed the bird. Then his gun flew up too quickly, and he did not wait to take aim. Of course he missed, but he quickly recovered himself and did better with the left barrel, bringing down the game. Snip retrieved the bird and was fetching it in, when suddenly he stopped and pointed with the game in his mouth. This was a very rare exhibition of scenting power. Hugh flushed the bird from the stubble and weeds. It rose almost vertically and flew right over his head in the direction toward which his back was turned. The shot was a difficult one at best, but Hugh turned quickly and pulled first the right-hand trigger, then the left-hand one. The gun failed to fire. He looked, and found that he had forgotten to reload! Snip seemed disappointed. His eyes turned inquiringly toward Hugh's face, as if to say: "That was a poor response to my splendid performance!" Hugh acknowledged to himself that here was another result of his impetuosity and carelessness.

"I shall learn something after a while, if I keep on trying," he thought, as he opened the breech of his gun and slipped in the shells.

Meantime, Neil had been having some fine luck. His coolness and carefulness excited the admiration of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. In fact, he hit nearly as often as he missed, and when the shooting was over, his game-bag held seven birds.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW PROSPECT OPENS TO THE BOYS.

A FEW more days spent on the prairie in delightful tramps and instructive conversation with Mr. Marvin, and the hunt was ended. Uncle Charley declared the time up, and gave orders to have the tents struck and the wagons made ready for the return to the village.

Before separating, however, Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley held a long consultation, the result of which was an arrangement for a winter's

campaign in the finest game regions of Georgia and Florida.

Uncle Charley promised Neil and Hugh that he would try to get their father to let them go along with him.

"If he will let you go," continued Uncle Charley, "I will buy you each a good gun and a complete outfit."

Hugh fairly bounded for joy, and Neil's face grew rosy with his great delight.

They bade Mr. Marvin good-bye, with a great hope of meeting him a month or two later; and then, with their faces set toward home, they drove off across the rolling prairie. Those had been happy days, and the boys, all sunburned and ruddy with health, were now anxious to get back to their father and the young friends with whom they associated in the village. Their mother had been dead for some years; consequently, their father was much more to them than a father usually is.

The boys' hearts jumped when at last the church spires and painted roofs of the home village came in sight.

As they drove up to the front gate of their home, Mr. Burton saw them from his library window, and came limping down the carriage-way to meet them.

"Why, you are almost as black as little Hottentots!" he exclaimed, looking at their sunbrowned faces.

"But we've had a glorious time," said Hugh. "I never did enjoy anything so much. And, Papa, we wish to go home with Uncle Charley, and hunt in the South this winter, and he's going to buy us guns and everything,—are not you, Uncle Charley?"

"I should think, from your looks, that you have had hunting enough for one season, at least," said Mr. Burton. "Have they been reasonably good boys, Charles?"

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Charley, "they have behaved in a very creditable way. I am proud of them."

Weeks passed before Neil and Hugh were tired of recounting to their young friends in Belair their many pleasing and their few thrilling adventures on the great prairie.

Neil, with his usual foresight and philosophical prudence, fully believing that they would go South with Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, sent for a book on wing-shooting, and fell to studying it carefully. He also renewed his readings in natural history. But Hugh was so full of fun and so restless, that he avoided any close application to study.

"I am resolved," said Neil, "to know all I can about the haunts and habits of game, as well as about the best methods of hunting and shooting.

Whatever is worth knowing and doing is worth knowing and doing well."

He also took an old blunderbuss out of the garret, and, although it had no lock, he used it to practice aiming. This exercise accustomed his hands, arms, and eyes to work in concert, a thing of prime importance in wing-shooting.

Uncle Charley observed Neil's close application to the study of the matter in hand, but he said nothing. He knew that it meant success. He had arranged with Mr. Burton for the boys to go South with him, and had sent for their guns, which were to be made to order. He had also agreed to pay Mr. Marvin a sum of money sufficient to compensate him for the loss of the autumn shooting on the Kankakee, in order that he might go South early enough to make everything ready for a whole winter in the field.

Mr. Marvin came to Belair on the same day that the boys' new guns arrived by express from New York. Those guns were beauties, too, just alike, weighing six and a half pounds each, sixteen-bore, Damascus barrels, with low hammers and pistol-grip stocks; in fact, the very finest little guns that Blank Brothers could make.

"You're patriotic boys," said Mr. Marvin, after examining the weapons; "you go in for American guns, do you?"

"I think our American work is quite equal to that of the English now," said Uncle Charley, "and these guns are recommended as very close, hard shooters."

"So they are, and cheap. An English gun of their grade would have cost at least three hundred dollars."

"Are n't they beauties, though?" cried Hugh, dancing around with his gun in his hand. "I'm going to name mine 'Falcon,' because it will be such a bird-destroyer! What shall you name yours, Neil?"

"Mine shall be anonymous," said Neil, "but it will do good work, all the same!"

"When do we start to go South, Uncle Charley?" queried the always impatient Hugh.

"Some time next week, perhaps," was the reply; "are you in a hurry?"

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Hugh, "I want to be off just as soon as possible!"

"The first thing to do is to target those new guns," said Mr. Marvin.

"What is targeting a gun?" inquired Hugh.

"I'll show you," said Mr. Marvin. He took some white sheets of printer's paper, large enough to hold a circle thirty inches in diameter drawn with a pencil. In the center of the circle he made a small black spot.

"Now," said he, "we shall see what kind of

pattern the guns will make. If they are good or bad we shall soon know it."

They took a dozen or so of these paper targets and went beyond the town limits, where they placed them one at a time against the side of an old disused barn. Each barrel of the two guns was fired at a separate target, at the distance of forty yards, with shells loaded with three drams of powder and one ounce of number-eight shot.

"These are most excellent guns," was Mr. Marvin's decision, after giving them a careful test. "See how evenly and close together they distribute their shot with the left barrels, and how nicely the right barrels scatter the shot a little wider. Yes, young gentlemen, you have first-class guns."

"But why are the right barrels made to scatter wider?" inquired Hugh.

"Because you shoot that barrel first and usually at short range, while you keep your left barrel for the second shot, which is nearly always at long range," replied Mr. Marvin.

Neil had found this out long ago from his reading.

All the boys in Belair soon discovered that Neil and Hugh had fine guns, and this fact was the subject of lively conversation among them. And when the news of the proposed Southern trip leaked out our young friends were the heroes of the village.

Neil and Hugh had to answer hundreds of questions, and tell their plans over and over again to their less fortunate playmates.

And so at length the time for their going arrived.

CHAPTER X.

AWAY TO THE SOUTH!

WHEN the time came for the departure for the South, and everything had been packed and sent to the railway station, Mr. Burton gave his boys over into the care of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. His last words to Neil and Hugh were:

"Be good boys, and be careful how you handle your guns."

Quite a number of the playmates and school-fellows of Neil and Hugh gathered at the station to see them off. The boys promised to send them specimens of birds, alligators' teeth, and other trophies of their prowess.

It was on the eve of the second night following, that they reached Uncle Charley's house, a large building, set back some distance from a broad country road in the midst of a grove of big cedar trees. In fact, the place was known as "The

Cedars," and the farm was one of the largest and best in East Tennessee. The boys were given a large, airy room, with a tall, high, old-fashioned bed in it, as their own. A bright fire was burning on the hearth of a broad-mouthed fire-place, and an old colored woman, named Rhoda, came to wait upon them.

Next morning before breakfast Uncle Charley called them up to show them his kennels and stables. He had a great number of fine dogs and horses, of which he was very proud. Then he showed them his fat cattle and his Cotswold sheep

Uncle Charley had a coal-black negro servant, a boy about Neil's size, called Judge, who soon became acquainted with the boys. He was a bright fellow, whose mind was stored with all the queer notions peculiar to Southern negroes. He at once formed a great liking for Hugh, whose enthusiastic temperament captivated him. The two began to associate together a great deal, the negro taking Hugh over all the big farm and pointing out many places of curious interest—the cotton-gin, no longer in use; the little corn-mill, with its big over-shot wheel, beside a brook; the mill-pond, where in



"HUGH FLUNG DOWN HIS GUN AND RAN BACK TO THE FENCE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and his drove of young mules. It was quite plain that Uncle Charley was a thrifty and energetic farmer. His house was on a hill, from which one could see all over the broad rolling farm, consisting of about a thousand acres of rich brown land, fenced with cedar rails and under a high state of cultivation.

"You see I don't hunt all the time," said Uncle Charley. "I have this big farm to oversee and take care of."

"I should think it would be a very delightful business to take care of such a beautiful farm," said Neil, looking about on the clean fields and well-kept flocks and herds.

"I like it very much," said Uncle Charley. "It pleases me to see my crops of corn and wheat grow and ripen and my cattle get fat and sleek. After I have worked hard and have been successful, then I can take my gun and go off for a long hunt, feeling that I have earned the right to enjoy it."

summer Judge went in swimming; the vast peach-orchards, and many farm implements quite different from those which Hugh had been accustomed to see in the barns of farmers at the North.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley took time to carefully arrange their plans and collect their supplies for the winter. It was agreed that their first hunting should be done in North Georgia, where quail was plentiful and the facility for shipping the game to a good market was all that could be desired by Mr. Marvin.

There is one kind of shooting allowed in the Southern States which is strictly forbidden in most Northern and Western States, namely, dove-shooting. Doves are great pests to the Southern farmer. In autumn they collect in immense flocks, and sometimes utterly destroy whole fields of peas; so that the saying "Innocent as a dove" is not of much force there, and the birds are often killed in

large numbers and sent to market, mostly by negro hunters and trappers.

Neil and Hugh were extremely anxious to try their new guns, and it chanced that one day a grand flight of doves settled in one of Uncle Charley's pea fields. This was a good excuse for the boys. They seized their weapons and were off in a surprisingly short space of time. Even Judge brought forth a gun, and such a gun as it was! A short, clumsy, big-bored affair, with only one barrel and a flint-lock.

"I think I'd better go with the boys," said Mr. Marvin, getting out his smaller gun; "they'll need some watching and directing." And it turned out that they did need very close watching; for Hugh and Judge went wild as soon as they got among the doves, banging away in every direction, and apparently not caring much who or what was in the way. Neil and Mr. Marvin had to be very careful to keep out of the way of danger. Much to every one's surprise, Judge killed a greater number of birds than either Neil or Hugh. He used his old flint-lock with real expertness.

A funny thing happened to Hugh. He killed a dove, which fell over in a little field where Uncle Charley kept a fine English bull. The fence was a very high one, but Hugh climbed over it and ran to get his game. The bull, thinking he had come to give it some salt, ran toward Hugh, bellowing loudly.

The boy cast one wild, horrified glance at the wrinkled face and sharp horns of the huge animal, and then flung down his gun and ran back to the fence, screaming at every jump. The bull followed briskly, bellowing brokenly, until it came to where Hugh's gun lay, then it stopped and began to bellow and to paw the earth with one of its fore feet.

Hugh climbed over the fence and stood peeping through a crack, trembling and panting. The bull was striking his gun with its foot and knocking it about as if it were a straw.

Mr. Marvin, hearing the boy's wild screams, ran to the spot as quickly as he could, but Judge outran him and reached Hugh just in time to see the bull break the stock of the gun short off at the pistol-grip.

Judge did not stop at the fence, but scrambled over it, and, rushing up, drove the bull away and picked up the shattered weapon, which he brought back to where Hugh and Mr. Marvin stood.

"Dat 's a mighty much ob a pity, Mahs' Hugh," said the negro, rolling his big white eyes commiseratingly. "What yo' gwine to do 'bout dis purty gun, now?"

Hugh could not speak. His voice stuck in his throat, and his lips were purple with excitement and distress.

Mr. Marvin looked very much disappointed. He took the mutilated gun in his hands and examined it in silence. Neil came up and joined the solemn group.

"Why, what 's the trouble?" he inquired.

"De bull 's smashed de young boss's new gun all to bits," said Judge. "He was just a-pawin' it an' a-pawin' it when I got heah. Mahs' Hugh 's de 'fraidest boy I ebber see, an' dat 's a fac'!"

"Well, the harm 's done," said Mr. Marvin, "and it can't be helped now."

They formed a doleful procession as they trudged homeward in silence across the fields. Hugh felt that all his dreams of sport were at an end. He looked at Neil's bright, clean gun, and then at his own battered and broken weapon. The tears would force their way out of his eyes in spite of all he could do.

"I suppose it is n't right to kill doves," he said, at last, regretfully.

"It is n't right to fling down a fine gun and run away every time you hear a bull bellow!" exclaimed Mr. Marvin, rather gruffly. "I should like to know what you 'd do if you should see a bear or an alligator!"

"Dat chile 'ud jes' break his neck a-runnin'," said Judge.

"I hate to have Uncle Charley know I have broken my gun," muttered Hugh.

"De bull broke dat gun; you did n't break it," said Judge.

"I think it can be mended," remarked Neil. "A gunsmith could put a piece of silver around the broken place and fasten it so that it would be nearly as nice as before."

"Oh, do you think so?" cried Hugh; "Oh, but I do hope it can be done! I will never be careless again if I can have my gun all right once more."

Uncle Charley was surprised, but he spoke kindly to Hugh, and said he would see what could be done. Next day he took the gun away to a neighboring town and left it with a gunsmith to be mended. When it was brought back, the silver splice had engraved upon it the following words:

"Always keep cool."

The work had been very nicely done, and the weapon was really quite as good, and as pretty as it had been before it was broken.

Hugh's spirits immediately revived, and he was just as happy as ever.

CHAPTER XI.

AROUND A CAMP-FIRE.

It was on a beautiful November day, almost as warm as in September, that our friends started from Uncle Charley's house to make an excursion into

North Georgia to shoot quail and wild turkeys, or whatever other seasonable game could be found. A big Tennessee wagon, covered with a roofing of white cotton cloth, and drawn by two strong mules, was to be the pack vehicle. It was driven and managed by an old colored man named Samson, whose hair and beard were like white wool. A long-bodied hack, or road-wagon, with three seats in it, and covered with oil-cloth, had been fitted up for the hunters to ride in. Judge was to drive this equipage, which was drawn by two of Uncle Charley's beautiful work-horses. The dogs were to go in the big wagon with Samson and the stores.

The mountain region of East Tennessee and North Georgia is one of the most charming countries in the world. The valleys are warm and fertile, lying between high ranges of blue mountain peaks and green foot-hills covered with groves of pines and cedars, oaks and hickory-trees. The air is pure and healthful and the water is the best that cold mountain springs can afford. Vast tracts of this region are so broken up with ravines, abrupt hills, and rugged cliffs of rock, that they are not fit for agriculture, and consequently are not inhabited, save by hardy hunters, trappers, or nut-gatherers. Here and there, in the wildest parts of the mountain ranges, are found what are called "pockets"; they are small valleys, or dells, walled in by the cliffs, and are usually garden-spots of fertility, where are found families of settlers who live peaceful, quiet lives, entirely shut away from the rest of the world.

The first day after leaving Uncle Charley's farm, our friends traveled about forty miles, reaching the foot-hills of a range of mountains close to the northern line of Georgia. They had crossed some large streams and passed over some outlying spurs of another mountain range, and were now ready to begin the ascent of the lofty pile before them.

They pitched their tents beside a clear spring just as darkness began to gather in the woods. On one side of them rose a steep escarpment of broken cliffs; in every other direction a dense forest of pines, undergrown with bushes and vines of various sorts, stretched away gloomy and silent.

Judge built a fire while Samson was feeding the animals, and then the two went to work to get supper. They broiled slices of ham and baked a hoe-cake, made a pot of coffee, and roasted some potatoes and apples. The flaring yellow flames from the pine-knots that Judge had put on the fire threw a wavering light far out among the dusky trees, and the black smoke rolled lightly up among the overhanging boughs.

They all were very hungry. There is nothing

like the mountain air to whet one's appetite. Any food seems to taste much better out in the woods than it does at home.

"I should think there might be bears in these mountains," said Hugh, as he leisurely sipped his coffee, "and deer, too."

"There are some deer, and there may be a few black bears," said Uncle Charley, "but they are too scarce and shy to be hunted with profit. Wild cats are plentiful, however, in all this region."

"I should like to see a wild cat," said Hugh. "What does it look like?"

"Very like a common gray house-cat, only two or three times as large, and it has a larger head in proportion to its body and a short tail. It is a savage creature and very dangerous at times. The claws and teeth are long and sharp, and it is very muscular and powerful."

"Do wild cats ever attack people?" inquired Hugh, helping himself to another roasted apple.

"I have heard of such a thing, said Uncle Charley, "and I should n't care to meet one at close quarters, especially if it were wounded."

"I want to hunt something dangerous and have some adventures worth talking about," said Hugh.

"Why, your bull adventure was stirring and dangerous enough, was n't it?" growled Mr. Marvin over his plate of ham.

"That bull *looked* dangerous, anyhow; and besides, if I'd stood still and it had gored me, you would have said I was foolish for not running."

"Yes, but you threw down your gun; that was what I blamed you for," said Mr. Marvin. "It's a rule among good soldiers never to drop their guns. A hunter should follow the same rule."

When supper was over, they all sat in a circle around the fire listening to hunting-stories by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. Even old Samson crept up near enough to hear, while he smoked his cob pipe with great show of satisfaction.

Mr. Marvin's best story was about a panther-hunt in a jungle of the Florida everglades. He was describing how, in the course of the hunt, he chanced to come suddenly face to face with the panther, which was crouching on a mass of boughs and vines about ten feet above the ground.

"I was carrying a double-barreled gun," he said, "of which one barrel was a rifle, the other for shot. I saw the savage beast just as it was making ready to spring upon me. I believe I felt very much like doing as Hugh did when the bull came bellowing toward him; but the trouble in my case was that I *could* not run. I was hemmed in by strong bushes and vines. So I summoned all my nerve power and raised my gun to take aim.

Just as I did so the panther leaped straight toward me."

At this point in Mr. Marvin's narration, and as if to sharply emphasize the climax, there came from the woods right behind Hugh a wild shriek altogether startling in its loudness and harshness. Hugh sprang to his feet and leaped clear over the fire.

"Ugh! O-oh! what was that?" he cried, his eyes seeming to start almost out of his head.

Old Samson laughed aloud and said: "Bress yo', chile, dat nuffin' but an ole owl; he's not gwine ter hurt ye!"

"I think we 'll have to send you home, Hugh," said Uncle Charley; "you 'll never do for one of our party if you keep on in this way."

Hugh crept back to his place, and Mr. Marvin resumed his story:

"I fired both barrels point blank at that brute as it sailed through the air, and at the same moment I dropped flat upon the ground, thinking that the panther would go beyond me before it struck. But I reckoned wrongly; it came right down upon me, almost crushing me. My legs were tangled in some briery vines and my right arm was doubled under me. The panther struggled terribly, tearing the ground with its feet on each side of me, uttering at the same time a sort of gurgling growl. It was very heavy, and my position made its weight seem double what it really was. I tried to throw it off, but my strength was not sufficient. With another hard struggle it died right there, lying across my back. If my legs had not been so badly tangled I could have got out from under the dead brute. As it was, I could do nothing but lie there and halloo. It was not the weight so much as my cramped and tangled situation that held me down. To add to the terror of my predicament I heard the panther's mate scream in the jungle close by. My hunting companions were beating about somewhere in the neighborhood, but I could not hear them. I screamed like a steam-whistle, but no answer came. It was then that I suddenly realized the awful possibilities of my situation. If my companions were out of hearing, how could I ever get help? As I lay there, I could see for some distance along an opening in the undergrowth to where a big cypress tree grew at the edge of a little pond. The other panther leaped a few feet up the bole of this tree and screamed again. That was to me the most terrific sound I ever heard. Just then it struck me that I must go systematically to work to free myself. I lay quite still for a time, thinking. Then I began working my feet out of the tangle of vines. It was hard work, but I persevered and finally succeeded. Then by a strong effort I freed my right arm and, turning my-

self a little, I rolled the panther off me. The next thing I did was to load both barrels of my gun, for I could now hear the other savage beast growling close by in the jungle. Fear made me alert and steady. Soon I saw a pair of eyes glaring at me not more than two rods away. I took deliberate aim and fired both barrels, sending a ball and nine large buckshot to the spot between those eyes. That was a great adventure for me. I never have known another man who has killed two full-grown panthers on the same day. My companions had heard my firing, and came to me. There lay my two royal enemies dead within a few feet of each other and each shot in the face. But from that day to this I never have had the slightest desire to hunt panthers."

It was now time to go to bed, so Uncle Charley ordered Samson and Judge to their wagon in which they were to sleep.

Mr. Marvin rolled himself in his blankets and lay down by the fire, a way of resting he preferred to being cramped in a tent, especially when the weather was so dry.

At about eleven o'clock the moon came up in the East, filling the woods with a pale light that flickered on the gray mountain cliffs like a silver mist. The big horned owl that had so scared Hugh came and perched itself upon the top of a dead pine near the camp, giving forth now and then its peculiar, wild cry. As it sat upon the highest spire of the tree, it looked double its real size, outlined against the clear gray sky. It would turn its large head from side to side, as if keeping a vigilant outlook for danger.

Hugh awoke from a sweet sleep and heard the owl. He chanced to remember that his father had long wanted a stuffed owl for his library. Why would n't it be just as well to get this one for him?

Very slyly and quietly Hugh arose and put on his clothes. Slipping his gun from its case and loading it with heavy-shotted cartridges, he stole noiselessly out of the tent. Every one else was sleeping. Even Samson's big yellow 'coon dog, that lay under the wagon, did not seem to awake.

Hugh crouched and crept along under cover of a small cedar bush until he got within long range of the owl; then, taking aim as best he could, he fired.

What a noise that gun did make in the still forest! The report went bellowing off in the distance, and then, flung back by some echo-making cliff or hollow, returned with-mellow, fragmentary rattling. The dogs began to bark, the horses and mules snorted, old Samson leaped out of his wagon, Mr. Marvin sprang from his sound sleep beside the embers of the fire. In fact, there was a general alarm in the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

WHEN Hugh fired, the owl came tumbling down from its lofty perch, flapping its wings as it fell. That was a good shot, and Hugh felt a thrill of gratification and pride as he saw the effect of it. He ran to the spot where the great bird lay, and hastily picked it up. Immediately he screamed with pain and tried to drop it; but it had seized his hand with its beak and talons and would not let go. "O! O! O!" he cried, "it's killing me! it's killing me! O, Uncle Charley! Mr. Marvin! come here, quick!"

The owl was not much hurt, the tip of one wing having been broken. Its strong hooked beak and its long talons were piercing Hugh's hand cruelly. The pain was almost unbearable.

Mr. Marvin seized his gun and ran to the spot, expecting to find a bear or a catamount tearing Hugh to pieces. Uncle Charley, Neil and Samson snatched up whatever weapon was nearest and hurriedly joined Mr. Marvin.

But by the time they had all collected around Hugh, he had choked the owl to death with his free hand. The bird had given him some ugly scratches, however, and his face looked ghastly pale in the moonlight.

Fortunately no arteries or large veins had been pierced by the owl's talons or beak. Samson, who was not a bad doctor in affairs of this kind, bound up Hugh's wounds, and they did not afterward give him much trouble.

Next morning, Mr. Marvin skinned the owl and packed the skin away for mounting.

The party resumed their journey, and at once began following a zigzag road that led up the steep side of the mountain they had to cross.

Neil preferred to walk. He was keeping a diary of all that happened and of what he saw and heard. Being nimble of foot, he was easily able to keep ahead of the wagons, and whenever he saw a new plant or tree or some rare bird, he would sit down upon a stone beside the road, and write a description of it in his book. He could draw a little, too, and he made sketches, as best he could, of such objects and bits of landscape as he thought might be interestingly described in a more comprehensive account of their journey, which he meant to prepare at his leisure.

There were not many birds on the mountain, but Neil had a good opportunity to note the appearance and habits of the pileated woodpecker, a bird very rare in the Middle and Western States. It is next to the largest of American woodpeckers, being nearly the size of a crow, almost black, with

a tall scarlet crest on the back of its head. The mountaineers call it log-cock, because it is so often seen pecking on rotten logs in the woods. It makes its nest in a hollow which it digs in decaying tree-boles.

When our friends reached the top of the mountain, they found a fine grove of chestnut-trees loaded with their opening burrs. Samson, Hugh, and Judge gathered a large bagful of the nuts and put them in the wagon.

Neil climbed to the top of a great stone-pile from which he beheld a grand view of the surrounding country, for miles and miles. He could see beautiful valleys and shining streams, cozy farm-houses and scattering villages, while far off, against the horizon in every direction, rose an undulating line of blue mountains.

It was late at night when they reached a good camping-place among the foot-hills on the Georgia side. They all were very hungry and tired. The smell of broiling bacon and steeping coffee soon filled the dewy air. A small cold mountain-brook bubbled along beside the tents, and not far off was the log cabin of a family of mountaineers.

"We are near to the quail country, now," said Uncle Charley, "and I think we may count upon some good shooting to-morrow. The valley just below us is covered with farms of growing wheat and corn, and no one ever comes there to hunt."

"But will the farmers let us shoot their birds?" inquired Neil, who recollected the angry remonstrations of some of the prairie folk against the shooting of grouse.

"O, yes," said Uncle Charley; "these mountain people are the most hospitable and accommodating folk you ever saw. Their leading thought, so long as we stay among them, will be to make us thoroughly enjoy ourselves."

Samson announced supper. All were quite ready to do justice to the meal he had prepared, and they were busily engaged in eating, when a man and two boys approached them, bearing flaming torches made of long splinters of pitch-pine.

"Hello, strangers, how d'ye do?" exclaimed the man in a hearty, friendly voice.

"Good evening," said Uncle Charley, very cordially.

"Seein' your fire down here, I thought that meb-be you 'd like to join in a little fun up the hollow," said the stranger.

"Well, what is the fun?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"My old dog Bounce has treed a coon up the hollow, and we're just going to cut the tree. Can't you come and go along?" The man, as he spoke, took an ax from his shoulder and rested it on the ground

by his feet. "Don't you hear the dog baying?" he added.

Sure enough, the hoarse mouthing of a cur came echoing from the depths of the wood.

"Ef you 're shoor dat it 's a coon," said Samson, "why, den, I'd like ter go."

"So would I!" said Hugh.

"Well, it 's a coon," said the man. "Old Bounce does n't bark for anything but coons or wild cats. It might *possibly* be a wild cat."

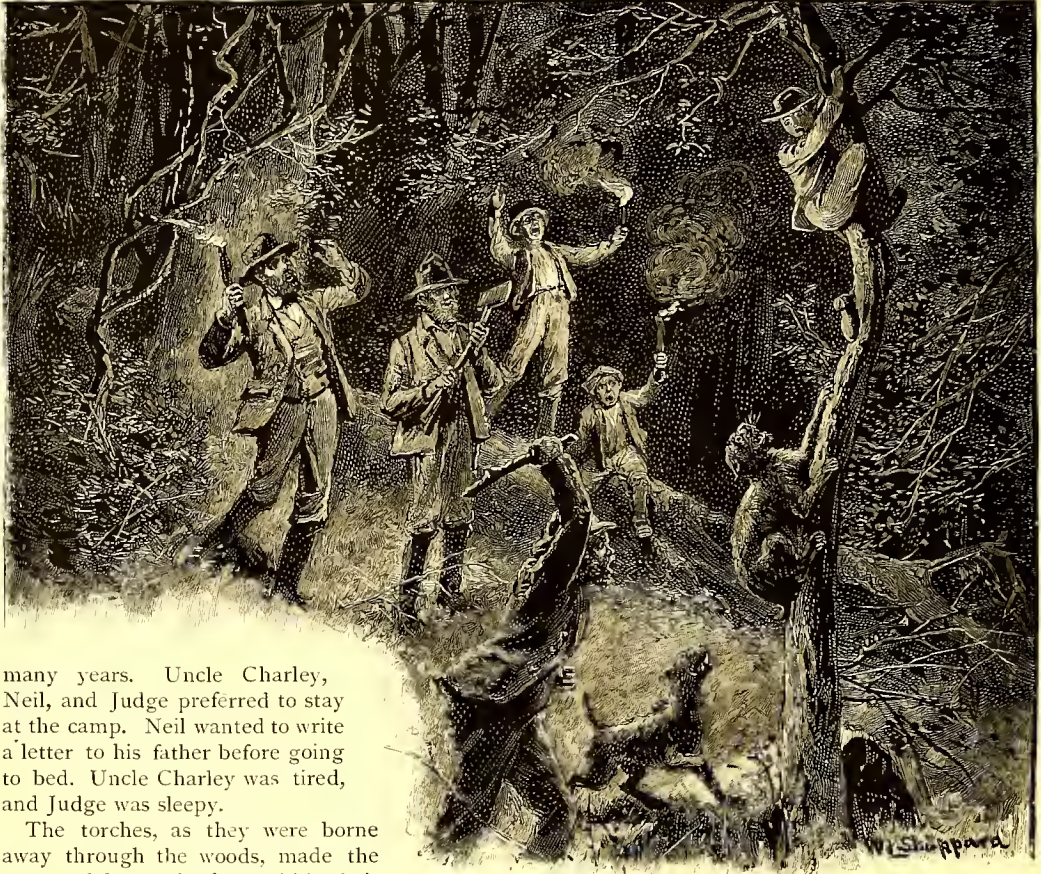
Mr. Marvin said he thought that he would go, too, as he had n't seen a coon fight for a great

and fighting. Uncle Charley sprang to his feet and listened.

"It is a wild cat," he said, "and it is 'punishing' that dog terribly. Just listen! What a fight they 're having!"

They could hear Hugh's clear voice and Samson's loud shouts mingling with the general din.

"Is there any danger? Do you think Hugh will get hurt?" exclaimed Neil, whose first thought was for the safety of his brother. Uncle Charley did not at once reply. He was too much absorbed in listening to the exciting racket.



THE FIGHT WITH THE WILD CAT.

many years. Uncle Charley, Neil, and Judge preferred to stay at the camp. Neil wanted to write a letter to his father before going to bed. Uncle Charley was tired, and Judge was sleepy.

The torches, as they were borne away through the woods, made the men and boys who kept within their light look like restless specters. If Neil had known what an exciting event was about to happen, up in that little hollow, he would not have stayed in camp, as he did. He presently heard the sound of an ax ringing on solid timber, and, after a long while, a great tree fell to the ground with a loud crash. Then there arose a perfect bedlam of voices. The yelping of a dog was mingled with shouts and screams and a sound as of some savage animal snarling

"Let's go to them," continued Neil; "they may need help."

"It's too far," said Uncle Charley; "we could not get there in time to be of any service." And even as he spoke, the noise began to subside.

"They've killed it, or it has escaped," Uncle Charley continued; "they'll be coming back directly. It must have been a hard fight while it

lasted, and very exciting, too, for I heard Marvin yell loudly once or twice."

"I wish I had gone along," said Neil, moving restlessly about; "I would n't have missed it for anything."

"If it was a wild cat, and I think it was," said Uncle Charley, "it must have escaped. I don't think they could have killed it in so short a time. There was n't a gun in the party, and I know, from the way the dog howled, that the victory was not due to him; he was whipped."

"Why did n't Mr. Marvin and Hugh take their guns? I never heard of such carelessness!" said Neil, adding anxiously: "Perhaps some one of them is badly hurt."

After long waiting, Uncle Charley and Neil at last saw the flash of torches.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAMSON DESCRIBES THE BATTLE.

THE party of coon-hunters soon came up, all of them more or less excited. The tall, strong mountaineer carried a dead wild cat strung upon a pole.

"Ah, you killed it, did you?" exclaimed Uncle Charley.

"Y-e-s, the boy killed it," replied the man; "he knocked it on the head with a light'd knot."

The man alluded to Samson when he said "boy." Southern men usually call colored men *boys*.

"Mahs' Hugh ud 'a' been a gone chile ef I had n't 'a' knocked de varmint," said Samson.

"How was that?" demanded Uncle Charley, with a look of alarm.

"Was it after Hugh?" exclaimed Neil, excitedly.

"Oh, it was a-bowsin' around an' a-snappin' an' a-clawin', an' Mahs' Hugh he climb'd a tree up a little ways, an' de dog was a-howlin' at a great rate, an' I was a-poundin' away at the varmint, an' it clim de tree, too, an' nearly cotch up wid Mahs' Hugh afore he got six feet high up de tree, an' Mahs' Hugh he was a squeechin' powerful, an' den I whack'd it on de head an' down it came! Den dat dog he got berry sabbage all to once, seein' dat de varmint was kickin' its last, an' he got braver an' braver, an' fell to fightin' it like mad. But dat varmint had done gib dat dog 'nuff fore dat, I tell ye!"

Next morning, our friends descended into the valley and pitched their tents among the fertile farms.

A railway crossed the lower end of this valley, where there was a small village and a station from which Mr. Marvin could ship his game.

The camping-place was beside a deep, narrow little river, or rivulet, the winding course of which through the valley was marked by parallel fringes of plane and tulip trees.

The farms were very rich, having that peculiar sort of soil called "mulatto," in which the famous Georgia red wheat grows to such perfection as it never attains elsewhere.

Here the blue jays, cardinal grosbeaks, brown thrushes, and crested fly-catchers were found by Neil. Gray squirrels, already growing scarce in the Western States, seemed to be quite plentiful in this region, and were the only small game hunted by the farmers, whose long flint-lock rifles were quite interesting to Neil and Hugh.

Judge was sent to the neighboring village, that afternoon, to get some needed supplies, and to post some letters, among which was a long one from Neil to his father.

Since they had crossed the mountain and descended into Georgia, they noticed a certain sweetness and warmth in the air, and even at that late season the sky had a summer-like tenderness of color. Many of the deciduous trees still retained their leaves, and the farmers were in the midst of wheat-sowing.

Neil and Hugh were surprised to see boys smaller than Hugh plowing in the fields or "shucking" corn.

Every one, old and young, seemed happy, industrious, and contented.

Most of the houses were built of split logs, with no chinking in the cracks, and covered with clapboards. The chimneys were made of sticks of wood built up pen-fashion and covered with mud or clay.

In fact everything, even to the trees and the wild flowers, was strange and interesting, especially to Neil. The people were exceedingly kind and hospitable, giving the hunters all the aid in their power.

And so their first quail-hunt promised to be all that they could desire.

(To be continued.)

NABBY BLACKINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA L. TOWNSEND.

“GENERAL GAGE had received early in the morning of April 19, 1775, the request for reënforcements. He sent out twelve hundred men. They marched through West Cambridge, on their way to Concord. A little girl named Nabby Blackington was watching her mother's cow while she fed by the roadside. The cow took her way directly through the passing column, and the little girl, faithful to her trust, followed through the ranks bristling with bayonets. The soldiers allowed her to pass. ‘We will not hurt the child,’ they said.”

IN the Middlesex woods the south winds blew
 'Round the pale anemones wet with dew;
 And the great farm-orchards, amid their glooms,
 Held the first faint scent of the apple blooms;
 And fair with the young year's leafy green
 Did the elm-boughs over the roadsides lean;
 And the robins sang on that ancient day
 The old, sweet songs that they sing each May.
 And a little girl out on the lone highways
 Watched the cow, in the sunshine sent to graze,—
 Watched and wandered thro' light and dew
 Of that April morning, where south winds blew;—
 Till a something thrilled thro' the silence 'round,
 And it seemed that a thunder shook the ground.
 For she heard the hoofs of horses beat,
 And the rhythmic tread of men's swift feet;
 And a moment later, a wondrous scene
 Was framed in the wide old turnpike's green;
 For gay on the air the banners streamed,
 The scarlet glittered, the bayonets gleamed,
 Where the British column, twelve hundred strong,
 On the Middlesex highway swept along.
 For the troops that were marching to Concord
 town,
 To mow—like a swathe—the rebels down,
 Had seen the Lilies of Bourbon glance
 On fields that had shivered the pride of France:
 And it seemed, to King George's veterans, play
 To scatter the yeomen like chaff that day.
 The girl stood still in the flickering shade
 Which the fresh-leaved maples around her made,—

Stood by the stone wall low and old,
 While the long bright column before her rolled;
 And it seemed to her wide and dazzled eyes
 That the splendor dropped from the sweet spring
 skies.
 But the cow stopped munching the roadside grass,
 And across the highway set out to pass,
 Freely she roamed, where, broad and still,
 The lush spring-pastures o'erspread the hill;
 And straight in the hurrying column's face
 She came with her slow and lumbering pace.
 To follow the cow seemed a duty plain
 To the girl's young heart and bewildered brain,
 And she passed out quickly from the shade,
 By the low stone wall, which the maples made;—
 And out on the turnpike, all alone,
 And before the ranks where the bayonets shone,
 A moment later, a creature slight,
 She stood in the wondering army's sight,—
 A sunbrowned girl, with small flushed face
 And bright scared eyes, and the nameless grace
 Of childhood hov'ring about her there;
 And a glint of gold in the tumbled hair
 Out of her sun-bonnet fallen down.
 —So swift she came, so slight and brown,
 That under the soldiers' very eyes
 There seemed for the moment an elf to rise.
 Then a rush of the sweet old memories fell
 On their hard, fierce mood, like a sudden spell;
 And the sound of the wind among the trees
 Seemed the singing of thrushes across the seas;

And the glad green meadows of England spread
Where the Cambridge pastures had stretched
instead ;

And the red wild rose of the English spring
Flushed the ancient lanes with its blossoming.

And the close-set lips thro' their sternness
smiled

As they spoke out: "We will not hurt the child."



And around the fields like drifting snow
The hawthorn hedges were all in blow.

Till the slight, scared girl, with the tumbled hair,
To each soldier's gaze drew a vision fair ;

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The sign for the halt was quickly made,
And the girl to the column drew, half afraid :

For over her head the banners streamed,
And all about her the bright steel gleamed ;

And she could not see, so swift she went,
What the smiles and the softened glances meant;

But safe thro' the bristling ranks she stept,
And calmly her onward way she kept.

And she joined the cow on the roadside brown,
While the troops marched on toward Concord town.

Oft told in story and sung in song,
The deeds of that day to the world belong.

And the scenes of that time have power to thrill
The heart of a mighty nation still;

Tho' a hundred years have come and gone
Since the sun rose bright in that April dawn.

But whenever the tales of the ancient strife,
And the forms of its heroes start to life,

One picture will always come up to me;
The girl and the grazing cow I see,

And the troops to the signal have halted swift,
And the plumes on the soft air gayly drift,

And the highway burns with the column's red,
As when "We will not hurt the child" they said.

THE EGYPTIAN BIRD-MOUSE.

BY MRS. H. MANN.

THE little fellow shown in the picture on the opposite page deserves the name bird-mouse, because he hops about like a bird on the ground, and has even been mistaken for one; yet in shape and manners he is like a mouse.

He has four legs, but the two in front are held so closely against his breast that they are hardly seen, and he never uses them for getting about. He walks on his hind legs alone. When in no haste, he walks and runs on these two as easily as a bird, not hopping, but putting one foot before the other as you do; and if he is frightened or has any need to go quickly, he simply brings the two long legs up together, stretches his long tail out in the position of a letter S laid on its side, with the tip touching the ground, and goes off with leaps as great, in proportion to his size, as those of a kangaroo. So fast does he go, and so lightly does he touch the ground when he comes down between the leaps, that in rapid flight he looks exactly like a bird skimming over the sand; and nothing can catch him, not even a greyhound with his marvelous leaps.

This pretty little creature lives in Africa, in the hot sand of the desert, a place so dismal that he has it nearly all to himself, for few animals can endure it. He prefers it, however, perhaps for its safety from enemies, and he digs out for himself and his family a snug, underground house, containing many passages, with little rooms here and there, and in the deepest and safest corner of all, a cozy nursery for the mamma-mouse and her babies.

In this quiet place the mother-mouse prepares a soft nest, it is said by lining it with hair from her

own breast, and here she keeps safely her two or three funny little mice till they are big enough to walk about and hop off for themselves.

The little family is never lonely; for near at hand are many other bird-mice, living in similar homes, which are connected with one another by the passages, and so form in fact a real city under the sand. To this safely hidden town there are many doors; so that, if one is closed by any accident, another may always be found by which to get in or out; and once out on the ground, as I said before, few enemies can catch him.

One would think there could be no enemies to fear in that far-off desert. There are not many; but there is one,—the same who often makes himself the greatest enemy of all birds and beasts,—man. The Arabs, who also live in the desert, are very fond of the flesh of the bird-mice, and they hunt the small burrowers by stopping up all but one of the doors to a colony of nests. They then gather around the one door left open, and thus catch the little fellows as they come out.

This interesting animal is about six inches long, or as large as a small rat. His coat is gray on the back, and white underneath, or nearly the color of the sand he lives in. He has large thin ears, and great bright eyes.

His tail is nearly twice as long as his body, with a thick tuft like a brush at the end. This tail is of very great use to him, both in walking upright and in his long leaps. If an unfortunate little fellow loses this useful member, he not only can not jump,—or, at least, is afraid to do so,—but he can not even walk. When he tries to get up, he

rolls over on his side. It is as important for steadying him as one of his legs.

I said that he walks, and runs, and hops, only on two feet; and one of his scientific names, *Dipus*, meaning two-footed, was probably given him because of that fact. The hind feet are curious, having only three toes, and being covered even on the soles with stiff hairs, so that we may say that he is really protected from the heat by

He can dig out his burrow whenever he likes, and he is obliged to keep his digging tools in good order, for his food consists mostly of roots.

But with all this hard work to do, his life is not entirely confined to digging. He is a jolly little fellow, and when the desert is silent and no caravan or wandering Arab is in sight, he comes out of his house, basks in the hot sunshine, of which he is fond, and plays and sports with his friends.

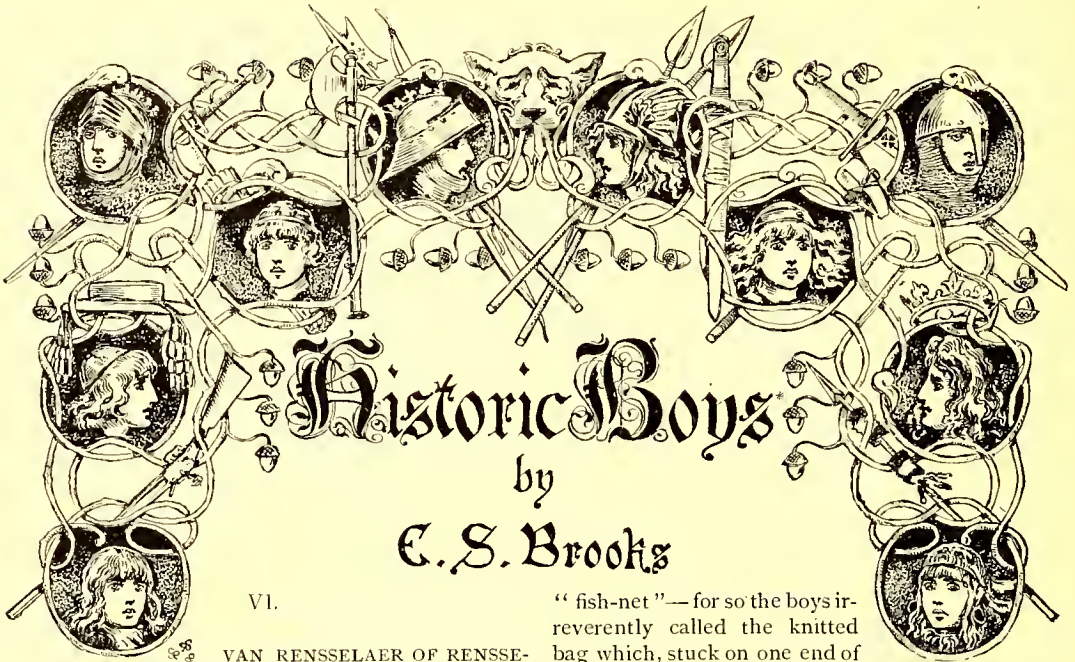


fur boots. Under the hairs, too, he has many elastic balls on the soles of his feet, so that he does not hurt himself, however suddenly or weightily he may alight upon the ground.

It is almost impossible to keep this creature in confinement, for he has powerful teeth and very strong claws on those little fore feet, and he is able to dig and gnaw through not only the baked earth, but even thin layers of stone.

If a person can manage to hide himself, and keep so still as not to be noticed, it is interesting to watch the frolics of the pretty creatures when they think no one is near.

I have called the little animal a bird-mouse, but he is known generally by the name of Jerboa, and his scientific name is *Dipus Egyptianus*—or, as we might freely translate it—The Egyptian two-foot.



VI.

VAN RENSSELAER OF RENSS-
LAERSWYCK, THE BOY PATROON.

A. D. 1777.

[Afterward Major General, and Lieutenant Governor of
the State of New York.]

I QUESTION whether any of my young readers, however well up in history they may be, can place the great River of Prince Maurice (*De Riviere Van den Vorst Mauritius*), which, two hundred years ago, flowed through the broad domain of the lord patroons of Rensselaerswyck. And yet, it is the same wide river upon the crowded shore of which now stands the great city of New York; the same fair river above the banks of which now towers the noble front of the massive State Capitol at Albany. And that lofty edifice stands not far from the very spot where, beneath the pyramidal belfry of the old Dutch church, the boy patroon sat nodding through Dominic Westerlo's sermon, one drowsy July Sunday in the summer of 1777.

The good dominie's "seventhly" came to a sudden stop as the tinkle of the deacon's collection-bell fell upon the ears of the slumbering congregation. In the big Van Rensselaer pew it roused Stephanus, the boy patroon, from a delightful dream of a ten-pound *twaaif*, or striped bass, which he thought he had just hooked at the mouth of Bloemert's Kill; and rather guiltily, as one who has been "caught napping," he dropped his two "half-joes" into the deacon's

"fish-net"—for so the boys irreverently called the knitted bag which, stuck on one end of a long pole, was always passed around for contributions right in the middle of the sermon. Then, the good dominie went back to his "seventhly," and the congregation to their slumbers, while the restless young Stephanus traced with his finger-nail upon the cover of his psalm-book the profile of his highly respected guardian, General Ten Broek, nodding solemnly in the magistrate's pew. At last, the sands in the hour-glass, that stood on the queer, one-legged, eight-sided pulpit, stopped running, and so did the dominie's "noble Dutch"; the congregation filed out of church, and the Sunday service was over. And so, too, was the Sunday quiet. For scarcely had the people passed the porch, when, down from the city barrier at the *colonie* gate, clattered a hurrying horseman.

"From General Schuyler, sir," he said, as he reined up before General Ten Broek and handed him an order to muster the militia at once and repair to the camp at Fort Edward. St. Clair, so said the dispatch, had been defeated; Ticonderoga was captured, Burgoyne was marching to the Hudson, the Indians were on the war-path, and help was needed at once if they would check Burgoyne and save Albany from pillage.

The news fell with a sudden shock upon the little city of the Dutchmen. Ticonderoga fallen, and the Indians on the war-path! Even the most stolid of the Albany burghers felt his heart beating faster, while many a mother looked anxiously

at her little ones and called to mind the terrible tales of Indian cruelty and pillage. But the young Van Rensselaer, pressing close to the side of fair Mistress Margarita Schuyler, said soberly: "These be sad tidings, Margery; would it not be wiser for you all to come up to the manor-house for safety?"

"For safety?" echoed high-spirited Mistress Margery. "Why, what need, Stephanus? Is not my father in command at Fort Edward? and not for Burgoyne and all his Indians need we fear while he is there! So, many thanks, my lord patroon," she continued, with a mock courtesy; "but I 'm just as safe under the Schuyler gables as I could be in the Van Rensselaer manor-house, even with the brave young patroon himself as my defender."

The lad looked a little crest-fallen; for he regarded himself as the natural protector of this brave little lady, whose father was facing the British invaders on the shores of the Northern lakes. Had it not been one of the unwritten laws of the *colonie*, since the day of the first patroon, that a Van Rensselaer should wed a Schuyler? Who, then, should care for a daughter of the house of Schuyler in times of trouble but a son of the house of Rensselaer?

"Well, at any rate, I shall look out for you if danger does come," he said, as he turned toward the manor-house. "You 'll surely not object to that, will you, Margery?"

"Why, how can I?" laughed the girl. "I certainly may not prevent a gallant youth from keeping his eyes in my direction. So, thanks for your promise, my lord patroon, and when you see the flash of the tomahawk, summon your vassals like a noble knight and charge to the rescue of the beleaguered maiden of the Fuyck."* And, with a stately good-bye to the little lord of seven hundred thousand acres, the girl hastened homeward to the Schuyler mansion, while the boy rode in the opposite direction to the great brick manor-house by the creek.

Twenty-four miles east and west, by forty-eight miles north and south, covering forest and river, valley and hill, stretched the broad *colonie* of the patroons of Rensselaerswyck, embracing the present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia, in the State of New York; and over all this domain, since the days of the Heer Killian Van Rensselaer, first of the lord patroons, father and son, in direct descent, had held sway after the manner of the old feudal barons of Europe. They alone owned the land, and their hundreds of tenants held their farms on rentals or leases, subject to the will of the "patroons," as they were called,—a Dutch adaptation of the old Roman *patronus*, meaning patrician or patron.

Only the town-lands of Beverwyck, or Albany,

a territory stretching thirteen miles north-west, by one mile wide along the river front, forced from an earlier boy patroon by the doughty Peter Stuyvesant, and secured by later English governors, were free from this feudal right; and at the time of our story, though the old feudal laws were no longer in force and the rentals were less exacting than in the earlier days, the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck respected the authority and manorial rights of Stephen Van Rensselaer, their boy patroon, who, with his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters, lived in the big brick manor-house near the swift mill creek and the tumbling falls in the green vale of Tivoli, a mile north of the city gate.

And now had come the Revolution. Thanks to the teaching of his tender mother, of his gallant guardian, and of the good Dominie Westerlo, young Stephen knew what the great struggle meant—a protest against tyranny, a blow for human rights, a defense of the grand doctrine of the immortal Declaration that "All men are created free and equal." And he had been told, too, that the success of the Republic would be the death-blow to all the feudal rights to which he, the last of the patroons, had succeeded.

"Uncle," he said to his guardian, that stern patriot and whig, General Abram Ten Broek, "you are my representative and must act for me till I grow to be a man. Do what is best, sir, and don't let the Britishers beat!"

"But, remember, lad," said his uncle, "the Revolution, if it succeeds, must strip you of all the powers and rights that have come to you as patroon. You will be an owner of acres, nothing more; no longer baron, patroon, nor lord of the manor; of no higher dignity and condition than little Jan Van Woort, the cow-boy of old Luyck Oothout on your cattle farm in the Helderbergs."

"But I 'll be a citizen of a free republic, wont I, Uncle?" said the boy; "as free of the king and his court across the sea as Jan Van Woort will be of me and the court-leet of Rensselaerswyck. So we 'll all start fair and even. I 'm not old enough to fight and talk yet, Uncle; but do you fight and talk for me, and I know it will come out all right."

And so, through the battle-summer of 1777, the work went on. Men and supplies were hurried northward to help the patriot army, and soon General Ten Broek's three thousand militia-men were ready and anxious for action. The air was full of stirring news. Brandt and his Indians, Sir John Johnson and his green-coated Tories, swarmed into the Mohawk Valley; poor Jane McCrea fell a victim to Indian treachery, and the whole northern country shuddered at the rumor that twenty dollars had been offered for every rebel scalp. And fast upon these came still other tidings. The

* The Fuyck, or fishnet,—an old Dutch name for Albany.

noble General Schuyler, fair Mistress Margery's father, had, through the management of his enemies in the Congress and the camp, been superseded by General Gates; but, like a true patriot, he worked just as hard for victory nevertheless. Herkimer had fallen in the savage and uncertain fight at Oriskany; in Bennington, stout old Stark had dealt the British a rousing blow, and Burgoyne's boast that with ten thousand men he could "promenade through America" ended dismally enough for him in the smoke of Bemis Heights and the surrender at Saratoga.

But, before that glorious ending, many were the dark and doubtful days that came to Albany and to Rensselaerswyck. Rumors of defeat and disaster, of plot and pillage, filled the little city. Spies and Tories sought to work it harm. The flash of the tomahawk, at which Mistress Margery had so lightly jested, was really seen in the Schuyler mansion.* Good Dominie Westerlo kept open church and constant prayer for the success of the patriot arms through one whole anxious week, and on a bright September afternoon, General Ten Broek, with a slender escort, came dashing up to the "stoop" of the Van Rensselaer manor-house.

"What now, Uncle?" asked young Stephen, as he met the general in the broad hall.

"More supplies — we must have more supplies, lad," replied his uncle. "Our troops need provisions, and I am here to forage among both friends and foes."

"Beginning with us, I suppose," said the young patroon. "O, Uncle, can not I, too, do something to show my love for the cause?"

"Something, Stephen? You can do much," his uncle replied. "Time was, lad, when your ancestors, the lord patroons of Rensselaerswyck, were makers and masters of the law in this their *colonie*. From their own forts floated their own flag and frowned their own cannon. Their word was law, and their orders were obeyed without question. Forts and flags and cannon are no longer yours, Stephen, and we would not have it otherwise; but your word still holds as good with your tenantry as did that of the first patroon. Try it, lad. Let me, in the name of the young patroon, demand from your tenantry of Rensselaerswyck provisions and forage for our gallant troops."

"O, try it, Uncle, try it — do," young Stephen cried, full of interest; "but will they give so much heed, think you, to my word?"

"Ay, trust them for that," replied the general. "So strong is their attachment to their young patroon that they will, I know, do more on your simple word than on all the orders and levies of the Continental Congress."

So, out into the farm-lands that checkered the

valley and climbed the green slopes of the Helderbergs, went the orders of the boy patroon, summoning all "our loyal and loving tenantry" to take of their stock and provender all that they could spare, save the slight amount needed for actual home use, and to deliver the same to the commissaries of the army of the Congress at Saratoga. And the "loyal and loving tenantry" gave good heed to their patroon's orders. Granaries and cellars, stables and pig-sties, pork-barrels and poultry-sheds, were emptied of their contents. The army of the Congress was amply provisioned, and thus, indeed, did the boy patroon contribute his share toward the great victory at Saratoga—a victory of which one historian remarks that "no martial event, from the battle of Marathon to that of Waterloo—two thousand years—exerted a greater influence upon human affairs."

The field of Saratoga is won. Six thousand British troops have laid down their arms, and the fears of northern invasion are ended. In the Schuyler mansion at Albany, fair Mistress Margery is helping her mother fitly entertain General Burgoyne and the paroled British officers, thus returning good for evil to the man who, but a few weeks before, had burned to the ground her father's beautiful country house at Saratoga. Along the fair river, from the *colonie* to the peaks of the Katzbergs, the early autumn frosts are painting the forest leaves with gorgeous tints, and to-day, the first of November, 1777, the children are joyously celebrating the thirteenth birthday of the boy patroon in the big manor-house by the creek. For, in Albany, a hundred years ago, a children's birthday party really meant a *children's* party. The "grown-folk" left home on that day, and the children had free range of the house for their plays and rejoicing. So, through the ample rooms and the broad halls of the Van Rensselaer mansion the children's voices ring merrily, until, tired of romp and frolic, the little folks gather on the great staircase for rest and gossip. And here the fresh-faced little host, in a sky-blue silk coat lined with yellow, a white satin vest brodered with gold lace, white silk knee-breeches and stockings tied with pink ribbons, pumps, ruffles, and frills, is listening intently while Mistress Margery, radiant in her tight-sleeved satin dress, peaked-toed and bespangled shoes, and wonderfully arranged hair, is telling the group of girls and boys all about General Burgoyne and the British officers, and how much they liked the real Dutch supper her mother gave them one day—"suppaw'n and malck† and rullichies,‡ with chocolate and soft waffles, you know"—and how General the Baron Riedesel had said that if they staid till Christ-

* See the "Story of a Brave Girl," in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1883 (p. 665-6).

† Mush and milk.

‡ A kind of chopped meat.

mas he would play at St. Claes (Santa Claus) for them.

"O, Margery!" exclaimed Stephen, "you would n't have a Hessian for good old St. Nick, would you?"

"Why not?" said Mistress Margery, with a toss of her pretty head. "Do you think you are the only patroon, my lord Stephen?"

For Santa Claus was known among the boys and girls of those old Dutch days as "the children's patroon" (*De Patroon Van Kindererengd*).

at the manly-looking little lad, resplendent in blue and yellow, and gold lace, and greeted him with a rousing birthday cheer — a loyal welcome to their boy patroon, their young *opper-hoofdt*, or chief.

"My friends," the lad said, acknowledging their greeting with a courtly bow, "I have asked you to come to the manor-house on this, my birthday, so that I might thank you for what you did for me before the Saratoga fight, when you sent so much of your stock and produce to the army simply on my order. But I wish also to give you something



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.—MARGERY TELLS WHAT HER MOTHER GAVE GENERAL BURGOWNE FOR SUPPER.

But, in the midst of the laughter, a quick step sounded in the hall, and General Ten Broek came to the children-crowded staircase. "The Helderberg farmers are here, lad," he said to his nephew; and the young patroon, bidding his guests keep up the fun while he left them awhile, followed his uncle through the door-way and across the broad court-yard to where, just south of the manor-house, stood the rent-office. As the boy emerged from the mansion, the throng of tenants who had gathered there at his invitation gazed admiringly

besides thanks. And so, that you may know how much I value your friendship and fealty, I have, with my guardian's approval, called you here to present to each one of you a free and clear title to all the lands you have, until now, held in fee from me as the patroon of Rensselaerswyck. General Ten Broek will give you the papers before you leave the office, and Pedrom has a goodly spread waiting for you in the lower hall. Take this from me, my friends, with many thanks for what you have already done for me."

Then, what a cheer went up. The loyal tenantry of the Helderberg farms had neither looked for nor expected any special return for their generous offerings to the army of the Congress, and this action of the boy patrol filled every farmer's heart with something more than gratitude; for now each one of them was a land owner, as free and untram-

shelter in Hurley; and here the boys repaired for instruction—for school must go on though war rages and fire burns. The signs of pillage and desolation were all around them; but, boy-like, they thought little of the danger, and laughed heartily at Dominie Doll's story of the poor 'Sopus Dutchman, who, terribly frightened at the sight of the



"THE TENANTS GREETED HIM WITH A ROUSING BIRTHDAY CHEER."

meled as the boy patrol himself. And, as fair Portia says in the play,

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world,"

that, when young Stephen Van Rensselaer went joyfully back to his children's party, and the Helderberg farmers to black Pedrom's "spread" in the lower hall, it would have been hard to say which felt the happier—the giver or the receivers of this generous and manly gift.

The years of battle continued, but Dominie Doll's boarding-school, smoked out of 'Sopus when the British troops laid Kingston in ashes, found

enemy, fled wildly across a deserted hay-field, and stepped suddenly upon the end of a long hay-rake left behind by the "skedadling" farmers. Up flew the long handle of the rake and struck the terrified Dutchman a sounding whack upon the back of his head. He gave himself up for lost. "*Oh, mein frent, mein frent!*" he cried, dropping upon his knees and lifting imploring hands to his supposed captors, "I kivs up, I kivs up. Hooray for King Shorge!"

Nearly two years were passed here upon the pleasant hill-slopes that stretch away to the Catskill ridges and the rugged wildness of the Stony

Clove; and then, in the fall of 1779, when the boy patrol had reached his fifteenth birthday, it was determined to send him, for still higher education, to the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. Of that eventful journey of the lad and his half-dozen school-fellows, under military escort, from the hills of the Upper Hudson to the shot-scarred college on the New Jersey plains, a most interesting story could be told. I doubt whether many, if any, boys ever went to school under such delightfully exciting circumstances. For their route lay through a war-worried section; past the dismantled batteries of Stony Point, where mad Anthony Wayne had gained so much glory and renown; past the Highland fortresses, and through the ranks of the Continental Army, visiting General Washington at his head-quarters at West Point, and carrying away never-forgotten recollections of the great commander; cautiously past roving bands of cruel "cow-boys" and the enemy's outposts around captured New York, to the battered college buildings which had alternately been barracks and hospital for American and British troops. And an equally interesting story could be told of the exciting college days when, almost within range of the enemy's guns, the boom of the distant cannon would come like a punctuation in recitations, and the fear of fusillades would help a boy through many a "tight squeeze" in neglected lessons. But this was education under difficulties. The risk became too great, and the young patrol was finally transferred to the quieter walls of Harvard College, from which celebrated institution he graduated with honor in 1782, soon after his eighteenth birthday.

The quiet life of an average American boy would not seem to furnish very much worth the telling. The boy patrol differed little, save in the way of birth and vast estate, from other boys and girls of the eventful age in which he lived; but many incidents in his youthful career could safely be recorded. We might tell how he came home from college just as the great war was closing; how he made long trips, on horseback and afoot, over his great estate, acquainting himself with his tenantry and their needs; how, even before he was twenty years

old, he followed the custom of his house and married fair Mistress Margery, the "brave girl" of the Schuyler mansion, according to the ST. NICHOLAS story; and how, finally, on the first of November, 1785, all the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck thronged the grounds of the great manor-house, and, with speech and shout and generous barbecue, celebrated his coming of age—the twenty-first birthday of the boy patrol—now no longer boy nor patrol, but a free American citizen in the new Republic of the United States.

His after-life is part of the history of his State and of his country. At an early age he entered public life, and filled many offices of trust and responsibility. An assemblyman, a state senator, a lieutenant-governor, a member of Congress, a major-general, and the conqueror of Queenstown in the war of 1812, one of the original projectors of the great Erie Canal, and, noblest of all, the founder and patron of a great school for boys,—the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy,—he was, through all, the simple-hearted citizen and the noble-minded man. But no act in all his long life-time of seventy-five years became him better than the spirit in which he accepted the great change that made the great lord patrol of half a million acres the plain, untitled citizen of a free republic.

"Though born to hereditary honors and aristocratic rank," says his biographer, "with the history of the past before him, in possession of an estate which connected him nearly with feudal times and a feudal ancestry, and which constituted him in his boyhood a baronial proprietor, he found himself, at twenty-one, through a forcible and bloody revolution, the mere fee-simple owner of acres, with just such political rights and privileges as belonged to his own freehold tenantry, and no other." And though the Revolution, in giving his country independence, had stripped him of power and personal advantages, he accepted the change without regret, and preferred his position as one in a whole nation of freemen to that feudal rank which he had inherited from generations of ancestors, as the Boy Patrol, the last Lord of the Manor of Rensselaerswyck.

A STRANGER.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

AN old man went by the window,
Shrunken and bent with care;
He'd a scythe swung over his shoulder,
And white were his beard and hair.

My little one earnestly watched him
Up the hilly roadside climb,—
Then said, in a tone of conviction,
"Mamma, that was Father Time!"

PICNICS.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

SOME writer has defined a picnic as "a day's laborious frolicking, under the impression that you are having a good time"; and that is certainly an excellent description of some out-of-door entertainments. But almost all of us can recall some picnics which were not at all "laborious," and of which even the recollection is very pleasant.

It is possible that you have heard your mothers express some dismay at the thought of fitting out a party for a day in the woods. It seems to bring up to them visions of baskets which must be filled with a variety of eatables, difficult to procure, and almost impossible to pack. A person needs to live through a generation of picnics in order to know the easiest and best way of carrying them out.

One common mistake is that of taking too much food. The result is that it must either be brought back, not at all improved by the journey, or else wastefully thrown away. This trouble usually arises from want of forethought. Have it clearly understood beforehand what part of the lunch each person is to provide. This will be less trouble for each one, and the necessary quantity can be easily estimated. One should provide all the bread and butter, another the cold meat, another the cake, and so on. Pack the articles with care, so that their appearance will not be injured in carrying them. Always take the bread in the loaf, as it dries so quickly after it is cut. Press the butter into a cup, and push a bit of ice into the center to keep it cool. Spread each slice before cutting it from the loaf. Have a sharp knife and you will find it easy to cut it thin without breaking the slices. Cake should never be cut beforehand, as it is in that case sure to crumble. Wrap the food tightly in old napkins, which can be lost without breaking a set. Japanese paper napkins are not strong enough to keep the loaves in shape, but they are very useful in serving the lunch.

Cold meat should be sliced, sprinkled with salt, and wrapped in a damp napkin, or put in a tin box.

Be careful to have nothing in the baskets which can be spilled. All liquids should be put into tightly closed bottles or jars. Sugar and salt in boxes, with the covers carefully secured. A large piece of ice is very desirable. The only objection to taking it is the weight; but if it is put in a tightly covered pail, it can be carried without

much inconvenience, and a supply of cold water will be very refreshing.

Do not try to take too many dishes. They are very heavy, and if you can not be content without all the comforts of a well-appointed table, you had better stay at home, and eat in peace in a convenient dining-room. A wooden plate for each of the company is almost indispensable. These are very light, and cheap enough to be thrown away after using. A cup or tumbler should be provided for every one. Tin teaspoons are also a great convenience. Sometimes they are ornamented with a bit of bright ribbon, and brought home in remembrance of the day. A table-cloth should be carried, and each should bring what is necessary in serving his or her part of the entertainment. A can-opener and fork for sardines, a spoon for jelly, etc.

It is much easier to squeeze the lemons for the lemonade and put the sugar with the juice, before leaving home. A pound of sugar is about the right quantity for a cup of lemon juice. It can be carried in a glass jar, and will only need the addition of water when it is to be used.

If coffee is to be made in the woods, you will need to take for a party of twelve at least three cups of ground coffee. This should be tied in a flannel bag, allowing room for it to swell; and when you have three quarts of water boiling hot, throw in the bag of coffee, and let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes before serving.

This is all very pleasant, especially as you can roast potatoes or green corn in the ashes; but it should never be attempted unless some of the party are experienced in the matter. To safely kindle a fire out-of-doors requires considerable skill, as some unnoticed spark or creeping line of flame may reach the dry grass and bushes, and break out hours afterward into a serious forest-fire.

When the time comes to unpack the baskets, let two or three of the girls spread the cloth, and arrange everything as tastefully as possible, with the ready ornamentation of flowers or ferns, if they like. They must be careful, however, not to sacrifice convenience to effect. It is much better to avoid as far as possible the necessity of passing the dishes. Put several plates of bread and butter on the cloth, and divide the other eatables in the same way, as reaching is almost impossible when the table-cloth is spread on the grass.

After the meal is finished do not let the *débris* remain, but re-pack the baskets at once. Put back neatly the food which is left, remembering that if you do not want it, some one else may. See that the dishes and napkins are put into the baskets from whence they came, and do not leave an unsightly pile of banana-skins and sardine boxes to disfigure the place for the next picnic party, but throw them all out of sight.

The most important part of a picnic, however, is not the weather or the place or the dinner. You may choose the most beautiful spot in the world, and spread the most delicious lunch ever prepared, and yet have the whole thing a complete failure, simply because the company was not well selected. Out-of-doors, where people are free from formality, unless they are congenial friends, and what Mrs. Whitney calls "Real Folks," they will be likely to feel ill at ease, and miss the support given by company clothes and manners. Small picnics, for this reason among others, are usually much pleasanter than large picnics.

In making up the party, be sure to leave behind the girl who is certain to be too warm or too cold, or to think some other place better than the one where she is, and who has "a horrid time," if she has to submit to any personal inconvenience for the sake of others; and with her, the boy who loves to tease, and who is *quite* sure that his way is the only good way. Put into their places some others, young or old, who have a taste for simple pleasures, and are ready to help others to enjoy them.

Next in importance to the company is the place. It must not be at a great distance, or you will all be tired, not to say cross, when you arrive there. It must be reasonably shady, and not too far from a supply of good drinking water. If the company are to walk, you must be especially careful not to be overburdened with baskets and wraps, as carrying all that is necessary, even for half a mile, is not easy, and the bundles which seemed so light when you started are sure to weigh down heavily before you reach your destination. Be careful to have this work fairly distributed.

Never start until you are sure that you know just where you are going, and the best way of getting there. Wandering about to choose a place, and thinking constantly to find one more desirable, is very fatiguing. That matter should be settled beforehand by two or three of the party, and the others should go straight to the spot, and make the best of it. If any do not like it, they can choose a different place when their turn comes to

make the selection. As the ground is always more or less damp, be sure to spread down plenty of shawls, and do not let a foolish fear of appearing over-careful cost you a cold which may lead to a severe illness.

In regard to the matter of dress, fine clothes are never more out of place than at a picnic. Thick, comfortable shoes and clothing which will not be injured are always in fashion among sensible people for such occasions.

Those who truly love the woods will not be at a loss for amusement, in wandering about, seeking flowers, or in search of the finest views. Perhaps some of the company can sketch a little, and even if they attempt nothing more difficult than a bunch of grasses or a rustic seat, they will find pleasant occupation, and secure for themselves a little souvenir of every excursion.

Singing is better still; for those who can not join in this can have the pleasure of listening to others.

Sometimes all the party will like to unite in games. If the day is warm, these must be of the quiet kind; but if the weather will allow, it is always pleasant for young and old to join in the active sports which are usually left to little folk.

People on a picnic must lay aside their conventionalism, and come down to the simple pleasures of childhood. Only remember always that there is a certain sort of self-respecting dignity which can never be laid aside, and be careful not to let your fun degenerate into a rude romp which you will be ashamed to remember afterward.

All sorts of pleasant amusements will suggest themselves to sociable people, and there will be no fear that the time will drag heavily, unless you have made the mistake of planning to stay too long.

It is always better to come away while you all are enjoying yourselves than it is to wait until the fun begins to grow tiresome, and most of the party hail the proposal to start for home with ill-concealed relief. It is better to have it close like Sam Weller's valentine, while they "wish there was more of it."

But oh, the coming back! Let each one watch tongue and temper carefully; for the memory of many a pleasant picnic has been spoiled by hasty words from those who seemed the most amiable of the party when they started in the morning. It is so much easier to be smiling and good-natured with a pleasant day in prospect, than it is when one returns, sun-burned, tired, and dusty, with a general feeling that all the fun is over. And even a picnic is not "all well" unless it "ends well."

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FOR twelve days the steamer had been steaming on and on toward the western horizon, and, just as fast, the horizon had seemed to fly away, leaving the ship always in the center of the great circle. Soon the magical change was to come, and the land would appear to rise out of the water. Already the sea-gulls had come back; the sun was warmer, and it seemed as if we were coming to a new country.

Every one was on deck, watching for the first sight of the land. More than a thousand men, women, and children were on board,—and to most of them the great continent just under that pale blue horizon was a land of hope and promise. Land must be very near, for at the foremast head a sailor ran up a new flag. It seemed to flutter over them all in a friendly way, and perhaps some of them looked at it with new hope and fresh courage.

“Fire Island abeam!” cried out the sailor on the lookout. Every one gazed off to the right. There it stood, just a gray tower, apparently standing up in the water. Strange they had not noticed it before. Then some one began to point at a blue cloud low down on the water. Was it mist, or fog,—or something else? The forward deck was packed with people of every nation and tongue, and all were of the great nation of poor people, which somehow seems to be the greatest nation of all. There had been loud laughter, talking, and confusion of tongues for days. Now, under the intense white sunlight, the warm, languid air, and the faint smell of land, they were hushed and silent. The new home was rising from the sea. Slowly the wonders grew,—the great mass of the Highlands with its two white eyes ever looking down on the sea; the magic city on the white beaches; the strange ships and boats; the vast bay and the rising shores, green with deep woods; then the grand entrance between the gray old forts, so different from European forts; the harbor, the great river, the wonderful bridge, and the city.

By tens of thousands, month after month, year after year, just such throngs of people sail into New York harbor, looking for liberty and a fair chance in the world. Once a certain man from France was on board one of these ships, as it sailed into the bay. Perhaps he too saw the great assemblage of the emigrants looking in hope and wonder on the new land; and the thought came

to him — What a joy and encouragement it would be to these people if they should see something to welcome them, to remind them that this is a republic. What if there stood, like a great guardian, at the entrance of the continent, a colossal statue — a grand figure of a woman holding aloft a torch, and symbolizing *Liberty enlightening the World!*

The man was a sculptor, and his name was Auguste Bartholdi. When he went home to France, he broached his idea of the great statue, and discussed it with his friends and acquaintances. Some doubted, but others approved; gradually, many people — including leading men of the nation — became interested in the scheme; and, after several years of working and waiting, the money required for building the statue came in from the rich and the poor of France. The French people decided to build the statue, and to present it to the American people.

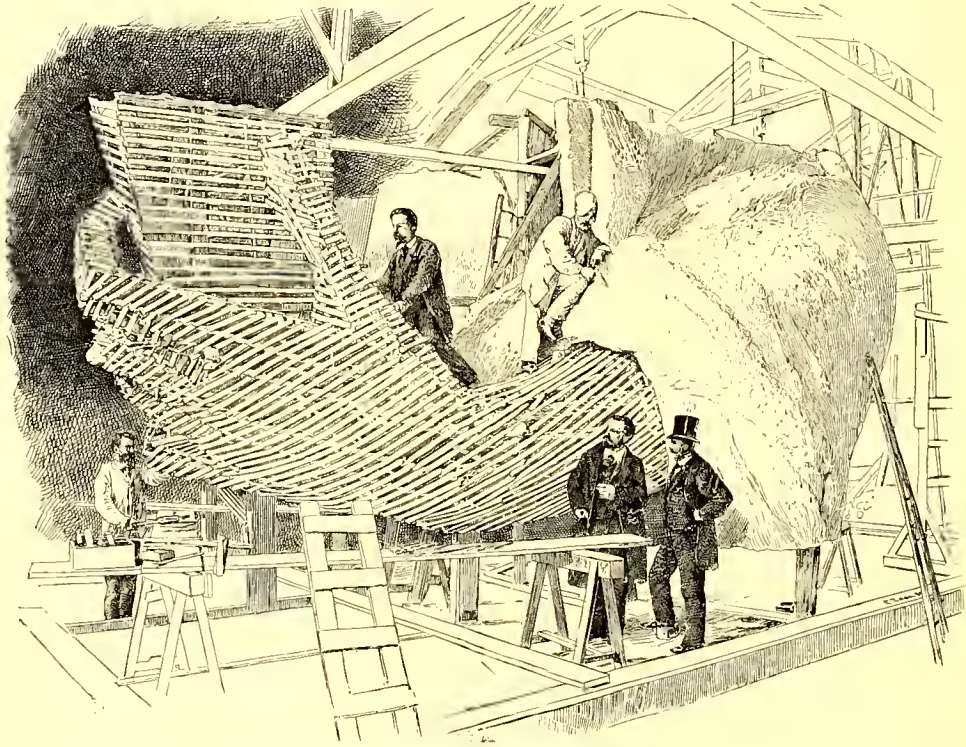
When the sculptor conceived the idea of the statue, he, no doubt, thought of the different ways in which it could be made. It could be carved in stone or cast in metal. Think of a stone statue almost one hundred and fifty feet high,—higher than many a church-steeple, and about as high as the arch of the Brooklyn Bridge. Who could lift it into place? Who could carve such a monster? It might be constructed of smaller stones put together. But that would never do. The cracks between the stones would show, and it would be liable to fall to pieces. The Obelisk in Central Park is in one stone, but then its height is less than half the height named for the proposed statue. Clearly, stone would never do. Could it be cast in bronze — even in small pieces — and then put together? Not easily; it would be too heavy and too costly.

At one time a certain sculptor, called “Il Cerano,” built a colossal statue near Arona, on the shore of Lake Maggiore, in Italy. It was made on quite a different plan from those employed with carved statues or with statues cast in bronze. It was made of copper, in thin sheets, laid upon a frame or skeleton of stone, wood, and iron. Such a method of work is called *repoussé*, which means “hammered” work, because the thin sheets of metal are hammered into shape. Bartholdi, the projector of the great statue of Liberty, decided that it, too, must be done in *repoussé*, or sheets of hammered bronze.

So when the money for the work had been fully secured, the actual labor began; and a strange, curious labor it was. First, there had to be a sketch or model. This was a figure of the statue in clay, to give an idea of how it would look. The public approved of this model, and then the first real study of the work was made,—a plaster statue, just one-sixteenth the size of the intended statue.

The next step was to make another model just four times as large, or one-fourth the size of the real statue. Now the model began to assume

way, and then to lay out the full-size plan it was only necessary to make a plan of each section four times as large as the section actually was in the model. Every part of the model was covered with marks or dots for guides, and by measuring from dot to dot, increasing the measurement four times, and then transferring it to the larger model, an exact copy just four times as large was made. For each of these large sections, however, there had to be a support of some kind, before the plaster could be laid on. Having marked on the floor an outline



BUILDING THE FULL-SIZE PLASTER MODEL OF THE LEFT HAND.—(SHOWING THE WOODEN FRAME-WORK.)

something of the proportions intended, and it was carefully studied and worked over to make it as perfect as possible. This quarter-size model being finished, then came the task of making the full-size model in plaster. But this had to be made in sections. For instance, the first section would include the base on which the figure stood, the feet, and the hem of the garment. The next section would include a circle quite round the long flowing dress, just above the hem. The third section would stand above this and show more of the folds of the dress, and reach part way up to the knee. In like manner, the whole figure would be divided into sections.

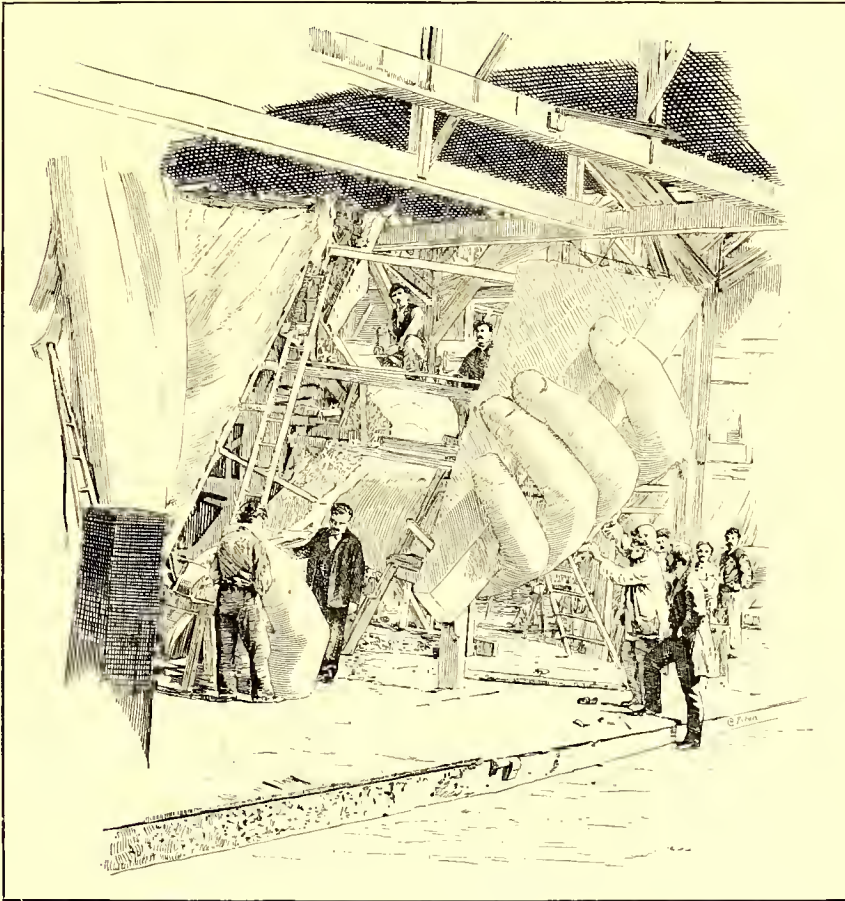
The quarter-size model was first divided in this

plan of the enlarged section, a wooden frame-work was built up inside the plan. Then upon this frame-work plaster was roughly spread. It soon resembled, in a rude way, the corresponding section of the quarter-size model, but was four times as large. Then the workmen copied in this pile of plaster every feature of the model section, measuring and measuring, again and again, from dot to dot, correcting by means of plumb-lines, and patiently trying and retrying till an exact copy — only in proportions four times as large — was attained.

The picture on this page shows the wooden frame of one of the hands, and a portion of the plaster already laid on the frame.

The great irregularity of the drapery made it necessary to put three hundred marks on each section, besides twelve hundred smaller guide-marks, in order to insure an exact correspondence in proportion between the enlarged sections of the full-size model and the sections of the quarter-size model. Each of these marks, more-

ters. Each piece was a mold of a part of the statue, exactly fitting every projection, depression, and curve of that portion of the figure or drapery. Into these wooden molds sheets of metal were laid, and pressed or beaten down till they fitted the irregular surfaces of the molds. All the *repoussé*, or hammered work, was done from the back, or



AT WORK UPON THE LEFT HAND.

over, had to be measured three times on both models, and after that came all the remeasurements, to prove that not a single mistake had been made.

When these sections in plaster had been completed, then came the work of making wooden molds that should be exact copies both in size and modeling of the plaster. These were all carefully made by hand. It was a long, tedious, and difficult piece of work; but there are few workmen who could do it better than these French carpen-

ters. If the mold is an exact copy of a part of the statue, it is easy to see that the sheet of metal, when made to fit it, will, when taken out and turned over, be a copy of that part of the statue.

These sheets were of copper, and each was from one to three yards square. Each formed a part of the bronze statue, and of course no two were alike.

In this complicated manner, by making first a sketch, then a quarter-size model, then a full-size model in sections, then hundreds of wooden copies,

and lastly by beating into shape three hundred sheets of copper, the enormous statue was finished. These three hundred bent and hammered plates, weighing in all eighty-eight tons, form the outside of the statue. They are very thin, and while they fit each other perfectly, it is quite plain that if they were put together in their proper order they would never stand alone. It would be like building a dwelling-house out of boards placed on edge. It would surely tumble down by its own weight or be blown over by the first storm. These hammered sheets make the outside of the statue; but there must be also a skeleton, a bony structure inside, to hold it together. This is of iron beams, firmly riveted together, and making a support to which the copper shell can be fastened.

On page 731 is a picture of the great statue partially finished. The lower half of the figure appears almost completed. Above that can be seen, inside the staging, the great iron skeleton that supports the figure. High above the staging rise the iron bones of the uplifted arm,—not a handsome arm as yet, because it is not clothed with its rich, dark copper skin. The houses seen in the background give a good idea of the height and proportions of the great statue. The head and the hand, already finished, can be seen on the ground at the left of the statue. The right hand and torch were made first, and were shown at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876, and, after that, were for some time erected in Madison Square, New York City. The head was also shown in Paris at the time of the last exposition. A picture on page 730 shows the head as it stood in the work-shop.

In erecting such a great statue, two things had to be considered that seem very trifling, and yet, if neglected, might destroy the statue in one day, or cause it to crumble slowly to pieces. One is the sun, the other is the sea breeze. Either of these could destroy the great copper figure, and something must be done to prevent such a disaster. The heat of the sun would expand the metal and pull it out of shape, precisely as it does pull the Brooklyn Bridge out of shape every day. The bridge is made in four parts, and when they expand with the heat of the sun they slide one past the other, and no harm is done. The river span rises and falls day and night, as heat and cold alternate. The great copper statue is likewise in two parts, the frame-work of iron and the copper covering; and while they are securely fastened together they can move one over the other. Each bolt will slip a trifle as the copper expands in the hot August sunshine, and slide back again when the freezing winds blow and the vast figure shrinks together in the cold. Besides this, the copper surface is so thin and elastic that it will bend

slightly when heated and still keep its general shape.

The salt air blowing in from the sea has thin fingers and a bitter, biting tongue. If it finds a crack where it can creep in between the copper surface and iron skeleton, there will be trouble at once. These metals do not agree together, and where there is salt moisture in the air they seem to quarrel more bitterly than ever. It seems that every joining of points of copper and iron makes a tiny battery, and so faint shivers of electricity would run through all the statue, slowly corroding and eating it into dust. This curious, silent, and yet sure destruction must be prevented, and so every joint throughout the statue, wherever copper touches iron, must be protected with little rags stuffed between the metals to keep them from quarreling. It is the same wherever two different metals touch each other. Imagine what a tremendous battery the Liberty would make, with its tons of copper surface and monstrous skeleton of iron. However, a little care prevents all danger, as provision will be made, of course, for keeping the metals from touching each other.

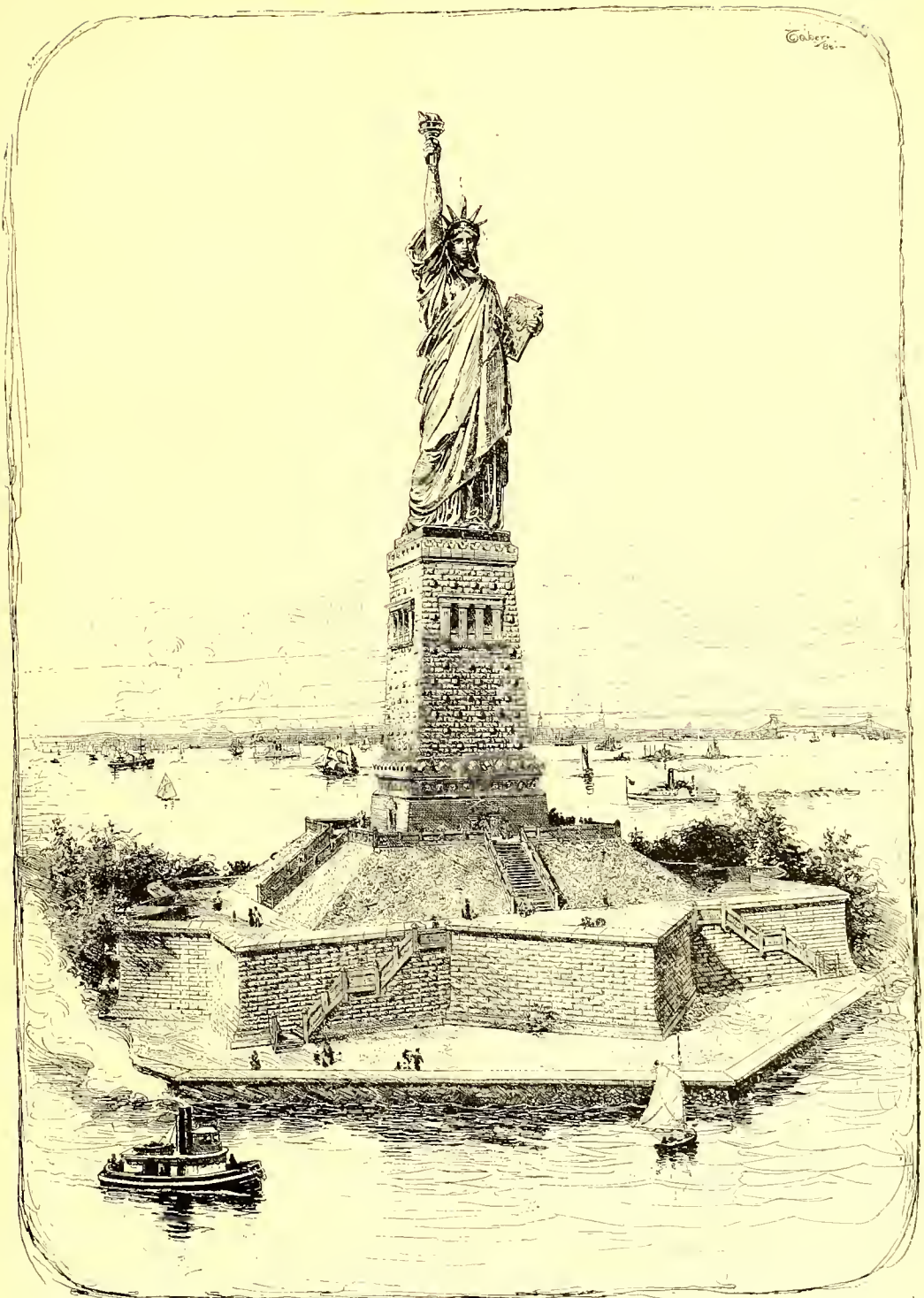
When, in 1870, Bartholdi sailed into our beautiful bay, and had his grand day-dream of this wonderful bronze figure lifting aloft her torch, he saw away to the south-west of the Battery, and opposite the New Jersey shore, a grassy island on which stood a stone fort.

This island, which contains only twelve acres, lies about a mile and a half south of Jersey City, and all vessels going in or out of port must pass it. It is also in full view of the lower parts of New York and Brooklyn. To the west and south spreads the wide bay, with the low Jersey shore and the blue Orange Mountains beyond. To the south rise the hills of Staten Island and the Narrows, with a glimpse of the sea between. On clear days, even the Highlands can be seen glimmering on the far southern horizon, nearly thirty miles away.

And here, alone on an island, but in sight of three cities, the great statue of Liberty will stand. Her torch, indeed, will be in plain sight of all the cities round about; Newark, the Oranges, all the white villages clinging to the hills beyond, the summer cities by the sea, and that green and wooded city that with dull white eyes looks down on the bay from the silent hills on Long Island. Two million people can plainly see the great bronze figure from their homes, and another million, in country homes, will see her lamp by night; while men, women, and children of every nation will pass in ships beneath her mighty shadow.

They call the place where the statue is to stand Bedloe's Island, because old Isaac Bedloe, a sturdy Dutchman of New Amsterdam, bought it of the

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“LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.”

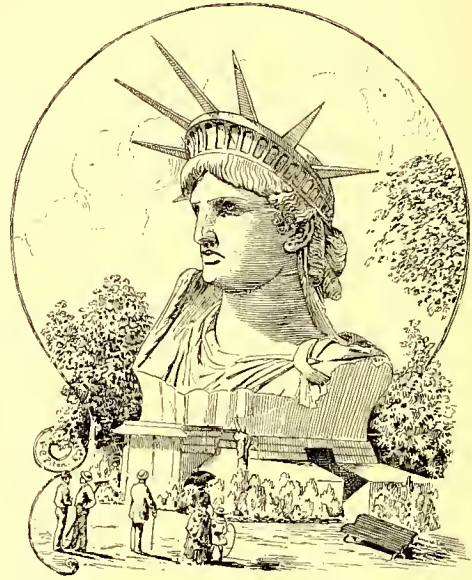
The colossal Statue by A. Bartholdi, to be erected on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

colonial government. We do not know much about him, except that he died in 1672. However, we may confidently assume that the island was seen by Hendrick Hudson when he first explored the Hudson River. The Dutch colonists must have passed close to it on their way to Communipaw, where they first settled before they founded New Amsterdam.

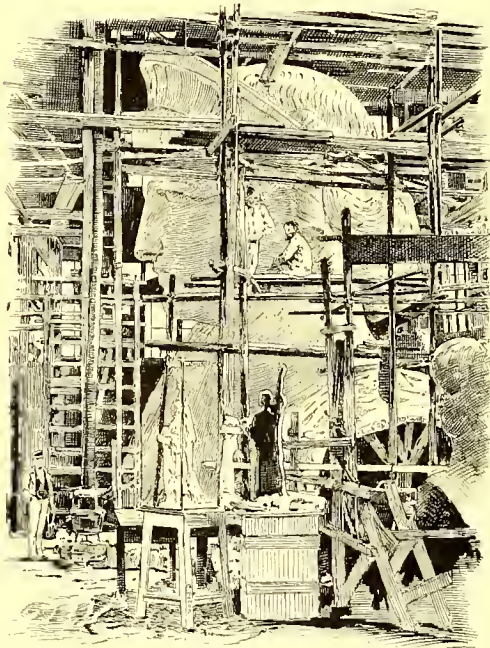
Afterward, during the Revolution, it was called Kennedy's Island, as Captain Kennedy, commander of the British naval station in New York, bought it. He built a house upon the island and used it as a summer residence. At the end of the war it became the property of the State of New York, and at the time of the yellow fever alarm, in 1797, it was used as a quarantine for a short time. In 1800 it was given by the State to the United States, and in 1814 the Government began to build a fort on the island. In 1841 the present star-shaped fort was built, at a cost of \$213,000. It was thought at the time to be a fine affair, as it would mount over seventy guns and hold a garrison of three hundred and fifty men. During the Rebellion the place was used as an hospital, and a number of hospital buildings were built on the island. With this exception, the

or men. And the great guns now used on ships would soon shell to pieces a stone fort like that on Bedloe's Island.

It is a queer place, indeed, and reminds one of



THE HEAD, AS EXHIBITED IN PARIS.



THE HEAD, IN THE WORK-SHOP.

fort has never been practically utilized. We are not at war with any one, nor do we wish to harm any nation; so it happens that this, like many of our forts, has never been fully supplied with guns

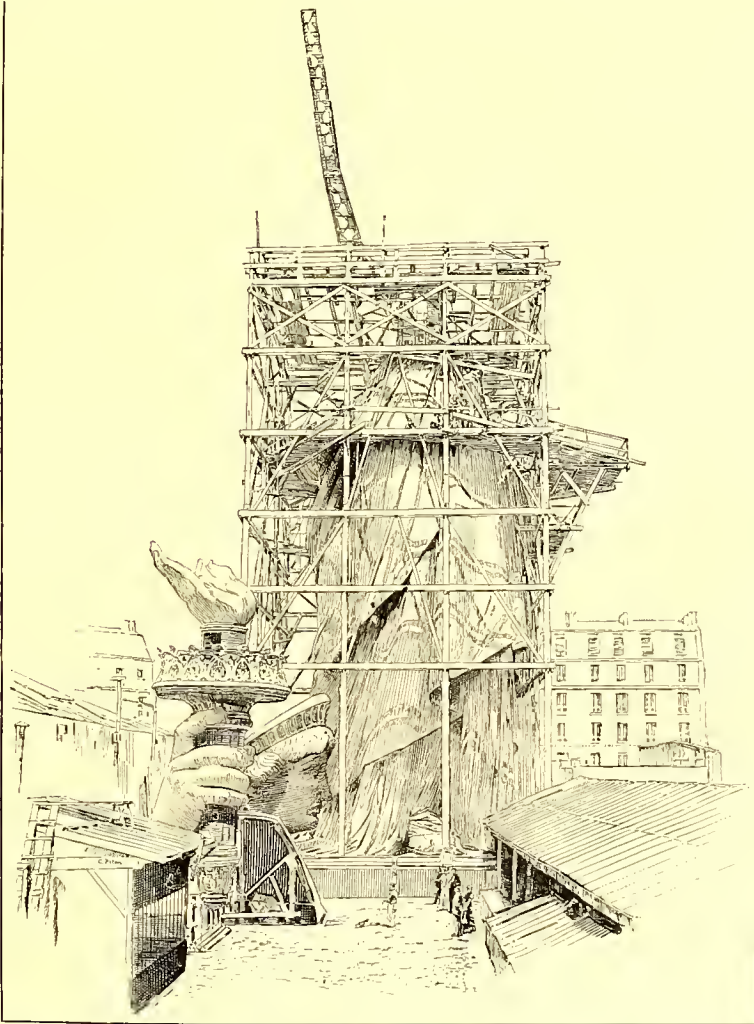
and the illustrations in an old picture-book. As you go up from the wharf on the east side, you cross a road that follows the top of the sea-wall, and come at once to the outside battery, already falling to ruin. Here are a few rusty old guns, and behind them rise the granite walls of the fort. There are on the west side an arched entrance, a moat, and a place for a draw-bridge — like those of an old castle. In the south-east corner is a sally-port, a cavern-like entrance, dark and crooked and closed by massive iron doors, not unlike the doors of a big safe. Within the fort there was a parade-ground, or open space, a few houses for the men and officers, and immense tanks for storing water, and great bomb-proof vaults where the men could hide if the shells flew too thick.

It was decided that the lofty pedestal for the statue should be built in the square within the fort. The parade-ground, however, appeared to be level sand. Clearly, it would not do to rest so great a weight on sand, and it would be necessary, therefore, to make excavations until a firm foundation was secured, far below. This seemed an easy task, but it proved to be an exceedingly difficult one. Under the parade-ground were the old water-tanks, the storerooms, and bomb-proof vaults, and these were of solid brick and stone, very heavily built.

A pit or excavation, ninety feet square, was made and was carried deep enough to go below the fort to the solid ground beneath. Then the great pit had to be filled up again with some material that would not yield or sag. For this purpose, wet concrete was used—a mixture of cement, broken stones, and water. As soon as it

is put into place and beaten down, it hardens and becomes like stone. Layer after layer of concrete was put in, till the whole pit was filled up solidly. The mass of concrete is fifty-three feet deep and ninety feet square at the bottom. It will be like one solid block of stone-work, sunk deep in the ground, and rising to the level of the broad walk on top of the walls of the fort; but it is only the founda-

tion on which the pedestal is to be built. The pedestal will be eighty feet high, and the base of the statue will rest upon the top of the pedestal. At the beginning of this year the filled-in foundation had reached to the level of the old parade-ground, and at the same time came the news from Paris that the statue was finished. The last sheet



THE PARTIALLY-FINISHED STATUE SURROUNDED BY SCAFFOLDING.

of dark bronze-colored copper was ready, and every bar and beam of the large iron skeleton was complete. As you are reading this, preparations are making to go on with the work on our side. The French people have done their part. They have built and paid for the statue, and it lies ready to be sent over in hundreds of pieces, each marked, and ready to be fitted together

is put into place and beaten down, it hardens and becomes like stone. Layer after layer of concrete was put in, till the whole pit was filled up solidly. The mass of concrete is fifty-three feet deep and ninety feet square at the bottom. It will be like one solid block of stone-work, sunk deep in the ground, and rising to the level of the broad walk on top of the walls of the fort; but it is only the founda-

to form the immense figure. Now it is our turn. The statue is a gift—a free present of respect and good-will from the people of France. It is our part to receive it with honor, and put it up in the place assigned to it. America is to build the pedestal on which the great bronze figure will stand.

The pedestal will be of stone, rising in a massive square eighty-two feet above the ground. The solid block of concrete will be hidden under the grass, securely holding up the pedestal and the statue above. There will be stair-ways within the pedestal and balconies near the top, commanding a fine view of the beautiful bay and the three cities. The figure itself, from the top of the head to the foot, on which it stands posed as if about to step forward, is one hundred and ten feet and a half high; the forefinger is eight feet long and four feet in circumference at the second joint; the head is fourteen feet high, and forty persons can stand within it. There will be a stair-way within the statue, leading to the head, and another in the extended arm, by which ascent may be made into the torch, which will hold fifteen persons. A great light will be placed in the torch, and the pointed diadem, encircling the head, will be studded with electric lights. The total weight of the statue, including both the iron skeleton and the copper covering, will, it is said, amount to one hundred thousand pounds.

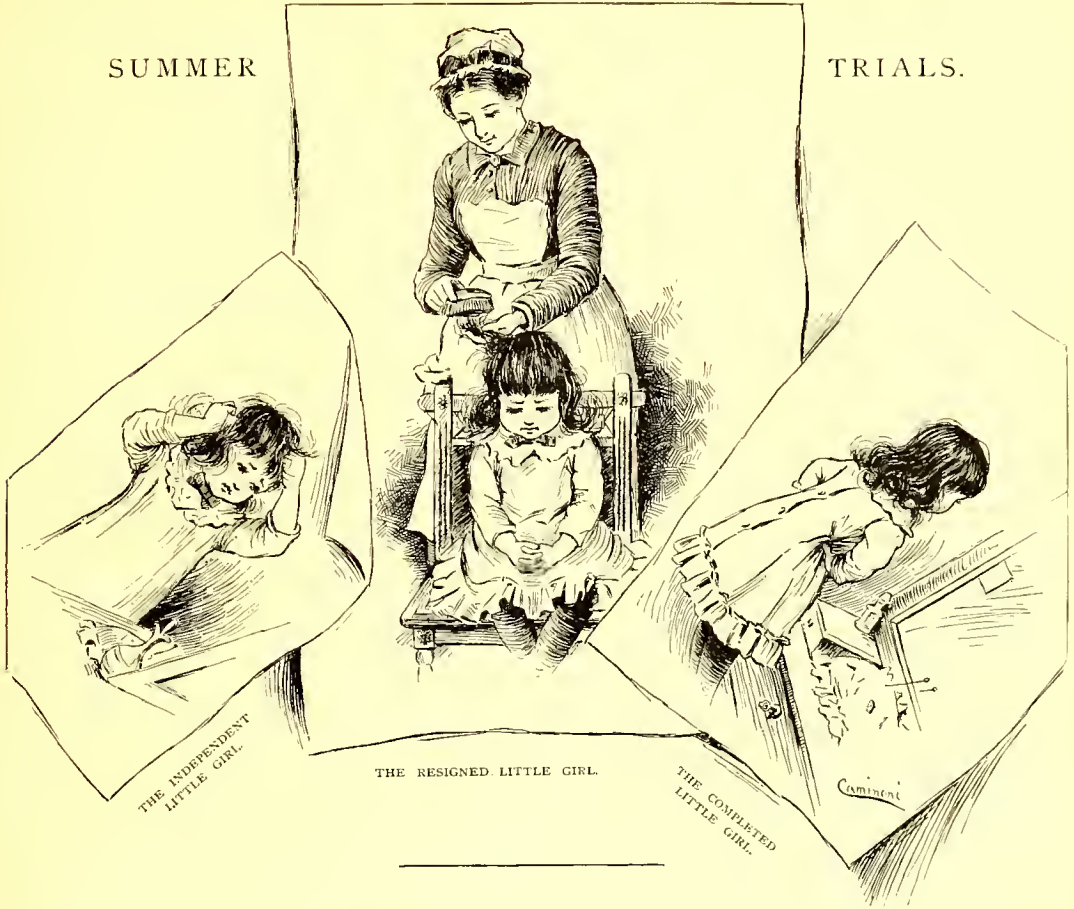
As the summer advances, the work on the pedestal will be resumed; if all goes well, the cornerstone will be laid on the 4th of July, 1884. When the entire pedestal is finished, the great Liberty, in hundreds of separate pieces, will arrive from France; and then will come the grand work of putting the noble statue together. It will be well worth seeing, for it will be a repetition, in part, of the curious work of building it. The pedestal being finished, the first step will be to fasten the great iron framework securely to the stone-work. Long bolts will extend deep into the pedestal, and be anchored firmly in the concrete, so that nothing less than an earthquake can ever throw the structure down. The skeleton in place, then will come the work of putting on the thin plates of copper that make the outside of the figure. These pieces will be fastened with bolts that will not show on the outside, and the joints between the sheets will be so fine that it will be difficult to find them, and so the work will appear from the outside like one solid piece of rich dark bronze.

In Union Square, New York, and facing the statue of Washington, is a bronze figure of Lafayette. It represents a man, of graceful figure and handsome, open face, in the act of making offer of his sword to the country he admired—the country that sorely needed his aid. The left hand is extended as if in greeting and friendly self-surrender, and the right hand, which holds the sword, is pressed against the breast as if implying that his whole heart goes with his sword. The statue well expresses the warm and generous devotion which, as we all know, the French Marquis rendered to this country during the War of the Revolution, and is a fitting memorial to the noble friend of Washington and of America. Look at this statue the next time you pass Union Square or visit New York City. For it, also, was designed by Bartholdi—who planned the great bronze Liberty. He has made many other statues, and almost every one seems to have this strong and vigorous character, and to embody and express a meaning that all who see can understand. He has done good work, and we need have no fear that after the great figure is complete it will not be grand or beautiful. But no matter how imposing its appearance, it might be a failure, in one sense, if it did not clearly express a meaning. The Lafayette in Union Square seems ready to speak. And so, too, the new Liberty evidently has something to say.

What will this grand figure mean? Well, in the first place, it will commemorate the generous part which the French played in the War of Independence, one hundred years ago. And it will represent the good-will and kindly feeling existing between the two nations which are, to-day, the only republics among the leading nations of the world. But there is a still wider meaning in this noble statue, and it is this meaning which the sculptor has embodied in the pose and expression of the figure itself. This colossal statue stands for Liberty enlightening the World. In one hand she lifts aloft a torch; in the other she clasps a book. Perhaps the book means law, or right doing. She stands for liberty; but it is the true, unselfish liberty which respects the rights of others. Moreover, she stands for the people. She means that, under the shadow of liberty, the people are greater than king or emperor; that peace is better than war, friendship wiser than enmity, love and respect better than selfishness and unkindness; and that liberty is for all peoples throughout the wide world.

SUMMER

TRIALS.

THE INDEPENDENT
LITTLE GIRL.

THE RESIGNED LITTLE GIRL.

THE COMPLETED
LITTLE GIRL.

DANDELION

BY NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

THERE'S a dandy little fellow
 Who dresses all in yellow,—
 In yellow with an overcoat of green;
 With his hair all crisp and curly,
 In the spring-time bright and early,
 A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.
 Through all the bright June weather,
 Like a jolly little tramp,
 He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road:
 Around his yellow feather.
 The gypsy fire-flies camp;
 His companions are the woodlark and the toad.
 Spick and spandy, little dandy,
 Golden dancer in the dell!
 Green and yellow, happy fellow,
 All the little children love him well!

But at last this little fellow
 Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
 And very feebly totters o'er the green;—
 For he very old is growing,
 And with hair all white and flowing
 A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.
 The little winds of morning
 Come a-flying through the grass.
 And clap their hands around him in their glee;
 They shake him without warning,—
 His wig falls off, alas!
 And a little bald-head dandy now is he.
 Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,
 Golden dancer on the lea!
 Older growing, white hair flowing,
 Poor little bald-head dandy now is he!

THE TALE OF THE TOAD-FISH.



I AM a little fish, a Toad-fish. One bright day I looked up out of the water and saw Daisy sitting on the stone wall, fishing. Near her sat Aunt May, making a picture—perhaps a picture of me, I thought. I swam up to see what it was, and just then Daisy dropped her line, bob, hook, sinker, pole and all, into the water.

“Oh, Aunt May,” said Daisy, “what shall I do?”

Aunt May called a boy who was playing on the rocks.

“Please, little boy,” said she, “go get a boat and pick up Daisy’s fish-line, and I will give you ten cents.”

Off ran the boy, and soon a boat came over my head, and soon I saw Daisy all smiling again, with the fish-line in her hand; and the little boy all smiling, with the money in his hand; and Aunt May all smiling, with her paint-brush in her hand. Daisy looked down at me, and I saw her eyes shining as bright as my scales, and I thought I would like to go up and see her. She dropped a piece of good beef into the water. I opened my mouth wide, and down went the beef and the hook inside of it, and up went I.

The hook did not stick into me. I was caught by the big thing in my throat, and was just going to choke, when somebody pulled it out, and popped me into a round thing with water in it, all shiny, with other fishes swimming round the sides, who kept bumping me with their noses. Suddenly I saw Daisy and somebody else looking at me. “That is a Toad-

fish," said the other somebody; "he lives under a stone at the bottom of the water."

I wonder how she knew that—and then she poked me, and bothered me so—you may be sure I was glad when Aunt May came up and said:

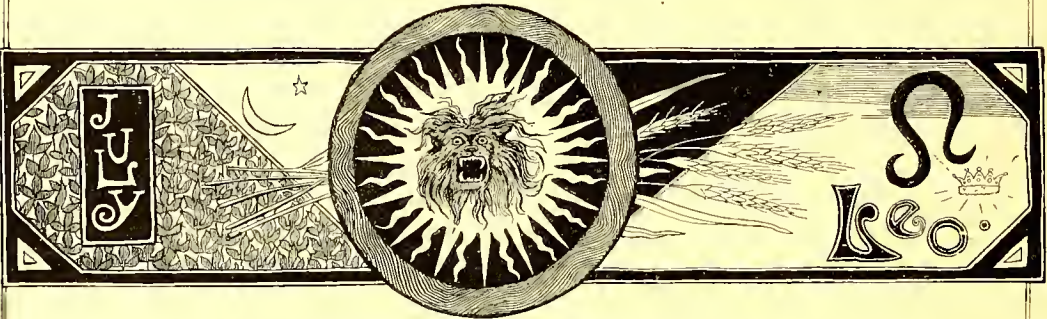
"Keep still, little fish, I'm going to make a picture of you."

I felt very proud, and kept just as still as I could. Then the round thing began to move, it turned upside down, and there I was again in my sea home! Mother, and all my brothers and sisters were having dinner off the rest of the bait Daisy threw overboard, and they began to

scold me, but I said: "Just wait till you hear where I've been, and how I've had my picture taken!" So they all sat down and heard this story, which they said was good enough to print. I think so, too. Do you?



BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



It is the merry circus time, and the Sun must have his share,
So he goes to see the Lion, a-lying in his lair.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Tues.	8	Virgo	H. M. 12. 4	Adm'ble Crichton, d. 1582.
2	Wed.	9	Libra	12. 4	Klopstock, b. 1724.
3	Thur.	10	"	12. 4	Louis XI. of Fr'ce, b. 1423.
4	Fri.	11	Ophiuch	12. 4	Independence Day.
5	Sat.	12	"	12. 4	
6	S	13	Sagitt.	12. 5	4th Sunday after Trinity.
7	Mon.	14	"	12. 5	
8	Tues.	FULL	"	12. 5	La Fontaine, b. 1621.
9	Wed.	16	Capri.	12. 5	
10	Thur.	17	Aqua.	12. 5	John Calvin, b. 1509.
11	Fri.	18	"	12. 5	Alex. Hamilton, d. 1804.
12	Sat	19	Pisces	12. 5	Caius J. Caesar, b. 100 B. C.
13	S	20	"	12. 6	5th Sunday after Trinity.
14	Mon.	21	"	12. 6	Mme. De Stael, d. 1817.
15	Tues.	22	"	12. 6	
16	Wed.	23	Aries	12. 6	Sir Jos'a Reynolds, b. 1723.
17	Thur.	24	Taurus	12. 6	Isaac Watts, b. 1674.
18	Fri.	25	"	12. 6	☾ close to Aldebaran.
19	Sat.	26	"	12. 6	☾ near Saturn.
20	S	27	"	12. 6	6th Sunday after Trinity.
21	Mon.	28	"	12. 6	Robert Burns, d. 1796.
22	Tues.	NEW	"	12. 6	Garibaldi, b. 1807.
23	Wed.	1	"	12. 6	
24	Thur.	2	"	12. 6	Jane Austen, d. 1817.
25	Fri.	3	Leo	12. 6	Thos. à Kempis, d. 1471.
26	Sat.	4	Virgo	12. 6	☾ close to Mars.
27	S	5	"	12. 6	7th Sunday after Trinity.
28	Mon.	6	"	12. 6	☾ near Spica.
29	Tues.	7	Libra	12. 6	Albert I. of Ger., b. 1289.
30	Wed	8	"	12. 6	Sebastian Bach, d. 1750.
31	Thur.	9	Scorpio	12. 6	Andrew Johnson, d. 1875.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

'T is the month of July, see all the flags fly,
Cannons bang, bells go clang,
And all the time the crackers pop,
As if they never were going to stop.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

JULY 15th, 8.30 P.M.
One month has sufficed to dispel the glory of the western skies, for the sun has advanced to the point where last we saw the planets. VENUS has passed to the west of the sun, and is now the Morning Star. JUPITER sets only an hour after the sun and only MARS is left, and he is not at all conspicuous, though well to the left of Regulus, which is setting in the west. Spica is in the south-west, three hours west of our south mark. Exactly in the south is Antares, the star of the *Scorpion*. It is the most curiously scintillating star in the heavens. Let us now take two more steps in marking the path of the sun among the stars. If we look a little above the line joining Spica and the Antares, about half way between them, we shall see Alpha Libræ, one of the only two conspicuous stars in *Libra*, *The Scales*, one of the constellations of the Zodiac. Now remember that the sun is a little above Spica on the 15th of October, almost covers Alpha Libræ on the 5th of November, and on the 22d of November passes between the two bright stars we see to the west and somewhat higher than Antares. No visible star marks the lowest point reached by the sun on the 21st of December; he does not go near so far south as Antares.

THE LAMB AND THE EAGLE.

"Look here!" said the old Ram, as the Eagle helped himself to a Lamb, "it seems to me you make pretty free with my family."

"True!" replied the Eagle proudly, "I'm the Bird of Freedom, you know."

"Bah!" cried the Lamb, "I've no patience with such airs," and she managed to pull the wool over his eyes so effectually, that he could not see his way, and kicked so vigorously with her little hoofs, that he was obliged to drop her.

"Well!" said the Eagle, as he smoothed his ruffled feathers, while the Lamb trotted placidly back to the fold, "Ram, Lamb, Sheep, or Mutton! — I sha'n't have any Fourth-of-July dinner."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals, — those of constellations in italics.



"HERE am I!" cries July, waving her blue flags and fleur-de-lis. "I know I was awfully noisy last year, dear Mother, but I am going to try to be more lady-like; I am sorry I am such a spread-eagle sort of a month, and really wish I was more like May and June."

"Well, my dear," replied Mother Nature, "I wont scold, if you will try to coax Corn along a little bit; I've had a time with the whole vegetable family this year. All the garden has been saucy, and even Old Pumpkin said that he had about made up his mind not to grow any more, not being appreciated as he used to be."

"Now, don't worry, Mother," cried July, "I will go, this minute, and give them such a scorching as will teach them good manners."

THE CARAVAN.

AND they all of them went to the caravan;
There was little boy Dan, and sister Ann, and
baby Fan.

Away they all ran
To get their seats of the ticket man;
And such a cram, and such a jam,
Was never seen at a caravan
Since the days that Noah's ark set sail,
With the animals packed in, head and tail;
The lamb and the tiger side by side;
The crocodile with his tough old hide;
The ramping, roaring, great gorilla
With the little, dusty, gray moth-miller;
But I hope that Noah, that good old man,
Had no such time with *his* caravan,
As befell the man who had this show,
Which at first delighted the children so.

As soon as they entered the great big tent,
They were all quite silent with wonderment,
At seeing so many singular things,
With tails, and claws, and horns, and wings.

But all of a sudden the tiger growled,
The lion roared, and the jackall howled,
The monkeys chattered, and scolded, and scowled,
While up and down the panther prowled,
In his iron cage, so fierce and grim,
With his glaring eyes, with blood-red rim;—
And the whole of the caravan joined in the
noise.

Until, at last, all the girls and boys,
Had to run to get out of the way.
And this was the end of their holiday.
For the animals, tired of being a show,
Had all resolved to the woods to go;
They crashed, and dashed,
And clashed, and lashed,
And all together their cages smashed;
They roared, and gored,
And soared, and poured
Out of the tent in a mighty horde;
And there never was heard such a terrible
din,
Since the day Noah drove the animals in.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SINCE we had our little talk last month, a number of letters about the ages of animals have been sent to me. Some of them are so interesting that I think I shall have to show them to you the next time we meet.

To-day, however, you shall have a story, to begin with, in honor of the Fourth of July. It is called

THE YELLOW FIRE-CRACKER.

THERE was once a yellow Chinese fire-cracker that lived in a bunch of red ones. They were all tied together by their pigtails, so that no one could get away.

The yellow cracker was lonely and unhappy, or he thought that he was, for he was different from the rest, and his brothers used to laugh at him and whisper softly :

"Yellow, yellow,
What a fellow!"

He would lie awake at night, and wonder how he could get away. "I should like to go off and never come back," he would say to himself; "yes, I should like to go off very much, indeed."

One day he went off, and I will tell you how. He and his brothers had their home in a shop window. A red ball lived on one side of them, and a box of slate-pencils on the other, both very pleasant neighbors. They all liked to watch the children who pressed their noses flat against the glass of the window and "chose" what they would like to have. It was a lovely home, but no one ever chose the yellow fire-cracker, and so he grew quite unhappy. One day one of the slate-pencils was taken away, never to come back, and "little yellow" kept saying to the other pencils, the ball, and all of his brothers :

"If they would only take me, then I should be happy, for I am sure there must be other yellow people in the world. It is very hard living where every one else is red or gray. Oh, dear!"

"I want some fire-crackers, please," said a little boy to the shop-man. "How d' you sell 'em a pack?"

"Six cents," answered the man.

"Whew!" said the boy. "How many do you give for a cent?"

"Five," said the man.

"Will you give me five and throw in the yellow one?"

When "little yellow" heard this he was delighted. The man took up the bunch of crackers, and, untying their pigtails, he put the yellow one and five of its red brothers into an old piece of newspaper, and, handed them to the boy.

Then the fire-crackers started off on a journey in the dark; but soon they were taken out of the paper and laid in a row across the little boy's hand. Other children stood around and looked at them. The crackers began to feel very proud.

"Let's send the yellow one off first. He's a good one, and won't he make a noise!" said one child.

"Of course I'm good," said the cracker, to himself. "I will not make a noise at all, for I've always been a quiet fellow." Just then a yellow dog ran down the street, and the boys started after him.

"Let's tie the two yellows together, and send 'm off," said another boy.

"How nice!" said the cracker. "The dog is yellow, and they are going to tie us together. Now I shall have a real brother, and we'll have fun going off together."

But before the boys could catch the dog, one of them held a lighted match to "little yellow's" pigtail.

"Now I am off, indeed," said "little yellow"; "but what is going on inside of me? I shall burst! I shall burst!"

And he did.

ABOUT UNCLE SAM

TALKING of fire-crackers naturally makes one think of our country, and that again reminds me of something that our wonderful Little School-ma'am lately told right here in my meadow. She explained why the Government of the United States is so often called "Uncle Sam." It appears that some well-informed person in Washington, in looking over old books and papers in the Capitol library the other day, came across the whole story and wrote it down in a letter. The Little School-ma'am saw his account and recited it to the children of the red school-house, at the close of the noon play-time.

You must know that, according to our Washington friend, this term "Uncle Sam" originated at Troy, in New York State, during the war of 1812.

The Government inspector there was called Uncle Sam Wilson, and, when the war opened, Elbert Anderson, the contractor at New York, bought a large amount of beef, pork, and pickles for the army. These goods were inspected by Mr. Wilson, and were duly labeled E. A., U. S., meaning Elbert Anderson, for the United States. The term U. S. for United States was then somewhat new, and the workmen concluded it referred to Uncle Sam Wilson. After they discovered their mistake they kept up the name for fun. These same men soon went to the war. There they repeated the joke. It got into print and went the rounds. From that time on the term "Uncle Sam" grew to be the nickname of the United States, and now it is everywhere understood that Uncle Sam and our national Government are one and the same thing.

THE DAISY IS INTERVIEWED.

It appears that the children—who are very fond of imitating the ways of grown folk—have lately taken to interviewing certain flowers and animals, thus obtaining from them a good amount of strictly personal information.

The following account of a little girl interviewing a daisy—as taken down by our poetical reporter—is not without interest:

“Oh, where did you come from, you dear dainty flower,
With your heart like the sun, and your face like the snow?”
“Oh, I came from the land of the sunshine and shower,
Where the golden buttercups grow.”

“But what did you do when the leaves were all dying,
And the meadows were covered with billows of snow?
When to lands of soft breezes the robins were flying,
Pray, where did the daisies all go?”

“When the bleak winds were blowing o’er mountains and meadows,
I was out in the field sleeping under the snow,
And I dreamed of still woods in soft sunlight and shadows,
And of banks where the violets grow.”

“But how did you know when the winter was over?
And how did you know when the spring-time was here?
Did you dream that the fields were all purple with clover,
And wake to find summer was near?”

“I heard the birds sing, and I heard the brook flowing,
And the sunshine and rain called in tones soft and clear:
‘The green grass is growing, the flowers are blowing,
Wake, daisy, for summer is here!’”

BREEZE-CHILDREN.

“SOME boys and girls,” remarked the Deacon, last Saturday, to his young friends, “are very like a certain flower that I read about lately: they come out best in a breeze. The quiet peacefulness that makes the daisy sort of youngster all the more sweet and charming, makes these breeze-children seem stupid and dull. They need a brisk wind, or even a gale, to show what they really are.”

Well, the good man proceeded to illustrate his point, and as the listening youngsters laughed and nodded “yes,” I suppose he made his meaning quite clear. But what interested your Jack the most was the flower or plant itself. This the Deacon described as a truly wonderful thing—a South American shrub that stands about two or three feet in height and usually looks something like a dark knobby cane with a crook on top. But when the wind blows, these knobs on the stalk open out into beautiful flowers that shut again as soon as the air is still.

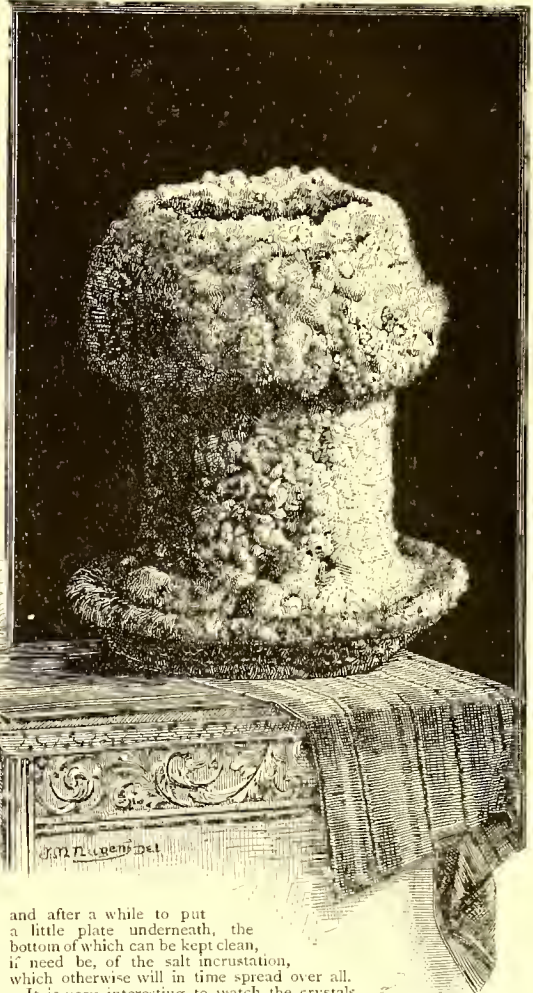
OUR FRIENDS THE SCAPHIRHYNCHOPENÆ.

INFORMATION is wanted of the Scaphirhynchopenæ. Have you heard from them lately? They are quite a dashing family, I’m told—high livers, good swimmers, fond of racing and so on—and strong teetotalers in the bargain. When last heard from, they were taking a swim near London.

A SALT TUMBLER.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The other day I saw, in a handsome sitting-room, something that attracted my attention. When I remarked on “the pretty new crystal vase,” my friend laughed, and told me how easily the vase had been made—or had made itself. Her account so interested me that I resolved to ask you to repeat it to all your young folk. Perhaps, too, ST. NICHOLAS will show a portrait of the pretty piece of home-made crystal work.

The directions are simple enough. One has only to take a slender tumbler, partly fill it with water and put in a good handful of salt. That is all, except from time to time to add more water and salt,



and after a while to put a little plate underneath, the bottom of which can be kept clean, if need be, of the salt incrustation, which otherwise will in time spread over all.

It is very interesting to watch the crystals creeping up the inside and down the outside, and thickening, till the whole is white, covered with a mass of little stalactites, beautifully irregular on the surface, but symmetrical in general shape. This takes several months. If a blue tumbler is desired, bluing may be added to the salt and water (a teaspoonful of bluing to a tumbler of water).

Yours truly, MARGARET MEREDITH.

WHY TUMBLER?

By the way, it occurs to me to ask why the glass drinking-vessel in common use, standing so firmly on its foundation, should have so very unsteady a name as “the tumbler.” Who knows?

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.

A MASCULINE young contributor sends us this mischievous drawing as a Fourth-of-July contribution:



A DANGEROUS DOLLY.

NEW YORK, March, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my little house which I have in the country. It is called "Gable Lodge," and it is painted red and has a piazza all around it. It is quite large and it is all furnished, and has a carpet on the floor and some chairs in it, and shelves to keep my china on, and a wardrobe to keep my doll's clothes in. I have a very big doll and she lives in the house I am telling about. Her name is "Violette." Good-bye, this is all now; perhaps I will write another letter to you.

MARGUERITE L. WINSLOW.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for four years. My mother gave you to me for a Christmas present in 1879, and I have taken you ever since. I think you are the best magazine that I have ever read. I carry the paper called *The Chronicle* here and have to get up at four o'clock in the morning. I wonder if many of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would like that. I think it is fun. I like Louisa M. Alcott's Spinning-wheel Stories very much.
 Your constant reader,
 PERRY M. RILEY.

LONDON, ENGLAND, March, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your readers, and I am a Californian living in England. I am nine years old, and I thought I might interest some of your readers of the Letter-box by telling a story about the Chinese which my mother told me. They copy everything exactly. A gentleman once sent a plate to China to have a certain number made like it, and as he did not like to send one of his best plates, he sent one with a crack in it, and so, when he got them all, each one had a crack in it just like the one he had sent. I like your stories very much.
 Your little friend,
 CHARLIE DELANY.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., March, 1884.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes your precious magazine and likes it better than any other that it has ever subscribed for. Seeing the article given in the January number about "Jericho Roses," and having one in our school cabinet, we tried the experiment and met with great success, although it was not tried on Christmas Eve or the night before Easter.
 Your faithful readers,
 MARGARET S. and MARY B.

EAST WINDSOR HILL, CONN., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were very much interested in the letter written by Lucy C. A., White Rock, Elko Co., Nevada, and we want to know more about her. My Papa lived in that locality and has told us so much about the country that we felt very interested. His name was Martin R. Burnham, a stock-man. Does she know of him? I wonder if this will ever reach her eyes? If so, will she reply? I would like so much to tell her of my beautiful home in the Connecticut Valley, and to hear from a little girl who lives in a country my Papa knows so well. So, dear ST. NICHOLAS, will you please print this for one of your readers?
 MARY B.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL, LONDON, ENGLAND, April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see you have scarcely any letters from your little friends abroad. So I thought I would write you one. I am a little American girl, eleven years old, and am traveling all around Europe with Mamma, Papa, and my pug, "Punch." We had an earthquake the other day, and a black fog to-day,—so black, that the hansoms had their lamps lighted. I found a little daisy in Hyde Park, and it looks like ours only it has a pink border. Queen Victoria's grand-daughter is to be married on Wednesday to the Duke of Hesse. I have written an awful long letter; but, dear ST. NICHOLAS, if you only knew half the trouble I have had with it, between the spelling and naughty "Punch," who keeps knocking my arm, you would surely publish it. Punch has just chewed up my dear ST. NICHOLAS.
 Your English friends,
 "PUNCH" AND MILDRED SHIRLEY.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from here in "the Best of Magazines," and think we ought to be represented, so I take upon myself the duty of writing to you. It is a pleasure to tell you how much I appreciate this dear book and how eagerly I watch for it. I have been a reader for some time and think each number is better than the last. I would like to see my letter in print, and for fear it may be too long, will close with kind wishes to all the readers and "Dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit."
 Your true friend,
 "BLUE BELL."

49 HUNTINGDON ST., BARNSBURY, LONDON, ENG., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is a red-letter day with us when papa brings each number of ST. NICHOLAS home, as all of us enjoy reading it very much. We have been in England now nearly two years, and we wish we were back in Kentucky again. We have seen a great deal since we came, but we enjoy reading ST. NICHOLAS more than all. We are now anxiously looking forward for the May number, which we shall all enjoy reading.
 We are, your affectionate readers,
 MAGGIE, NELLIE, and ALICE SMITH.

1 (Maggie) am 13, Nellie is 12, and Alice will be 8 on Easter Sunday.

72 BELSIZE PARK GARDENS, LONDON, N. W., April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an anecdote that I think might please some of the little readers of ST. NICHOLAS. I shall call it

"A CURIOUS DINNER-PARTY."

One day our dog's dinner was put out for him as usual in the back-yard. In about five minutes, the servant, going through the back-yard, saw, to her amazement, that the dog was giving a dinner-party, for at the dish were our cat, our bantam cock and hen, and a rat. The rat and cat were close together. The rat was a very bold fellow, and a very "cheeky" one, too, for he used to fight with quite a big kitten, and after a while they became great friends.

Yours truly,
 MARGARET G. ANDERSON.

SOUTH BOSTON, April, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please do me a great favor by asking your girl-readers if any of them have ever succeeded in culti-

vating a vegetable garden, or have raised poultry? I am very much interested in the question as to how girls may earn money at home. In the city there are many ways of so doing, but in the country very few ways seem to offer themselves. One of the most healthful and interesting for country girls is farming on a small scale. Of course, a girl must not expect to become rich, but considerable pocket-money can be earned in this way.

A well-attended strawberry-bed yields well, and repays one bountifully; the raising of grapes, currants, raspberries, blackberries, and other small fruits is profitable. Then there are the vegetables; I suppose a girl would think raising them to be outside her "sphere," but I have raised, in a half-acre garden, bushels of onions, tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, potatoes, cucumbers, for pickling, and, in fact, all of the common vegetables; they repaid me well, too, and I planted, weeded, hoed, and harvested them all myself. You would hardly believe how good a profit a little patch of land will yield, if properly attended.

Besides gardening, taking care of poultry or lambs well repays a girl for her trouble; but, of the two, poultry-keeping is the easier and the more profitable in the end. A flock of pretty, shining hens was dearer to me than all the puppies and kittens that ever saw daylight. Eggs will always sell, and at Thanksgiving and Christmas dressed poultry is much in demand.

I have had a great deal of experience in farming, in all of its various forms, from the raising of garden seeds to the gathering of apples and rearing of stock; and I can advise any girl to take up farming, for it is a pure, healthful, and pleasant occupation. I do not live in the country now, but I take as much interest in what is passing there as if I did.

I hope soon to hear from some of your rural friends who have had experience in farming.

Yours expectantly,

MABEL PERCY H—.

TERREBONNE, LA., Feb., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been looking over the letters and I see none from Louisiana, so I thought I would write to you. My Aunt Mollie sent the ST. NICHOLAS to us as a Christmas present, and I think it is such a splendid one. I think the Spinning-wheel stories are so nice. All of Miss Louisa M. Alcott's stories are so interesting. We live on a sugar plantation, and I like sugar rolling. I have three sisters and one brother, and our baby sister is so sweet, she is just beginning to talk; I cannot write very long letters because I am not old enough. I am only ten. I want to see my letter in print very much.

Your little unknown friend, L. G. B—.

We have received correct answers from the following young friends in reply to the little Baltimore boy's letter in the May Letter-box: May De Forest Ireland, Aubrey T. Maguire, J. W. C., C. M. L., Ella S. Gould, Walter A. Mathews, A. C., Mamie Mead, K. L., A. H. C., Edgar G. Banta, Mary McGowan, Helen D. H., E. C., Charles Baldwin, William E. Ireland, Phil. Jennings, J. D. W., Mabel Holcombe, C. W. N., Kitty W. B., F. A. Frere. We have also received pleasant letters from Phil. H. Sawyer, Bessie W., Estelle M., Carrie B. T., E. E. R., Auntie Grace, May C., G. H. P. Tracie, Martie Rindland, J. J. Coachman, Lizzie Lee Filles, James H. C. Richmond, Ina. M., Florence E. S., Mattie B. Wells, "Hermes," Mina Nicholas, Mabel L. F., J. M. M., Gracie Knight, Susie B. C., "Subscriber," Annie M., Addie L. Fries, Mabel Douglas, Edwina Alberta, "Questioner."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-NINTH REPORT.

JULY finds the Association actively engaged in midsummer work. The responses to circulars recently issued show that, as was to be expected, many Chapters have disbanded, owing to the graduation of classes, etc., but there is also shown a large increase in the membership of most of our branches. The amendments have been carried by something more than the requisite three-fourths vote, and the Amended Constitution is given in full in THE NEW HANDBOOK, which is now ready, price, 50 cents.

THE SEPTEMBER CONVENTION.

The subject of a General Convention of the Agassiz Association, as proposed in May, has excited much interest. A change of plan is suggested that seems to us excellent. It is that our meeting be held in Philadelphia instead of Nashua. The Philadelphia Chapters have expressed their willingness to accept the responsibility of the necessary preparations, and the Nashua Chapter has gracefully waived its prior claim.

It is proposed to hold the meeting on the 2d and 3d of September. It is so nearly impossible to get at a full expression of opinion from all our Chapters, that, to expedite matters, we venture to call the meeting for Philadelphia on the two days mentioned, subject to the approval of the various Chapters. The advantages of the city are many: It is the home of several strong Chapters; it is central; it has ample room for the whole of the Agassiz Association, and on the 4th and 5th there is to assemble there the American Association for the Advancement of Science,—whose meetings, as well as the Electrical Exhibition of same date, will prove of great interest and value to all. This question must now be promptly and definitely decided, and we earnestly request the opinions of all Chapters, and the names of those that can attend such a meeting. If the responses are favorable, details will be given later.

ADDITIONAL AID.

The thanks of the A. A. are due to the writers of the following generous offers:

WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY.

On the subject of human physiology, I may be able to assist by answering questions. If so, I am at your service.

WM. M. BAIRD, M. D.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., March 30, '84.

Dear Sir: I am working on the jumping-spiders—*attidae*—of the world, describing new species and getting ready to publish a monograph of the family. I should be very happy to determine spiders in this group from any locality for members of the A. A. I will be very glad to give to the club that will send the best collection of jumping-spiders (the collection not to be less than fifteen species) Hentz's *United States Spiders*, with Emerton's Notes, 21 plates and upward of four hundred figures. The spiders should be in alcohol and ought to be sent to me before the last of October. Any club that desires to compete had better communicate with me, and I can then send them instructions that will aid them.

Yours truly, GEO. PECKHAM.

THE RED CROSS CLASS.

The very pleasant class in practical anatomy that Dr. Warren began a month or two ago has suddenly been interrupted, from a most sad necessity. Dr. Warren was suddenly called to go to Florida to attend his father in a serious illness. As soon as he shall be able to return, he will again communicate with his correspondents.

VACATION.

During the months of July and August, the President of the A. A. will be away from Lenox, and for those months the regular "Chapter Reports" may be omitted. All other correspondence will be attended to as usual, though with a delay of a day or two, caused by forwarding the mails.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
623	Manlius, N. Y. (B).	6.	C. H. Cuyler, St. John's School.
624	Abington, Conn. (A).	13.	Miss Jessie E. L. Dennis.
625	Hudson, N. Y. (A).	4.	Harry W. George.
626	Petoskey, Mich. (A).	11.	W. B. Lawton.
627	Brighton, Ont. (A).	12.	Miss Lizzie Squier.
628	Harrisonburg, Va. (A).	8.	Mrs. F. A. Daingerfield.
629	Chicopee, Mass. (A).	24.	Miss E. L. Mitchell, Box 210.
630	New York, N. Y. (Q).	6.	W. T. Demarest, 106 Varick St.
631	Fremont, O. (A).	10.	Theo. H. Jangk.
632	Davenport, Iowa (B).	7.	Miss Sarah G. Foote.

633	Terre Haute, Ind. (B).....	8.	O. C. Newhinney.
634	Macon, Mo. (A).....	6.	C. W. Kimball.
635	Annapolis, Md. (A).....	9.	A. A. Hopkins, St. John's Coll.
636	Rockville, Ind. (A).....	8.	E. C. Thurston.
637	Putnam, Conn. (A).....	7.	Harry W. Chapman.
638	St. Louis, Mo. (D).....	4.	Frank M. Davis, 3857 Wash- ington Ave.
639	Montclair, N. J. (A).....	6.	Miss Lucy Parsons.
640	Millville, N. J. (A).....	4.	Carder Hayard.
641	Normal Park, Ill. (A).....	14.	Miss Charlotte Putnam, Bx. 173.
642	Florence, Mass. (A).....	9.	A. T. Bliss.
643	Higganum, Conn. (A).....	5.	Miss Estella E. Clark.
644	Philadelphia, Pa. (U).....	4.	M. C. Knabe, Jr., 470 N. 7th St.
645	Bath, N. Y. (B).....	5.	Charles L. Kingsley.
646	Janesville, Wis. (A).....	7.	Miss A. E. Prichard.
647	Union City, Mich. (A).....	9.	Carl Spencer.
648	Peoria, Ill. (D).....	6.	H. J. Woodward.
649	Chicago, Ill. (V).....	4.	J. H. Manny, 242 Bissel St.
650	Sandusky, O. (A).....	5.	John Youngs, Jr., 415 Frank- lin St.

REORGANIZED.

338 Wareham, Mass. (B)..... 6. Arthur Hammond.

EXCHANGES.

Lepidoptera and correspondence.—Geo. C. Hollister, Old Nat. Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 White Chinese rats.—J. P. Cotton, Newport, R. I.
 Birds' eggs.—H. J. Woodward, Peoria, Ill.
 British eggs and lepidoptera.—L. Hayter, Gleuggle, Wood Lane, Highgate, London, England.
 Minerals for eggs.—W. G. Talmadge, Plymouth, Conn.
 Eggs and coral (write first).—W. M. Clute, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Buffalo's tooth, for iron ore.—Jessie Sharpnack, Grafton, D. T.
 Eggs.—Albert Garrett, Lawrence, Kansas.
 Bird-skins, eggs, and insects.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Avenue, Jackson, Mich.
 Correspondence with distant Chapters.—Frank H. Foster, Keene, N. H., Box 307.
 Cannel coal, halite, hematite, limonite, selenite, for stibite azureite, amazon stone serpentine.—Robert E. Terry, Sec., Hudson, N.Y.
 Correspondence.—J. H. Jones, Sec. Chap. 463, Dayton, O.
 Mounted microscopic objects, for insects.—Charles C. Osborn, 27 West Thirty-second Street, New York.
 Illinois minerals.—Sec. Chap. 550, 208 N. Academy Street, Galesburg, Ill.
 Botanical specimens of California, for works (new or second-hand, if in good order) on botany, geology, and mineralogy.—Mrs. E. H. King, Napa, Cal.
 Mounted diatoms, *Isthmia nervosa*, from Santa Cruz, for diatomaceous earth from Richmond, Va., or elsewhere.—L. M. King, Santa Rosa, Cal.
 Fossils of Lower Silurian, for coleoptera and lepidoptera.—G. M., 35½ Sherman Avenue, Cincinnati, O.
 Shells, minerals, and fossils.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lambertson St., New Haven, Conn.
 Green malachite, and others, for opalized wood, etc.—Herbert D. Miles, 2417 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.
 Indicolite and many others, for minerals or insects.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

NOTES.

98. *Alligator (a)*.—The alligator is found only in fresh water, while the crocodile lives in both fresh and salt water, usually in the mouth of a large river where the tide comes in.

(b.) The lower canine teeth of the alligator fit into the notches in the edge of the upper jaw, while in the crocodile the lower teeth fit into pits in the upper jaw. This causes a difference in the outline of the head, the muzzle of the crocodile being narrowed behind the nostrils, while that of the alligator forms an unbroken line to the mouth.—Josie Ford

99. *Mass on trees*.—A very long kind of moss grows on tamarack trees here (Pine City, Minn.) It grows from the tree about two feet, then widens out at the end into a sort of plate from which more runners spring, which again widen into a plate, and so on. I have found pieces eight feet long.—E. L. Stephan.

[The name of this moss, please?]

100. *Pebbles*, in answer to C. F. G.—Owing to alternate freezing and thawing, large blocks of rock are broken from the mountain side. These are broken into smaller fragments by rolling and attrition, and by the action of the water and friction against each other are ground down into rounded forms called pebbles. For a full and clear account, see *Pebbles*, published at 30c. by Ginn & Heath, Boston.

101. *Blue-jay*.—March 8th. It was snowing hard. I espied a blue-jay in an apple-tree, picking away like mad at a frozen apple. The spiteful, hammer-like force with which he pecked at it, attested the power of his bill as well as his hunger. He stayed a full half-

hour, the chilling blast ruffling his feathers, and the snow at times completely veiling him. He appeared very tired. He probably got scarcely a spoonful of frozen apple.—L. M. Howe, Hollowell, Me.

CHAPTER REPORTS.

604. *Fredonia, N. Y.*—Our Chapter is working with steady enthusiasm. We meet every Wednesday, for two hours' united study. Our head-quarters, "Agassiz Hall," already has a scientific look.—Mrs. J. N. Curtis, Sec.

595. *Oconto, N. Y.*—In astronomy we think we have been quite successful, as when we began we did not know the name of a single star, and have had no one to help us except ST. NICOLAS. Now we can trace the Ecliptic by means of its principal stars, and have learned the names of all the constellations of the Zodiac.—Jessie E. Jenks.

544. *Oxford, Miss.*—We have raised tadpoles from the spawn, have caught and placed in a tank three minnows, one perch, and one catfish, which we observe daily; we have several cocoons awaiting transformation, and a large white grub in a clay ball. Great eagerness to learn pervades this little Chapter.—C. Woodward Hutson.

246. *Bethlehem, Pa.*—Our collection of woods contains a majority of all that grow here. Our department of bird-skins is growing rapidly. Our minerals are fine, not very large, but all good specimens. We have collected 147 specimens of insects during the year. At an entertainment we realized a net profit of \$14.00.—Geo. G. Grider.

261. *E. Boston.*—Please change the name of our Secretary to Miss Ruth A. Odiome, 118 Lexington St.

135. *Jackson, Mich.*—We now have sixteen members, and all are very much interested. We have been obliged to change our Secretary to Mr. James Bennett, 306-First St.

537. *Mansfield, O.*—The class from the High School visited our museum recently, and expressed a strong desire to enter the lists and become practical workers, which convinced us that even we could be of some benefit. We will offer to the Chapter sending us the largest and best collection of coleoptera or lepidoptera by November 1st, a beautiful specimen of native silver from Chihuahua. We respectfully solicit correspondence, with a view to exchange, from all working Chapters.—E. Wilkinson, Sec.

532. *Lewistown, Pa.*—At every meeting we have at least three essays, and the best one is placed in the scrap-book.—M. A. Christy, Sec.

413. *Denver, Col.*—At our last meeting we had an essay on Audubon's Warbler, skins of both sexes being shown to illustrate the paper, also on Herring Gull, and Great Northern Shrike (specimens shown), the Burrowing Owl, and Bullock's Oriole. One of our number prepared over one hundred bird-skins while in the Rocky Mountains this summer, some of which are very rare here, among them the Black Swift.—W. H. Henderson, Cor. Sec.

138. *Warren, Me.*—We had an interesting discussion on the question, "Resolved, that a knowledge of Natural History is of more value to the farmer than a knowledge of Mathematics." Can any one tell us what time is represented by the rings of a beech?—A. M. Hilt.

229. *Chicago, Ill.*—Here is a specimen of our meetings: Met at 4 P. M., Pres. Davis in the chair. Only two members absent. *Music*. Appointment of Critic. Minutes of previous meeting. Secretary's report. Treasurer's report. Essay, Camphor. *Music*. Select reading, Wild Cat. Experiment with campbor. Essay, Insect Collecting.—Criticism of previous meeting. *Music*. Select reading, Blue Jay. Essay, Chamois. Experiment, the extraction of pure copper from the ore. Experiment, production of hydrogen from zinc by hydrochloric acid. Select reading, Fish. Essay, the Llama. *Music*.

The meeting was very pleasant. The essay on insect collecting was illustrated by drawings, 4 x 4 in.—Ezra Larned, Sec.

[It would be a pleasure to attend a meeting like that.]

514. *Iowa City.*—Our essays are written on letter-paper with wide margins for binding. We shall bind them every year and keep them.—W. M. Clute, Sec.

485. *Brooklyn Village, O.*—We now number over forty members. We have in our room an excellent picture of Agassiz. At each meeting, the time is divided into quarter hours for the different branches of Nat. Hist., after which there is general discussion.—Lewis B. Foote.

All communications concerning the Agassiz Association must be addressed to the President,

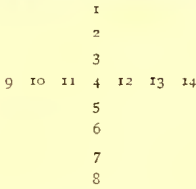
MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of LENOX ACADEMY, LENOX, MASS.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the third row of letters (reading downward) will spell what our forefathers fought for; and the fifth row names what is dear to all young people on a certain day.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Ungracefully. 2. Terse. 3. Commanded. 4. To simulate. 5. Portrays. 6. Directed. 7. A small dagger. 8. Subtracts. 9. To diversify. 10. Longs for. 11. Made safe. 12. Treachery.

SEXTUPLE CROSSES.



- I. FROM 9 TO 11, a boy's nickname; from 1 to 3, part of a fish; from 12 to 14, a child; from 5 to 8, to throw off; from 9 to 14, a blessing; from 1 to 8, completed.
 II. FROM 9 TO 11, a vehicle; from 1 to 3, an inclosure; from 12 to 14, a snare; from 5 to 8, a portable lodge; from 9 to 14, the select council of an executive government; from 1 to 8, contrite.
 III. FROM 9 TO 11, a poisonous serpent; from 1 to 3, to disfigure; from 12 to 14, a color; from 5 to 8, a precious metal; from 9 to 14, longed for; from 1 to 8, a flower. DYCIE.

COMPOUND ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS (three letters each): 1. A body of lawyers. 2. A man's name. 3. A segment of a circle. 4. A bond. Primals, to strike: finals, a grain. Primals and finals, when read in connection, form a girl's name. The four central letters of the acrostic may be successively transposed to mean a bar of iron, the couch of a wild beast, and one who perverts the truth. F. A. W.

THREE RHOMBOIDS.

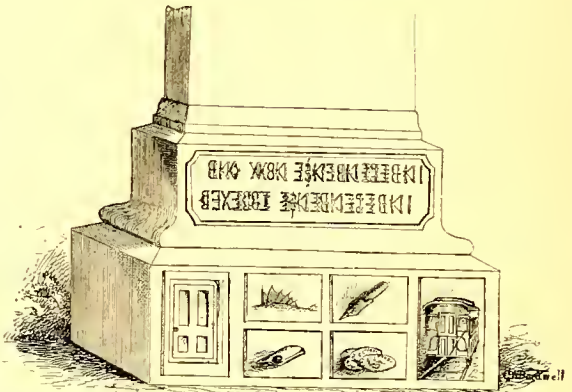
- I. ACROSS: 1. A month. 2. A loud noise. 3. A color. 4. Stained. DOWNWARD: 1. Injury. 2. Aloft. 3. The limb of an animal. 4. A measure. 5. A song. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. In judge.
 II. ACROSS: 1. What all expect in summer. 2. A snare. 3. Deep mud. 4. A stringed instrument of music. DOWNWARD:

1. In heliotrope. 2. A Latin conjunction. 3. To fortify. 4. Part of a coin. 5. To inspect closely. 6. A German personal pronoun. 7. In heliotrope.
 III. 1. Useful in warm weather. 2. A valley. 3. A spear. 4. Closely confined. DOWNWARD: 1. In fortune. 2. A Latin preposition. 3. A short slumber. 4. To slide. 5. To increase. 6. Two-thirds of a termination. 7. In fortune. DYCIE.

EASY INVERSIONS.

EXAMPLE: Invert an apartment and make to secure. Answer: Room, moor.
 1. Invert fate and make disposition. 2. Invert a color and make a poet. 3. Invert enmity and make bleak. 4. Invert moisture and make to marry. 5. Invert a small body of water and make a noose. 6. Invert a Roman magistrate and make to cut off. 7. Invert an Arabian prince and make hoar-frost. 8. Invert dishes and make a sudden breaking. PAUL REESE.

INSCRIPTION PUZZLE.



FIRST decipher the inscription on the base of the column. From the letters forming it, spell the names of the six articles below it. G. W. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

- SHAKSPEARIAN PUZZLE. "With no less confidence than boys pursuing summer butterflies."—Act 4. Scene VI. Monogram, McCullough.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Gondola.
 DICKENS CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, Gregsby: Cross-words: 1. garGery. 2. staRtop. 3. squEers. 4. meaGles. 5. podSnap. 6. herBert. 7. smaUker. 8. ledRook. 9. graYper.
 ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1. Cod. 2. Oil. 3. Doll. 4. Lid. 5. Mill. 6. Coil. 7. Viol.
 CONCEALED HALF SQUARE. 1. Potomac. 2. Operas. 3. Tenet. 4. Ores. 5. Mat. 6. As. 7. C.

- BEHEADINGS. Beheaded letters, Whittier. Cross-words: 1. W-rest. 2. H-over. 3. I-deal. 4. T-ally. 5. T-rout. 6. I-rate. 7. E-late. 8. R-over.
 BURIED FLOWERS. 1. Orchis. 2. Sunflower. 3. Tea-rose. 4. Feverfew. 5. Oxalis. 6. Sumach. 7. Clematis. 8. Sweet-pea.
 DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Mathews. Cross-words: 1. CharM. 2. HeclA. 3. AlloT. 4. RancH. 5. LithE. 6. EndoW. 7. SealS.—PROVERB PUZZLE. Bunker Hill.
 HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Slumber. Cross-words: 1. conSume. 2. soLid. 3. nUt. 4. M. 5. ABe. 6. stEer. 7. leaRned.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.
 ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Lida Bell, Canada, 2—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 5.
 ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from L. S. T.—Paul Reese—Arthur Gride—Rex Ford—S. R. T.—Maggie T. Turill—"Johnny Duck," Highland Mills.—Kina—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William—Charles H. Kyte—Hugh and Cis—Francis W. Islip—Nicoll and Mary Ludlow—Madeleine Vultee.
 ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Maggie L. and Addie S., 1—Russell K. Miller, 5—Navajo, 6—Minnie G. Morse, 4—R. McKean Barry, 1—Pep and Maria, 10—Emma and Ada, 1—Ella S. Gould, 1—Carrie Howard, 2—F. N. Betts, 2—"Bubber, Nannie, and B., 7—Roy Mactarland, 1—Jennie McBride, 1—H. D. A., 3—Emily Sydeman, 1—A. and B., 2—James W. Thompson, 5—Maurice Sharp, 1—Jessie A. Brahams, 1—Fred. A. Barnes, 2—Karl Miner, 3—Sallie Swan, 2—Edward Bancroft, 3—Bessie A. Jackson, 3—Bertie, 2—"Yelbis," 1—Raphael A. Weed, 2—Birdie Alberger, 3—"Solon, Theseus, and Lycurgus," 4—Edith and Lawrence Butler, 3—Grace, Maud, and May, 3—Lulu F., 2—S. H. Rippey, 1—Imo and Grace, 10—R. H. and R. C. G., 2—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Katherine Smith, 2—Herbert Gaytes, 6—Hester Bruce, 3—Jennie and Birdie K., 4—Jennie Balch, 6—Alexande rand Freddie Laidlaw, 10—Sallie Viles, 7—H. Coale, 1—L. M. and E. D., 8—H. J. Dodd, 5—Sterne, 7—Mary E. Kaighn, 7—Ruth and Samuel Camp, 9—Elaine, 3—Emiline Danzel, 1—George Habenicht, 2—Hattie, Lillie, Ida, and Olive, 7—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Margaret and Muriel Grundy, 4—Arthur L. Mudge, 1—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 8—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 1—Georgia L. Gilmore, 5—"Captain Nemo," 11—Jessie A. Platt, 9—"Penn Forest," 9—Ed and Louis, 8—L. C. B., 3—Belle G. M., 9—George Lyman Waterhouse, 10—Edith Helen Moss, 1—Willie Sheraton, 3.



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CENTRAL PARK SHEEP.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

AUGUST, 1884.

NO. 10.

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OLD SHEP AND THE CENTRAL PARK SHEEP.

BY FRANKLIN H. NORTH.

“YEA—IP! yea—ip!! yea—a—ip!!!” came in loud, hoarse tones across the Central Park playground, and the sheep anear and afar, startled from their browse, turned about and, with mouths grass-tufted, looked in the direction of the shepherd and then in that of his aide-de-camp, the dog, Shep, that is wont to bring them their orders. Even the young lambs playing “follow-my-leader” on the steep rocks to the south of the field, that have not yet come to look upon life seriously, paused in their gambols and craned their necks, as if to say: “Well, what’s up now?” They soon learned.

“Hoo, Shep! Hoo!” shouted the shepherd to his dog, and before the last sounds had left his lips, the collie was flying across the grassy slope that separated him from the flock.

The message with which Shep was intrusted was something like this: “Close order all! Stand by to run for the fold! Storm coming!”

Now, the awkward, noisy boatswain of a big ship, charged with the same kind of order, would have almost split the ear with his shrill pipings and his still more boisterous bawling of “All hands on deck to shorten sail!” And the buglers of a squadron of cavalry, in delivering such a command as Shep bore, would have frightened every living thing within hearing, by their wild trumpeting to “Saddle horses!” “Mount horses!” and the like.

Shep has a much better way than these. He runs around and around the flock, repeating in a pleasant, low tone the orders to march that he

has received. The stranger who does n’t know anything about sheep and about the collie, or Scotch sheep-dog, would naturally enough look upon his barking as the ordinary meaningless jabbering of uneducated dogs. But if you should listen to Shep while he is repeating his orders to the flock, you would find that his barkings, though usually low-toned, are sometimes emphasized; that some are short and some long; and that each is expressive of a distinct idea when taken in conjunction with his look of annoyance as he runs after a stray sheep, and of satisfaction when, in answer to the nudge of his nose, the straggler turns toward the flock.

It is a language which the sheep may be said to understand almost perfectly, and the laggards, or possibly those hard of hearing, run up to him now and then, as if they had lost a word or two, and were anxious to gather the exact wording of the orders. For sheep, like girls and boys, and even their elders, have a curiosity to know just what is going on about them.

On the afternoon when they were being called in much earlier than usual, because of a threatened storm, it was evident that the sheep were somewhat puzzled, and that the collie was having not a little trouble with them.

Sheep, of course, don’t carry watches, and therefore can not tell exactly what the hour is, but they have other means of knowing. The shepherd will tell you that his flock know it is time to go home when the afternoon sun sinks behind the

peaked roof of the fold; and as Shep, probably because he was not so instructed, did not explain the cause of the unusual orders, they could only conclude that they had really been out on the velvety, fragrant meadow the allotted time, or else that the machinery that worked that great golden orb which usually gilds the western sky at their bedtime, was not in good running order.

The shepherd knows that sheep must not be left out in the rain, as the water rots their hoofs, and always alert, he spies a coming storm with almost the same readiness as the mariner, though the latter has a barometer to aid him.

After the flock has traversed the entire extent of field, on its way homeward, it comes upon the public drive-way that separates the play-ground from the sheep-fold. It is here that the shepherd and his assistant, Shep, have the most trouble with the flock. Fast-driven horses almost run over the sheep, and children show a desire to catch the lambs.

But Shep is equal to the emergency, and, at every moment, seems to be just where he is most needed. Now he has stood his ground in the middle of the road and stopped a pair of high-stepping horses, and again he is flying down the bridle-path to turn homeward a frightened sheep.

All the attentions paid to Shep by strangers, at such times, are thrown away. Neither the seductive callings of the spectators nor the whistling and hooting of the boys have any effect. Shep keeps busily moving hither and thither, from one part of the flock to the other, infusing courage into the timid lambs, and pushing the wild ones with his nose when they show any inclination to stray.

In fine weather, the sheep usually go out on the meadow at half-past five o'clock in the morning and return to their fold at half-past six in the evening. Sometimes, as on Saturdays during May, for example, the meadow is given up to the boys and girls as a play-ground; and it is safe to say that the disappointment of the boys and girls when they arrive at the Park and find the red flag flying, is not a whit keener than that of the sheep when, on coming out into the yard of a morning, they discover that the stars and stripes are waving from the staff in the middle of their favorite feeding-ground. For this tells them that those curious animals that have only two legs instead of four, and wear all kinds of strange and many-colored clothing, are to be allowed to trample the young grass with unsparing feet, or to play at ball, which sport, in the estimation of a sheep, seems, no doubt, a meaningless and foolish mode of enjoying one's self on a beautiful, green meadow.

But sheep, too, have their games, or rather the lambs have; and among the grassy hillocks and

rocky bluffs on either side of the field there is rare sport for them.

The curiosity of the lambs sometimes leads them to approach children on the paths that border the green; but petting or playing with the lambs is now forbidden, because children and their nurses are inclined to offer them all kinds of cakes and even brown paper, india-rubber rattles, and shoe-strings. And such articles of diet as those last named, though consumed by the goat with evident relish, have a serious and sometimes fatal effect upon the digestion of the lamb.

But, while visitors are not permitted to approach the flock, it is not long since an exception was made to this rule. A lad with paralyzed limbs used to be wheeled each bright day down the narrow path that skirts the favorite play-ground of the lambs at the south of the field, and from his high cushioned seat he would look wistfully at the white-fleeced lambs near by as though he would like to make their nearer acquaintance. At last, one day, some of the lambs, attracted by the sweet clover he held in his hand, cautiously approached and nibbled at the proffered grasses, which consisted of the common variety of clover, the white and the hare's-foot, a very delicious food for them. From that moment the boy and the lambs were firm friends; and, the kindly shepherd having given his consent, the poor little invalid visited the flock daily. Indeed, it happened ere long, that whenever noon came and the visitor did not appear, some of the lambs were wont to pause in their gambols and look eagerly up the winding, hilly path, as if disappointed that the little man with the fresh clovers was not in sight.

Those who saw him say that it was a pleasure to watch the lambs gather around him, peer into his face and even crowd the woman away from the back of the little three-wheeled carriage in their endeavors to pluck the fresh clover over his shoulder. But each day his face seemed to grow whiter and thinner, and his hands feebler; and one day in the autumn, when the foliage that overhung the path had become red and yellow, and brown and purple, and the soft southerly breeze had changed to coolish winds from the westward, the well-known tricycle did not appear. The bright sun reached the meridian and began to sink into the south-west, but the bearer of the clovers came not, and the lambs were forced to content themselves with the young grass clinging to the hillocks. A few days later, a sad-faced woman in a black gown appeared at the point in the path that had been frequented by the little invalid, and sat for hours upon a bench near by. It was the same woman who had come with the boy, and when the lambs discovered that she brought with her the same

grasses they were wont to receive, they ventured to approach and eat them out of her lap. But by and by came the bleak, chilling winds and the snow, and the woman appeared no more.

The sheep-fold stands upon an elevation facing the point where the western bridle-path touches the main road. It is a stone and brick building, having two wings, a connecting archway in the rear and a large yard in front. In this yard are several boxes, each containing a great chunk of rock-salt, and when the sheep return from their

land, and to be one of the purest and most un-mixed breeds of sheep in Britain.

The building where the Central Park sheep are housed is not a model fold. It looks more like a fortress than a sheep-fold, and it seems to have been constructed under the misapprehension that sheep require all the conveniences of the human family. The fold is pierced with port-holes, like a block-house, or the gun-deck of a man-of-war. These holes, however, are now stopped up with cobble-stones, but before this was done



THE HOMEWARD MARCH TO THE FOLD.

feeding-ground, they push and crowd one another for good positions about these boxes, for they are very fond of salt. If you should look at the chunks of salt, you would see that they are honey-combed in every direction by the sheep's rough tongues.

The sheep wander about the yard till night-fall, and then straggle into the pens to sleep on the fresh straw provided for them by the shepherd.

The flock is composed entirely of Southdowns, a variety believed to be native to the Downs of Sussex, in England, and said by Mr. Henry Woods, of Merton, one of the best English authorities, to have existed before the conquest of Eng-

there were many mishaps; the lambs, in a spirit of investigation, often squeezed through the holes to see where they led, and fell into the depths below, a distance of eight or ten feet.

At either end of the fold, there are rooms with fine panels and furnished with oaken book-cases and tables. The intention of the builders was to make libraries of these rooms: but the sheep in the Park, though they do a great deal of thinking, and no doubt at times hold long conversations with one another, or with Shep, their guardian, don't care much for reading, and don't require any books. This fact, however, seems not to have become

apparent to the builders until after the library was completed, and these costly rooms have been used, not as reading-rooms, but for storing the wool that is clipped from the sheep.

Inside the fold, there are two parallel rows of pens, each having beneath it a diminutive row of the same shape. These pens are filled with hay in the indoor season,—when the ground is covered with snow,—the tall pens being for the sheep, the short ones for the lambs.

At one end of the fold, distant only a few feet from the sheep, lies the collie. Indeed, Shep would not be at ease away from the sheep, for, though eighteen years old, he has lived among them from his infancy. Like many another shepherd dog, Shep, when but a few weeks old, was put under the care of a ewe whose lambs had been taken from her to make room for him, and hence he doubtless feels himself a sort of kinsman of the flock. Even for a collie, Shep is unusually sagacious, and in many instances has shown an intelligence almost human.

A few years ago, Shep being even then an old dog, an attempt was made to supersede him with a younger dog of more acute hearing. So poor old Shep was led away; and, evidently divining what was going on, showed many signs of distress. He was given to a gentleman who owns a farm in Putnam County, New York—more than fifty miles distant from New York City. Arrived at the farm, Shep was wont to sit on the lawn before the house and look intently in the direction whence he had been brought. Neither the kindly words of his new master nor the marrowy bones plentifully bestowed upon him by his mistress, served to cheer up his faithful old heart or lessen his longing to be back with the flock he loved so well.

One day the Park Superintendent came up to the farm on a visit, and Shep's heart beat with delight; for he imagined, though wrongly, that it was for him that the visitor had come. His new master took the superintendent out into a field to see some fine cows, and Shep followed; but the cows became restive at the sight of the dog.

"Go home, Shep!" said his new master, turning sharply upon him. Shep, when he got this command, brightened up immediately. His eyes opened wide and his bushy tail, which had drooped ever since he took up his new quarters, rose high in the air and curled over his back with its wonted grace. He understood the words of the order perfectly; but he knew only one "home," and that was in the Central Park sheep-fold, and with an alacrity that did credit to his aged limbs, he bounded off in the direction where he knew it stood. He had come by way of a steam-boat that

landed at Poughkeepsie, and with a sagacity that might be looked for in a human being, but could hardly be expected in the canine family, he found his way at once to the wharf. There, not being able to read the time-table posted upon the wharfshed, he sat down behind some barrels and waited patiently for the boat to come. But the boat started from the upper Hudson and did not call at Poughkeepsie until late in the afternoon. Shep seemed to know that it would come at last, however, and he improved the interval in taking a few quiet dozes under the shed.

When the boat arrived, almost the first passenger to get aboard was Shep; he made the embarkation in just three bounds, and forgetting all about buying a ticket, hid himself at once among some great cases of merchandise lying on the main deck, where he remained, composed and comfortable, during the journey. The shepherd, who told this story of his collie, did not say if, upon the arrival of the boat at New York, the captain demanded Shep's ticket. But, if he did, it is safe to say he did not get it, for Shep left Poughkeepsie with nothing but his shaggy hair on his back. The boat, in due time, reached the wharf at the foot of West Twenty-third Street, New York City; and, as may be imagined, Shep did not tarry on the way between the wharf and the Central Park. Long before his fellow-passengers had their luggage safely landed, Shep had reached the fold and was being hailed by the sheep with unmistakable evidences of delight. And from that day, the Park Superintendent, Mr. Conklin, a warm-hearted man, would not permit any one to remove the faithful collie from the fold.

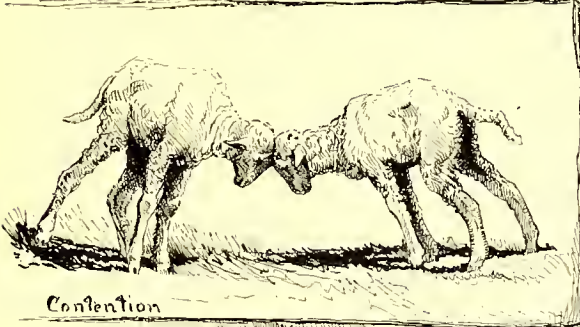
Shep, much to his disappointment, found another and a younger dog in his former position of protector of the flock, but he was at once appointed as instructor to the young dog, a position he yet holds and in which he is giving great satisfaction.

The younger collie is called Shep Junior, and, though a very intelligent dog and making good progress in the collie language, is given over much to frivolity, and has by no means yet secured the confidence of the sheep. They naturally regard him as not entirely worthy of their confidence; for on several occasions he has shown an inclination to take part in the play of the lambs, which puts an end to all sport at once, since he is both awkward and rough. And upon one occasion he intruded upon a game of "Follow-my-leader," and snapped savagely at a lamb who had jumped, out of its turn, from the rocky hillock that skirts the southerly end of the pasture.

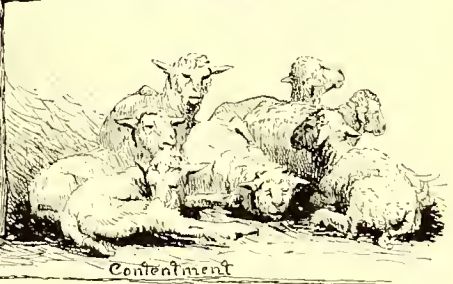
There is reason to believe that old Shep, who made a dash to the spot to rescue the lamb, scolded him soundly, for it is said that, after a



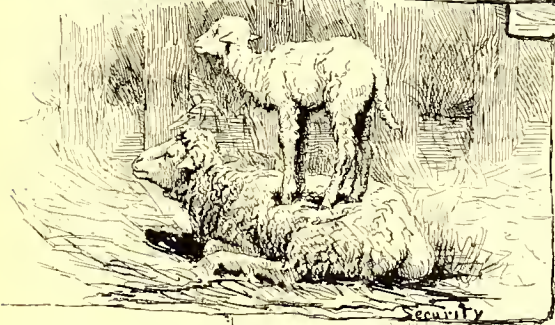
Left Behind



Contention



Contentment



Security



Brother & Sister



"I Can Stand Alone."



Sweet Dreams.



"Ma-Ma-a!"

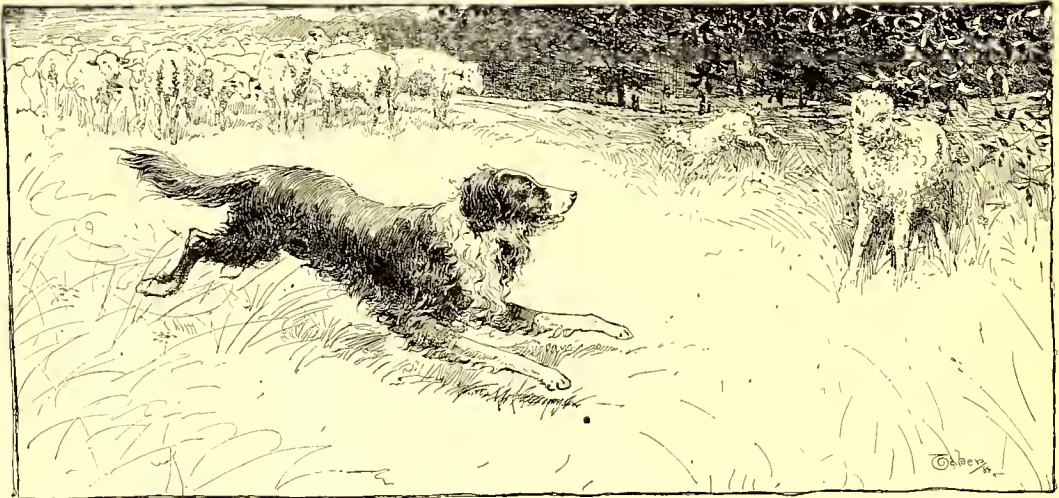
W.K.

few vigorous barks from the old dog, young Shep crouched down and sneaked off the field in the direction of the fold, trailing his bushy tail in the dust behind him.

If you should visit the Park some fine morning, you might see young Shep taking his lessons. He is never whipped, not even when he does wrong or makes mistakes, because that breaks the spirit of a collie, as indeed of any other kind of dog, and a shepherd dog must of all things be brave. When he does n't carry out an order correctly, or in such a way that the sheep can understand him, old Shep is sent with the same order and Shep Junior is made to keep still and watch him until it is executed. His first lesson is simply to guard a hat or a coat or stick thrown upon the grass by the shepherd, and he is left out with it sometimes until late in the evening to show him the importance of fidelity, the very first essential in a shepherd dog. Next he is taught to gather the sheep, to take them to the right, then to the left. After this he is sent on the trail of a lost sheep, with instructions to bring it back slowly. The most important lesson, and one young Shep has not yet learned, is that of going among the flock and finding out if any of them are missing. This, as may be imagined, is by no means an easy task with

path on their way home, while he was busy in keeping troublesome boys away, will take his stand at the gate of the fold and touch each sheep with his fore-paw as it passes in. At such times he has the air of a farmer counting his cattle as they come home at night, and he wears an expression as if his mind were occupied with an intricate sum in addition. Whether he is really counting the sheep or not can not be said positively; but he has been known, after noting each sheep as it passed, to rush off up the bridle-path and return with a straggler. This does much to prove that the shepherd's assertion that old Shep can count the sheep is possibly not far from the truth. And Mr. Conklin, the Park Superintendent, an authority on sheep and sheep-dogs, says that every well-trained collie knows by sight the individual members of his flock, and, by going among them, can tell if any are missing. In the annual sheep-trials in England, he has seen a collie, he says, successfully carry out an order to select *three* sheep from the flock, and conduct them safely along a dangerous and winding path.

One morning Shep, having safely conveyed the flock to the end of the green, and made sure that no vagrant dogs were about, returned for his younger namesake, whose school-hours were about to begin.



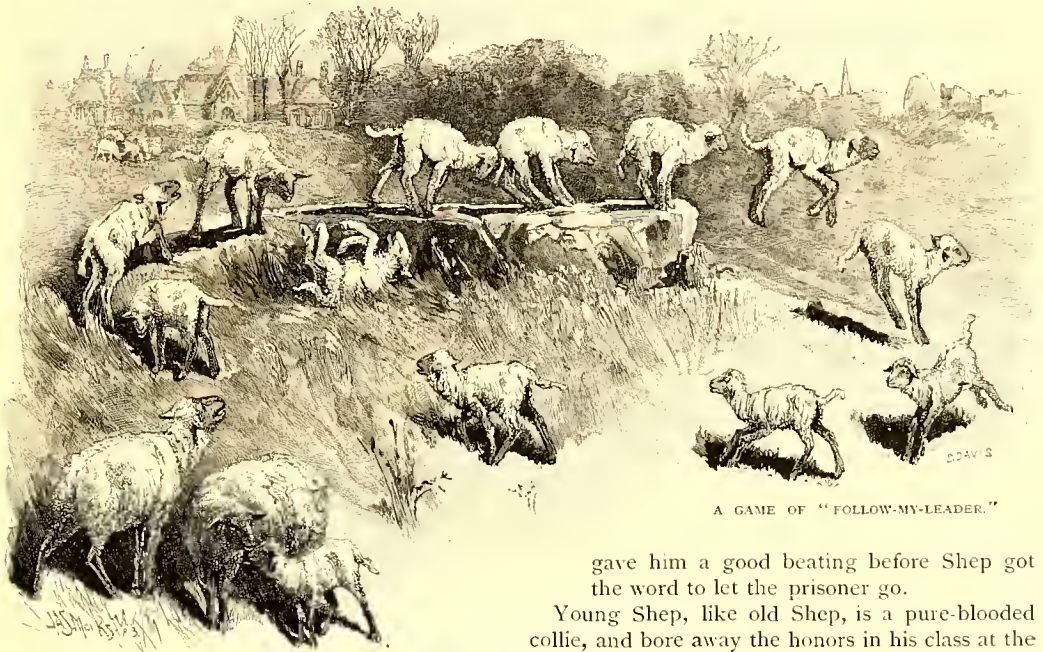
"YOU MUST GO BACK."

a flock of eighty-two ewes and sixty-nine lambs. But old Shep can do it, for he knows every member of the flock, though to the ordinary observer they all look almost exactly alike. Indeed old Shep can, if his master the shepherd is not mistaken, perform a feat more wonderful than this. The shepherd says that Shep, when uncertain whether some of the flock have not strayed up the bridle-

While trotting leisurely back with his charge, he heard the shepherd calling loudly for him, and soon made the startling discovery that the sheep were nowhere to be seen. A wild dash brought him to his master's side. He looked up into the shepherd's face, cocked his head on one-side, assumed an expression of apprehension, and gave three sharp, short barks and two long ones, fol-

lowed by a low wail. Translated into our language, this meant: "I say, old man, where are the sheep?" At the same time Shep's tail, which, under ordinary circumstances, curls gayly upward in a semi-circle, fell about ten points, which indicated a lack of confidence in the shepherd and a general depression in his own spirits. For Shep's tail is an infalli-

heavy, and as an ornament it was by no means attractive. He barked and growled savagely and tried to shake Shep off, but it was no use. The more he shook himself, the more firmly Shep's sharp teeth buried themselves in his ear, and when he was beginning to howl with pain, the shepherd came up and with his great oaken staff



A GAME OF "FOLLOW-MY-LEADER."

ble index of the condition of his spirits, just as the rising and falling of a column of mercury in the thermometer indicates the temperature of the air.

The only response Shep got was: "They 're a' awa!"

No sooner did he hear this than he was bounding over the grassy undulations to the northward, for he knew that the sheep, when chased by vagrant animals, generally make for the steep declivity that lies northward and eastward of the play-ground. Shep was right in his conclusion that his wards had fled thither. Perched all over the sharp, steep rocks and boulders were the sheep. But it was not a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf that was awkwardly stumbling over the rocks with blood-stained fangs, but a great shaggy butcher's dog. In an instant Shep took in the situation. With three springs he was close up to the marauder, and at the end of the fourth the powerful freebooter found himself possessed of what seemed to be a permanent appendage to his left ear that was far from comfortable. As an ear-ring it was too

gave him a good beating before Shep got the word to let the prisoner go.

Young Shep, like old Shep, is a pure-blooded collie, and bore away the honors in his class at the last bench show of dogs in New York. He is short of nose, bright and mild of eye, and looks very sagacious. His body is heavily covered with long and woolly hair, which stands out boldly in a thick mass and forms a most effectual screen against the heat of the blazing sun or the cold, sleety blasts of the winter's winds. The tail is very bushy and curves upward toward the end. The color of the hair is almost black, sprinkled with tan, and there is a white spot on the throat. Were it not for this white spot, he could not be called a pure-blooded collie.

Young Shep is certainly an apt pupil, as you may see if you visit the fold when he is taking his lessons. He is very intelligent, and though, as already said, he has not yet mastered the only language the sheep understand, he spends much of his time in thinking.

Sheep dogs, like old Shep and young Shep, rarely get bones, and, consequently, when they do have the good fortune to receive such a delicacy, they are inclined to take very good care of it.

Young Shep, when he had picked the bone to



PORTRAIT OF OLD SHEP.—DRAWN FROM LIFE.

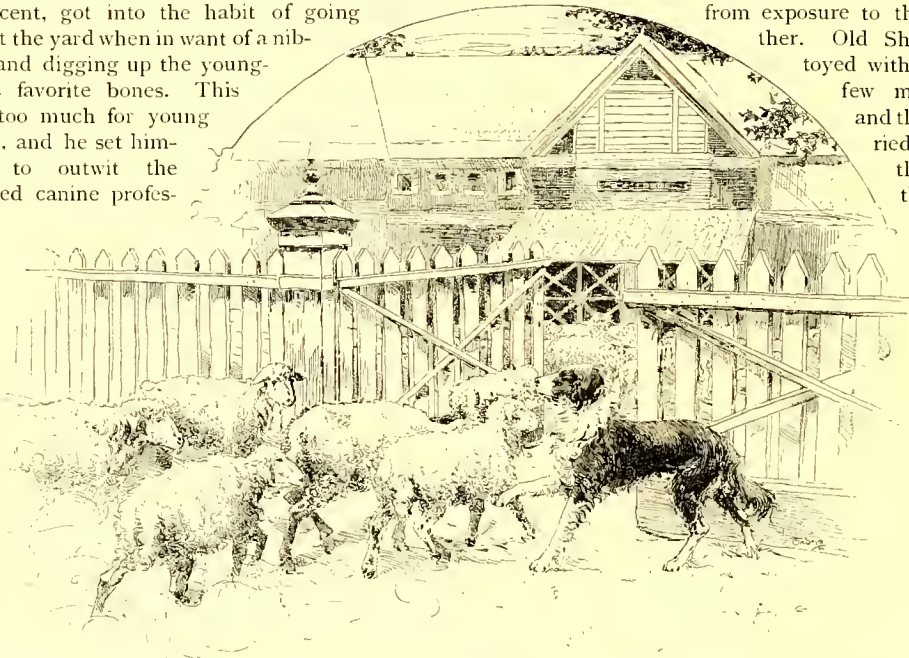
his complete satisfaction for the time, used to dig a hole in the yard, and put the bone in it, thus making provision in time of plenty for a possible famine in the future. Seeing this, old Shep, who, if he is losing his hearing, is by no means parting with his scent, got into the habit of going about the yard when in want of a nibble, and digging up the youngster's favorite bones. This was too much for young Shep, and he set himself to outwit the learned canine profes-

sor. Being given an unusually delicious and delicate chicken-bone one day, just after his dinner, he looked around for a safe depository until his appe-

tite should return and he could enjoy the feast to his heart's content. As said before, young Shep is a thinking dog, and it did not take him long to hit upon a plan, by which the voracious appetite of his revered instructor might be foiled—at least in so far as the appropriation of his junior's property was concerned.

He first dug an unusually deep pit, scratching away with his fore-paws for a long time. In the bottom of the deep hole he carefully buried the juicy chicken-bone, covering it with a good supply of fresh clay. The hole was now only half full, and young Shep was seen searching the yard from end to end. Finally he found what he sought! It was an old bone that had been picked clean and even the edges of which had been nibbled off. This he carried over to the newly made hole, into which he dropped it, covering it in turn with a bountiful supply of clay.

The next day old Shep bethought him that he would like a good bone to nibble. So he searched about the yard. The newly turned earth assured him that a bone was below, and his nose affirmed it. He went to work with a will, and his labors were soon rewarded by the sight of a bone. But such a bone! No meat adhered to its sides, and it was almost white in some places from exposure to the weather. Old Shep just toyed with it for a few moments and then carried it to the farther end



OLD SHEP COUNTING THE SHEEP.

of the yard, where he dropped it. Meantime, young Shep had come to the door of the fold and had seen what was going on with ill-concealed anxiety. No

sor. Being given an unusually delicious and delicate chicken-bone one day, just after his dinner, he looked around for a safe depository until his appe-

sooner had old Shep retired from the vicinity of the hole, however, than the younger dog was there, digging with all his might; and a few minutes later Old Shep, at the other end of the yard, saw him extract from the same hole where he himself had been digging, a fine juicy chicken-bone, that almost made his mouth water.

Now that young Shep's studies are nearly completed, old Shep is kept much of the time chained up in the dark recesses of the fold, and it is indeed a pitiable sight to see the noble old fellow as he sits with watery eyes and looks up wistfully in the shepherd's face in hopes he will relent and let him go out once more with the sheep and watch them as they clip the sprouting herbage on the neighboring hill-sides. But the fact is, old Shep is very

* *Gash*, shrewd; *tyke*, dog; *lap*, leaped; *sheugh*, ditch; *sonsie*, good-natured; *baws'nt*, brindled; *ilka*, every; *touzie*, shaggy; *gaucy*, big; *hurdies*, hips.

deaf, and all his faculties are waning, for he is eighteen years of age.

"'E's studied o'er mickle," says the shepherd. "'E 's a'most wore out 'is mind,' an' nocht will do 'im now but to wa' till it 's a' over an' 'e 's na moor."

That 's it. The faithful old collie has done his work and done it well, and he must now step aside.

"He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his touzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gaucy tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

This is Burns's description of the mountain collie in the "Twa Dogs," and a faithful picture also of old Shep, of the Central Park sheep-fold.

SWEET PEAS.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

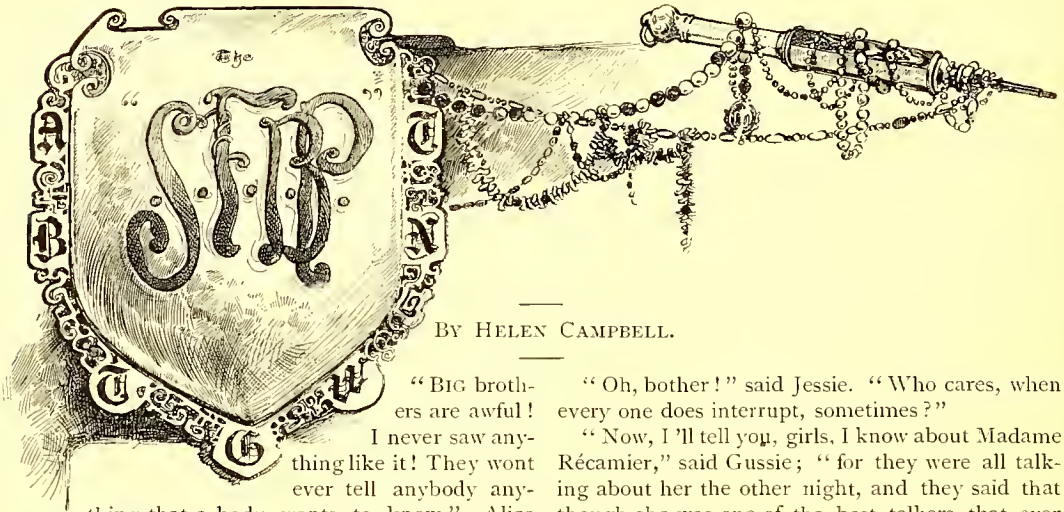
OH, what is the use of such pretty wings
If one never, never can fly?—
Pink and fine as the clouds that shine
In the delicate morning sky,
With a perfume sweet as the lilies keep
Down in their vases so white and deep.

The brown bees go humming aloft;
The humming-bird soars away;
The butterfly blows like the leaf of a rose,
Off, off in the sunshine gay;
While you peep over the garden wall,
Looking so wistfully after them all.

Are you tired of the company
Of the balsams so dull and proud?
Of the coxcombs bold and the marigold,
And the spider-wort wrapped in a cloud?
Have you not plenty of sunshine and dew,
And crowds of gay gossips to visit you?

How you flutter, and reach, and climb!
How eager your wee faces are!
Aye turned to the light till the blind old night
Is led to the world by a star.
Well, it surely is hard to feel one's wings,
And still be prisoned like wingless things.

"Tweet, tweet," then says Parson Thrush,
Who is preaching up in a tree;
"Though you never may fly while the world goes by,
Take heart, little flowers," says he;
"For often, I know, to the souls that aspire
Comes something better than their desire!"



BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"BIG brothers are awful! I never saw anything like it! They wont ever tell anybody anything that a body wants to know," Alice groaned, looking up at her big brother, a handsome boy of fifteen.

"Professor Knox thought so this morning, Alice. He agreed with you entirely. I stuck on the asses' bridge and could n't get off."

"I don't care about the bridge. I want to know about that pin, and you wont tell. You could, if you chose, I know."

"Not if I'm to remain a gentleman, Ally. I am pledged to secrecy, and honorable people don't break promises."

"Pledged to secrecy!" Alice repeated, as George walked away in a stately manner. "I like the sound of that. I don't see why I could n't be pledged to something, too. I don't see why we girls should n't keep things, too. George loves to say that we tell everything. I don't."

Alice set her pretty lips firmly, as she walked toward school. Just before her were two or three others, belonging to the same class, talking very rapidly and gesticulating with books and sandwich-boxes.

"People will think you're impolite, girls, to be talking so loud in the street," she said, as they waited for her to come up.

"I don't intend to trouble myself much about manners yet awhile," returned Jessie Kimball, sending her box into the air and catching it as it fell. "Time enough to be prim, by and by."

"I should think you did n't," Gussie Sanborn's quiet little voice broke in. "I can't get a word in edgewise. I've been trying to tell you about Charley Camp and how he fell into the bath-tub, ever since we started, and it's no use at all. There ought to be a law that people should n't interrupt."

"Oh, bother!" said Jessie. "Who cares, when every one does interrupt, sometimes?"

"Now, I'll tell you, girls, I know about Madame Récamier," said Gussie; "for they were all talking about her the other night, and they said that though she was one of the best talkers that ever lived, she was just as good a listener; and then Father said that to listen well was one of the lost arts. Mr. Strousby said it was an American vice for all to talk at once, and he doubted if any one of us who were then conversing had heard what any one of the others had said during the five minutes before. He said ministers were the only persons who had a fair chance now-a-days."

"There was one good listener there, anyhow," said Alice, "and her name was Gussie Sanborn. Now, girls, I have a plan. I think we are often rude and impolite, and I've thought of a way to stop it. There is n't time to tell you now, but please all come up into the north recitation room at recess; and I tell you what, I think it will be real fun,—for every one of us!"

"Every one" included seven little girls, who, when the bell was touched for recess, rushed up the stairs and shut the door of the recitation room with a bang. Alice looked about dubiously, not feeling quite sure of her ground.

"It's something more than just about being polite," she said. "It's something you're not to tell, and you must all promise you'll not tell, before I begin. Anyhow, we must n't tell anybody but our mothers, and I'm not positively certain yet about them, unless they promise not to tell anybody else. Now, who promises?"

"All of us," said Jessie Kimball, speaking for the seven. "Don't we, girls?"

"Yes," came from each one, and Alice went on.

"Well, I have it all planned in my mind. It's a secret society, like George's, you know,—to be called the 'Society For Being Polite'—the 'S. F. B. P.'—with a president and everything. We'll draw lots for the first president, and after that elect

in this way: You know our beads that we're making purses with? Well, we'll make strings of the very lightest ones, all white or blue or yellow, and every girl that is impolite shall have a black bead added to hers. The president will have to string the beads, and keep count of all the different errors; and the one that has fewest black beads at the end of the week shall be the president for the next week. We must take account of all kinds of impoliteness: Interrupting; and talking too loud; and banging doors; and crowding; and putting on airs; and eating our lunches too fast,—and everything. But I don't think the president could stand it for more than a week, having to watch all the time, you know."

"You'll have to be the first president," said Jessie, "because you know all about it; but how will you remember all the times we are impolite?"

"Put 'em down," said Alice, briskly. "The president must have a little blank-book with all the names, and every Saturday she must foot up the accounts, and get the strings ready. We take them off Friday before we go home, and put them on again Monday, and we must all help pay for the beads."

"Oh, wont it be fine?" said Jessie. "When shall we begin?"

"To-day is Tuesday," said Alice, reflectively. "It's better to begin right away, if you've really made up your mind to do a thing. I have a book, and we can put down the impolitenesses for the next four days, and make the first strings Saturday."

"But we must have a constitution and by-laws," said Gussie; "secret societies, and other kinds, always do."

"I think we hardly need them," said Alice. "Anyhow, if we do, we can get them up afterward. Now, remember you all have promised to tell a——"

"Certain true, black and blue,
Hope to choke if ever I do,"

chanted Jessie, loudly.

"One for you," said Alice, drawing out her book.

"We have n't begun! we have n't begun!" said Jessie, pulling away her pencil. "I shall go crazy, I know I shall, if I must think of every word I say! Besides, you're not president yet."

"Yes, she is," said Gussie. "We all agreed, and now we've begun. I knew you'd be the first to get a black bead!"

"One for you," said Alice, turning to Gussie. "That's a taunt."

Each little girl looked at the others in consternation.

"We'll have to watch every word we say!" exclaimed Marion Lawrence. "I never can do it:

and yet we've all promised. I'm afraid my string will be all black."

"Now," said Alice, as the bell rang again, "I shall not tell any of you about the others' black beads until Monday, and I shall put down all my own rudenesses too, and if I don't, any one can tell me of them. We are the 'S. F. B. P.,' and DON'T YOU TELL!"

As the week went on Miss Christie wondered equally at the startling increase of good manners, and at the air of importance and mystery which surrounded each little girl. She wondered more on Monday morning, when the seven appeared half an hour before the usual time and gathered in a recitation room, which she was politely requested to yield to them until the bell rang. Alice locked the door, and then drew a long breath.

"I'm thankful it's Monday," she said. "Oh, such a week! I have n't had a minute's peace, watching you all, and George saw me stringing the beads and asked what they were for, and I told him they had something to do with the 'S. F. B. P.,' and now he wont let me alone at all, and is trying constantly to make me tell. Here are the seven strings in this box. Gussie, you have only four black beads. I have seven, and Rose eight, and Marion six, and Mary and Annie Robbins each five. Look at Jessie's!"

Alice held up a string, an inch or two of which was in deepest mourning.

"Twenty-seven, Jessie!" she said.

"I don't believe it! Show me the book!" sputtered Jessie. "Twenty-seven times from Tuesday to Friday afternoon? It's no such thing,—so, now!"

"One for contradicting," said Alice. "Gussie has the fewest black beads, so she's the next president, and she can put it down. Here's the book. Has any one told?"

"I have n't," came from every one, with the greatest promptness.

"That's right. Girls *can* keep things secret, even if boys think they can't. This society will teach us to hold our tongues, and not tell all we know. George is determined to find out, and so is Fred Camp, and you must take care or they will. It's very hard work not to tell things."

All the older girls opened their eyes wide as the seven answered the school-bell. During the week each one had worked the four letters on cardboard, and now appeared with a string of part-colored beads about her neck, and "S. F. B. P." in large letters just over her heart. Miss Christie smiled, but said nothing. As the week went on, Miss Brown, the assistant teacher, said that this nonsense going on among the little ones had better

be stopped, as it distracted their attention; but Miss Christie only answered that it did not seem to her to be doing any harm, and if it proved harmful she would attend to it.

George, in the meantime, had used every art known to the mind of boy to find out the meaning of the mysterious letters. Jessie and he were firm friends, and he felt sure that a little judicious teasing would give him every detail, and was profoundly astonished that it did not. Fred Camp

day, when Jessie and Alice were locked in their room, and George with Fred Camp and Will Ashton were looking out sulkily and wondering what they had better do, Satan, seeing six "idle hands," at once found mischief for them to do.

"They have n't any business to have secrets," said George. "It's different with us, of course. We're old enough to know what we're about. I don't believe it's anything good, else they would n't be so mum about it."



"ALICE'S HEAD FELL BACK UPON GEORGE'S ARM AS HE LIFTED HER."

pleaded with his cousin Gussie, shocked her by insisting that the letters meant "Society for Buying Pies," and returned each day to the charge with never-diminished energy. Bribes, threats, entreaties, all were useless. The boys grew cross over their want of success, and one rainy Satur-

"I'd *make* 'em tell, if they belonged to me," said Will Ashton, a heavy-looking boy with disagreeable eyes. "I'd listen and find out that way, or else I'd plague them till they were afraid not to tell. You can almost always scare a girl."

"Let's get into their room," said Fred. "We

can drop through the transom, you know, over the door in the back hall. Take the step-ladder and back right in. Keep quiet now, and we 'll astonish them."

Alice and Jessie sat at their table altering strings of beads. Jessie had labored through a week of the presidency, nearly exposing the whole thing by her impetuous ways, and writing herself down oftener than any one. There was a decided improvement, however, and she held up her own string admiringly. Long ago she had bought some fat black beads, determined to get some fun out of her iniquities, and now she held them out to Alice.

"Only eleven this week," she said. "I have thick black ones for pushing, and long ones for screaming, and these flat ones for interrupting, and I do believe I'm getting a great deal better."

Here came a rattling against the door, and then a silence.

"Go away," said Alice. "You can't come in now. We're busy.—My goodness!"

A pair of legs came through the ventilator, waved wildly for a moment, and then Fred dropped to the floor, followed by George and Will, who made low bows as they gazed upon the astonished girls.

"You're mean, horrid things to come where you're not wanted," said Jessie, pushing her book under the table-cover. "Gentlemen don't do such things. My father would n't."

"Good reason why! he could n't. He'd stick on the way and wave there all day," sang Fred.

"Thank you, Miss Jessie; you did n't poke it so far under but that I can get it. Now we 'll see—*Alice Benedict*: Bragging, 1; Interrupting, 2; Contradicting, 1. *Gussie Sanborn*: Airs, 1; Sulks, 1. *Jessie Kimball*: Pushing, 4."

"Fred Camp, you mean boy! put it down!" cried Jessie, growing very red, and making dashes after the book, which Fred held high over his head.

"Look here, Jessie," said Fred, when after a long chase about the room she and Alice sank down panting. "It's no use now. We have the book, and we're going to keep it, too, unless you will tell what it all means. We 'll have the beads too, and any other little thing we like."

"I'll tell Mother," said Alice, making a dash toward the door.

"Easy, now," said George, holding her back. "Mother wont be back till three, for she's up at Aunt Myra's. You may scream to Hannah or Mary if you like, but I guess I can manage them. You sha'n't come down to lunch, if you don't tell"

"I can call fast enough," said Alice.

"Call away," said Will; "We 'll give you three chances to tell, and then if you wont we 'll put you in the trunk-room and keep you there,

anyhow till your mother comes. She can't scold me nor Fred. Now, will you tell?"

"Never!" said Jessie, furiously, and "Never!" repeated Alice.

"Once! Now, again! Will you tell or wont you?"

Will caught Jessie's hands and held them tight.

"No," she said again, trying to pull away. "You're a tyrant! You're a coward! You're as bad as Fred!"

"Twice. Never mind little pet names. Now, the last time. Will you tell?"

Alice looked at Jessie, but both were silent.

"Into the trunk-room with them!" Will shouted, picking up Jessie as though she had been a baby. George unlocked the door, and he and Fred pulled along the struggling Alice, who, as they reached the hall, made a sudden dash for the stairs. Fred sprang forward, and accidentally slipped upon the floor in front of her, and Alice, unable to stop, tripped over his foot, and fell down the stairs, catching at the banisters, and lying at last in a little heap at the bottom. Will dropped Jessie, who flew at him like a little tiger, and then rushed down after George. Alice's head fell back upon George's arm as he lifted her.

"She's dead," he said, looking up with a pale face. "She's dead, and we have killed her!"

Will looked at her a moment, then snatched his cap and ran out at the front door, saying, "I did n't do it, anyhow."

The two servants had come as the sound of the fall reached them, and with a storm of words at the two boys, they carried Alice to her room and laid her on the bed. Fred ran for a doctor, and George for his mother, while poor Jessie sat by and cried.

"She's dead! she's dead. Oh, wurra! wurra!" moaned Mary.

"Niver a bit," said Hannah, who had been chafing Alice's hands and moistening her head, which was badly bruised. "See, now; the darlint is comin' to herself."

Alice opened her eyes, feebly at first, then brightly as usual, and sat up.

"I thought I was dead," she said, "but I'm only stiff a little. I did n't tell, did I?"

"No, you did n't, you darling!" said Jessie, flinging her arms around her. "I was just going to though for a minute, when that awful Will got hold of me. I never thought George and Fred were such horrid boys."

Half an hour later, when Mrs. Benedict came in pale and quiet, not knowing what she might find, while George, utterly miserable, followed her, hardly daring to look up, Alice threw her arms about her

mother's neck and held tight, till forced in spite of herself to look at the astonishing sight of George actually crying and telling her how glad he was that she had not been killed.

"I'll never bully a girl again as long as I live. I don't care whether you ever tell or not," he said abjectly. "You're pluckier than any boy I know."

Mrs. Benedict, as she listened to the story of the day, decided that it held its own lesson, and she need say nothing. The doctor, when he came, assured them no harm had been done so far as he could discover, but he advised quiet for the rest of the day, which Alice spent lying in state, and waited upon by George with the greatest deference.

When the "S. F. B. P." again met, Alice, as she gave out the strings for the week and complimented the society on the small number of black beads, opened a little box George had put into her hand as she left the house. In it was a gold pin, shield-shaped, bearing the letters "S. F. B. P.,"

and around it, in the smallest of German text, the letters "A. B. T. G. W. N. T."

"He has all the alphabet there anyway," said Jessie Kimball. "What does it all mean?"

"Alice Benedict, the Girl who Never Tells," said Alice, half laughing, half proudly. "George and Fred spent their own money for it to pay for tumbling me down-stairs; and he said last night, if we all kept our promises so well, why we would n't be like most girls, that 's all."

All this was twenty-five years ago. Long ago the society held its last meeting. Of the seven only five remain, and Alice is Alice Benedict no longer. If Alice, Junior, had not pulled out the little pin from a dark corner of her mother's desk the other day, and having heard all about it, told the whole story to her pet Uncle George that evening after dinner, you would never have known, any more than he, the full meaning of the mysterious letters S. F. B. P.

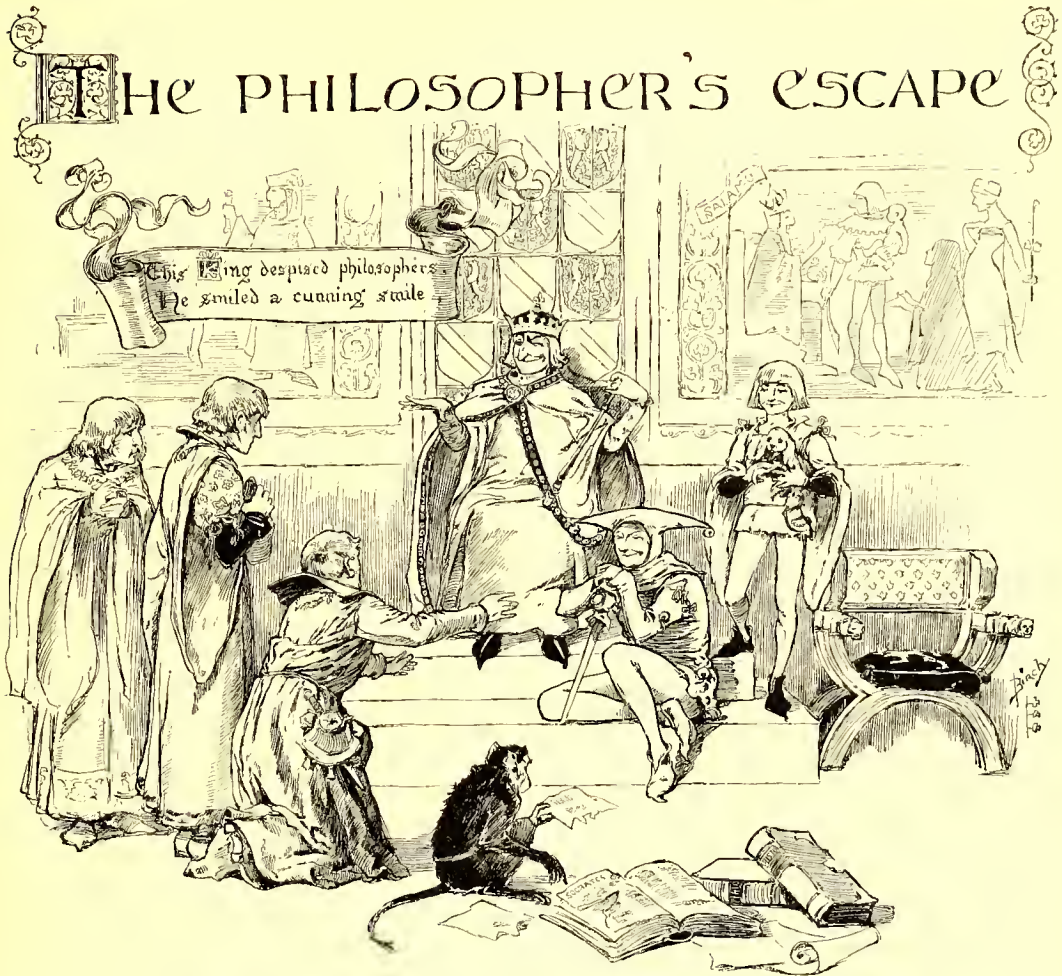
THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

HE jumps so high in sun and shade,
I stop to see him pass,—
A gymnast of the glen and glade,
Whose circus is the grass!
The sand is 'round him like a ring,—
He has no wish to halt,—
I see the supple fellow spring
To make a somersault!

Though he is volatile and fast,
His feet are slim as pegs.
How can his reckless motions last
Upon such slender legs?
Below him lazy beetles creep;
He gyrates 'round and 'round,—
One moment vaulting in a leap,
The next upon the ground!

He hops amid the fallen twigs
So agile in his glee,
I 'm sure he 's danced a hundred jigs
With no one near to see!
He tumbles up, he tumbles down!
And from his motley hue,
'T is clear he is an insect clown
Beneath a tent of blue!



BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

ONCE there lived a wise philosopher (so runs an ancient rhyme),
Who was prisoned in a dungeon, although guilty of no crime;
And he bore it with a patience that might well be called sublime.

For the cruel king who put him there had made a stern decree:—
"Imprisoned in this dungeon the philosopher shall be,
"Till he find out by his own wise brains the means to make him free."

This king despised philosophers; he smiled a cunning smile,
When his people said: "Your Majesty, the sage is free from guile;
And consider, sir, the poor old soul has been there—such a while!"

"Then let him find the way to leave," sternly the king replied.—
Full seven weary weeks had passed; the sage still sat and sighed,
And pondered how to break his bonds,—but long and vainly tried.

He had no money and no tools; he racked his learned brain
To solve the dreary problem—how his liberty to gain.
He wept, and wrung his useless hands;—but groaned and wept in vain.



One morn, as he sat
scheming for the free-
dom that he sought,
A plow-boy passed the
window, with a cheery
whistle, caught
From happy heart. The
lively sound disturbed
the wise man's thought.

The peasant stopped his
merry tune, and peered
within to see
Who the creature that
inhabited that gloomy
place might be.

"—Easy 't is," quoth the
philosopher, "to sing
when one is free."

"But why do you sit moan-
ing there?" the merry
peasant cried.

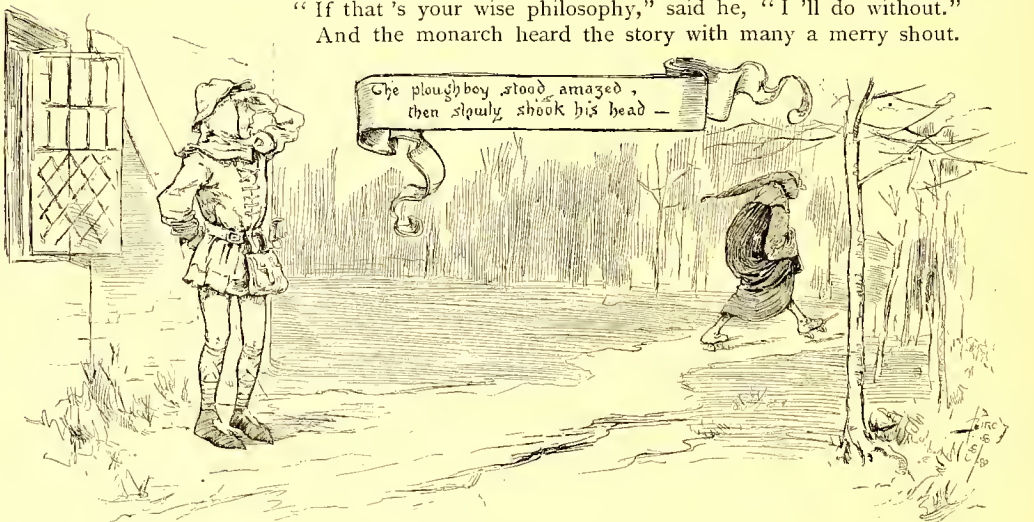
"My prison door is locked
and barred," the
mournful sage replied;

"Who has no money,
tools, nor friends for-
ever here may bide!"

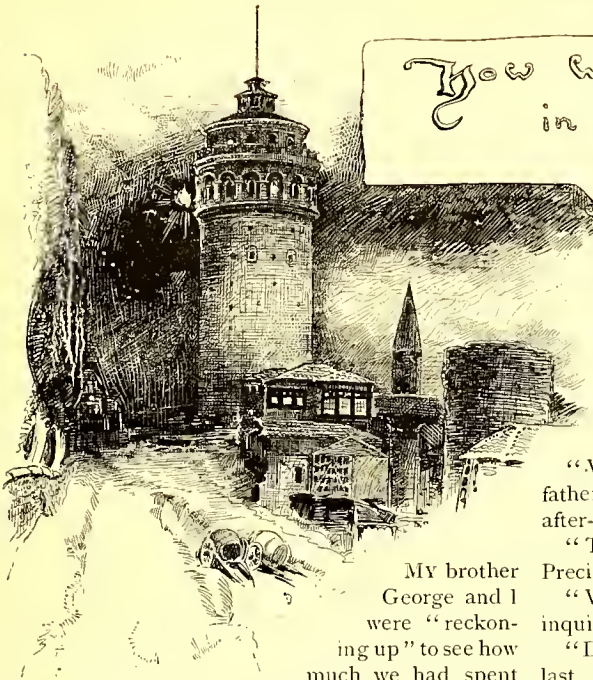
"But if the door is locked and barred," the stupid boy still cried,
"The window opens outward, and the window opens wide!"
The wise man started,—paused,—and then with dignity he eyed

The foolish clown. "My boy," said he, "a notion so absurd,
So plain and simple, *could* not to *me* have e'er occurred;
But"—(Here he leaped the window without another word).

The plow-boy stared amazed, then slowly shook his head in doubt.
"If that's your wise philosophy," said he, "I'll do without."
And the monarch heard the story with many a merry shout.



*You We Were Burnt Out
in Constantinople.*
BY
OSCAN YAN.



ONE OF THE FIRE-TOWERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

MY brother George and I were "reckoning up" to see how much we had spent during the day in the grand bazaars of Stamboul,* when Artyn, our guide, entered our parlor with the bundles containing our "bargains."

Our father had arranged for us to spend the summer months in that delightful climate, and had engaged quarters at the Hotel Luxemburg, kept by a Frenchman, on the European plan. It was situated on the main street and in the central part of Pera.

Pera is one of the suburbs of Constantinople, on the north side of the Golden Horn, occupying the entire ridge, and is mainly inhabited by Europeans. Here all the embassies and the legations of foreign powers are situated, as well as many hotels, theaters, and fancy stores; so that the main street of Pera has quite the air of a street in a European city.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when Artyn entered the room, and we immediately opened our parcels and examined them, each selecting his own property. There were small embroideries, tiny slippers, table and chair covers, pipes with amber mouth-pieces, tiny coffee cups, with filigree silver holders, fragrant attar of roses, little rugs, and many other similar articles intended for presents to our friends.

In the midst of our pleasant examination we suddenly heard the loud boom of a cannon, which, in the stillness of the hour, sounded so loud that it greatly startled us.

"Ah! a fire!" exclaimed Artyn. "Let us see

where it is," and he listened eagerly, with his finger on his lip. In a moment there was another report. "That's two," said he, and waited for more. After counting six reports, Artyn exclaimed with surprise, "Why! that means Pera, or its neighborhood."

"What makes you think so?" inquired our father, who was sitting on the sofa, enjoying his after-dinner rest.

"The number of guns, sir. This is the Sixth Precinct," was the answer.

"Where are those guns fired?" was the next inquiry.

"Do you remember, sir, where I took you last Friday afternoon, half-way up the Bosphorus?"

"Certainly."

"Well, sir, you must have noticed the high hill on our right as we landed. It is called Kennan-Tépé. As it commands an extensive view of the Bosphorus, some guns are placed there, and a watch is posted to note the first appearance of fire in any part of the city, and to announce it by firing the cannon."

"How do they find out that there is a fire in Pera, when they are so far off?"

"Perhaps they have telegraphic communication," observed our mother, who had come in and was examining the articles we had purchased.

"Yes, madam," rejoined Artyn, "but it is not by wires. There are two towers devoted to that purpose. One in the city itself, called the Ser-Asker's tower, on account of its being near the war department, and the other the Galata tower, on the northern shore of the Golden Horn, which we pass almost every day in going to the city. You have not visited either of them yet. When you do, you will find that the view from each of these towers is very extensive. There are watchers stationed at each tower, who are constantly on the lookout, and the moment they discover the first sign of a fire they put out a signal, calling Kennan-Tépé's attention to it. If you will please to come up with me to the top of the house, I will show you how the thing is done."

But at that moment Artyn's explanation was

* The Turkish name for Constantinople.

suddenly interrupted by a long and dismal yell in the street.

"There!" exclaimed he, "that's the *neovbetjee*, one of the watch from the Galata tower, who is dispatched to announce the fire to the different guard-houses where the fire-engines are kept."

We all rushed to the windows to have a look at him. He was a young man wearing short, loose trousers of white cotton cloth. His legs were bare below the knees; he wore Turkish red pointed shoes on his feet, without stockings,—a loose jacket of brown felt over a white cotton shirt, and his head was covered with a metallic bowl, which shone brightly. A leather belt encircled his waist, and was clasped with a large brass buckle in front. He carried a short spear in his right hand to defend himself, Artyn said, from the dogs which abound in the streets. But these animals, I noticed, kept carefully out of the way as soon as they heard him coming. His yell was to warn the people to make way for him and inform those at the guard-house of his approach, just as stage-drivers in America used to sound the horn when approaching a village, or as a railroad locomotive whistles when nearing a station. It served also to give due notice to the guards to be ready to hear from him the exact locality of the fire, so as to start their engine with promptness.

This man was soon followed by another dressed like one of the common porters who brought our trunks from the custom-house to the hotel. Indeed, these poor fellows, Artyn informed us, after working hard all day, serve also on the night-watch for fires. He carried, in one hand, a long lantern, four-cornered and covered with parchment, and, in the other, a heavy club, shod with iron. He stopped before our window and gave three thumps on the stones, and cried out in a melancholy tone, "*Yangun-Yar*," ("Fire! fire! at——!") Immediately everybody who heard ran out of their houses, and the quiet street began to be crowded.

"Let us go upon the roof," said George. So we all hastened up, and there, the night being clear, we had a fine panoramic view of the city. We saw both the towers, each of which had put out a large globular red lantern, suspended from a long pole, which extended from one of the windows in the direction of the fire. We had a good view of the fire, too, which was not far off.

"Would you like to go and see a Constantinople fire?" suggested our guide.

"Why, yes! to be sure!" exclaimed George and I, "if Father would let us."

"I dare say he will. May they go, sir? It's worth seeing, and I will take good care of them," said Artyn, addressing our father.

Artyn was a young Armenian, educated at Robert college, on the Bosphorus, and consequently he spoke English well. Father had taken a great liking to him. He knew the young fellow was intelligent, and he had great confidence in his ability. So he gave us permission to go, since we were to be under Artyn's care; and George and I immediately rushed down-stairs, and, clapping on our hats, left the hotel with our guide.

We found the streets, which were quite narrow, almost impassable; and Artyn, anxious for our safety, enjoined us to keep together. While elbowing our way through the motley crowd, we suddenly heard another thrilling yell from behind us, and at the sound, the crowd took to the sides of the street. There were no sidewalks; men and beasts walked along indiscriminately. When the throng heard the shout, they quickly separated so as to form a clear space, as American crowds sometimes have to do at a fire.

"That shout means that a fire-engine is coming. Keep close to the wall, or else you'll be run over and trampled upon," remarked Artyn.

"But I don't hear the rattling of the wheels," observed George.

"No, indeed," rejoined Artyn; "and for the simplest reason in the world,—because the engine is not run on wheels."

We soon caught sight of the captain of the company. He was a tall athletic fellow, dressed like the *neovbetjee* we had seen pass by our hotel. He was coming toward us in a double-quick trot, brandishing, in a proud manner, the brass spout that belonged to the hose. He was followed by the engine and the firemen that belonged to it. O, what a sight! Most of them were scantily clothed, and some did not even have caps upon their heads, but I noticed that all wore the regulation belt with the large buckle in front. They were evidently of the class which composed the riffraff of the city. The engine itself was nothing more than a big-sized garden pump, carried on the shoulders of eight men, four in front and four behind. They relieved one another every now and then with great dexterity and alertness.

They soon swept by us, followed by the hose, which was coiled over a long pole, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of another file of men. Just as they reached the next corner, there emerged from a side street another engine, whereupon a squabble for the right of way immediately arose. The two companies jostled and pushed forward, each party trying to get ahead of the other. After a long harangue and bluster, accompanied by constant yelling, screaming and hard words, they lowered their respective engines to the ground and fell into a regular fight, wrestling, pushing, and knocking one



another down in a most ferocious manner. Their looks and actions were frantic, and they fought like madmen.

While they were thus engaged, a third shrill yell assailed our ears. I thought another engine was coming, and wondered what would be the result, when Artyn exclaimed:

“Ah! There comes the Ser-Asker, the minister of war! He’ll soon settle their dispute!” And he did.

He was preceded by a *neovetjee*, who cleared the way for him, and when he came up, he promptly ordered the companies to take up their engines and follow him, which they did with the utmost meekness and alacrity. There was no chance now for either party to claim the victory, but they kept up a subdued rattle of words all the way.

“Does the minister of war belong to the fire department?” I inquired of Artyn.

“Oh, no!” said Artyn. “But all the ministers and high officers of the Government assist voluntarily at great fires, in order to encourage the men and to keep order, as you have just seen. Even the Sultan himself is sometimes present.”

“How much pay do these zealous firemen get?” put in George.

“Pay!” exclaimed Artyn, with a hearty laugh. “No pay at all. They do it for the love of it. Glory, sir; glory and excitement are sufficient pay for them! They are exempted, however, from taxes, and each fellow gets one pair of shoes a year from the Government; and if, by accident, they should succeed in saving a house from the flames, they get a *backshish*, or present, from the owner,

“THE PLACE WHERE WE WERE STANDING WAS BECOMING UNCOMFORTABLY HOT.”

with which they repair to some favorite haunt, and celebrate their prowess with a crowd of noisy friends."

We had now reached the place where the fire was raging. We could not get very near to it, but were near enough to watch its progress. It was an awful sight. It looked as if the whole city was on fire. Every now and then volumes of thick dark

some distance, finally alighting upon other houses and setting them aflame. In this way, the fire was spreading dangerously. The people, however, knowing this danger, were watching on the roofs with pails of water; but the firebrands fell so thick and fast that they could not master them. We saw many people, whose houses had been fired in this manner, running to save their homes.



THE TURKISH CEMETERY.

smoke ascended, followed by bright flames which shot suddenly upward like so many tongues of fire trying to lick the sky. The crash of the falling houses, the rattle of the tiles with which the roofs were covered, the clanking of the engines, the yells of the firemen, the screams of distressed women and frightened children, the hoarse shouts of men madly endeavoring to save their furniture, — made a terrific din.

The fire originated in a valley on the north side of Pera hill. The houses, being principally built of wood and dry as tinder, fell an easy prey to the devouring element. There was, besides, a strong northerly wind that fanned the flames. Cinders in quantities were floating in the air like fire-works. Even large pieces of wood were detached from buildings on fire and carried by the wind

Under these circumstances, the tiny fire-engines could do but little toward arresting the progress of the fire. It was fast making its way up the hill, taking in everything in its path.

The water supply, too, was very deficient. It was either obtained from the public fountains (whence it was carried to the engines in leather bags and pails), or it was drawn from deep wells and private cisterns. These latter, Artyn informed us, being used as receptacles for kitchen utensils, are often unavailable; so that the water gives out soon, or is very slow to reach the engines.

Artyn now suggested that we should retreat from the place where we were standing; for it was becoming not only uncomfortably hot, but even dangerous. From the windows above us, beds, bedding, and various articles of furniture were

being thrown into the street, where the friends of the owners scrambled forward to assist in saving the property. Before retiring, however, we witnessed two tragic events.

We saw a young woman brought out of a burning house with a copper kettle in her hand. She was screaming wildly, "My baby! Oh, my baby!" The woman had been engaged in the kitchen, with her infant in her arms, and had been busily occupied saving her cooking utensils by throwing them into the cistern, quite unconscious that her dwelling was already on fire. The firemen, having discovered her in that perilous place, had rushed into the kitchen and forced her to hasten out. On her way she had spied a copper kettle, and had instinctively seized it; but in her fright and bewilderment, she had thrown her baby into the cistern instead of the kettle. Fortunately, a sturdy fellow succeeded in rescuing the baby, and restoring it to the distracted mother.

The other incident was even more dreadful. As we stood looking at the fire, we beheld a man struggling, and the next moment saw him thrown deliberately into the flames.

George and I exchanged looks of horror, but the bystanders seemed to pay little heed to the occurrence, merely remarking that the man was an incendiary who had been caught in the act of spreading the fire for the purpose of robbery.

We now found, that to abandon our position was not an easy matter. We had to fight our way through the crowd, and when, by hard effort, we gained the main street, we discovered that there was no possibility of getting to our hotel, the fire having intercepted us. So we had to make a wide circuit by going down the hill toward the Bosphorus and up again at the other end of Pera. We noticed on our way that every vacant spot along the street was filled with heaps of household furniture, covered with carpets as a protection from thieves and fall-

ing embers, the owners, or friends of the owners, standing guard near by.

On the way back, Artyn took us through a most dismal place, which frightened us almost out of our wits. We had to pass through the large Turkish cemetery that lies in the outskirts of Pera. The somber darkness of the cypress trees was gloomy enough, and against it the standing monuments, lit by the glare of the fire, looked like so many ghosts arisen from their graves to witness the conflagration.

We reached at last the foot of the hill by the Sultan's palace, and struck out toward Topanné. When we arrived there, we learned that we could not get to our hotel, for the simple reason that there was no longer any such hotel in existence. It had been burnt to the ground! We thought of our parents, and were greatly alarmed. We felt confident that they had escaped from the place, but even if they had, how and where were we to find them?

To appease our anxiety on that score, Artyn said:

"Well, young gentlemen, we will go to every hotel that is not burnt down, and inquire for them. If not in any of the hotels, they probably are at the American Legation, which is not touched by the fire."

We were greatly comforted at this and trudged on with redoubled vigor. And within an hour, to our great joy, we found both father and mother comfortably lodged at the Hotel D'Angleterre. They were anxiously hoping for our coming, and were as delighted as ourselves at the reunion.

They, too, carried away by the excitement that surged around them, had gone out, and before they had returned the hotel was in ashes.

But we have never become fully reconciled to the loss of our "bargains," which were consumed and buried in the ruins of the hotel.

A BOBOLINK and a chick-a-dee
 Sang a sweet duet in the apple-tree.
 "When I'm in good voice," said the chick-a-dee,
 "I sing like you to 'high' C, 'high' C;
 But I've caught such a cold
 That for love or for gold
 I can sing only chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dce!"

A SEA TURN.



IT is all very well to be good, I agree,
To be gentle, and patient, and that sort of thing,—
But there 's something that just suits my taste to a T
In the thought of a reg'lar Pirate King.

FRIEDA'S DOVES.

BY BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

FRIEDA grieved most at leaving the cathedral. For Freiburg itself she cared little. She was only a lame child, who could not run about with her strong brothers, and sometimes, indeed, when her back was very weary, she could not even walk. But she was not unhappy, for Bäbele was always kind, and was so gentle on the days when the pain came that the touch of her rough, hard-working hands was as tender as an angel's, Frieda thought. And then Bäbele was so droll, and knew how to tell such delightful tales about the Hölenthal, the wild mountain pass near Freiburg, through which the boys often tramped to gather and bring home flowers for the little sister. "Here are your weeds, Frieda," they would shout, laughingly, and would almost bury the little girl under the fresh fragrant mass of blossoms. The brothers were rough sometimes with one another, but never to Frieda. Johann, the eldest, worked with his father in the picture department of a publishing house. Heinrich and Otto were still at school.

In the twilight, after the day's work was done and before it was quite dark enough to light the candle,—for they were poor and thrifty people, who had to be careful not to waste anything,—Bäbele used to take Frieda in her arms and tell her wonderful tales, not only of the wild Hölenthal, but of the Wildsee, the Mummelsee, the Murgthal, and many another spot in the Black Forest, as well as legends of the Rhine and the Hartz Mountains, and of the Thuringian Woods and the Wartburg; and the most astonishing thing was, there was never a day when the pain came that Bäbele, although she had been telling fairy tales all these years,—and Frieda was nine years old now,—did not have a perfectly marvelous story to tell, full of unheard-of adventures, and irresistible charm. And Frieda would listen entranced, until she forgot the poor little aching back that did not grow straight like other children's backs.

But it did not always ache, and Frieda was really a contented little girl, and merry, too, in her quiet way. She used to sit in her low chair and watch Bäbele at her work, and croon sweet solemn airs she heard in the cathedral, and help, too, whenever she could. Sometimes she could sew a button on Johann's shirt, or even darn a sock for restless little Otto, who wore everything out so fast; and she was always pleased to be useful.

At night, when the boys came home, they would

tell her what had happened to them during the day, and she was clever enough to assist Heinrich and Otto with their lessons, for in her feeble body dwelt a sweet, strong, and helpful spirit. Then Johann would explain to her how they made pictures, until she understood the process almost as well as he. As for her papa, she saw little of him except during the dinner hour at noon; for he worked hard all day, and when evening came sat with his fellow-workmen smoking his pipe, and seldom came home until after the children were asleep. He did his best for his family, but he had never been the same man, Bäbele said, since his bright, cheery wife died, and that was a few months after Frieda was born. And these nine years Bäbele had staid on, and kept the house and the children clean, and toiled early and late, and all for love of Frieda; for it was little wages that she received, and the growing boys needed more and more every day, and Frieda's father would have been desperate and helpless without faithful Bäbele. When the neighbors remonstrated and told her she could get higher wages as servant in some grand house, she replied scornfully:

"A gown on my back, a roof over my head, and bread enough for the day — what more do I want? And I would n't live without Frieda, no, not in the King's palace and on the King's throne, and that's the beginning and the end of it."

The neighbors shook their heads and advised this and that, because neighbors like to seem wise and delight to give advice, but in their hearts they thought all the more of Bäbele for her devotion to Frieda.

So, though lame and motherless and poor, Frieda was not an unhappy child. She had many joys, and the greatest joy of all was the cathedral. They lived close by, almost in its shadow, and on her "well days" Bäbele used to lead Frieda over and leave her there alone for hours, knowing that no harm could come to her in that sacred place. The old beadle knew her well and was kind to her, and all the people who came regularly learned to look for the quiet little figure sitting alone by the great pillar, and to be glad of the gentle smile of greeting from the pale child with the large brown eyes and the heavy chestnut hair falling below her waist, concealing with its beautiful luxuriance the pitiful little hump between the shoulders.

Strangers often turned to wonder at the blessed, peaceful look the deformed child wore. But they

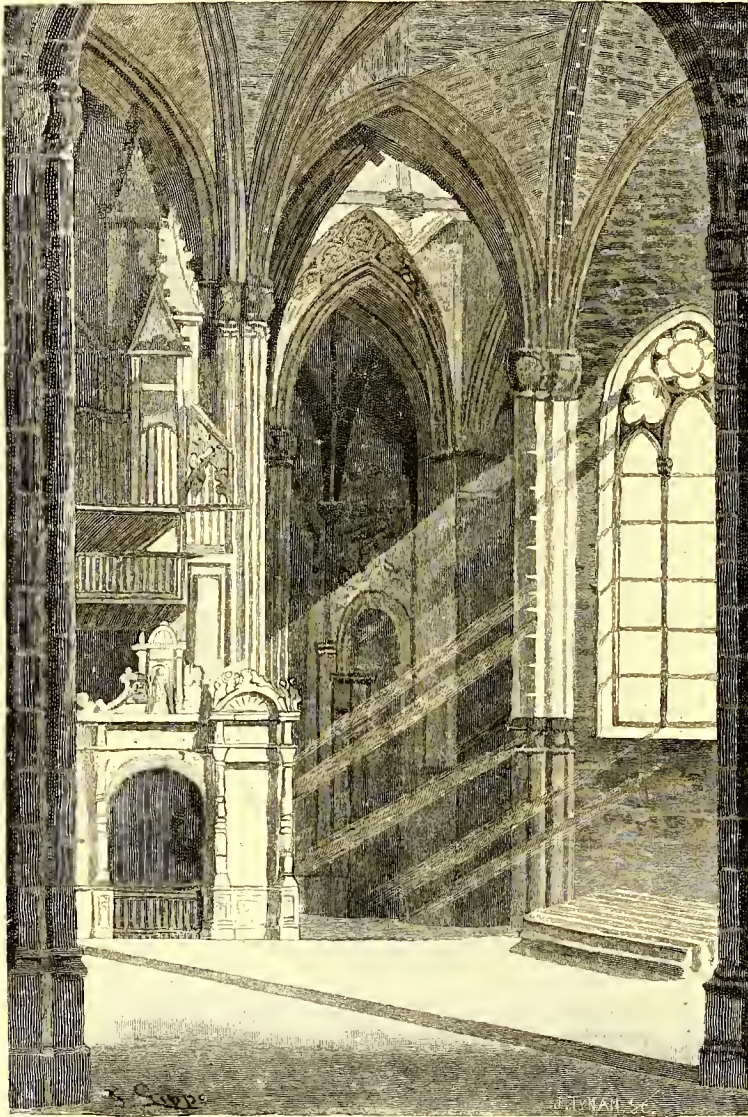
need not have wondered. She knew only love at home, and lived always among beautiful thoughts. Why should she not be happy?

There she would sit by the hour watching the

all she saw there in the great solemn, still cathedral. The massive shafts, the noble arches, the slanting rays of colored light, the many voices of the organ. She knew it all so well, that she could

see every line as clearly when her eyes were closed as when they were open.

Only once did anything ever happen to make her refuge seem less dear and safe. It was in summer, when Freiburg is full of strangers. Frieda was so used to them, she knew at a glance, when a party came into the church, whether they were people who really loved the noble lines as she did, or whether they were what she called the "tired ones" who looked too weary to love anything, or the business-like, loud-talking ones who always mentioned that they had "been in Milan and Cologne, and did not think much of this cathedral." Little did Frieda care for the unfavorable comparison. It was her cathedral, her world. And little did people know how close an observer the still, fragile child was. She was too gentle to criticise, but she unconsciously made very clever distinctions. One day a gentleman and lady and a boy of ten or twelve entered the cathedral. "He is a tired one," thought Frieda, "and she has been in Milan and Cologne." The boy had small black eyes,



THE CORNER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

warm violet and rose lights from the stained-glass windows, gleaming and glowing here and there on the cold stone, now falling on the bowed head of a peasant woman kneeling with her heavy basket by her side, now lingering on the cheek and hair and soft rich draperies of a fair young girl. How Frieda loved the changing lights! How she loved

quick movements, was richly dressed, and carried a little cane. As they passed, the lady gave the lonely little figure by the pillar a careless glance, and threw some pennies into her lap. This did not wound Frieda's gentle spirit. Such a thing had, indeed, happened now and then, but only unthinking, careless people could possibly make the mistake of

imagining that those restful, patient eyes were asking for charity. Frieda rose slowly, walked over to a poor-box, and dropped the pennies in. The lady and gentleman had gone on, and did not see her. The boy looked at her mockingly with his hard, bright eyes, and then said: "This is the way you go," at the same time dropping his chin on his breast, hunching his back, and walking with a slow, mincing step.

The English words Frieda did not understand, but the tone and the action were too brutally plain to mistake their meaning. Like a crushed flower the lame child sank drooping into her chair, and looked with wide, sorrowful eyes at the boy, who, with a grimace and a "Good-bye, Owl!" ran on to join his parents.

When Bäbele came to take Frieda home, the little girl was pale and very silent. Bäbele thought she was weary, but when the next day and the next and still another day came, and she said gently that she did not care to go to the cathedral, but preferred to stay with her good Bäbele, the faithful woman grew anxious.

"Is it the pain, my Frieda?"

"No, Bäbele, it's not the pain. At least, it's not *that* pain," the child said, gravely.

"Where is the pain, then?" asked Bäbele.

"Only here," said Frieda, pressing her slight hand against her heart. Then suddenly, for the first time in her life, she asked:

"Why did n't God make me straight, like the other children?"

And then poor Bäbele, whose love had so guarded the child that no harsh thing had ever disturbed her peace, knew that some strange hand had struck a blow, over which her darling had grieved many days; and, kneeling by Frieda's bed, she sobbed aloud, and taking the child in her strong arms, and covering her with kisses, said, in her warm, German fashion:

"Dearest, dear little heart, what makes the pain? What cruel thing has happened that my darling never wants to see the pretty lights or hear the grand organ any more? Tell thy Bäbele, little sweetheart."

"He had very black eyes and a velvet hat," murmured Frieda slowly, "and a crimson necktie, and a little walking-stick with an ivory dog's head. He did not mean any harm. He did not know it would make a pain in my heart to have him show me how I looked, and he made his pretty little straight back very ugly."—she was whispering now,— "and I thought if I was like that, I must disturb people who come to see tall straight pillars, so I'd better stay away."

Bäbele trembled from head to foot. She saw it all now as if she had been present. Her darling,

who had lived in a magic world of legendary lore and poetry and music, who had known all her life only the calm, solemn influences of the cathedral and the tender sweet influences of her simple home, had been wounded to the heart by this strange boy, and cruelly awakened to a consciousness of the deformity which separated her from other children.

"My lamb, my angel, I would give much to have saved thee this and to have kept the pain from thy heart," Bäbele exclaimed, adding fiercely, "and if had that imp here I'd wring his neck and crush him in my two hands."

"Oh, no!" whispered Frieda, laying her gentle hand on Bäbele's lips. "The little strange boy did not know. He did not know how I love the straight pillars and high arches. He did not know I forgot to think of myself because I love them so—and I *am* crooked, Bäbele," she went on with a piteous sob—"I AM. He could not help seeing it."

"Dear heart," said Bäbele, kissing the frail hands again and again, "I am only an ignorant woman, and I don't know how to make things clear. Even the wise men can't make things clear always. But I know this much. Something is wanting everywhere. It must be best so, or it would n't be so. And thou, my angel, thy back is crooked, but thy spirit is straight—and the wicked boy who mocked thee, his back is straight, but his spirit is crooked—and oh, thou darling of my heart, perhaps no one loves him as thy old Bäbele loves thee!"

"No," said the child, thoughtfully, "his papa was too tired to love him, and his mamma was too busy. Poor little boy!"

There was a long, long silence. Then Frieda smiled again. Throwing her arms round Bäbele's neck, she said softly to her faithful guardian:

"Love is best!" and the next day she said, "Please take me over, Bäbele dear. I want my lights," and Bäbele could have wept for joy as she led her to the cathedral. If after that Frieda shrank a little behind her favorite pillar when she saw a certain kind of boy coming toward her, and if she breathed more freely when he had passed, and if her great deep eyes seemed to grow still larger, still more thoughtful than before, at least she never complained, and she kept her thoughts to herself.

Months passed by, and in time she was ten years old, and everybody was sad because her papa had died. Bäbele at first scarcely knew what to do with the four children. But she was, as usual, brave and patient, and help came. Frieda's uncle from Geneva said he would take Heinrich and Otto and send them to school, and Johann was seventeen now and a steady lad, and he must continue

where he was and look out for himself. As to Frieda, here the uncle hesitated. His own family was large, his wife had many cares, and was not very patient. The boys would be out of the house most of the day, and they would not mind a hasty word now and then, but this pale, lame child, with the strange soft eyes—he shook his head doubtfully.

“*Ach*, I will take the blessed lamb!” cried Bäbele. “She would grieve so among strangers. Let me take her with me and I will make a home for her in my old home. Indeed, she shall not want while I live—and she is like an angel in the house, she is so wise and so sweet. She brings a blessing with her wherever she goes.”

So all was arranged. Johann was to stay in Freiburg. Heinrich and Otto were to go to Geneva, and Frieda was to go to Bäbele’s old home. Frieda was very sad, for she dreaded leaving the boys. But Johann, Otto, and Heinrich perhaps could come to her some day, Bäbele said, and could write to her always. But the cathedral, thought Frieda, could neither come nor write, and so, in her childish way, she grieved most of all at leaving the cathedral.

PART II.

FRIEDA kissed her brothers good-bye with a large lump in her throat, the day they went off with their uncle. She tied Otto’s cravat with trembling fingers, and brushed Heinrich’s hat in her motherly little fashion, but did not cry, for Bäbele had told her that the parting would be harder for the boys if she were not brave. After they were gone, and the house began to feel strangely still and empty, Bäbele led her into the cathedral and left her there for the last time in her old place. The poor little girl pressed her cheek against the cold pillar and sobbed as if her heart would break. At least, she need not restrain her tears out of consideration for the cathedral’s feelings. That was a comfort. No one noticed her. The shadows were deepening around her. Still clinging to the pillar, she wept until she stopped out of pure weariness. She was so little, so troubled. The cathedral was so vast and tall and calm. She grew quieted in spite of herself. “Everybody must love Heinrich and Otto and be good to them, for they are good!” she said. “And I can always remember that I used to be here. Nothing can take that away,” and the thought comforted her, though a great sob came with it. Then the organ began. Its thrilling tones seemed to be the voice of the great cathedral saying farewell to the pained little soul. She closed her eyes and sat motionless. Great

waves of music surged round her. And above the mighty volume of tone soared a single pure melody, ever sweeter, ever higher, up into the vaulted roof, up to the skies, up to heaven itself. The tired child felt as if she were lying in strong and tender arms, and as if many murmuring voices were saying softly, “Be loving! Be brave! Farewell!” She smiled gently. “Farewell, little Frieda! Be brave, be brave!” said the voices.

When Bäbele came, she found Frieda fast asleep, her tear-stained but placid face pressed close against the pillar, her arms clasping it lovingly. The next day they left Freiburg. Frieda was quite calm. She looked at the cathedral spires as they passed.

“Wilt thou go in, once more, my lamb?” asked Bäbele, anxiously watching her face.

“No,” answered the child, gravely. “We said good-bye to each other yesterday.”

It was a short journey to Bäbele’s old home, but long and hard for Frieda. She had never been in the cars, and they jarred and wearied her sadly, though Bäbele traveled slowly and gave her long rests, taking three days to do what she herself would have done in one, had she been alone. As they reached their destination, Bäbele was wild with delight.

“See, dear heart,” she cried, “how it lies among the hills. It is like a warm nest in this great cold world. And out beyond, a long, long way, is our village. And there’s the old castle and the tower and the great drooping trees of the park.”

Now it was far too dark to see anything whatever, except the lighted streets of the new city, but Frieda strained her eyes and dutifully tried to look in all directions at once to please Bäbele, whom she had never before seen so excited and gay. Presently a stout, broad-waisted, rosy lass darted from among the crowd by the station with a hearty:

“Greeting! Greeting, Bäbele! Dost thou not remember thy cousin Rickele? Have I grown so old in ten long years?”

“*Ach was!* Thou art little Rickele! And thou wast such a wee bit of a thing!” And Bäbele laughed and cried for joy.

“And the mother greets thee, and she has chosen a good room for thee, as thou didst write, and I am to take thee there, but I cannot be spared long, for the mistress said I was to come back in an hour, and the mother bids thee and the little one welcome, and she will come to thee when she brings her butter and eggs to market next week; and the neighbors greet thee, Bäbele, and wish thee health and good days with thy home-coming; and Peter, the shoemaker, has taken the baker’s Mariele, and the wedding is next month, and the dance will be at the ‘Golden Lamb.’”

So the girl chattered on, telling all the news of the village, swinging the travelers' boxes and bags, answering Båbele's eager questions and leading the way to the new home.

The chatter, the lights and buildings, together with her fatigue, made Frieda quite confused, but she looked up so sweetly at this great, strong, kind Rickelle that the girl's heart was won in a moment. "I will carry thee, little one!" she exclaimed, as they reached a tall dark house in a narrow street, and swinging the child up like a feather, she bore her in triumph up four long steep flights of stairs to the little room awaiting them.

The room had a sloping ceiling and a dormer window. There were two narrow beds in it, a stove, a bare wooden table, a couple of chairs, a chest of drawers, a few shelves with plates, cups, a dish or two, and a pitcher on them, bright brass kitchen utensils hanging on the wall, and a pot of pinks on the window-sill. Poor as it all was, the bare white floor shone from its recent scouring, and the room was as neat and clean as strong arms and willing hearts could make it.

With a deep sigh of contentment, Båbele surveyed her apartment. It was to be her home, and the home of the being she loved best on earth. To keep it, she must toil early and late. What mattered it? It was her own as long as she could pay for it, and she was once more among her kinsfolk—she was among the hills she had climbed as a girl. The very air she breathed was dear to her.

"Ah! How happy we shall be in this nest, my Frieda!" she exclaimed. "How beautiful is the homecoming to the wanderer! But thou art weary, my lamb; thou must eat a bit and sleep." And she undressed the child and laid her in her bed, beneath the great red coverlet of feathers, which seemed like an enormous hen cheerfully spreading its warm wings over the tired little girl.

"Sleep soft, my treasure!"

"Good-night, dear Båbele; good night, Rickelle," murmured Frieda, drowsily, and she sank to sleep with the shafts of the cathedral rising before her eyes, and the organ pealing in her ears, above all the noise and bustle of the journey.

It was after nine the next morning when Frieda

woke. Båbele had already prepared their simple breakfast. The same joy still beamed from her honest face. She kissed Frieda again and again, and called her her sweet angel, as she helped her dress, then led her to one of the little windows in the roof. The child saw at first only sunshine and roofs; roofs near, roofs far, roofs everywhere. It was so high, so strange. At Freiburg they



THE DORMER WINDOW.

had no stairs to climb. They were on the ground-floor. Here they were as high as birds. Frieda threw open the casement. The fresh spring breezes touched her cheek and blew her long hair. The sun shone on steep, red roofs and quaint gables. Two white doves sat on the roof near by. Frieda laughed and threw them bread crumbs from her breakfast. A big cat was solemnly blinking his eyes in a dormer window of the next house. Beyond the roofs rose the church tower; beyond the tower the fair, green hills.

"O Båbele, how happy I am?" cried Frieda.

"When I shut my eyes, I see my cathedral; when I open them, here are the roofs and the doves."

And Båbele looked at her with tears of joy.

This was the homecoming. It began kindly, with the welcome of friends and the heaven's sunshine. But long days of wearisome work followed. Båbele could not go into service, because of the child; so she did washing and mending, and bravely earned each day the bread they ate. The days she washed at home, Frieda was contented as a kitten, and made the hours fly by with her sweet songs and quaint remarks. But the four days of the week, when Båbele went off at day-break and Frieda was alone until toward evening, were very, very long for the little girl, and she spent them as best she might. With wide-open eyes she watched the doves, and the roofs, and the hills, then shut her eyes and saw the cathedral. She kept the wash accounts, and answered politely if anybody came to inquire about Båbele Hartneck, the washerwoman, and when at last Båbele returned, the two were happy as queens.

And Sundays! Ah, those were blessed days. Then Båbele had time to take Frieda down the four steep flights and out, out into the spring-time, out among the lilies of the valley, and the yellow cowslips and crocuses and slender jonquils, and all the sweet flowers that grow on the Suabian hills. Sometimes she would even manage to get taken out to Bachsdorf, where her people lived, and where the irregular, queer little houses seemed to be gossiping together and nodding their heads till they almost touched over the narrow straggling village street, and where the peasants in their red waistcoats and silver buttons and knickerbockers would sit the whole afternoon, under the chestnut trees of the 'Golden Lamb' garden, and Båbele would laugh as Frieda never heard her laugh in the old Freiburg days. The week was long and full of toil, but Sunday, under a fair sky, among kinsfolk and old friends, brought freedom, joy, and peace.

The two were quite happy—Båbele could scarcely save a penny, but she was strong and brave and always had steady work. One day there was a great surprise for Frieda. She was alone. There came a heavy thumping at the door, and actually four men brought in a *pianino* into the small crowded room. Båbele had discovered it among all sorts of rubbish, at a pawnbroker's shop, and hired it for a mere nothing.

"Art thou stark mad, Båbele Hartneck," cried the other washerwoman on the same floor. "Do the Freiburg washerwomen scrub to the sound of music?" And all the neighbors standing in their door-ways with their hands on their hips, laughed loud and long at Båbele's foolishness.

"Be easy, neighbor," replied Båbele, stoutly.

"Wash thine own skirts, and I will wash mine. Thou hast no angel in thy room. Angels in heaven have their harps. Mine shall have her sweet sounds. Let me go my way. I am no babe born yesterday." And the neighbors were silent and laughed no more; for they loved Frieda's gentle ways and earnest eyes.

After this bold deed of Båbele's, Frieda never had one lonely moment. The tones of the piano were quavering, like those of a very old lady's voice, but like that, too, it retained a few sweet notes suggestive of a far-off youth, and Frieda knew how to bring out all its faint sweetness, and was so blessed, she did not mind its frequent wheezes. And what else did this wise, imprudent, loving, obstinate, dear Båbele do? She found a hard-working young girl who gave music lessons, and, on the principle that exchange is no robbery, made a certain practical little arrangement with her, by which Båbele had a couple of hours' extra work now and then, and Frieda, twice a week, a half-hour's instruction in music. Now, Frieda's life was quite full. Up in her nest among the roofs, far above the noise of the busy streets, she was at rest. Hour after hour she was alone, but not lonely. She was not strong enough to work hard at her music, but she loved it, and it loved her and lingered with her. Besides what her teacher taught her, fragments of old fugues and masses she had heard in the cathedral found their way from her heart to her frail little fingers. And when she was weary, there were the open casement, the red roofs and gables, the doves, the tower, the hills.

"How beautiful and kind the world is!" thought the little lame child, who spent most of her days alone in the little room under the roof.

Two years passed in this quiet fashion. Things had scarcely changed at all. Båbele worked on as steadily, as cheerily, as ever, managed to pay her way, and was thankful. One warm June day, Frieda stood at her casement. Båbele would not return until five o'clock. The little girl had softly played an adagio of Beethoven's until she was weary. She had then fed her doves, who had fluttered about her, perched lovingly on her shoulder, and finally taken their position on the sunny roof below, cooing and pluming themselves.

"Pretty dears!" said Frieda, and carelessly taking up a wash-book from the table near by, and a stump of a pencil, half unconsciously she began to draw their softly curving heads. "Heads must have bodies," she said aloud, and presently the two doves from their beaks to their tails adorned a blank page of somebody's wash-book. "Doves can't stand on nothing," murmured Frieda, and merely to give the doves a resting-place, she hastily sketched the roof, and then other roofs, the chim-

ney, the curious little dormer windows, then, quite naturally, the old church tower, the lines of the distant hills, even the great masses of white clouds, where she saw all the heroes of the fairy tales she knew so well. It was all done to give the doves a place to perch upon, and a background.

"There, my dears. How do you like sitting for your portraits?" and she added a heavier line to Elsa's beak, and made Lohengrin's tail feathers more airy. At this moment, Dornröschen and the Prince happened to appear on the scene, and perched lower down on the same roof. "Dearie me, I must make you too or you'll be jealous as usual!" laughed Frieda, and Dornröschen and the Prince were added to the sketch.

It was really very curious. Frieda had never drawn anything in all her life. Her papa used to draw, and Johann too was quite clever with his pencil. But a little girl like her!—the idea had never occurred to her. Now, in this careless fashion, having finished her doves, she shut her eyes an instant in order to see better, and then with bold, clear strokes began to draw the picture that was imprinted on her soul,—the shafts, the high arches, the rich window where the lovely lights streamed in,—in short, the whole of her favorite corner in the cathedral. Swiftly, unhesitatingly the child's hand moved. Her cheeks flushed. The doves fluttered about her in vain. She heard no sounds rising from the street. She was back in the old days. Again she was listening to the organ, and to the high, clear, angel voice leading her soul far away. And when it was finished, she gave a sigh of relief, then closing the book, thought no more about it.

She might indeed have remembered her sketches and laughingly have shown them to Bäbele, had not a misfortune come to them which put such trifles quite out of her head. Poor Bäbele was brought home that very day with a badly sprained ankle. She had slipped on a wet floor and fallen, as she was moving a heavy tub.

She tried hard to be patient and not distress Frieda, but the prospect of long helpless days with her foot up in a chair was trying enough to the active woman, and more than that, she knew they needed her daily work for their daily bread. But how good everybody was! The baker round the corner sent some rolls the next day as soon as he heard of the accident, and the butcher a bit of good meat, and the rival washerwoman on the same floor came in to take home clothes that were finished and wash-books—and Bäbele rubbed her eyes and said, "It's all because of that blessed angel!"

It was Monday that she came home unfit for work. Thursday morning there was a violent knock at the

door. Bäbele started instinctively, but lay back with a moan, as Frieda opened the door.

A gray-haired old gentleman with shaggy eyebrows, and looking quite cross, came in. In one hand he carried a cane, in the other something very like a wash-book.

He gave one sharp look at Bäbele with her foot up—another at Frieda, who thought he was more like an ogre than any being she had ever seen.

"Good-morning," he said, gruffly. "I wish to find the young man who made these things in my book." And he pointed a stern forefinger at Frieda's sketches.

She came timidly forward. "If you please, sir, it was I. I did n't mean any harm, sir. I was only making my doves at first. I am very sorry I scribbled in your book, sir."

The gentleman looked at her in blank amazement. "You!" was all he could ejaculate, glancing at the shy little figure before him.

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Frieda, now thoroughly alarmed.

"You, indeed!" said the gruff voice again; and, taking out his handkerchief, this very strange old gentleman gave a loud and vehement blast.

"Yes, sir," said Frieda, great tears gathering in her eyes, "and I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir."

"H'm!" muttered the stranger, "if you did it, do it again now."

Frieda seized her stump of a pencil and obediently looked about for a sheet of paper.

"Take this," he said, abruptly, giving her the wash-book. With perfect simplicity the child took it and began. Leaning an elbow on the table, and resting her head on her left hand, her long hair falling over her face, steadily and firmly she did her work. She quite forgot the cross old gentleman's sharp eyes, and only saw the soft violet lights from the stained window, as the picture grew beneath her sure, rapid touch. The gentleman stood near, watching her closely. He gave no sign of sympathy or encouragement, but Bäbele saw his eyes twinkle, and though she did not understand what it was all about, she felt that he meant no harm.

Presently, having completed her corner of the cathedral, Frieda, without a word, began to do the roofs and doves, calmly beginning as before with Elsa's head. At this the gentleman smiled, and then Bäbele was sure he meant only good.

Frieda gave him the book.

"H'm!" was his only acknowledgment. But he did not seem so fierce as he did at first. Frieda thought him the most extraordinary person she had ever seen—to be so angry because she had spoiled a couple of pages in his wash-book, and to grow gentle when she did the same thing over.

"Who taught you?" he asked at length.

"Nobody," said Frieda, wonderingly.

"And you only wanted to make your doves?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frieda, meekly.

"And then you thought you'd fill up the opposite page?"

"Yes, sir," and Frieda began to feel quite anxious again.

"Well, my dear, you are a witch," remarked this strange old gentleman. And how it happened nobody could exactly tell, but Frieda found herself on his knee, and his eyes did not look ogreish at all, but quite mild and merry, behind his gold-bowed spectacles, and they were soon telling him all about the Freiburg days and the cathedral, and steady Johann, clever Heinrich, and fly-away Otto; and the more Båbele and Frieda related of their simple life, the more this most delightful but very curious old gentleman sniffed and snorted and wiped his spectacles. Why—neither Båbele nor Frieda could imagine, yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world to be telling him about it all. He did not ask many questions, but he soon knew as much about it as they themselves. He even discovered Båbele's uneasiness, because she must be idle for so long. He shook her hand warmly when he rose to go, telling her not to be troubled; and she took heart of grace without knowing why.

That was certainly a day of wonderful experiences. In the first place, soon after the gentleman went, a great box came, filled with good things, enough to last for weeks, and on a card was written:

"To the little witch in the roof, from her devoted friend,
"Prof. RUDOLPH REINWALD."

And when they were still rejoicing over good fortune, another knock came, and in walked a gentleman, who said he was Professor Reinwald's friend and physician, and the professor had sent him to look after Båbele Hartneck's sprained ankle. And later still, a comfortable reclining-chair made its appearance.

The excitement in the roof was really tremendous. The neighbors came in to wonder, rejoice, and sympathize, and Båbele, bandaged, and extended in her comfortable chair, received her guests with the dignity of a queen.

The professor came again in a few days and after that frequently. Frieda used to watch eagerly for him, and grew so used to him, she quite forgot to be shy—and sang her little songs to him and played her sweet airs on the queer, cracked piano, and chattered to him about the heroes of her fairy tales, until the good man, who was an old bachelor and who knew nothing about children, really

believed she was the most wonderful little being on the earth.

And as soon as Båbele was well, he proposed that they should leave their home in the roof and come to him. He was a lonely, eccentric, cross old fellow, he told them, but that was all the more reason why he should be taken care of and improved, and he needed just such a faithful soul as Båbele to look after his house, and just such a dear child as Frieda to make his home happy.

And so they came to him, and did indeed make him as happy as he had made them. It was a great house, where Båbele had every opportunity to bustle about until everything shone to her heart's content. And Frieda had a garden with great shady trees and a hammock, a piano whose voice was not cracked, and best of all she studied systematically and learned to draw and to be helpful to her "other papa," as she called the professor. For he was an architect, devoted to his profession, and he had recognized, in spite of its childishness and imperfection, the real talent in Frieda's sketches of her dear roofs and her beloved arches.

She never grew tall nor strong, and there were days when the pain came just as it did when she was a child, but she was a happy, thankful soul. The boys did well in school, and came to visit her every vacation. The first thing Frieda did when she saw Otto was to tie his cravat, feeling sure it had been awry ever since he had left her.

She saw the cathedrals of many lands, but never loved any as she did the one that had taught her so much that was beautiful and good when she was a little lonely child in the old days. She saw famous pictures. She met distinguished men. But no features ever seemed so lovely to her as Båbele's rough, adoring face, nobody so clever, so altogether admirable, as her "other papa."

In the professor's studio, directly by his desk, hang two small pencil sketches—a bit of a cathedral interior and a study of quaint steep gables, with doves pluming themselves in the sunshine. The lines are faint. The paper rough and curious. "And what may this be?" inquires a guest who is examining the professor's rare engravings.

"Ask my daughter Frieda," says the professor, turning with a tender smile to the lame girl with the happy face who sits quietly by his desk.

"Ask Båbele, ask our house-angel, what the doves mean," says Frieda, as Båbele comes to lead her from the room. And Båbele, who is a privileged character, tries to frown, then tugs violently at her apron, then asks appealingly, "Now, do I look much like doves, and angels, and such?"—

And she is right; she does not by any means,—the dear, brave, true-hearted Båbele.

A FISH ACROBAT.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

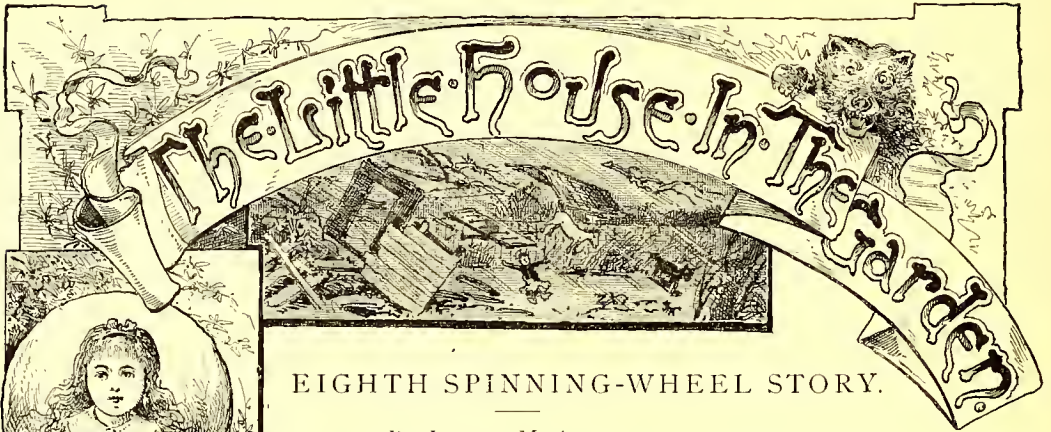
ONE warm afternoon, a stroller coming to the borders of a small pond, threw himself down beside a little tree that leaned over the water, so that its lowest branches were but a few feet above the surface. While reclining in the shade, and idly watching the leaves that fell upon the water and sailed away, the stroller suddenly heard a chirping overhead, and looking up saw on a long limb two small sparrows. Near them, fluttering in the air, rising, falling, and now alighting beside them, was the mother-bird. She was evidently engaged in giving the fledgelings their first lesson in flying. But the young birds could not be induced to leave their support; they merely raised their little wings and followed their mother out from the tree by edging along side by side on the limb. As she renewed her efforts, the faster they went, until finally they were out on the very tip of the branch overhanging the water which reflected their every movement.

For some time these motions of the mother and young were kept up, and perhaps our observer sank into a doze, for he suddenly became aware that one of the birds had disappeared, that a great splash had occurred under the limb, and that the mother-bird had changed her cries to those of alarm. But it was evident from the mother-bird's actions that the little bird had not flown away. The stroller concluded that it had fallen into the water, and he rose to see if he could recover it, when there shot up from the water a long, slender fish, that quickly darted through the air and snatched the remaining bird from the limb, falling back into the pond with a splash and a whisk of its tail. This startling leap astonished the observer, but it also fully explained to him the disappearance of

the other young bird. was evidently out hunting the birds upon the limb, it had carefully measured the distance, and by two vigorous jumps had captured them

both. The mother-bird was both grieved and dazed by the sudden calamity that had befallen the fledgelings, and perhaps fearing a similar fate for herself, she soon flew away.





EIGHTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



"I THINK we little ones ought to have a story all to ourselves now," said one of the smaller lads, as they gathered around the fire with unabated interest.

"So do I, and I have a little story here that will just suit you, I fancy. The older boys and girls can go and play games if they don't care to hear," answered Aunt Elinor, producing the well-worn portfolio.

"Thanks, we will try a bit, and if it is very namby-pamby we can run," said Geoff, catching sight of the name of the first chapter. Aunt Elinor smiled and began to read about —

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN THE GARDEN.

I. BEARS.

A BROWN bear was the first tenant; in fact, it was built for him. And this is the way it happened:

A man and his wife were driving through the woods up among the mountains, and hearing a queer sound, looked about them till they spied two baby bears in a tree.

"Those must be the cubs of the old bear that was killed last week," said Mr. Hitchcock, much interested at once.

"Poor little things! how will they get on without their mother? They seem so frightened, and cry like real babies," said the kind woman.

"They will starve if we don't take care of them. I'll shake them down; you catch them in your shawl and we'll see what we can do for them."

So Mr. Hitchcock climbed up the tree, to the

great dismay of the two orphans, who growled funny little growls and crept as far out on the branch as they dared.

"Shake softly, John, or they will fall and be killed," cried the wife, holding out her shawl for this new kind of fruit to fall into.

Down they came, one after the other, and at first were too frightened to fight; so Mr. Hitchcock bundled them up safely in the wagon, and Mrs. Hitchcock soothed their alarm by gentle patings and motherly words, till they ceased to struggle, and cuddled down to sleep like two confiding puppies, than which they were not much larger.

Mr. Hitchcock kept the hotel that stood at the foot of the king of the mountains, and in summer the house was full of people; so he was glad of any new attraction, and the little bears were the delight of many children. At first, Tom and Jerry trotted and tumbled about like frolicsome puppies, and led easy lives,—petted, fed, and admired, till they grew so big and bold that, like other young creatures, their pranks made mischief as well as fun.

Tom would steal all the good things he could lay his paws on in kitchen or dining-room, and cook declared she could n't have the rascal loose; for whole pans of milk vanished, sheets of ginger-bread were found in his den under the back steps, and nearly every day he was seen scrambling off with booty of some sort, while the fat cook waddled after, scolding and shaking the poker at him, to the great amusement of the boarders on the piazza. People bore with him a long time; but when, one day, after eating all he liked, he took a lively trot down the middle of the long dinner-table, smashing right and left as he scampered off, with a terrible clatter of silver, glass, and china, his angry master declared he would n't have such

doings, and chained him to a post on the lawn. Here he tugged and growled dismally, while good little Jerry frisked gayly about, trying to understand what it all meant.

But presently *his* besetting sin got *him* into trouble likewise. He loved to climb, and was never happier than when scrambling up the rough posts of the back piazza to bask in the sun on the roof above, peeping down with his sharp little eyes at the children, who could not follow. He roosted in trees like a fat brown bird, and came tumbling down unexpectedly on lovers who sought quiet nooks to be romantic in. He explored the chimneys and threw into them any trifle he happened to find,—for he was a rogue, and fond of stealing hats, balls, dolls, or any small article that came in his way. But the fun he liked best was to climb in at the chamber windows and doze on the soft beds: for Jerry was a luxurious fellow and scorned the straw of his own den. This habit annoyed people much, and the poor little bear often came bundling out of windows, to the accompaniment of a whack from an old gentleman's cane, or a splash of water thrown at him by some irate servant-girl.

One evening, when there was a dance, and every one was busy down-stairs, Jerry took a walk on the roof, and being sleepy, looked about for a cozy bed in which to take a nap. Two brothers occupied one of these rooms, and both were Jerry's good friends, especially the younger. Georgie was fast asleep, as his dancing day had not yet begun, and Charley was waltzing away down-stairs: so Jerry crept into bed and nestled beside his playmate, who was too sleepy to do anything but roll over, thinking the big brother had come to bed.

By and by Charley did come up, late and tired, and having forgotten a lamp, undressed in the moonlight, observing nothing till about to step into bed; then, finding something rolled up in the clothes, he thought it a joke of the other boys, and catching up a racquet, began to bang away at the suspicious bundle. A scene of wild confusion followed, for Jerry growled and clawed and could n't get out: Georgie awoke, and thinking that his bed-fellow was his brother being abused by some frolicsome mate, held on to Jerry, defending him bravely, till a rent in the sheet allowed a shaggy head to appear, so close to his own that the poor child was painfully reminded of Red Riding Hood's false grandmother. Charley was speechless with laughter at this discovery, and while Jerry bounced about the bed snarling and hugging pillows as he tried to get free, the terrified Georgie rushed down the hall screaming, "The wolf! the wolf!" till he gained a refuge in his mother's room.

Out popped night-capped heads, anxious voices

cried, "Is it fire?" and in a moment the house was astir. The panic might have been serious if Jerry had not come galloping down-stairs, hotly pursued by Charley in his night-gown, still waving his weapon at the poor beast, and howling, "He was in my bed! He frightened Georgie!"

Then the alarmed ladies and gentlemen laughed and grew calm, while the boys all turned out and hunted Jerry up stairs and down, till he was captured and ignominiously lugged away to be tied in the barn.

That prank sealed his fate, and he went to join his brother in captivity. Here they lived for a year, and went to housekeeping in a den in the bank, with a trough for their food, and a high, knotted pole to climb on. They had many visitors, and learned a few tricks, but were not happy, for they longed to be free, and the older they grew, the more they sighed for the forest where they were born.

The second summer something happened that parted them forever. Among the children who came to the hotel that year with their parents, were Fred and Fan Howard, two jolly young persons of twelve and fourteen. Of course, the bears were very interesting, and Fred tried their tempers by tormenting them, while Fan won their hearts with cake and nuts, candy and caresses.

Tom was Fred's favorite, and Jerry was Fan's. Tom was very intelligent, and covered himself with glory by various exploits. One was taking off the boards which roofed the den, so that the sun should dry the dampness after a rain; and he carefully replaced them at night. Any dog who approached the trough had his ears smartly boxed, and meddling boys were hugged till they howled for mercy. He danced in a way to convulse the soberest, and Fred taught him to shoulder arms in imitation of a stout old soldier of the town with so droll an effect, that the children rolled on the grass shouting with laughter when the cap was on, and the wooden gun was flourished by the clumsy hero at word of command.

Jerry had no accomplishments, but his sweet temper made him many friends. He allowed the doves to eat with him, the kittens to frolic all over his back, and was never rough with the small people who timidly offered him buns which he took very gently from their little hands. But he pined in captivity, refused his food, and lay in his den all day, or climbed to the top of the pole and sat there looking off to the cool, dark forest with such a pensive air that Fan said it made her heart ache to see him. Just before the season ended, Jerry disappeared. No one could imagine how the chain broke, but gone he was, and—to Fan's satisfaction and Tom's great sorrow—he never came back. Tom mourned for his brother, and Mr. Hitchcock

began to talk of killing Tom; for it would not do to let two bears loose in the neighborhood, as they sometimes killed sheep and did much harm.

"I wish my father would buy him," said Fred, "I've always wanted a menagerie, and a tame bear would be a capital beginning."

"I'll ask him, for I hate to have the poor old fellow killed," answered Fan. She not only begged papa to buy Tom, but confessed that she filed Jerry's chain and helped him to escape.

"I know it was wrong, but I could n't see him suffer," she said. "Now, if you will buy Tom I'll give you my five dollars to help, and Mr. Hitchcock will forgive me and be glad to get rid of both the bears."

After some consultation Tom *was* bought, and orders were sent to have a house built for him in a sunny corner of the garden, with strong rings to which to chain him, and a good lock on the door. When he was settled in these new quarters, he held daily receptions for some weeks. Young and old came to see him, and Fred showed off his menagerie with the pride of a budding Barnum. A bare spot was soon worn on the grass-plot which made Tom's parade-ground, and at all hours the poor fellow might be seen dancing and drilling, or sitting at his door, thoughtfully surveying the curious crowd, and privately wishing he never had been born.

Here he lived for another year, getting so big that he could hardly turn around in his house, and so cross that Fred began to be a little afraid of him, after several hugs much too vehement to be safe or agreeable. One morning the door of the house was found broken off, and Tom was gone. Fred was rather relieved; but his father was anxious, and ordered out the boys of the neighborhood to find the runaway, lest he should alarm people or do some harm. It was an easy matter to trace him, for more than one terrified woman had seen the big brown beast sniffing around her kitchen premises after food; a whole schoolful of children had been startled out of their wits by a bear's head at the window; and one old farmer was in a towering rage over the damage done to his bee-hives and garden-patch by "that pesky critter, afore he took to the woods."

After a long search poor Tom was found rolled up in a sunny nook, resting after a glorious frolic. He went home without much reluctance, but from that time it was hard to keep him. Bolts and bars, chains and ropes were of little use; for when the longing came, off he went, on one occasion carrying the house on his back, like a snail, till he tipped it over and broke loose. Fred was quite worn out with his pranks, and tried to sell or give him away; but nobody would buy or accept

such a troublesome pet. Even tender-hearted Fan gave him up, when he frightened a little child into convulsions, and had killed some sheep on his last holiday.

It was decided that he must be killed, and a party of men, armed with guns, set out one afternoon to carry the sentence into effect. Fred went also to see that all was properly done, and Fanny called after him with tears in her eyes: "Say good-bye to him for me."

This time Tom had been gone a week, and had evidently made up his mind to become a free bear; for he had wandered far into the deepest wood and made a den for himself among the rocks. Here they found him, but could not persuade him to come out, and no bold Putnam was in the troop who would creep in and conquer him there.

"We have fooled away time enough, and I want to get home to supper," said the leader of the hunt, after many attempts had been made to lure or drive Tom from his shelter.

So they fired a volley into the den, and growls of pain proved that some of the bullets had hit. And as no answering sound followed the second volley, the hunters concluded that their object was accomplished, and went home, agreeing to come the next day to make sure. They were spared the trouble, however, for when Fred looked from his window in the morning he saw that Tom had returned. He ran down to welcome the rebel back. But one look showed him that the poor beast had only come home to die; for he was covered with wounds and lay moaning on his bed of straw, looking as pathetic as a bear could.

Fanny cried over him, and Fred was quite bowed down with remorse; but nothing could be done, and within an hour poor Tom was dead. As if to atone for their seeming cruelty, Fanny draped the little house with black, and Fred, resisting all temptations to keep the bear's fine skin, buried him like a warrior, "with his martial cloak around him," in the green woods he loved so well.

II. BOYS.

THE next tenants of the little house were three riotous lads,—for Fred's family had moved away,—and the new-comers took possession one fine spring day with great rejoicing over this ready-made plaything. They were imaginative little fellows, of eleven, twelve, and fourteen; for, having read the "Boys' Froissart" and other war-like works, they were quite carried away by these stirring tales, and each boy was some special hero. Harry, the eldest, was Henry of Navarre, and wore a white plume on every occasion. Ned was the Black Prince, and clanked in tin armor, while little

Billy was William Tell and William Wallace by turns.

Tom's deserted mansion underwent astonishing changes about this time. Bows and arrows hung on its walls; battle-axes, lances, and guns stood in the corners; helmets, shields, and all manner of strange weapons adorned the rafters; cannon peeped from its port-holes; a drawbridge swung over the moat that soon surrounded it; the flags of all nations waved from its roof, and the small house was by turns an armory, a fort, a castle, a robber's cave, a warrior's tomb, a wigwam, and the Bastille.

The neighbors were both amused and scandalized by the pranks of these dramatic young persons; for they enacted with much spirit and skill all the historical events which pleased their fancy, and speedily enlisted other boys to join in the new plays. At one time, painted and be-feathered Indians whooped about the garden, tomahawking the unhappy settlers in the most dreadful manner. At another, Achilles, radiant in a tin helmet and boiler-cover shield, dragged Hector at the tail of his chariot (the wheel-barrow), drawn by two antic and antique steeds, who upset both victor and vanquished before the fun was over. Tell shot bushels of apples off the head of the stuffed suit of clothes that acted his son, Cœur de Leon and Saladin hacked blocks and cut cushions *à la* Walter Scott, and tournaments of great splendor were held on the grass, in which knights from all ages, climes, and races tilted gallantly, while fair dames of tender years sat upon the wood-pile to play Queens of Beauty and award the prize of valor.

Nor were modern heroes forgotten. Napoleon crossed the Alps (a hay-rick, high fence, and prickly hedge) with intrepid courage. Wellington won many a Waterloo in the melon-patch, and Washington glorified every corner of the garden by his heroic exploits. Grant smoked sweet-fern cigars at the fall of Richmond; Sherman marched victoriously to Georgia through the corn and round the tomato bed, and Phil Sheridan electrified the neighborhood by tearing down the road on a much-enduring donkey, stung to unusual agility by something tied to his tail.

It grew to be an almost daily question among the young people, "What are the Morton boys at now?" for these interesting youths were much admired by their mates, who eagerly manned the fences to behold the revels, when scouts brought word of a new play going on. Mrs. Morton believed in making boys happy at home, and so allowed them entire liberty in the great garden, as it was safer than river, streets, or ball-ground, where a very mixed crowd was to be found. Here they were under her own eye, and the safe, sweet tie

between them still held fast; for she was never too busy to bind up their wounds after a fray, wave her handkerchief when cheers told of victory, rummage her stores for costumes, or join in their eager study of favorite heroes when rain put an end to their out-of-door fun.

So the summer was a lively one, and though the vegetables suffered some damage, a good crop of healthy, happy hours was harvested, and all were satisfied. The little house looked much the worse for the raids made upon it, but still stood firm with the stars and stripes waving over it, and peace seemed to reign one October afternoon as the boys lay under the trees eating apples and planning what to play next.

"Bobby wants to be a knight of the Round Table. We might take him in and have fun with the rites, and make him keep a vigil and all that," proposed William Wallace, anxious to admit his chosen friend to the inner circle of the brotherhood.

"He's such a little chap, he'd be scared and howl. I don't vote for that," said the Black Prince, rather scornfully, as he lay with his kingly legs in the air, and his royal mouth full of apple.

"I do!" declared Henry of Navarre, always generous and amiable. "Bob is a plucky little chap, and will do anything we put him to. He's poor, and the other fellows look down on him, so that's another reason why we ought to take him in and stand by him. Let's give him a good trial, and if he's brave we'll have him."

"So we will! Let's do it now; he's over there waiting to be asked," cried Billy.

A whistle brought Bobby, with a beaming face, for he burned to join the fun, but held back because he was not a gentleman's son. A sturdy, honest little soul was Bobby, true as steel, brave as a lion, and loyal as an old-time vassal to his young lord, kind Billy, who always told him all the plans, explained the mysteries, and shared the goodies when feasts were spread.

Now he stood leaning against one of the posts of the little house whither the boys had adjourned, and listened bashfully while Harry told him what he must do to join the heroes of the Round Table. He did not understand half of it, but was ready for any trial, and took the comical oath administered to him with the utmost solemnity.

"You must stay locked in here for some hours, and watch your armor. That's the vigil young knights had to keep before they could fight. You must n't be scared at any noises you hear, or anything you see, nor sing out for help, even if you stay here till dark. You'll be a coward if you do, and never have a sword."

"I promise truly; hope t' die if I don't."

answered Bobby, fixing his blue eyes on the speaker, and holding his curly head erect with the air of one ready to face any peril; for the desire of his soul was to own a sword like Billy's, and clash it on warlike occasions.

Then a suit of armor was piled up on the red box, which was by turns altar, table, tomb, and executioner's block. Banners were hung over it, the place darkened, two candles lighted, and after certain rites, which cannot be divulged, the little knight was left to his vigil, and the door was locked.

The boys howled outside, smote on the roof, fired a cannon, and taunted the prisoner with derisive epithets to stir him to wrath. But no cry answered them, no hint of weariness, fear, or anger betrayed him, and after a half-hour of this sort of fun, they left him to the greater trial of silence, solitude, and uncertainty.

The short afternoon was soon gone, and the teabell rang before the vigil had lasted long enough to suit the young heroes.

"He wont know what time it is; let 's leave him till after supper, and then march out with torches and bring him in to a good meal. Mother wont mind, and Hetty likes to see boys eat," proposed Harry, and all being hungry, the first part of the plan was carried out at once.

But before tea was over the unusual clang of the fire-bells drove all thought of Bobby out of the boys' minds, as the three Morton lads raced away to the exciting scene, to take their share in the shouting, running, and tumbling about in every one's way.

A fine large house not far away was burning, and till midnight the town was in an uproar. No lives were lost, but much property was burned, nothing but the fire was thought of till dawn. A heavy shower did good service, and about one o'clock people began to go home tired out. Mrs. Morton and other ladies were too busy giving shelter to the family from the burning house, and making coffee for the firemen, to send their boys to bed. In fact, they could not catch them; for the youngsters were wild with excitement, and pervaded the place like will-o'-the-wisps, running errands, lugging furniture, splashing about with water, and shouting till they were as hoarse as crows.

At last the flurry was over, and our three lads, very dirty, wet, and tired, went to bed and to sleep, and never once thought of poor Bobby, till next morning. Then Harry suddenly rose with an exclamation that effectually roused both his brothers:

"Boys! Boys! We 've left Bobby at his vigil all night!"

"He would n't be such a fool as to stay; he could break that old lock easily enough," said Ned, looking troubled, in spite of his words.

"Yes, he would! He promised, and he 'll keep his word like a true knight. It rained and was cold, and everybody was excited about the fire, and no one knew where he was. I never once thought of him all night long. Oh, dear, I hope he is n't dead," cried Billy, tumbling out of bed and into his clothes as fast as he could.

The others laughed, but dressed with unusual speed, and flew to the garden-house, to find the lock unbroken, and all as still inside as when they left it. Looking very anxious, Harry opened the door, and they all peeped in. There, at his post before the altar, lay the little knight, fast asleep. Rain had soaked his clothes, the chilly night air had made his lips and hands purple with cold, and the trials of those long hours had left the round cheeks somewhat pale. But he still guarded his arms, and at the first sound was awake and ready to defend them, though somewhat shaky with sleep and stiffness.

The penitent boys poured forth apologies, in which fire, remorse, and breakfast were oddly mixed. Bobby forgave them like a gentleman, only saying, with a laugh and a shiver, "Guess I 'd better go home, for ma 'll be worried about me. If I 'd known being out all night and getting wet was part of the business, I 'd 'a' left word and brought a blanket. Am I a Round Table now? Shall I have a sword, and train with the rest? I did n't holler once, and I was n't much scared, for all the bells, and the dark, and the rain."

"You 've won your spurs, and we 'll knight you just as soon as we get time. You 're a brave fellow, and I 'm proud to have you one of my men. Please don't say much about this; we 'll make it all right, and we 're awfully sorry," answered Harry, while Ned put his own jacket over Bobby's shoulders, and Billy beamed at him, feeling that his friend's exploit outdid any of his own.

Bobby marched away as proudly as if he already saw the banners waving over him, and felt the accolade that made him a true knight. But that happy moment was delayed for some time, because the cold which he had caught in that shower threatened a fit of sickness; and the boys' play looked as if it might end in sad earnest.

Harry and his brothers confessed all to mamma, listened with humility to her lecture on true knight-hood, and did penance by serving Bobby like real brothers-in-arms, while he was ill. As soon as the hardy boy was all right again, they took solemn counsel together how they should reward him, and atone for their carelessness. Many plans were

discussed, but none seemed fine enough for this occasion till Billy had a bright idea.

"Let 's buy Bob some hens. He wants some dreadfully, and we ought to do something grand after treating him so badly, and nearly killing him."

"Who 's got any money? I have n't; but it 's a good idea," responded Ned, vainly groping in all his pockets for a dime to head the subscription with.

"Mamma would lend us some, and we could work to pay for it," began Billy.

"No, I have a better plan," interrupted Harry, with authority. "We ought to make a sacrifice and suffer for our sins. We will have an auction and sell our arms. The boys want them and will pay well. My lords and gentlemen, what say ye?"

"We will!" responded the loyal subjects of King Henry.

"Winter is coming, and we can't use them," said Billy, innocently.

"And by next spring we shall be too old for such games," added Ned.

"'Tis well! Ho! call hither my men. Bring out the suits of mail; sound the trumpets, and set on!" thundered Harry, striking an attitude, and issuing his commands with royal brevity.

A funny scene ensued; for while Billy ran to collect the boys, Ned dismantled the armory, and Hal disposed of the weapons in the most effective manner, on trees, fences, and grass, where the bidders could examine and choose at their ease. Their mates had always admired and coveted these warlike treasures, for some were real, and others ingenious imitations; so they gladly came at sound of the hunter's horn, which was blown when Robin Hood wanted his merry men.

Harry was auctioneer, and rattled off the most amazing medley of nonsense in praise of the articles, which he rapidly knocked down to the highest bidder. The competition was lively, for the boys laughed so much they hardly knew what they were doing, and made the rashest offers; but they all knew what the money was to be used for, so they paid their bills handsomely, and marched off with cross-bows, old guns, rusty swords, and tin armor, quite contented with their bargains.

Seven dollars were realized by the sale, and a fine rooster and several hens solemnly presented to Bobby, who was overwhelmed by this unexpected atonement, and immediately established his fowls in the woodshed, where they happily resided through the winter, and laid eggs with such gratifying rapidity that he earned quite a little fortune, and insisted on saying that his vigil had made him not only a knight, but a millionaire.

III. BABIES.

THE little house stood empty till spring; then a great stir went on in the garden, in preparation for a new occupant. It was mended, painted red, fitted up with a small table and chairs, and a swing. Sunflowers stood sentinel at the door, vines ran over it, and little beds of flowers were planted on either side. Paths were made all round the lawn. The neighbors wondered what was coming next, and one June day they found out; for a procession appeared, escorting the new tenant to the red mansion, with great rejoicing among the boys.

First came Billy blowing the horn, then Ned waving their best banner, then Hal drawing the baby-wagon, in which, as on a throne, sat the little cousin who had come to spend the summer, and rule over them like a small sweet tyrant. A very sprightly damsel was four-year-old Queenie, blue-eyed, plump, and rosy, with a cloud of yellow curls, chubby arms that embraced every one, and a pair of stout legs that trotted all day. She surveyed her kingdom with cries of delight, and took possession of "mine tottage" at once, beginning housekeeping by a tumble out of the swing, a header into the red chest, and a pinch in the leaf of the table. But she won great praise from the boys by making light of these mishaps, and came up smiling, with a bump on her brow, a scratch on her pug nose, and a bruise on one fat finger, and turned out tea for the gentlemen as if she had done it all her life; for the table was set, and all manner of tiny cakes and rolls stood ready to welcome her.

This was only the beginning of tea-parties; for very soon a flock of lovely little friends came to play with Queenie, and so many pretty revels went on that it seemed as if fairies had taken possession of the small house. Dolls had picnics, kittens went a-visiting, tin carts rattled up and down, gay balloons flew about, pigmy soldiers toddled round the paths in paper caps, and best of all, rosy little girls danced on the grass, picked the flowers, chased the butterflies, and sang as blithely as the birds. Queenie took the lead in these frolics, and got into no end of scrapes by her love of exploration, — often leading her small friends into the strawberry-bed, down the road, over the wall, or to some neighbor's house, coolly demanding "a dint a water and dinderbed for all us ones."

Guards were set, bars and locks put up, orders given, and punishments inflicted, but all in vain; the dauntless baby always managed to escape, and after anxious hunts and domestic flurries, would be found up in the road, or under the big rhubarb leaves, on the high fence, or calmly strolling to town without her hat. All sorts of people took her to

drive at her request, and brought her back just as her agitated relatives were flying to the river in despair.

"We must tie her up," said Mrs. Morton, quite worn out with her pranks.

So a strong cord was put round Queenie's waist, and fastened to one of the rings in the little house where Tom used to be chained. At first she raged and tugged, then submitted, and played about as if she did n't care; but she laid plans in her naughty little mind, and carried them out, to the great dismay of Bessie, the maid.

"I want to tut drass," she said in her most persuasive tones.

So Bessie gave her the rusty scissors she was allowed to use, and let her play at making hay till her toy wagon was full.

"I want a dint of water, p'ease," was the next request, and Bessie went in to get it. She was delayed a few moments, and when she came out no sign of Queenie remained but a pile of yellow hair cut off in a hurry, and the end of the cord. Slyboots was gone, scissors and all.

Then there was racing and calling, scolding and wailing, but no Queenie was to be seen anywhere on the premises. Poor Bessie ran one way, Aunt Morton another, and Billy, who happened to be at home, poked into all the nooks and corners for the runaway.

An hour passed, and things began to look serious, when Billy came in much excited, and laughing so he could hardly speak.

"Where do you think that dreadful baby has turned up? Over at Pat Floyd's. He found her in the water-pipes. You know a lot of those big ones are lying in the back street ready to use as soon as the trench is dug. Well, that little rascal crept in, and then could n't turn round, so she went on till she came out by Pat's house, and nearly scared him out of his wits. The pipes were not joined, so she had light and air, but I guess she had a hard road to travel. Such a hot, dirty, tired baby you never saw. Mrs. Floyd is washing her up. You'd better go and get her, Bessie."

Bessie went, and returned with naughty Queenie, who looked as if her curls had been gnawed off and the sand of the great desert had been ground into her hands and knees,—not to mention the iron-rust that ruined her pretty pink frock, or the crown of her hat which was rubbed to rags.

"I was n't frightened. You said Dod be'd all wound, so I goed wite alon', and Miss F'oyd gived me a nice cold tater, and a tootie."

That was Queenie's account of the matter, but she behaved so well after it that her friends suspected the perilous prank had made a good impression upon her.

To keep her at home she was set to farming, and the little house was transformed into a miniature barn. In it lived a rocking-horse, several wooden cows, woolly sheep, cats and dogs, as well as a queer collection of carts and carriages, tools and baskets. Every day the busy little farmer dug and hoed, planted and watered her "dardin," made hay, harvested vegetables, picked fruit, or took care of animals,—pausing now and then to ride her horse, or drive out in her "phaeton."

The little friends came to help her, and the flower beds soon looked as if an earthquake had upheaved them; for things were planted upside down, holes were dug, stones were piled, and potatoes laid about as if they were expected to plant themselves. But baby cheeks bloomed like roses, small hands were browned, and busy feet trotted firmly about the paths, while the little red barn echoed with the gayest laughter all day long.

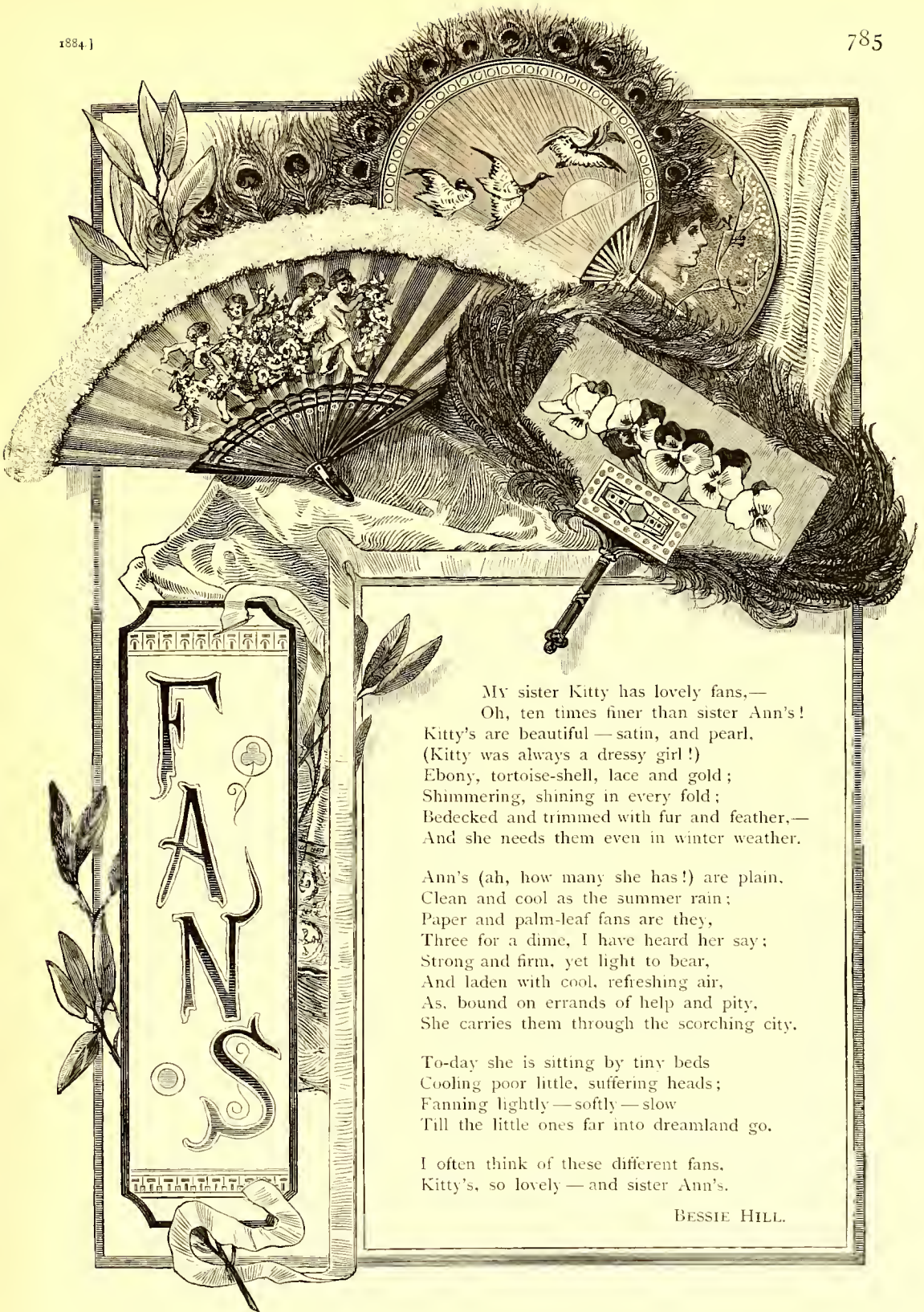
On Queenie's fifth birthday, in September, she had a gypsy party, and all the small neighbors came to it. A tent was pitched, three tall poles held up a kettle over a "truly fire" that made the water really boil, and supper was spread on the grass. The little girls wore red and blue petticoats, gay shawls or cloaks, bright handkerchiefs on their heads, and as many beads and breastpins as they liked. Some had tambourines and shook them as they danced; one carried a dolly in the hood of her cloak like a true gypsy, and all sung, skipping hand in hand round the fire.

The mammas looked on and helped about supper, and Bess sat in the tent like an old woman, and told pleasant fortunes, as she looked in the palms of the soft little hands that the children showed her.

They had a charming time, and all remembered it well; for that night, when the fun was over, every one in bed, and the world asleep, a great storm came on; the wind blew a gale and chimney tops flew off, blinds banged, trees were broken, apples whisked from the boughs by the bushel, and much mischief was done. But worst of all, the dear little house was blown away! The roof went in one direction, the boards in another, the poor horse lay heels up, and the rest of the animals were scattered far and wide over the garden.

Great was the lamentation next morning when the children saw the ruin. The boys felt that it was past mending, and gave it up: while Queenie consoled herself for the devastation of her farm by the childish belief that a crop of new cats and dogs, cows and horses, would come up in the spring from the seed sown broadcast by the storm.

So that was the sad end of the little house in the garden.



My sister Kitty has lovely fans,—
 Oh, ten times finer than sister Ann's!
 Kitty's are beautiful — satin, and pearl.
 (Kitty was always a dressy girl!)
 Ebony, tortoise-shell, lace and gold;
 Shimmering, shining in every fold;
 Bedecked and trimmed with fur and feather,—
 And she needs them even in winter weather.

Ann's (ah, how many she has!) are plain.
 Clean and cool as the summer rain;
 Paper and palm-leaf fans are they,
 Three for a dime, I have heard her say;
 Strong and firm, yet light to bear,
 And laden with cool, refreshing air,
 As, bound on errands of help and pity,
 She carries them through the scorching city.

To-day she is sitting by tiny beds
 Cooling poor little, suffering heads;
 Fanning lightly — softly — slow
 Till the little ones far into dreamland go.

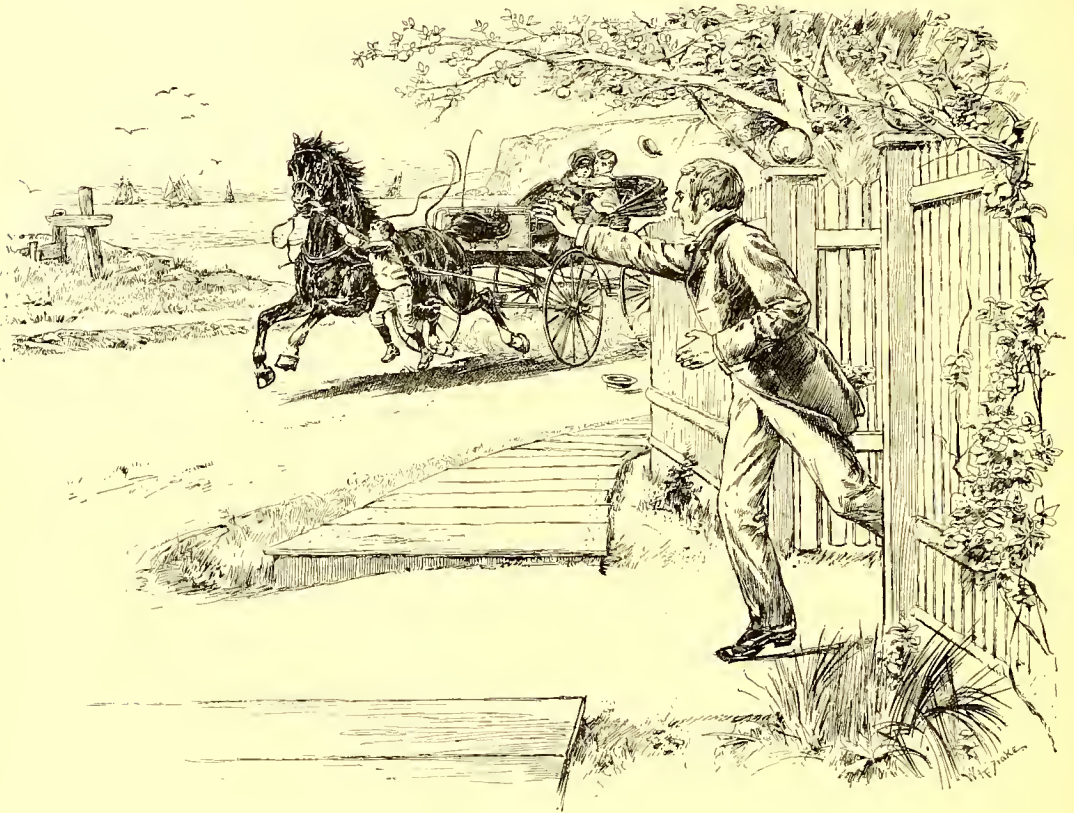
I often think of these different fans,
 Kitty's, so lovely — and sister Ann's.

BESSIE HILL.

A YANKEE BOY'S ADVENTURE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(A True Story.)

BY SPENCER BORDEN.



“AND what do you think, Papa! A gentleman left his horse down on the beach, yesterday, with his two little children in the carriage. The horse ran away and came right up past our house!”

The speaker was Harry Bradford, a bright boy of ten years. He was the oldest of five children, and, with his brother who was three years younger, he had come to meet their father at the train, and was now telling him what had happened since they last saw him.

Mr. Bradford had taken his family to the sea-side for the summer vacation, and they were enjoying it to the utmost; for they had taken their pony, and with riding, boating, and swimming, the boys were having a royal holiday. The father

remained at his business in the city through the week, but came to them every Friday night; and Saturdays and Sundays, when the children had him to join them in their sport and rest, they considered the best days of all.

The place chosen by the Bradford family was a mile or two outside one of the fashionable cities by the sea. Between two rocky headlands, a mile and a half apart, a beautiful beach of white sand stretched in a graceful curve, and upon it rolled the surf in dark-green waves breaking continually into white foam. Here the children played in the sand, bathed in the clear water, or rode in their pony-cart along the hard, smooth beach.

The farm-house where they boarded was about

a quarter of a mile back from the beach, on an avenue much frequented by riders and driving parties from the gay city near by.

The coming of summer visitors had occasioned quite a transformation in the old house. A piazza had been added to the front, and on it hung a hammock, while another hammock could be seen under the apple-trees in the orchard which lay on the ocean side of the mansion. The grass had been trimmed to make a smooth lawn, the house had been painted, red tubs with flowers in them were placed at various points, and a semicircular graveled drive-way led from a gate below the house, at the edge of the orchard, past the front of the low piazza, and out to another gate as far above the house as the first was below — the two gates being perhaps one hundred and fifty feet apart.

Everything about the premises had a very attractive appearance, especially to Mr. Bradford, as he came from his hot city office, driving up the pleasant road about sunset, his bright eager boys recounting the tale of their week's doings to his willing ears.

When Harry spoke of the runaway horse, Mr. Bradford was at once interested, for he imagined the feelings of the frantic father on seeing his little children in such imminent danger. So he said :

“Did the children get hurt, Harry?”

“O, no, Papa ; the horse was stopped.”

“Who stopped him, my boy?”

“Mr. Marsh did, Papa ;—but I helped, too.”

Finding that no serious consequences had come from the adventure, Mr. Bradford paid little attention to Harry's modest avowal of a part in it, and as the boy said no more about the runaway, conversation turned into other channels, and the father thought no more of it until after supper.

Mr. Marsh, whom Harry had mentioned, was a New York gentleman, who, with his wife and baby, was stopping at the same house with the Bradfords.

After the evening meal, Mr. Bradford came out upon the piazza to enjoy the fresh breeze from the ocean, and there found Mr. Marsh sitting alone, and apparently in deep thought.

Mr. Bradford greeted him with a hearty shake of the hand, and drawing a chair to his side, seated himself, saying :

“Well, Mr. Marsh, Harry tells me you had quite an excitement here yesterday. How about the runaway?”

“It was the pluckiest act I ever saw!” said Mr. Marsh, half rising.

Mr. Bradford looked at him in amazement. “What do you mean?” he asked.

“Let me tell you about it,” said Mr. Marsh. “Yesterday, after we all had come up from bathing, I sat here on the piazza, reading, with baby in my lap. Your children were playing on the grass in the orchard, near that lower gate, and Mrs. Marsh sat near me on the piazza.

“Suddenly we heard the clatter of a horse's feet, and a shout in a man's voice: ‘Stop that horse! stop that horse!’ Looking up, I saw a carriage containing two little children, about two and three years old, drawn by a horse that was madly rushing straight up the road. It was a terrible moment. I turned to give the baby to Mrs. Marsh, and ran for the upper gate, as I knew the horse would pass the lower gate before I could get there. But Harry had seen him too, and as the horse came past, the boy shot out from the gate like a flash of light, and without a word sprang at the horse's head, seized the bridle, and held on with a grip like a vise. His weight was insufficient to stop the frightened animal, which dragged the boy, his feet hardly touching the ground, from the point where he seized it, over the entire distance to the upper gate. Here I also was able to clutch the bridle, and we brought the horse to a standstill. When the father came up, he was so agitated that he could not speak.”

Such was the adventure so simply told by Harry, when he said — “But I helped, too.”

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS may be glad to know that this is no story made up from imagination. “Harry” is a real live boy, only eleven years old now, though of course his name is not Harry, nor his father's name Bradford. The incident here recorded happened in August, 1883, and “Harry” will be as much surprised as any of you when he reads about it ; for he is as eager to read his ST. NICHOLAS when it comes, as he is happy to ride his pony or to dive through the big waves when the surf breaks on the beach.

AN ARTISTIC SURPRISE.



HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

VII.

BALDWIN OF JERUSALEM: THE BOY CRUSADER.

[Known as Baldwin III., the Fifth of the Latin Kings of Jerusalem.]

How many of my young readers know anything of that eventful and romantic chapter in the history of Palestine, when, for eighty-eight years, from the days of Duke Godfrey, greatest of the Crusaders, to the time of Saladin, greatest of the Sultans, Jerusalem was governed by Christian nobles and guarded by Christian knights, drawn from the shores of Italy, the plains of Normandy, and the forests of Anjou? It is a chapter full of interest and yet but little known, and it is at about

the middle of this historic period, in the fall of the year 1147, that our sketch opens.

In the palace of the Latin kings, on the slopes of Mount Moriah, a boy of fifteen and a girl of ten were leaning against an open casement and looking out through the clear September air toward the valley of the Jordan and the purple hills of Moab.

“Give me thy gittern, Isa,” said the boy, a ruddy-faced youth, with gray eyes and auburn hair; “let me play the air that René, the troubadour, taught me yesterday. I’ll warrant thee ’t will set thy feet a-flying, if I can but master the strain,” and he hummed over the gay measure.

But the fair young Isabelle had now found

something more absorbing than the song of the troubadour.

"Nay, my lord, rather let me try the gittern," she said. "See, now will I charm this snailly from its cell with the air that René taught *me*," and together the two heads bent over one of the vicious little "desert snails of Egypt," which young Isabelle of Tyre had found crawling along the casement of the palace.

"Snailly, snailly, little nun,
Come out of thy cell, come into the sun;
Show me thy horns without delay,
Or I 'll tear thy convent-walls away,"

sang the girl merrily, as she touched the strings of her gittern. But his snailship continued close and mute, and the boy laughed loudly as he picked up the snail and laid it on his open palm.

"'T is vain, Isa," he said; "thy snailly is no troubadour to come out at his lady's summons. Old Hassan says the sluggards can sleep for full four years, but trust me to waken this one. So, holo! See, Isa, there be his horns—ah! oh! the foot of a lion grind thy Pagan shell!" he cried, dancing around the room in pain, "the beast hath bitten me! Out, Ishmaelite!" and he flung the snail from him in a rage, while Isabelle clung to the casement laughing heartily at her cousin's mishap.

But the snail flew across the room at an unfortunate moment, for the arras parted suddenly and a tall and stalwart man clothed in the coarse woolen gown of a palmer, or pilgrim to Jerusalem, entered the apartment just in time to receive the snail full against his respected and venerated nose.

"The saints protect us!" exclaimed the palmer, drawing back in surprise and clapping a hand to his face. "Doth the King of Jerusalem keep a catapult in this his palace with which to greet his visitors?" Then, spying the two young people, who stood in some dismay by the open casement, the stranger strode across the room and laid a heavy hand upon the boy's shoulder, while little Isa's smothered laugh changed to an alarmed and tremulous "Oh!"

"Thou unmannerly boy," said the palmer, "how dar'st thou thus assault a pilgrim?"

But the lad stood his ground stoutly. "Lay off thine hand, sir palmer," he said. "Who art thou, forsooth, that doth press thy way into the private chambers of the king?"

"Nay, that is not for thee to know," replied the palmer. "Good faith, I have a mind to shake thee well, sir page, for this thy great impertinence."

But here little Isa, having recovered her voice, exclaimed hurriedly: "O no,—not page, good palmer. He is no page; he is——"

"Peace, Isa," the lad broke in with that pecul-

iar wink of the left eyelid well known to every boy who deals in mischief and mystery. "Let the gray palmer tell us who *he* may be, or, by my plume, he goeth no further in the palace here."

The burly pilgrim looked down upon the lad, who, with arms akimbo and defiant face, barred his progress. He laughed a grim and dangerous laugh. "Thou rare young malapert!" he said. "Hath, then, the state of great King Godfrey fallen so low that chattering children keep the royal doors?" Then, seizing the boy by the ear, he whirled him aside and said: "Out of my path, sir page. Let me have instant speech with the king, thy master, ere I seek him out myself and bid him punish roundly such a saucy young jackdaw as thou."

"By what token askest thou to see the king?" the boy demanded, nursing his wounded ear.

"By this same token of the royal seal," replied the palmer, and he held out to the lad a golden signet-ring, "the which I was to show to whomsoever barred my path and crave due entrance to the king for the gray palmer, Conradin."

"So, 't is the queen mother's signet," said the boy. "There is then no gainsaying thee. Well, good palmer Conradin, thou need'st go no further. I am the King of Jerusalem."

The palmer started in surprise. "Give me no more tricks, boy," he said, sternly.

"Nay, 't is no trick, good palmer," said little Isabelle, in solemn assurance. "This is the king."

The palmer saw that the little maid spoke truly, but he seemed still full of wonder, and, grasping the young king's shoulder, he held him off at arm's length and looked him over from head to foot.

"Thou the king!" he exclaimed. "Thou that Baldwin of Jerusalem whom men do call the hero of the Jordan, the paladin, the young conqueror of Bostra? Thou—a boy!"

"It ill beseemeth me to lay claim to be hero and paladin," said young King Baldwin modestly. But know, sir pilgrim, that I am as surely King Baldwin of Jerusalem as thou art the palmer Conradin. What warrant, then, hast thou, gray palmer though thou be, to lay such heavy hands upon the king?" And he strove to free himself from the stranger's grasp.

But the palmer caught him round the neck with a strong embrace. "What warrant, lad?" he exclaimed heartily. "Why, the warrant of a brother, good my lord. Thousands of leagues have I traveled to seek and succor thee. Little brother, here I am known only as a gray palmer, but from the Rhine to Ratisbon and Rome am I hailed as Conrad, King of Germany!"

It was now the boy's turn to start in much surprise. "Thou the great Emperor—and in palmer's garb?" he said. "Where, then, are thy followers, valiant Conrad?"

"Six thousand worn and weary knights camp under the shadow of Acre's walls," replied the Emperor sadly, "the sole remains of that gallant train of close on ninety thousand knights who followed our banner from distant Ratisbon. Greek traitors and Arab spears have slain the rest, and I am come in the guise of a simple pilgrim to help thee, noble boy, in thy struggles 'gainst the Saracen."

"And the King of France?" asked Baldwin.

"King Louis is even now at Antioch, with barely seven thousand of his seventy thousand Frankish knights," the Emperor replied. "The rest fell, even as did mine, by Greek craft, by shipwreck, and by the foe's strength or device."

It is a sad story—the record of the Second Crusade. From first to last it tells but of disaster and distress, amidst which only one figure stands out bright and brave and valorous—the figure of the youthful king, the boy crusader, Baldwin of Jerusalem. It was a critical time in the Crusader's kingdom. From Hungary to Syria disaster followed disaster, and of the thousands of knights and spearmen who entered the crusade only a miserable remnant reached Palestine, led on by Conrad, Emperor of Germany, and Louis, King of France. The land they came to succor was full of jealousy and feud, and the brave boy king alone gave them joyful welcome. But young Baldwin had pluck and vigor enough to counterbalance a host of laggards.

"Knights and barons of Jerusalem," he said, as he and the pilgrim emperor entered the audience-hall, "'t is for us to act. Lay we aside all paltry jealousy and bickering. Our brothers from the West are here to aid us."

The Syrian climate breeds laziness, but it also calls out quick passion and the fire of excitement. Catching the inspiration of the boy's earnest spirit, the whole assemblage of knights and barons, prelates and people, shouted their approval, and the audience-chamber rang again and again with the cries of the Crusaders.

Ere long, within the walls of Acre, the three crusading kings, the monarchs of Germany, of France, and of Jerusalem, resolved to strike a sudden and terrible blow at Saracen supremacy, and to win glory by an entirely new conquest, full of danger and honor—the storming of the city of Damascus. Oldest and fairest of Syrian cities, Damascus, called by the old Roman emperors the "eye of all the East," rises from the midst of orchards and gardens, flowering vines, green

meadows, and waving palms; the mountains of Lebanon look down upon it from the west, and far to the east stretches the dry and sandy plain of the great Syrian desert.

With banners streaming and trumpets playing their loudest, with armor and lance-tips gleaming in the sun, the army of the Crusaders wound down the slopes and passes of the Lebanon hills and pitched their camp around the town of Dareya, in the green plain of Damascus, scarce four miles distant from the city gates. Then the princes and leaders assembled for counsel as to the plan and manner of assault upon the triple walls.

The camp of King Baldwin and the soldiers of Jerusalem lay in advance of the allies of France and Germany, and nearer the beleaguered city, as the place of honor for the brave young leader who led the van of battle. From the looped-up entrance to a showy pavilion in the center of King Baldwin's camp, the fair young maiden, Isabelle of Tyre, who, as was the custom of the day, had come with other high-born ladies to the place of siege, looked out upon the verdant and attractive gardens that stretched before her close up to the walls of Damascus. To the little Lady Isabelle the scene was wonderfully attractive, and she readily yielded to a suggestion from young Renaud de Chatillon, a heedless and headstrong Frankish page, who "double-dared" her to go flower-picking in the enemy's gardens. Together they left the pavilion, and, passing the tired outposts, strolled idly down to the green banks of the little river that flowed through the gardens and washed the walls of Damascus. The verdant river-bank was strewn thick with flowers and the fallen scarlet blossoms of the pomegranate, while luscious apricots hung within easy reach, and the deep shade of the walnut trees gave cool and delightful shelter. What wonder that the heedless young people lost all thought of danger in the beauty around them, and, wandering on a little and still a little further from the protection of their own camp, were soon deep in the mazes of the dangerous gardens.

But suddenly they heard a great stir in the grove beyond them; they started in terror as a clash of barbaric music, of cymbals and of atabals, sounded on their ears, and, in an instant, they found themselves surrounded by a swarm of swarthy Saracens. The Lady Isabelle was soon a struggling prisoner, but nimble young Renaud, swifter-footed and more wary than his companion, escaped from the grasp of his white-robed captor, tripped up the heels of a fierce-eyed Saracen with a sudden twist learned in the tilt-yard, and sped like the wind toward King Baldwin's camp, shouting as he ran: "Rescue, rescue for Lady Isabelle!"

Out of the Crusader's camp poured swift and speedy succor, a flight of spears and arrows came from either band, but the dividing distance was too great, and with a yell of triumph the Saracens and their fair young captive were lost in the thick shadows. Straight into King Baldwin's camp sped Renaud, still shouting: "Rescue, rescue! the Lady Isabelle is prisoner!" Straight through the aroused and swarming camp to where, within the walls of Dareya, the crusading chiefs still sat in council, down at King Baldwin's feet he dropped, and cried breathlessly: "My lord King, the Lady Isabelle is prisoner to the Saracens!"

"Isa a prisoner!" exclaimed the young King, springing to his feet. "Rescue, rescue, my lords, for the sweet little lady of Tyre! Let who will, follow me straight to the camp of the foe!"

There was a hasty mounting of steeds among the Crusaders' tents; a hasty bracing-up of armor and settling of casques; shields were lifted high and spears were laid in rest, and, followed by a hundred knights, the boy crusader dashed impetuously from his camp and charged into the thick gardens that held his captive cousin. His action was quicker than Isabelle's captors had anticipated; for, halting ere they rode within the city, the Saracens had placed her within one of the little palisaded towers scattered through the gardens for the purpose of defense. Quick-witted and ready-eared, the little lady ceased her sobs as she heard through the trees the well-known "*Beausant!*" the war-cry of the Knights of the Temple, and the ringing shout of "A Baldwin to the rescue!" Leaning far out of the little tower, she shook her crimson scarf, and cried shrilly: "Rescue, rescue for a Christian maiden!" King Baldwin saw the waving scarf and heard his cousin's cry. Straight through the hedge-way he charged, a dozen knights at his heels; a storm of Saracen arrows rattle against shield and hauberk, but the palisades are soon forced, the swarthy captors fall before the leveled lances of the rescuers, the Lady Isabelle springs with a cry of joy to the saddle of the King, and then, wheeling around, the gallant band speed back toward the camp ere the bewildered Saracens can recover from their surprise. But the recovery comes full soon, and now from every quarter flutter the cloaks of the Saracen horsemen. They swarm from garden, and tower, and roadway, and through the opened city gates fresh troops of horsemen dash down the wide roadway that crosses the narrow river. With equal speed the camp of the Crusaders, fully roused, is pouring forth its thousands, and King Baldwin sees, with the joy of a practiced warrior, that the foolish freak of a thoughtless little maiden has brought about a great and glorious battle. The rescued Isabelle is

quickly given in charge of a trusty squire, who bears her back to camp, and then, at the head of the forward battle, the boy crusader bears down upon the Saracen host, shouting: "Ho, knights and barons, gallant brothers, follow me!"—and the battle is fairly joined.

Rank on rank, with spears in rest and visors closed, the crusading knights charge to the assault. Fast behind the knights press the footmen—De Mowbray's English archers, King Louis's cross bow-men, Conrad's spearmen, and the javelin-men of Jerusalem. Before the fury of the onset the mass of muffled Arabs and armored Saracens break and yield, but from hedge and tower and loop-holed wall fresh flights of arrows and of javelins rain down upon the Christian host, and the green gardens of Damascus are torn and trampled with the fury of the battle. But ere long the wild war-shouts of the Saracens grow less and less defiant; the entrenchments are stormed, the palisades and towers are forced, the enemy turn and flee, and by the "never-failing valiancy" of the boy crusader and his followers the gardens of Damascus are in the hands of the Christian knights.

But now fresh aid pours through the city gates. New bodies of Saracens press to the attack, and, led in person by Anar, Prince of Damascus, the defeated host rallies for a final stand upon the verdant river-banks of the clear-flowing Barada.

Again the battle rages furiously. Still Baldwin leads the van, and around his swaying standard rally the knights of Jerusalem and the soldier-monks of the Temple and the Hospital. Twice are they driven backward by the fury of the Saracen resistance, and eager young Renaud de Chatillon, anxious to retrieve his thoughtless action, which brought on the battle, is forced to yield to another lad of eleven, a brown-faced Kuidish boy, who in after years is to be hailed as the Conqueror of the Crusaders—Saladin, the greatest of the Sultans. The battle wavers. The French knights can only hold their ground in stubborn conflict; the brave soldiers of Jerusalem are thrown into disorder, and the boy-leader's horse, pierced by a spear-thrust, falls with his rider on a losing field. But hark! new cry swells upon the air. "A Conrad to the rescue! Ho, a Conrad! Rescue for the standard!" and through the tangled and disordered mass of the cavalry of France and Palestine press the stalwart German emperor and a thousand dismounted knights. The Saracen lines fall back before the charge, while in bold defiance the sword of the emperor gleams above his crest. As if in acceptance of his unproclaimed challenge, a gigantic Saracen emir, sheathed in complete armor, strides out before the pagan host, and the fiercely raging battle stops on the instant, while the two

great combatants face each other alone. Their great swords gleam in the air. With feint and thrust, and stroke and skillful parry the champions wage the duel of the giants, till, suddenly, in one of those feats of strength and skill that stand out as a marvelous battle-act, the sword of the emperor with a single mighty stroke stretches the Saracen's armor-covered body at his feet. The Turks break in dismay as their champion falls. Young Baldwin rallies his disordered forces, the war-cries mingle with the trumpet-peal, and, on foot, at the head of their knights, the two kings lead one last charge against the enemy and drive the fleeing host within the city walls. With shouts of victory, the Christian army encamp upon the field their valor has conquered, and Damascus is almost won.

Then, within the city, preparations for flight were made, for the city seemed doomed to capture. But—"there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." In the camp of the Crusaders the exultant leaders were already quarreling over whose domain the conquered city should be when once its gates were opened to Christian victors. The Syrian princes, the great lords of the West, the monkish Knights of the Temple and of the Hospital, alike claimed the prize, and the old fable of the hunters who fought for the possession of the lion's skin before the lion was captured was once more illustrated. For, meantime, in the palace at Damascus, the captive page Renaud stood before the Saracen prince Anar, and the prince asked the boy: "As between thine honor and thy head, young Christian, which would'st thou desire to keep?"

"So please your highness," replied the page, "my honor, if it may be kept with my head; but if not—why then, what were mine honor worth to me without my head?"

"Thou art a shrewd young Frank," said the Prince Anar. "But thou may'st keep thy head and, perchance, thine honor too, if that thou canst keep thy ready tongue in check. Bear then this scroll in secret to him whom men do call Bernard, Grand Master of the Knights of the Temple, and, hark ye, see that no word of this scroll cometh to the young King Baldwin, else shall the bowstrings of my slaves o'ertake thee. Go; thou art free!"

"My life upon the safe delivery of thy scroll, great Prince," said young Renaud, overjoyed to be freed so easily, and, soon in the Crusaders' camp, he sought the Grand Master and handed him the scroll in secret. The face of the Templar was dark with envy and anger, for his counsels and the claims of the Syrian lords had been set aside, and the principedom of Damascus which he had coveted had been promised to a Western baron.

"So," said the Grand Master, as he read the scroll, "the Count of Flanders may yet be balked. What says the emir? Three casks of bezants and the city of Cæsarea for the Templars if this siege be raised. 'Tis a princely offer and more than can be gained from these Flemish boors."

"Gallant lords and mighty princes," he said, returning to the council. "'Tis useless for us to hope to force the gates through this mass of gardens, where men do but fight in the dark. Rather let us depart to the desert side of the city, where, so say my spies, the walls are weaker and less stoutly protected. These may soon be carried. Then may we gain the city for the noble Count of Flanders, ere that the Emir Noureddin, who, I learn, is coming with a mighty force of allies for the Saracen, shall succor the city and keep it from us longer."

This craftily given advice seemed wise, and the crusading camp was quickly withdrawn from the beautiful and well-watered gardens to the dry and arid desert before the easterly walls of the city. Fatal mistake! the walls proved stout and unassailable, the desert could not support the life of so large an army, whose supplies were speedily wasted, and through the gardens the Christians had deserted fresh hosts of Arabs poured into the city. Victory gave place to defeat and rejoicing to despair. Days of fruitless assault were followed by nights of dissension, and finally the crusading host, worn by want and divided in counsel, abruptly ended a siege they could no longer maintain. But in the final council young Baldwin pleaded for renewed endeavor.

"And is it thus, my lords," he said, "that ye do give up the fairest prize in Syria, and stand recreant to your vows?"

"King Baldwin," said Conrad, "thou art a brave and gallant youth, and were all like thee, our swords had not been drawn in vain. But youth and valor may not hope to cope with greed. We are deceived. We have suffered from treason where it was least to be feared, and more deadly than Saracen arrows are the secret stabs of thy barons of Syria."

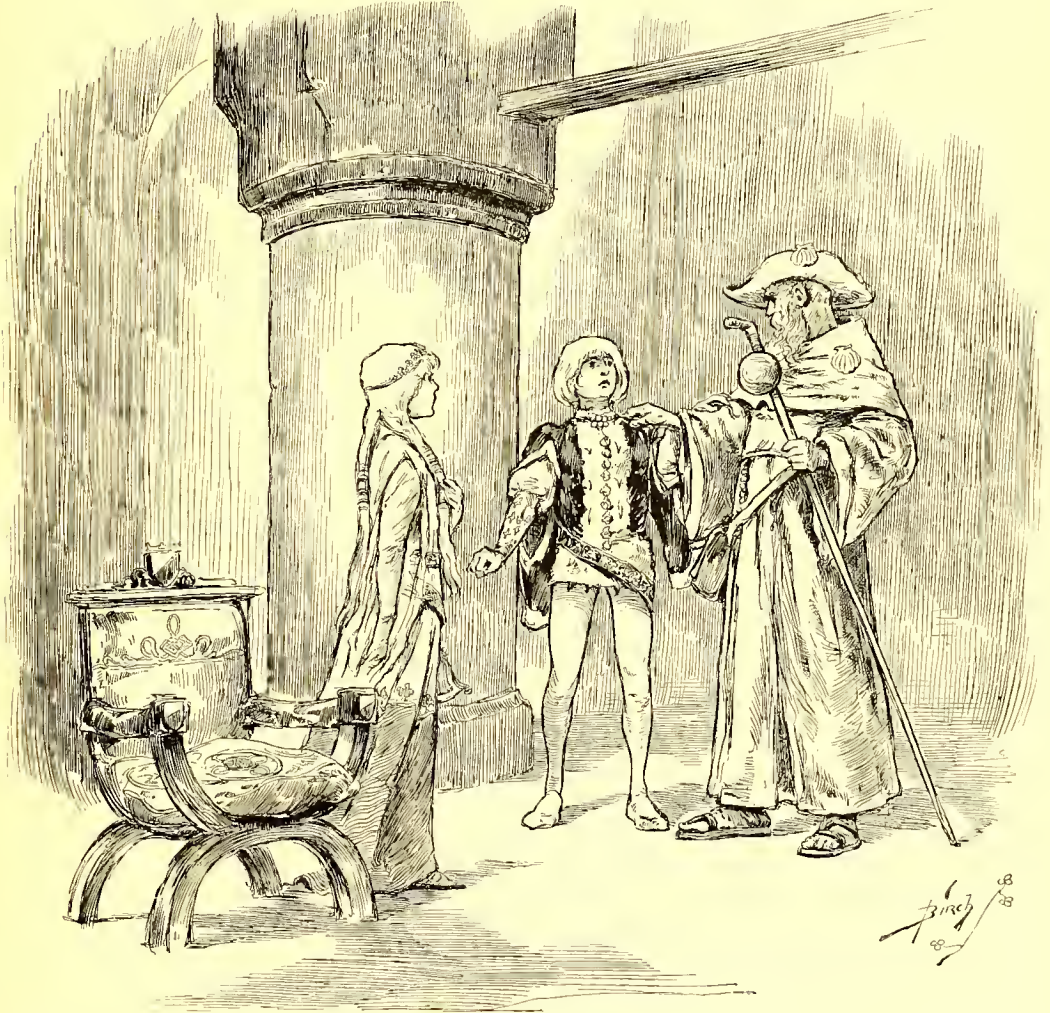
"What thou dost claim I may not disprove by words," said the young King hotly, "for here have been strange and secret doings. But for the honor of my country and my crown I may not idly listen to thy condemning speech. Conrad of Germany, there lies my gage!"

"Brave youth," said Conrad, picking up the boy's mailed glove, so impetuously flung before him, and handing it to Baldwin with gentle courtesy, "this may not be. It is not for such a noble-hearted lad as thou to longer stand the champion for traitors."

So the victory almost assured by the intrepidity of the boy crusader was lost through the treachery of his followers; but it is at least some satisfaction to know that the betrayers were themselves betrayed, and that the three casks of golden bezants proved to be but worthless brass.

died at thirty-three, mourned by all Jerusalem; while even his generous foe, the Saracen Noureddin, refused to take advantage of his rival's death.

The history of the Crusades is the story of two hundred years of strife and battle, relieved only

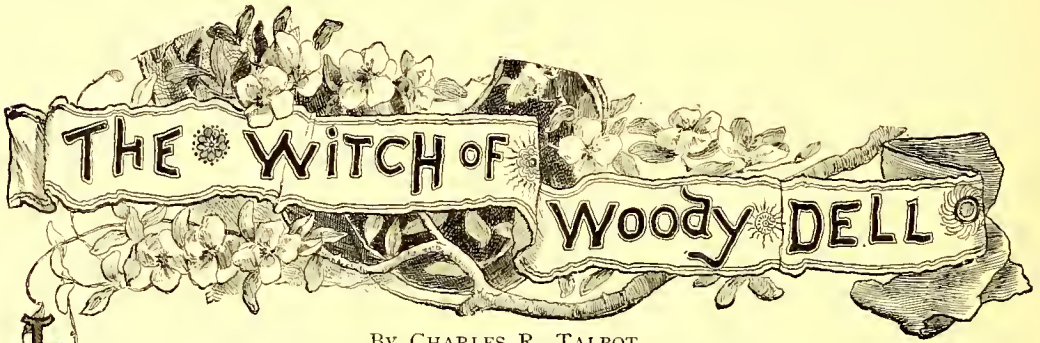


“THOU THE KING!” EXCLAIMED THE PILGRIM.” (SEE PAGE 789.)

King Louis and Conrad the Emperor returned to their European dominions in anger and disgust.

The Second Crusade, which had cost so terribly in life and treasure, was a miserable failure, with only a boy's bravery to light up its dreary history. Sadly disappointed at the result of his efforts, young Baldwin still held his energy and valor unsubdued. Poisoned by his Arab physician, he

by some bright spots when the flash of a heroic life lights up the blackness of superstition and of cruelty. And among its valiant knights, equal in honor and courage and courtesy with Godfrey and Tancred and Richard of England and Saladin, will ever stand the name and fame of the young ruler of the short-lived Latin kingdom of Jerusalem—Baldwin, the Boy Crusader.



BY CHARLES R. TALBOT.

LITTLE Mabel Black-eyes,—bless her pretty face!

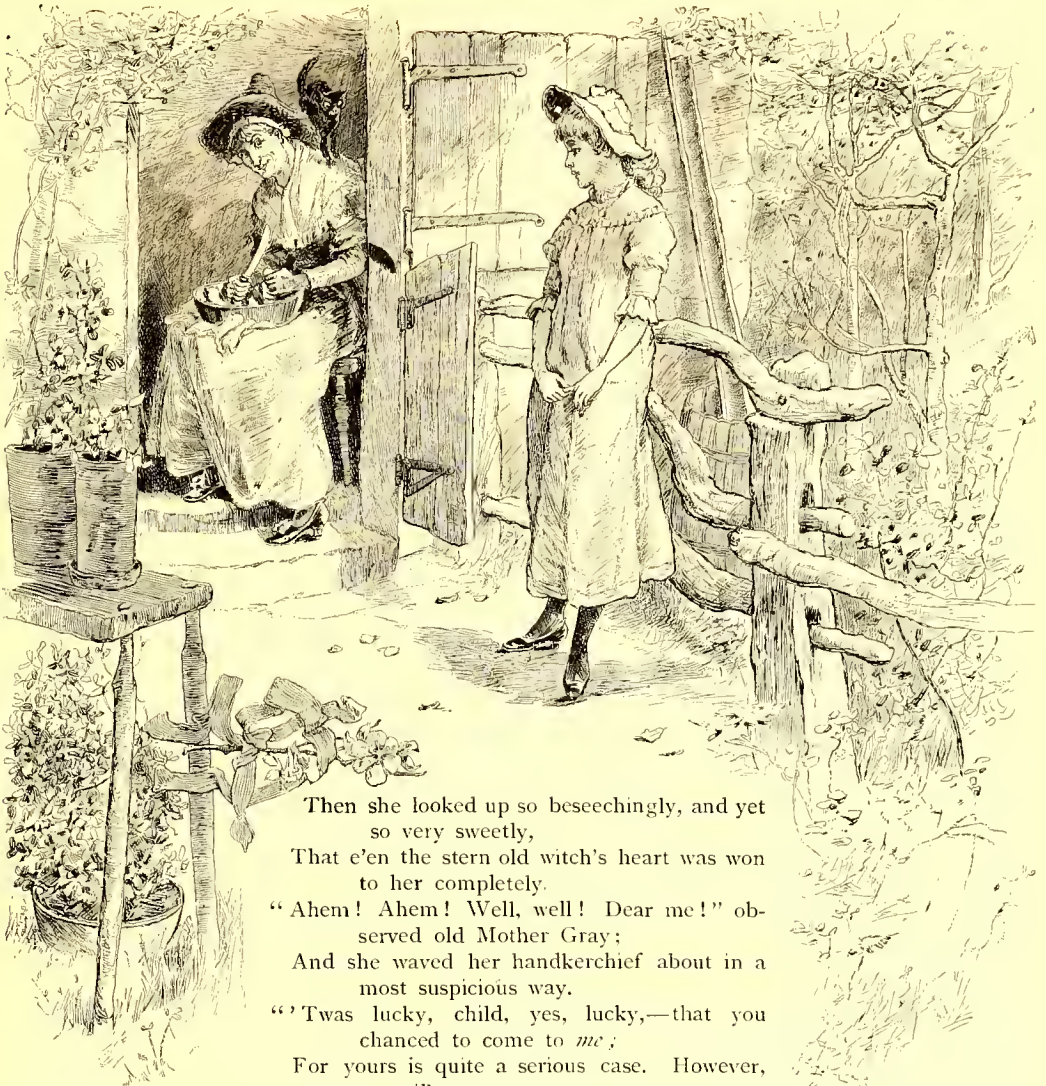
And all her quick, imperious ways, and all her childish grace!—
 Went out one morning 'mong the birds and 'mong the rose-hung bushes;
 Herself as sweet as roses are, as tuneful as the thrushes.
 She drifted down the orchard lane as though the breezes blew her;
 Threw back the kisses that the trees in scented blossoms threw her;
 And, where the babbling brook bends near, upon its shining way,
 A house half hid, she turned aside to call on Mother Gray.

Dame Gray, the "Witch of Woody Dell," sat in her lonely kitchen,
 'Twas just the place for all the world you'd look to find a witch in.
 And she was every inch a witch, with dried and swarthy skin,
 And sharp, small eyes, and nose turned down to meet her turned-up chin.
 She wore her lofty-pointed hat, her gown of twenty hues,
 Her famous scarlet petticoat, her ancient high-heeled shoes.
 And when she saw our heroine, she frowned; while from her side
 A huge black cat, with back erect, the stranger fiercely eyed.

Poor little Mabel Black-eyes' heart for the moment sank within her.
 "Oh, dear!" she thought, "*Would* witches eat a little girl for dinner?
 I almost wish I had n't come. I *know* that I should rue it!
 However, I've an errand, and I guess I'd better do it."
 So, gathering all her courage, she made her finest bow,
 And smiled with charming sweetness (Ah! right well does she know how
 To gladden all the older folk!); then, in her own bland way,
 She proceeded to declare her wish to frowning Mother Gray.

"Good Mother Gray, I just dropped in to ask a little favor.
 I ——" Then she stopped and stammered, and could not go on, to save her.
 But Mother Gray broke harshly in: "Oho! So that's it, is it?
 Folks always want some favor done when they pay *me* a visit."
 She eyed her guest a moment. Then, in milder tone,— "Well, well,
 They all respect the magic power of the Witch of Woody Dell.
 Look up and speak your wish, my child. If good, it shall be granted."
 So, thus assured, our heroine explained what 't was she wanted.

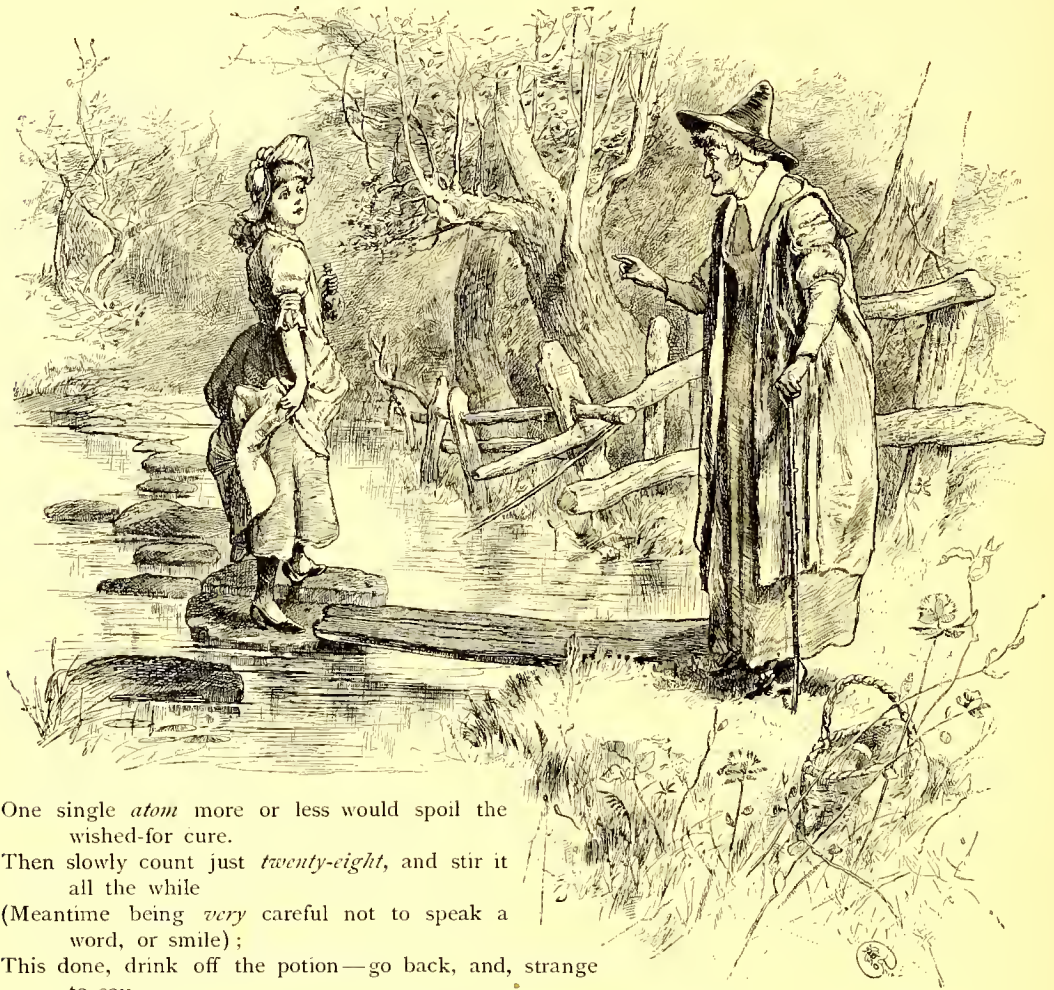
"You see."—and then she lowered her voice and suddenly looked sad,—
 "I've got the *awf'lest* temper anybody ever had!
 And I really can not help it, though I try, and try, and try;
 And Nurse declares that everybody 'll hate me by and by.
 And so, good, dear, kind Mother Gray, I thought I'd come to you
 (For I've heard a hundred times of all the wondrous things you do),
 To see if I could get some magic medicine to take
 That would cure my dreadful temper, and so, perhaps, would make
 People love instead of hating me, as every one does, nearly;
 But I want to be so good to all that all will love me dearly.



Then she looked up so beseechingly, and yet
 so very sweetly,
 That e'en the stern old witch's heart was won
 to her completely.
 "Ahem! Ahem! Well, well! Dear me!" ob-
 served old Mother Gray;
 And she waved her handkerchief about in a
 most suspicious way.
 "'Twas lucky, child, yes, lucky,—that you
 chanced to come to *me*;
 For yours is quite a serious case. However,
 we will see
 What can be done." So saying, she got up
 from her chair

And with her cane she hobbled to the wooden cupboard where
 She kept the thousand drugs and charms by whose mysterious spell
 She exercised her marvelous power as Witch of Woody Dell.

From the shelf she took a phial. "Now here, my child," said she,
 "Is a certain cure for ills like yours, if taken faithfully
According to directions. Now list to me, and mind
 That you remember every word! Whenever you're inclined
 To answer back, say naughty words, or do what is n't right,—
First, ere you say or do a thing, run quick with all your might
 And get a cup (take heed 't is either glass or chinaware);
 Then measure out *nine teaspoonfuls* of water with great care.—
 To which add next *five drops* of this, *precisely*,—for, be sure,



One single *atom* more or less would spoil the
wished-for cure.
Then slowly count just *twenty-eight*, and stir it
all the while
(Meantime being *very* careful not to speak a
word, or smile);
This done, drink off the potion—go back, and, strange
to say,

You 'll find your angry feelings have vanished quite away.
Do this, *exactly as I 've said*, each time that you are tempted,
And I promise you a perfect cure before the phial's emptied."

With many thanks and many bows Miss Mabel took the phial
And hastened homeward joyfully to give it instant trial,
Repeating the directions o'er—

* * * * *

"The sequel?" do you say?

Well, that was but a month ago,—and only yesterday
I heard her mother saying:—"I should really like to know
What *has* come over Mabel, to change her temper so!
She's always been a loving child, though fiery from the start,—
But of late she's grown so gentle that she's winning every heart."
Whereat I smiled all to myself, but I did not choose to tell
About Miss Mabel's morning call on the Witch of Woody Dell.

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

AMONG THE QUAILS.

MR. MARVIN called Neil and Hugh to him and said that he had some directions and instructions to give them.

"We are about to begin quail-shooting," he said, "and I think we are going to have rare sport. The game is abundant, the weather fine, and the covert very favorable for fair shooting. Now, you will find that so soon as the quails commence to rise you will begin to grow excited. All I ask of you is that you will promise to be careful with your guns. There is danger of your being so cager to shoot every bird that is flushed that you will not stop to think where your shot may go. You must always remember that the new and improved guns which your uncle gave you shoot very hard and far, and that great sorrow and distress might be caused by the slightest carelessness or mishap. Besides, the habit of coolness and caution, if acquired in your boyhood, will prove of the greatest value to you throughout your lives. There is an old adage which says: 'Look before you leap.' A good maxim for the hunter is: 'Look before you shoot.' Not only look at the game, but look beyond it, and be sure that your shot will hit nothing but the object of your aim.

"Now, shooting over fenced farms is quite different from shooting on the open prairie. While hunting here in this valley, you will be constantly climbing over fences. You must remember that you are positively forbidden to climb a fence with a load in your gun. It is but the work of a moment to open the breech and take out the shells. So much by way of caution, for the sake of safety. Now, a word or two about the best practice in quail-shooting. This game when flushed rises with a suddenness and force that are quite trying to the eyes and nerves of young shooters. The sound made by the wings of the bird adds to the startling effect. This is apt to throw you off your guard and render you somewhat confused and uncertain of hand and vision. The quail's flight is very swift, and you must shoot quickly; but you must also shoot deliberately. Be sure that you fire your right-hand barrel first, as it scatters the shot wider, and reserve your left-hand barrel for the longer range, especially if you wish to make a double wing-shot.

"In flushing quail, the bird will sometimes rise at your very feet, so to speak, and then there is danger that you will be in too much haste to fire. The best way to prevent random shooting, in such a case, is to wait till your vision has adjusted itself, that is, until you clearly see the direction of the bird's flight. When once you have command of your vision, and have acquired the power of centering it on the flying game, you will be able to cover your point of aim with your gun without any hesitancy.

"When your dog has pointed game, do not rush suddenly forward to flush it. Consider a moment, and look about the landscape to see if any person or animal is visible. Next consider in what direction the game is likely to fly. If any thick covert is near, it is quite safe to presume that the bird will go in that direction. Now step slowly and firmly forward, holding your gun in front of you with the muzzle pointing upward and away from you.

"The bird will rise in a steep incline to the height of, perhaps, ten or fifteen feet, and there steady itself for a strong, straight flight. If you can get your aim—or cover your bird—at about the time it begins to fly level, you will find your shot most satisfactory.

"In raising your gun to your shoulder to take aim, be careful not to have it catch or hang in any part of your clothing. Lift it with a swift but deliberate motion, and set the butt firmly in the hollow of your right shoulder, with your right forefinger barely touching the front trigger. Don't dodge or wink when you fire; keep every muscle and nerve perfectly steady. If you fire but one barrel, immediately open your gun and reload that barrel. Then send your dog to bring in your bird,—that is, provided you have killed one."

After this little lecture was over, they all got ready for a tramp in the adjacent fields.

Samson was left to take care of the camp, and very soon the hunters were ranging over the rolling fields of that pretty valley, following their enthusiastic dogs.

Quails were soon found. Neil and Hugh were together when Don, the dog set apart to their use, found a large bevy in a patch of broom-sedge near the middle of about fifty acres of fallow land.

"Now, Hugh," said Neil, "let 's do as Mr. Marvin said. Let 's keep cool and look before we shoot. There 's no onc near us, and just so we

don't shoot each other or the dog we shall do no harm, even if we miss the birds."

While Hugh was speaking Neil had clutched his gun nervously, and got ready to shoot.

"Oh, I'm pretty cool," said he; "come on, let's flush the birds and get to business."

"No," said Neil; "you can't hit anything while you're trembling in that way. Steady yourself, and be sure you've got aim before you fire."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Hugh; "I'm all right. You just be sure about yourself, and get your own aim; I'll get mine."

This was not said in an unpleasant way, for Hugh was only in a hurry and did not want to be bothered with advice. He walked forward as he spoke and flushed the birds. They rose in a close body with a loud roar of wings. There were at least twenty of them.

Hugh quickly leveled his gun and fired at the center of the flock. Down came five birds. He forgot to fire his left-hand barrel, so pleased was he with his luck.

Neil waited until after Hugh's bird had fallen; then he singled out a quail of the scattering bevy and brought it down in fine style. Quick as thought he aimed at another and pulled the trigger of the left barrel. His last shot missed. Hugh gathered up his five birds and cast his eyes rather saucily at Neil.

"I guess," said he, "I was almost as ready for business as you were."

"You seem to be four ahead of me, to start with," Neil replied; "but the race is not won till it's done."

"All right," said Hugh, confidently, as he reloaded the empty barrel of his gun; "we'll keep count and see who beats."

The birds had scattered pretty widely in some low weeds along a fence-row. Neil had "marked two down"; that is, he had noted where they settled near an old stump. He left Hugh to follow Don, and went to flush his birds himself. They rose almost together. He fired right and left; but, as before, only killed one. He heard Hugh fire twice in close succession, and at the same time Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley began a perfect volley over in a neighboring field of corn-stalks. He followed the bird he had missed to where it had lit in a clump of blackberry briars. When it got up he missed it again with his right barrel, but quickly covered it again and killed it with his left.

"I am in too big a hurry when they rise," he thought; "I must try and overcome the fault."

Neil's knowledge of the habits of the quail gave him quite an advantage over Hugh, who had never studied such things. For instance, Neil never would have wasted an hour of his time beating

around in a marshy place hunting for quail. Hugh did this, not knowing that quails prefer dry fields where small grain or weed-seeds are abundant. The loss of so much time without seeing a bird gave him little chance to compete with Neil, who, without a dog, flushed a small flock and succeeded in making several fine shots, adding six birds to his bag. Once he saw a bird flying toward him. It was coming from the direction in which Hugh was hunting, and so Neil would not shoot till it had passed him. He turned about and tried to get a good aim, but somehow he missed again.

Every young shooter will find this trouble at first. He will feel quite sure that he aims correctly, but he will fail to stop his bird. This usually arises from a bad method of directing the gun. It may be that the young hunter holds his head too high, in which case he will over-shoot; or he may fail to pull the trigger just as he fixes his aim, and thus miss by shooting too low or behind his bird. If the butt of the gun be held against the arm, instead of in the hollow of the shoulder, it may derange the aim. Nothing but careful, intelligent practice can overcome these faults.

Neil got eleven birds in all. Hugh got but seven.

The guns of Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin kept up an almost incessant booming about a quarter of a mile away.

CHAPTER XV.

CAMP-CHAT.

WHEN our friends reached camp, Judge had returned from the village, bringing a bundle of letters and papers.

The quails were turned over to Samson to be prepared for market, as it had been agreed that all the game killed by the party, over and above what they needed to cook, should belong to Mr. Marvin, Uncle Charley bearing all the expenses of the excursion.

When the game was counted it was found that there were one hundred and ten birds as the day's bag.

Neil and Hugh each received a letter from their father, and Hugh had one from Tom Dale. By the time these were read, a very late dinner had been spread, and they all ate with that gusto known only to hunters, and which would not be considered very elegant in polite society. But when men and boys get out into the freedom of the woods and fields for a time, they become just a little savage and animal-like, and are apt occasionally to break through some of the stricter rules of the parlor and dining-room.

Tom Dale's letter brought a full account of all that the Belair boys had been doing since Neil and Hugh had left the village. A heavy snow had fallen, and the coasting out at Dobbins' hill had been fine, and there was good skating on Loringer's mill-pond.

"Just think of it!" said Hugh; "here we sit in our shirt-sleeves, with a balmy wind blowing over us, while they are all bundled in furs and mittens and overcoats, skating on the ice or coasting in the snow. I think it's more fun to be here, don't you? A fellow can't enjoy himself rightly with a pinched nose and benumbed fingers. And then the wind off the snowy prairie is terribly cold and biting, sometimes."

"It's the change that one enjoys, I think," said Neil. "Don't you remember Gus Fontaine, who came to Belair from San Antonio, Texas, and how he was charmed with our winter sports? I never saw a boy like sleigh-riding so much; and rabbit-hunting,—why, he said he wanted to go rabbit-hunting every day! He seemed never to get cold, and the keener the wind blew, and the more the frost-crystals flew, the better he liked the weather."

"Oh, well," said Hugh, "Gus was a queer boy, anyhow. Do you remember how he astonished us the first time that he rode one of Papa's young horses around the lot without any bridle or saddle, and gave us what he called the Comanche war-whoop? He could ride almost any horse, in that way, and if he fell off, it never seemed to hurt him a bit."

"Well, he'd learned all that on the Texas plains," said Neil. "It all depends upon where you live. Now, there was Ted Brown, from Addison Point, Maine, who came to see us last summer, just think how he used to talk about the starboard and larboard side of the table at dinner, and how he used to yarn about what storms he had been in on his father's fishing-smack, and about seeing man-seals, and whales, and sea-lions, and all that sort of thing. But he enjoyed being with us on the farm; all boys enjoy a change of climate and scenery."

Mr. Marvin was well pleased with the result of the day's shooting. The birds would bring several dollars, he said.

"Well," remarked Hugh, "I think I shall be a market-hunter. It's just as good as being a lawyer, or merchant, or physician, or preacher."

"You are mistaken, my boy," said Mr. Marvin, gravely. "I know what I am saying when I tell you that you must not think of throwing away your life on so precarious and toilsome a business. Even as recreation from the effects of overlabor, hunting has its drawbacks; but after you have followed it through wind and rain and sleet and

storm for years, it becomes immensely irksome as a regular business. Then, too, a fellow soon begins to feel that he has thrown away his life. When I was a young man I was graduated from a good college, and I might have made something of myself if I had n't caught the naturalist's fever; but I took to the woods and the fields and became a homeless, wandering bird-shooter. Of course, I'm too old to change now; but I never want to hear you speak again of following my mode of living. No, no, you and Neil have a higher aim. You must make your lives great and useful."

"Well," said Hugh, "if I do not become a market-hunter, I shall be a farmer, I think, like Uncle Charley, and own cattle, and sheep, and hogs, and horses, and broad fields of corn, and beautiful green pastures."

Night had now come on. They all went to bed early, Hugh and Judge among the first, for they had secretly agreed to get up before daylight and go off to hunt some hares by moonlight, in a little glade not far from camp. This glade was in the midst of a dense pine wood, and Judge avowed that hares always met in a glade to dance on moonlight nights. But they had their trouble for nothing. Not a hare did they see. The morning was a lovely one, however, and the still, beautiful valley lay as if asleep in the soft moonshine. They watched the glade for an hour or more and returned to camp just as Samson had lighted a fire for breakfast.

Neil was up and was writing in his diary and Mr. Marvin was cleaning one of his guns. He showed Hugh all the mechanism of the locks and breech-fastening, and explained to him how each piece was made to exactly fill its place, but with such economy as to take up the least possible space.

"I should not have advised your father to allow you to have a gun, if there had been no breech-loaders," said he; "for I consider a muzzle-loading gun too dangerous for a boy to handle. The beautiful construction of a breech-loader renders it entirely unnecessary for the shooter ever to turn the muzzle toward himself, and the rebounding locks with which it is furnished prevent accident from any chance blow the hammers may receive. No boy ought ever to have a gun that has not rebounding locks."

The sun soon came up over the range of blue hills east of the valley, and the cardinal grossbeaks began to call from tree to tree down by the rivulet. It was like a May morning in the North, only the air was more balmy, and a resinous fragrance seemed to fill all space—it was the smell of the turpentine of the pines and the odor of the liquid amber.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEIL SHOTS BIG GAME.

THE fortnight spent by our friends in the North Georgia valley was one long to be remembered by them, especially by Neil and Hugh.

Mr. Marvin took great pains to train the boys in all the tricks and turns of quail-shooting, and at the same time he made plain to them the hidden dangers that lurk in the path of the young hunter. He very much desired that no accident should befall his young friends, and he well knew that it required constant vigilance to prevent the possibility of any calamity from their fervor and excitableness. Neil seemed quite prudent and cautious, but Hugh, being younger and of a more sanguine and impulsive nature, was constantly doing something that threatened danger to himself or to some one else. Not that he meant to be careless or unmindful of the safety of those about him, but he seemed to forget everything else and entirely lose himself for the time in whatever chanced to be uppermost in his mind. It was impossible for him to keep steady and cool, as Neil could. What he did was always done without the slightest forethought and "with a rush and a bang," as Mr. Marvin said, one day.

Old Samson, who heard the remark, expressed his estimate of Hugh's temperament by replying: "Dat 's so, Mass' Marvin. Ef Mass' Hugh 'u'd happen to t'ink ob it, he'd jump inter de fire afore he could stop hisse'f!"

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley chided Hugh very often about his reckless and heedless ways, and he honestly and earnestly tried to be more sober and careful. He improved quite rapidly in his shooting, though it was plain that he never would be able to compete with Neil, who was beginning to be a fine wing-shot at both single and double birds. It may be well to explain just here that by "double birds" is meant, in the sportsman's parlance, two birds at which the shooter fires right and left. If he kills both birds one after the other, the hunter calls it a double shot, or "killing a double."

Neil had studied faithfully, and had used every endeavor to conquer all his faults in shooting. He had written down in his diary all the rules of shooting, as given to him by Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley. He had learned these rules by heart and had practiced them assiduously.

On the contrary, Hugh jumped to all his conclusions. He forgot every rule as soon as he saw a bird, and depended entirely upon sudden impulse to direct his action.

In a future chapter I shall record all of Mr. Marvin's rules of shooting in simple and direct language, and every young hunter will find them of value to him.

Let us now, however, witness the last quail-shooting of our friends in the Georgia valley.

A slight drizzling rain had fallen all through the night, but the sun came up clear and strong, and the air was all the sweeter from the dampness that hung on the woods and fields. The distant mountain knobs and peaks were as blue as indigo; the fields of corn-stalks shone like gold.

"Now for our farewell hunt," said Uncle Charley, as he loosed his dogs and took his fine gun from its cover.

Neil looked out over the valley and wished that he could paint well enough to sketch the scene in colors just as it then appeared. He found this ambition to be an artist growing upon him. He was all the time studying objects and landscapes with a view to their picturesque effect or pictorial values. He carried about with him a small manual on free-hand sketching from Nature, which he had almost worn out in studying it over and over. But he was also a close observer of all that went on around him, whether among the plants and trees, the birds, or the people of the region. The memoranda in his note-book were as various as the phases of Nature; and while an artist might have laughed at his sketches, they were not so bad, after all.

Quails were easily found that day. Our friends had not been out half an hour before their guns began to boom in every direction. Hugh, as usual, was excited and carried away with the thrilling sport, and banged away at every feather that stirred. He seemed to act on the principle that as the game was plentiful it did not matter how often he missed, and that if only he kept up his firing, some of his shot would be sure to hit.

A very large bevy of quails was found in a field of what the North Georgia farmers call "crab-grass," which was about knee-high and very thick. The birds were scattered and began to rise one at a time. Neil, Hugh, and Judge were near each other. The first shot fell to Hugh, who knocked over his bird in fine style, handling his gun like an old sportsman. Judge's turn came next, and it made the others laugh to hear the funny "click-floo-bang" of his rickety old flint-lock. The "click" was when the flint struck the face of the steel, the "floo" was the flash of the priming on the pan, and the "bang" was the gun's report. Each sound was separate and distinct. But Judge brought down his quail all the same. Neil tried for a double, and (a record not usual with him) missed with both barrels.

The game was now rising at almost every step and the shooting became fast and furious. Judge was not having a fair chance, for, of course, his gun being single-barreled and muzzle-loading, he had

to stop and go through the tedious process of loading every time he fired; whereas Hugh and Neil had nothing to do but press a spring, open the breech, and slip in the shells ready loaded and capped. But it was astonishing to see how rapidly the young negro got powder, wads, and shot down that dingy old barrel, and how nimbly he glided about in search of birds.

Neil seemed in bad luck somehow, his birds always presenting difficult shots, and he missed quite often. This put him out of conceit with himself a little, and whenever a shooter loses self-reliance, his chance for any brilliant display of marksmanship is entirely gone.

Hugh was in the highest state of exhilaration. He was successful with almost every shot, and his self-confidence was perfect. Two or three times he had sent his shot dangerously near Neil or Judge in the hurry and activity of his exercise. He had killed more game than Neil, and the latter was strenuously endeavoring to retrieve his lost luck.

They had now driven the scattered remnant of the bevy of quails across the field to a fence-row grown up with sassafras bushes and persimmon saplings. Hugh was on one side of this fence and Neil and Judge were on the other side.

The birds had become quite wild, so that they were rising at longer range than usual, and whirring away with all the speed their wings could give. Neil killed two or three in fine style, and began to regain his nerve. At length, two rose together, one going up the fence to his left, the other going down the fence to his right. He killed the first with a shot from his right barrel, and, turning quickly, covered the other and fired his left. As he pressed the trigger for his second shot, he saw too late that Judge was nearly in line. He tried to stop, but the gun would fire. Boom!

"Oh, massy! Goodness! Oh, I's killed! I's killed! Oo! Oo! Ohee! Oh, me! Oh, me!" and Judge fell upon the ground and began to roll over and over. His wild screams could be heard at a long distance from the spot.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley heard them, and ran with all their might, reaching the place quite out of breath and greatly frightened.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed Uncle Charley, in a half-stifled voice.

Neil and Hugh were bending over Judge, who was still rolling over and over in an agony of fright.

Mr. Marvin pushed the boys aside and began to examine the wounded negro.

"This is more of your miserable work, Hugh," said Uncle Charley, turning his agitated face toward his younger nephew. "I've been afraid of something of the kind; you're so heedless and wild, you——"

"It was n't Hugh," quickly exclaimed Neil; "I did it!"

"You, Neil! You!" That was all Uncle Charley could say. He stood stupefied with amazement. The idea of Neil's having acted so recklessly seemed too strange to be true.

Meantime, Mr. Marvin had stripped off some of Judge's clothes and was examining the wounds more carefully to see if any help would be needed. He was relieved to find no very dangerous wounds. But Judge continued his screaming, loudly declaring that he was already dead.

Neil and Hugh stood mournfully looking on, their hearts heavy with dread.

It was with much difficulty that Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley kept Judge still enough for a bandage, made of a handkerchief, to be put around his arm where the wound that was bleeding most freely was located.

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do!" cried Neil, wringing his hands and gazing blankly at Hugh.

"You did n't go to do it," said Hugh, in a voice meant to be consoling; but his whitened face and purple lips told how intensely excited he was.

"Oh, I'll die, I'll die! I want ter see mammy — take me to mammy!" bawled Judge.

"He 's going to — to — die!" Neil huskily murmured, in an agony of apprehension, and leaning on his empty gun for support.

Hugh was leaning on his gun also.

Uncle Charley looked up, and exclaimed inquiringly:

"Boys, are those guns loaded?"

"Mine is," said Hugh, quickly lifting it and slipping out the shells. Both hammers were cocked and both barrels loaded!

Then it was that the boys, for the first time in their lives, saw good, kind-hearted Uncle Charley lose his temper. His face grew very red.

"You boys must be little better than idiots!" he cried, looking almost furiously back and forth from one to the other. "You are resolved, it seems, to kill yourselves and everybody else!"

Then he turned upon Judge, who was still screaming and tumbling around, and touching him on the shoulder, said:

"Now, Judge, be quiet, instantly!"

Judge ceased his cries at once and became perfectly quiet. Mr. Marvin was seen to smile grimly in the midst of his surgical work. When the bandage had been well adjusted and Judge's body carefully examined, Uncle Charley said:

"Get up, now, and put on your coat."

"I — I did n' want ter be killed, nohow," sobbed Judge, as he scrambled to his feet.

By great good fortune, his hurts were not

serious. Five shot had struck him—two in the left arm, one in the shoulder, one in the neck, and one in the breast. These had been mere scattering pellets on the outer rim of Neil's load, as Judge had not been directly in range.

It was a relief to all concerned when the true state of the wounds became known; but Neil and

sun filled the valley with golden light, Uncle Charley gave orders to strike the tents and make ready for moving. Judge declared that "de soreness mos' all gone out o' dem



"OH, MASSY! OH, I'S KILLED!"

Hugh hung their heads and pondered deeply. The lesson of so grave an accident was impressing itself upon their minds. How terrible it would have been if Judge had been killed!

CHAPTER XVII.

NEIL GOES INTO A DEN.

JUDGE was a very sore boy for several days, and had to take good care of himself, in order to prevent his wounds from inflaming and making him sick. This delayed the departure from the valley for nearly a week.

In the meantime, a disagreeable wind and rain came on, making it very uncomfortable to be out-of-doors. Neil brooded over his mishap a great deal. He felt as if he had been guilty of a great crime. He had been so sure of his own ability to avoid all accidents that it made his signal mistake doubly inexcusable to himself. Hugh was gloomy, too, so that with the sad weather and a lack of cheerful conversation, the camp was a stupid place for awhile.

But when the clouds blew away at last, and the

shot-holes," and everybody grew lighter-hearted with the brightening of the weather.

Nothing of any especial interest happened on their way back to Uncle Charley's farm in Tennessee, until they had reached a deep hollow on the northern slope of the mountain, where they saw a fine flock of wild turkeys run into a thick wood some two or three hundred yards ahead of them. This reminded them that the next day would be Thanksgiving Day, and a roast turkey would be just the thing for their Thanksgiving dinner.

Samson and Judge were left to drive the wagons, while the rest turned out with their guns to give chase to the game.

Neil and Hugh were very eager to add turkeys to their list of game. Mr. Marvin saw their haste and stopped them to speak a few sharp words of warning and advice. Neil's face flushed, and he promptly said:

"You can rely on me, Mr. Marvin; I shall never be careless again."

Hugh promised, also, and then they all went rapidly and noiselessly into the wood.

The boys, who were walking side by side, chanced to come upon the flock at the head of a short, deep ravine, from which issued a clear, cold mountain spring. The birds were fifty yards away, giving but a poor opportunity for a successful shot; but each of the boys fired right and left, and one big "gobbler" fell, tumbling to the very bottom of the ravine, where they heard him splash the water of the spring stream.

Neil and Hugh ran to secure their game, but on reaching the edge of the ravine they found its sides so steep that descent into it seemed impossible. They could look down and see the big black bird lying on its back in the shallow stream.

Some small trees grew in the rough soil on the jaws of the ravine; below them there was an almost vertical fall of damp and dripping rock for a distance of nearly thirty feet.

Neil began to look around for some means of descent. He could not bear the idea of leaving such noble game lying where it fell. A little distance from where they stood there was a place where a huge piece of the rocky bluff had dropped out many years ago. This had formed a sort of projection some fifteen feet below the verge of the precipice, and out of it grew a gnarled cedar-tree, whose top came above the plateau upon which the boys were standing.

Neil handed his gun to Hugh, and seizing a limb of the cedar-tree, swung himself to its body, and then climbed down to the projection. This was quite easy, but he found himself still twelve or fifteen feet above the bottom of the dusky and chilly ravine. From this point, however, the descent of the rocky side was somewhat slanting, and so he easily slid down without accident. The air was damp and of disagreeable odor, and Neil hurried to get the turkey, which he found to be a very large one, weighing, he thought, nearly twenty pounds. He picked it up, and started to climb out. Now, with a sudden sinking of the heart, he discovered that he could not go up that steep incline, down which he had slipped with so little difficulty. He could not make a single step upward on the damp, slippery surface of the slanting stone. He let the turkey fall and called to Hugh. No answer came. This frightened him. Could it be that his brother had gone away? He called again as loudly as he could. Not a sound came back in response. Somewhere far away, as it seemed to him, he heard the report of a gun. He ran along the spring stream a short distance to see if there was any available outlet to the ravine, but the water soon lost itself by flowing into a fissure of a stone wall which some convulsion of Nature long ago had thrown across the way.

Here was a situation that would have daunted a

stronger heart than Neil's; but, much to his credit, the boy kept quite calm. He at once felt that his escape depended on the practical application of his common sense. If he should give way to fright, he could not hope to get out. He searched in every direction for a tree that he could use for a ladder, but there was none.

"Surely," thought he, "there must be some way out."

As he was walking along near the wall of one side of the gulch, his eyes chanced to fall upon the track of a large animal's foot in the soft clay. Neil knew in a moment that it was a bear-track. It was larger than his hand and looked as if it had been made quite recently. The animal had been walking along close to the base of the cliff and there were two or three places where it had dug the dirt out of the crevices in the rock, as if hunting for food or a good spot for a lair. But Neil was much more interested in getting out of that gloomy place than he was in studying bear-tracks. He hallooted to Hugh again and again without getting any answer. Suddenly the thought came to him that Hugh had run after Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin to get them to come and help him out.

"Of course that's it," he thought; and then he grew very much calmer. It could not be long before they would come to look for him, in any event. He would have felt much better if he had had his gun, but he tried to make the best of his situation by a careful search for some means of getting out without waiting to be helped by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin. It annoyed him to think that here was another ugly result of his want of prudence, after all that had happened and after all his good resolves. As he wandered around, climbing over fragments of stone and through tangles of scrubby cedars, he found a sort of zig-zag slender path, that appeared to lead right out of the ravine. His heart grew light in a moment.

He started up the path, but remembering his turkey, he went back and got it. The ascent was very difficult, but Neil was a good climber, and his desire to make his way out without help whetted his energy. He crawled rather than walked up the angular path, dragging the turkey after him. Some distance from the bottom of the ravine, at a point where the path crossed a sandy ledge, Neil saw the bear's foot-prints again, but this time they pointed in the direction in which he was going.

"Ah," thought he, "this is Bruin's path. No doubt he came down into the gulch for water. If only I had Samson's dog to start on the track! He would soon find the old fellow's den."

A little farther up he came to a place where a

pine-tree had tumbled into the ravine and lodged against a wild mass of stones directly across the path. At first it seemed impossible to get past this obstruction; but he soon saw where the path led under the log and over the stones. With great difficulty he crawled along, creeping under and over and around, as the tracks led. If it had not been for the turkey, his progress would have been more rapid. The big bird tired his arm, and the exertion of dragging it put him out of breath. He was resolved not to leave it, however, no matter how much trouble it cost him. He climbed to the

aroused from a quiet nap. And as the bear effectually barred his further progress, Neil ran back along the path he had been following, and at last climbed a tree to wait until help should come to him.

He had let go of his turkey when he fell over the stones, and he had not taken the trouble to pick it



"IT WAS A BEAR, AND IT WAS EYING HIM SAVAGELY."

top of a loose pile of stones over which a wild vine had grown, and was on the point of descending on the other side, when a big fragment gave way under him, and he fell among the vines. At the same time a hollow, hoarse snort or growl reached his ears, and even before he could scramble to his feet he saw, with consternation, a huge black animal sitting upon its haunches under a shelf of rock not twenty feet away from him.

It was a bear, and it was eying him savagely. To have stumbled upon a bear in that lonely ravine, and without his gun, was not a cheering experience to the young hunter, who did not waste any time examining old Bruin's premises. He only saw that the place was quite a comfortable den, and that Mr. Bruin sat there with half-open eyes and snarling mouth, as if greatly vexed at having been

up again, especially as it had tumbled down near to the bear's feet,—nearer than Neil cared to go.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEIL AND HIS BEAR.

WHEN Neil handed his gun to Hugh and started down into the ravine, Hugh saw a fox-squirrel some distance away. Now a fox-squirrel was an animal which Neil and he had been trying very hard to get as a specimen for their father's cabinet at home. But, as yet, they had failed.

He placed Neil's gun against a tree and went on a long, rambling chase after the little brown-bodied, black-headed, white-nosed animal whose great bushy tail kept waving in the distance ahead of him. He soon forgot Neil and the turkey and thought of nothing but of how he should manage to get a shot at the squirrel. After a vigorous and roundabout run through the woods, he at length saw his game run up a low, gnarled oak-tree that grew on a dry, stony ridge.

"Now," thought Hugh, "I shall get him at last!"

But to his chagrin, the next moment, with a guttural quack, the squirrel dived into a hole in a big knot about thirty feet from the ground.

Hugh kept quite still for, perhaps, half an hour, watching the hole to see if the little animal would not come out again; but it did not, and he turned away, and went immediately back to the road where the wagons were standing.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley were already there with two turkeys which they had killed.

"Where's Neil?" inquired Mr. Marvin, as Hugh came up.

"Why, I left him over yonder in a gulch," said Hugh. "He went down into it to get a turkey we killed, and I went on after a fox-squirrel."

They waited a long while, but Neil did not come. Uncle Charley wished to camp for the night beside a spring some miles distant, and there was no time to spare.

"What in the world can be keeping the boy!" exclaimed Uncle Charley rather impatiently, for he did not like to wait.

"If you'll go with me, Hugh, we'll see if we can find him," said Mr. Marvin. "Show me the way to the place where you killed your turkey."

Hugh readily assented, and they walked rapidly to the ravine.

"Here's his gun," said Hugh, "he has n't come out yet."

"Why, how did he ever get down into this ugly place?" queried Mr. Marvin.

"I—I—I don't know; I got after the squirrel and did n't watch him," said Hugh, going to the edge of the bluff and gazing down.

Mr. Marvin now called Neil in a loud voice. Almost immediately an answer came, as if from some point midway between them and the bottom of the ravine.

"Is that you, Mr. Marvin?"

"Yes; what are you doing?" replied Mr. Marvin.

"I'm up in a tree. There's a bear down here. I'm afraid to climb down." It was Neil's voice, but it sounded unnaturally. The poor boy had grown weary of waiting for them.

"What kind of a bear is it?" asked Mr. Marvin, in a doubting tone.

"Why, it's a black bear, and a big one, too," cried Neil, emphatically. "I ran almost against it, and it growled and snarled at me. Have you your gun?"

"Yes, my Winchester rifle; but how can I get down there?"

"I don't know, and I can't imagine how I am going to get out, either."

"Well, stay where you are for awhile, and I'll see what can be done. Are you really sure you saw a bear?"

"I tell you I *know* I did," answered Neil, positively. "It's right down here in its den now. If you'll come down, I'll show it to you."

Mr. Marvin turned to Hugh and said:

"Go back and tell your uncle to come, and to bring all the rope there is in the wagons. Be quick, now, and don't forget to tell him to fetch his rifle, too."

Hugh ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

Mr. Marvin's practiced eye had taken in the situation almost at a single glance. He saw that he must have a rope with which to lower himself into the bed of the ravine.

In a very short time, Uncle Charley and Hugh came with their guns and the ropes.

"What's up now?" demanded Uncle Charley.

"Nothing up," said Mr. Marvin, "but something down. Neil is in the ravine, and a bear has treed him, I guess."

The situation was soon explained to Uncle Charley, and it was decided that Mr. Marvin should be lowered into the ravine.

Two or three of the long, strong ropes used for tethering the horses were tied together and one end having been securely fastened to a tree at the edge of the cliff, the other end was flung below. Mr. Marvin then swung his gun on his back, and taking hold of the rope, climbed down without trouble by pressing his feet against the face of the rock.

"Where are you, Neil?" he cried as soon as he reached the ground.

"Here!" answered Neil, rapidly descending from his perch in a little tree. He was looking rather haggard and pale.

"Well, where is your bear?" said Mr. Marvin, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone.

"Now, Mr. Marvin, you are making fun of me," said Neil, in a half resentful tone, "but come with me and I'll show you." Saying this, he led the way to the bear-tracks.

"Look there! What do you say to that?" he asked, pointing them out to Mr. Marvin, who examined them carefully.

"They are genuine bear-tracks," said Mr. Marvin, "and fresh ones, too. Where did you see the bear himself?"

"Up yonder, farther," said Neil, pointing with his finger; "but I want my gun before I go."

Mr. Marvin now began to have some faith in the bear story, and he said they would go back and have Neil's gun lowered to him by the rope. This was done in a few moments, and at Neil's suggestion Uncle Charley and Hugh went around the head of the ravine to the other side and stationed themselves near the place where they supposed the bear might come out of the hollow.

"Now," said Mr. Marvin, as Neil loaded his gun with shells of heavy shot, "let's find your bear in short order; there's no time to lose."

"Well, come on," said Neil, leading the way.

They soon reached the little, crooked path. Mr. Marvin scrutinized this very closely before starting to follow it. The rough, vine-covered heap of stones and the fallen tree were just visible. Neil pointed them out to Mr. Marvin and said, almost in a whisper:

"The bear is right over on the other side of those stones under the edge of a projecting part of the cliff. He's a big one, too!"

Mr. Marvin started up the path and Neil followed him closely. Their progress was slow, owing to the steepness and narrowness of the way, but the distance was so short that they soon reached the pile of stones. Mr. Marvin noiselessly climbed up and peeped over. Neil was by his side in a moment.

The bear was now standing on its haunches, with its fore-feet lifted off the ground. It really was a monster in size, and appeared to be ready for a fight.

"Aim at his breast, Neil!" Mr. Marvin rapidly muttered.

The next instant the ravine shook with the reports of their guns. The bear was hit, but it did not fall, nor did it attack, as Mr. Marvin had feared it might, but ran, rather nimbly for so large an animal, up a ledge of the bluff a little to one side of its den.

"Look out above!" yelled Mr. Marvin. "Bear coming!"

"All right, let him come!" rang out Uncle Charley's clear voice.

Scarcely had the words been spoken, when "bang" went his gun and Hugh's. Uncle Charley fired his rifle three times, Hugh shot twice.

"Dead bear!" shouted Uncle Charley. "Come on!"

Mr. Marvin and Neil discovered that there was an easy and well-defined path out of the den, following which they soon emerged from the gulch and found themselves where Uncle Charley and Hugh were standing by the dead bear.

"He ran right at us!" cried Hugh, excitedly. "We did n't have much time, I tell you! Is n't he a big one?"

Neil was too much out of breath to speak. He stopped and gazed at the huge animal and felt truly thankful that he had escaped from its terrible claws.

"But where's your turkey, Neil?" asked Hugh.

"Why, I forgot it," said Neil, "it's down there in the bear's den, I suppose."

Uncle Charley went with them into the bear's den, where they found the turkey lying upon the bones of some small animal that the bear had eaten.

"It's a wonder he had n't made a luncheon of the turkey," said Hugh.

"He was n't hungry, perhaps," said Uncle Charley.

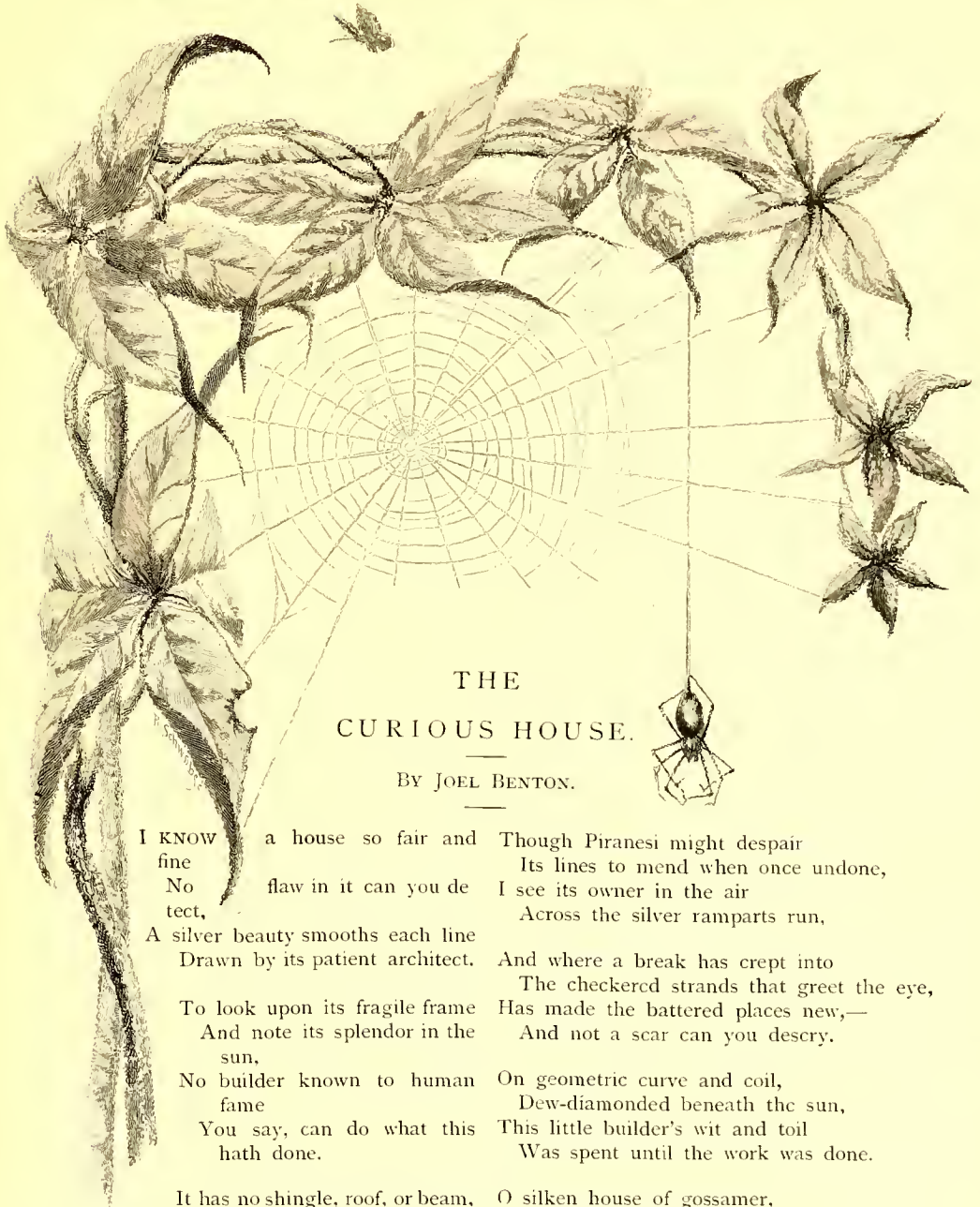
When Mr. Marvin had finished skinning the bear he hung the hide and hams across a long pole so that he and Uncle Charley could carry them to the wagons.

Samson and Judge opened their eyes very wide when they heard the story of Neil's adventure.

It was late at night when they reached the camping-place and they were all too tired and sleepy to talk much. The following day they reached Uncle Charley's house in time for supper.

Samson and Judge got all the negroes of the place around them and entertained them with highly colored accounts of the trip.

(To be continued.)



THE
CURIOUS HOUSE.

BY JOEL BENTON.



I KNOW a house so fair and
fine
No flaw in it can you de-
tect,
A silver beauty smooths each line
Drawn by its patient architect.
To look upon its fragile frame
And note its splendor in the
sun,
No builder known to human
fame
You say, can do what this
hath done.

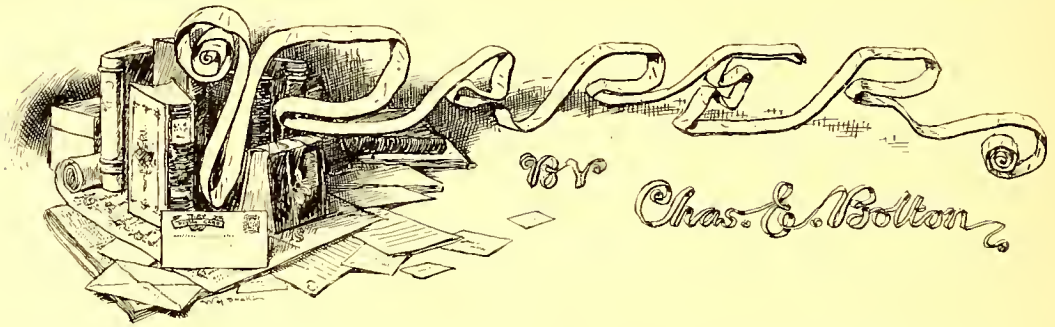
It has no shingle, roof, or beam,
Its airy filagree and scheme—
Seem products of a fairy's hand.

How swung aloft, how lightly stayed,
Without a window, board, or pane—
A dream in definite shape arrayed,
A castle from the realms of Spain!

Though Piranesi might despair
Its lines to mend when once undone,
I see its owner in the air
Across the silver ramparts run,
And where a break has crept into
The checkered strands that greet the eye,
Has made the battered places new,—
And not a scar can you descry.
On geometric curve and coil,
Dew-diamonded beneath the sun,
This little builder's wit and toil
Was spent until the work was done.

O silken house of gossamer,
Thy woven wonder does not cease,—
And yet thy blood-stained doors deter
Wayfarers fond of life and peace!

No revelers in those chambers meet,
No jocund footsteps jar the floor,—
For, they who step within retreat
At once, or leave it nevermore!



My first day's work for others, when fourteen years old, was performed in a paper-mill in western Massachusetts, where I learned some Latin in spare moments, and saved enough money to prepare for college.

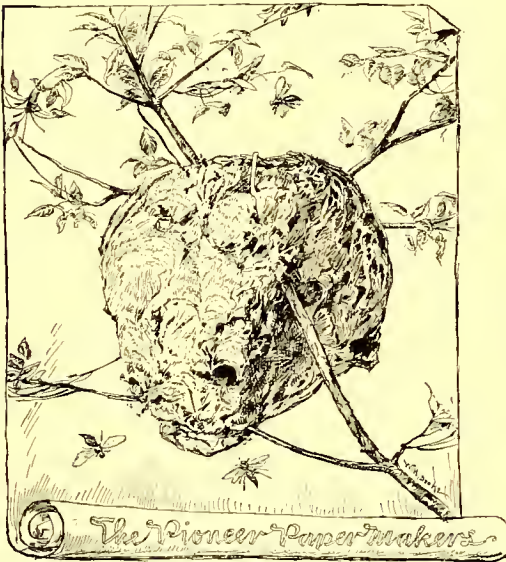
To give a complete history of paper would fill every number of the "ST. NICHOLAS" for a year. The hornet, whose sharp sting is the terror of children, is the recognized pioneer of paper-makers. His cellular nest, on trees and rocks, is built of material which resembles the most deli-

birch-trees answered for paper in India and Germany, and even to this day the Indians write upon the leaves of the mulberry, bamboo, and yucca.

Many centuries before Christ, Numa left writings upon the papyrus, whence our name, paper, is derived. This plant, which was revered as sacred by the old Egyptians, grows abundantly in shallow streams and marshes in upper Egypt and Syria. Bruce found it growing in the River Jordan, and noticed a curious fact, that it always presented the sharp, angular side of its pear-shaped stem to the swift current. The stem is eight or ten feet high, two inches in diameter, and crowned with a fringe of hair-like leaves, which circle a blossom of slender spikelets. Beneath the brown sheath which envelops the root-stalk of this dark-green plant lie other sheathes which are very transparent. These, when split into thin leaves and dried in the sun, were glued together, and formed the roll of papyrus, on which many of the ancient writings have come down to us. This paper was both flexible and durable. Specimens from Pompeii can be seen in the museum at Naples. In the fifth century papyrus paper, of which many varieties existed, was largely manufactured at Alexandria, and ranked high in the commerce of nations. Its use continued until about seven or eight centuries ago.

In China the "four most precious things" are the paper-plant, ink and its saucer, and the brush.

Eighteen hundred years ago, the Chinese, acting upon the wasp's suggestion, made paper from fibrous matter reduced to pulp. Now, each province makes its own peculiar variety from the innermost bark of different trees. The young bamboo, which grows six or eight inches in a single night, is whitened, reduced to pulp in a mortar, and sized with alum. From this pulp sheets of paper are made in a mold by hand. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is first cut spirally, by a keen knife, into thin



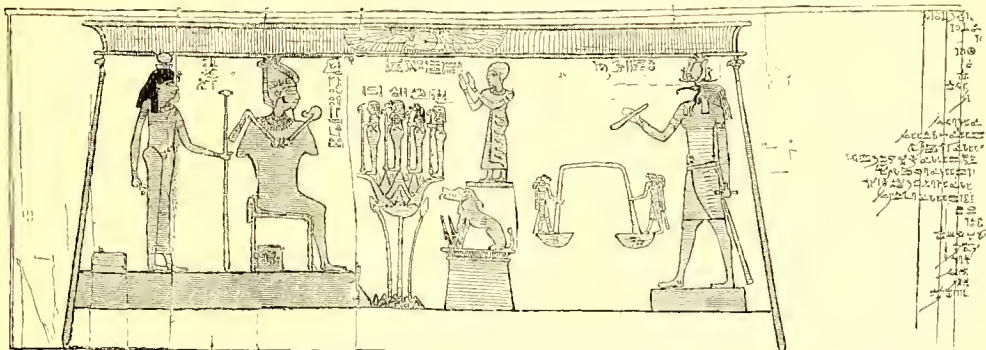
cate tissue-paper. Weaving must have been suggested by the intricate spider's web and the building of dams by the skillful beaver.

Man has always been slow to learn from Nature. Writing was first done on leaves and stones. In the libraries of London, Vienna, and Copenhagen are carefully treasured palm-leaf manuscripts written by the ancients. The innermost bark of

slices, six inches wide and twice as long. Immense quantities of paper are used by the Chinese for a great variety of purposes. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window-frames, paper sliding-doors, and paper visiting-cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British Government once visited Peking,

begun to make, is old-fashioned with them. The skill of the Japanese in handling long fibers without injury enables them to make their parchment-like paper very tenacious and durable.

It is claimed that the Mandarin Teailien invented rag paper. Whether this is true or not, the Chinese secret was early known in Persia and Arabia, and gradually the Europeans began and rapidly improved the art of manufacturing paper. Parch-

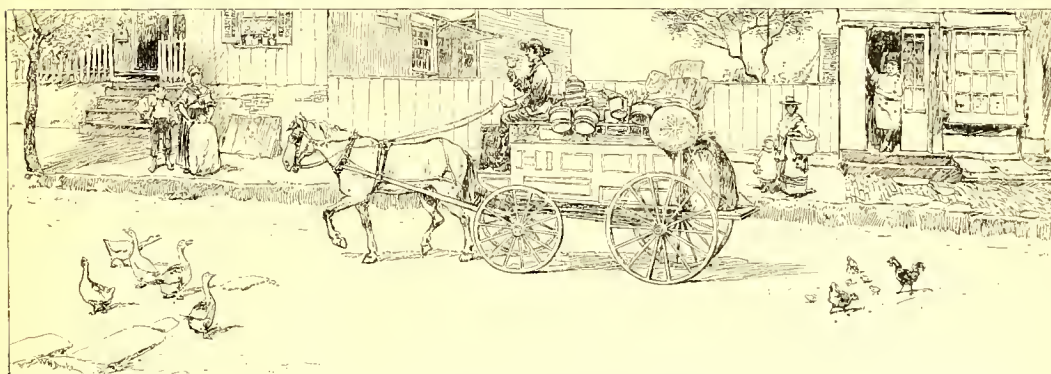


A PORTION OF A PAPYRUS SCROLL.

several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out over the large floor, proved to be the visiting-card of the Chinese Emperor.

Early in the Christian era, the Japanese employed silk faced with linen, and also wood shavings, for writing material. In 610, A. D., they began to make paper from vegetable fiber, and their ingenuity is indeed marvelous. From several hundred varieties of paper they manufacture lanterns,

prepared sheep-skin, and vellum, or clear calf-skin, were laid aside. Eight hundred years ago, Spain made paper from cotton, and in 1302 a finer quality from linen. In the fourteenth century, France, Germany, and Italy became quite skilled in the art. Queen Elizabeth knighted Spielman, a German, who established the first paper-mill in her kingdom. The business in England was greatly increased by the Huguenots



THE TIN-PEDDLER.—"NEW TINS FOR OLD RAGS!"

candle-wicks, hair-pins, umbrellas, artificial flowers, fans, handkerchiefs, hats, sword-proof helmets, telescope tubes, water-proof under-clothing, etc. A formal Japanese poet uses in writing, for poetry or songs, four distinct kinds of paper, specially designed. Imitation leather, which we have just

whom Louis XIV. drove out of France. The paper-mill built near Chester creek, in Delaware, in 1714, was probably the first paper-mill in the United States. The owner supplied paper to Benjamin Franklin. The old hand process can still be seen there.

Many years ago in New England, laws were made which required people to save carefully all exchanged for big sacks of odds and ends saved in scrap-bags. Many a successful merchant and banker



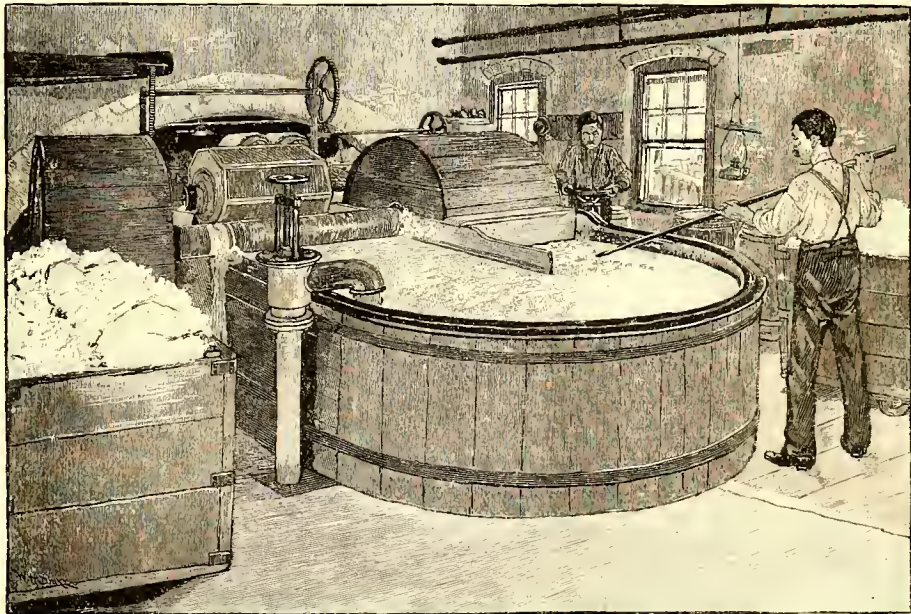
SCENE IN EGYPT,—SHOWING THE PAPYRUS PLANT.

paper material; and bell carts went through the cities ringing for rags. Yankee tin-peddlers drove their red wagons through village and town, loaded with pails, brooms, and shining tin-ware, which were originally a keen-witted tin-peddler, who learned human nature in the homes of the people, and constantly viewed new scenes and gathered fresh experience as his old horse jogged along.



SORTING AND CUTTING THE RAGS.

Until 1750, paper material was reduced to tial principles were those of the modern paper-pulp in a crude mortar ; but in that year this engine.



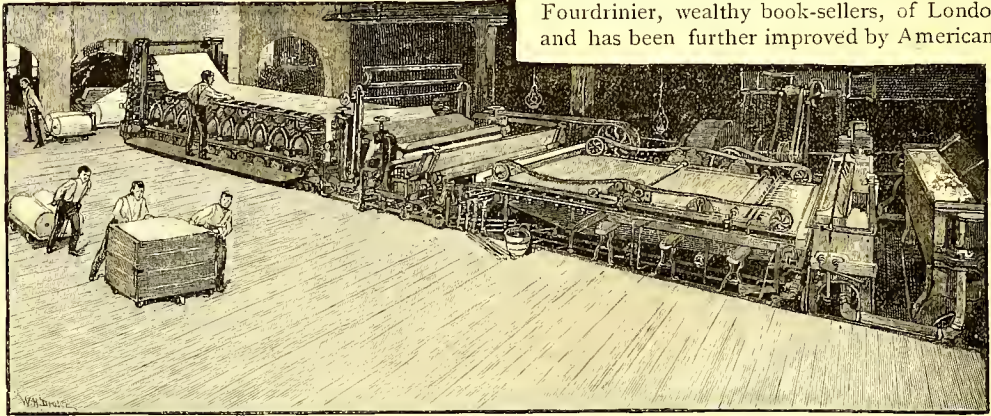
THE "ENGINE" WHICH BEATS AND GRINDS THE PULP.

tedious process was superseded by a machine In the paper-mills of to-day, we see scores of run by windmills, a Dutch invention. Its essen- women and girls removing from the rags all hooks

and eyes, buttons, pins, pieces of woolen and silk; and cutting the rags into narrow strips on sharp scythes fixed to tables. These strips are carefully sorted into three or more baskets. A revolving wire sieve removes the dust, and the rags are put into a huge iron or wooden boiler, with caustic soda and lime, which wash out the grease and dirt. In the case of print-papers or wood-chips, the ink is removed from one and the sap and resin from the other.

placed in a row, makes a very long machine. This paper-making machine is shown on this page, and the diagram below furnishes us with the names of the most important parts, viz.: The screen, vat, wire cloth, press or felt rollers, dryers, calenders, reels, and slitters.

In 1798, Louis Robert, a Frenchman, substituted for the old-fashioned hand mold an endless wire web, by which paper of great width, length, and uniform thickness could be made. His valuable invention was much improved by the Messrs. Fourdrinier, wealthy book-sellers, of London, and has been further improved by Americans.

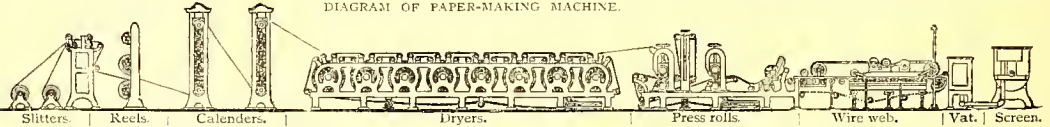


A PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.

The rags are then ready to be converted into pulp. The huge machine which is used is called an "engine," and was invented in Holland. It is quite unlike a stationary or railway engine. It is shown on the preceding page,—as an elliptical tub, separated by a partition into two chambers. Under the curved box-cover, a cylinder filled with over fifty dull steel blades, and attached to the shaft, revolves rapidly over a bed of steel bars. The blades draw out the fiber of the rags by a kind of shearing action. The first work or process of the engine is to partially reduce and wash

By the aid of the diagram, let us examine this "bird's-eye view" of a complete paper-making machine. The receiving-vat on the right of the machine is constantly supplied with prepared pulp by a pump, all imperfections being removed by the screen. A stop-cock or other arrangement regulates the supply of pulp, thus controlling the thickness of paper to be made. The pulp, diluted with water, flows over an apron upon an endless wire cloth, or web, which has from 3500 to 5000 holes to the square inch. As the water escapes through the wire cloth, the fibers of the pulp are gently shaken together.

DIAGRAM OF PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.



clean the material, and requires from three to four hours. This cleansed material is called "half-stuff," and is emptied into vats, where it is bleached perfectly white by chloride of lime. Next, the beautiful snow-like, half-beaten stuff is again put into the engine, and slowly reduced to fine pulp, which, when mixed with water, resembles cream, the natural yellow color being changed to a bluish tint by the use of a very little ultramarine.

The pulp is now ready to be converted into paper by a series of ingenious contrivances, which,

A roller of fine wire net-work imprints the water-marks which give the name "woven" paper; when the wires are stretched only one way, it is called "laid" paper. The imprint of a fool's cap and bell, much used formerly, gave the name "foolscap" paper.

The newly formed wide sheet of wet paper passes to an endless felt belt, by which it is conveyed between iron press rolls, around a dozen or more steam dryers, again around smooth calenders, and then upon the reels, finally through slitters, into a sticky liquid, and between knives; and, at last,

the long soft paper, freed from water, is smoothed, sized, and wound on reels.

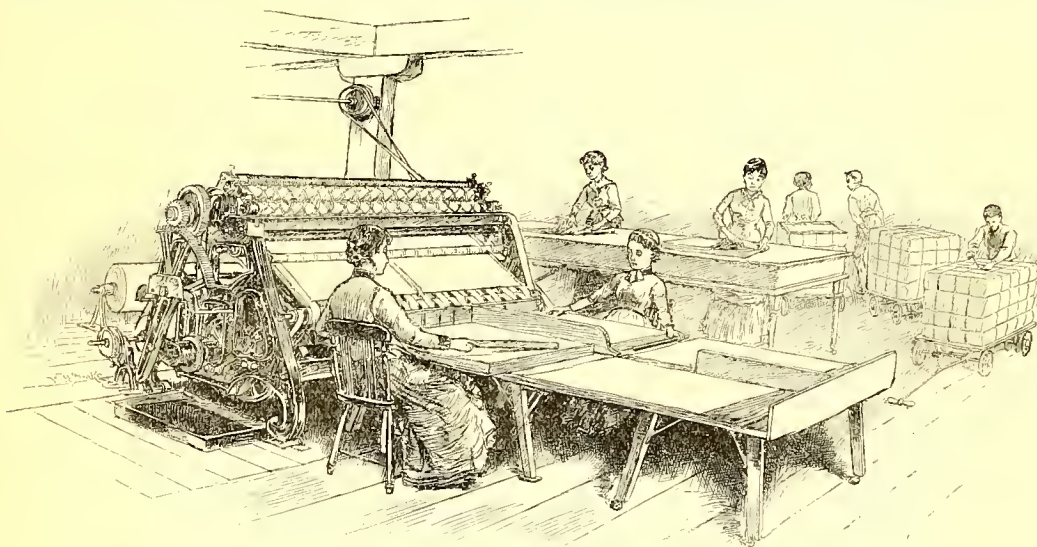
Paper is thus made so rapidly, that if the roll were allowed to run off from the machine in a continuous strip, a child could not keep up with a marked point on that strip, except by running. In the finishing-room the paper is again smoothed, cut into sheets, ruled, sorted, counted, folded, stamped, and put up in reams, quarter-reams, and half-reams, for book or letter use.

Coarse papers are made on a unique revolving cylinder, which gathers the pulp on its surface of wire work. It was invented in 1822, by Mr. John Ames, of Springfield, Mass. Formerly, several weeks were required to complete the slow hand process of changing crude material into finished

made in the United States by one thousand mills, each averaging two tons daily.

The four thousand paper-mills in the world make annually a million tons of paper—one third of which is used for newspapers.

Holyoke, on the Connecticut river, is called the "Paper City." It turns out daily one hundred two-horse wagon-loads of beautiful papers of varied tints. At Castleton, on the Hudson River, millions of postal-cards are made each year for the Government, out of wood-pulp. Paper has become as great a necessity as iron, and is employed in fully as many ways. Scores of railways use paper car-wheels. Stoves and chimneys, even, are made of paper. It is used for pencils, for lumber (in imitation of mahogany), for roof-tiling, jewelry,



THE FINISHING-ROOM.—CUTTING, COUNTING, AND PACKING THE PAPER

paper. Now it can be accomplished in a single day, at one third the old-time cost.

Poplar, spruce, and basswood are used in immense quantities for making paper pulp. Even the banana and palmetto yield excellent fiber. Of late, a soft and transparent quality of paper has been made from common grasses. Bank-note paper is made from linen, silk fiber being introduced to prevent counterfeiting by making certain markings in the paper which can not easily be imitated. Many bank bills have red silk threads running along the edges and across the ends. Letter paper is made from linen and cotton mixed; printing paper chiefly from wood-pulp,—rags being added for book and magazine paper, like that used for ST. NICHOLAS. Waste papers, straw, old ropes, jute, manilla, and like substances make common papers.

One third of the paper consumed in the world is

bronzes, false teeth, water-cans, row-boats, flour barrels, powder kegs, clothing, shoes, collars, blankets, and carpets. A fashionable New York lady once gave a party, at which the women wore paper dresses. A paper house was exhibited at the Sydney Exhibition, the doors, floors, and furniture being made from paper. In Sweden, paper thread is made. Thin silk paper, with tasteful designs painted in oil, pasted on common window-panes, makes an admirable imitation of stained glass. Paper dipped in chloride of cobalt makes the French "barometer flowers," which are blue in fair weather and change to pink on the approach of rain.

You will see, from all this, that a thorough knowledge of chemistry, and of the principles of mechanics, is necessary for the successful manufacture of paper, and that paper-making is one of the greatest industries of modern times.

LIT-TLE DOT.

BY MRS. M. B. BUTLER.



LIT-TLE Dot has eight dolls. Some of them have no arms or legs. These she loves the best. They are oft-en ver-y sick. One doll has no head. This one she al-ways says has the head-ache.

When her bro-th-er laughs, she says: "I dess your head would ache, too, if it were tut off."

Lit-tle Dot has a fun-ny grand-pa-pa. When grand-pa-pas are fun-ny, they are ver-y fun-ny in-deed.

Once, when he came for a vis-it, she got her new-est doll and set it on his knee. Then he trot-ted it up and down, and sang a lit-tle rhyme.

This pleased her so much that she brought one more doll, and then one more, un-til she had brought them all.

Grand-pa-pa sang a rhyme for each one. Here are the rhymes he sang :

One doll-y, one ;
 O, now we 'll have fun !
 Two doll-ies, two ;
 There 's room here for you.
 Three doll-ies, three ;
 Here, take t' oth-er knee.
 Four doll-ies, four ;
 Just room for one more.

Five doll-ies, five ;
 O-ho ! sakes a-live !
 Six doll-ies, six ;
 Well, well ! *what* a fix !
 Sev-en doll-ies, sev-en ;
 Don't scare up e-lev-en.
 Eight doll-ies, eight ;
 Hi, hi ! you 're too late.

But no, — he made room on his knees for the last one, too ; and then he put his long arms a-round them all, and trot-ted with all his might, and sang :

O, the dolls of lit-tle Dot,—
 What a fun-ny, bump-y lot !
 Eyes of brown and eyes of blue,

Flax-en hair, and curl-y, too ;
 O, how man-y dolls she 's got,—
 Hap-py, lit-tle, dar-ling Dot !



THERE once was a ver-y rich pig,
 Who wore spec-ta-cles, al-so a wig ;
 And at last grew so stout
 That, to trav-el a-bout,
 He had to in-dulge in a gig.

8th
MONTH.

THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC

AUGUST,

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



ONCE a year the Sun goes courting,
Courting in the Sky;
When he meets the stately Virgo
With the sparkling eye.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Fri.	10	Ophiuch	H. M. 12. 6	Battle of the Nile, 1798.
2	Sat.	11	Sagit.	12. 6	Battle of Blenheim, 1704.
3	S	12	"	12. 6	8th Sunday after Trinity.
4	Mon.	13	"	12. 6	Shelley, born 1792.
5	Tues.	14	Capri.	12. 6	Atlan. Cable, landed 1858.
6	Wed.	FULL	Aqua.	12. 6	Ben Jonson, died 1637.
7	Thur.	16	"	12. 5	H'y VI. of Germ'y, d. 1106.
8	Fri.	17	"	12. 5	Richelieu, died 1788.
9	Sat.	18	Pisces	12. 5	Isaac Walton, born 1593.
10	S	19	"	12. 5	9th Sunday after Trinity.
11	Mon.	20	"	12. 5	Thos. Betterton, b. 1635.
12	Tues.	21	Aries	12. 5	Thos. Bewick, b. 1753.
13	Wed.	22	Taurus	12. 4	Tiberius II., died 582.
14	Thur.	23	"	12. 4	☾ near Aldebaran.
15	Fri.	24	"	12. 4	☾ near Saturn.
16	Sat.	25	Gemini	12. 4	Venus very brilliant.
17	S	26	"	12. 4	10th Sunday after Trinity.
18	Mon.	27	"	12. 3	(17th) ☾ close to Venus.
19	Tues.	28	"	12. 3	Honoré de Balzac, d. 1850.
20	Wed.	NEW	"	12. 3	Robert Herrick, b. 1591.
21	Thur.	1	"	12. 3	Lady Montagu, died 1762.
22	Fri.	2	"	12. 3	John B. Gough, b. 1817.
23	Sat.	3	Virgo	12. 2	(24th) ☾ very close to Mars.
24	S	4	"	12. 2	11th Sunday after Trinity.
25	Mon.	5	"	12. 2	James Watt, died 1819.
26	Tues.	6	Libra	12. 1	Prince Albert, born 1819.
27	Wed.	7	Scorpio	12. 1	Bat. of Long Island, 1776.
28	Thur.	8	"	12. 1	Leigh Hunt, died 1859.
29	Fri.	9	Ophiuch	12. 1	John Locke, born 1632.
30	Sat.	10	Sagit.	12.	Mars near Spicasev'l days.
31	S	11	"	12.	12th Sunday after Trinity.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

In the heat of the day,
When too hot to play,
How nice to go down to the river,
And swimming, and dashing,
And diving, and splashing,
To cool off ourselves to a shiver!

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

AUGUST 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS, JUPITER, and SATURN are morning stars. MARS is just setting. We are now looking at a part of the sky in the south, which is not visited by any planet during the year except MERCURY, which is so difficult to find, on account of its closeness to the sun, that no attempt to point it out has been made in these accounts of our evening skies.

Spica is setting, and the red star Antares is twinkling in the south-west. Arcturus is high up in the west. Overhead burns Lyra, the beautiful star of *The Harp*. Near Lyra, to the east, is a large triangle of four stars in the constellation of *Cygnus*, or *The Swan*. The brightest of the four is Aricid. Between Arcturus and Lyra is Alphecca, in the *Northern Crown*. High up in the south-east is a row of three stars. The center star is a very bright one we have not noticed before; it is Altair, in the constellation *Aquila*, or *The Eagle*. Notice how bright the Milky Way is near the triangle of *Cygnus*. Rising in the north-east are four bright stars in the form of a very large square. It is one of the most conspicuous objects in the heavens, and is called the Square of Pegasus. The right-hand star, the one leading the way, is Markab, which, with the next two, belongs to the constellation *Pegasus*, *The Flying Horse*. The fourth star of the square, the one farthest north, is Alpherat, in the constellation *Andromeda*.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE LOCUST.

"WHITHER away so fast?" said the Butterfly to the Locust, one warm morning.

"To take my place with the birds and the bees in the midsummer chorus," replied the Locust; "will you come, too?"

"No," said the Butterfly, "I don't sing. My beauty is what I travel on; my wings are very much admired, you must admit."

"Very true," said the Locust in reply, "but don't you know that handsome is that handsome does, and that looks are not everything?"

Just then a little girl made a sweep at the Butterfly with her net, and nearly caught him. "Well," said the Butterfly, "you may be right, but I think in my case looks came very near being too much, that time."

"Z-z-z-z-z-z-z," said the Locust, as he went on his way.

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"Kiss me, Mother," said August, "and give me a hearty welcome; my love for you is so warm, and I'm so glad to get back again. I'm sure you need me, too. July has done all she could, and now it is my turn to help. See what lovely lilies I have brought you, fresh and dripping from the pool; they are my fairest flowers, and all others seem to wither at my touch. I am not a very good gardener, but I can put a blush on the cheek of the peach."

"Yes, indeed, my dear," said Nature, "and you must begin to mellow the apples. The pears, too, want that russet brown that you alone can give them; don't forget the melons, nor to pull out the silk tassels of the corn. But, my dear, you are sometimes a little too fierce and impetuous; be as moderate as you can."

"Indeed, I'll try, Mother," said August, kissing her warmly; "and now I must go to work, for I see Corn beckoning me with his green banners."

SONG OF THE SHELL-FISH.

LOBSTER, Lobster in the pot,
Prithce why so red?
Are you angry, that they took you
From your watery bed?
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Say why this change occurs?
Pinching, flopping, jumping, hopping,
Lobby, Lobby-sters.

Pretty Shrimp, dressed all in pink,
I pray you leave your shell;
You are really so delicious,
We're sure to treat you well.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Wear your tail in crimp?
Skipping, shiny, slim, and tiny,
Shrimpy-impy Shrimp.

Clumsy Crab, in scarlet coat,
And waistcoat very white.
If I touch you, you must promise
Truly not to bite.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Promise not to grab?
Sideways crawling, ever sprawling,
Crabby-abby Crab.

Mrs. Clam, down in the mud,
Pray tell me what you sing?
I hear you when I walk the beach.
In summer, or in spring.
Will you, wont you, will you, wont you,
Please to tell me, ma'am?
Roasted, toasted, and much boasted,
Clammy-ammy Clam.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

“WHEN the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is dry,
We need not cry;
When the weather is cold,
No use to scold;
When the weather is warm,
We should not storm—
But be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.”

OH, THAT DAISY!

DEAR JACK: We examined a daisy yesterday through a microscope, and saw really over a hundred beautiful flowers in it; indeed, the entire yellow center proved to be nothing but flowers on the outer rows and buds in the middle. Several times since, I have said to myself—“Oh, that daisy,—how wonderful it was!”

Yours affectionately,

HATTIE SPEER C.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED FLOWERS IN A DAISY!

ALBANY, June 9th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the May number of your magazine I saw the query: “How many flowers in a daisy?” On looking this morning, I found to my great surprise that the flower-head of a daisy contained four hundred and sixty-seven perfect flowers! I suppose you know that each of these minute flowers had five sepals, petals, and stamens, and one simple pistil. I study botany and enjoy it very much.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA HOFFMAN G.

A WHITE RAINBOW.

I AM told that one morning—it was on the twenty-eighth of last November—a French astronomer saw in the sunny skies of France a pure white rainbow. The sun, by the way, happened to be very pale at the time, and the frosty air held aloft a light fog through which, opposite the sun, the snow-white rainbow softly curved itself.

As a rule, I prefer my rainbows colored, but this must have been a very lovely sight. The Little

School-ma'am assures me that Monsieur Cornu, as this astronomer is called, has sent a full account of the rainbow to the French Academy of Sciences. Now, this academy is n't a boys' and girls' school, pray understand, but an institution for grown people. The Deacon says it's an academy where the sciences themselves go to school, but that must be only his odd way of stating it.

ABOUT SLATE-PENCILS.

WELL, well, it 's delightful to ask you young folk a question; for straightway your replies come pouring in! I wish you could read all the letters that came to settle the slate-pencil question; but as that is not practicable, I must be content with thanking the good writers thereof—one and all—and reading to you these two letters selected from the budget:

WAWARSING, N. Y., May 30, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS you asked where slate-pencils come from.

Slate-pencils are of two kinds—slate and soap-stone. Soap-stone, or steatite, is a variety of talc, which is a mineral of a light-green color, and greasy to the touch. It is used as a blackboard crayon.

The deposit of soap-stone from which our pencils come is at Castleton, Vermont. The mineral is worked immediately after it is quarried, as it would become hard and brittle from exposure to the air. The stone is split, and sawn into small pieces, and then split again into pieces about seven inches long by one wide, and one-third of an inch thick. After undergoing the successive operations of planing, rounding, sawing, and sharpening, about one one-hundredth of the original stone appears in the form of pencils. The waste is used in the manufacture of paper.

There is a variety of slate called “graphite slate,” which is used for tracing lines, and when of sufficiently good quality, as a drawing crayon.

Respectfully,

NORMAN T. SAUNDERS.

DEAR MR. JACK: I would like to reply as briefly as I can to your query in the June ST. NICHOLAS regarding slate-pencils.

Broken refuse slate is used mostly in their manufacture. A large quantity is put into a huge mortar, and pounded into small particles. It next goes into the hopper of a mill; thence into a bolting-machine, from which it comes out as fine as flour. It is then mixed with a small quantity of pulverized soap-stone, and the whole is kneaded into a stiff dough, by passing it through rollers.

This dough is now made into charges—that is, short cylinders, four or five inches thick, and containing from eight to ten pounds each. Some of these are placed in a retort with a changeable nozzle, so as to regulate the size of the pencil, and subjected to tremendous pressure, which pushes the mixture through the nozzle in a long cord, like a slender snake, passing it over a table, slit at right angles with the cords, to give passage to a knife which cuts them into the proper lengths.

Next comes the drying, which occupies a few hours; and they are then ready for the baking process, after which they go to the finishing room, where rapidly revolving emery wheels smooth and point them ready for use.

Yours truly,

E. M. C.

A STRANGE SEA VOYAGE.

MARCH 20, 1884.

DEAR JACK: ST. NICHOLAS told some funny stories about birds getting rides on the backs of fishes, and I saw a strange thing a few days ago. As the steamer Gate City was coming from Savannah, the captain thought he saw a wreck. He steered the ship over to it, and it proved to be a very large dead whale floating on the water, with its side high and dry, and on top of him was a big sea turtle stealing a ride. Did you ever hear of such a funny sea voyage?

Yours respectfully,

A. L. H.

A HEN CONQUERS A RAT.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, '84.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Our daily paper contains this morning such an interesting account of a brave hen defending her chickens that I am going to copy part of the story, so that you may show it to all the other ST. NICHOLAS boys. The paper says it is a true story and that the hen is California born and bred, which of course pleases me, for I am a San Francisco boy.

"The hen," says our writer, "while scratching with her brood of chickens recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. She immediately gathered her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rat, somewhat checked by her bold front, crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the chicks. In an instant the old hen flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rat came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die. After contemplating her foe for a few moments, the old hen called her brood around her and walked off."

That's what I call pluck, for I can tell you it is not every hen that will face a full-grown rat. Rats steal chickens sometimes from right under their mothers' noses. If that hen had been born in ancient Rome instead of in California, I suppose we all should be learning the story from our Roman histories. The goose that saved the Capitol was n't a circumstance to her. Your admiring friend,
WALTER G. B.

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR JACK: I read in *Cassell's Magazine* that a Scotch gentleman, Mr. Gordon, of Dundee, had invented a shell which would distribute a large quantity of oil over the sea, so as to calm the stormy waves. The writer goes on to say that this shell can be fired from a mortar, and that it is fitted with two fuses, which are set alight by the explosion in the gun, and burn although the shell is under water. On the bursting of the shell, the oil spreads over the surface, producing smooth water. The plan, he adds, was recently tried with success; the object being to still the sea between two ships in order to let a boat pass from one to the other.

Now, this idea seemed to me so excellent that I immediately proceeded to experiment for myself. I filled our bath-tub nearly full of water, and then, after lashing the miniature sea into fury, I poured a bottleful of oil upon it, and lo! the waves subsided beautifully.

So far, so good; but there was another storm raised in that otherwise happy home which I prefer not to describe in this letter.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN L.

P. S. How was I to know that olive oil costs like sixty?

THE BUSY BEE.

ONE of the girls of the Red School-house has had a present of an apron, I hear, and Deacon Green has written her a verse in honor of the occasion.

THE BUSY WASP.

TALKING of the busy bee, it seems that my friend Sir John Lubbock, the patient and painstaking British naturalist, has had the boldness to pry into certain personal matters of insect life. In short, he has been timing a bee and a wasp to find out which insect was the smartest; and lo, and behold! the wasp came out ahead—left the busy bee nowhere, in fact. You shall read the very account which has been sent to my pulpit:

"As regards the industry of wasps, Sir John Lubbock timed a bee and a wasp, for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at four A. M.) and worked on later in the day. This particular wasp began work at four in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to eight in the evening, during which time she paid Sir John one hundred and sixteen visits."

A FEW SIMPLE GARDEN QUESTIONS.

WHAT very common and well-known leaf bears the letter V plainly marked in lighter green on its surface?

What leaf bears a mark resembling a horse-shoe?

What flower carries a well-formed lyre which can be discovered by gently pulling the flower apart?

What blue flower bears well-imitated bumble-bees?

What double flower seems formed of tiny dove-like things meeting their bills?

What graceful leaf grows its seed on its under surface?

Can any one find two blades of ribbon-grass exactly alike?

Please address "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," in care of THE CENTURY COMPANY, 33 East Seventeenth street, New York.



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.

WE trust that Mr. Bolton's article on "Paper" will so interest our readers that they will not fail to visit a paper-mill, if ever they have the opportunity. Mr. Bolton, in giving the history, has merely touched upon the general processes of paper-making, but these need to be seen to be fully understood. The illustrations to the article show some of the principal machinery, and it may interest our readers to know that the sketches were made at the mills which manufacture the paper on which ST. NICHOLAS is printed. Our thanks are due to the proprietors of these mills, Messrs. S. D. Warren & Co., of Boston, Mass., for courtesies extended to our artist.

OUR apologies are offered to Mr. William W. Kent, the artist who made the graceful drawing of "The Bashful Marguerite," on page 627 of the June ST. NICHOLAS. By a misprint, his name appears in the table of contents for that month as W. W. Kemble.

HERE are two interesting letters, which have come a long way, being both dated, as you will see, at Colombo, Ceylon:

COLOMBO, CEYLON, May 3, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS. MADAM: The inclosed verses were penned on the occasion of the departure for home of two young ladies (aged respectively eleven and nine) who had brightened our home by their presence for a few weeks. They made great pets of our dogs, and I am sure that the regret experienced by the animals at the departure of their two little friends has not been exaggerated in the accompanying lines.

Perhaps the poem may find favor with some of your readers.

Yours obediently,

"LORD HAMILTON."

Good Mother Towzer, sitting at her door,
Bade her puppies cease their play, and rest upon the floor;
Very sad, very sad, very sad was she,
And both her puppies wrung their paws
And wept in sympathy.

By came Mr. Toby,— "Have you heard the news?
Our two young ladies leave to-day— think what we shall lose!"
Very sad, very sad, very sad were they,
And each took out its handkerchief
And hid its little *nez*.

Mrs. Bonny creeping, creeping up the stairs,
Stretched herself upon the floor, and thus gave vent her cares:
"Deary me, deary me! alas, alack-a-day!
O, who will come and fondle me,
When they have gone away?"

"Bow-wow," said Mr. Caesar, appearing on the scene,
"We must not thus give way, my friends, though our anguish
be so keen!

(But very hoarse, very hoarse, very hoarse was he;
For he 'd been howling all the night
In sheer despondency.)

Then down the road, with sprightly step, Miss Topsy came in view.
"Cheer up, my friends, they 'll come again when autumn skies are
blue!"

CHORUS.

"Come again, come again, yes, that 's what they must do!
We may be happy yet, dear friends,
When autumn skies are blue!"

"LORD HAMILTON."

COLOMBO, CEYLON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend of ours has just begun to take you in for us. We live in a pretty suburb of the capital, Colombo. It is very hot here, and is now the hottest season, so every one is going or gone up country to enjoy the cool mountain air, in place of Colombo heat and red dust, which is as dense as a London fog. Ceylon is a very nice place, though not so nice as our native England. In the Sanitarium, ice may be found on the water, nearly half an inch thick, but there is no snow, which is a great drawback, we think.

The natives are very funny people; most of them wear no clothes, tho' men and women wear a few garments, consisting of jackets, combos and turbans. They are very fond of heat, and are never happy unless they are chewing betel, chunam, and tobacco. Betel is a leaf, from which a hot pepper is made; chunam is what they whitewash the walls with, something like lime. There are a great many different kinds of people here, Singhalese, Gamil, Turks, Indians, Cochin Gamils, Afghans, Arabs, Moormen, etc. There are many different kinds of religion— Roman Catholicism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, etc. Our coolie is a Buddhist, and will not kill any animal, for fear the spirit of his grandmother is in it.

Your grateful reader,

TRIXIE WALL.



HOW MANY COMPLETE FACES ARE SHOWN HERE?

3022 GIRARD AVENUE, PHILA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I go to Belmont Girls' Grammar School, and am trying for the Normal School, so I have to work very hard. A question came up in class the other day, and though our kind teacher looked in all the books at her command, she could not find an answer for our question.

Now, I would like to know if any reader of your valuable magazine can give me the answer to this question. Why is the harbor of Constantinople, Turkey, called the "Golden Horn." The good reader

who can answer this will receive my warmest thanks, and you, dear St. NICHOLAS, for printing it for me.

From your affectionate reader,

MIRIAM.

Who will answer Miriam's question?

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and live in this beautiful city. I think you are the nicest magazine, both for young and old, that I have ever read, seen, or heard of. I want to tell you and your readers of a reading-club that my mother got up for my benefit. We have thirteen members (we expect to have more), but still we have very pleasant times together. The exercises consist of reading and game-playing. I am Secretary, and have to write the minutes or pay a forfeit. I think it would be nice for some boys and girls of every city to get up a little club of that kind.

I hope you will print this, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as I would be extremely proud to see it in the Letter-box.

Your friend,

PARK R. DAVIS.

C. W.—We can not explain the very great similarity of the verses on page 620 of our June number, to "Phil's Secret"—a little poem by Mrs. Laura E. Richards, published three years ago. Had we known of the resemblance sooner, we, of course, would not have printed the verses.

CARTHAGE, TENN., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother takes you for me. I think the Letter-box is a nice thing. I want to tell you about our red-bird. She plays dead; that is, she lies on her back and lets us push her about and she will not move anything but her eyes. I expect my brother will make a little wagon with wires and teach her to draw it.

I have six birds: two canaries, two mocking-birds, one red-bird, and one finch. Both of the mocking-birds sing beautifully, and one of the canaries sings well, but the other canary and the red-bird and the finch do not sing. The canaries and the finch stay in one cage. The red-bird's name is Meshak, but we call him Redman most.

If any of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS will write to me, I will tell them how to keep and train a red-bird. I am nine years old. When school closed, a few days before Christmas, last year, I got two prizes. I also got a prize in Sunday-school. My letter is so long, I am afraid you will not publish it, but I hope you will.

Good-bye,

JOSIE MYER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In August of last year, when I was visiting my grandfather, in Rutland, Vt., I resolved to go to the marble quarries, about three miles away, in the town of West Rutland. So I saddled Prince (my pony) and set out. When I arrived there, I hitched Prince to a post and went over to the quarries.

The first one I came to belonged to Sheldon and Sons; and of this one I made the most thorough examination. This quarry is a very long one, but not so deep as the others. Judging from the deepest one, it is somewhat over 220 feet deep. In the middle is a large arch of marble, called a pillar, that had not been cut away and which extended across—forming a brace to protect the workmen from being buried by the caving-in of the sides.

Down in the bottom there were steam-engines that kept moving backward and forward about five feet, and constantly cutting the marble on each side in succession, with broad steel drills. As soon as the blocks are cut out, they are hoisted up with derricks worked by steam. They are then put on stone-boats, drawn by oxen, and carried to the mill, where they are cut into different shapes in great gangs, in which are several saw-blades; not saws, as would be supposed, but simple blades of sheet-iron. When sand is thrown in, the saw-blades rub it back and forth on the marble, and the quick motion causes friction, which slowly cuts it. Then the marble is taken into another department, where it is washed and polished.

The next one is commonly called the covered quarry, being covered over by a platform. This is one of the smallest, but the deepest of them all, being about 275 feet deep (this a man told me)—over three times as deep as our school-building is high. It is very dark and gloomy in the bottom, caused by the walls being blackened by the smoke of the engines.

The next one was the Gilson and Woodfin quarry, into which I descended by some rudely erected steps. When I got down I found it was very different from what it appeared to be from the top; for, at one side, it was cut in horizontally forty or fifty feet, and the men had to wear small candles on their heads. It took me nearly a half-hour to climb up again. This quarry is next to the covered one in size.

In the quarries the men look like minute dwarfs in a cave.

Being well satisfied with my ramble, I set out to find Prince and go home. But when I came to where I had left him, there was the headstall hanging to the post, and Prince gone!

I looked round for awhile, and found him in another part of the marble-yard, cropping grass in a plot about five feet square, among great, heavy blocks of marble. Catching him by the fore-lock, I led him back and put on his headstall and rode home.

Prince is a Shetland pony. He is only ten hands high, although he is fifteen years old.

F. D. S.

HARTFORD, CONN., March, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take you and like you very much. Although I have taken you a long time, this is the first time I have written to you. In one of your numbers I saw the question, "How are rubber balls made?" I asked my cousin, who works in a rubber store, and he said, "They were made on a mold and joined in the middle. And in order to make them stay round, a little water is put in before they are joined. Then they are put in a hot place, and the water turns to steam, which expands the rubber. Then it is suddenly cooled, and the steam turns back to water. Then they make a hole and let the water out."

I remain yours truly,

GRACE M. H.

We are indebted to the following young friends for pleasant letters, which we should be glad to print if there were room. Laura Larimer, Ellie A. N., Marion F. S., "Pansy," Fannie Stetson, Ellen Blanford Hewitt, Clara M. Upton, Nellie B., Edith P. Palfrey, Alice A. Maynard, L. H. W., Bertie A. Page, Leonore R., C. Holcombe Bacon, Nellie McN. Suydam, Mamie King, A. L. Zecken-dorf, Anna B. Graff, Laura Taylor, Eric Boegle, Loy Lucas, Belle Cruise, Eloise Knapp, Ernest T. Mead, E. B. Ogden, C. McC.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTIETH REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the summer is upon us, we have a long list of new and enthusiastic Chapters this month, and extend to one and all a hearty welcome.

THE CONVENTION.

The Philadelphia Chapters are taking hold of the work preparatory to our September meeting with a will, and have issued to each Chapter a formal invitation in a very tasteful and attractive form. Moreover, an interesting programme is in preparation—beginning with a reception in the evening of September 2d, at which we hope to meet as many of our friends as possible. We could not possibly have a meeting called under more favorable auspices, and if this one shall not prove a grand success, as we believe it will, it will be only because our members are too widely scattered to assemble in very large numbers.

LIST OF NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
651	Portland, Maine (A)	4	W. H. Dow, 717 Congress St.
652	Dowagiac, Mich. (A)	11	Frank Perry.
653	Providence, R. I. (C)	4	F. S. Phillips, 65 John St.
654	Philadelphia, Pa. (V)	4	Max Greenbaum, 433 Franklin.
655	New Lyme, O. (A)	7	W. H. Cooke.
656	Moravia, N. Y. (A)	6	F. S. Curtis.
657	Apponaug, R. I. (A)	20	Miss Mamie E. Bissel.
658	Chicopee, Mass. (B)	2	Miss Edith Bullens.
659	Williamsville, N. Y. (A)	6	H. E. Herr.
660	Louisville, Ky. (B)	21	Miss Mary Sherrill, 1103 First St.
661	Wakefield, Mass. (A)	4	Miss Helen Montgomery.
662	Keyport, N. J. (B)	4	Miss Florence Arrowsmith, box 149.

- 663 Chelsea, Mass. (A)..... 6. H. B. Hastings, 13 George St.
 664 Holyoke, Mass. (A)..... 5. R. S. Brooks, 184 Beech St.
 665 So. Framingham, Mass. (A) 4. W. E. Harding, box 263.
 666 Ionia, Mich. (A)..... 4. Archie L. Crims.
 667 Biddeford, Me. (A)..... 15. Luther Day, box 849.
 668 Brooklyn, N. Y. (I)..... 8. Alice Colton, 136 Montague St.
 669 Salisbury, Mass. (A)..... 11. Miss Helen Montgomery.

REORGANIZED.

- 62 Ypsilanti, Mich..... 5. Mrs. C. R. Whitman.
 158 Davenport, Iowa..... E. K. Putnam.

EXCHANGES.

Specimens from Yellowstone park.—W. J. Willard, Sec., Stockport, New York.

Eggs blown through one small hole in side, for same.—J. G. Parker, Jr., 3529 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Fine fossil shells.—A. A. Crane, Anoka, Minn.

Gold ore, quartz, and fossils, for silk-worms and cocoons.—C. F. McLean, Sec. 3120 Calumet Ave., Chicago.

A set or sets of four *Crioceris, twelve-punctata*, for sets of *Omus Deyjeani*, Reich., or *O. Californicus*, Esch.—Edward McDowell, 264 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Minerals, fossils, eggs, and woods.—L. W. Gunckel, Dayton, O. Silk cocoons, for eggs, if correctly named.—J. H. Earp, Greencastle, Indiana.

Insects, fossils, plants, minerals, eggs blown by small hole in side, for same.—W. M. Clute, Iowa City, Iowa.

The Secretary of Ch. 618 is Miss Minnie L. French, instead of Mr. E. M. Warner.

E. L. Douglas has been elected Pres. and Frank M. Elms Sec. of Newton, Mass., Ch. 481.

NOTES.

101. *Fossil coral*, in answer to W. D. Grier.—The fossil figured in June number is *Petraia Corniculium*. It is one of the conical corals of the Trenton limestone. The top is a cup, radiated with plates. When living it had, no doubt, many beautiful colors.—Charles Ennis, Pres. 563.

102. *Beetles on the beach*.—When at "Old Point," in April, I was astonished by the large number of insects I found washed up by the tide. Besides potato-bugs innumerable, I found weevils, tiger-beetles, "lady-birds," etc.; in all, 60 varieties.—Alonzo H. Stewart.

103. *Squirrel*.—My brother Fred saw a squirrel sitting on a broken maple limb, catching the dripping sap on its paw and licking it off.—Bertie Dennett.

104. *Ants' galleries*.—C. F. G. asks if there are galleries in the homes of ants. Yes. One day last spring I raised an old log that was lying by the sea-shore above high-water mark, and I found that a colony of ants had made their home beneath it. There were rooms and passages like a house, and in some places pieces of grass had been put across like rafters. I saw the nurseries, too, and when I raised the log, the ants began to carry the pupae into the lower rooms. I also saw the queen-ant. She had wings. One of the workers came and escorted her down into the lower part of their home.—X.

105. *Eleven-leaved clover*.—A lady of this village has found an eleven-leaved clover.—C. A. Jenkin, Sec. 447, Chittenango, N. Y.

106. *Pimpla lunator*.—Last fall I found *Pimpla lunator* in great numbers on an old maple log. Their ovipositors were buried in the wood. Opening the log, I found several borers, each with a small puncture in its back, which, however, extended only through the outer skin. Between this and the inner skin were a great number of tiny eggs.—F. L. Stephan.

107. *Chipmunks as builders*.—I was spending the summer at Lake Rousseau, Muskoka. While there I used to feed a pretty little chipmunk. He grew so tame that he would take a crumb from close beside me. He had several storehouses. One was in a rotten stump. One day I broke in the top of the stump to see what he had inside. I did not find his store, but a day or two afterward, when I went to look at it, I found that it had a new roof. It looked just as if it had never been broken. When I made a hole

in the new roof, I found it was an inch and a half thick, and made of scraps of the rotten wood. There seemed to be nothing to fasten it together, and nothing under it to support it. I think the chipmunk must have made it, yet I do not see how he could. Can any one explain it?—Willie Sheraton.

[Has any one else observed any such roof-building? Or are Canadian chipmunks more clever than ours?]

108. *Durable wood*.—The farmers here use the larger wood of the osage orange for fence-posts. I have seen some no larger than my wrist, that have been in the ground nineteen years, and are to all appearance as sound as ever. The farmers claim that it will "never rot."—W. H. Foote, Manito, Ill.

109. *Spider's web*.—How many yards of web can a spider spin in one season?—C. S. Lewis, Sec. 610.

110. *Attidae, or jumping spiders*.—This family includes spiders conspicuous for the brilliancy and variety of their coloring, and also for the singularity of their forms. Making no webs, they are to be found upon leaves of trees and shrubs, and also on the ground or grass, or under dead leaves. "Crevices in rocks and walls and interstices among stones" are their common haunts, and when not wandering, they are to be found in silk bags. This group is more numerous in species than any other in the order Araneidans. In collecting, the sweep-net will be found useful. Place the specimens in alcohol, about 80%, not too many in the same bottle. The larger, soft-bodied specimens require considerable alcohol, and for these, after two or three days, a change of alcohol is desirable. Above are illustrations of several forms of jumping spiders that fairly well illustrate the family; the males are less common than the females, and hence, more important. See drawings for the differences between males and females. In collecting, twelve or fifteen specimens of the same species are not too many.—Geo. W. Peckham, Biological Laboratory, Milwaukee High School, Milwaukee, Wis.

111. *Wild birds*.—In answer to your question whether any one has seen a wild bird leave the egg, I will say that I have watched a young robin come from the egg, and have stood under a tree while a boy at the top described the movements of a young cooper's hawk that was just coming into the world.—R. B. Worthington.

112. *Dandelions*.—I have noticed with interest how beautifully dandelion stems accommodate themselves to the length of the grass they grow in. The flowers on a close-cut lawn never raise their heads high, but those in a meadow often have stems a foot long.—C.

113. *Chelifer*.—I found under the bark of pine a chelifer, one of the "false scorpions" (*pseudo-scorpions*). I was told at the Agricultural Department that they had never before been found in pine. Does any one know to the contrary? Natural size, 1-15 inch.—G. W. Beatty, Washington, D. C.

114. *Dragon-fly*.—My little boy says there is a dragon-fly about one inch long, and of a dark-green color, that feeds on butterflies. It waits on a leaf near a flower, and when a butterfly approaches, seizes and devours it.—Mrs. R. L. Van Alstyn.

[Will some one tell us the name of this dragon-fly?]

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The reports from the Chapters are uniformly encouraging. There have been none to give up, although a number have adjourned until September. Miss Lucy Parsons writes that 639 has held a successful entertainment to raise money for a club-room. 168 has prospered "far beyond our expectations," writes Jennie A. Doyle, and she adds: "On May 24th, all the Buffalo Chapters had an excursion to East Aurora. Ninety-eight tickets were sold; consequently, it was a decided success."

So, Williamstown, 617, has held regular fortnightly meetings, and very interesting reports have been read on botany, mineralogy, and ornithology. Secretary A. L. Bates adds: "Several of the faculty have joined us, and make it very interesting."

We trust none of our young friends will become discouraged at not seeing their reports in print. We print your letters as fast as practicable. As a general rule, those that are shortest, and that contain hints of your methods of work that may prove of practical use to others, have the best chance.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
 Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

HIDDEN FISHES.

If any clever fisherman these lines will disentangle,
Full two and thirty hidden fish he'll find for which to angle.

The boys had gone to view
The smack, ere leaving port.
Now, Hal, eager for sport,
The boat did shake, but soon looked blue,
For the skipper's word had a blow to match it—
"Don't make a muss, else you will catch it!
Get up, Ike! do go down below, —
Go, boy!" sternly he spoke, and low.
Isaac, lamenting, rued that day,
For he found the man had docked his pay.

The old gray linguist, somber amid his books,
Saw the ruddy, chubby child, and lost his carping looks;
For, oh! a cheerful word or smile
Will whisper cheer, and thoughts beguile.
It conjured up his melting mood,
It routed all his selfish code.

"Pluck me a jasmine now," he cries.
"Hark ye, and pick ere lights the bee ·
His cup of sweets the fairies prize,
The fairies' almoner is he.
But, rob as slyly as they may,
Their best enchantments thrown away,
The bee leaves nought for man or fay;
And, hid in lily cup, or poised on clover,
Has hived a cell of sweets ere summer's over."

J. W. Y.

Arctic regions and in the torrid zone; in trees, and in the earth.
Three of my letters spell an evil passion. Three of my letters spell
a valuable product of the earth. Three of my letters signify fiction.
Three of my letters spell the name of an animal. Three of my letters
spell something pertaining to a fish. Three of my letters spell a chief
ruler. Three of my letters spell to contend. Four of my letters
spell to range. Four of my letters spell a character. Four of my
letters spell above. Four of my letters spell to rend asunder. Four
of my letters spell the surname of the hero of a poem by Robert
Browning. Four of my letters spell fondness. Four of my letters
spell a musical instrument. Four of my letters represent something,
the taking of which implies the renunciation of all other earthly things;
yet these same four letters, with a trifling difference of arrangement,
spell that which is essentially vile. Cut off my tail, and I become a
fruit. Cut off my head, and I become something whose aid is necessary
for us to do that which is represented by cutting off both head
and tail. Among my letters may be found those necessary to spell
two well-known Scripture names, also an important river in France.
My whole is the Christian name of a celebrated ruler. J. W. E.

PL.

Fi ew hda on saltuf, ew oldsuk keat on ulasepre ni kearrming
hoste fo steroh; fi ew dah on riped, ew loshud ton crvicepe ti ni
nearoth.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

In each of the following sentences a word of five letters is concealed. When these are found, transpose the letters of each word, making four new five-letter words. Syncopate the central letter of each of these words and transpose the remaining four letters so that they will form words which, when taken in the order here given, will form a word-square. The four syncopated letters, transposed, spell a serving-boy.

1. She says that grammar especially is very instructive. 2. Do not be so particular, George, about your food. 3. In Alabama, plenty of cotton is raised. 4. But it can not be said a less amount is raised in Mississippi. J. F. D.

OCTAGONS.



I. 1. A sailor. 2. Impelled. 3. A trailing plant. 4. To excite. 5. Described. 6. To hinder. 7. A color.
II. 1. A covering for the head. 2. Household gods. 3. A poem set to music. 4. A mechanic. 5. A countryman. 6. To endure. 7. An insect. CYRIL DEANE.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-seven letters, and form a couplet from a poem by Young.
My 3-45-25-6 is to beat. My 15-51-44-55-12-35-47 is unaffected. My 20-27-42-57-50-18 is covert. My 67-30-64-29-60 is to negotiate. My 32-62-17-41 is a garden vegetable. My 26-38-48-16-1 is the cry of a certain animal. My 22-2-40 is misery. My 42-56-36-63 is to angle. My 39-10-24-9 is a repast. My 46-5-14-31 is to throw out. My 10-37-59-61 is an open vessel. My 43-34-4-11-53-8 is undeviating. My 28-38-66-21-13-54 is powerful. My 23-65-33-52-7 is to boast. HELEN D.

ARROW-HEAD.



ACROSS: 1. A tree which grows mostly in moist land. 2. Pertaining to a royal court. 3. A resin used in making varnishes. 4. A small wax candle. 5. One of the most beautiful women of antiquity.
DOWNWARD: 1 (two letters). An exclamation. 2 (four letters). Tardy. 3. Pertaining to a duke. 4. To run away. 5. To mature. 6. A vehicle. 7. A letter. "A. F. OWDER, JR."

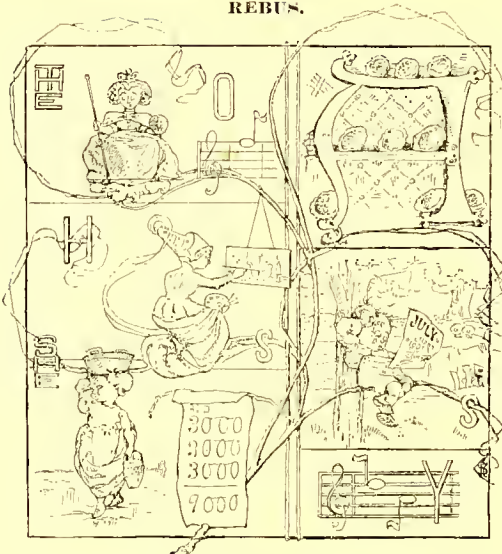


THE answer to the above rebus is an extract from "The Complete Angler," by Izaak Walton.

RIDDLE.

I AM composed of six letters.
The first half of my letters, transposed, spells that which belongs to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. It has lightened the labors of mankind in all branches of industry for countless generations. It inspires the epicure with rapture and the invalid with loathing. Without its aid, the mechanic would be at a loss, and travelers' movements greatly retarded. It has formed the basis of speculations which have enriched and impoverished thousands. It is as intimately associated with the masterpieces of pictorial art as with the prosaic purposes of our own land and times. It is found in the

REBUS.



The answer to the foregoing rebus is a quotation from Mother Goose.

METAMORPHOSES.

*THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS. Bartholdi. 1. B-alm. 2. A-lone. 3. R-hone. 4. T-hose. 5. H-arks. 6. O-live. 7. L-abel. 8. D-over. 9. I-deal.

LIBERTY PUZZLE. 1. Boot, foot. 2. Hoes, toes. 3. Land, hand. 4. Mink, link. 5. Dyes, eyes. 6. Deck, neck. 7. Gate, date. 8. Rose, nose. 9. Vase, base. 10. Gold, fold. 11. Mace, face. 12. Pair, hair. 13. Jars, ears. 14. Crow, brow.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Florence. 2. May. 3. Nancy. 4. Sydney. 5. Charles. 6. George. 7. Nancy. 8. Black. 9. Shetland. 10. Prince Edward. 11. Skye. 12. Clear. 13. North. 14. May. 15. Horn. 16. Turkey. 17. Vienna. 18. Sandwiches. 19. Oranges. 20. Cork. 21. Worcestershire. 21. Oder. 23. Java. 24. Wind. 25. Rainy. 26. George. 27. Wight. 28. Red. 29. Ogechee. 30. Onondaga. 31. Indian. 32. Long. 33. Yellow. 34. Canary. 35. Superior. 36. Fear. 37. Florence. 38. Farewell. CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Agile. 2. Gates. 3. Items. 4. Lemma. 5. Essay.

CHARADE. Nose-gay. FRAMED WORD-SQUARE. From 1 to 2, croylstone; from 3 to 4, provisions; from 5 to 6, floroscope; from 7 to 8, browsewood. Included word-square: 1. Spar. 2. Peri. 3. Aria. 4. Rial.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in July, from John, Lily, and Agnes, Cannes, France, 11. ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Paul Reese—S. R. T.—"H. and Co."—Maggie T. Turrill—"Captain Nemo"—Madeleine Vultee—"Daisy, Pansy, and Sweet William"—Clara and Belle—"San Anselmo Valley"—"Shumway Hen and Chickens"—Eisseb—Lucy M. Bradley.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Hettie F. Mayer, 1—Louise O. Gregg, 2—C. S. Gore, 1—C. L. Holt, 1—Artie L. Zeckendorf, 1—C. H. Langdon, Jr., 1—Fannie Stetson, 2—R. McKean Barry, 4—Edith Leavitt, 4—Frank Brittingham, 1—Mabel B. Canon, 4—Birdie Koehler and Laura Levy, 5—"Navajo," 3—W. Powell Robbins, 1—J. B. Reynolds, 4—Dora H. H. Doscher, 1—Curtis Calver, 1—Ina D. Mercer, 3—Adeleida, 1—Jeanie Sheldon, 6—Corinne F. Hills, 1—Josephine R. Curtis, 1—Ellen Lindsay, 1—Fred A. Barnes, 1—H. B. Muckleton, 1—M. Jeanette Doig, 1—R. H., 1—Ruth and Marion, 1—G. Maude Fierd, 5—Helen M., 1—Lilian C. Carpenter, 1—W. K. Taylor, 1—Clara M. Upton, 4—Clarence F. Wiwand, 2—B. C., 3—"Rooster," 2—Oscar M. Steppacher, 1—Jennie and Birdie, 8—Emma Screws, 3—Florence R., 3—Frank B. Howard, 2—Minnie E. Patterson, 2—R. H. Mack, 1—Katherine Smith, 4—"Pepper and Maria," 7—S. E. S., 8—Jennie C. McBride, 3—Clare and Floy Hubert, 5—George Habencin, 1—Martha S. Tracy, 1—T. and A., 2—"Maggie and C. O'Neill," 3—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Arthur G. Lewis, 3—George C. Beebe and John C. Winne, 4—Grace Zublin, 3—Alex. Laidlaw, 6—"The Sintwisters," 4—Fred S. Kersey, 1—Ida and Walter, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 5—"Warwick House," 5—Whm and Bbb, 1—Elizabeth H., 1—R. L. Spiller, 2—Inez T. Dane, 5—Edith M. Hoyd, 1—M. Alice Barrett, 3—Leon Robbins, 1—Emmie B. Taylor, 3—Bertha Palmer, 2—Emma and Irene, 4—"Nemo and Nullus," 8—Besie Burch, 7—Nellie and Daisy, 2—Chester Aldrich, 5—Canary Bird, 4—Edward Livingston Hunt, 3—Alice H. N., 2—Mary S. Hicks, 6—"Unknown," 6—Hattie Jamieson, 2—Le Bar Schoonover, 1—Nannie Duff, 5—Mary Lou, 8—"Hora," 1—Arthur J. Clark, 2—"Molly and Mouché," 8—F. Smyth, 6—E. Muriel, and Edith W. Grundy, 9—Ida and Edith Swanwick, 7—Eleanor and Maude Peart, 4—Hugh and Cis, 9—"Frie Dish," 8—"Timotheus Gibbs, Esq.," 5—Birdie Pierce, 2—Sallie Viles, 8—Mabel L. Haines, 8—E. P. Thomson, 6—A. V. Luther, 3—W. A., 2—"M. H. Shaffer, 1—No name, 6—"North Star," 9—"M. W. Aldrich, 5—Ida G., 2—F. Smith and F. Hoyt, 4—Marguerite Kyte, 2—Charles H. Kyte, 9—"Royal Tarr," 3—Edith H. Moss, 1—Hattie, Clara, and Mamma, 9—Nicoll and Mary Ludlow, 8—Eva Wade, 1—Appleton H., 5—Muriel, 6—A. E. Hyde, 4—Ed Westervelt, 4—Annie M. Hirst, 7—Livingston Ham, 5—Jessie A. Platt, 9—"An Ocean," 9—Kittie Loper, 2—Hattie Dodd," 5—L. M. N. and E. L. D., 8—Jennie Balch, 6—Lida Bell, 2.

the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphoses may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but in other instances more moves are required.

EXAMPLE: CHANGE LAMP TO FIRE, in four moves. ANSWER, LAMP, LAME, FAME, FARE, FIRE.

1. Change BLACK to BROWN, in seven moves. 2. Change ROME to YORK, in five moves. 3. Change BASLE to PARIS, in six moves. 4. Change HOMER to BURNS, in seven moves. 5. Change BEAR to LION, in four moves. 6. Change EIRD to NEST, in five moves. 7. Change GIVE to TAKE, in four moves. 8. Change COLD to HEAT, in four moves. 9. Change RISE to FALL, in four moves. W.

CHARADE.

My first gathers lawyers and loafers;
My second's a queer kind of beast;
My third is the basis of whisky;
My fourth must be female at least.
My whole has no sense of propriety,
And sometimes eats folks—for variety.

W. H. A.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the second row of letters, reading downward, will spell a famous building of Athens, and the fourth row, a famous building of Rome.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Quickly. 2. A law, or rule. 3. To bore. 4. To condescend. 5. A large box. 6. Com'act. 7. A scornful look. 8. A tribunal. 9. An adversary. F. A. W.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To leave. 2. One who prepares matter for publication. 3. A hook on which a rudder is hung to its post. 4. A famous king of the Huns. 5. Revolved. 6. Walks. C. F. HORNE.



GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE LITTLE QUAKER SINNER.

BY LUCY LINCOLN MONTGOMERY.

A LITTLE Quaker maiden, with dimpled cheek and chin,
Before an ancient mirror stood, and viewed her form within.
She wore a gown of sober gray, a cape demure and prim,
With only simple fold and hem, yet dainty, neat, and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff; its only line of grace
Was in the lace, so soft and white, shirred round her rosy face.

Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this hat! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish all my clothes were not of such outlandish shape!
The children passing by to school have ribbons on their hair;
The little girl next door wears blue; oh, dear, if I could dare,
I know what I should like to do!"—(The words were whispered low,
Lest such tremendous heresy should reach her aunts below.)

Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
All their prudent humble teaching willfully she cast aside,
And, her mind now fully conquered by vanity and pride,
She, with trembling heart and fingers, on a hassock sat her down,
And this little Quaker sinner *sewed a tuck into her gown!*

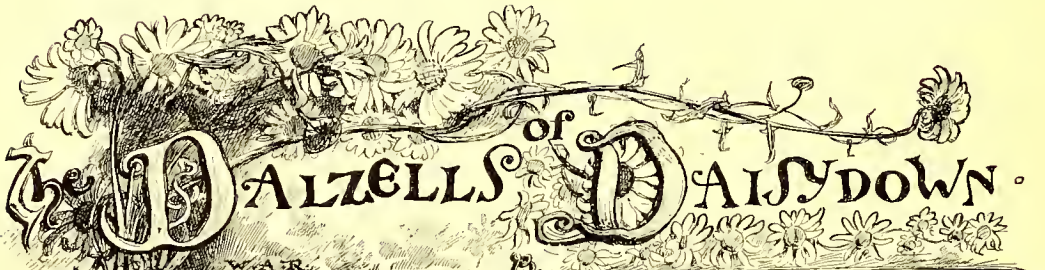
"Little Patience, art thou ready? Fifth day-meeting time has come,
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'T was Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty little maid—
Gliding down the dark old stair-way—hoped their notice to evade,
Keeping shyly in their shadow as they went out at the door,
Ah, never little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!

Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward; all her thoughts were pure and holy;
And Aunt Peace walked gazing downward, with a humble mind and lowly.
But "tuck—tuck!" chirped the sparrows, at the little maiden's side;
And, in passing Farmer Watson's, where the barn-door opened wide,

Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seemed to her affrighted fancy like "a tuck!" "a tuck!" "a tuck!"

In meeting Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity,
While all the Friends seemed looking round that dreadful tuck to see.
How it swelled in its proportions, till it seemed to fill the air,
And the heart of little Patience grew heavier with her care.
Oh, the glad relief to her, when, prayers and exhortations ended,
Behind her two good aunts her homeward way she wended!

The pomps and vanities of life she 'd seized with eager arms,
And deeply she had tasted of the world's alluring charms,—
Yea, to the dregs had drained them, and only this to find:
All was vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind.
So, repentant, saddened, humbled, on her hassock she sat down,
And this little Quaker sinner *ripped the tuck out of her gown!*



BY
• E • VINTON • BLAKE •

DOU don't know Daisydown, do you say? It is six miles from Denham station, and three by boat from Hemingway, if you go inside Bear Island,—seven, if you go outside, over the bar. The village overflows, so to speak, from its hollow among the foot-hills, by one narrow picturesque street down to the pier at Daisydown Sands. It is scarcely more than a collection of quaint, grass-grown lanes and alleys, plentifully shaded by elms, willows, and silver-leaf poplars—dear, old-fashioned trees!—with houses dotted down here and there among them.

Daisydown is the most original place I ever saw; there is a strong flavor of individuality about every person and everything in it, from old Cap'n Azariah Thistle, who keeps the store by the pier, and who thinks it quite the proper thing to inquire your lineage, occupation, and circumstances, as

soon as he learns your name, to Miss Peabody at the extreme other end of Daisydown, who has such a mania for clean aprons that she keeps a drawer full of them, and in any unusual or exciting circumstances,—and for no earthly reason that any sane body can see,—makes haste to put one on.

Every one knows the Dalzells of Daisydown. From time immemorial the race have lived in Dalzell Hall, which was built before Revolutionary days by some dead-and-gone Dalzell, who had a righteous horror of going upstairs; for it is only a story-and-a-half high, with sixteen rooms on the ground floor, and all manner of angles; to say nothing of a court in the interior, of a delightful oriental style. The garret is without partition or plaster; a great mysterious barn of a place, full of bewitching dim light from the odd old dormer-windows, and only accessible from the tower stairs. Yes, there is a tower, too, some sixty feet high! The room under it, on the first floor, is

called the tower room; from it the stairs ascend, and above its ceiling they wind about the square walls to the top, with a queer little door in the second story, leading to the garret, in one corner of which the Dalzell boys have fitted up a good gymnasium.

Outwardly, Dalzell Hall is a mass of ivy and woodbine, Virginia creeper, and other vines, from end to end. From its hill it commands the blue sea to the east and south; to the west lies Daisydown in its hollows, and northward across the country you catch, on a clear day, the glimmer of Denham church-spires. The grounds are ample, but neglected, as every one says, since the present Mr. Dalzell's wife died. A quiet, proud man is Mr. Tripton Dalzell; absorbed in business in the city; running out to Denham by the cars, and down to Daisydown by carriage at all sorts of odd moments; apparently leaving his boys entirely to their own devices, but in reality keeping an eagle eye upon them and their doings. He can trust his house-keeper and servants; they all are middle-aged people, who have lived at the Hall before ever he married and brought his wife there.

If you happen to be on the pier at nine on a breezy June morning, when the tug "Orion" comes over from Hemingway, you probably will see on Miriconnet Head a gray horse bearing an agile young rider dressed in navy blue; and that rider will be Ranald Dalzell. Or if you choose to poke among the rocky glens and valleys south of Daisydown, you will probably happen upon a slender, black-eyed, fifteen-year-old chap, with a geologist's hammer and bag, who is sure to be Houghton Dalzell. And again, if you take a boat and skim out beyond the bar, in the quiet of a dull, bluish afternoon, with the sea like glass, and a yellow streak all along the horizon, you will certainly find a little dory lying, mast unshipped, at anchor, and a brown, wiry lad with a restless, alert eye, fishing over the stern. Whereupon, your boatman will remark:

"It's just Master Phil Dalzell, sir."

And by and by, between the flaws that presently come from the bluish-gray clouds, you will see the little dory, close-reefed, skimming away over the long waves for Daisydown pier.

"Drown him?" says your boatman; "you can't drown Master Phil, sir; he's the fishiest fish of 'em all."

Houghton and Phil are brothers; Phil is thirteen. Ranald is an orphan cousin who has grown up at Dalzell Hall, and might also be a brother for all the difference you can see. There is a strong affection between the lads. Ranald's is, by all odds, the most remarkable character. Gray alert eyes, red hair, and plentiful freckles, has

Ranald; a well-knit, supple, "stocky" figure for a fourteen-year-old boy; a quick temper kept under by a tremendous will; plenty of invention, tact, and self-assurance. Oh, Ranald is my favorite,—I own up to it. For the other two,—they are smart enough. You never saw a Dalzell of Daisydown that was n't smart,—a real boy or man, and quite up to his time.

But the glimpses of the Dalzells here presented are taken during the summer vacation, remember. With Daisydown in its winter aspect, we have nothing to do. The boys were back from Boston schools to the dear old delightful home nooks and occupations. What Boston schools did you say? Well, I shall keep the secret of Daisydown and my heroes, but I will just hint that Chauncy Hall may have known and held the Dalzells.

And now to my story.

It was in the breakfast-room at seven on a June morning that Mr. Tripton Dalzell sat at table with his three boys. There was always much lively talk at meal-times,—that is, among the boys. Mr. Tripton Dalzell had a way of encouraging people to talk, and saying next to nothing himself. In this way he knew his boys thoroughly. They never felt his presence to be a restraint, and yet, when he spoke, there was instant obedience. On that particular June morning, Phil, the youngest Dalzell, was in a very exuberant mood, and when Mrs. Merriam, the housekeeper, said to him: "Your father spoke to you, Master Phil," he was in the act of recovering himself from a dive under the table after Prince, that dog having feloniously appropriated a whole biscuit from the edge of the table beside Phil's plate.

"Put the dog out, Phil; I wish to speak to you," said Mr. Tripton Dalzell.

Phil obeyed. There was a business-like expression on his father's face which subdued all the boys into a feeling of expectancy.

"We are about to receive a new inmate into our house," said Mr. Dalzell, in a matter-of-fact way. "I think a day's notice will serve you,—for getting accustomed to the idea, I mean. I have a New York friend who has a daughter about Ranald's age. She left the city yesterday for the summer, and she will arrive here to-morrow. Mrs. Merriam will take charge of her, and I shall expect you three boys to make her vacation as agreeable as you can."

Silence and dismay reigned around the table. Was this the end of their delightful vacation plans? To be tied to a girl's apron-strings all summer? How about the long fishing trip in the big yacht with old Cap'n Azariah? How about the glorious geologizing trips on Daisydown

Ledges, and the wild gallops over "hill and holt, moor and fen?"

The Dalzells looked at one another; Mrs. Merriam's mouth twitched at the corners, but Mr. Tripton Dalzell was coolly impassive.

"Miss Molly Arnold is likely to arrive by any one of three routes," proceeded Mr. Dalzell, "consequently, to insure our meeting her, I must assign each of you to a special station.

The Dalzells opened their mouths simultaneously, as if in haste to speak; but closed them again, as Mr. Dalzell continued:

"Houghton, I desire you to take Judy and the open buggy and go to the Eastern station at Denham to meet the ten o'clock train to-morrow morning. Phil at the same hour must be at the Junction with Pat and the top buggy. Ranald can sail over to Hemingway by eight o'clock. He may use the 'Nocturne.'"

The boys' faces were a study. Mr. Tripton Dalzell had shrewdly mingled the bitter with the sweet. Judy and Pat were two fine, matched trotters that Mr. Dalzell rarely allowed the boys to touch. And Master Ranald, although he considered himself fully capable of it, was seldom permitted to handle alone the yacht "Nocturne."

Three tongues broke loose at once as Mr. Dalzell left the breakfast-room.

"There 's a fine piece of luck for us!" declared Houghton, sarcastically, roused from his usual calm.

"A namby-pamby city-girl,—all dress and fine airs," sputtered Phil angrily.

"She wont take to me, that 's one comfort," said Ranald with a good deal of philosophy. "She 'll call me 'that red-headed boy,' and let me alone. Girls never do like me. She 'll want to geologize with Houghton,—she 'll get a hammer and bag the first day!" And he threw his head back and laughed.

"Indeed, she 'll not!" declared Houghton; "or if she does, I 'll lead her a chase over rocks and brambles that she wont take but once. Do you suppose I 'll have my vacation spoiled?"

"Anybody coming with her?" asked Phil, as the housekeeper arose.

"Nobody," said Mrs. Merriam, quietly. "Her mother is a very fashionable woman, but her father insists upon bringing up the daughter according to his notions; so he has had her learn many things that her mother does n't fancy; and now, instead of sending her to Saratoga, he wishes her to come here for rest and quiet. The only thing she is instructed to 'keep up with' is her music."

The Dalzells were all musical, so the latter intelligence was well received.

"She 'll be fashionable, though," said Phil,

with a groan. "Whoever saw a girl that did n't dote on dress?"

Mrs. Merriam smiled quietly,—she was always quiet,—and went away to her duties.

Groan as they would, the morrow came, and with it the hour of the expected arrival. Mr. Tripton Dalzell went away by an early train to his business; and at the proper hour, Phil and Houghton departed for their respective stations.

But early in the morning, before even Mr. Tripton was astir, Ranald came down in his blue boating suit, with his jacket over his arm. The housekeeper met him at the door.

"Here 's your lunch, Master Ranald. There 's cold chicken and ham sandwiches in the basket, and pie and jelly. Here 's coffee in the bottle, and there 's your jug of water."

"If she does n't come, I 'm to have all these good things myself," said Ranald, laughing. "What a picnic I 'll have!"

The housekeeper smiled gently, and said, "I think she 'll come."

Ranald's countenance fell.

"And I think you 'll like her, Master Ranald," added Mrs. Merriam.

But Ranald's mind immediately took a touch of boyish contrariness. He said to himself, "I *wont* like her."

Nevertheless he enjoyed the prospect of a sail in the "Nocturne."

Peter came from his early garden work to help carry down the things. They went down the rose-alley that led to the boat-houses and to Mr. Dalzell's private pier. The fragrant, dew-wet blossoms brushed Ranald's shoulder as he passed under the thickets; beneath, on the shady ground, were great beds of lily-of-the-valley. At the hedge-gate Ranald stopped and looked down the steep declivity, over the sands, and far out on the quiet morning sea. How still everything was! The sun was rising; the beautiful glow of golden pink flushed sea and sky. Peter had gone on before; Ranald heard the clank of the mooring chain as he unloosed the dory, and ran down to the boat-house to join him.

"The wind 's fair—what there is of it," said Peter: "but ye 'll have to beat back."

"I don't care," answered Ranald, as they pushed off.

"Mebbe the young leddy wont loike it," suggested Peter.

"*She* wont come by way of Hemingway," answered Ranald, with a laugh. "I 'm safe enough—never fear. Here we are. Now then, hand over the things, Peter. Oh—hold up! Now I believe I 've actually forgotten her name! Fancy going after a girl whose name you don't know!"

"It was Miss Molly Arnold, I'm thinkin'," responded Peter, with a sly smile on his weather-beaten face, as the dory fell off from the yacht's stern.

"So it was. All right, now! Good-bye, Peter," cried Ranald.

"Good luck to ye," answered the gardener, as the dory glided back over the smooth waters of the bay.

Left alone, Master Ranald had the sails up and the moorings cast off in a jiffy; and as the "Nocturne" rounded Miriconnet Head, she caught a puff from westward that made her bend to her work in gallant style, and set the ripple swirling about her bows.

But the wind came in variable puffs and flaws, and as Master Ranald chose to go outside Bear Island, it was half-past seven o'clock before the "Nocturne" glided gracefully alongside the pier at Hemingway, which was a fashionable shore resort.

"Now I suppose I'm to go to the station. Wonder how I'll know her, or what she's like," muttered Ranald, mightily discontented; and up to the station he went. A small multitude of girls thronged the station after the eight o'clock train came thundering in, but none of them seemed in need of his protection. So at half-past eight, seeing no signs of any possible Miss Molly Arnold, he departed lighter of heart, and wondering whether Houghton or Phil was to enjoy the society of the new-comer.

There was the usual fashionable crowd on the pier and promenade. The hotels had emptied themselves on the sands; everywhere people were bargaining with boatmen, and not a few cast envious eyes on the handsome "Nocturne." There was a crowd of ladies and gentlemen inspecting it. Ranald was rather pleased at this. As he untied the painter, drawing upon himself the attention of all, he felt a touch on his arm, and a voice said:

"I beg pardon, but are n't you one of the Dalzell boys?"

Ranald turned quite cold with the suddenness of the shock. He looked around into the face of a self-possessed damsel, not so tall as himself by two inches. His first impressions were of a pair of sharp hazel eyes and an inquisitive nose under a blue hat, a profusion of fluffy blonde hair, and a generally perplexing mingling of navy-blue flannel and garnet ribbon. He contrived to stammer out:

"Yes, I'm Ranald Dalzell."

"I thought you must be," said the self-possessed damsel. "I don't know why I thought so, either. I've waited for you this half-hour. Is this your yacht?"

"Yes."

"And are we going to Daisydown in it?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll have my trunks brought down. I breakfasted at that hotel yonder," with a nod toward the Hemingway house on the landing, "and I saw you when you came down to the pier, but I was n't certain who you were. Wait a minute, please."

She was hastening away up the pier, at a rapid walk; and Ranald looked after her bewildered. He had not fully recovered himself when a porter wheeled down two big trunks and a queer large canvas bag, absurdly angular in shape. Ranald did n't really know how he finally stowed the luggage away, but after it was accomplished, he found Miss Molly seated calmly in the yacht, and could n't for the life of him remember helping her aboard.

He got up sail with expedition, conscious of Miss Molly's scrutinizing eyes. He could n't think of a thing to say to her.

"Oh, did I tell you my name?" remarked the damsel, as the yacht filled away on her course. "I suppose you know who I am, however."

Ranald looked around involuntarily; their eyes met. "I suppose you are Miss Molly Arnold," said he, and they both burst out laughing. This broke the ice a little.

"Yes; but really," said Miss Molly, "I ought to have introduced myself at first. But I forgot; Mamma says I always do forget. But I was so glad to find it was really you, and to get out of that poky old hotel, that I did n't stop for anything."

This reminded him of the lunch basket.

"Did you say you had breakfasted?" said he.

"Yes, thank you," she answered. "But I believe I always am hungry. Mamma says it's very vulgar, but I can't help it."

"I can," said Ranald, and began to lash the tiller, that he might go forward after the lunch-basket; but Miss Molly jumped up.

"Let me hold it," said she; "I do so want to learn to steer."

Ranald complied, but kept one eye on the tiller while diving into the cuddy.

Behold now Miss Molly, with foot braced manfully against the opposite seat, and both hands, slightly reddened, grasping the smooth handle. There is a brisk breeze now; the yacht, under all sail, "heels" (or leans) at an alarming rate, and Miss Molly, with ribbons flying and fluffy blonde hair blowing over her face, has her hands full. The "Nocturne" flies like a bird, and the sea is a mass of dark, ruffled blue. Ranald sets the lunch-basket incautiously down beside the center-board, and forgets all about it.

"Let me take the tiller again,—it's too hard work for you," he ventures to say at length, seeing Miss Molly's flushed face.

"Keep your head up, there!" pants Miss Molly, in reply, addressing the yacht, however, and not Ranald; and with a valiant tug and strain the yacht's bows point once more straight ahead, and her shaking sails fill again as flat as a board.

"You'll weary yourself completely, and blister your hands besides," remonstrates Ranald at length.

But Miss Molly sticks to it with steady persistence for three-quarters of an hour, occasionally conquered by the helm, but never failing to con-

quer his eyes when he sees Miriconnet Head looming on the port bow. Peter is waiting with the dory; the "Nocturne," with lowered sails, glides easily by the stake, and Molly fishes up the moorings with a boat-hook. Ranald acknowledges to himself that he has had a very good time.

PART II.

"WHAT is she like?" asked Houghton.

"Like other girls, I believe," answered his cousin.

"Rigged to death, for I saw the red ribbons flying," said Phil, determined not to be pleased.



MISS MOLLY TAKES CHARGE OF THE TILLER.

quer in her turn. Then, as the boom swings over and the yacht heels on another tack,—for they are beating home,—there is an ominous slide and crash.

"Gracious!" says Ranald, with a spring, "I forgot the basket."

Miss Molly gives him the helm, takes the basket, and sits down with aching arms, and three separate blisters on each hand.

"Anything broken?" inquires Ranald.

"Only this jelly tumbler, I believe. Here,—I'll save some of the jelly with this cup! And I'll toss the glass overboard."

The lunch is duly appreciated. Somehow, the sail home is very short. Ranald can hardly believe

"I could n't describe her dress, to save me," replied Ranald, astonished at himself.

"I believe you like her, Ran!" cried Phil.

"May be I do, but I'm not sure," answered Ranald cautiously.

"What room is she to have?" asked Houghton.

"I've no idea," Ranald answered shortly.

"Father said any one she liked," Houghton went on; "and she'll not choose any in the north wing, for those rooms are unfurnished."

"Well, anyhow, what can we do? She can't swim, or row, or ride, of course,—on horseback, I mean; and she'll scream at Houghton's bug-collections, and she'll tear her red ribbons to bits on brambles if we take her down the glens, and I

don't see much pleasure ahead for vacation,—that's all!" Thus spoke Phil, gloomily.

He had an auditor. They stood in the ivy by the tower room windows. The windows were open; the long draperies within swept the floor. Just inside them stood Miss Molly, now tearful-eyed and reddened with anger. She had chosen the tower room as hers, because of its queer, winding stairs that led up, within a curtained recess, and its quaint old furnishing.

The boys walked away, and Miss Molly sat down to a good cry. Then she recovered herself and began to consider.

She could n't go home; her father was in the Adirondacks, her mother at Saratoga. Besides, pride forbade her going away at all. She said:

"I won't speak a single word to any of them,—so now!"

Reflection convinced her that this also was folly. Then Miss Molly's good sense and good temper came to her aid. She took a new and commendable resolution.

"They won't like me?" she exclaimed. "Very well, I'll make them! They shall see I'm not a baby, if I am a New Yorker."

Miss Molly's shrewd brain worked busily till tea time. Then she walked out in a plain blue muslin,—her simplest dress,—with all her lovely blonde hair in a long, thick braid that reached below her waist. She was very quiet, but her sharp eyes and keen brain took measure of Houghton and Phil. Ranald she liked best of all, despite the red hair.

The boys were very gentlemanly, however. They invited her to play croquet on the lawn after tea, and Ranald found Molly a strong ally against Houghton and Phil, who, within a half-hour, were ingloriously beaten.

"Was she pretty?" say my girl readers.

No, I don't think she was—really. Yet her expression of strong good sense,—a little brusqueness included,—her brisk little ways, and the piquant upward curve of her inquisitive little nose, made Miss Molly altogether rather refreshing. Her hair was her chief beauty, and her "style" was undeniable. So much for the new arrival.

When Houghton went up over the balustrade to the garret dormer-window in the gymnasium early next morning—as he must, perforce, since he could no longer go through the tower room—he was amazed to find Miss Molly in a pink flannel gymnasium suit, descending from a lofty bar, hand under hand, down a long rope. Plainly, she was no stranger to gymnastic feats, and her agility compelled his unwilling admiration. Yet Houghton was the most obstinate of the three, and he

supplemented his account of it, later, to the others, with the remark, "I hate a hoyden!"

Phil said nothing, but Ranald seemed inclined to take up the cudgel for Miss Molly.

"I don't know why we should hate Miss Molly Arnold," he said; "she's clear grit, or she never would have held on to the 'Nocturne' as she did yesterday. Her hands were blistered, but she never said a word about them."

At dinner Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who unexpectedly returned home, inquired where Houghton was.

"He has gone geologizing down the ledges," answered Ranald.

"And Phil?"

"He is fishing off the bar."

Mr. Tripton Dalzell's eyebrows contracted ominously, but he said nothing aloud. He only muttered to himself: "Ranald, then, is the only one who stands at his post."

"Why don't you take a ride this afternoon?" Mr. Dalzell said to Molly, as they left the dining-room.

"I could n't think of anything more enjoyable!" answered the girl, with a flash of delight.

"Well," said Mr. Dalzell, kindly, "you may have the brown mare at any time. She is perfectly safe and gentle. But how about a saddle?"

"Oh, I brought mine!" cried Molly, immediately. She was off at once, and soon returned dragging the big canvas bag.

"Whew!" whistled Ranald, as soon as it was opened. "How stylish we shall be! What a handsome saddle!"

"Of course it is,—and brand new," said Molly, with pardonable pride.

"All aboard!" exclaimed the lad. "I'll get the horses at once, and we'll go up the headland to see the afternoon boat come in. It's due in half an hour."

And he ran down to the barn, lugging the saddle and bridle, and dragging the bag behind him. Molly flew to her room to put on her habit. Mr. Tripton Dalzell, left alone, smiled an odd little smile and took a cigar.

It was barely ten minutes before Ranald was back again on his gray, leading the brown mare.

"Your 'noble steed' looks well in that rig," he said critically to Molly, noting the contrast between the russet leather and blue velvet, and the mare's dark glossy skin.

With a toss and spring from Mr. Dalzell's hand, Molly settles herself in the saddle, the reins are gathered up, and ho, now!—they are away with a flourish and prance, down the avenue, through the gate, and out upon the downs. The horses have not been out to-day, and are full of life: they go up the long turfy slope with a scurry of hoofs, Miss

Molly's long braid and veil flying, and her eyes growing brighter and brighter every moment.

Now the summit of the headland rounds before them as they climb; it lowers gradually; they begin to see the horizon line, the blue expanse below, the smoke-trail of the coming "Orion," and sail-boats flitting hither and thither across the sea, the long sands and the big pier down below them.

"Not so near!" cries Ranald suddenly to Molly; "it caves down sometimes!"

Molly draws back the brown mare, which has dashed very near the verge. Ah-h-h, there! A shiver and crack in the turf widens under the beating, restless hoofs; the brown mare feels the ground give way, sees the horrid depth, and scrambles for dear life. There is a dull rumble, a great cloud of dust,—and then the mare, all a-tremble, recovers herself on the solid ground fifteen feet away, and Molly, very white, but quite cool, faces Ranald. She has not uttered a sound.

"Oh! — gracious!" cries Ranald, looking from the freshly caved declivity to Molly's face. He does not know what else to say.

"That was terribly close!" he exclaims, after a long pause. He looks at the verge again. Down below, people from the tug are going up the pier; he hears the murmur of voices, the sharp stroke of the bell, the beat of waves on the sand. Ranald is not more serious than most boys of his age, but the solemn verse from the burial service forces itself into his thoughts: "In the midst of life, we are in death."

However, Miss Molly is safe and sound on her horse, instead of being dashed to pieces down Miriconnet Head, and the color is coming back into her cheeks again. And now on they go down the turfy slope to the elm-shaded road below, and around by many a curve and willowy nook into Daisydown.

After that, Ranald was Molly's staunch ally. And it was not long before Master Phil himself went ingloriously over to the enemy.

It came about strangely. First, the absence of the garnet ribbons from the blue boating suit impressed him favorably; Molly with stern resolution having put away every one on the night of her arrival. Next, it happened on a warm June day, when Phil, in his red bathing suit, went diving off the pier, that he perceived at a distance Molly's long light braid floating on the waves, and caught a glimpse of her face upturned to the sky. He felt worried, and started seaward with alacrity.

"I hope she's not drowning. How did she ever get out there? I don't believe she can swim. Oh, there's a piece of drift-wood! Perhaps she floated out on that. Just like a girl to be so careless!"

All this was thought out by Phil while he was swimming for dear life.

"If she is drowning, I'm afraid she's gone down the third time. She's been up twice—I'm—sure!" thought the lad, as his vigorous strokes brought him near; there, as he feared, rose Molly's face and floating braid on the crest of a long wave. He seized the blonde hair, and at the same time shouted wildly for Houghton, whom he saw at the moment strolling down the Dalzells' pier.

Molly's face flashed into sudden energy; with a swift, graceful motion she turned and grasped Phil by the collar of his bathing suit.

"*She's drowning!*" } Grand duet!
 "*He's drowning!*" }

"No, I'm not drowning," said Phil, panting and provoked; "I thought *you* were!"

"I'd have you know I'm not, any more than you," answered Molly, brightly. "I was just floating to rest myself, and thinking I was comfortable enough to go to sleep!"

They stared at each other a moment, and then Molly began to shout with laughter, in which Phil was fain to join her.

"Well, I've had my swim all for nothing, then," said Phil presently.

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Molly, "and I'll race you back to the pier. Want to try?"

"Yes," returned Phil stoutly, confident in his powers. But Master Phil had caught a Tartar that time; Molly was no mean adversary, and he was somewhat blown.

Houghton, who had paused to discover whether his assistance would be required, concluded that matters were all right, as the brown head and the blonde drew nearer on the long waves. Still he waited with some curiosity to see the end of the race.

Nearer—nearer,—Molly's head just a foot in the rear; and Phil's knee grazed against a hidden rock he had forgotten in his excitement. There,—Molly was even with him; and both threw themselves on the sand, breathless from exertion.

Houghton laughed and walked away up the pier. Phil was won over; he felt a respect for the girl who was not a hoyden, but who could ride and swim, and was not fashionable nor a "muff."

"Do you ever fish?" he said, when he recovered his breath.

"Yes, when I can. I don't have very good luck, though," was Molly's reply.

"I'm going out on the bar this afternoon in the dory. Want to go? I'll show you how to fish."

"I'd be delighted, if I sha'n't be in your way," answered Molly soberly, but with sparkling eyes.

"Of course you wont," said Phil, with a great show of gruffness, but much internal satisfaction. "We'll go after two and 'say nothing to nobody.'"

Accordingly, at half-past two, Ranald and Houghton were electrified at beholding Phil's dory, with sail set and Molly at the tiller, skimming away below Bear Island.

But Houghton was harder to be won. He withdrew himself a great deal from the others' society; for Ranald and Phil now included Molly in every scheme of pleasure. Not that Houghton was ever rude; but Molly felt that her coming had made a difference among them, and the poor child shed many a tear in secret over Houghton's fancied dislike.

He did not really dislike her. But an under-current of stubbornness in his disposition made him hold out when often he would gladly have joined them.

Two weeks — three weeks passed. Then Molly's teacher from the Conservatory came out to Daisy-down for a day or two to rest and look after his most promising pupil.

Molly's voice was, as her friends declared, "something wonderful for a young girl"; a pure, mellow contralto that bade fair to win its possessor fame in days to come.

The boys had never heard her sing, however, for Molly had carefully timed her practicing to hours when they were out of the house.

But to-day Houghton, oppressed by headache, occupied a sofa behind a screen in a darkened corner of the big, north parlor; the archway curtains were partly drawn because of the sunlight that flooded the long bay window in the other room. Molly supposed him off on some excursion,

and chatted frankly with the queer, long, lean, white-haired professor. Houghton turned uneasily and tried to stop his ears. He had too much honor to be a willing listener, but it seemed awkward to get up now and bolt out upon them.

He listened, however, when the Professor struck a soft chord or two, and Molly began to sing.

How the fresh young voice thrilled the willful lad through and through! "Could any lark sing clearer?" asked Houghton of himself. He was in real wonder now; he sat up behind the screen.

The song ceased; there was a grumbling comment of fault-finding from the exacting teacher, and a turning of music leaves. "Try this," said the professor, "it is simple and old, but it carries the expression you want."

Old, indeed; it was a lullaby that famous lips have sung; but to Houghton it only brought the memory of his mother's voice singing by his bedside the self-same melody for the last time. The hot tears gushed from his eyes, big boy as he was; and the last remnant of his wearisome pride faded out of his heart. An hour later, when Molly sat alone by the piano, Houghton came to her with his hands full of music.

"It was my mother's," he said simply; "she died when I was ten years old. Will you sing some of these?"

The hazel eyes looked for a moment into the black ones with the earnestness of real sympathy, and then without a word she complied.

When Ranald and Phil came back from Daisy-down, the contralto and a clear boyish tenor were blending beautifully from the parlor. Houghton's better self had come back.

(To be concluded.)



AN OCEAN NOTION.

BY JOEL STACY.

WERE I old Neptune's son, you 'd see
How soon the waves would bow to me ;
And how the fish would gather 'round,
And wag their tails with joy profound.
I 'd bid the sea-gulls tidings bring
Of sunny lands where larks do sing ;
I 'd roam the icebergs wild, and find
A summer suited to my mind ;
Or in the gulf-stream warm I 'd play
So long as winter chose to stay ;
I 'd turn the billows inside out ;
Play leap-frog with the water-spout ;
Swing on the cable, out of sight,
Or leap with dolphins to the light.
All this I 'd do, and more beside,
Were I old Neptune's joy and pride.
His wreathéd horn I 'd lightly blow,
And swing his trident to and fro ;
And when I tired of ocean's roar,
I 'd take a little turn on shore.
If Father feared to trust on land
His fine aquatic four-in-hand,—
Why, what of that? I 'd laugh and go
Upon a charger sure and slow —
My turtle-steed so fine and grand
Ready for trip on sea or land.
Ah, but I 'd have right lordly fun,
If I were only Neptune's son !



THE QUEEN'S MUSEUM.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THERE was once a Queen who founded, in her capital city, a grand museum. This institution was the pride of her heart, and she devoted nearly all her time to overseeing the collection of objects for it, and their arrangement in the spacious halls. This museum was intended to elevate the intelligence of her people, but the result was quite disappointing to the Queen. For some reason, and what it was she could not imagine, the people were not interested in her museum. She considered it the most delightful place in the world, and spent hours every day in examining and studying the thousands of objects it contained; but although here and there in the city there was a person who cared to visit the collection, the great body of the people found it impossible to feel the slightest interest in it. At first this grieved the Queen, and she tried to make her museum better; but as this did no good, she became very angry, and she issued a decree that all persons of mature age who were not interested in her museum should be sent to prison.

This decree produced a great sensation in the city. The people crowded to the building, and did their very best to be interested; but, in the majority of cases, the attempt was an utter failure. They could not feel any interest whatever. The consequence was that hundreds and thousands of the people were sent to prison, and as there was not room enough for them in the ordinary jails, large temporary prisons were erected in various parts of the city. Those who were actually needed for work or service which no one else could do were allowed to come out in the day-time on parole; but at night they had to return to their prisons.

It was during this deplorable state of affairs that a stranger entered the city one day. He was surprised at seeing so many prisons, and approaching the window in one of the prisons, behind the bars of which he saw a very respectable-looking citizen, he asked what all this meant. The citizen informed him how matters stood, and then, with tears mounting to his eyes, he added:

"Oh, sir, I have tried my best to be interested in that museum; but it is impossible; I can't get up the slightest interest in it. And, what is more, I know I never shall be able to do so; and I shall languish here for the rest of my days."

Passing on, the stranger met a mother coming out of her house. Her face was pale, and she was weeping bitterly. Filled with pity, he stopped and

asked her what was the matter. "Oh, sir," she said, "for a week I have been trying, for the sake of my dear children, to take an interest in that museum. For a time I thought I might do it, but the hopes proved false. It is impossible. I must leave my little ones, and go to prison."

The stranger was deeply affected by these cases and many others of a similar character, which he soon met with. "It is too bad! too bad!" he said to himself. "I never saw a city in so much trouble. There is scarcely a family, I am told, in which there is not some uninterested person—I must see the Queen and talk to her about it," and with this he wended his way to the palace.

He met the Queen just starting out on her morning visit to the museum. When he made it known that he was a stranger, and desired a short audience, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Have you visited my museum yet?" she said. "There is nothing in the city so well worth your attention as that. You should go there before seeing anything else. You have a high forehead, and an intelligent expression, and I have no doubt that it will interest you greatly. I am going there myself, and I shall be glad to see what effect that fine collection has upon a stranger."

This did not suit the stranger at all. From what he had heard he felt quite sure that if he went to the museum, he would soon be in jail; and so he hurried to propose a plan which had occurred to him while on his way to the palace.

"I came to see your Majesty on the subject of the museum," he said, "and to crave permission to contribute to the collection some objects which shall be interesting to every one. I understand that it is highly desirable that every one should be interested."

"Of course it is," said the Queen, "and although I think that there is not the slightest reason why every one should not feel the keenest interest in what the museum already contains, I am willing to add to it whatever may make it of greater value."

"In that case," said the stranger, "no time should be lost in securing what I wish to present."

"Go at once," said the Queen. "But how soon can you return?"

"It will take some days, at least," said the stranger.

"Give me your parole to return in a week," said the Queen, "and start immediately."

The stranger gave his parole and left the palace.

Having filled a leathern bag with provisions from a cook's shop, he went out of the city gates. As he walked into the open country, he said to himself:

"I have certainly undertaken a very difficult enterprise. Where I am to find anything that will

all of which would be tenanted if people only knew how improving and interesting it is to live apart from their fellow-men. But, so far as it can be done, I will help you in your quest, which I think is a worthy one. I can do nothing for you myself,



"THE PEOPLE WERE NOT INTERESTED IN HER MUSEUM."

interest all the people in that city, I am sure I do not know; but my heart is so filled with pity for the great number of unfortunate persons who are torn from their homes and shut up in prison, that I am determined to do something for them, if I possibly can. There must be some objects to be found in this vast country that will interest every one."

About noon he came to a great mountain-side covered with a forest. Thinking that he was as likely to find what he sought in one place as another, and preferring the shade to the sun, he entered the forest, and walked for some distance along a path which gradually led up the mountain. Having crossed a brook with its edges lined with water-cresses, he soon perceived a large cave, at the entrance of which sat an aged hermit. "Ah," said the stranger to himself, "this is indeed fortunate! This good and venerable man, who passes his life amid the secrets of nature, can surely tell me what I wish to know." Saluting the hermit he sat down and told the old man the object of his quest.

"I am afraid you are looking for what you will not find," said the hermit. "Most people are too silly to be truly interested in anything. They herd together like cattle, and do not know what is good for them. There are now on this mountain-side many commodious and comfortable caves,

but I have a pupil who is very much given to wandering about, and looking for curious things. He may tell you where you will be able to find something that will interest everybody, though I doubt it. You may go and see him, if you like, and I will excuse him from his studies for a time, so that he may aid you in your search."

The hermit then wrote an excuse upon a piece of parchment, and, giving it to the stranger, he directed him to the cave of his pupil.

This was situated at some distance, and higher up the mountain, and when the stranger reached it, he found the pupil fast asleep upon the ground. This individual was a long-legged youth, with long arms, long hair, a long nose, and a long face. When the stranger awakened him, told him why he had come, and gave him the hermit's excuse, the sleepy eyes of the pupil brightened, and his face grew less long.

"That's delightful!" he said, "to be let off on a Monday; for I generally have to be satisfied with a half-holiday, Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Is the hermit very strict with you?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," said the pupil, "I have to stick closely to the cave; though I have been known to go fishing on days when there was no holiday. I have never seen the old man but once, and that was when he first took me. You know it would n't

do for us to be too sociable. That would n't be hermit-like. He comes up here on the afternoons I am out, and writes down what I am to do for the next half-week."

"And do you always do it?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, I get some of it done," said the pupil; "but there have been times when I have wondered whether it would n't have been better for me to have been something else. But I have chosen my profession, and I suppose I must be faithful to it. We will start immediately on our search; but first I must put the cave in order, for the old man will be sure to come up while I am gone."

So saying, the pupil opened an old parchment book at a marked page, and laid it on a flat stone, which served as a table.

The two now started off, the pupil first putting a line and hook in his pocket, and pulling out a fishing-rod from under some bushes.

"What do you want with that?" asked the stranger, "we are not going to fish!"

"Why not?" said the pupil; "if we come to a good place, we might catch something that would be a real curiosity."

Before long they came to a mountain brook, and here the pupil insisted on trying his luck. The stranger was a little tired and hungry, and so was quite willing to sit down for a time and eat some-

"I have found something that is truly astonishing! Come quickly!"

The stranger arose and hurried after the pupil, whose long legs carried him rapidly over the mountain-side. Reaching a large hole at the bottom of a precipitous rock, the pupil stopped, and exclaiming:

"Come in here and I will show you something that will amaze you!" he immediately entered the hole.

The stranger, who was very anxious to see what curiosity he had found, followed him some distance along a narrow and winding under-ground passage. The two suddenly emerged into a high and spacious cavern, which was lighted by openings in the roof; on the floor, in various places, were strongly fastened boxes, and packages of various sorts, bales and bundles of silks and rich cloths, with handsome caskets, and many other articles of value.

"What kind of place is this?" exclaimed the stranger, in great surprise.

"Don't you know?" cried the pupil, his eyes fairly sparkling with delight. "Why, it's a robber's den! Is n't it a great thing to find a place like this?"

"A robber's den!" exclaimed the stranger in great alarm; "let us get out of it as quickly as we



"THEY AROSE, LOOKING BLANKER AND MORE DISAPPOINTED THAN BEFORE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

thing from his bag. The pupil ran off to find some bait, and he staid away so long that the stranger had quite finished his meal before he returned. He came back at last, however, in a state of great excitement.

"Come with me! come with me!" he cried.

can, or the robbers will return, and we shall be cut to pieces."

"I don't believe they are coming back very soon," said the pupil, "and we ought to stop and take a look at some of these things."

"Fly, you foolish youth!" cried the stranger;

"you do not know what danger you are in." And, so saying, he turned to hasten away from the place.

But he was too late. At that moment the robber captain and his band entered the cave. When these men perceived the stranger and the hermit's pupil, they drew their swords and were about to rush upon them, when the pupil sprang forward and, throwing up his long arms, exclaimed:

"Stop! it is a mistake!"

At these words, the robber captain lowered his sword, and motioned to his men to halt. "A mistake!" he said; "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean," said the pupil, "that I was out looking for curiosities, and wandered into this place by accident. We have n't taken a thing. You may count your goods, and you will find nothing missing. We have not even opened a box, although I very much wanted to see what was in some of them."

"Are his statements correct?" said the captain, turning to the stranger.

"Entirely so," was the answer.

"You have truthful features, and an honest expression," said the captain. "and I do not believe you would be so dishonorable as to creep in here during our absence and steal our possessions. Your lives shall be spared, but you will be obliged to remain with us; for we can not allow any one who knows our secret to leave us. You shall be treated well, and shall accompany us in our expeditions; and if your conduct merits it, you shall in time be made full members."

Bitterly the stranger now regretted his unfortunate position. He strode up and down one side of the cave, vowing inwardly that never again would he allow himself to be led by a hermit's pupil. That individual, however, was in a state of high delight. He ran about from box to bale, looking at the rare treasures which some of the robbers showed him.

The two captives were fed and lodged very well; and the next day the captain called them and the band together, and addressed them.

"We are now twenty-nine in number," he said; "twenty-seven full members, and two on probation. To-night we are about to undertake a very important expedition, in which we shall all join. We shall fasten up the door of the cave, and at the proper time I shall tell you to what place we are going."

An hour or two before midnight the band set out, accompanied by the stranger and the hermit's pupil; and when they had gone some miles the captain halted them to inform them of the object of the expedition. "We are going," he said, "to

rob the Queen's museum. It is the most important business we have ever undertaken."

At these words the stranger stepped forward and made a protest. "I left the city yesterday," he said, "commissioned by the Queen to obtain one or more objects of interest for her museum; and to return now to rob an institution which I have promised to enrich will be simply impossible."

"You are right," said the captain, after a moment's reflection, "such an action would be highly dishonorable on your part. If you will give me your word of honor that you will remain by this stone until our return, the expedition will proceed without you."

The stranger gave his word, and having been left sitting upon the stone, soon dropped asleep, and so remained until he was awakened by the return of the band, a little before daylight. They came slowly toiling along, each man carrying an enormous bundle upon his back. Near the end of the line was the hermit's pupil, carrying a load as heavy as any of the others. The stranger offered to relieve him for a time of his burden, but the pupil would not allow it.

"I don't wish these men to think I can't do as much as they can," he said. "You ought to have been along. We had a fine time. We swept that museum clean, I tell you. We did n't leave a thing on a shelf or in a case."

"What sort of things were they," asked the stranger.

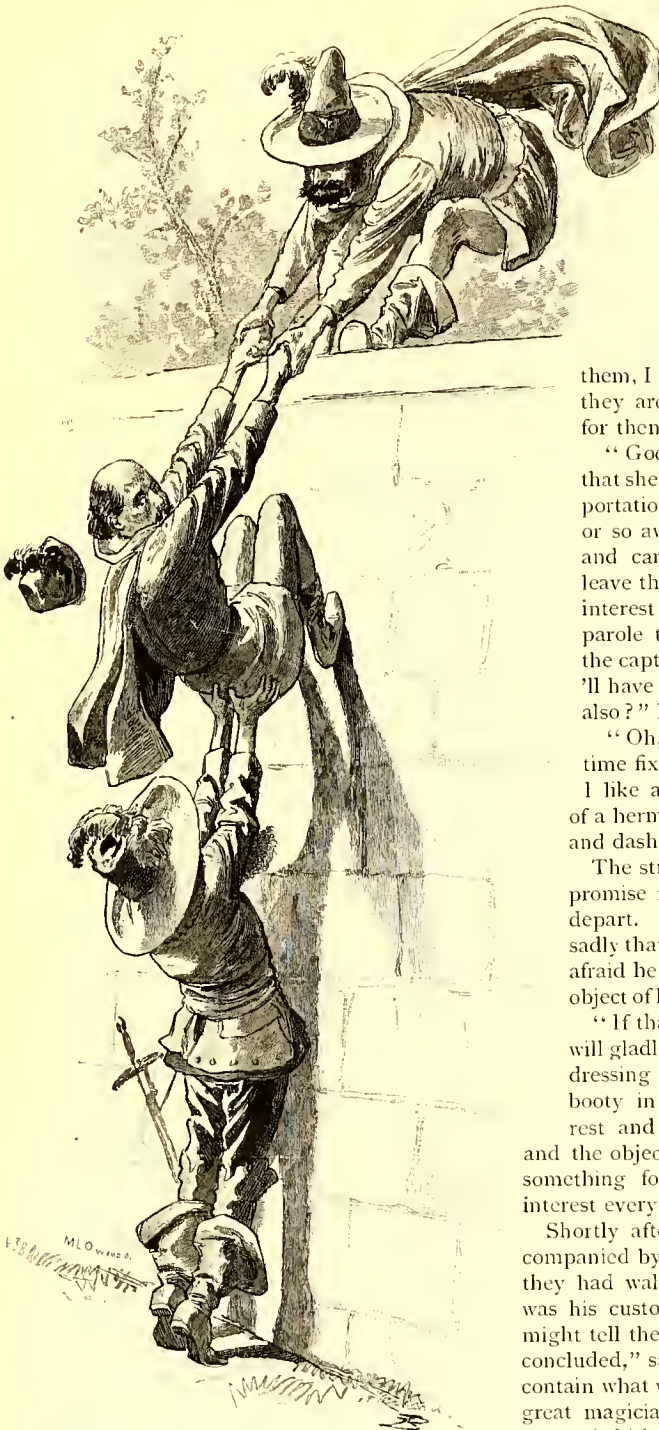
"I don't know," replied the pupil. "we did n't have any light for fear people would see it, but the moon shone in bright enough for us to see all the shelves and the cases; and our orders were not to try and examine anything, but to take all that was there. The cases had great cloth covers on them, and we spread these on the floor and made bundles of the curiosities. We are going to examine them carefully as soon as we get to the den."

It was broad daylight when the robbers reached their cave. The bundles were laid in a great circle on the floor, and, at a given signal, each one of them was opened. For a moment each robber gazed blankly at the contents of his bundle, and then they all began to fumble and search among the piles of articles upon the cloths; but after a few minutes, they all arose, looking blanker and more disappointed than before.

"So far as I can see," said the captain, "there is nothing in the whole collection that I care for. I do not like a thing here!"

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried each one of his band.

"I suppose," said the captain, after musing for



THE STRANGER WAS NOT USED TO CLIMBING, AND HE HAD TO BE ASSISTED OVER THE WALL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

a moment, "that as these things are of no use to us, we are bound in honor to take them back."

"Hold!" said the stranger, stepping forward; "do not be in too great a hurry to do that."

He then told the captain of the state of affairs in the city, and explained in full the nature of the expedition he had undertaken for the Queen. "I think it would be better," he said, "if these things were not taken back for the present. If you have a safe place where you can put them, I will in due time tell the Queen where they are, and if she chooses she can send for them."

"Good!" said the captain, "it is but right that she should bear part of the labor of transportation. There is a disused cave, a mile or so away, and we will tie up these bundles and carry them there; and then we shall leave the matter to you. We take no further interest in it. And if you have given your parole to the Queen to return in a week," the captain further continued, "of course you 'll have to keep it. Did you give your parole also?" he asked, turning to the pupil.

"Oh, no!" cried that youth; "there was no time fixed for my return. And I am sure that I like a robber's life much better than that of a hermit. There is ever so much more spice and dash in it."

The stranger was then told that if he would promise not to betray the robbers he might depart. He gave the promise; but added sadly that he had lost so much time that he was afraid he would not now be able to attain the object of his search and return within the week.

"If that is the case," said the captain, "we will gladly assist you, Comrades!" he cried, addressing his band, "after stowing this useless booty in the disused cave, and taking some rest and refreshment, we will set out again, and the object of our expedition shall be to obtain something for the Queen's museum which will interest every one."

Shortly after midnight the robbers set out, accompanied by the stranger and the pupil. When they had walked about an hour, the captain, as was his custom, brought them to a halt that he might tell them where they were going. "I have concluded," said he, "that no place is so likely to contain what we are looking for as the castle of the great magician, Alfarmadj. We will, therefore, proceed thither, and sack the castle."

"Will there not be great danger in attacking

the castle of a magician?" asked the stranger in somewhat anxious tones of the captain.

"Of course there will be," said the captain, "but we are not such cowards as to hesitate on account of *danger*. Forward, my men!" And on they all marched.

When they reached the magician's castle, the order was given to scale the outer walls. This the robbers did with great agility, and the hermit's pupil was among the first to surmount it. But the stranger was not used to climbing, and he had to be assisted over the wall. Inside the great court-yard they perceived numbers of Intangibles—strange shadowy creatures who gathered silently around them; but not in the least appalled, the robbers formed into a body, and marched into the castle, the door of which stood open. They now entered a great hall, having at one end a doorway before which hung a curtain. Following their captain, the robbers approached this curtain, and pushing it aside, entered the room beyond. There, behind a large table, sat the great magician, Alframedj, busy over his mystic studies, which he generally pursued in the dead hours of the night. Drawing their swords, the robbers rushed upon him.

"Surrender!" cried the captain, "and deliver to us the treasures of your castle."

The old magician raised his head from his book, and, pushing up his spectacles from his forehead, looked at them mildly, and said:

"Freeze!"

Instantly, they all froze as hard as ice, each man remaining in the position in which he was when the magical word was uttered. With uplifted swords and glaring eyes they stood, rigid and stiff, before the magician. After calmly surveying the group, the old man said:

"I see among you one who has an intelligent brow and truthful expression. His head may thaw sufficiently for him to tell me what means this untimely intrusion upon my studies."

The stranger now felt his head begin to thaw, and in a few moments he was able to speak. He then told the magician about the Queen's museum, and how it had happened that he had come there with the robbers.

"Your motive is a good one," said the magician, "though your actions are somewhat erratic; and I do not mind helping you to find what you wish. In what class of objects do the people of the city take the most interest?"

"Truly I do not know," said the stranger.

"This is indeed surprising!" exclaimed Alframedj. "How can you expect to obtain that which will interest every one, when you do not know what it is that every one takes an interest in? Go,

find out this, and then return to me, and I will see what can be done."

The magician then summoned his Intangibles and ordered them to carry the frozen visitors outside the castle walls. Each one of the rigid figures was then taken up by two Intangibles, who carried him out and stood him up in the road outside the castle. When all had been properly set up, with the captain at their head, the gates were shut, and the magician, still sitting at his table, uttered the word, "Thaw!"

Instantly, the whole band thawed and marched away. At day-break they halted, and considered how they should find out what all the people in the city took an interest in.

"One thing is certain," cried the hermit's pupil, "whatever it is, it is n't the same thing."

"Your remark is not well put together," said the stranger, "but I see the force of it. It is true that different people like different things. But how shall we find out what the different people like?"

"By asking them," said the pupil.

"Good!" cried the captain, who preferred action to words. "This night we will ask them."

He then drew upon the sand a plan of the city,—(with which he was quite familiar, having robbed it carefully for many years,)—and divided it into twenty-eight sections, each one of which was assigned to a man. "I omit you," the captain said to the stranger, "because I find that you are not expert at climbing." He then announced that at night the band would visit the city, and that each man should enter the houses in his district, and ask the people what it was in which they took the most interest.

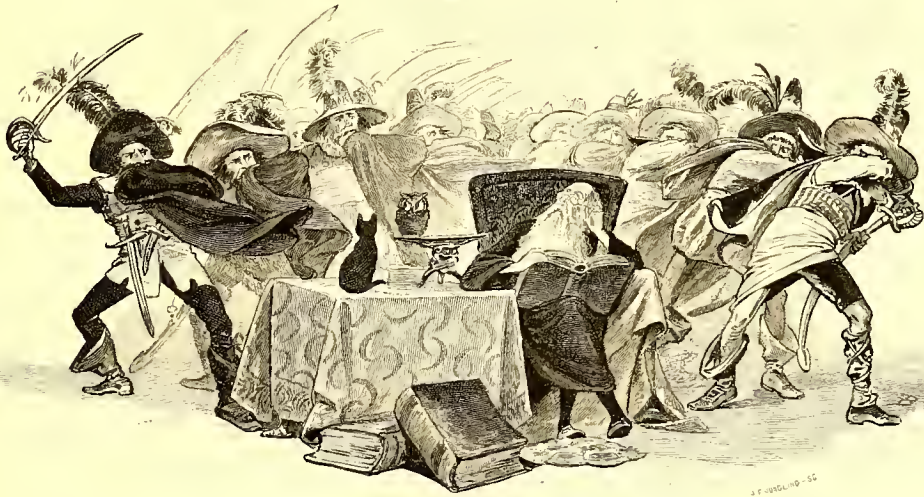
They then proceeded to the cave for rest and refreshment; and a little before midnight they entered the city, and each member of the band, including the hermit's pupil, proceeded to attend to the business assigned to him. It was ordered that no one should disturb the Queen, for they knew that what she took most interest in was the museum. During the night nearly every person in the town was aroused by a black-bearded robber, who had climbed into one of the windows of the house, and who, instead of demanding money and jewels, simply asked what it was in which each took the greatest interest. Upon receiving an answer, the robber repeated it until he had learned it by heart, and then went to the next house. As so many of the citizens were confined in prisons, which the robbers easily entered, they transacted the business in much less time than they would otherwise have required.

The hermit's pupil was very active, climbing into and out of houses with great agility. He obtained his answers quite as easily as others, but when-

ever he left a house there was a shade of disappointment upon his features. Among the last places that he visited was a room in which two boys were sleeping. He awoke them and asked the usual question. While they were trembling in their bed, not knowing what to answer, the pupil drew his sword and exclaimed: "Come, now, no prevarication; you know it's fishing-tackle. Speak right out!" Each of the boys promptly declared it was fishing-tackle, and the pupil left, greatly gratified. "I was very much

men of the various objects in my interminable vaults." He then called his Intangibles, and, giving one of them the tablets, told him to go with his companions into the vaults and gather enough of the things therein mentioned to fill a large museum. In half an hour the Intangibles returned and announced that the articles were ready in the great court-yard.

"Go, then," said the magician, "and assist these men to carry them to the Queen's museum." The stranger then heartily thanked Alfarmmedj



"THE OLD MAGICIAN LOOKED AT THEM MILDLY, AND SAID: 'FREEZE!'"

afraid," he said to himself, "that not a person in my district would say fishing-tackle; and I am very glad to think that there were two boys who had sense enough to like something that is really interesting."

It was nearly daylight when the work was finished; and then the band gathered together in an appointed place on the outside of the city, where the stranger awaited them. Each of the men had an excellent memory, which was necessary in their profession, and they repeated to the stranger all the objects and subjects that had been mentioned to them, and he wrote them down upon tablets.

The next night, accompanied by the band, he proceeded to the castle of the magician, the great gate of which was silently opened for them by the Intangibles. When they were ushered into the magician's room, Alfarmmedj took the tablets from the stranger and examined them carefully.

"All these things should make a very complete collection," he said, "and I think I have speci-

for the assistance he had given; and the band, accompanied by a number of Intangibles, proceeded to carry the objects of interest to the Queen's museum. It was a strange procession. Half a dozen Intangibles carried a stuffed mammoth, followed by others bearing the skeleton of a whale, while the robbers and the rest of their queer helpers were loaded with everything relating to history, science, and art which ought to be in a really good museum. When the whole collection had been put in place upon the floors, the shelves, and in the cases, it was nearly morning. The robbers, with the hermit's pupil, retired to the cave; the Intangibles disappeared; while the stranger betook himself to the Queen's palace, where, as soon as the proper hour arrived, he requested an audience.

When he saw the Queen, he perceived that she was very pale and that her cheeks bore traces of recent tears. "You are back in good time," she said to him. "but it makes very little difference whether

you have succeeded in your mission or not. There is no longer any museum. There has been a great robbery, and the thieves have carried off the whole of the vast and valuable collection which I have been so long in making."

"I know of that affair," said the stranger, "and I have already placed in your museum-building the collection which I have obtained. If your Majesty pleases, I shall be glad to have you look at it. It may, in some degree, compensate for that which has been stolen."

"Compensate!" cried the Queen. "Nothing can compensate for it; I do not even wish to see what you have brought."

"Be that as your Majesty pleases," said the stranger; "but I will be so bold as to say that I have great hopes that the collection which I have obtained will interest the people. Will your Majesty graciously allow them to see it?"

"I have no objection to that," said the Queen; "and indeed I shall be very glad if they can be made to be interested in the museum. I will give orders that the prisons be opened, so that everybody can go to see what you have brought; and those who shall be interested in it may return to their homes. I did not release my obstinate subjects when the museum was robbed, because their fault then was just as great as it was before; and it would not be right that they should profit by my loss."

The Queen's proclamation was made, and for several days the museum was crowded with people moving from morning till night through the vast collection of stuffed animals, birds, and fishes; rare and brilliant insects; mineral and vegetable curiosities; beautiful works of art; and all the strange, valuable, and instructive objects which had been brought from the interminable vaults of the magician Alfrarmedj. The Queen's officers, who had been sent to observe whether or not the people were interested, were in no doubt upon this point. Every eye sparkled with delight, for every one found something which was the very thing he wished to see; and in the throng was the hermit's pupil, standing in wrapt ecstasy before a large case containing all sorts of fishing-tackle, from the smallest hooks for little minnows to the great irons and spears used in capturing whales.

No one went back to prison, and the city was full of reunited households and happy homes. On the morning of the fourth day, a grand procession of citizens came to the palace to express to the Queen their delight and appreciation of her museum. The great happiness of her subjects could not but please the Queen. She called the stranger to her, and said to him:

"Tell me how you came to know what it was that would interest my people."

"I asked them," said the stranger. "That is to say, I arranged that they should be asked."

"That was well done," said the Queen; "but it is a great pity that my long labors in their behalf should have been lost. For many years I have been a collector of buttons and button-holes; and there was nothing valuable or rare in the line of my studies of which I had not an original specimen or a fac-simile. My agents brought me from foreign lands, even from the most distant islands of the sea, buttons and button-holes of every kind; those of precious metals and rare gems, which could not be obtained, were copied in gilt and glass. There was not a duplicate specimen in the whole collection; only one of each kind; nothing repeated. Never before was there such a museum. With all my power I strove to educate my people up to a love of buttons and button-holes; but, with the exception of a few tailors and seamstresses, nobody took the slightest interest in what I had provided for their benefit. I am glad that my people are happy, but I can not restrain a sigh for the failure of my efforts."

"The longer your Majesty lives," said the stranger, "the better will you understand that we can not make other people like a thing simply because we like it ourselves."

"Stranger," said the Queen, gazing upon him with admiration, "are you a king in disguise?"

"I am," he replied.

"I thought I perceived it," said the Queen, "and I wish to add that I believe you are far better able to govern this kingdom than I am. If you choose, I will resign it to you."

"Not so, your Majesty," said the other; "I would not deprive your Majesty of your royal position, but I would be happy to share it with you."

"That will answer very well," said the Queen. And turning to an attendant, she gave orders that preparations should be made for their marriage on the following day.

After the royal wedding, which was celebrated with great pomp and grandeur, the Queen paid a visit to the museum, and, much to her surprise, was greatly delighted and interested. The King then informed her that he happened to know where the robbers had stored her collection, which they could not sell or make use of, as there were no two buttons alike, and none of them of valuable material; and if she wished, he would regain the collection and put up a building for its reception.

"We will not do that at present," said the Queen. "When I shall have thoroughly examined and studied all these objects, most of which are entirely new to me, we will see about the buttons and the button-holes."

The hermit's pupil did not return to his cave.

He was greatly delighted with the spice and dash of a robber's life, so different from that of a hermit; and he determined, if possible, to change his business and enter the band. He had a conversation with the captain on the subject, and that individual encouraged him in his purpose.

"I am tired," the captain said, "of a robber's life. I have stolen so much, that I can not use what I have. I take no further interest in accumulating spoils. The quiet of a hermit's life attracts me; and, if you like, we will change places. I will become the pupil of your old master, and you shall be the captain of my band."

The change was made. The captain retired to the cave of the hermit's pupil, while the latter, with the hearty consent of all the men, took command of the band of robbers.

When the King heard of this change, he was not at all pleased, and he sent for the ex-pupil.

"I am willing to reward you," he said, "for assisting me in my recent undertaking; but I can not allow you to lead a band of robbers in my dominions."

A dark shade of disappointment passed over the ex-pupil's features, and his face lengthened visibly.

"It is too bad," he said, "to be thus cut short at the very outset of a brilliant career. I'll tell you what I'll do," he added suddenly, his face brightening, "if you'll let me keep on in my new

profession, I'll promise to do nothing but rob robbers."

"Very well," said the King, "if you will confine yourself to that, you may retain your position."

The members of the band were perfectly willing to rob in the new way, for it seemed quite novel and exciting to them. The first place they robbed was their own cave, and as they all had excellent memories, they knew from whom the various goods had been stolen, and everything was returned to its proper owner. The ex-pupil then led his band against the other dens of robbers in the kingdom, and his movements were conducted with such dash and vigor that the various hordes scattered in every direction, while the treasures in their dens were returned to the owners, or, if these could not be found, were given to the poor. In a short time every robber, except those led by the ex-pupil, had gone into some other business; and the victorious youth led his band into other kingdoms to continue the great work of robbing robbers.

The Queen never sent for the collection of curiosities which the robbers had stolen from her. She was so much interested in the new museum that she continually postponed the reestablishment of her old one; and, so far as can be known, the buttons and the button-holes are still in the cave where the robbers shut them up.

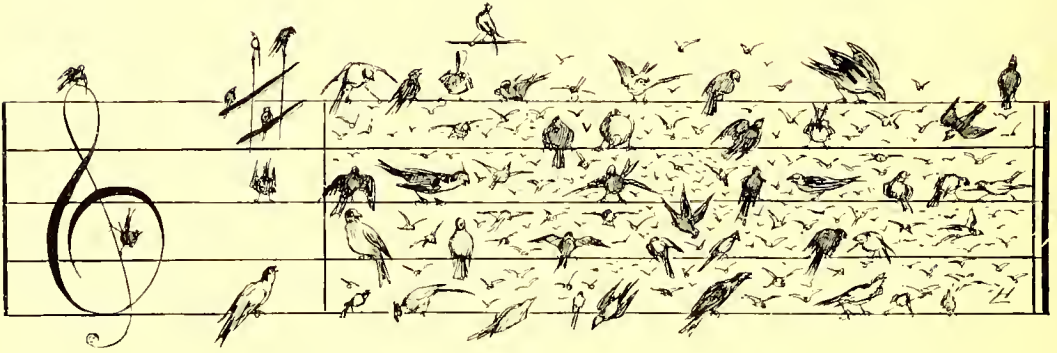
A SMART BOY.



'M glad I have a good-sized slate,
 With lots of room to calculate.
 Bring on your sums! I'm ready now;
 My slate is clean; and I know how.
 But don't you ask me to *subtract*,
 I like to have my slate well packed;
 And only two long rows, you know,
 Make such a miserable show;
 And, please, don't bring me sums to *add*;
 Well, *multiplying's* just as bad;
 And, say! I'd rather not *divide*—
 Bring me something I have n't tried!

THE BIRD MATINÉE.

BY W. C. E.



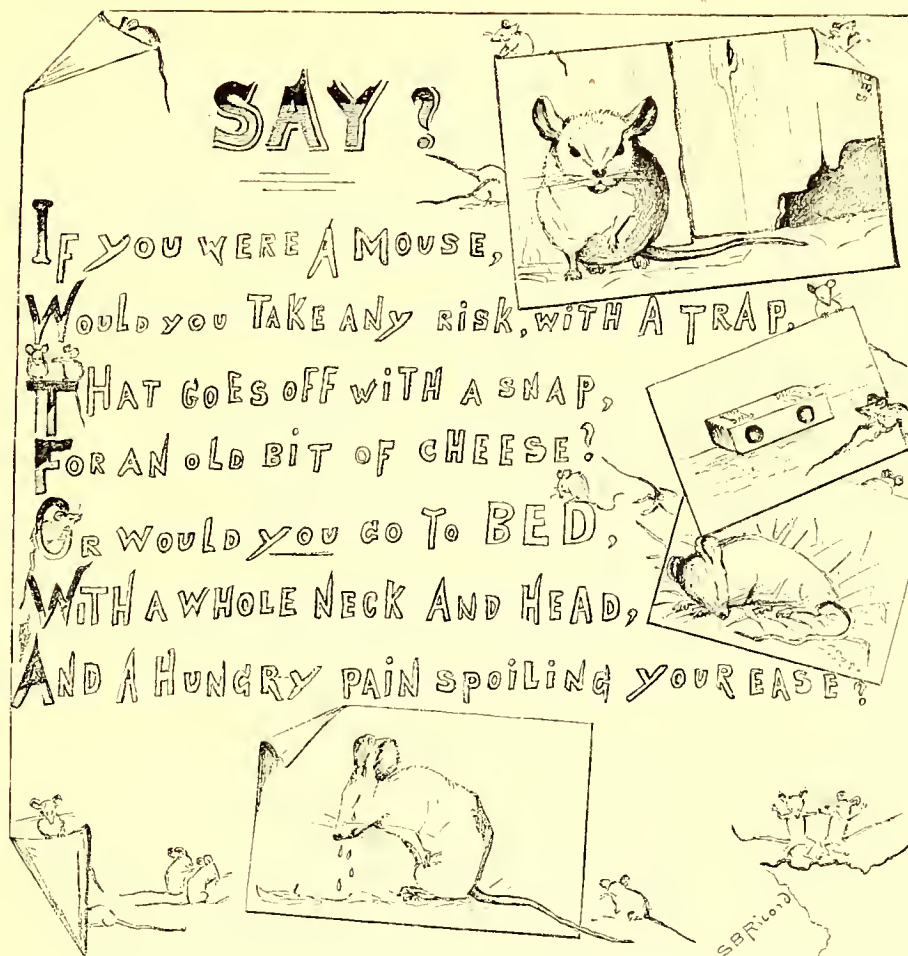
LET me tell you of a series of matinées I attended this summer, which were given at three o'clock in the morning.

The windows of my bedroom opened toward the south on a beautiful lawn, bordered with elms. Year after year comes the golden, or Baltimore, oriole,—most delightful of singers. He loves best the swaying branches of the loftiest elm for his home, that old Dame Nature may rock the little ones to sleep with every breeze. Robin-Redbreast and Jenny Wren build lowlier homes in more accessible places. Then there is the linnæus, who years ago forsook us for a southern clime, but, perhaps alarmed by the noise of war, returned to her northern home. These were some of the singers who gave the three o'clock matinées. They continued for two or three months, from May nearly through July, and the programme each day, for the first month, seemed precisely the same.

First came a loud, shrill, prolonged call, always repeated three times, which reminded me of a gong at a hotel. It was evidently intended for the rising-bell and for a call to order. After the last call came a feeble peep, as if one little fellow had managed to arouse himself just enough to answer. Then another replied a little louder, and another, until, in rapid succession, all the dwellers in the grove announced their presence, and answered to their names. Then followed a minute or two of entire silence; after which the prima donna, as it seemed to me, opened the concert. It was a loud,

clear, sweet strain, so unlike any heard in the day, that I can not tell what bird it was; I think only the oriole could pour forth that delightful music. It sang alone in a clear, ecstatic strain. At a certain part of the solo two other voices broke in as a trio, and at the end of the stanza all the voices joined in full jubilee chorus. This was repeated six times, so that I came to call it their hymn of praise in six stanzas. It was rendered every morning in exactly the same way. After it there was singing by the full choir, and it grew louder and more impassioned, as if each minstrel was inspired by the rest, like the singing of a vast concourse of people.

After this grand climax, the voices would die away, one after the other, and the principal concert was over. The parent birds went on their morning flight, and their birdies swung in their wind-rocked hammocks for another half-hour. At the expiration of this time came a call similar to the first, although by a different bird,—often a whip-poorwill. The summons was repeated thrice, then came a feeble little "peep, peep, twitter, twitter," and the juveniles joined to the best of their ability. This concert was much shorter than that of their parents, as befitted their tender age, and their hunger on first awaking. But it was never omitted in rain or sunshine until the fierce midsummer heats, parental cares, or the absence of the principal singers, caused them to be given up for the rest of the season.



SWORDSMEN OF THE DEEP.

By JOHN R. CORVELL.

IMAGINE whales fencing with one another for amusement!

It seems as if such a thing could not be; and yet there are whales of a certain species which not only fence with one another, but use their teeth for swords.

There are some whales that have no teeth at all, but in place of teeth have great sheets of whale-bone hanging down from the roof of the mouth on each side of the tongue. Other whales have their

great jaws filled with sharp and terrible teeth; and one kind, called the narwhal, has but two teeth.

It is the narwhal that fences. One of the teeth of the male narwhal always grows through the upper lip and stands out like a spear, straight in front of the animal. Occasionally both teeth grow out in this way, but that is a rather rare occurrence.

It seems as if all the material that should have gone to fill the narwhal's mouth with teeth had gone to the one tooth that grows out through the

lip; for sometimes this tooth is eight feet long. The animal itself, from head to tail, is seldom more than sixteen feet in length, so that such a tooth would be half as long as the whole body.

Of what use such an enormous tooth is to the narwhal no one knows. Some persons say it is used for spearing fish; others, that its use is to stir up the mud in the bottom of the ocean in order to scare out the fish that may be hiding there; and one man says the tooth is for the purpose of breaking holes in the ice in winter; for the narwhal, like all whales, is obliged to come to the surface at intervals to breathe.

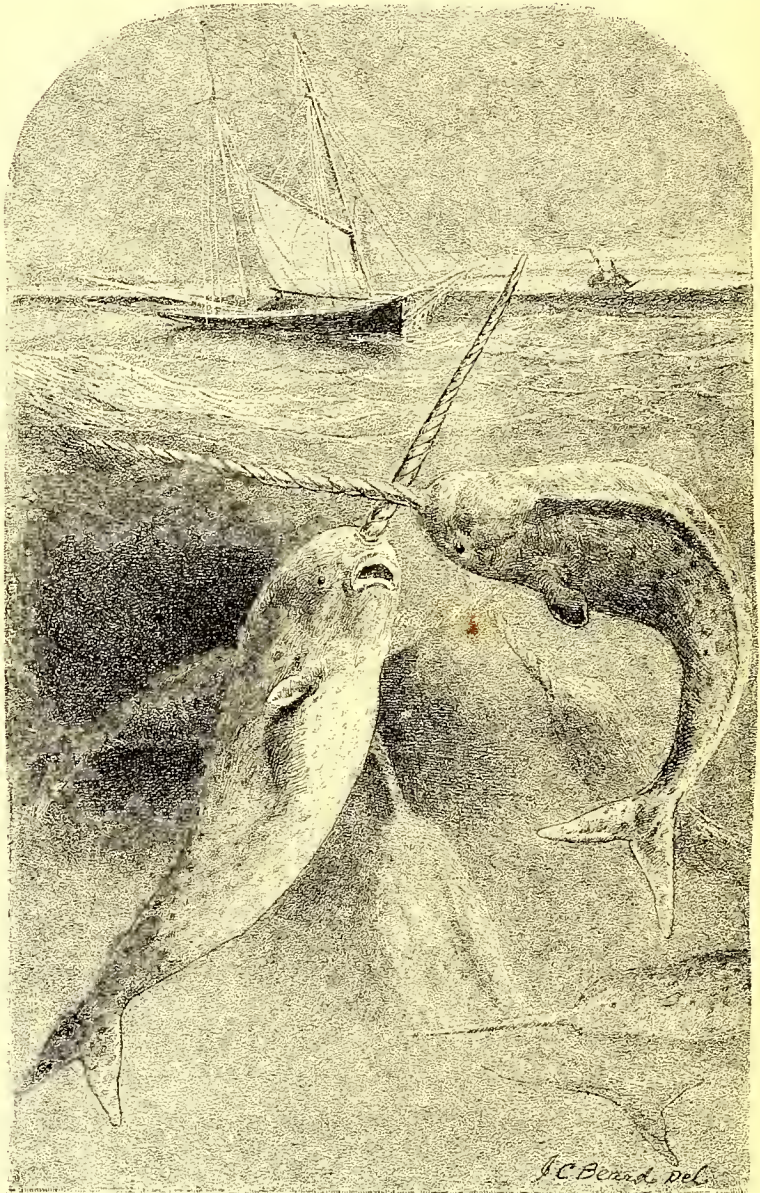
Whatever the tooth is intended to be used for, it is certain that when the narwhal wishes to play it finds another narwhal of a like mind, and away they charge at each other till the long tooth-swords clash together.

They are active as well as frolicsome, and sailors tell of seeing them crossing swords in this way, thrusting and parrying, and rolling and darting about with marvelous agility and grace, as if combining sword-play and acrobatics in the same game.

There is something very soldier-like, too, in their mode of traversing the ocean. They form in ranks, in good order; and with similar undulations of the body and sweeps of the tail, they proceed by the thousand together to the part of the ocean world that has been decided upon as a sojourning-place.

The narwhal is light gray in color, and covered with black spots. For a great many reasons it is valued by the Greenlanders. It furnishes a very

fine quality of oil, its flesh is used for food, and its skin, made into a jelly, and called *mattak*, is considered a dainty too choice for ordinary occasions.



NARWHALS FENCING.

This "swordsman of the deep," as I have called him, is a warm-blooded animal, and must not be confounded with the saw-fish or the sword-fish, both of which are entirely different in their species and habits from the narwhal.

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BY M. ELLA PRESTON.

POOR Robinson Crusoe!
 What made the poor man do so?
 He was a robin's son, I know,
 But that's no reason he should crow.—
 Pray, tell me why he crew so?

LIVING CAMEOS AND BAS-RELIEFS.

BY GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

THIS fascinating entertainment can be prepared by children, at short notice, with very little trouble or expense. The articles required are two sheets of large card-board, two sheets of pink tissue-paper, and two sheets of white cotton wadding, one ball of white and one of pink velvet chalk, a lead-pencil, a pair of scissors, six yards of black cambric, a few tacks, and a little paste.

One sheet of card-board is fastened on the side wall of a darkened room, so that the shadow of the face of a person with large and regular features will fall upon the center of it when a lighted candle is held in front of the side of the face at a distance of three feet. A cup should be placed between the face and the card-board and kept in position by the pressure of the head, in order, so far as possible, to prevent any movement on the part of the sitter. The candle must be so placed that the shadow of profile is in the center of the card-board; the outlines are then to be traced with a pencil. The card-board can then be taken down and the profile carefully cut out; the back of the head usually being enlarged, so that various methods of dressing the hair may be permitted. This white card-board will be ready for the bas-relief after the outer edge has been cut into the form of a circle, and made thicker by several rings of pasteboard of the same diameter, but only three inches wide. When cameos are to be exhibited, the outer surface should be covered with pink tissue-paper.

A curtain of cheap black cambric or any plain-colored material, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, is then hung at a distance of about two feet from the back wall of the room where the exhibition is to take place. The card-board is fastened into a hole made in the curtain, so that the center of the opening is about six or seven feet from the floor,

and a chair or small table is placed close behind this curtain and another small piece of black cloth is tacked to the wall behind the opening.

The person whose face is to form the bas-relief stands upon a chair or table so that the head fits into the opening in the card-board, about one-half of it projecting in front of the surface of the frame thus formed. The side-face thus exposed is chalked and the hair is covered with white wadding, which conceals it, and also can be fastened in waves, plaits, or classic knots; for cameos, pink chalk, and tissue-paper take the place of the white. Very pretty art studies can thus be made by inexperienced persons.

When it is desired to show several of these art studies consecutively, it will be well to have a pink and a white frame placed side by side about one foot apart, as then they may be shown together or separately; the one not in use being covered with a little curtain of black cambric. Thus a pleasing variety can be produced by showing either a cameo or a bas-relief or both together. Faces of children or of grown people can be used as desired, as it is not absolutely necessary that the features should exactly fill the cut profiles in the card-board. The eyes are always closed, and a little chalk should be rubbed on the eyelids just before the face is shown to the spectators.

The frames may be placed between thick window-curtains draped above and below them; this will save the trouble of a black curtain, as the performers can stand in the window behind the curtain. The best manner of lighting them is from the top; and when the room has no chandelier, a lamp can be held at the left side as high as can be done conveniently by a person who stands upon a chair or short step-ladder.

BENNY'S HORSE.

BY MARY CATHERINE LEE.

ONE day, when Benny was a very little boy, his mother went on a shopping excursion to New Haven, and left him in the rather slippery care of Florilla, her "help." That day made a very miscellaneous and highly-seasoned chapter in Benny's history. It began with a fine little conflagration, produced without much trouble by Benny himself, who took a box of matches into the wood-shed, while the worldly-minded Florilla had gone upstairs a minute to "do up" her hair and otherwise re-arrange her toilet, with a view of presenting a creditable appearance when 'Bijah should come in with the milk and vegetables which he brought over every day from Grandma Potter's farm. Florilla, smelling smoke, rushed down the dark, crooked back staircase, and fell into the kitchen with a sprained wrist and a painfully bruised head. 'Bijah, happily arriving at that extreme moment, hardly knew which to do first—spank Benny, pick up Florilla, or put out the fire. He began with the fire, however; and the Breese house was saved,—excepting the wood-shed,—Florilla was consoled, and Benny was put to bed, as the place most conducive to repentance, whence he made Florilla's aching head ring again with his roaring expostulations. It will hardly be believed that one day could hold so many disasters; but it is perfectly true that the same afternoon a furious thunder-storm came up, during which Florilla and Benny endured agonies of fear, the horse broke through the barn floor, and Mrs. Breese came home to find Florilla patiently and submissively expecting the end of the world to happen next.

"My land!" said Florilla, as she finished telling the story of the day to Mrs. Breese. "there has n't been such a time since the days of Pharo'. Whatever could 'a' made it come all at once?"

"I guess," said Benny, "God's gone to the city."

Mrs. Breese, with a mother's memory, laid up this little saying of Benny's, and was reminded of it at many a vexatious time as life went on.

One day, a year afterward, she felt especially inclined to think God must have gone to the city, for everything had gone wrong since the dawn, from her currant-jelly's determination not to "jell," and Florilla's having utterly demolished the alabaster Temple of Fame which glorified the parlor center-table, to Mr. Breese's coming home violently ill with malarial intermittent fever. It was also an hour past dinner-time and Benny had n't come.

"What could be the matter?" she wondered, as she stepped out on the piazza for the twentieth time, and gazed up the street in the hope of seeing her boy bounding along home. What she did really see was a boy shuffling and creeping along, with his head down, leading an animal of the horse species, whose head was still further down, and who looked very much inclined to go down altogether—universally—"right in his tracks," as she said to herself. As a prospective skeleton or a curiosity there was no fault to be found with him, but as a horse he had the faults of being lame and lean to a painful degree—of appearing, in short, to be entirely past his usefulness as a propelling power. What he seemed to want was to borrow some of that power, to get on with, and the boy who led him lent him that very freely, if frequent twitches at the halter were anything to the purpose.

"Hi! *Git* up! Come along there, you old thing!" shouted the boy, with plenty of twitches; and Mrs. Breese thought there was something familiar in those vociferous tones. Could it be her boy? *Could* it be—Yes, it was—Benny! Yet it did n't look like that blessed, ever-beaming boy. He had a singularly dubious and subdued expression; he manifested no delight whatever at the sight of his own mother, but, leading his remnant of a horse, he shuffled along into the yard, mutely protesting against association with the animal, and looking as if somebody was to blame for something.

"Why, whose old horse is that, Benny?" asked Mrs. Breese, with wonder and a desire for knowledge in every tone.

"He 's mine," said Benny, not at all boastfully.

"*Yours?*"

"Yes, 'm."

"What *do* you mean, Benny?" she half gasped.

"Where did you get him?"

"I—I—bought him," said Benny, faintly, as if confessing his sins.

"*Bought* him!" repeated his mother. "What, that old rackabones! Bought him with what?"

"The money I was a-saving to buy the shot-gun," groaned Benny, the big tears starting to his eyes.

"Why, how much money did you have, pray?"

"Four dollars 'n' twenty-nine cents."

"And you bought a horse for *that*?"

"Bought him for three 'n' a half."

"But what *did* you want with such a poor, forlorn old thing, and what *are* you going to do with

him now you 've got him?" asked Mrs. Breese, in a despairing tone.

"I *did n't* want him, 'n' I declare I don't know *what* to do with him," said Benny, weeping freely.

"Why, I don't understand you, Benny," said Mrs. Breese, so amazed that she sat down on the top step of the piazza, giving up the attempt to bear

her own weight and the weight of this great mystery at one and the same

There is n't room in our little barn for your horse. I should say, let him go and do what he pleases with himself,—only then he would suffer and be abused, I suppose, and he looks as if he had had enough of that, poor thing! We must manage to take care of him in some way until your father is well. But where *shall* we put him?"

"There's room enough in Grandma's barn, an' 'Bijah 'd take care of him for me," said Benny.

"Well, hitch him to the old cherry-tree, give him something to eat, and come and get your own dinner. Oh, dear me! What *will* come next?"



BENNY'S HORSE.

time. "If you did n't want the creature, why *did* you buy him? *How* did you buy him?"

"I—l—l *bid* on him just for fun," said Benny, reluctantly, "a—and—and the man said he was mine."

"What man? Where is he?" inquired his mother, apparently indulging a wild hope that it might yet be possible to undo this fatal bargain.

"He was sellin' horses on the green; this was the last one he had. An' he 's gone now—I don't—know where."

"Well, I 'm sure I don't know what is to be done with the poor beast," said Mrs. Breese, with an accumulative sigh. "Here 's your father sick. I can't say anything to *him* about it. *He'd* build a new barn for him, I suppose; the more woe-begone a creature is, the more worry he makes over it.

Benny hitched his property to an ancient cherry-tree that was a good match for him, and gave him some oats; and the way those oats were absorbed—the way that horse and those oats merged and blended and melted into each other—the way the horse went into the oats and the way the oats went into the horse—made Benny stand astonished.

When he and his own dinner had been similarly combined, Mrs. Breese said:

"Now, Benny, if you can get this animal over

to Grandma's, I think you 'd better take him there and see if they 'll keep him for you awhile, until Father 's well and can dispose of him in some suitable way."

"Well," said Benny, "better put up plenty o' bread and butter for me, 'cause it 'll be next week before I get to Grandma's with *him*."

"There 's nothing else to be done," said his mother; "and if you find it tedious, you 'll be the more likely to keep away from horse auctions."

But when Benny unhitched his nag and started off with him, he found the oats had lent a small impetus, and the bundle of bones hipperty-hopped along about as fast as Benny wanted to walk, and they reached Grandma's in about fifty minutes. A mile in twenty-five minutes was a good record for that kind of a horse.

He heard a saw going "kzee-kzee-kzee-kzee-qrurr," and concluded he should find 'Bijah officiating at the wood-pile, so he led his Rosinante around there, and came upon 'Bijah like a solemn vision. 'Bijah stopped his sawing with a jerk.

"Hullo!" said he; "whose racer hav' ye there, Benny?"

"He 's mine," said Benny. "I bought him at an auction."

He was n't going to let 'Bijah know how he had been taken in. He would put a bold face upon it, and let 'Bijah suppose that this particular horse was the very thing of all others in the world that he wanted.

"Sho!" said 'Bijah, looking the horse over with an eye partly shut, to get a very fine focus, and then looked Benny over with one of his noon-day smiles. "Why, it 's very clever in ye, Benny, to stand there a-talkin' to *me*—you, the owner of a *hoss*. Mebby you 've got money to lend?"

"No," said Benny, "I don't want to lend any money, but I 'll lend you the horse."

"You *don't say*!" said 'Bijah, looking astounded and incredulous. "Why, you 're *more 'n* clever, Benny!"

"Oh, I would n't lend him to every fellow, you know," said Benny, with a knowing grin. "But seein' it 's you, 'Bijah, I 'll let *you* have him for his keepin'."

'Bijah sat down on the saw-horse and roared with delight.

"Oh, dear me! You 're a sharp un, Benny," he gasped. "You 'll come out one o' those railroad chaps yet. What 'd ye give for yer *hoss*?"

"I 'm not going to tell what I gave for him," said Benny. "Where shall I put him, 'Bijah? I do n't know what to do with him, you see, an' I 've *got* to keep him here."

"Oh, ho! that 's a *hoss* of another color. Why, *we* have n't any place good enough for *him*,"

said 'Bijah, stepping up to the animal and making a critical examination of his "points"—(uncommonly sharp they were, and plenty of them). "He aint such an *old* *hoss* as he looks," he continued, examining his teeth. "Walk him round a little, Benny."

'Bijah watched the creature as he limped along, and then he lifted and examined one after another of the horse's feet.

"It 's his off hind ankle," said he. "A sprain, I guess, an' he 's got the scratches some; but ther 's not so very much the matter with the beast, after all. Who under the canopy could have abused a *hoss* like that and let him run down so? Yes, I guess I 'll take the loan of him, Benny, if your Grandma 's willin'."

This was only a question of form, for Benny always did about as he pleased at Grandma's, and he and 'Bijah both knew very well that he could keep a four-in-hand turnout there if he chose. As a matter of course, therefore, Benny's horse was installed in the farm stable, and invited to a share of the oats and an interest in the pasture with the other horses—an invitation to which he responded with alacrity; and his interest in those things was so deep and vital as to make it a matter of positive indifference to him that those other horses laughed their derisive horse-laugh at his gaunt ugliness and ungainly gait. He sniffed a sniff of scorn with all the breath he could spare, and cared not a whip of his tail for social suffrage, but gave his whole undivided soul to oats and the juicy dainties of the pasture. 'Bijah, who, among other wonderful accomplishments, was a kind of horse-doctor, bathed his feet with a solution of copperas to cure the scratches, and bandaged his sprained ankle skillfully with wonderful liniment of his own manufacture, and the poor old horse sometimes felt like laughing himself; but he only smiled inwardly. It could n't exactly be said that he laughed in his sleeve, but he privately smiled at some things he knew which those other horses did n't know.

Benny, meantime, neither thought nor cared about the old nag. It was off his hands, and his interest, just then, was with Cap'n Gills's sloop, on which he was frequently invited to take a sail. All his spare time, therefore, was given to navigation. Mrs. Breese's anxiety about Mr. Breese made her also forget Benny's horse, but one morning she said:

"Your father 's going to take a drive up to the farm this morning, Benny; he does n't feel very strong, and I guess you 'd better drive for him. By the way, that old horse of yours is up there still; you 'd better ask Father to look at him and see what it is best to do with him. It is really an imposition to have left him there all this while."

Mr. Breese also declared, when he heard about the horse, that his case must be attended to directly.

He and Benny drove into the barn when they reached Grandma's, and Benny called with a loud voice for 'Bijah; but no 'Bijah was to be found.

"The old horse 's here somewhere, I s'pose," said Benny, peering into the stalls, onc after another. "No, he is n't, though. He 's out in the pasturc, I guess."

"There 's an extra horse here, though," said Mr. Breese. "Hcre are Tom and Jim and Bill, and there 's another one besides. Is this your horse, Benny?"

"No, *sir*," said Benny; "my horse looked like that ladder there, stood up on pegs. This fellow 's a beauty—eh, Father?"

"Yes, he is a fine creature. But Grandma would scarcely buy a new horse, for she does n't need one. I wonder what he 's doing here?"

They found Grandma in her chintz-covered rocking-chair, just where Benny had always found her ever since he could remember, and she looked over the same silver-bowed spectacles, with the same serene smile, at "that boy Benny," who was never the same, but was bigger and louder and more out of bounds every time she saw him.

"I say, Grandma," began Benny, hardly waiting for the good-mornings and Grandma's kiss, "what horse is that out in the barn with your's?"

"Oh, it 's a horse we 're boarding for a friend of mine," said Grandma.

"What 's become of *my* old horse?" asked Benny, with a look of disgust; for, besides that beast's personal unloveliness, the thought of him always reminded Benny of the lost shot-gun.

"You 'll have to ask 'Bijah about him," said Grandma. "Ring the bell, and he 'll come."

Benny rang the bell with such vigor that 'Bijah came in in breathless haste.

"Oh, it 's that hoss, is it?" said he, when Benny asked for his steed. "I thought it was fire, or tramps. Wall, Benny," he continued, with an anxious face, "I hope ye wont mourn much about that old hoss; he was n't very good-lookin', ye know, an' he was very lame."

"Oh, I don't care anything about him," said Benny, with a droll grimace, intended to express his low opinion of the animal. "If he 's dcad, so much the better. Father said he was afraid he 'd have to be shot."

"But seein' that you want a hoss, Benny," pursued 'Bijah, "I 've got one that ye might like. Want to look at him?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," said Benny.

"I 'll bring him round to the south door; you wait there," said 'Bijah, taking Benny by the shoulders and turning him back to the house.

'Bijah went down to the barn, and returned leading a glossy chestnut animal, slender and clean-limbed, that carried his head complacently and pricked the turf daintily as he advanced. He looked like a lady's pet, and seemed as gentle as a kitten. To crown all, he was saddled with a fine new saddle. Benny's heart glowed with desire.

"Want to try him?" asked 'Bijah.

"Want to? *Want to?*" Benny's very soul leaped as he sprang into the saddle and moved off like a cavalier.

Mr. Breese came to the door and admired the horse and his boy. It was a fine sight to see them together. He felt that such a horse was made for such a boy. 'Bijah sustained his impresssion by saying:

"Jest the horse for Benny, eh?"

"Yes," said Mr. Breese, with a little sigh; "I wish I could afford such a horse as that for my boy."

Benny paused in his cantering and echoed the wish.

"Wall," said 'Bijah, answering Mr. Breese, "I reckon 't would n't be hard to buy him cheap. I heard the gentleman he belongs to sayin' he did n't care anythin' about him."

"Whom does he belong to?" asked Mr. Breese.

"A young man of the name of Benny Breese."

"What, *me?*" shouted Benny, catching his breath.

"How 's that?" asked Mr. Breese, in blank amazement.

"Why, you see," explained 'Bijah, "this Mr. Benny Breese brought a miser'ble, starved-to-death skeliton of a hoss here, so lame that every step was a miracle, an' he said we might have him for his keepin'."

"*This* is n't the horse?" exclaimed Mr. Breese, in a tone of astonishment.

"Wall, 't is an' 't is n't," said 'Bijah, with a discriminating squint. "I took the skeliton for a frame to start on, an' built up on it some, an' I think it looks consider'ble like a hoss now; don't it?"

"I should think so!" said Mr. Breese. "But, 'Bijah, the horse is yours. You 've built him up out of nothing."

"Sho!" said 'Bijah, with a modest wag of his head and a full blaze of smiling satisfaction on his honest face. "If that 's so, I 'll make a present of him to Benny."

Benny came down to the ground in a twinkling. "Oh, you dear old fellow, you!" said he, hugging 'Bijah around the waist. "But where 'd the saddle come from!"

"Oh, I brought it home to try," said 'Bijah. "I guess ycr Pa 'n' yer Grandma 'll want you to hev a saddle."

Mr. Breese laughed, and said Benny must, of course, have a saddle.

"And the horse must have a name, I suppose," added he. "'Bijah, you ought to name your own work of art."

"I had to call him something," said 'Bijah. "I can't be a-talkin' to folks all the time and never call 'em by name, so I called him Gen'ral Putnam—Gen'ral Israel Putnam."

And General Israel Putnam he was from that day, and he and Benny Breese were the admired of all admirers as they pranced up and down the streets of Still Harbor. Every boy in town was devoured with envy, and every girl, when she read about "the princely youth" who, "just as the melancholy shades of eve were approachin'," or "just as the rosy fingers of the dawn were about to gild the chambers of the east," was seen to "emerge from the gates of the castle seated upon a richly eaparrisoned palfrey," thought of Benny Breese.

When the morning of the Fourth of July arrived, it was thought to be very appropriate that General Israel Putnam should join in the celebration of the day. There was to be a gorgeous procession in the morning, a balloon ascension from the Green in the afternoon, and fire-works in the evening. The procession was decided to be the part of the programme in which General Putnam would figure best. Therefore, in due season, on the morning of the glorious day, the General—his mane garnished with red, white, and blue ribbons, with bows of ribbons and knots and garlands of flowers bedecking him generally and profusely, and Benny Breese, in a brand-new jacket and trousers, with a button-hole bouquet and white cotton gloves—pranced down the street to the Green in a spirited way which thrilled every beholder, and took his place in the slowly forming procession as "The Spirit of 1876" (this was the centennial Fourth of July). The balance and offset to Benny was "The Spirit of 1776"—represented by a young farmer's boy, in cocked hat and knee-breeches, wearing the rusty sword with which one of his ancestors had cut down a British soldier in the Revolutionary battle of Still Harbor. These two were to ride side by side in the very head and front of the procession. An admiring crowd surrounded them. While the marshals of the day were getting into line the barouches bearing the dignitaries of the borough, and the chariots of school children, Benny sat looking about in a dignified way, accepting graciously the homage of all beholders. He noticed that that boy who was always getting above him in his class, who beat him at ball, and *owned a shot-gun*, stood in the dust at his feet. He observed that Miss Rose Roberts, who had a way of making him feel very clumsy

and low-spirited, was looking on from the piazza of her house, which stood on the Green. His father and mother, and especially his sister Fanny, would now see, he hoped, what a superior boy he was.

The files were formed, the marshals took their places beside the ranks, and the band started up.

The *band* started up, did I say? General Israel Putnam started up as well,—up, *up*, UP, on his hind legs, and Benny Breese went down, *down*, DOWN, and was soon keeping company in the dust with the unworthy boy who owned the shot-gun. A broad space soon cleared itself around General Putnam, who, greatly to the dishonor of his name, moved out of the procession, still on his hind legs, and began a regular motion, from side to side, forward and back, all the while gracefully waving his fore legs in the air, after the manner of the most approved trained circus horses. Benny arose and stood in the dust with the crowd.

Have you heard of the Spartan boy who, when a coal of fire dropped into his sleeve, let it remain there until it had burned a deep hole in his flesh, and made no sign, moved not a muscle? That boy had a rival in Benny as he stood and gazed on the General. Blank wonder kept him rooted in silence to the spot; but he was also a spunky boy, and clung to his dignity even when the owner of the shot-gun shouted, "The Down-spirit of '76!" Down he was, and somewhat down-spirited, too, but he held up his head and appeared to be the most absorbed and interested of all the spectators.

Apparently, General Putnam meant never to give up daneing until the band gave up playing. On, still on, went the jig, to the rare delight of every small boy and the amazement of their elders.

The procession moved on disregarded, but everybody elbowed and tiptoed, craned his neck or got up on a fence, to see the daneing horse.

Suddenly there was a misstep—an interference,—a something wrong,—and poor General Putnam reeled and came down with a gigantic flop upon the ground.

Then ensued confusion, made up of renewed efforts to see, shouts of derision, and exclamations of pity. The crowd closed around the poor horse until the sheriff made his appearance and drove it back, to let the animal get up if he could. With some help, he struggled to his feet, and stood there, the very picture of baffled ambition, of disgraceful failure—a meek and tousled-looking horse, at any rate. His knots and garlands gay were torn and awry. He was but the caricature of that noble steed which came caracoling and curveting down the street but an hour before.

Benny took him by his bridle, and led him limping slowly away.

The mystery of his former neglected condition

was explained. He had evidently been a part of some show, and when, from some cause or other, he had become unable to perform his feats without stumbling and failure, he had lost his value as a trained horse; his training made him unsafe for ordinary purposes; he was too "light" for a work-horse, and he had consequently been sold cheap to one person, and another, and had been variously neglected and abused, until he became the wreck of a horse that Benny "had bid on for fun."

Mrs. Breese declared that Benny should never ride that horse again—there was no knowing what the beast's immoral education would lead him to

do next. But Mr. Breese said, "Pshaw! nonsense! Benny must learn to stick to his horse, and keep away from the Still Harbor Brass Band."

Benny did learn to stick to his horse. I have seen him ride through the streets of Still Harbor standing as straight as a ramrod on that horse's back. It is generally believed that there is some mysterious, not to say uncanny, understanding between the two. They perform most wonderful maneuvers, but which really does the maneuvering nobody can find out. But Benny's neck is still unbroken, which is, and ever will be, the great Still Harbor mystery.



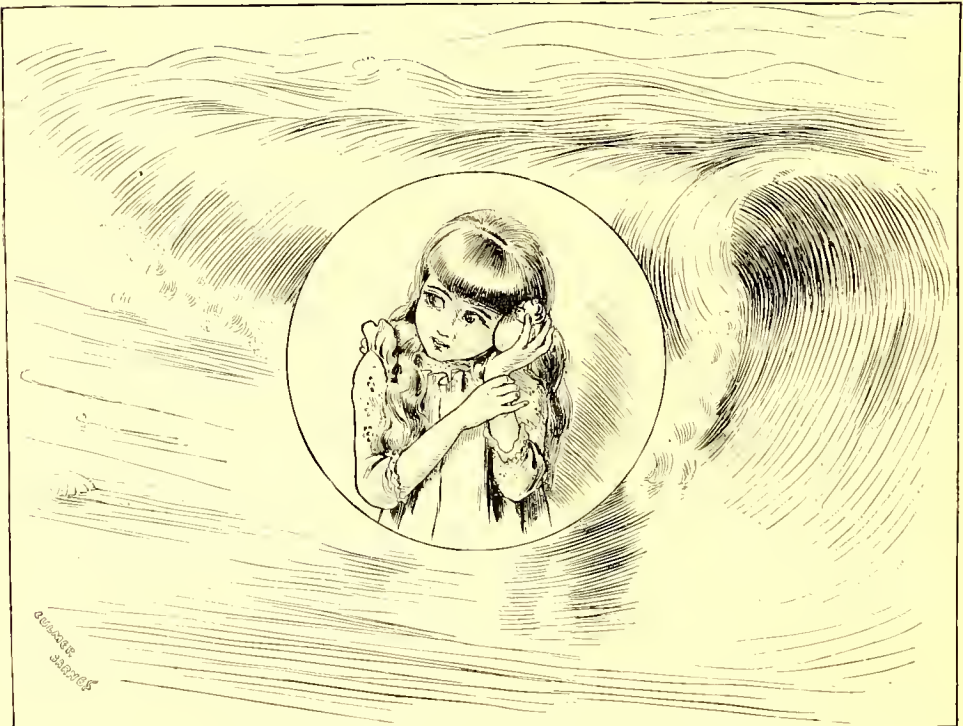
THE LITTLE BROTHER. — DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

"BOYS."

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

<p>STURDY little farmer boy, tell me how you know When 't is time to plow the fields, and to reap and mow. Do the hens "with yellow legs" Scold you when you hunt for eggs? Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a row? Do the pigs in concert squeal When you bring their evening meal? Tell me, little farmer boy, for I 'd like to know.</p>	<p>Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know How to navigate your ship when the tempests blow. Do you find it pretty hard Clinging to the topsail yard? Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll go? Do they let you take a light When you go aloft at night? Tell me, little sailor boy, for I 'd like to know.</p>
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Little boys of every kind, tell me how you know
That 't is time ere school begins rather ill to grow.
Does the pain increase so fast
That 't is terrible at last?
Don't you quickly convalesce when too late to go?
Do you think I am a dunce?
Was n't I a school-boy once?
Tell me, all you little boys, for I 'd like to know.



LITTLE GIRL WITH THE SHELL: "WHY, IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE ROAR OF THE OCEAN!"



NINTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"THERE'S plenty of time for another. Let the little folk go to bed, now that they've had their story, and then please bring out the next story, Auntie," cried Min, when all had listened with more interest than they would avow to the children's tale.

So the small people trotted off, much against their will, and this most obliging of aunts drew forth another manuscript, saying, as she glanced at several of her elder nieces, brave in the new trinkets Santa Claus had sent them:

"This is a story with a moral to it which the girls will understand; the boys can take naps while I read, for it will not interest them."

"If it shows up the girls, we shall like it," answered Geoff, as he composed himself to hear and enjoy the tale of

DAISY'S JEWEL-BOX, AND HOW SHE FILLED IT.

"It would be perfectly delightful, and just what I long for, but I don't see how I *can* go with nothing fit to wear," said Daisy, looking up from the letter in her hand, with a face full of girlish eagerness and anxiety.

Mrs. Field set every fear at rest with a re-assuring smile, as she quietly made one of the sacrifices mothers think so small, when made for the dear creatures for whom they live.

"You shall go, dear; I have a little sum put by for an emergency. Twenty-five dollars will do a great deal, when tastes are simple and we do our own dress-making."

"But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much I can't bear to have you give it up," said sober little Jane, the home-girl, who unlike her gay elder sister, never cared for visiting.

"Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl

over my old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure. She needs a change after this dull autumn, and she must be neat and nice."

Janey said no more, and fell to thinking what she had to offer Daisy; for both took great pride in the pretty girl, who was the queen among her young friends.

Daisy heard, but was so busy re-reading the letter that she took no notice then, though she recalled the words later.

"Come and pass the holidays with us. We all wish to see you, and Laura begs you will not disappoint her."

This was the invitation that came from Laura's mother; for the two girls had struck up a great friendship during the summer the city family passed in the little country town where Daisy lived. She had ardently hoped that Laura would not forget the charming plan, and now the cordial message came just when the season would be gayest in town.

"I suppose I must have the everlasting white muslin for a party dress, as that is the cheapest thing a girl can wear. A nun's-veiling is what I long for, but I'm afraid we can't afford it," she said, with a sigh, coming back from visions of city delights to the all-important question of dress.

"Yes, we can, and new ribbons, gloves, and slippers as well. You are so small that it does n't take much, and we can make it up ourselves. So run and collect all your little finery, while I go and do the shopping at once."

"You dearest of mothers! how you always manage to give me what I want, and smooth all my worries away. I'll be as good as gold, and bring you the best present I can find."

Daisy's grateful kiss warmed the dear woman's heart, and made her forget how shabby the old sack was, as she hastened away to spend the money carefully hoarded for the much-needed cloak.

Needles and fingers flew, and two days before Christmas, Daisy set out for the enchanted city, feeling very rich with the pretty new dress in her trunk and with five dollars for pocket money. It seemed a large sum to the country girl, and she planned to spend it all in gifts for mother and Janey, whose tired faces rather haunted her after she had caught the last glimpse of them.

Her reception was a warm one; for all the Vaughns were interested in the blooming little maiden they had found among the hills, and did their best to make her visit a pleasant one. The first day she was in a delightful sort of maze,—things were so splendid, gay and new; the second, she felt awkward and countrified, and wished she had not come. A letter from her mother on Christmas morning did her good, and gave her courage to bear the little trials that afflicted her.

"My clothes do look dowdy beside Laura's elegant costumes, though they seemed very nice at home; but my hair is n't red, and that's a comfort," she said to herself, as she dressed for the party that evening.

She could not help smiling at the bonny figure she saw in the long mirror, and wishing Mother and Janey could see the work of their hands in all its glory; for the simple white dress was very becoming, and her kind host had supplied her with lovely flowers for belt and bouquet.

But the smile faded as she took up her one ornament,—an antique necklace, given her by an old aunt. At home it was considered a very rare and beautiful thing, and Daisy had been rather proud of her old-fashioned chain till she saw Laura's collection of trinkets, the variety and brilliancy of which dazzled her eyes, and woke a burning desire in her to possess treasures of the same sort. It was some consolation to find that the most striking were not very expensive; and after poring over them with deep interest, Daisy privately resolved to buy as many as her five dollars would procure. These new ornaments could be worn during her visit, and serve as gifts when she went home; so the extravagance would not be so great as it seemed.

This purpose comforted her, as she put on the old necklace, which looked very dingy beside the Rhine-stones that flashed, the silver bangles that clashed, and the gilded butterflies, spiders, arrows, flowers, and daggers that shone on the young girls whom she met that evening. Their fine dresses she could not hope to imitate, but a pin and a pair of bracelets were possible, and she resolved to have them, if she had to borrow money to get home.

Her head was quite turned by this desire for the cheap trinkets which attract all feminine eyes nowadays; and when, among the pretty things that came to her from the Christmas-tree that night, she received a blue plush jewel-box, she felt that it was almost a duty to fill it as soon as possible.

"Is n't it a beauty? I never had one, and it is just what I wanted!" said Daisy, delightedly lifting the trayful of satin beds for pretty things, and pulling out the little drawer underneath, where the giver's card lay.

"I told papa a work-box or a fan would be better; but he liked this and he would buy it," explained Laura, who knew how useless it was to her friend.

"It was very kind of him, and I prefer the jewel-box to either of those. I've nothing but my old chain and a shabby little pin to put in it now, but I'll fill it in time," answered Daisy, whose eyes seemed to behold the unbought treasures already reposing on the dainty cushion.

"Real jewels are the best, my dear, for their worth and beauty are never lost. The tinsel that girls wear now is poor stuff, and money is thrown away in buying it," said Mrs. Vaughn, who overheard them and guessed the temptation which beset the young country girl.

Daisy looked conscious, but answered with a smile, and a hand on her necklace: "This old thing would n't look well in my pretty box, so I'll leave it empty till I can afford something better."

"But that antique chain is worth many mock diamonds; for it is genuine, and its age adds to its value. Lovers of such things would pay a good price for that and keep it carefully. So don't be ashamed of it, my dear,—though this pretty throat needs no ornament," added Mrs. Vaughn, hoping the girl would not forget the little lesson she was trying to give her.

Daisy did not; but when she went to bed, she set the jewel-box on the table where it would meet her eyes on her awakening in the morning, and then she fell asleep trying to decide that she would buy no baubles, since there were better things for which to spend her money.

Nothing more was said; but as the two girls went about the gay streets on various pleasant errands, Daisy never could pass the jewelers' windows without stopping to yearn over the trays full of enchanting ornaments. More than once, when alone, she went in to inquire the prices of these much-coveted trifles, and their cheapness made the temptation harder to resist. Certain things had a sort of fascination for her, and seemed to haunt her in an uncanny way, giving her no peace. A golden rose with a diamond drop of dew on its leaves bloomed in her very dreams; an en-

ameled butterfly flew before her as she walked, and a pair of silver bangles rattled in her ears like goblin castanets.

"I shall not be safe till I spend that money, so I might as well decide on something and be at peace," said poor Daisy, after some days of this girlish struggle; "I need n't buy anything for mother and Nancy, for I can share my nice and useful presents with them; but I should like to be able to show the girls my lovely jewel-box with something pretty in it,—and I will! Laura need n't know anything about it, for I'm sure she'd think it silly, and so would her mother. I'll slip in now and buy that rose; it's only three dollars, and the other two will buy one *porte-bonheur*, or the dear butterfly."

Making her way through the crowd that always stood before the brilliant window, Daisy went in and demanded the rose; then, somewhat frightened by this reckless act, she paused, and decided to look farther before buying anything else. With a pleasant little flutter of the heart, as the pretty trinket was done up, she put her hand into her pocket to pay for it, and all the color died out of her cheeks when she found no purse there. In vain she pulled out handkerchief, keys, and pin-cushion; no sign of money was found but a ten-cent piece which had fallen out at some time. She looked so pale and dismayed that the shopman guessed her misfortune before she told it; but all the comfort he offered was the useless information that the crowded corner was a great place for pickpockets.

There was nothing to be done but to return the rose and go sadly home, feeling that fate was very cruel to snatch away this long-coveted happiness when so nearly won. Like the milk-maid who upset her pail while planning which ribbons would become her best, poor Daisy's dreams of splendor came to a sudden end; for instead of a golden rose, she was left with only ten cents, and not even a purse to put it in.

She went home angry, disappointed, and ashamed, but too proud to complain, though not able to keep the loss to herself; for it was a sad affair, and her face betrayed her in spite of her efforts to be gay.

"I know you were staring at the French diamonds in that corner store. I never can get you by there without a regular tug," cried Laura, when the tale was very briefly told.

"I can't help it; I'm perfectly fascinated by those foolish things, and I know I should have bought some; so it is as well that I lost my money, perhaps," answered Daisy, looking so innocently penitent and so frankly disappointed that Mr. Vaughn said kindly:

"So it is, for now I have a chance to complete my Christmas present. I was not sure it would suit, so I gave it empty. Please use this in buying some of the 'fascinating things' you like so well."

A bright ten-dollar gold piece was slipped into Daisy's hand, and she was obliged to keep it, in spite of all her protestations that she could live without trinkets, and did not need any money, as her ticket home was already bought. Mrs. Vaughn added a nice little purse, and Laura advised her to keep the lone ten-cent piece for a good-luck penny.

"Now I can do it with a free mind, and fill my box as Mr. Vaughn wishes me to. Wont it be fun?" thought Daisy, as she skipped upstairs after dinner, a load of care lifted from her spirits.

Laura was taking a music lesson, so her guest went to the sewing-room to mend the facing of her dress, which some one had stepped on while she stood in that fatal crowd. A seamstress was there, sewing as if for a wager, and while Daisy stitched her braid, she wondered if there were any need of such haste; for the young woman's fingers seemed to fly, a feverish color was in her cheeks, and now and then she sighed as if tired or worried.

"Let me help, if you are in a hurry, Miss White. I can sew fast, and know something of dress-making. Please let me. I'd love to do anything for Mrs. Vaughn, she is so kind to me," said Daisy, when her small job was done, lingering to make the offer, though an interesting book was waiting in her room.

"Thank you, I think I can get through by dark. I do want to finish, for my Mother is sick, and needs me as well as the money," answered the needle-woman, pausing to give the girl a grateful smile, then stitching away faster than ever.

"Then I must help. Give me that sleeve to sew up, and do you rest a little. You look dreadfully tired, and you've been working all day," insisted Daisy.

"That's very kind, and it would be a great help, if you really like it," answered Miss White, with a sigh of relief, as she handed over the sleeve, and saw how heartily and helpfully Daisy fell to work.

Of course, they talked; for the friendly act opened both hearts, and did both girls good. As the younger listened to the little story of love and labor, the gold burned in her pocket, and tinsel trinkets looked very poor beside the sacrifices so sweetly made by this good daughter for the feeble mother whose comfort and support she was.

"Our landlord has raised the rent, but I can't move now, for the cold and the worry would kill Mother; so I'm tugging away to pay the extra money, or he will turn us out. I'm afraid."

"Why don't you tell Mrs. Vaughn? She helps every one, and loves to do it."

“So she does, bless her! She has done a deal for us, and that’s why I can’t ask for more. I won’t beg while I can work, but worry wears on me, and if I break down, what *will* become of Mother?”

Poor Mary shook the tears out of her eyes, for daylight was going, and she had no time to cry; but Daisy stopped to wonder how it would seem to be in her place, “tugging away” day after day to keep a roof over mother. It made her heart ache to think of it, and sent her hand to her pocket with a joyful sense of power; for alms-giving was a new pleasure, and Daisy felt very rich.

“I’ve had a present to-day, and I’d love dearly to share it with you, if you would n’t mind. I shall only waste it, so do let me send it to your mother in any shape you like,” she said, in a timid, but very earnest way.

“O Miss Field! I could n’t do it! you are too kind; I never thought of hinting”—began Mary, quite overcome by this unexpected proposal.

Daisy settled the matter by running away to the study, where Mr. Vaughn was napping, to ask him if he would give her two fives for the gold piece.

“Ah! the fascination is at work, I see; and we can’t wait till Monday to buy the pretty things. Girls will be girls, and must sow their innocent wild oats I suppose. Here, my dear; beware of pickpockets, and good luck to the shopping,” said the old gentlemen, as he put two crisp bills into her hands, with a laugh.

“Pickpockets won’t get this, and I *know* my shopping will prosper now,” answered Daisy, in such a happy tone that Mr. Vaughn wondered what plan was in the girl’s head to make her look so sweet and glad.

She went slowly upstairs, looking at the two bills, which did not seem half so precious as when in the shape of gold.

“I wonder if it would be very extravagant to give her all of it. I shall do some silly thing if I keep it. Her boots were very thin, and she coughs, and if she is sick it will be dreadful. Suppose I give her five for herself, and five for her mother. I’d love to feel rich and generous for once in my life, and give real help.”

The house was very still, and Daisy paused at the head of the stairs to settle the point, little dreaming that Mrs. Vaughn had heard the talk in the sewing-room, and saw her as she stood thoughtfully staring at the two bits of paper in her hand.

“I should n’t feel ashamed if Mrs. Vaughn found me out in this, but I should never dare to let her see my bangles and pins, if I should buy them. I know she thinks them silly, especially so for me. She said she hoped I’d set a good exam-

ple to Laura, in the way of simplicity and industry. I liked that, and Mother ’ll like it, too. But then, my jewel-box! All empty, and such a pretty thing.—Oh, dear, I wish I could be wise and silly at the same time!”

Daisy sighed, and took a few more steps, then smiled, pulled out her purse, and taking the ten-cent piece, tossed it up, saying, “Heads, Mary; tails, myself.”

Up flew the bright little coin, and down it came with the goddess of liberty uppermost.

“That settles it; she shall have the ten, and I’ll be content with the old chain for all my jewelry,” said Daisy aloud; and looking much relieved, she danced away, leaving the unsuspected observer to smile at her girlish mode of deciding the question, and to rejoice over the generous nature unspoiled as yet.

Mrs. Vaughn watched her young guest with new interest during the next few days; for certain fine plans were in her mind, and every trifle helped the decision for or against.

Mary White went smiling home that night to rejoice with her feeble mother over the help that came so opportunely and so kindly.

Daisy looked as if her shopping *had* prospered wonderfully, though the old necklace was the only ornament she wore; and those who saw her happy face at the merry-making thought that she needed no other. She danced as if her feet were as light as her heart, and enjoyed that party more than the first; for no envy spoiled her pleasure, and a secret content brightened all the world to her.

But the next day she discovered that temptation still had power over her, and she nearly spoiled her first self-conquest by the fall which is very apt to come after a triumph, as if to show us how hard it is to stand fast, even when small allurements get in our way.

She broke the clasp of the necklace, and Mrs. Vaughn directed her to a person who mended such things. The man examined it with interest, and asked its history. Daisy very willingly told all she knew, inquiring if it was really valuable.

“I’d give twenty-five dollars for it any time. I’ve been trying to get one to go with a pair of ear-rings I picked up, and this is just what I want. Of course, you don’t care to sell it, miss?” he asked, glancing at Daisy’s simple dress and rather excited face, for his offer had fairly startled her.

She was not sufficiently worldly-wise to see that the jeweler wanted it enough to give more for it, nor to make a good bargain for herself. Twenty-five dollars seemed a vast sum, and she only paused to collect her wits before she answered eagerly:

“Yes, I *should* like to sell it; I’ve had it so long, that I’m tired of it, and it’s all out of fashion.

Mrs. Vaughn told me some people would be glad to get it, because it is genuine. Do you really think it is worth twenty-five dollars?"

"It's old, and I shall have to tinker it up; but it matches the ear-rings so well, I am willing to pay well for it. Will you take the money now, Miss, or think it over and call again?" asked the man, more respectfully, after hearing Mrs. Vaughn's name.

"I'll take it now, if you please. I shall leave town in a day or two, and may not have time to call again," said Daisy, taking a half-regretful look at the chain, as the man counted out the money.

Holding it fast, she went away, feeling that this unexpected fortune was a reward for the good use she had made of her gold piece.

"Now I can buy some really valuable ornament, and wear it without being ashamed. What shall it be? No tinsel for me this time;" and she walked by the attractive shop-window with an air of lofty indifference, for she really was getting over her first craze for that sort of thing.

Feeling as if she possessed the power to buy real diamonds, Daisy turned toward the great jewelers, pausing now and then to look for some pretty gift for Janey, to be bought with her own money.

"What can I get for Mother? She never owns that she needs anything, and goes shabby so I can be fine. I could get some of those fine, thick stockings; hers are all darns,—but they might not fit. Flannel is useful, but it is n't a pretty present. What *does* she need most?"

As Daisy stopped before a great window, full of all manner of comfortable garments, her eye fell on a fur-lined cloak marked "\$25." It seemed to answer her question like a voice, and as she looked at it she heard again the words:

"But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much——"

"Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl over the old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure."

"How could I forget that! What a selfish girl I am, to be thinking of jewelry, when that dear, good Mother has n't a cloak to her back. Daisy Field, I'm ashamed of you! Go in and buy that nice warm one at once, and don't let me hear of that ridiculous box again."

After this little burst of remorse and self-reproach, Daisy took another look: and prudence suggested asking the advice of some more experienced shopper than herself, before making so important a purchase. As if the fates were interested in settling the matter at once, while she stood undecided Mary White came down the street, with a parcel of work in her hands.

"Just the person! The Vaughns need n't know anything about it; and Mary is a good judge."

It was pleasant to see the two faces brighten as the girls met; rather comical to watch the deep interest with which one listened and the other explained; and beautiful to hear the grateful eagerness in Mary's voice, as she answered cordially:

"Indeed, I will! You've been so kind to my Mother, there's nothing I would n't be glad to do for yours."

So in they went, and after due consideration, the cloak was bought and ordered home,—both girls feeling that it was a little ceremony full of love and good-will; for Mary's time was money, yet she gave it gladly, and Daisy's purse was left empty of all but the good-luck penny, which was to bring still greater happiness in unsuspected ways.

Another secret was put away in the empty jewel-box, and the cloak hidden in Daisy's trunk; for she felt shy of telling her little business transactions, lest the Vaughns should consider her extravagant. But the thought of her mother's surprise and pleasure warmed her heart, and made the last days of her visit the happiest. Being a mortal girl, she did give a sigh as she tied a bit of black velvet around her white throat, instead of the necklace, which seemed really a treasure now that it was gone; and she looked with great disfavor at the shabby little pin, worn where she had fondly hoped to see the golden rose. She put a real rose in its place, and never knew that her own fresh, happy face was as lovely; for the thought of the two mothers made comfortable by her was better than all the pearls and diamonds that fell from the lips of the good girl in the fairy tale.

"Let me help you pack your trunk; I love to cram things in, and dance on the lid when it wont shut," said Laura, joining her friend next day, just as she had well hidden the cloak-box under a layer of clothes.

"Thank you, I've almost finished, and rather like to fuss over my own things in my own way. You wont mind if I give this pretty box of handkerchiefs to Mother, will you, dear? I have so many things, I must go halves with some one. The muslin apron and box of bonbons are for Janey, because she can't wear the gloves, and this lovely *jabot* is too old for her," said Daisy, surveying her new possessions with girlish satisfaction.

"Do what you like with your own. Mamma has a box of presents for your mother and sister. She is packing it now, but I don't believe you can get it in; your trunk seems to be so full. This must go in a safe place, or your heart will break," and Laura took up the jewel-box, adding with a laugh, as she opened it, "you have n't filled it, after all! What did you do with papa's gold piece?"

"That's a secret. I'll tell some day, but not

yet," said Daisy, diving into her trunk to hide the color in her cheeks.

"Sly thing! I know you have silver spiders and filagree racquets, and Rhine-stone moons and stars stowed away somewhere and wont confess it. I wanted to fill this box, but Mamma said you'd do it better yourself, so I let it alone; but I was afraid you'd think I was very selfish to have a pin for every day in the month and never give you one," said Laura, as she looked at the single little brooch reposing on the satin cushion. "Where's your chain?" she added, before Daisy could speak.

"It is safe enough. I'm tired of it, and don't care if I never see it again." And Daisy packed away, and laughed as she smoothed the white dress in its tray, remembering that it was paid for by the sale of the old necklace.

"Give it to me, then. I like it immensely; it's so odd. I'll exchange for anything of mine you choose. Will you?" asked Laura, who seemed bent on asking inconvenient questions.

"I shall have to tell, or she will think me ungrateful," thought Daisy, not without a pang of regret even then, for Laura's offer was a generous one.

"Well, like George Washington, 'I can not tell a lie'; so I must confess that I sold it, and spent the money for something I wanted very much,—not jewelry, but something to give away," she said.

Daisy was spared further confessions by the entrance of Mrs. Vaughn, with a box in her hand.

"I have room for something more. Give me that, Laura, it will just fit in;" and taking the little jewel-box, she added, "Mary White wishes you to try on your dress, Laura. Go at once; I will help Daisy."

Laura went, and her mother stood looking down at the kneeling girl with an expression of affectionate satisfaction which would have puzzled Daisy, had she seen it.

"Has the visit been a pleasant one, my dear?"

"Oh, very! I can't thank you enough for the good it has done me. I hope I can pay a little of the debt next summer, if you come our way again," cried Daisy, looking up with a face full of gratitude.

"We shall probably go to Europe for the summer. Laura is of a good age for it now, and we all shall enjoy it."

"How delightful! We shall miss you very much, but I'm glad you are going, and I hope Laura will find time to write me now and then. I shall want to know how she likes the 'foreign parts' we've talked about so much."

"You *shall* know. We shall not forget you, my dear," and with a caressing touch on the smiling

yet wistful face upturned to hers, Mrs. Vaughn went away to pack the empty jewel-box, leaving Daisy to drop a few irrepressible tears on the new gown, over the downfall of her summer hopes, and the longings all girls feel for that enchanted world that lies beyond the sea.

"We shall see you before we go, so we wont gush now," said Laura, as she bade her friend good-bye, adding in a whisper, "Some folk can have secrets as well as other folk, and be as sly. So don't think you have all the fun to yourself, you dear, good, generous darling."

Daisy looked bewildered, and Mrs. Vaughn added to her surprise by kissing her very warmly as she said: "I wished to find a good friend for my spoiled girl, and I think I have succeeded."

There was no time for explanation, and all the way home Daisy kept wondering what they meant. But she forgot everything when she saw the dear faces beaming at the door, and ran straight into her mother's arms, while Janey hugged the trunk till her turn came for something better.

When the first raptures were over, out came the cloak; and Daisy was well repaid for her little trials and sacrifices when she was folded in it as her mother held her close, and thanked her as mothers only can. Sitting in its soft shelter, she told all about it, and coming to the end said, as she took up the jewel-box, unpacked with the other generous gifts: "I have n't a thing to put in it, but I shall value it because it taught me a lesson which I hope I never shall forget. See how pretty it is!" and opening it, Daisy gave a cry of surprise and joy, for there lay the golden rose, with Laura's name and "*Sub rosa*" on a slip of paper.

"The dear thing! she knew I wanted it, and that is what she meant by 'secrets.' I'll write and tell her mine to-morrow."

"Here is something more," said Janey, who had been lifting the tray while her sister examined the long-desired flower.

A pair of real gold bangles shone before her delighted eyes, and a card in Mr. Vaughn's handwriting bore these words: "Handcuffs for the thief who stole the pocket-book."

Daisy hardly had time to laugh gayly at the old gentleman's joke, when Janey cried out, as she opened the little drawer, "Here's another!"

It was a note from Mrs. Vaughn, but all thought it the greatest treasure of the three, for it read:

"DEAR DAISY,— Mary told me some of your secrets, and I found out the others. Forgive me and go to Europe with Laura, in May. Your visit was a little test. You stood it well, and we wish to know more of you. The little box is not quite empty, but the best jewels are the self-denial, sweet charity, and good sense you put in yourself.

"Your friend, A. V."

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

VIII.

BRIAN OF MUNSTER: THE BOY CHIEFTAIN.
A. D. 927-1014.

[Afterward Brian Boru, King of Ireland.]



INTO that picturesque and legend-filled section of Ireland now known as the County Clare, where over rocks and boulders the Shannon, "noblest of Irish rivers," rushes down past Killaloe and Castle Connell to Limerick and the sea, there rode one fair summer morning, many, many years ago, a young Irish lad. The skirt of his parti-colored *lenn*, or kilt, was richly embroidered

and fringed with gold; his *inar*, or jacket, close-fitting and silver-trimmed, was open at the throat, displaying the embroidered *lenn* and the twisted collar of gold about his sturdy neck, while a deep purple scarf, held the jacket at the waist. A gleaming, golden brooch secured the long plaid shawl, that drooped from his left shoulder; broad bracelets encircled his bare and curiously tattooed arms, and from an odd-looking golden spiral at the back of his head his thick and dark-red hair fell in flowing ringlets upon his broad shoulders. Raw-hide shoes covered his feet, and his bronze shield and short war-ax hung conveniently from his saddle of skins. A strong guard of pikemen and gallowglasses, or heavy-armed footmen, followed at his pony's heels, and seemed an escort worthy a king's son.

A strong-limbed, cleanly-built lad of fifteen was this sturdy young horseman, who now rode down to the Ath na Borumma, or Ford of the Tribute, just above the rapids of the Shannon, near the town of Killaloe. And as he reined in his pony, he turned and bade his herald, Cogoran, sound the trumpet-blast. It was to announce to the Clan of Cas the return, from his years of fosterage, of the young *flaith*, or chieftain, Brian, the son of Kennedy, King of Thomond.

But ere the strong-lunged Cogoran could wind his horn, the hearts of all the company grew numb

with fear as across the water the low, clear strains of a warning-song sounded from the haunted gray-stone,—the mystic rock of Carrick-lee, that overhung the tumbling rapids:

"Never yet for fear of foe,
By the ford of Killaloe,
Stooped the crests of heroes free—
Sons of Cas by Carrick-lee.

"Falls the arm that smites the foe,
By the ford of Killaloe;
Chilled the heart that boundeth free,
By the rock of Carrick-lee.

"He who knows not fear of foe,
Fears the ford of Killaloe;
Fears the voice that chants his dree,
From the rock of Carrick-lee."

Young Brian was full of the superstition of his day—superstition that even yet lives amid the simple peasantry of Ireland, and peoples rocks, and woods, and streams with good and evil spirits, fairies, sprites, and banshees; and no real, native Irish lad could fail to tremble before the mysterious song. Sorely troubled, he turned to Cogoran inquiringly, and that faithful retainer said in a rather shaky voice:

"'T is your warning-song, O noble young chief! 't is the voice of the banshee of our clan—of Carrick-lee."

Just then from behind the haunted gray-rock a fair young girl appeared, tripping lightly across the large stepping-stones that furnished the only means of crossing the ford of Killaloe.

"See—see!" said Cogoran, grasping his young lord's arm; "she comes for thee. 'T is thy doom, O Master!"

"So fair a ghost should bring me naught of grief," said young Brian stoutly enough, though it must be confessed his heart beat fast and loud. "O Spirit of the Waters!" he exclaimed, "O banshee of Clan Cas! why thus early in his life dost thou come to summon the son of Kennedy the King?"

The young girl turned startled eyes upon the group of armed and warlike men, and grasping the skirt of her white and purple *lenn*, turned as if to flee,—when Cogoran, with a loud laugh, cried out:

"Now, fool and double fool am I,—fit brother to Sitric the blind! Why, 't is no banshee, O noble young chief, 't is but thy foster-sister, Eimer, the daughter of Conor, Eimer the golden-haired!"

"Nay, is it so?" said Brian, greatly relieved. "Come to us, maiden; come to us," he said. "Fear nothing; 't is but Brian, thy foster-brother, returning to his father's home."

The girl swiftly crossed the ford and bowed her golden head in a vassal's welcome to the young lord.

"Welcome home, O brother," she said. "Even now, my lord, thy father awaits the sound of thy horn as he sits in the great seat beneath his kingly shield. And I——"

"And thou, maiden," said Brian, gayly, "thou

and the band of welcomers, headed by Mahon, Brian's eldest brother, rode out to greet the lad.

Nine hundred years ago the tribe of Cas was one of the most powerful of the many Irish clans. The whole of Thomond, or North Munster, was under their sway. When the clans of Munster gathered for battle, it was the right of the Clan of Cas to lead in the attack, and to guard the rear when returning from any invasion. It gave kings to the throne of Munster, and valiant leaders in warfare with the Danes who in the tenth century poured their hosts into Ireland, conquering and destroying. At the



BRIAN MEETS EIMER OF THE GOLDEN HAIR.

must needs lurk behind the haunted rock of Carrick-lee, to freeze the heart of young Brian at his home-coming, with thy banshee-song."

Eimer of the golden hair laughed a ringing laugh. "Say'st thou so, Brother?" she said. "Does the 'Scourge of the Danes' shrink thus at a maiden's voice?"

"Who calls me the 'Scourge of the Danes'?" asked Brian.

"So across the border do they say that the maidens of King Callaghan's court call the boy Brian, the son of Kennedy," the girl made answer.

"Who faces the Danes, my sister, faces no tender foe," said Brian, "and the court of the king of Cashel is no ladies' hall in these hard-striking times.—But wind thy horn, Cogoran, and cross we the ford to greet the king, my father."

Loud and clear the herald's call rose above the rush of the rapids, and as the boy and his followers crossed the ford, the gates of the palace, or *dun*, of King Kennedy of Thomond were flung open,

period to which our sketch refers, the head of this powerful clan was Cennedigh, or Kennedy, King of Thomond. His son Brian had, in accordance with an old Irish custom, passed his boyhood in "fosterage" at the Court of Callaghan, King of Cashel, in East Munster. Brought up amid warlike scenes, where battles with the Danish invaders were of frequent occurrence, young Brian had now at fifteen completed the years of his fosterage, and was a lad of strong and dauntless courage, cool and clear-headed, and a firm foe of Ireland's scourge—the Danes.

The feast of welcome was over. The bards had sung their heroic songs to the accompaniment of the *cruot*, or harp; the fool had played his pranks, and the juggler his tricks, and the chief bard, who was expected to be familiar with "more than seven times fifty stories great and small," had given the best from his list; and as they sat thus in the great hall of the long, low-roofed house of hewn oak that scarcely rose above the stout

earthen ramparts that defended it, swift messengers came bearing news of a great gathering of Danes for the ravaging of Munster and the plundering of the Clan of Cas.

"Thou hast come in right fitting time, O son!" said Kennedy the King. "Here is need of strong arms and stout hearts. How say ye, noble lords and worthy chieftain? Dare we face in fight this, so great a host?"

But as chiefs and counselors were discussing the king's question, advising fight or flight as they deemed wisest, young Brian sprang into the assembly, war-ax in hand.

"What, fathers of Clan Cas," he cried, all aflame with excitement, "will ye stoop to parley with hard-hearted pirates—ye, who never brooked injustice or tyranny from any king of all the kings of Erin—ye, who never yielded even the leveret of a hare in tribute to a Dane! 'T is for the Clan of Cas to demand tribute,—not to pay it! Summon our vassals to war. Place me, O King, my father, here at the Ford of the Tribute and bid me make test of the lessons of my fostership. Know ye not how the boy champion, Cuchullin of Ulster, held the ford for five long days against all the hosts of Connaught? What boy hath done, boy may do. Death can come but once!"

The lad's impetuous words fired the whole assembly, the gillies and retainers caught up the cry and, with the wild enthusiasm that has marked the quick-hearted Irishman from Brian's day to this, "they all," so says the record, "kissed the ground and gave a terrible shout." Beacon fires blazed from cairn and hill-top, and from "the four points," from north and south and east and west, came the men of Thomond rallying around their chieftains on the banks of Shannon.

With terrible ferocity the Danish hosts fell upon Ireland. From Dublin to Cork the coast swarmed with their war-ships and the land echoed the tramp of their swordmen. Their chief blow was struck at "Broccan's Brake" in the County Meath, and "on that field," says the old Irish record, "fell the kings and chieftains, the heirs to the crown, and the royal princes of Erin." There fell Kennedy the King and two of his stalwart sons. But at the Ford of the Tribute, Brian, the boy chieftain, kept his post and hurled back again and again the Danes of Limerick as they swarmed up the valley of the Shannon to support their countrymen on the plains of Meath.

The haunted gray-stone of Carrick-lee, from which Brian had heard the song of the supposed banshee, rose sharp and bold above the rushing waters; and against it and around it Brian and his followers stood at bay battling against the Danish hosts. "Ill-luck was it for the foreigner," says

the record, "when that youth was born—Brian, the son of Kennedy." In the midst of the fight at the ford, around from a jutting point of the rock of Carrick-lee, a light shallop came speeding down the rapids. In the prow stood a female figure, all in white, from the gleaming golden *lann*, or crescent, that held her flowing veil, to the hem of her gracefully falling *lenn*, or robe. And above the din of the strife a clear voice sang:

"First to face the foreign foe,
First to strike the battle blow;
Last to turn from triumph back;
Last to leave the battle's wrack;
Clan of Cas shall victors be
When they fight at Carrick-lee."

It was, of course, only the brave young Eimer of the golden hair bringing fresh arms in her shallop to Brian and his fighting-men; but as the sun, bursting through the clouds, flashed full upon the shining war-ax which she held aloft, the superstitious Danes saw in the floating figure the "White Lady of the Rapids," the banshee, the fairy guardian of the Clan of Cas. Believing, therefore, that they could not prevail against her powerful aid, they turned and fled in dismay from the river and the haunted rock.

But fast upon young Brian's victory came the tearful news of the battle of Broccan's Brake and the defeat of the Irish kings. Of all the brave lad's family only his eldest brother Mahon escaped from that fatal field; and now he reigned in place of Kennedy, his father, as King of Thomond. But the victorious Danes overran all southern Ireland, and the brothers Mahon and Brian found that they could not successfully face in open field the hosts of their invaders. So they left their mud-walled fortress-palace by the Shannon, and with "all their people and all their chattels" went deep into the forests of Cratloe and the rocky fastnesses of the County Clare; and there they lived the life of robber chieftains, harassing and plundering the Danes of Limerick and their recreant Irish allies, and guarding against frequent surprise and attack. But so hazardous and unsettled a life was terribly exhausting, and "at length each party of them became tired of the other," until finally King Mahon made peace and truce with the Danes of Limerick.

But "Brian the brave" would make no truce with a hated foe. "Tell my brother," he said, when messengers brought him word of Mahon's treaty, "that Brian, the son of Kennedy, knows no peace with foreign invaders, and though all others yield and are silent, yet will I never!"

And with this defiance the boy chieftain and "the young champions of the tribe of Cas" went deeper into the woods and fastnesses of County

Clarc, and for months kept up a fierce guerilla warfare. The Danish tyrants knew neither peace nor rest from his swift and sudden attacks. Much booty of "satins and silken cloths, both scarlet and green, pleasing jewels and saddles beautiful and foreign" did they lose to this active young chieftain, and much tribute of cows and hogs and other possessions did he force from them. So dauntless an outlaw did he become that his name struck terror from Galway Bay to the banks of Shannon and from Lough Derg to the Burren of Clare. To many an adventurous boy the free and successful outlaw life of this lad of nine centuries ago may seem alluring. But "life in the greenwood" had little romancé for such old-time outlaws as Brian Boru and Robin Hood and their imitators. To them it was stern reality, and meant constant struggle and vigilance. They were outcasts and Ishmaels—"their hands against every man and every man's hand against them"—and though the pleasant summer weather brought many sunshiny days and starlit nights, the cold, damp, and dismal days took all the poetry out of this roving life, and sodden forests and relentless foes brought dreary and disheartening hours. Trust me, boys, this so-called "free and jolly life of the bold outlaw," which so many story-papers picture, whether it be in distant Ireland, nine hundred years ago, or in Sherwood Forest with Robin Hood, or with some "Buckeye Jim" on our own Montana hill-sides to-day, is not "what it is cracked up to be." Its attractiveness is found solely in those untruthful tales that give you only the little that seems to be sweet, but say nothing of the much that is so very, very harsh and bitter. Month by month the boy chieftain strove against fearful odds, day by day he saw his brave band grow less and less, dying under the un pitying swords of the Danes and the hardships of this wandering life, until of all the high-spirited and valiant comrades that had followed him into the hills of Clare only fifteen remained.

One chill April day, as Brian sat alone before the gloomy cave that had given him a winter shelter in the depths of the forests of Clare, his quick ear, well trained in wood-craft, caught the sound of a light step in the thicket. Snatching his ever-ready spear he stood on guard and demanded:

"Who is there?"

No answer followed his summons. But as he waited and listened, he heard the notes of a song, low and gentle, as if for his ear alone:

"Chieftain of the stainless shield,
Prince who brooks no tribute fee;
Ne'er shall he to pagan yield
Who prevailed at Carrick-lee.
Rouse thee, arm thee, hark and heed,
Erin's strength in Erin's need."

"'Tis the banshee," was the youth's first thought. "The guardian of our clan urgeth me to speedier action."—And then he called aloud: "Who sings of triumph to Brian the heavy-hearted?"

"Be no longer Brian the heavy-hearted; be, as thou ever art, Brian the brave!" came the reply, and through the parting thicket appeared, not the dreamed vision of the banshee, but the fair young face of his foster-sister, Eimer of the golden hair.

"Better days await thee, Brian, my brother," she said; "Mahon the King bids thee meet him at Holy Isle. None dared bring his message for fear of the death-dealing Danes who have circled thee with their earth-lines. But what dare not I do for so gallant a foster-brother?"

With the courtesy that marked the men of even those savage times, the boy chieftain knelt and kissed the hem of the daring little maiden's purple robe.

"And what wishes my brother, the king, O Eimer of the golden hair?" he said. "Knows he not that Brian has sworn never to bend his neck to the foreigner?"

"That does he know right well," replied the girl. "But his only words to me were: 'Bid Brian my brother take heart and keep this tryst with me, and the sons of Kennedy may still stand, unfettered, kings of Erin.'"

So Brian kept the tryst; and where near the southern shores of Lough Derg, the Holy Isle still lies all strewn with the ruins of the seven churches that gave it this name, the outlawed young chieftain met the king. Braving the dangers of Danish capture and death, he had come unattended to meet his brother.

"Where, O Brian, are thy followers?" King Mahon inquired.

"Save the fifteen faithful men that remain to me in the caves of Uin-Bloit," said the lad, "the bones of my followers rest on many a field from the mountains of Connaught to the gates of Limerick; for their chieftain, O my brother, makes no truce with the foe."

"Are there but fifteen left to thee!" said Mahon.

"Is it not the inheritance of the Clan of Cas to die for their honor and their homes?" demanded Brian. "So surely is it no honor in valorous men, my brother, to abandon without battle or conflict their father's inheritance to Danes and traitorous kings!"

The unyielding courage of the lad roused the elder brother to action, and, secretly but swiftly, he gathered the chiefs of the clan for council in the *dun* of King Mahon by the ford of Killaloe. "Freedom for Erin and death to the Danes!" cried they, as the voice of one man, says the record. Again the warning beacons flamed from cairn and

hill-top. In the shadow of the "Rock of Cashel" the banner of the ancient kings, the royal sunburst, was flung to the breeze, and clansmen and

the sharp ascent, there rode one day the herald of Ivar, the Danish king of Limrick. Through the gate-way of the palace he passed, and striding in-



"THE BOY CHIEFTAIN KNELT AND KISSED THE HEM OF THE MAIDEN'S ROBE."

vassals and allies rallied beneath its folds to strike one mighty blow for the redemption of Ireland.

In the county of Tipperary, in the midst of what is called "the golden valley," this remarkable "Rock of Cashel" looms up three hundred feet above the surrounding plain, its top, even now, crowned with the ruins of what were in Brian's day palace and chapel, turret and battlement and ancient tower. Beneath the rough archway of the triple ramparts at the foot of the rock, and up

to the audience-hall, spoke thus to Mahon the King :

"Hear, now, O King ! Ivar, the son of Sitric, King of Limerick and sole Over-lord of Munster, doth summon thee, his vassal, to give up to him this fortress of Cashel, to disperse thy followers, to send to him at Limerick, bounden with chains, the body of Brian the outlaw, and to render unto him tribute and hostage."

King Mahon glanced proudly cut to where upon the ramparts fluttered the flag of Ireland.

"Say to Ivar, the son of Sitric," he said, "that Mahon, King of Thomond, spurns his summons, and will pay no tribute for his own inheritance. Tell thy master that the Clan of Cas defy his boastful words, and will show in battle which are lords of Erin."

"And tell thy master," said his brother, "that Brian the outlaw will come to Limerick not bound with chains, but to bind them."

The Danish power was strong and terrible, but the action of the two valiant brothers was swift and their example was inspiring. Clansmen and vassals flocked to their standard, and a great and warlike host gathered in old Cashel. Brian led them to battle, and near a willow forest, close to the present town of Tipperary, the opposing forces

met in a battle that lasted "from sunrise to mid-day." And the sun-burst streamed victorious over a conquered field, and the hosts of the Danes were routed. From Tipperary to Limerick, Brian pursued the flying enemy; and capturing Limerick, took therefrom great stores of booty and many prisoners.

And from the day of Limerick's downfall the star of Ireland brightened, as in battle after battle, Brian Boru,* the wise and valiant young chieftain, was hailed as victor and deliverer from sea to sea.

But now he is a lad no longer, and the story of the boy chieftain gives place to the record of the valiant soldier and the able king. For upon the death of his brother Mahon, in the year 976, Brian became King of Thomond, of Munster, and Cashel. Then uniting the rival clans and tribes under his sovereign rule, he was crowned at Tara, in the year 1000, "Ard-righ," or "High King of Erin." The reign of this great king of Ireland was peaceful and prosperous. He built churches, fostered learning, made bridges and causeways, and constructed a road around the coast of the whole kingdom. In his palace at Kincora, near the old *dun* of his father, King Kennedy, by the ford of Killaloe, he "dispensed a royal hospitality, administered a rigid and impartial justice, and so continued in prosperity for the rest of his reign, having been at his death thirty-eight years King of Munster and fifteen years sovereign of all Ireland."

So the boy chieftain came to be King of Ireland, and the story of his death is as full of interest and glory as the record of his boyish deeds. For

Brian grew to be an old, old man, and the Danes and some of the restless Irishmen whom he had brought under his sway revolted against his rule. So the "old king of nearly ninety years" led his armies out from the tree-shaded ramparts of royal Kincora, and meeting the enemy on the plains of Dublin, fought "his last and most terrible fight." It was a bloody day for Ireland; but though the aged king and four of his six sons, with eleven thousand of his followers, were slain on that fatal field, the Danes were utterly routed, and the battle of Clontarf freed Ireland forever from their invasions and tyrannies.

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has poured
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet!"

So sings Thomas Moore in one of his beautiful Irish melodies; and when hereafter you hear or read of Brian Boru, remember him not only as Ireland's greatest king, but also as the dauntless lad who held the ford at Killaloe, and preferred the privations of an outlaw's life to a disgraceful peace.

Kincora, the royal home of Brian the King, is now so lost in ruin that travelers can not tell the throne-room from the cow-house; Cashel's high rock is deserted and dismantled, and on the hill of Tara the palace of the ancient Irish kings is but a grass-grown mound. But time can not dim the shining record of the great king of Ireland, Brian Boru—Brian of Munster: the Boy Chieftain.

* *Boru*, or *Borunha*, the tribute; therefore "Brian of the Tribute," or "of the Ford of the Tribute."

FRÄULEIN MINA SMIDT GOES TO SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FRÄULEIN MINA SMIDT was a good, sweet, and earnest-natured little girl. She lived in Tompkins Square, New York City, with her father and mother. She might have been called a learned girl, for she could speak German with her father and English with her playfellows and school-mates in the big breezy square, where she often went to play after school-hours. But she was not happy. Mina's mother kept house in the good old German way she had learned in Berlin before Mina was

born. Mina had helped her in various ways, yet she had never really kept house, nor had she so much as learned plain cooking. Her mother was very busy until late in the afternoon at a factory on Second Avenue, and, of course, her father was away all day at his work. Now, it happened occasionally that her mother was ill, and could not prepare the six o'clock dinner. Mina wished to do it, but really she did n't know how.

She tried to cook her father's dinner one day,

but it was a sorry affair. He did not say much about it. He only said that Mina was big enough

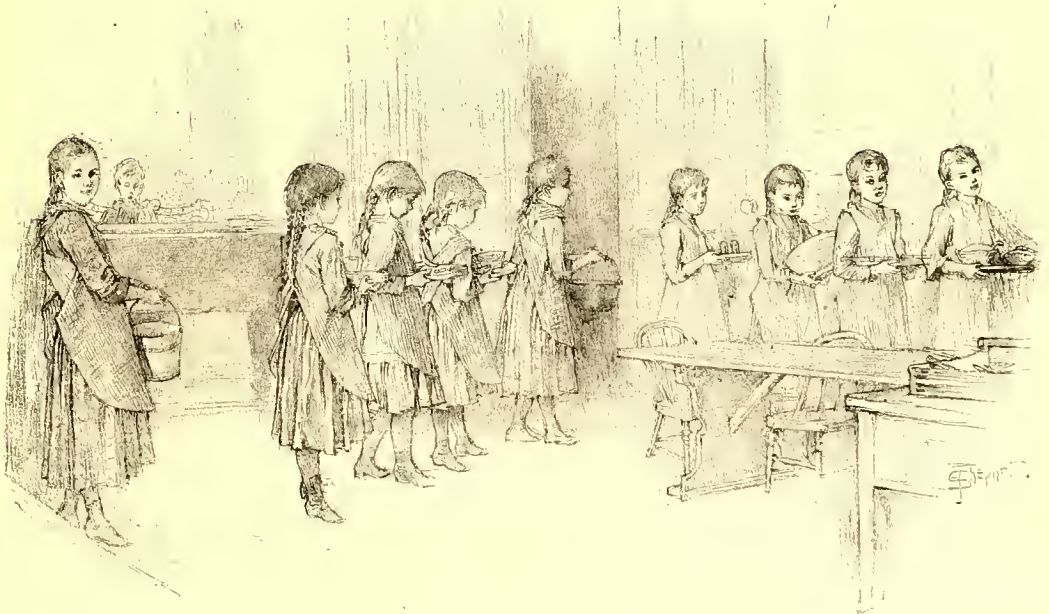
“Have you been to the baker's?” asked Mina, rather dolefully, as Lizzy approached.



“SHE WENT OUT INTO THE PARK AND SAT DOWN TO CRY.”

now to be a help to her mother. Feeling very badly about it, she went out in the park, and sat down upon one of the benches to cry. But

Lizzy smiled proudly, and answered: “Just feel of this bread. Look at the top crust and the bottom crust. I'd break off a piece for you,



THE MARCH INTO THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

in a few minutes another little girl, a friend of Mina's, named Lizzy Stoffholder, came hurrying along the broad walk.

but I could n't break it till I've shown it to Mother.”

“Much she will care to see it,” laughed Mina.

"She will; she will, indeed, for I made it myself."

Lizzy Stoffholder could talk very rapidly, and in three minutes she had told Mina all about her making the bread, and about her having learned how to make it at a certain wonderful school near by.

"Oh, dear!" said Mina. "Do you suppose I could go to that school? Would they teach me, too? Would they let me join the class?"

—And that was how it came about that Mina Smidt went to school. For at a quarter past two, on the afternoon of the very next day, she met her friend



Lizzy Stoffholder in the park, and they both set out for No. 125 St. Mark's Place. They rang the bell, and when the door opened, a girl about nine years old, wearing a lovely white apron, and with her hair neatly brushed beneath a pretty cap, politely escorted them upstairs and into a big room.

"She is a kitchen-gardener," said Lizzy.

"Oh," said Mina. "She does n't really work in the garden, does she?"

"No," said Lizzy, in a superior way. "She's not that kind."

The fact is, Mina Smidt had been very unfortunate. She had never read *ST. NICHOLAS*, which must account for her very natural mistake.*

The girl left them in the big room, and Mina asked Lizzie if they used books for studying in the school.

"No," said Lizzie; "only books in which they write down the bill of fare and the time-table."

"So? Are we going in the cars, or to a restaurant?"

"No, indeed. We generally eat up the lesson after it's done; only sometimes we take it home and eat it there. You'll see. It's just fun to go to this school."

At that moment, ten little girls came in, some fräuleins and some misses and some mademoiselles. They all seemed very happy about something, and they were talking as fast as they could to one another in English, German, and French. — "*Heute werden wir Fisch haben.*" "*Nous aurons du poisson aujourd'hui.*" "We shall have fish to-day."—That is what they were saying.

Then a young lady, wearing a large white apron, came in, and gave each girl an apron. With hands and faces perfectly clean, and hair neatly brushed, all the girls put on the aprons, and soon they stood two and two in a procession. Mina, being a new-comer, was placed at the end of the line next to Mademoiselle Louie Japeau, aged nine.

Hark! A piano playing a grand march—"Rory O' Moore," from the book of Irish songs. It was n't very appropriate, but it sounded quite well, and they all kept step and marched out into the hall and through a big door into the school-room. Around the room twice did they march, to the stirring piano accompaniment, until six of the girls stood behind one long table and six behind another, and then "Rory O'Moore" expired

in a solemn chord, and they all sat gravely down at the two long tables.

Such a queer, school-room as it was! There were three pleasant windows looking out on the park, pictures on the walls, and a nice stove with a tea-kettle singing on top. There was a big table at one end of the room and behind it sat the teacher. Mina looked at the teacher and wondered if she was good to poor little girls who did n't know anything. And the more she looked at the teacher, the more she felt sure she should love her. On each side stood the assistant teachers in their white aprons. Behind the teacher was a dresser filled

LIZZIE AND MINA ARE SHOWN UPSTAIRS.

* See article entitled "Little Housemaids," *ST. NICHOLAS* for April, 1870.

with cooking utensils. There were also plates and knives and forks on the tables, and on the long table before each girl was a knife and fork. But there was not a book or a slate to be seen. It was not like a school-room at all, except that there was a blackboard at one side in full view of the scholars.

Then one of the teachers gave each girl a big card on which was written a song. The piano struck up a tune, and they all began to sing. Mina being, as before remarked, a young person of many polite accomplishments, soon joined the merry chorus. She thought the song a very funny one. It was all about going a-shopping for ham and steak and fish and vegetables, with fine

by the time they reached the second verse, and before it ended she had "joined in" with her voice, although she had not learned the words.

We must prepare our bill of fare,
Meet every taste, yet have no waste,
Something for all, both great and small.
And all bills pay on market-day.

Different kinds of meat we find
All on a market-day;
And many fishes of every kind;
Which shall we have to-day?

Nice "roast beef" rare, choose it with care;
And beefsteak, too, the whole year through;
Chicken, remember, October, November;
Cheap price you pay on a market-day.

Then the lesson began. The teacher had a large dish before her, and from it she lifted a fine mack-



GETTING READY FOR WORK.

"sentiments" about buying lamb chops in September and veal in November. Here is a part of this funny song:

MARKETING SONG.

Rise up early in the morning,
All on a market-day;
Stalls are filled before the dawn,
And wagons on the way.

That is the way it began, and the girls sang it so heartily that Mina had almost learned the tune

erel, split quite in two, and just from the shop.

"What is this?" said she, as she held it up.

"A fish," replied the class.

"What kind of a fish?"

"Mackerel!" said every girl in the class.

"Here's another.—A handsome fellow with a big mouth and sharp teeth. What is he?"

"A pike!" exclaimed several of the girls.

"And here is a pretty one with stripes?"

"A sea-bass!" came the answer promptly.

“And these pretty fellows?”

Everybody knew them, and the entire class said “*smelts*” in chorus.

Then the teacher pointed to the blackboard, and there on the board was the BILL OF FARE. The lists of fishes, with full directions for cooking them. At once the teacher read off the first direction for the mackerel, and then called on two of the girls to take the noble fish to their seats and to prepare it according to the directions. Then the other fishes were given out, one to each pair of

from table to table, helping and showing, but not doing the work. Each girl had to do just what was assigned to her. The girl on Mina's right was washing the pike with a damp cloth, and cleaning it in the deftest manner. Then she and the girl who was helping her bathed the lovely pike in vinegar to keep it from tumbling to pieces when it should come to be cooked in the oven.

Not far away was a girl slicing up some salt pork into beautiful little ribbons. “Oh, that's the way,



“IT WAS NOT LIKE A SCHOOL-ROOM, AT ALL.”

girls. Then came butter and flour to be mixed for the sauce. Another girl was given an egg and told to put it in cold water and boil it half an hour on the stove, being very careful to note the time when she put it on, and to take it off at the right moment. Mina, being a new scholar, was given a plate of parsley and a knife with which to cut it up, so that it could be mixed with the egg-sauce. Every girl had something to do. Everybody could talk except when the teacher was explaining the work. The teacher and the two assistants went

is it?” said Mina to herself. One of the girls took Mr. Pike and made neat cuts in his glistening sides. And then Mina had a chance. The teacher gave her the ribbons of salt pork and showed her how to put them in the cut places in the fish. First, a long one near the head, then a little shorter one, and then a little shorter one still, and so on, clear down to the tail. And even the tail, too, was decorated in the most fishy way possible, by cutting into it with a pair of scissors, so that it looked as natural as could be, and quite artistic.

Then the pike was handed to some other girls, though Fräulein kept a sharp eye on it, to see what would be done next. In another week, it might be her turn to prepare a fish in just that way. The girls sprinkled the pike with salt, and then dredged it with flour, and put it in a big iron pan, with its pretty nose in one corner and its artistic tail in another. Lastly, they poured some water in the pan—just enough to cover the bottom. Then the whole school gathered around the big stove to see the pike put in the oven. They shut it in warm and snug, and they all looked at the clock, and said, in chorus,

“Bake twenty minutes!”

Every girl had a chance to do something. Even little Mademoiselle Louie Japeau helped sew up the sea-bass in the bag, when it was put into the hot water. There was big Miss Mahitable Susan Jones, the American girl, aged twelve, who fried the smelts. She said:

“She guessed the fire was pretty hot, and she would go and get a drink.”

How everybody did laugh! Go for a drink, and leave those beautiful smelts to burn to a crisp? What a strange girl Miss Mahitable Susan Jones must be! Even Fräulein Mina knew better than that.

How tell the wondrous tale? How tell all they did—those young disciples in the important art of



THE LITTLE COOKS AT WORK.

Fräulein wished she had twelve pairs of eyes, so that she could see every girl at once, for each one had something to do. She repeated over everything the teacher said, so that she might remember it. What a great deal to learn, to be sure! Only four kinds of fishes, and each kind cooked in a different way. The pike was baked, the mackerel broiled, the bass was sewed up in a bag and boiled, and the smelts were fried. Fräulein saw it all done. The chopping of the salt pork for the frying-pan, the making of the sauce, the broiling and frying,

cooking? Did they not also sing the most expressive songs while the pike and the sea-bass were cooking?

“All of us in this class wish to learn to cook
That we may be comforts at home.”

That was the beginning of one of the songs, and Mina felt truly glad that she had come. Perhaps some day she, too, would be a real comfort to her father and mother at home. Once they tried another song, all about making bread. The teacher

called it the "Bread-makers' Song." Here is one verse:

"Now you place it in the bread-bowl
A smooth and nice dough-ball,
Last, a towel, and a cover,
And at night that 's all.
But when morning calls the sleeper
From her little bed,
She can make our breakfast biscuit
From that batch of bread."

"And so I will," said Mina, with enthusiasm. "It 's much better than the black bread of the



PUTTING THE FISH INTO THE OVEN.

grocery store." Everybody laughed, and Mina knew she had spoken right out in school.

Of course, as it was fish day, they had a fish song, and here is the first verse—an odd combination of rhyme and cookery wisdom:

"Our lesson is fish, and in every dish
We would like to meet our teacher's wish.
But many men have many minds,
There are many fishes of many kinds;
So we can only learn to boil and bake,
To broil and fry, and make a fish-cake,
And trust this knowledge will carry us through
When other fishes we have to "do."

How the time flew! The hands of the clock seemed to race around the dial, and it was half-past three before they knew it. Each girl went in turn to the blackboard to make a copy of the bill of fare and the "time-table," or the directions for the time the fishes must stay on the fire. There is not space to tell all that happened on that eventful afternoon. Some of the pictures here presented will give you an idea of the way in which those delightful lessons were learned.

And when it all was over, the teachers passed plates to every pupil, and gave every one a slice of bread, and they cheerfully ate up the entire lesson, and left only the bones and the directions on the blackboard.

I have said that Mina Smidt might be called a learned girl. This was proved in a singular and startling manner, just ten weeks after that remarkable lesson on fish. Mina's father and mother knew that she went on two afternoons of each week to a certain school, but as she never brought home any exercises or books, they had an impression that she did not learn very much. However, sly Mina said nothing, but took a wonderful interest in her mother's work in the kitchen. Twice she suggested that the cooking could be done better in another way, and said that broiled steak was better than fried steak, and that homemade bread was better than the caraway-seed loaves from the grocery store. Fräulein's mother had her own notions about cooking. Had she not learned it all when she was a *fräulein* in Berlin? Let Mina make something for her father's dinner, or else say less about her own dear mother's excellent German cooking.

Fräulein was not at all alarmed. She only said she should need the kitchen to herself for the afternoon. It was not without a thought of how forward and self-confident children can be, that the good *Frau* Smidt turned over her kitchen to Mina and then went to the next room to reckon how much it would cost to go out to the queer little restaurant on the corner to get a dinner after Mina had spoiled everything in the house.

Five o'clock came, and the poor woman began to be nervous. Half-past five, and she went to the kitchen door and looked in, but Mina only waved a skillet in the air, and said:

"Shssss——"

Which being translated—if it can be—means "Wait a little longer."—Six o'clock. The mischief had been done. The dinner was surely ruined by this time.—Quarter past six. Mr. Smidt arrived, and his wife escorted him to the dining-room. The table was set, and in the center stood a covered dish. Mina was calm—quite calm.

They all sat solemnly down, and the dinner began.

"Nodings but berdaties?" asked *Herr* Smidt.

"Nothing but potatoes," said Mina calmly.

Her father gravely took a potato. He was a long-suffering man, accustomed to poor cooking, which fact is quite sufficient to account for his resignation. He gazed in a gloomy way upon the solitary potato, and his wife said she hoped it would be a lesson for the froward Mina, who presumed to



"ON A MARKET-DAY."

instruct her own mother, who had been cook in the Hotel Badescherhoff, in dear old Berlin, ten years before this silly American child had been born. It was sad to think good German children were being ruined by these New York schools. It was very —

"Hah!" Mr. Smidt had discovered something. The potato! His wife took one and hastily cut it, while poor Mina stuffed her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing.

Remarkable potatoes, truly! They were hollow inside and stuffed with the most fragrant and lovely sausage-meat *Mein Herr* ever tasted. Mina's father jumped up and kissed her, and her mother laughed till she cried, and Mina cried till she laughed, which made it very pleasant all around. Then she ran into the kitchen and brought in—oh, such a fine dinner! There was not, to be sure, a great variety of food, but it was prepared so well that it made a feast for that plain little family. To Mina, it was French cooking with a delicate American flavor, and dashed with a touch of the German style for the sake of the *Fatherland*.

This was the first dinner Mina prepared, but it was not the last. Many a day after that the good German and his *frau* enjoyed their simple well-cooked dinner all the more because of the bright eyes of their happy little cook. To be sure *Frau Smidt* felt it her duty at first to shrug her shoulders at some of Mina's "queer American ways" of preparing food; but she was as proud as *Mein Herr* of the clever little daughter who had learned so much in the school where there were no books.

Meantime the good work of the school went on — teaching and sending out dozens of little maids who could be "a comfort at home."

It is not all play — if it were, it would not bring about the desired results; but it is so like play that there is no sunnier school in New York than this same school in St. Mark's Place, where Miss Huntington and her willing helpers invite all poor little girls to come and be made happy and useful, able to help their parents, and ready, if need be, to earn their own living by and by.



THE PLAYMATE HOURS.

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

DAWN lingers silent in the shade of night,
 Till on the gloaming Baby's laughter rings.
 Then smiling Day awakes, and open flings
 Her golden doors, to speed the shining flight
 Of restless hours, gay children of the light.
 Each eager playfellow to Baby brings
 Some separate gift; a fitting bird that sings
 With her; a waving branch of berries bright;
 A heap of rustling leaves; each trifle cheers
 This joyous little life but just begun.
 No weary hour to her brings sighs or tears;
 And when the shadows warn the loitering sun,
 With blossoms in her hands, untouched by fears,
 She softly falls asleep, and day is done.

A STORY OF A TREE-FROG.

BY T. LANCEY.

ONE sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. The night was very dark, very still, and very hot. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends only after dark,—some with long wings, some with short; some with long and nimble legs that scurried over my papers as though afraid they would not have time for all their night's business; some with short legs, deliberate and slow, that seemed to carefully consider each inch of ground they traversed. Winged insects of all sorts and sizes kept coming and going; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim, falling on its back, vainly kicked its little legs in air.

Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window—a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on the window-sill a little tree-frog gravely looking at me. His skin—of an exquisite pale apple-green color—shone in the lamp-light. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair,

watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird-note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence, alas! misplaced), and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes; and then, hopping under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash any careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hopped rather lazily across the desk, repeated the whistle with which he had entered,—as if to say good-night,—and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signaled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under my lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit

thought he was safe in my room, and therefore resolved to make his winter home with me. A rustic stand of flowers stood in one corner of the room, and in the earth and leaves which it held did he (unknown to us) make his little bed. Alas! alas! During the winter a heavy weight was placed on the stand, and in the spring, upon the removal of the weight, we found the shriveled body of my little friend—a victim to misplaced confidence in man. Often have I mourned his loss.

For the benefit of those of my readers who may not have seen a tree-frog, I may add that it is in appearance similar to a small pond-frog, but of a beautiful clear green color. On each toe of each foot there is a small disk, or cup-shaped sucker, from which by pressure it can at once exclude air, and so attach itself to the smoothest surface, walking calmly across a ceiling as easily as its prey, the fly, does. It has two cries. In trees, its usual haunt in summer, before rain it utters a shrill, piercing cry, that is harsh and deafening. The other cry is the bird-like, low whistle I have already alluded to. You may look for hours for him in a tree without success, as he lies motionless, his body flattened along a limb, his color identical with that of the bark or leaf on which he rests.

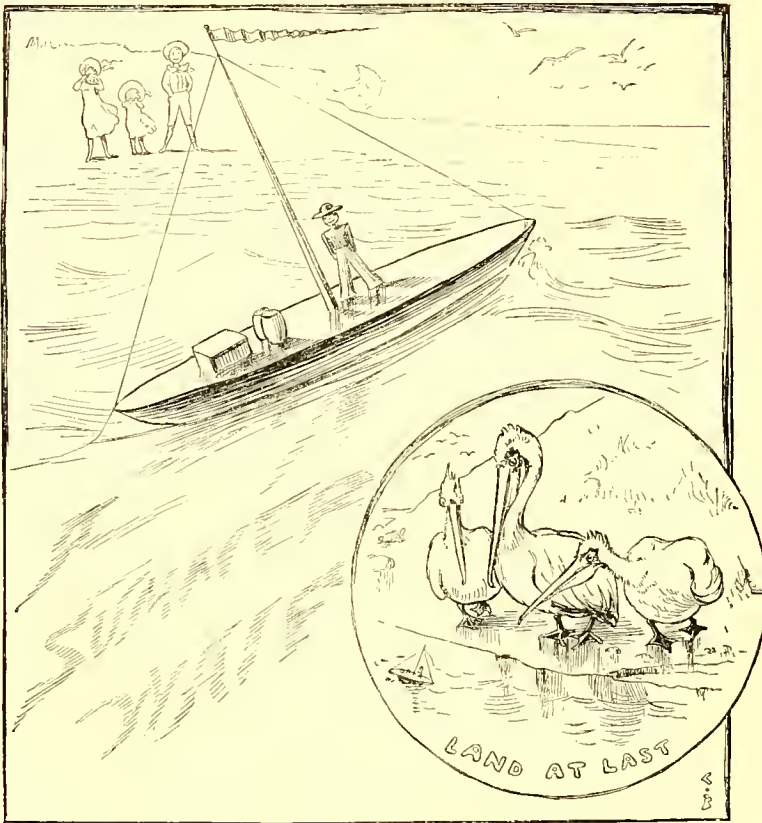
my room nightly, and one evening he brought an acquaintance, perhaps even his son or cousin. His relative was very small and rather shy; for a long time he would not venture further than the sill, and even when, at the solicitation of his companion, he did summon courage to hop on the desk, he would not come under the lamp and have a luscious supper, as he might have done. The elder one and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with the little disks, or suckers, on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one hind leg and then the other, and when within proper distance, he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing head downward, his hind feet firmly glued to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zigzag up and down the side-wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand, and sit there looking at me with a grave composure ludicrous to behold.

The final days of summer came at last, however, and with them cool and frosty nights. He evidently



THE TREE-TOAD AFTER HIS PREY.



FARMER NICK'S SCARECROW.

BY NORA E. CROSBY.

OUT in the corn field, grouped together,
A flock of crows discussed the weather.

Observing them, thrifty farmer Nick
Declared that the crows were "gettin' too thick."

"I must have a scarecrow—that is true:
Now, would not that old umbrella do?"

So into the house the farmer went,
And away to the field the umbrella sent.

One rainy day the farmer went out
To view the corn fields lying about;

He neared the umbrella; looked inside;
And what he saw, made him laugh till he cried!

For in there, out of the rainy weather,
A dozen crows were huddled together!

So the farmer, laughing as farmers should,
Said: "I fear my scarecrow did little good."

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

GETTING READY FOR FLORIDA.

UNCLE CHARLEY and Mr. Marvin spent the next two weeks in drilling the boys in the practice of wing-shooting; for, though Neil and Hugh had made great progress in the method of handling their guns, they had, as yet, scarcely learned the "A-B-C" of the theory and art of shooting. They had fallen into some faults, too, during the trip, and these were a great deal harder to get rid of than they had been to acquire.

During these two weeks, the following was the order of affairs each day: They arose in the morning in time for breakfast at six o'clock; after breakfast they had a drill in shooting till ten; then came two hours of study for the boys, while Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin rode over the plantation; dinner was served at one and lasted an hour, after which the boys were free for two hours; then came another hour of careful drill, followed by a light supper; then two hours of chatting or reading, and to bed at eight.

Mr. Marvin's method of drilling the boys was so simple that any one can follow it with very little trouble. He made a spring-trap of a flexible, elastic piece of wood, four feet long and three inches wide by a half inch thick, which he fastened at one end securely to a thick board, its middle resting firmly on a cleat, at an angle of about thirty degrees. Upon the upper or free end of this spring-piece he fastened a tin blacking-box, hollow side up. A notched trigger was fixed by a hinge to the board in such a way that, when the spring was bent downward over the cleat, the notch could be made to hold it in that position until it was released by pulling a long cord attached to the top end of the trigger. This trap was used as follows:

The elastic piece was bent down and made fast by the notch in the trigger. Any small object upon which shot would take effect was then placed in the box. The pulling-string being sixty feet long, when all was ready, the shooter stood eighteen yards from the trap, while the puller took up his position a little behind and to one side of him. When the shooter was ready, he said: "Pull!" and instantly the puller gently drew the trap, which released the "bender" of the trap, and the small potato or block of wood, or whatever

formed the target, was thrown into the air, and shot at before it fell.

The wide board, which formed the base of the trap, was fastened firmly to the ground, by driving long stakes through holes made in it for the purpose.

Traps with steel springs, and hollow glass balls for targets, can be had of dealers in sportsmen's goods; but they are quite expensive, and Mr. Marvin's arrangement is just as good.

Neil and Hugh at first shot with a single trap; then two were used for practicing at double wing-shooting. Sometimes Mr. Marvin would have them turn their backs to the trap, with directions to wheel about and fire, at the word "pull." This drill was interspersed with some pleasant talk on shooting and on the habits of game-birds. Mr. Marvin himself sometimes took a gun and performed some quite wonderful feats of marksmanship. For instance, with his rifle he hit a potato twice before it could fall from the height of fifteen feet when thrown into the air. But the main thing that he sought to teach the boys was the habit of aiming correctly and of handling their guns carefully. Their next trip was to be a long one, in which Neil and Hugh would necessarily have to depend largely upon themselves, and it was Mr. Marvin's desire to have them so trained that no accident need be feared.

Uncle Charley had written to an old hunting friend who lived on the Gulf coast of Florida, to hire him a good stanch boat large enough for the whole party and their luggage, camp equipage, dogs, *et cetera*. The plan was to coast from St. Marks to some point on the lower part of the Florida peninsula, stopping wherever they pleased to go into camp and hunt; Mr. Marvin's object being to collect plumes for the market, and bird-skins and rare specimens of any kind for the Smithsonian Institute.

The thought of going away down to the haunts of the heron, the golden plover, the ibis, the spoon-bill, the crying-bird, the snake-bird, the alligator, and the panther, of seeing the orange groves, the palm-trees, the wild semi-tropical jungles, the mangrove islands, and the dreamy lagoons, and of coasting along the border of the Gulf Stream, under the fair southern sky, so charmed the boys that they could scarcely sleep or eat.

Samson said he did not care about going "down to dem yalligator swamps," and he "reckon'd he 'd

stay at home"; but Judge wished to go wherever Neil and Hugh went, even if there was danger.

Neil sent for a new sketch-book and a diary, a supply of pencils and water-colors, and a hand-book of botanical drawing. He was resolved to spend more time than formerly in sketching; for it surprised him now to find how well some of his sketches looked.

It pleased the boys greatly when they saw an account of their bear adventure, filling almost a column of their home paper, *The Belair Bugle*. A reporter had obtained the particulars by interviewing their father, and had then dressed them up until the affair really had the ring of a thrilling encounter.

"What will Tom Dale and the rest of the boys think of that?" exclaimed Hugh delightedly. "Wont they wish they were along with us?"

"What will they say when they see that same bear's skin used by Papa for a lap-rug in his sleigh?" said Neil. "That 'll prove to them that the story is true."

"I mean to send Papa a panther's skin from Florida," said Hugh.

"And a fine collection of alligators' teeth," added Neil.

"And I 'll kill a roseate spoon-bill and get Mr. Marvin to mount it, as he did the owl, and I 'll send it to Tom Dale," said Hugh.

The evenings were now quite cold in Tennessee. There was a light fall of snow, and the wind was sharp and keen. Uncle Charley's sitting-room had a wide fire-place with tall brass andirons and a stone hearth. A big wood fire flamed and crackled there constantly, and the boys thought there were few things more enjoyable and comfortable than to sit before it in an arm-chair and listen to a good story read aloud.

Uncle Charley had but few books that would interest boys. He took all the magazines, however, and the *London Field* and several American journals devoted to shooting and fishing, so that Neil and Hugh found plenty of good reading matter quite suited to their prevailing line of thought. Then Mr. Marvin was generally ready with reminiscences of his hunting adventures, into which he always managed to insert some good advice, or some wise suggestions, intended for the benefit of the boys.

So the time passed, and at last the day of their departure for Florida arrived. Once more they were on the cars, flying southward at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. We need not follow them step by step. Let us hurry to the warm, green gulf, and find them sailing over its bosom, their little vessel stanch and true, and all of them as joyous as the sweet sea-breeze itself.

CHAPTER XX.

DRIFTING ALONG THE COAST.

HAVE you ever sailed on the Gulf of Mexico? In winter the water near the west coast of the peninsula of Florida is usually as calm as an inland pond, so far as big waves are concerned, and the breezes seem specially designed to make sailing safe and enjoyable.

The boat that Uncle Charley had chartered was called the "Water-fowl," and was about thirty feet long, by ten or twelve feet wide, decked over for about half its length, and furnished with a supplementary canvas awning, which could be used or taken down at pleasure. It was rigged with a mainsail and jib, had a center-board, and was, in fact, a very stanch, if not a very fast or beautiful little craft.

Uncle Charley had hired the owner of the "Water-fowl," Andrea Gomez, to go along as sailing-master. He was of Spanish descent, about fifty years old, short, broad-shouldered, and very dark. He was a good sailor, and knew almost every island and reef and river on the Florida coast.

It would be difficult to exactly describe the sensations of Neil and Hugh, as they felt the sea palpitating under them, while the gentle breeze blew them along at the rate of four miles an hour.

Neil stood upon the little deck and gazed dreamily about him. What did he see? In one direction a low, dark shore of marsh-grass and tangled woods, with a border of shining white sand; in every other direction, a sheet of green-blue water, that met the sky and blended with it in a creamy line at the horizon. How very, very far away seemed his home at Belair, in cold and snowy Illinois!

The sun beamed down upon the deck with real summer fervor, but the breeze was cool and sweet. A few gulls, drifting here and there, flashed their wings in the light, and swarms of pelicans wheeled around the sandy bars along the shore. As the boat kept on its course, the outline of the shore seemed to break up into fragments, hundreds of small islands appearing along the coast. Now and then a picturesque grove of palmetto-trees stood up in clear relief from the sand ridges on the main-land. Some gulf-caps, those strange clouds of the southern sea, hovered in the far western horizon.

Mr. Gomez, the sailing-master, was a very quiet man, and sat by the tiller all day, smoking a short pipe most of the time.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley lounged in the after part of the boat, talking or reading. Judge

slept on his back in the warm sunshine, with his head bare and his face toward the sky.

When night fell, the sloop was run in among some shore islands to a shallow, sheltered spot, and anchored. There being no place to land, supper was cooked on board, and the whole party slept in the vessel.

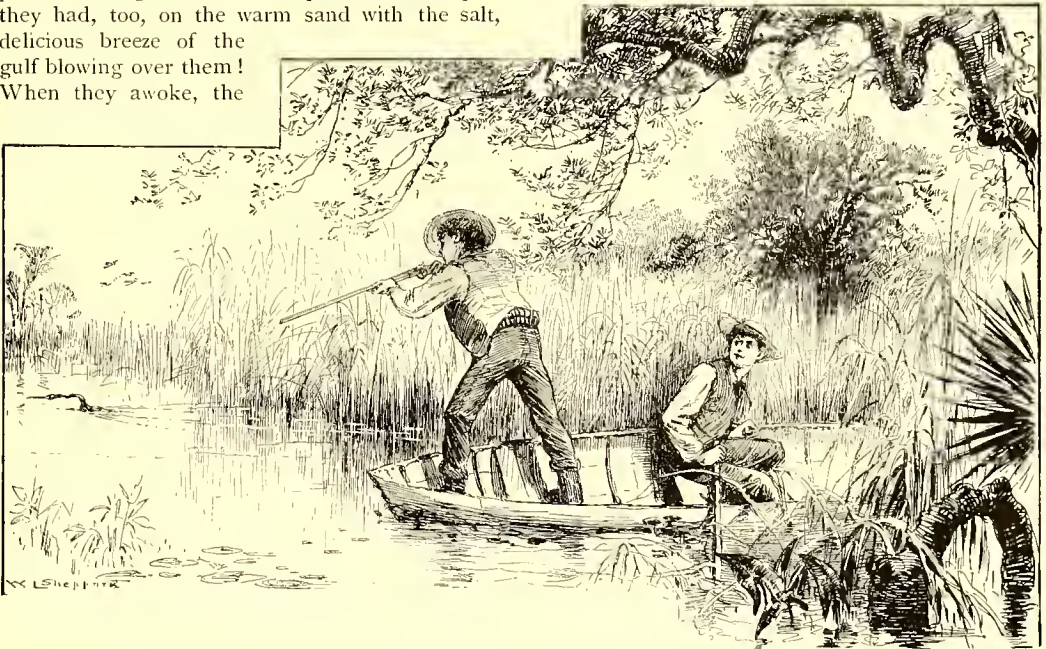
Next day the breeze was fresher, and the waves ran so high that Neil, Hugh, and Judge were seasick; but the sloop bowed steadily on, notwithstanding, and made many miles before night fell again. It was a terribly long day for the sick boys, and they were glad indeed when a landing was made on a dry, sandy island, and they were permitted to go ashore to sleep. Such a sleep as they had, too, on the warm sand with the salt, delicious breeze of the gulf blowing over them! When they awoke, the

somewhat like a small eel-fish, had become tangled in Judge's wool while he was bathing.

Judge put up his hand, and touched the squirming thing.

"Take 'im off! Take 'im off!" he shouted, prancing around on the sand, his wide-open eyes seeming almost twice their natural size.

Neil and Hugh held their sides and laughed as only merry boys can. No monkey ever went through more comical contortions of face and body than did Judge, as he danced frantically about in his fright. With his arms akimbo and his legs bowed outward, he "jumped up and down" on the beach, yelling at the top of his voice:



NEIL SHOTS A SNAKE-BIRD. (SEE PAGE 884.)

sun was almost an hour high, and Uncle Charley had been fishing with fine success, and had brought in several three-pound sheep's-head.

Mr. Marvin had been around the island with his gun, but had seen nothing worth shooting.

As for Mr. Gomez, he had made coffee and prepared an excellent breakfast.

Neil and Hugh and Judge ran down and bathed in the surf, and when they had dressed themselves, they felt as fresh and happy as if they had never heard of sea-sickness.

"Oh, look in Judge's hair!" cried Neil, as they started for the camp.

Hugh looked and began to laugh merrily. A "fiddler-crab," one of those funny little animals,

"It 'll bite me! Take 'im off, quick: Take 'im off, quick!"

Hugh had pity on him at last and brushed the fiddler off.

"I 'se not gwine inter dat water no more." Judge muttered, walking away indignantly.

When breakfast was over, they all went aboard of the "Water-fowl" and sailed away to the southward.

Two more days passed without any adventure of special interest. But the voyage grew more and more delightful and entertaining all the time. They saw vast numbers of aquatic birds hovering about strange islands or flying high overhead in long angular lines.

Neil sat upon the deck and wrote in his diary, or sketched whatever scenes he thought worth remembering.

One day as they were passing near an island they saw a number of snipe settle down on a marsh-meadow, and the boys asked the privilege of going ashore and shooting some. One of four folding canvas boats that Uncle Charley had provided was brought out and launched.

"Now," said Mr. Marvin, as the boys took their places in the little craft, with Neil at the oars, "don't kill more than twenty or thirty. That will be as many as we can use, and you know we have agreed not to destroy any birds for mere wantonness."

Neil promised that they would not transgress the rule, and then, bending to the oars, he pulled ashore. They found some difficulty in making a landing, the shore being very muddy, but at last they found firm footing. Back a few steps from the water the meadow was higher and the walking good. They separated a little, each sharply on the lookout for a first shot at the game. They had never hunted snipe, and, save such information as Neil had gathered from books, they were unacquainted with the bird's habits.

The sloop had come to anchor, and Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley watched from the deck as the boys proceeded to tramp over the meadow.

Presently two snipe sprang into the air in front of Hugh, with a little sharp cry that sounded like "scape, 'scape," and they did escape. Their flight was like a corkscrew in its line. Hugh blazed away, but did not touch a feather. At the sound of his gun, several more birds took to wing, giving Neil and Judge a chance for a shot; but they did not do any better than Hugh. It was a case of clean missing for all of them.

Uncle Charley, who was watching through a strong field-glass, laughed heartily.

"The boys have met their match," he said to Mr. Marvin; "they don't know how to shoot snipe."

"Experience is the best master," replied Mr. Marvin; "they'll soon discover how to aim. It bothers the best of shots, for a while, to become accustomed to a snipe's eccentric flight."

Judge's old flint-lock killed the first bird, but it was n't a snipe. It was a clapper-rail, called by the naturalists *Rallus crepitans*, which he flushed from some tall grass beside a little pond. This bird flew rather heavily, affording Judge a most excellent target.

Neil and Hugh fired shot after shot, but not a snipe fell.

"I don't believe these cartridges are good for anything," said Hugh in a hopeless tone.

"Oh, it's not the fault of the shells," responded Neil; "it's the wriggling way that these snipe have in flying; a fellow can't cover them. I wish Mr. Marvin would come over; he would show us how to hit them."

"Well, I'm not going to give it up," exclaimed Hugh. "I'll shoot as long as my shells hold out."

Judge kept banging away with his funny old gun, and when at last he did really kill a snipe, his joy had no limit. That he had bagged two birds before Neil or Hugh could kill one seemed to him a most glorious victory.

"Mebbe yo' wont call my gun a' ole blundybus no more!" he cried, holding up his game and making comical grimaces at the white boys.

At last Neil began to understand the spiral turns of the snipe's flight, and then the birds fell at nearly every shot he fired. Hugh, too, soon found the knack, so that the sport became very exciting.

Uncle Charley was delighted when, by the aid of his field-glass, he saw that the boys were mastering the difficulty.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, "bravo! Neil is knocking them down beautifully now. He has caught the idea. There, Hugh killed one, too! Another one down for Neil,—another for Hugh. Why that's grand sport they're having over there, Marvin; we've missed a treat!"

"Yes; but I thought we'd better not go. We'd have killed all we needed before the boys could have got their hands in, and that would have cut them out," replied Mr. Marvin.

The three boy-hunters kept up a noisy fusillade across the broad marsh-meadow, and entirely forgot their promise, and no doubt would have killed a great many more than thirty, if Mr. Marvin had not blown the bugle-horn, which was the signal for them to return to the boat.

"Oh, but did n't I hate to quit!" exclaimed Hugh, as Neil was rowing them back. "I was just beginning to get the knack of it."

"Dat's jis me, zac'ly," said Judge. "I was a ketchin' onter dat whirlmeggig ob a way dey has o' flyin', an' I could 'a' brought down heaps ob 'em, ef I 'd had a little mo' time."

When they all were aboard the sloop again the birds were counted, and the score stood as follows:

Neil	15
Hugh	10
Judge	3
Total	28

The clapper-rail that Judge had killed was not included in the count, because Mr. Marvin said it was so slow in its flight that it would not be fair to reckon it in a score where snipe-shooting had been the undertaking.

For the rest of the day they sailed before a light breeze, and at night they slept on deck.

Neil made some drawings of the rail and snipe, and put a description of the snipe-hunt in his diary.

They did not stop to shoot any more until they reached Tampa, a town far down the coast of the peninsula, where, as they had expected, letters and papers from home awaited them.

The orange-groves about Tampa were loaded with luscious oranges, and the bananas were ripe and mellow. Uncle Charley sent several large boxes of both kinds of fruit aboard the "Water-fowl."

CHAPTER XXI.

A PICUS PRINCIPALIS.

AFTER a stay of two days in Tampa, in order to give Uncle Charley time to write some business letters, and to examine some real estate for a friend in Tennessee, our party sailed out of the beautiful bay of Tampa at sunrise, and turned southward down the long Sarasota river, or—more correctly speaking—bay, that extends along the peninsula between the coast islands on one hand, and the main-land on the other. In some places, owing to large reefs of oysters and mud-banks, the navigation of those waters is quite dangerous, but Mr. Gomez was so familiar with the channels that he kept the sloop clear of all obstructions.

Mr. Marvin desired to find the mouth of a certain large creek that empties into the gulf about twenty-five miles below the northern end of the bay, as he had been told that through it a fine region for plume-hunting could be reached. But it was no easy matter to discover which one of the many indentations of the shore was the entrance looked for.

It was ten o'clock at night, with the moon shining brightly somewhat down the western slope of the sky, when they anchored under a low bluff covered with cedar-trees. Here Neil and Hugh saw their first sharks. The huge fellows were chasing a swarm of mullet, and in their eagerness to capture them, would follow them into water so shoal that their broad black backs would break through the surface, while the mullet would leap bodily from the water, sometimes falling a short distance out upon the shells or sand of the shore. It was a strange sight, and the swashing sounds, as the sharks struggled back into the deeper part of the channel, broke upon the still, moonlit night with an effect not easy to describe.

Mr. Gomez went ashore and perched himself on the highest point of the bluff, where, as he sat smoking his pipe, he looked like a round-shouldered

silhouette against the shimmering sky. At first they could not understand why the old sailor had gone up there; but soon countless swarms of mosquitoes, from a low marsh astern of the boat, assailed them in a body. The wings of those legions of warlike insects filled the air with an unbearably irritating murmur, and the onslaught of their piercing bills was almost maddening.

"Here, this wont do!" ejaculated Mr. Marvin, at last. "We shall be eaten up by these mosquitoes. We must go ashore."

All hands assented. Neil and Hugh took their double hammock and swung it between two cedar-trees, where a strong current of the gulf breeze would blow upon it. And there they slept sweetly, entirely undisturbed by the mosquitoes.

Just before sunrise, Neil slipped out of the hammock, dressed himself, took his gun, and went for a short walk about the island. He found great numbers of deer-tracks leading into a dark, impenetrable cypress jungle, but no deer were visible. By the margin of a still, grass-fringed lagoon he flushed some small herons and one or two plover; but nothing worth firing at appeared until, in passing around an outlying spur of the swamp, he came suddenly upon a pair of snowy herons, that took to wing within thirty yards of him. The flash and flutter of their broad white wings startled him at first, but he raised his gun in time to get a good aim at one of them, and brought it down in fine style. He fired at the other, but it had gone too far, and he missed it. Neil's bird, named by the naturalists *Garzetta candidissima*, was in full plumage, and he held it up proudly for the rest of the party to look at, as he returned to camp just at breakfast-time. It measured thirty-nine inches from tip to tip of its wings. The plumes, so much prized as ornaments by ladies, lay loosely on its back, curling upward toward their lower ends, as white as snow and as soft as silk. Mr. Marvin pronounced it to be a perfect specimen of its kind, the finest, in fact, that he had ever seen; and he asked Neil to let him prepare its skin for mounting.

The next day they reached the creek for which they were looking, and after a great deal of trouble brought the sloop up to a good camping-place some miles inland from the bay. Here the tents were pitched on a mound, with a wide meadow on one hand and a dense forest on the other. The heron-roost was a mile distant up the creek, but shoal water and an immense stretch of saw-grass, lily-pads, and clumps of aquatic weeds prevented their taking the sloop any further in that direction.

The mound on which the tents were pitched was underlaid with a shell formation, and at a remote period had been occupied by some family, probably of Indians, as a home. The remnants of

an old palmetto hut were visible, and a few gnarled orange-trees and some guavas grew scattered about in the vicinity, while traces of a rude fence bordered the wood.

The boys were delighted to see flocks of snipe pitching down into the grass of the meadow, beyond which a small lake shone clear and bright, with a live-oak hummock on its further side, and a fringe of tall grass and rushes around its border. Far off in the south-east, a ridge of sand with a thin line of palmetto-trees on its summit was softly outlined against the sky.

Next morning all were up early. The night's sleep had been refreshing, and breakfast was eaten with vigorous appetites. Even while they were eating they saw several large flocks of water-fowl flying low across the meadow toward the lake. Other flocks passed almost overhead on their way up the creek to some lagoon or pond.

It was arranged that Mr. Gomez and Judge should stay at the camp, while the rest took the canvas boats and pulled up the creek in quest of herons.

Neil and Hugh occupied one of these boats together, while Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley took one each. The stream had not much current, so that they were not long in reaching the lake above, where the water was full of weeds, grass, lily-pads, and all manner of aquatic plants,—truly a heron's paradise.

While Neil was pulling the boat through a narrow water-lane between high walls of grass, Hugh secured a fine shot at a great blue heron, the *Ardea herodias* of our naturalists; but it was flying at a right angle with his line of sight, and he forgot to aim ahead of it. All large birds seem to fly much slower than they really do, and they also appear to be much nearer than they really are, consequently it is a common fault of young shooters in aiming at geese, herons, cranes, and ducks, not to allow for flight, and therefore to miss *behind* the game.

Hugh now took the oars, which he could do without changing his seat, the boat being a "double-ender," in order that Neil might try a shot at the next game they saw.

Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley were already among the birds, and their guns were roaring almost continually.

The boys did not understand the windings of the water-lanes, and in consequence they soon found themselves pulling along the shore under the boughs of some grand old live-oak trees.

Suddenly Hugh cried out: "Oh, look, Neil, look! There's a snake with wings! Quick, shoot it before it gets away!" He backed water as he spoke, and stopped the boat.

Neil looked, and saw a strange serpent-like neck, followed by a dark, winged body, wriggling along in the water; the head was above the surface, the rest of it below. It was a hideous object as it squirmed and writhed along toward a patch of grass and weeds, and Hugh really believed that it was a winged snake; but Neil had read descriptions of the snake-birds, and knew at once that this was one of them. He fired and killed it; and upon examination it was found to be far less hideous than they had thought. It had a long slender neck and a rather queer head, and its habit of swimming with its body under water and its head out had given it the appearance of a regular water-dragon. The boys threw it in the bottom of the boat, as Neil wished to make a sketch of it and skin it when he returned to camp.

From the rapid firing kept up by Uncle Charley and Mr. Marvin, it was evident that they were making havoc among the herons; but the boys found none, though snake-birds, named *Platus anhinga* by ornithologists, were now seen in every direction; it was sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the mottled moccasin snakes so numerous in Florida.

At length, growing tired of the labor of rowing, and Neil wishing to gather some strange-looking flowers, they pulled the boat ashore at a dry point on the wooded side of the lake. While Neil was botanizing, Hugh went a short distance into the woods, hoping he might see a deer. The trees were mostly live-oaks and water-oaks of large size, with wide-spread tops and buttressed roots; some giant vines were knotted and linked from tree to tree, and the foliage was so thick that scarcely a ray of light could fall through. Hugh saw no game, but a dull thumping sound almost overhead and the falling of large fragments of bark and rotten wood attracted his attention to the top of a very tall dead tree, and there he discovered a bird of which he and Neil had talked a great deal, but which neither of them had ever seen—an ivory-billed woodpecker—the handsomest of all American birds. It was pounding away vigorously with its great white beak against the lower side of a rotten limb, about eighty feet from the ground, and its broad back was fully exposed to Hugh's aim. He fired, and it fell straight down almost at his feet. This was, indeed, a prize, for he knew how his father would value such a specimen. He picked it up and ran back to Neil, who exclaimed:

"A *Picus principalis*! Wont Mr. Marvin be glad! I heard him say that a gentleman in New York had offered him fifty dollars for the skin of one!"

"But I want to send this to Papa," said Hugh.

"Oh, you can't do that without Mr. Marvin's

consent; for it was agreed that all valuable specimens, plumes, and eggs should belong to him!" responded Neil.

"That's so," assented Hugh; "and I suppose it's right, too, for Mr. Marvin has taught us a great deal."

They went back to their boat and pulled across the shallow lake in the direction of the heavy firing kept up by the other two hunters, but before they could join them, the shooting was over. Mr. Marvin had the bottom of his boat padded with tufts of snowy and ash-colored plumes which he had stripped from the birds killed by him and Uncle Charley. "Many a fine lady will wear these," he said, holding up some very long feathers. He was delighted when Hugh gave him the ivory-billed woodpecker.

Neil's good luck came as they were making their way back to camp. He killed a roseate spoon-bill—*Platalea ajaja*—by a splendid shot, that won the hearty applause of Mr. Marvin. It was quite sixty yards distant, and was flying straight across the direction in which the boat was moving.

The beautiful rose-colored wings, the long pale pink tuft of breast-plumes, and the brilliant carmine shoulder-feathers of this bird made it a prize almost equal in value to the *Picus principalis*.

"Very well for one day," said Mr. Marvin, in a satisfied tone.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE.

WHEN our plume-hunters reached camp again, Judge was found to be in a very excited state of mind. Great flocks of snipe had approached the edge of the meadow nearest the mound, and he had been impatiently waiting for Uncle Charley to return, as he had been ordered by him and Mr. Marvin not to leave camp before they came. He had heard the sound of the shooting up at Weed Lake, and that, together with the near approach of the snipe, had rendered him doubly restless. He had his old flint-lock across his lap, nursing it tenderly; his game-bag was at his side, and his shot-pouch and powder-flask slung in their places, ready for instant use.

"Neber see folks stay so long, nowhere," he good-naturedly muttered; "seem like yo' not gwine t' come back at all. I's been mos' dead ter tackle dem whirlymegig birds down dar."

But the *Picus principalis* and the roseate spoon-bill had to be examined by him before he could go. Anything red charmed Judge, and the tall scarlet crest of the giant woodpecker and the dazzling

carmine shoulder-plumes of the spoon-bill put him into raptures.

Hugh could not resist the temptation of joining Judge in the snipe-shooting, so he presently snatched up his gun and went out upon the meadow. The grass grew in tufts, with a light trace of water or soft mud between. The birds usually rose singly, or in flocks of three or four, sometimes from near the feet of the hunter, flying low and dropping into the grass again after going not more than fifty yards.

Hugh soon began to flush them, and he aimed with great deliberation, reserving his fire until the game steadied itself after its first gyrations in the air. But he found it quite as difficult to hit them now as it had been on the island. He missed oftener than he hit, in spite of all his care. Suddenly he remembered that his shells were loaded with very large shot for heron-shooting. This accounted for his poor marksmanship. He went back to his tent and got some cartridges loaded with number ten shot, and when he resumed shooting, he could hit a great deal oftener. But by changing his cartridges Hugh lost a good opportunity. He had just reloaded his gun, after killing a snipe, when, happening to look up, he saw a scarlet ibis flying overhead at a height of about one hundred and fifty feet. Quick as thought, he aimed a little ahead of the bright-winged bird and fired. The shot failed. He fired again. Not a feather fell, and the ibis, "like a flake of flame," swept on toward the gulf. This was the only specimen they saw during their long ramblings in Florida. Hugh was very sorry he had not kept on using the large shot! It would have been better, he thought, to have killed fewer snipe and made sure of the scarlet ibis.

Judge did not stop shooting while there was daylight enough to see how to aim. He and Hugh together bagged twenty-five snipe. The score stood:

Hugh.....	16
Judge.....	9

That night it was discovered that Mr. Gomez was quite a musician. He played upon a flute until late bed-time, the mellow notes floating away to the haunts of the alligator and the dens of the bear and the panther. Neil and Hugh swung in their double hammock, with the cool night breeze blowing over them, and watched the brilliant Southern moon as it seemed to slip along under the almost purple sky. They fell asleep, Neil to dream of grand achievements and great fame as an artist, and Hugh to dream of happy adventures among the strange birds of those semi-tropical groves and plains.

They were startled from their sleep early next morning by loud voices and violent language; and hurrying on their clothes, they found that a party of very rough-looking men had come up the creek in a large boat, and were insisting upon taking possession of the mound for their camp. They claimed to have leased the hunting on a large area of ground about there from the owner.

"Show your lease," Uncle Charley was calmly saying, "and we will respect it, no matter what we may think of you."

"I don't believe you have any lease, and I think you are a set of impostors," said Mr. Marvin. "You had better take good advice and go back the way you came, and in short order."

"Joe Stout, I know *you*," said Mr. Gomez, stepping forward and addressing the fellow who appeared to be the leader of the intruders, "you never had money enough in all your life to lease a potato patch for fifteen minutes."

"Hello! Gomez, is that you, old man?" responded the ruffian, in a more pacific tone.

"You can see for yourself," answered Mr. Gomez; "and you know that when I camp at a place, I'm there to stay as long as I please."

The men in the boat now held a council in low tones, after which the leader said:

"Well, I guess you've got the right to the campin'-place, so we'll go away."

They then turned their boat about and pulled down the creek until they passed out of sight around a bend.

"They're a bad lot," said Mr. Gomez, when they were gone; "we shall be in danger so long as we stay in this vicinity. They wont tackle us together, but if they were to find one or two of us away from our party, they'd shoot us in a minute, on very little provocation."

"Where are they from?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Gomez, "but Joe Stout used to be a sponger up around Cedar Keys; I used to see him often in my coasting voyages."

"What is a sponger?" asked Hugh.

"A man who fishes for sponges," replied Neil. "A great many sponges are found in the Gulf off the west coast of Florida."

"Well," said Uncle Charley, decidedly, "you all may get ready to move at once. I'm not down here on a fighting expedition. Strike the tents and move everything aboard as quickly as possible."

There was no room for objections or suggestions when Uncle Charley gave an order, so without a word all hands fell to work, and in less than half an hour the sloop was heading down the creek toward the gulf. The wind was favorable, but they often had to use the oars, as the stream was

very crooked. They passed the boat of their late visitors about half a mile from the camp. There was but one man in it; the others having probably gone ashore to hunt. The man in the boat stared at our friends as they sailed past, but he did not say a word. The bay was reached about noon, and Uncle Charley ordered Mr. Gomez to steer for Casey's Pass, which is the south-west outlet to the bay.

"We will run down to Charlotte Harbor," he said, "where game of every kind is more plentiful, and where there will be no one to molest us."

CHAPTER XXIII.

UP THE CALOOSAHATCHEE. A PANTHER.

IN due time our friends reached Punta Rassa, a small village, and waited there several days for a breeze that would help them up the Caloosahatchee river.

From Punta Rassa to Fort Myers, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles up the river, was the next run. The first part was through a rough and dangerous channel, choked with oyster bars and mud shallows; but when at last they were fairly in the Caloosahatchee, it was found to be a grand and beautiful river, with high banks upon which grew noble forests of pine and oak. They passed Fort Myers just after night-fall, but the moon was shining brilliantly, showing the place to be a forlorn-looking little village. Three or four miles beyond, they anchored near a small mud island, and slept well, despite some trouble with mosquitoes.

Neil and Hugh heard big alligators booming about in the lagoons and mud flats, and a strange sense of remoteness and isolation stole over them. They began to feel as if they were getting into a country where large and dangerous animals roamed at will, and where strange trees and unknown plants and flowers might be found. They knew, too, that not far eastward of them lay that mysterious island lake called Okeechobee, around the borders of which still dwelt, in their own wild way, the last remnant of Osceola's once famous Indian warriors. Neil had read translations of the old Spanish accounts of this region, clothed in the fascinating mists of romance, and of the old inexplicable mounds, fortifications, and canals discovered by the early explorers, and he hoped that it might turn out that he should be able to find the wonderful pearl-fisheries of the savages.

When morning came, they made haste to work the boat past some ugly mud islands, through shallow, treacherous channels. This took till

nearly noon, the sloop going aground quite often on hidden bars of black mud.

And now they began to get glimpses of alligators,—huge, hideous creatures,—sliding into the water of the dark lagoons on either side of the river.

In many places the banks of the stream were very low, and our friends, standing on the deck of the "Water-fowl," could see far along natural openings in the woods to where green savannas, those beautiful southern prairies, shone in the sunlight.

Now and then a small sleek deer would bound away into the thicket or brakes, or stand and gaze wildly at the sloop as she slowly swept by.

Water-birds seemed almost to fill the air and to cover the stream in places,—the sound of their wings and their harsh cries filling the air, as though bedlam had been let loose.

Neil and Hugh were very anxious to shoot at some of these many wild things, but Uncle Charley had forbidden them, as he did not wish to stop to collect the game they killed, and he did not approve of shooting merely for fun.

Uncle Charley, Mr. Marvin, and Mr. Gomez had to resort to the oars, and Neil to the pushing-pole, in order to help the sloop along, whenever the wind fell. The progress was slow, and Hugh grew very impatient, especially when he saw a raft of wood-duck swimming about on a little estuary, under the richly variegated pendants of air-plants, that swung from the boughs of overhanging trees. He could not help aiming his gun at them, although he did not shoot.

"Hugh," said Mr. Marvin, "you might get out your tackle and catch us some fish as we go along. Put a spinning-spoon on the line and troll it astern." The suggestion was a happy one. Hugh went to his box and took out a strong jointed bass-rod, fitted with a reel and two hundred feet of strong line. He adjusted a trolling-spoon, and when all was ready, he cast astern and awaited the result. It was not a minute before something struck the spinner, and his rod was bent almost double in a trice.

"Oh, Neil, Uncle Charley, Mr. Marvin! It will pull me in! Come quick!" he cried, holding on manfully, with his feet braced and his shoulders raised.

"Loose your reel! Give it line! Let it run!" cried Mr. Marvin and Uncle Charley in a breath, as they dropped their oars and sprang to Hugh's assistance.

Uncle Charley stood ready, but he did not wish to interfere unless it became absolutely necessary. Hugh pressed the spring, and the fish ran off with fifty feet of line at a single rush. Then began a

desperate struggle. This way and that, and around and around, the strong, gamy victim sped, making the line sing keenly, while the reel spun like a top. Uncle Charley acted as general, directing Hugh in his movements with such words as "Give it a little more line—check it now—reel up fast or it'll foul the line in those bushes—hold, it's sulking; jerk it a little!"

Every one on board was excited, and watched the fight with great interest. Hugh's arms and hands became very tired, but he was too plucky to give up. He set his lips firmly and kept steadily to his work.

"You'll conquer it directly," said Mr. Marvin; "watch it closely; don't let it have any slack; keep it fighting; it'll soon tire."

Hugh felt the importance of his position, and redoubled his efforts. Suddenly the fish rose to the surface and "somersaulted" clean out of the water.

"My! what a big fellow it is!" cried Neil.

Judge was stupefied with amazement. He had never before seen so large a fish hooked.

This last maneuver of the fish was very trying on the tackle, but it stood the strain, and Hugh promptly gave out some line as another surge followed. Some wide circles were now run by the game at lower speed, and then Hugh felt the strain grow less.

"Now give him the butt!" cried Uncle Charley.

Hugh checked the line suddenly and firmly, and finding no more fight at the end of it, reeled it up slowly until the fish was drawn to the surface close to the boat.

Mr. Marvin had the gaff ready, and leaning over the gunwale, hooked the big fish and lifted it aboard.

It was a cavalli of seven or eight pounds weight. That night they anchored under a bluff and went ashore to cook their supper. There being no danger of rain, and the mosquitoes being troublesome on the water, they hung their hammocks on the highest ground they could find. Here the wood was thin and the trees small, though at a few rods distance began a densely timbered swamp that looked impenetrable. They had eaten nothing but a cold luncheon since an early breakfast, and all were very hungry. It was while they were sipping their hot coffee, and talking over the day's experience by a dim little fire, that they first heard a peculiar cry, or wail, coming out of the swamp. Uncle Charley stopped in the midst of a sip; Mr. Marvin turned his head to one side to listen intently; and Mr. Gomez said:

"A panther!"

Judge jumped as if something had bitten him. "Ugh! Laws o' massy! What we gwine do?" he cried, for he was badly frightened.

"Let's go and kill it," said Hugh.

"How far away do you think it is?" Neil inquired of Uncle Charley, as they heard it scream again.

"It's right down there in the swamp; it can not be very far away," replied Uncle Charley.

"I thought I heard dogs barking awhile ago," remarked Mr. Gomez. "I think the Indians are

Arrangements were accordingly made to divide the night into watches. Neil and Hugh were to sit up until twelve o'clock, after which Mr. Marvin and Mr. Gomez were to divide the rest of the night, allowing Uncle Charley, who had suffered all day with headache, to get undisturbed rest.

A sufficient supply of dry wood had been gathered, so that a fire could be kept burning all night.



"NOW GIVE HIM THE BUTT!" CRIED UNCLE CHARLEY."

on a big hunt. Perhaps they have driven the panther into this little hummock."

"Dem good-fur-nuffin Injuns 'll jes' scalp us for sho'," muttered Judge.

The boys looked at each other a little uneasily. It was not very pleasant to think of being surrounded by savages and having a panther prowling about close to their unprotected camp.

"Oh, the Indians are harmless," said Mr. Gomez, "but we'll have to look out for that panther; for, if it has been chased for a day or two, it may be desperate and dangerous."

The moon did not rise until about ten o'clock; but when its light began to fall across the landscape, the swamp in which the panther seemed to be roaming looked doubly wild and weird.

Hugh and Neil kept close to the fire, with their guns resting across their knees, ready for any emergency.

At last, near eleven o'clock, the occasional screams of the panther suddenly ceased, and more than half an hour passed before anything further was heard; then all at once Neil saw a large animal run up a tree and take a cat-like position

on a limb about forty feet from the ground. The moonlight fell upon it from such a direction that its outlines were strongly marked against some masses of dark foliage. Neil touched Hugh's arm and whispered: "Yonder it is, see!" and he pointed toward it with his finger.

Hugh's gaze discovered it very quickly. Both boys felt a strange thrill at sight of the beast. They clutched their guns and regarded each other for a moment in silence. Neil was the first to speak.

"Are you afraid, Hugh?" he whispered. "Shall we call Uncle Charley and the rest?"

Hugh caught a meaning in Neil's words not directly expressed by them, and at once he replied:

"No; let's kill the panther ourselves. My gun is loaded with nine buckshot in each barrel."

"So is mine," said Neil. "How many shells have you?"

"Ten, answered Hugh," after counting them.

"I have eight," said Neil.

"Well," asked Hugh, "what do you say?"

"Let's try it by ourselves," was Neil's reply.

"All right."

They both rose and stood for a moment hesitating.

"We must have some plan of action," said Neil.

"Let's slip down close to the tree, take good aim at the beast, fire both barrels at it, and run back here," answered Hugh.

"Thirty-six buckshot ought to kill it," said Neil.

"Why, of course!" exclaimed Hugh.

"We must be sure not to miss," cautioned Neil: "and to aim at its shoulder," he added.

"Yes," answered Hugh. "How proud Uncle Charlie will be, if we get that panther's skin!"

The tree, upon a limb of which the panther had stationed itself, was about two hundred yards distant from the fire.

"Come on," said Neil, "and keep cool."

Side by side the boys walked slowly and cautiously toward the tree.

The panther saw them, no doubt; for it crouched flat on the limb, and gave forth a low, tremulous scream.

Hugh halted involuntarily, but Neil touched his arm and whispered:

"Come on"

The panther screamed again almost immediately, this time much louder than before. It required all the courage the boys could command to march straight on toward the ferocious beast; but Neil would never turn back when once he had started, and Hugh was too proud to abandon his brother in the face of danger. They went on until they were within fifty feet of the tree. The panther had turned its face in their direction, and its eyes glared savagely at them.

"Ready, now," whispered Neil.

"Yes, ready," answered Hugh.

"When I say 'fire,'—blaze away!" added Neil.

"All right," said Hugh.

They raised their guns and aimed as steadily as they could.

"Fire!" exclaimed Neil, and the woods fairly shook with the roar of their guns.

(To be continued.)



THE PET SWAN.



A FLORAL LETTER*

Dear Steenie :

I hope you'll be a boy;

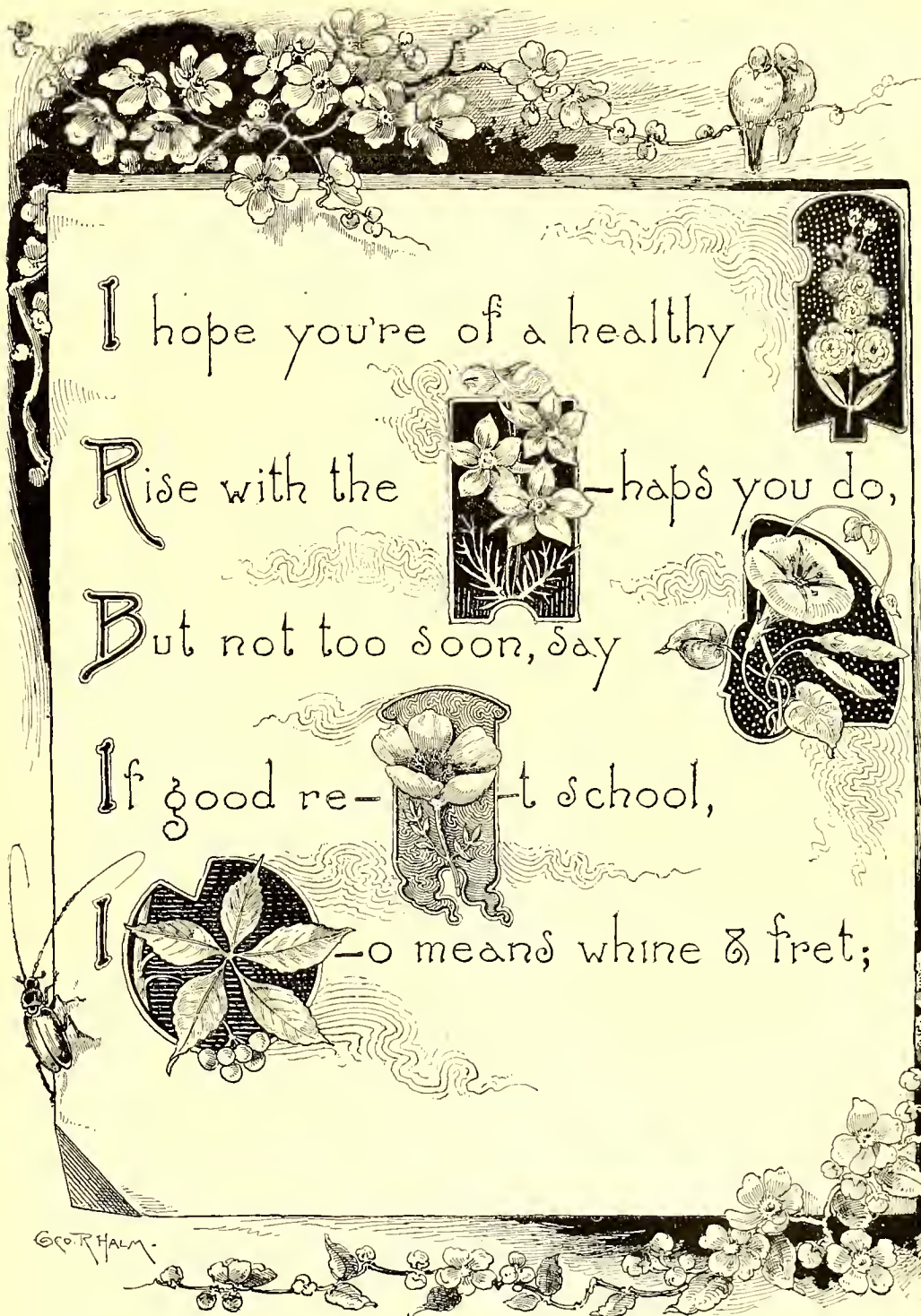
You've e-joy to me;

Your principles dont

-ling man you then will be.

As puny boys make

* See Letter-Box.



I hope you're of a healthy

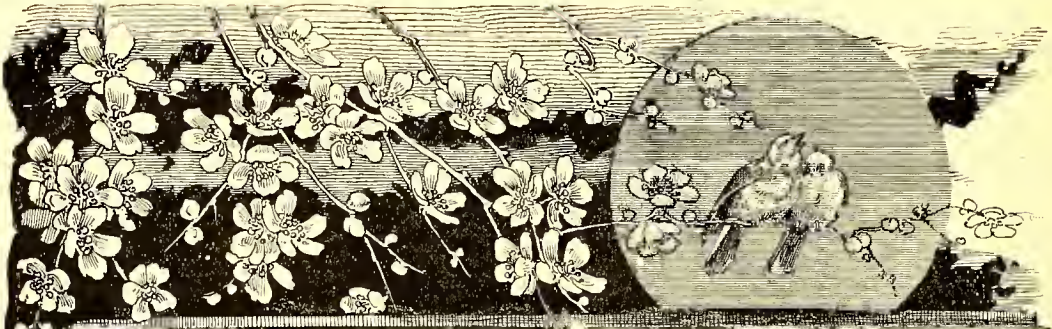
Rise with the —haps you do,

But not too soon, say

If good re—t school,

I —o means whine & fret;

G. O. R. HALM.



But courage take & say to Sloth:



wretch! I'll conquer yet!"

Some folks there are who



And with a peculiar ease;



That you will not be one of them

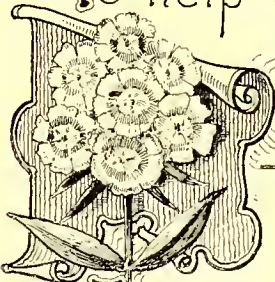
I'd wa- -ount you please!



892

Be sure you dont re-
-aid

To help a fellow-man's hard lot,



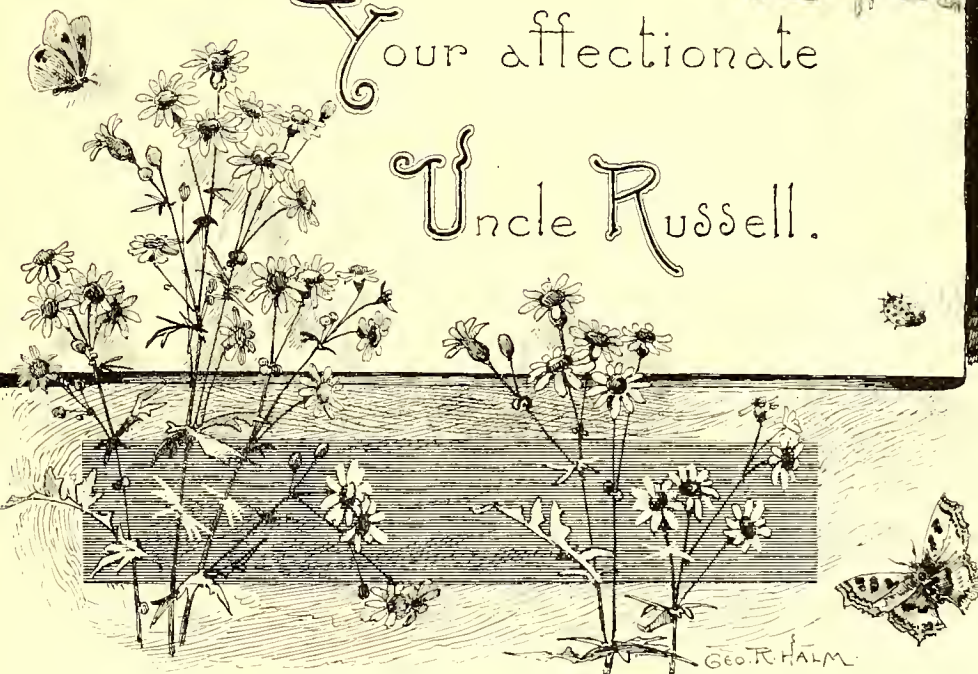
-emories ever be ;

And now, good bye,-



Your affectionate

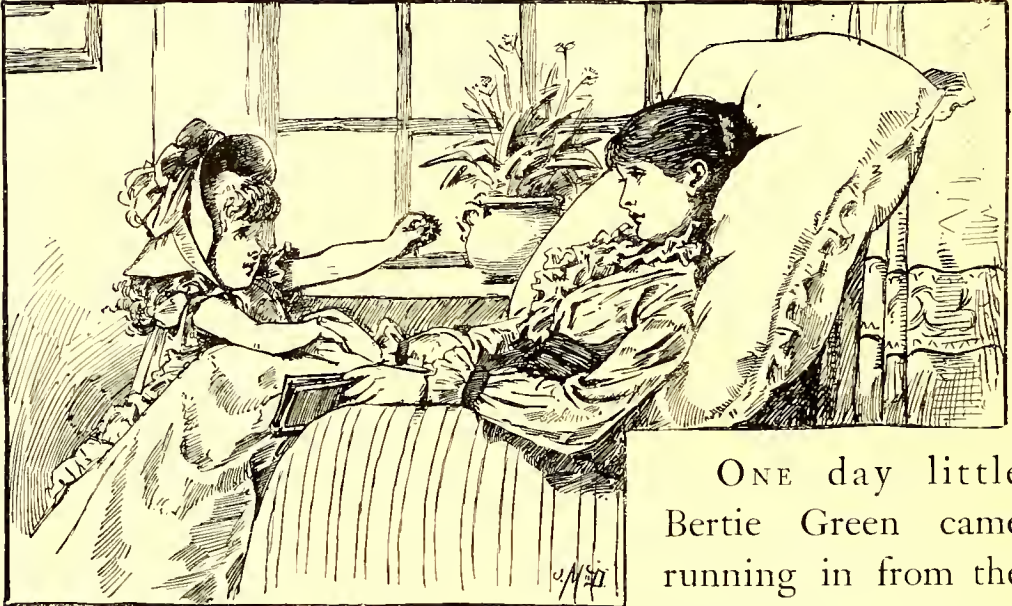
Uncle Russell.



Geo. R. Halm.

LITTLE BERTIE.

BY BESSIE HILL.



ONE day little Bertie Green came running in from the fields. She carried something in her apron, but no one could see what it was. She went up to her mother's room. Her mother was very tired, and was resting in the big easy-chair.

"Oh, Mamma," said Bertie, "let's play three wishes! Play you're a poor woman and I'm a be-yoo-tiful fairy. Will you, Mamma?"

Mamma laughed, and said she would try.

"Good!" said Bertie, "you'll see what a lovely game it is, Mam-

ma. Now, shut your eyes tight, 'cause we 're going to begin! I'm a fairy, and I'll grant you three wishes. There's something in my apron, you know, Mamma, but it's a secret. Now, WISH!"

"Well," said mamma, closing her eyes, "let me think of something to wish for."

"That's right, Mamma; wish for something very nice—a flower, or a cherry, or anything!"

"I wish for a—flower," said her mamma, very slowly.

"Here it is!" cried Bertie, laughing with joy, and handing her mamma a lovely rose. "Now wish again, Mamma."

"Let—me—think," said mamma again; "now what SHALL I wish for?"

"Something to eat!" the fairy hinted.

"Oh, yes, something to eat!" mamma said; "well, I wish—I wish for two nice cherries!"

"Good! good!" shouted Bertie, giving mamma a bright little red bunch. "How DID you know? Are they sweet?"

"Yes, indeed," said mamma, "and I thank you very much, good fairy! But there were to be three wishes. I can have another wish, you know!"

"Y-e-s!" said Bertie, looking troubled, and letting go of the little empty apron; "only, I don't know how to play any more wishes."

"I do!" said mamma; "I wish for a kiss!" Then you should have seen the happy fairy climb up, throw her little arms around mamma's neck and kiss her again and again!

"That was the very best wish of all," said mamma.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



PHŒBUS now drives into the Scales,
His skyward course descending.

And tips the beam, and gets a fall,
Just as the summer's ending.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Mon.	12	Capri.	12.	Louis XIV. France, d. 1715
2	Tues.	13	Aqua.	12.	Gen. Moreau, died 1813.
3	Wed.	14	"	11.59	Oliver Cromwell, d. 1658.
4	Thur.	FULL	"	11.59	Chateaubriand, born 1768.
5	Fri.	16	Pisces	11.58	Richelieu, born 1585.
6	Sat	17	"	11.58	
7	S	18	"	11.58	13th Sunday after Trinity.
8	Mon.	19	Aries	11.57	Capture Sebastopol, 1855.
9	Tues.	20	"	11.57	James IV. Scott'd, d. 1513.
10	Wed.	21	Taurus	11.57	☾ near Aldebaran.
11	Thur.	22	"	11.56	☾ " "
12	Fri.	23	Orion	11.56	☾ " Saturn.
13	Sat.	24	Gemini	11.56	Gen. James Wolfe, d. 1759.
14	S	25	Cancer	11.55	14th Sunday after Trinity.
15	Mon.	26	"	11.55	☾ near Venus.
16	Tues.	27	Leo	11.55	☾ " Jupiter
17	Wed.	28	"	11.54	Philip IV. Spain, d. 1665.
18	Thur.	29	"	11.54	
19	Fri.	NEW	"	11.53	Pres. Garfield, died 1881.
20	Sat.	1	"	11.53	Alex. the Great, b. 356 B.C.
21	S	2	"	11.53	15th Sunday after Trinity.
22	Mon.	3	Libra	11.52	☾ near Mars.
23	Tues.	4	"	11.52	Capture of André, 1780.
24	Wed	5	Ophiach	11.52	
25	Thur	6	"	11.51	
26	Fri.	7	Sagit.	11.51	Daniel Boone, died 1820
27	Sat.	8	"	11.51	Louis XIII. France, b. 1601
28	S	9	"	11.50	16th Sunday after Trinity.
29	Mon.	10	Capri.	11.50	Admiral Nelson, b. 1758.
30	Tues.	11	Aqua.	11.50	

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

HERE and there, on brook and river,
Where the shadows float and quiver,
Pushing gayly from the shore,
Merry rowers ply the oar.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

SEPTEMBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.

If you want to see VENUS, JUPITER, or SATURN, you must take a peep out of an eastern window about four o'clock in the morning.

Altair is now slightly to the west of our south mark. Near it, but a trifle to the east, is a pretty little diamond-shaped group of stars, often called Job's Coffin. These are in the constellation of *The Dolphin*. Exactly in the south, at some distance below Altair, and pointing to that star, are two stars quite near together that mark the Zodiac constellation *Capricornus*, or *The Goat*. The upper one of the two has a faint star close to it. The lower one, called Beta Capricorni, is remarkable this year from the fact that it is covered by the moon once in the course of each month. Whenever the place of the moon is marked in the Almanac as being in *Capricornus*, you will see her not far from this star, generally to the east or west of it. But in October, the occultation (as the passage of the moon over a star is called) will occur at an hour when we can observe it.

The Square of *Pegasus* is now high up in the east. The great Dipper is low down in the north-west. Lyra, the Beautiful, has passed to the west of our south mark, and *The Swan*, with its leading brilliant Arctus, has crept nearly to the point overhead. Antares, the red star of the *Scorpion*, is setting in the south-west. The bright star rising in the far north-east is Capella in *Auriga*, the *Charioteer*.

We can now trace another step in the course of the sun. From the point we noted last month which he occupies on the 22d of November, he passes through the constellation of *Sagittarius*, *The Archer*, during December, and reaches a point some distance below Beta Capricorni on the 21st of January.

THE WHIRLWIND AND THE ZEPHYR.

"WHY are you so fierce?" said a gentle Zephyr, that had been blowing over rose-gardens and was laden with fragrance, to a Whirlwind that was dashing furiously around.

"Oh!" said the Whirlwind, "I'm not fierce; that's energy! I'm only a good healthy Whirlwind, that's all. You — poor little Zephyr, will die some time for lack of breath;" and so saying, he seized a rose-bush and almost tore it up by the roots, scattering the rose-leaves far and wide.

"Alas!" said the Zephyr, as she hovered tenderly over the rose-bush, and tried weakly to gather up the fallen petals, "you're not healthy for others, my friend, and you do not seem to know that might does not make right; as for me, I think a kiss is better than a blow."

* The names of planets are printed in capitals, — those of constellations in italics.



"HARVEST-HOME! Harvest-home!" cried September, bursting in gayly. "You have done pretty well, Mother, after all, have n't you? Seems to me I never before had so many apples and melons to touch up, and the vines are fairly groaning. I don't know as I shall have purple enough to give all the grapes a good rich color. I think I ought to be the happiest month of all the twelve; for while my brothers and sisters work, I only have to reap the fruit of their labors. I suppose I must put the tips of my fingers on some of the trees, and begin to turn their lovely green to yellow and red; but I leave all I can of that work to October, who knows more about it than I do. What shall I take hold of first? Shall I call a little breeze, and bid it shake the apples down? It is time they were falling."

"Yes," said Dame Nature; "and don't forget to shine a little on your marigolds; and remember you are the Midas who turns the pumpkins to pure gold."

PRESERVING-TIME.

Said Mr. Baldwin Apple
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear:
"You're growing very plump, Madame,
And also very fair.

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach,
So mellowed by the heat,
Upon my word, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat.

"And all the Misses Crab-apple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the Farmer's wife
To pluck them will be led.

"Just see the Isabellas,
They're growing so apace,
That they really are beginning
To get purple in the face.

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum

Says she knows unto her sorrow,
Preserving-time has come."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
In syrup by the score."

And before the month was ended,
The fruits that looked so fair,
Had vanished from among the leaves,
And the trees were stripped and bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape;
"I'm cider!" sighed the Apple;
"I'm jelly!" cried the Grape.

They were all in jars and bottles,
Upon the shelf arrayed;
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to marmalade.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE nightingale by moonlight clear
So sweetly sang, all came to hear.
The raven said: "I'd like to see
So many listening to me,
And when the nightingale is through
I'll show the world what I can do."
The nightingale was hardly done,
Before the raven had begun,
But as the people heard his lay,
They stopped their ears and ran away.

The raven slowly shook his head;
"O nightingale," he sadly said,
"The difference I can not see,—
They list to you; they run from me.
I wish I knew the reason why!
You sang your song, and so did I."
The nightingale made soft reply:
"Was anybody listening there?
I did not know; I do not care.
My mate is sitting on her nest
To guard the eggs beneath her breast;
As in the thicket she must hide,
She can not see the moon outside.
To her I sing with all my might
The beauty of the glorious night,
And can not tell it half, although
I love it so! I love it so!"

This pretty song-story by Selma W. Paine, a friend of my birds, is as true of people as it is of birds. There are raven-folk and nightingale-folk among young and old, Deacon Green says, and you meet them every day, in one way or another.

Think about it, each one of you, dearly beloveds,

and see whether you belong to the ravens or the nightingales.

A NEW WORD-GAME.

HERE is something a little out of my line. But as the Little School-ma'am hands it in, and begs me to show it to you, I can only say, "Certainly I will!" The little lady says it will amuse you and your elders, in or out of doors, and that it comes to her from a friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. George B. Bartlett.

Here it is; but don't all play it at once, my chicks, or my birds will think there's a battle raging between the crows and the katydid. It is called by a big name, too; but the Little School-ma'am assures me that it is perfectly harmless. Let me know how you like it, please.

MENTAL WORD CULTURE.

At last, by a change of rule and method, the good old game of word-making can be played without printed cards or letters, by the summer moonlight or winter fireside. The memory will be greatly strengthened by this new and fascinating amusement, which will also cultivate correct spelling and bring to notice many curious words. Any number of players may join. The first in line mentions any word of two or three letters, and the one who sits next makes another word of it by adding one or more letters. The third player does the same in his turn; and so on, until a word is made to which no one can add; and this completed word belongs to the player who finished it. This player then starts another, which goes on in the same way until finished, and the player who first secures five words wins the game, which is subject to the following rules:

No proper names can be used.

No word can be changed unless at least one letter is added, and the new word is of different meaning from the one before it.

No plural or change of tense can be used to make a word.

Before starting a new word, the player must call out in order the words he has already secured, which can be taken away at this time by any player who can add to any of them, or combine any of them into other words by adding one or more letters.

If any player discovers an error of spelling in any word given out, he can claim it for his own by giving the correct spelling.

Any player may call on another for the definition of any of his words, and if the spelling be not correct for the word of that meaning, he can claim it, although correctly spelled for another meaning.

No unreasonable delay is permitted, as the player next in turn can play if he has waited three minutes, which he can compute by counting slowly the numbers to one hundred and eighty.

Here are a few specimen words and changes:

Am, ram, ream, cream, scream.

At, cat, cart, cater, canter, decanter.

Wig, twig, twinge.

He, hen, helm, helmet.

WHAT NOISE DOES THE BEAVER MAKE?

SEVERAL months ago, I'm told, ST. NICHOLAS asked you this question, and out of many letters of reply that came, only a few were based on actual observation by the writers. These answers you shall hear now:

Bertha M. S. describes a pet beaver that had been given to a member of her family. She says the noise it made was exactly like the cry of a very young baby in distress.

John T. McS. says, "It's a soft splash, that you hear only once, just as the beaver turns from the dam it is building."

And Edgar G. B., a twelve-year-old boy, living in Urbana, Ohio, writes: "I want to tell you about the noise the beaver makes. He makes it with his tail, in using it as a trowel when he builds his dam. It sounds like elapping your hand on a board or piece of hard earth."

A CRAB-BAROMETER.

WELL, what shall I hear next? This very day, I have heard somebody tell the dear Little School-ma'am about a kind of crab that is used by the natives of the Chiloe Islands as a natural barometer. It appears that the shell of this sensitive little kicker is nearly white in dry weather, but whenever it is exposed to moisture, little red spots appear. These deepen and thicken according to the degree of dampness to which the shell is exposed, until finally, in the rainy season, it becomes red all over.

Have any of you been to the Chiloe Islands, and have you ever seen this particular sort of crab? Is it a land-crab? I suppose it is; for a water-crab, sensitive to dampness, would n't make a very satisfactory barometer, I fancy. Or is it only a sort of posthumous crab, whose real life of usefulness, so to speak, begins after his death? Who knows?

WHY TUMBLER.

VINCENTOWN, July 2d.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I think I have found an answer to your July question: Certain drinking-vessels, one or two centuries ago, were called tumblers, because they had a pointed or round base, and could not be set down with any liquor in them, thus compelling the drinker to finish his measure. Hoping this may be the correct answer, I remain your constant reader,

EIMA CARMAN.

Other young friends write that, according to some dictionaries, a tumbler is a drinking-vessel without

a foot; and one grown-up correspondent, curiously enough, says that a tumbler should be called stumbler, for it takes its name from the word stumble, as it is "a glass without a foot," which could only be set down empty, as it was sure to spill any fluid left in it.

A little maiden of Birmingham, England, after explaining that tumblers originally were made pointed, so writes:

"I really think that *St. Nicholas* is the nicest magazine that was ever printed. Miss Alcott deserves a vote of thanks for her delightful 'Spinning-wheel Stories.' I am also very much interested in 'Historic Boys,' and was so pleased to see our Prince Harry of Monmouth among the number.

"I have in preparation a 'salt tumbler' (such as you described in July), and I hope it will turn out a success.

"I do not see many letters from English girls, but several of my little friends take your beautiful magazine, and love it dearly.

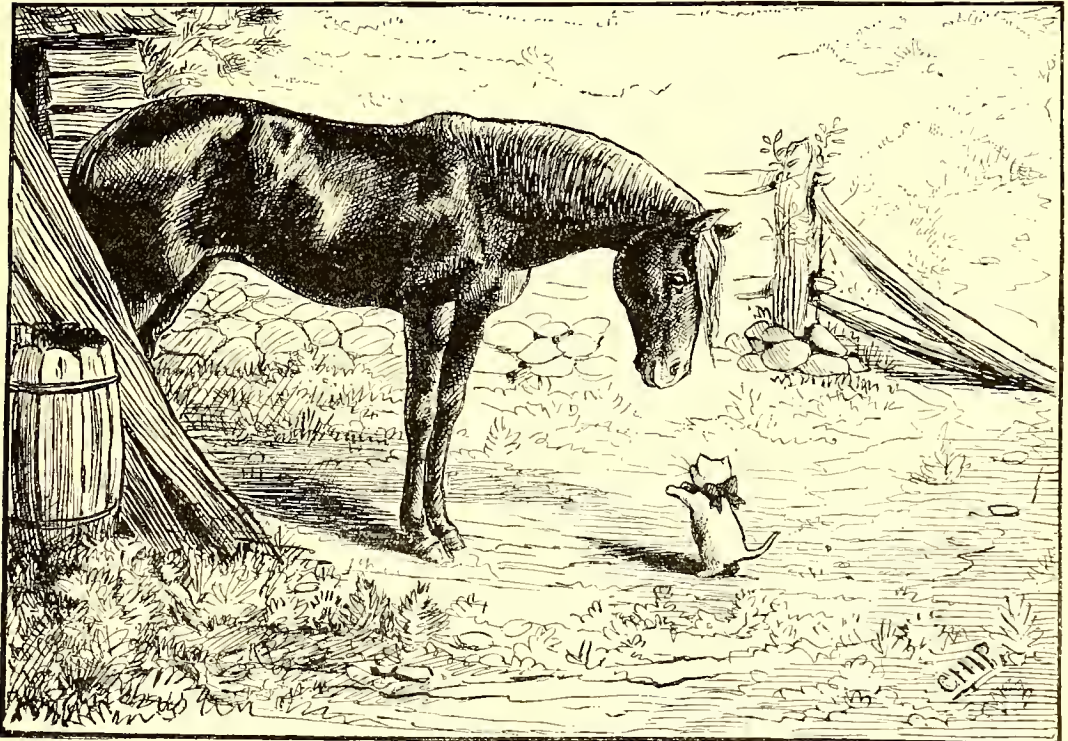
"Now, good-bye. With love to 'Deacon Green' and the 'Little School-ma'am,'

I am, your little friend,

"ADA."

THOSE AGED ANIMALS!

THERE, our time is up for this month, and I have not shown you, as I intended to do, more of the many interesting letters that have been coming in ever since I asked for facts from personal knowledge about the ages of horses and dogs. But you shall see them some time; and, by the way, here is something quite appropriate:



PUSSY: "ARE YOU THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM'S OTHER PET?"

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.

THE Floral Letter printed on pages 890-894 of this number will, we are sure, interest all flower-lovers among our readers. It is copied from a genuine letter written by a gentleman to his little nephew, and though somewhat in the nature of a puzzle, it will be found to convey in its "flower-language" some excellent hints. As the flowers represented are nearly all of common varieties, we think our readers will have no difficulty in deciphering the Floral Letter, since by substituting the name of each flower for the picture of it, the sense and meaning will be evident at once. However, for the benefit of those who may not care to study out the letter for themselves, we shall print in next month's Letter-box a key to it, which can then be compared with the original.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now visiting the beautiful city of Paris. There are so many things of interest here! I have been to the Palace of Versailles, which is beautiful; saw the bed which Louis XIV. died on, and Napoleon's carriage. We also saw a pretty chateau which Marie Antoinette built, her chapel, and a tree which she and Louis XIV. planted. I have also visited the old city of Rouen, which is very interesting; and I saw the spot where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. I have to wait so long before you come that it seems as if I'll not receive you. I would like to write more, but I am afraid I shall not have my letter printed.

Your faithful reader, MADGE M.—.

PLIMPTON HOUSE, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in the July number a letter from Charlie Delany, telling how the Chinese imitated the plate that the gentleman sent so exactly. When I showed it to my cousin, she said that some one had told her that a gentleman sent a pair of pantaloons to a Chinaman to have another pair made like them. Unfortunately the old pair had a patch in one of the knees, and when the Chinaman made the new pair, he cut a hole in the same knee in which it had been in the old pair, and patched it.

Sincerely yours, HELEN E.—.

BROOKLYN, July 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about a society a friend of mine belongs to. It is called "The Charity Society." The reason they call it "Charity" is because whenever any member says anything untrue or anything she would be unwilling to repeat to the person spoken of she is fined one cent, and when they have a large amount they use it for the benefit of some poor person.

J. L.

J. L.'s account of the "Charity Society" will remind many of our readers of the story entitled "The S. F. B. P.," printed in our last number.

17 BAYSWATER TERRACE, LONDON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have no doubt that some of your readers have "viper's-grass" in their gardens. It generally flowers in June or July, and grows best in chalky soil. The seed somewhat resembles the head of a viper, and it was from this arose the idea that it was a cure for the bite of that reptile.

I believe it is also known as the "On-tongue," and in France it is called the *reveille-matin* ["the morning call" or "alarm-clock"]. The other day I read a little legend concerning this flower which I send you, thinking that perhaps it may interest some of your numerous readers.

One day St. Nicholas met a little maiden weeping bitterly on her way to school, and touched by the sight of the child's grief, he stopped her and inquired the cause of her tears. "Why do you cry, little one?" And the little girl answered, "Because I am late again this morning for school, and when I get there the teacher will scold me and say I am lazy, but I know that it is really not my fault, for I can not prevent myself from waking up late, much as

I would wish to do so." Upon this, St. Nicholas placed his hands on the child's golden hair, and said, "Do not weep, you will not be scolded this morning; for I will put back the hands of the school-house clock and all the other clocks in the village; but this is for to-day only. Take this flower, and for the future place it at the head of your bed and you will wake early every morning." And so saying, St. Nicholas broke off a branch of the viper's-grass and gave it to his little friend, and went away. After this the little girl was never late at school, and it soon became known that she was always the first to arrive there. On her telling the villagers, they nicknamed the flower the "morning call." And to this day, when the villagers of Flanders wish to wake early in the morning, they place a branch of the "morning call" by their bedsides.

I much enjoy reading your delightful paper, dear ST. NICHOLAS; and hoping this letter will find a corner in your Letter-box, as it is the first I have yet written to you, believe me, your admiring reader,

VIOLET M. C.—.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but to-day I thought I would, and ask you a question. We live in a boarding-house, and a boy rooms just across the hall. The other day the boy came in and asked me to come and see an "experiment" of his; he got his idea from a story in ST. NICHOLAS of a boy who burnt bark in a tea-kettle to make gas.

He had taken an old glass ink-bottle, filled it with scraps of paper and bits of wood, and set it on the coals in a grate; soon a sort of smoke came, which he lighted, and it had been burning nearly half an hour when I saw it. It went out soon after, and when we took the bottle from the grate, the bottom was melted out. We filled another bottle with paper alone, and it burnt, too. Now, was that gas that came from the mouth of the bottle? If so, what kind, and how can paper make gas?

Your admiring reader,

BLANCHE C. LEGGETT.

P. S.—The paper was not consumed, but burnt after we took the bottle from the grate.

WHEN any material, be it wood, paper, coal, or anything that will burn, is exposed to great heat, gases of various kinds are evolved, and these, if mingled with air, will burn. If the air has access to the material, the material itself will appear to burn, yet, in reality, only the gas burns. If the material is inclosed in some vessel, so that the air can not get to it, and the gases are led away in a pipe, they will burn, even if quite cold, the moment they meet the air and a flame. (A good way to try the experiment is to fill the bowl of a tobacco-pipe with dry sawdust, cover the top of the bowl with clay or plaster of Paris, and to thrust the bowl of the pipe in the coals of a fire, and leave the stem projecting from the stove. Soon a yellow smoke will escape from the pipe, and, it touched with flame, will burn as a tiny gas flame. On breaking open the bowl of the pipe the wood will be found reduced to charcoal. The charcoal will burn, but with a pale flame, showing that a part of the gas has been extracted. Such an experiment is called "destructive distillation," because the gas and some other products are distilled out of the wood in a retort, and the wood is destroyed in the process.)

PARIS, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you about my dolls and cats. I have a great many of them. I will tell you their names. My littles is the baby doll; her name is Mary Anderson, and I have two more; one is named Queen Victoria. She is my finest doll, and I have another which is named Emma Abbot. Then I have two cats, which are named Hamlet and Still Bill. I am nine years old, and I like your magazine very much.

Yours truly, A. J.—.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., June 29, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Southern California in the ST. NICK, so I thought I would write one and see if it would be printed.

We are having very pleasant weather here, and everything is

green and fresh. I think the "Scarlet Tanager" and "Marvin and his Boy Hunters" are just splendid.

Your faithful reader, CLARENCE H. R.

COLLEGE AVE., No. 26.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two girls who think the ST. NICHOLAS the best magazine to be found, and enjoy every story in it, but Miss Alcott's most of all. We think her "Spinning-wheel Story" for this month the best one yet; for we both are very fond of boarding-school stories, and this is made more interesting to us by the fact that Miss Orne in the story greatly resembles, both in looks and character, a very dear teacher of our own, which makes it seem more real; and also, because we go to boarding-school ourselves, but board at home, which is not nearly so nice. It is very lonesome here now that school has closed, and as we have never written a letter to you before, nor seen one in the "Letter-box" from this part of the country, we thought we would write to you and would like very much to see this in print.

Your Western friends, HELEN AND MINNIE.

BEDFORD PARK, ENGLAND, June 23.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have two years of my ST. NICHOLAS bound; one is red and one blue. I like the fairy-stories and poetry very much.

I knew a donkey called Sam. He liked apples, but they grew too high for him; so a tall horse, named Trooper, pulled the boxes down with his mouth for Sam to pick them. I shall be six next month, and I shall have a party.

From your friend, HUBERT C.—

We thank our girl and boy friends, whose names are here given, for the pleasant letters we have received from them. We would be glad to publish their letters if there were room. At it is, we can only acknowledge them by name: Corinne F. Hill, Mertie M. Reed, Ida G., H. H. C., A. M. N., J. L. S., Lilian E. Ostrander, Elizabeth Alling, Florence C. D., Miriam McGaw, Louise Joynes, J. C. W., Nellie W., Cherry Wood, Vivia Blair, Hattie S. Mason, Gertrude Hofford.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FIRST REPORT.

THERE should be a flavor of salt in our report this month, for it is developing in the sea-side laboratory of the Boston Society of Natural History, in close companionship with lobsters, crabs, hydroids, sea-urchins, and star-fish, in view of rolling waves, and amid the whisperings of an ocean breeze. A company of earnest students are at work at the various tables, and among them we note with pleasure the former secretary of Gloucester, A. Mr. R. S. Tarr.

It may be useful to mention a plan of work, that as followed here yields the most gratifying results. This is the careful and exhaustive study of a very few typical forms. One student, for example, has spent a month of constant study on the lobster, noting carefully its various parts and characteristics, with the aid of some such book as Huxley and Martin's *Practical Biology*, or W. K. Brooks's *Hand-book of Invertebrate Zoology*. All the parts, as described by these authors, are found in the specimens in hand, drawn, and carefully contrasted and compared. Those who have more time carry their studies deeper, and trace the growth of some animal from the egg through all its different stages, until the adult form is reached, making successive drawings and continual notes, and in this way working up a complete "life history" of the creature. This kind of work can be done anywhere, but the marine forms, being larger and, at the same time, of less complex organization, afford the best material for beginners. We advise any of our friends who may have the opportunity to attend a laboratory, and do practical work under competent supervision, by no means to let it pass unimproved.

It is with great pleasure that we lay before the A. A. the following generous offers from Profs. Jordan and Grinnell:

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA.

DEAR SIR: In ST. NICHOLAS for June, page 661, I notice a call for a "specialist on fish."

I am such a person, and I shall be very glad to answer any questions on fishes (and reptiles or birds) that any of your young correspondents may ask.

Yours very truly,

DAVID S. JORDAN.

39 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, June 30, 1884.

DEAR SIR: Your interesting little hand-book of the Agassiz Association has just fallen into my hands. The subject is so interesting, and the objects of the Association appeal so strongly to every student of science, that I feel that it is unnecessary for me to apologize to you for offering my most cordial congratulations to you as the originator of the grand idea. It must always be a source of the greatest congratulation to you to feel that you have in this way helped to broaden out the lives of so many of the children of our country. And no doubt among those belonging to your association there will be many who will do good work for science in the years that are to come. After attentively reading your hand-book, it has occurred to me that perhaps some one who has a general knowledge of North American birds might be of assistance to some of your members. General North American ornithology is my specialty, and I should

be happy to identify any specimens that may be sent to me by any members of the A. A., or to be of service to them in any other way.

Should any of them require help about our birds, pray do not hesitate to call upon me.

Yours respectfully,

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL, Ph. D.

THE CONVENTION.

THE Secretary of the Philadelphia Assembly reports that a very large number of Chapters have signified their intention of sending a delegate or delegates to the convention on September 2. Among the topics that will be discussed in the meeting are: Methods of work; histories of Chapters; the use of the microscope; practical work in zoology, conchology, ornithology, and entomology. We gladly insert the following cordial letter of invitation from the Philadelphia Assembly of the A. A.:

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1884.

Although special invitations have been sent to all the Chapters of the Agassiz Association for the convention to be held in Philadelphia this September, we think it well to also extend an invitation through ST. NICHOLAS.

We therefore cordially invite all members of the Agassiz Association to attend the convention, which will be held on September 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1884.

On Tuesday, September 2d, at 8 P. M., a reception will be given to the members; on Wednesday and Thursday mornings, visits will be made to the Academy of Natural Sciences and the Zoological Gardens; on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, sessions of the convention will be held; on Wednesday evening a lecture will be delivered by Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.; and on Thursday evening a visit will probably be made to the Electrical Exhibition.

Chapters or members of the A. A. and other parties are desired to read at the sessions or send to the Secretary of the Assembly notes of personal observations or other papers of scientific interest.

Persons unconnected with the A. A. who are interested in its work are invited to be present at the sessions.

The reception will be held at 1418 Chestnut street, second floor; sessions of the convention and Dr. McCook's lecture at Lecture-Room of Franklin Institute, 15 South Seventh street; hotel accommodations for visiting members (at \$2.50 per day) at West End Hotel, 1524 Chestnut street; head-quarters of the convention, on and after September 1st, at West End Hotel. All members are requested to call at head-quarters as soon as possible after their arrival in the city, and obtain tickets for the reception, lectures, etc.

A circular giving particulars for obtaining reduced railroad rates and hotel accommodations has been issued. This has been sent to all Chapters answering our first circular, and will be mailed to others upon application.

Yours truly,

ROBERT T. TAYLOR,
Sec'y Philadelphia Assembly.

Address communications to P. O. Box 259, Philadelphia, Pa.

The warm months of summer do not bring the usual decrease in the number of new Chapters formed.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
670	Wright's Grove, Ill.	4.	Myron Hunt (care Miller and Hunt).
671	Lyndon, Vt.	12.	Miss Alice E. Hall.
672	Chicago (W)	16.	Noble M. Eberhart, 161 La Salle St., Room 75.
673	Milwaukee, Wis. (B)	9.	Mrs. F. L. Atkins.
674	Washington, D. C. (B)	5.	Spencer A. Searle.
675	Newport, R. I. (D)	4.	Henry M. Sooner, 169 Broadway.
676	Burlington, N. J. (B)	4.	C. P. Smith, Jr., Box 232.
677	Milwaukee, Wis. (C)	4.	Miss Lizzie Jordan, 142 3d St.
678	Taunton, Mass. (C)	5.	Daniel J. McHehan.
679	De Pere, Wis. (E)	10.	Barton L. Parker.
680	Peoria, Ill. (E)	4.	Gustav Kleene, 210 Fourth St.
681	Garden City, L. I., N. Y. (B)	5.	C. W. Clark.
682	Philadelphia, Pa. (W)	5.	James E. Brooks, 1865 North 24th St.
683	Louisville, Ky. (C)	4.	Will C. Cope, 1818 Barret Ave.

REORGANIZED.

346	Toronto, Canada (A)	7.	David Howell, 57 Gloucester St.
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DISSOLVED.

144	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.		
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NOTES.

115. *Frogs raining down*.—The phenomenon is thus explained by Prof. Wood, in "Common Objects of the Country": The frog showers, of which we so often hear, are occasioned, not by the actual descent of frogs from the clouds, but, probably, from the genial influence of the moisture on the young frogs that have been already hatched and developed, and have been hiding their time before daring to venture abroad.

116. *Attacus Cynthia*.—In answer to "X," *Attacus Cynthia* is a moth of the *Attacus* group of the family *Lepidoptera*. It is more properly called *Samia Cynthia*. The cocoon of this moth is used for the manufacture of silk, which is of good quality. The moth can be raised in this country in the open air. It feeds on the ailantus. J. R. Boardman, Augusta, Me.

117. *Bohemian Chatterer*.—Hearing the note of a Bohemian chatterer, I determined, if possible, to find out what it was doing away from its companions. It soon flew from the tree on which it had alighted, and before long a whole flock of the birds came to the same tree and began eating the berries. This seems to show that the birds, having nearly stripped one tree of its fruit, had sent this bird to find a new feeding-place.—Chas. Keeler.

118. *Cow-bird*.—In St. Nicholas for March is a communication from a member of the A. A., stating that four eggs of the cow-bird were found in a nest of the wood-thrush, and asking if any parallel case has been noted. In the summer of 1881, I found a yellow warbler's nest of six eggs, two of the warbler and four of the cow-bird. I took the nest. About two weeks later I found another nest of the warbler, not ten feet from the first one. In it were two eggs of the cow-bird and one of the warbler. I took only the former. A few days later I found another cow-bird's egg in the same nest, and removed it. The next time I obtained two more. It was becoming interesting. Next day, to my surprise, I found the nest empty, and much torn. The warbler's eggs were on the ground beneath it, and each one had a hole picked in it. I concluded that the cow-bird had avenged her wrongs.—H. H. Birney, Bethlehem, Pa.

119. *Prometha*.—The *Attacus prometha* (Harris), or *Callosina Prometha* (Saunders), is the most common of the large moths here. Its cocoons are found in numbers on magnolia-trees in gardens. I wish that members of the A. A. in different places would tell us how the number of these moths compares with that of others, like the *Polyphemus* and *Cecropia*, for example.—C. M. Hewins, Hartford, Conn.

120. *Slate*.—While exploring a slate ledge for pyrites, I found a place where the slate seemed to have undergone a curious change. Pieces could be broken off in the same rectangular form as usual; but instead of being hard and brittle, it was very soft and slightly moist. Will some one tell me if this decomposition of slate is a common occurrence, as I can not find any mention of it in my mineralogy. I have specimens of it to exchange for labeled fossils.—R. W. Wood, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

121. *Danaus*.—I have found *Danaus archippus* on locust. There were no milkweeds anywhere near that the larvæ could have crawled from before changing to the chrysalis. Can any one tell me where to send for "Morris's Synopsis of the Lepidoptera of N. A.," issued by the Smithsonian Inst.?—E. H. Pierce, Auburn, N. Y.

122. *What is it?*—I am too young to belong to the A. A., but I like to watch bugs and insects. I can print quite well, but I get Papa to write what I want to tell and ask you. I found on a leaf of a morning-glory a little winged bug, shaped like the common

lady-bug. It was of the most brilliant gold color, looking like a drop of pure gold. The tips of its feet were like Etruscan gold. Around the border of its back, overlapping the body, was a thin film that looked like glass. Around its sides there seemed to be a row of beading, or little dents into the golden edge. I put it into a clear glass bottle. After a little time its color began to change until it was a dark brick red, with three black spots on each wing. I then got a leaf like the one on which I had found it, and put it into the bottle. It immediately crawled on it, and soon its color changed back to the bright gold. The black spots went away. Is this a lady-bug? Margie T. Kitchel, Hamilton, Texas.

123. *Cecropia*.—I have found out why the cocoons of *Attacus cecropia* often have slits in the side. The sapsucker makes them in order to reach the pupæ, which it eats. I happened to catch him at it.—Bradley M. Davis.

124. *Crocos*.—One fact that struck me particularly was that their leader was larger than the others, and seemed to have greater power of flight. He generally kept at the head of the flock, but once he turned, and soaring above the rest flew to the rear; then turning back, he out-flew the others, and again reached the head of the moving company.—L. M. H.

125. *Musk-rat*.—We saw a musk-rat go through a hole in the ice, and soon return with a clam. It tried the shell open, and ate the clam. It did this about ten times in succession. Once it got one too big to open, and threw it back into the water.—W. M. Clute.

126. *Cricket*.—While walking one day, I came across one cricket burying another. I removed it about three feet from the dead one, but it came directly back. Is it common for crickets to bury each other?—W. H. White, St. Johnland, N. Y.

127. *Evening primrose*.—I have had an opportunity of seeing this month some evening primroses—curious flowers that open at twilight. They unfolded in a series of jerks, and the great yellow flower gave off a strong perfume, that seemed intoxicating to a number of humming-bird moths that hovered about, and let themselves be easily caught in the hand. After dark I passed by again, and found the uncanny flowers plainly swaying about in the darkness, while all about them were perfectly still. Of course I should have examined the way they were attached, but I am sorry to say that I did not.—C.

128. [In answer to the question, "What causes, and what is, the blue part of the flame next to the gas-jet?" It is the reducing flame, and in it the carbon and hydrogen of the flame are in a high state of ignition, and are inclosed from the atmosphere by the surrounding flame.]

EXCHANGES.

Water-snails, petrified moss, and fossil shells.—Barton L. Parker, De Pere, Wis.

Birds' eggs.—H. W. Davis, North Granville, N. Y., and W. V. Abell, Easthampton, Ct.

Cotton-plant with cotton-moth, for iron or sea-weed.—R. S. Cross, West Point, Mississippi.

Garnets, clays, and marble, for eggs and minerals of the West.—D. W. Rice, Brandon, Vt.

Minerals and insects, for eggs and silk-worm eggs.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Birds' eggs.—Harry U. Bailey, Princeton, Illinois.

Caddis-fly cases. Write first. Harry B. Hinnon, Chase's Lake, Lewis Co., N. Y.

Drawings of moths, butterflies, etc.—W. E. Watts, 3346 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

Missouri granite. Write first. Frank M. Davis, 3857 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Correspondence with distant Chapters, with a view to exchanges.—Max Greenbaum, Sec. Ch. 654, 433 Franklin St., Phila. Pa.

QUERIES.

What causes the light in a fire-fly?

What is the largest flower in the world?—Sec. 601.

A large number of interesting Chapter reports must go over until next month. We must, however, insert this one:

REPORT OF THE ROSEVILLE AGASSIZ CHAPTER, June 24, 1884. Although it is a long time since our club has sent a report, it has been struggling on and doing some work. We have not accomplished all we had hoped to do, but our number has increased to thirty-two members. We have a regular place of meeting, we had many new contributions to our cabinet, have purchased a Polyopticon, the latest edition of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," with cuts and engravings, and have formed the nucleus for a circulating library. Besides our regular fortnightly meetings, we have had two lectures and a very fine microscopic exhibition, with a lecture on the laws of light.—Sara Dorrach, Sec.

Address all communications to the president,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A chariot of war. 3. A thin board upon which a picture is painted. 4. A species of lynx. 5. Extravagant in opinions. 6. Repeated. 7. Plaited strings. 8. A boy. 9. A consonant.

"LYON HART."

ANAGRAMS.

THE works of a famous English novelist:

1. Oh! Vane.
2. The Kirm Owl.
3. Art in the Quay.
4. Leon Huett's Offering.
5. Dolly Ottarim.
6. Rutlend Gate.
7. The Tar's Money. DAISY.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains six letters. The zigzag begins at the upper left-hand corner and names a famous stone.

The first letter of the fifth word, the sixth letter of the seventh word, the first letter of the ninth word, and the first and fourth letters of the twelfth word will spell the name of the country from which it came.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous Egyptian pyramid. 2. Not singular. 3. A wind. 4. Sullen. 5. A division of the globe. 6. A riddle. 7. Hatred. 8. A bird which is often kept for a pet. 9. Freely. 10. Sacred songs. 11. A halo. 12. An instrument for pounding substances in a mortar. 13. Corrects. 14. A seat to be placed on a horse's back. 15. A puzzle. 16. Injury. "ALCIBIADES."

PI.

SPOUSEP flie notsed sleepa oyu
 Orn het ayw mose onleep od,—
 Od oyu kthin eth lowhe raitonec
 Lawl eb dreatle stuj of oyu?
 Nad stin ti, ym oby ro lrig,
 Eth tines, stabvre lanp,
 Teavrhew secom ro nestdo moco
 Ot od eth sebt oyu nac?
 FRANK.

CUBE.

2	3
.	.
.	.
4	5
1	.
.	.
6	7

THE same letter may replace every figure in the diagram. From 2 to 3, the last part of an ode; from 4 to 5, to evade; from 6 to 7, a rapacious bird; from 3 to 5, a margin; from 2 to 4, a lake of North America; from 1 to 6, pertaining to the ancient inhabitants of Scotland; from 4 to 6, to invest; from 5 to 7, to obliterate; from 2 to 1, to run away. DYCIE.

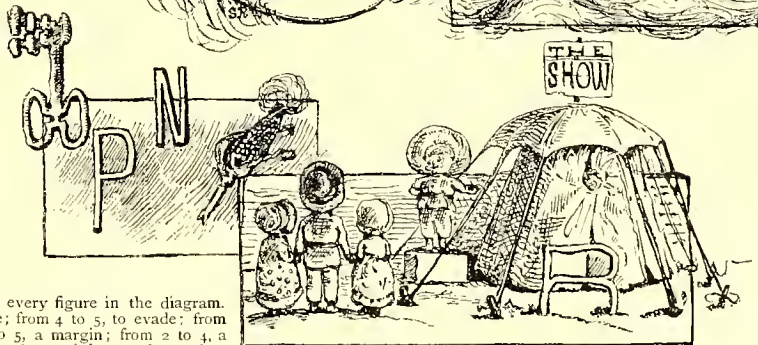
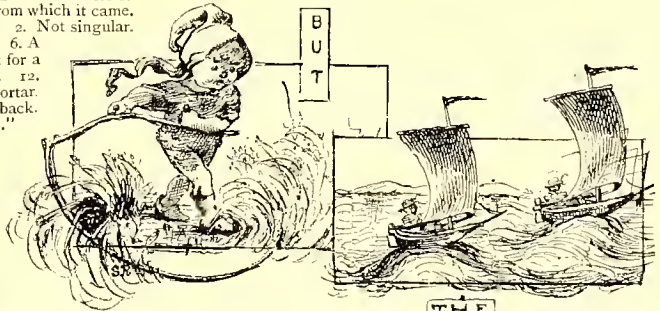
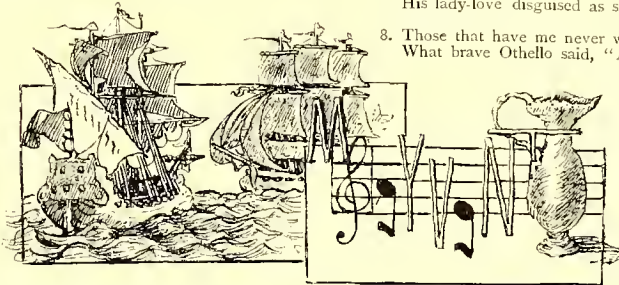
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: How many perished on this famous field,
 FINALS: That this proud despot might be forced to yield.
 CROSS-WORDS:

1. This god in Scandinavian myth we find,
 And one day of the week keeps him in mind.
2. The Taj Mahal we in this city see,
 A wonder of the world, as all agree.
3. The prudent Dutchman, in the days of yore,
 On this gay blossom squandered all his store.
4. This nymph in rocks, in caves or hills we seek;
 We never see her, but we hear her speak.

5. Greatest of painters! glorious was his fame!
 He early died, hut left a deathless name.
6. This gallant Frenchman, noble, young, and brave,
 Gave us his help, our liberties to save.

7. In Arden's pleasant wood he found his joy,—
 His lady-love disguised as shepherd-boy.
8. Those that have me never will be forlorn,—
 What brave Othello said, "Alas, was gone!"
 B.



REBUS.

THE answer to the above rebus is one of "Poor Richard's" maxims, addressed to those who are inclined to be too venturesome.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. A fugitive. 2. Harmony. 3. A cavity. 4. Of a whitish-gray color. 5. Deep dejection. 6. A useful article. 7. In Assyrian.
 GEORGE F. S.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

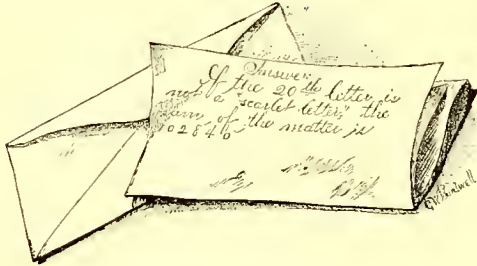
THE diagonals (reading downward) from left to right form a word meaning pertaining to a common metal; from right to left, a word meaning pertaining to a valuable metal.
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. Affectionate. 2. Any phenomenon in the atmosphere. 3. Loyalty. 4. Wet and miry. 5. Yeast. 6. A people.
 "SUMMER BOARDER."

HOUR-GLASS.

The central letters, read downward, will spell the name of a Shakespearean hero.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A learned man. 2. To take captive. 3. A pronoun. 4. In summer. 5. To employ with diligence. 6. Mild. 7. To write on the back of. EMMMA AND ADA.

"TEA" PUZZLE.



If tea is not ready, when you call in response to an invitation to tea, what ought you to do? The problem is to decipher the answer given in the foregoing illustration. G. W. B.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Syncopate a small hoy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lady.
1. Syncopate to bind from a person under medical treatment, and leave to gasp. 2. Syncopate a pronoun from in what place, and leave a pronoun. 3. Syncopate a part of the head from closest, and leave a certain habitation. 4. Syncopate an offer from prohibiting,

and leave wading. 5. Syncopate an article of food from entreated, and leave the bottom of a stream. 6. Syncopate amount from recommenced, and leave a pastoral pipe.

The initial letters of the syncopated words spell the name of the capital of Bœotia, in ancient Greece. BELLE.

TRIANGLE.

1							
2	9						
3		10					
4			11				
5				12			
6					13		
7						14	
8							15

1. In fringe; 2, 9, a note in music; from 3 to 10, cunning; from 4 to 11, a rapid outflowing; 5 to 12, a Shakespearean hero; from 6 to 13, to declare positively; from 7 to 14, a person designated by another; from 8 to 15, afflicted; from 1 to 8, atrocious; from 1 to 15, penetrated. F. S. F.

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS.

1													
	1	2	3										
		1	2	3	4	5							
			1	2	3	4	5	6	7				
				1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
					1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7

I. 1. IN opened. 2. A cade lamb. 3. Part of a flower 4. Having petals. 5. A kind of habit worn by the Jews. 6. Conducted. 7. In opened.
II. 1. In opened. 2. A step. 3. Dough. 4. Part of a horse's leg. 5. Austic. 6. The name by which the sea-eagle, or osprey, is known in Scotland. 7. In opened. REX FORD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

HIDDEN FISHES. 1. Shad. 2. Mackerel. 3. Whale. 4. Hake. 5. Blue. 6. Sword. 7. Mussel. 8. Cat. 9. Pike. 10. Dog. 11. Oyster. 12. Clam. 13. Haddock. 14. Grayling. 15. Bream. 16. Rudd. 17. Chubb. 18. Carp. 19. Roach. 20. Perch. 21. Smelt. 22. Trout. 23. Cod. 24. Shark. 25. Pickerel. 26. Scup. 27. Salmon. 28. Bass. 29. Tench. 30. Eel. 31. Porpoise. 32. Dace.

AN EXTRACT FROM IZAAK WALTON. "As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler."

RIDDLE. Oliver (Cromwell). Oil, ire, ore, lie, roe, roe, roi, vie, rove, role, over, rive, Riel, love, vil, veil, evil, olive, liver, live, Eli, Levi, Loire.

PI "If we had no faults, we should take no pleasure in remarking those of others; if we had no pride, we should not perceive it in another." ROCHEFOUCAULD.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. 1. Mares, smear, arms. 2. Large, lager, real. 3. Maple, ample, male. 4. Dales, leads, sled. Syncopated letters, transposed, page.

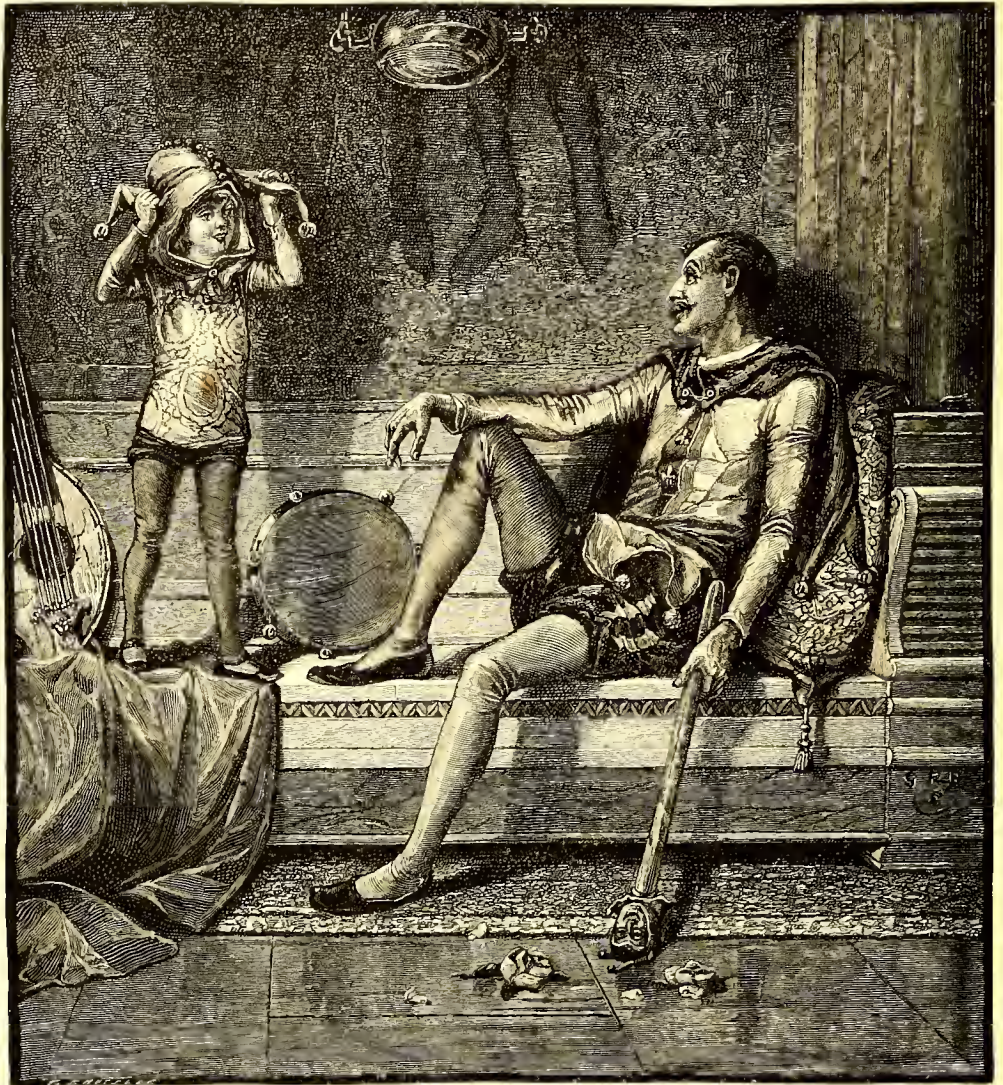
WORD-SQUARE. 1. Depart. 2. Editor. 3. Pintle. 4. Attula. 5. Rolled. 6. Treads.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 7—"Three Sunflowers," London, England, 2—No Name, 7—Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10—Willie Sheraton, 6—"Eggs," London, England, 11.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Maggie T. Turrill—Frederick Winthrop Faxon—"Shumway Hen and Chickens."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Sam and Alice, 1—P. Bayard Veiller, 2—Mary K. Jennings, 1—"Navajo," 5—"Spider and Fly," 4—D. Sargent, 1—Inez T. Dale, 6—A. and B., 3—Florence E., 1—May Bradley, 1—Fred. S. Kersey, 2—E. S. B., Jr., 1—Paul Reese, 8—Lillie Fleetwood, 1—Mattie Fleetwood, 1—"Man in the Moon," 4—Tallac, 3—J. L., 1—Tillie Mosley, 1—Helen DuBarry, 1—Lillian E. Ostrander, 1—E. M. Lewis and J. B. Hodgskin, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Chester Aldrich, 6—Kitty Clover, 1—Helen W. Gardner, 1—"Two Jerseys," 6—Anna D. Mills, 1—R. H., Uncle George, and Mamma, 2—Gertrude and Bessie, 3—"Pepper and Maria," 11—Vivia Blair, 1—Cabell Chadwick, 1—"Kansas Boy," 2—Dydie, 7—Emma G. Cosgrave, 7—Alice T. Palfrey, 1—Mouche and Mère, 9—Arthur E. Hyde, 5—Mary P. Stockett, 10—Sadie and Bessie Rhodes, 7—Johnny Duck, 11—Frank Smyth, 3—Jessie A. Platt, 11—Hattie Clara, and Mamma, 11—"Unknown to History," 5—Alex. Laidlaw, 7—Corra and Nettie, 1—George Habenicht, 1—Grace and Percy Owen, 7—Bertie, 3—Mary, Effie, and James Lamb, 1—Louise M. Lorey, 1—Bessie A. Jackson, 4—E. Muriel Grundy, 9—Charles H. Kyte, 11—No Name, 9—"B. Kelly," 4—Hattie, Daisy, and Auntie, 4—G. C. T., 3—Olive, Ida, Lillie, and Aunt Angie, 5—Lillian and Logere, 4—Francis W. Islip, 10—"Puss in Boots," 8—Emily Danzel, 1—Hugh and Cis, 10—Willie B. La Bar, 3—Harry Tremaine, 1—Katie Orr, 7.



TO THE MASTERS GAP.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1884.

No. 12.

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SLANG.

BY LUCIA GILBERT RUNKLE.

"FIVE cents fine, Master Jack!" shouted Kitty. "You said 'choused me out of my turn'; and 'choused' is slang."

"Nonsense, Kitty; 'choused' is a good dictionary word, I'm sure. Let 's see if 't is n't."

The children dropped their mallets and rushed into the library to settle the question.

"What now, young whirlwinds?" asked Mr. May, looking up from his work.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Uncle Jack," said Kitty; "but we 've such a habit of slang that we agreed to fine ourselves five cents every time we used it, to stop the habit; and I said 'chouse' was slang, and Jack said it was n't, and is n't it, Uncle Jack?"

"Well, it certainly *was* slang," said Uncle Jack, "but I suppose it is n't now, though Webster, I believe, calls it 'low.' When a word has been tolerated in a language for nearly three hundred years, and for half of that time, perhaps, has been seen in the good society of well-bred words, I think it deserves a place. There 's an odd bit of history wrapped up in that word 'choused,' as there so often is in our rich English speech."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Jack."

"Well, you all know how alive England was in the reign of Elizabeth with the spirit of adventure and discovery. The finding of America was still a new wonder to be gossiped about. There were wars and expeditions on every side; and every plucky young Englishman wished to sail away to find a new inheritance with his ship, or conquer

an old one with his sword. A great many young fellows, with more ambition than money, offered their services to foreign powers. One of these soldiers of fortune, Sir Robert Shirley, was employed by the Grand Seigneur and King of Persia, and sent on various missions, the most important being a commercial embassy to England. By this time King James was on the throne, and anxious to encourage the trade with Turkey and the East, which Elizabeth's advisers had begun in a small way, about twenty-five years before. So this shrewd Sir Robert sent over a Turkish *chiaus*, or envoy, in advance of his own coming, to get the good-will of the London merchants in the Persian and Turkish trade. The enterprising *chiaus* exerted himself so successfully that he pocketed some four thousand pounds of their money (a large sum for that time), and ran away with it, leaving his master to stand the loss and the laugh against him, as best he could; for the tavern wits were as much delighted to get hold of a bit of new slang as you are, children, and they adopted 'chiaused' (now become 'choused') in the sense of 'defrauded,' just as you boys, Jack, would now say 'chiseled,' I suppose. You will find it in Ben Jonson and in Shirley as slang, and in Landor, two hundred years afterward, as good English. So you see, in the etymology of one little word you get a glimpse of English life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

"That 's bully!—" began Jack.

"Five cents fine for you!" shouted Kitty.

"Oh, I know that 's slang, and I 'll pay up. But a chap can't break off all at once. I noticed you said 'plucky,' Uncle Jack, and we thought plucky was slang. I suppose we can use it now?"

Mr. May smiled. "Good English, my boy," he answered, "I take to be the English of the best usage. Thackeray was a master, and he used 'pluck' and 'plucky' constantly,—as why should n't he? If 'heart' and 'hearty' are good words, 'pluck' and 'plucky,' which come to us by the same road, certainly are. Pluck was butchers' slang once, but it proved too good a word to lose."

"It seems to me," said Kitty, doubtfully, "that you defend slang, Uncle Jack,—at least, ancient slang. And Mamma says it is so vulgar, and a sign of such mental poverty, that she had made us ashamed of it."

"It 's like that old verse about treason, Kitty," observed young Jack.

"Treason doth never prosper. What 's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason."

Uncle Jack wont recognize new-comers, but when all the nobs take 'em up, he 'll shake hands. I call that time-serving, myself. How do you know, Uncle Jack, that there may not be just as good fellows in our slang list as 'chouse' or 'plucky'?"

"I don't," said Mr. May. "But the fact that your slang so soon goes out of fashion is the chief argument against it. It 's at least a year since I 've heard you say 'that 's the kind of hair-pin I am,' or 'how 's that for high,' and perhaps twice as long since you 've threatened to 'get up on your ear' or to 'put a head on' anybody. Some new flowers of speech have grown up in place of those forgotten ones, I dare say; but the chance is that they 'll prove equally rootless."

"Well, they were a rum lot, that 's a fact," remarked Jack, regretfully. "But I don't think the new ones are quite so flat."

"That 's the mistake you youngsters make. You are taken in by a novelty. Now, it seems to me that 'money,' for example, is a good sonorous word, sufficient for its purpose, and with a pretty bit of history attached, for it comes from the Latin *moneta*, the adviser, a surname of Juno, in whose temple silver was first coined by the Romans, in the third century before Christ, about the time that Rome was making herself mistress of all Italy, and beginning to amuse her leisure with gladiatorial shows. And I can't truthfully say that any of the substitutes of which you and Kitty seem so fond, such as 'chink,' 'the rhino,' 'the ready,' 'the needful,' 'the tin,' 'spondoolicks,' and some half-dozen more, appear to me either so expressive,

or so poetical. It strikes me, also, that 'boy' or 'man' means as much as 'cove,' 'chap,' 'codger,' or 'duffer.'"

"Uncle Jack," said Kitty, "I 've seen some of those very words in the stories in ST. NICHOLAS. Are they any better in print?"

"Not a bit, my dear. But if the story concerns a slangy boy, or a frontiersman, or hunter, or sailor, or persons in any region of country or walk of life which gives them a speech peculiar to themselves—characteristic, prevailing, what we call a dialect, in fact—then, you see, these people would n't be real people unless they spoke after their peculiar fashion. Their phrases must belong to their place in the world, and their occupation, as much as their clothes."

"I catch on," said the incorrigible Jack. "Go ahead, Uncle! just wax us!"

"I don't suppose you are unusually quarrelsome, Jack, but I have certainly heard you propose to 'whale,' 'lick,' 'larrup,' 'leather,' 'lay out,' 'tan,' 'whack,' 'wallop,' 'maul,' 'pummel,' 'pay out,' 'lash,' 'lam,' 'fix,' and 'whop' one or another of your fellow-beings. You both say 'grab' or 'prig' for 'take'; you say 'hook it,' or 'bolt,' or 'make tracks,' or 'mizzle,' or 'walk your chalks,' or 'absquatulate,' or 'cut sticks,' or 'vamose the ranch,' or 'leg it,' if you mean to go out or to run away. You call shoes 'brogans,' and watches 'tickers,' and clothes 'togs,' and food 'grub,' and feet 'trotters,' and talk 'gab,' and your house your 'diggins.' Anything fine or unusual you pronounce 'stunning'; to be rich or fashionable is to be 'swell' or 'nobby'; great people are 'swells' or 'nobs,' and to be poor or in trouble is to be 'down on your luck.' Now, these are mere random quotations from your every-day speech. If I should set myself to remember, I could doubtless repeat to you a hundred words and phrases still more senseless, if possible. Do you wonder that your mother thinks such a dialect vulgar and poverty-stricken?"

"Uncle Jack," said Kitty, eagerly, "it does sound shocking from you. But somehow it never did before. And slang is so much more exciting than dictionary words, you know, and it seems as if our talk would sound perfectly prim and starchy without it."

"Yes, Kitty, I dare say the real charm of slang to well-taught children, like you, is the sense of adventure and excitement you get with it. You are like those old borderers who had cattle enough of their own, but found the chief delight of life in making forays across their boundary to 'lift' the lean kine of their neighbors. We elders have outgrown the fun, if we ever appreciated it, and object to the theft. For you see, children, this

jargon of yours comes from the very lowest sources. It is the familiar speech of people too ignorant to express their few ideas in decent English. It's the contribution of tinkers, gypsies, stable-boys, track-layers, deck-hands, and roughs and rowdies in general."

"'Rough' and 'rowdy' sound slangy," said Kitty, reflectively.

"So they do, chick, and so they were," replied Uncle Jack. "They are two more examples of the *promoted* words; words so necessary to describe great modern classes that their low origin is forgotten in their usefulness. And slang, certainly, has this great value, that it shows you how language grows. The English tongue is so vigorous that it seizes whatever it needs for growth, just as it did in its infancy. At that period direct imitations of sounds were constantly made into words, just as you two young vandals to-day use 'chink' for 'money.' Farther on in the growth of the tongue, it took from ordinary speech these imitative words, and converted them to new uses, just as you say 'ticker' for 'watch,' and 'puff' for 'advertisement.' The contraction of words is another stage, as 'mob,' now perfectly good English, was at first merely slang for the Latin *mobile*, the fickle crowd, as 'cab' was slang for 'cabriolet,' and 'furlong' for 'furrow-long,' the length of a furrow, and as your favorite 'nob' is slang for 'nobility.' Then there 's another tendency of the language which slang repeats, and that is an inclination in difficult sounds to get themselves altered to suit untaught ears. You think it fun, for example, to say 'jimmyjohn' for 'demijohn.' But demijohn itself is a corruption, slang in fact, for the Arabic *damagan*, itself changed from the name of the Persian glass-making town of Damaghan."

"I see," said Jack; "and we make words from men's names in the same way. I suppose 'boy-cotting' will be good English soon."

"Very likely, my boy," answered his uncle. "'Martinet,' which is indispensable, was the name of a historic general over-strict in discipline. 'Derrick' was a famous hangman of the seventeenth century, in honor of whom the roughs nicknamed the gallows-like hoisting apparatus; and these are two, only, out of scores of cases."

"Then you think, Uncle Jack, that if a word is a good one, and its ancestors were n't *too* low, we have a right to it?"

"I don't think the ancestry matters much, Kitty, *when* the word *is* a good one. But that is the question to settle. Many of the respectabilities of conversation were gutter-children. 'Drag,' for instance, was a thieves' word for carriage, and 'dragsmen' the particular variety of thieves who followed the carriage to cut away the luggage from the rack behind. But 'drag' is good English now for a private coach. 'Kidnap' was thieves' slang for child-stealing; that is, to 'nab a kid.' 'Tie,' for cravat, was as much the slang of low life as 'choker' is now. 'Conundrum,' and 'donkey,' and 'fun' were all slang words, though perhaps not so low. 'Bore' was slang, and so were 'waddle' and 'bother.'"

"Jack," said Kitty, "what a comfort this lecture is! We 'll not have to turn our backs on the whole beloved family of slang terms, after all, but only pick and choose."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack. "I think that's a fair conclusion. It's useless to try to lock the doors against all new-comers, because they can't be kept out. On the other hand, why should you be more ready to adopt every new cant word that is knocking about the streets than you would be to make a comrade of the low ragamuffin who uses, if he did not invent it? Besides, the constant use of cheap language tends to cheapen your ideas. If you don't try to express yourselves in the most exact and vivid words, but adopt some ready-made phrase, you gradually lose both the power and the desire to talk well. I agree with you, Kitty, that an occasional slang word of the better sort, that is, of the sort that conveys a good idea, does give piquancy to conversation. But you can hardly be too sparing of that sort of condiment. You are fifteen years old now, and a hard student. You don't need to have me tell you, my dear, that a bright mind does n't require slang to express its thoughts brightly, and that a stupid one is sure to use it very stupidly."

"Well," said Kitty, ruefully, "it seems to me your consent is very much like mother's veto, after all. How long does it take slang, on the average, to become good English?"

"There 's an old saying, my child," answered Mr. May, with twinkling eyes, "that it takes three generations to make a gentleman; and I think, *as a rule*, that 's a fair probation for slang."



RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

THE STORY OF KING RHOUD.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

NOTHING is really small. For shame or glory,
 For evil or for good,—
 All things have influence. Listen to my story,
 The story of King Rhoud.
 Enemies threatened; even in his palace,
 So it was darkly said,
 Were those who looked on him with hate and
 malice,
 And those who wished him dead.

Walking beneath the trees one fair spring
 morning,
 He and his chosen friend,
 Earl Reigin uttered troubled words of warning,
 Praying the King to send

Forth from the palace all who were suspected.
 Then the King smiled, and said:
 "By an Almighty Hand I am protected;
 It covereth my head."

"Truly," the Earl replied, "I well might covet
 Your faith in that High Power.
 But think: Your life—and surely you must
 love it—
 Is hazarded each hour."

"Ah!" said the King, "vain were all self-pro-
 tection
 Without that mighty Hand;
 But, with its comfort and its sure direction,
 Serenely I can stand."

Thus talking, through the forest-paths they
wandered

And by the laughing stream,
Till suddenly, as each in silence pondered,
They heard a piteous scream.
"It is a bird!" said Rhoud, intently listening.
"Stop! We can do no less
Than give it help. For hark!" (his kind
eyes glistening)
"T is in some sore distress."

"Then let it scream!" said Reigin, with impa-
tience;

"For surely you must feel
That what concerns you now 's the weight of
nations,
Not that small creature's weal!"
"The nearest duty first, both now and ever,"
The King said, with a smile;
"I learned to climb enough for this endeavor
In my own native isle."

"But see, the trunk uprises like a tower,
Without a single branch!"

"I am but small—you surely have the power
To lift me, warrior stanch!"

"But you may fall—and would you have the
story
Through all your realm be heard
That the King parted with his life and glory
Just for a little bird?"

"Many have died for less," the King said sadly.
The Earl, unwillingly,
And urging still: "Why will you act so
madly?"

Helped him to climb the tree.
He came down safely, bearing in his bosom
A little wounded bird,—
A goldfinch, brighter than a tropic blossom,
Whose plaintive cry they 'd heard.

And to his little daughter home he bore it,
Trusting her loving care
To comfort the small prisoner, and restore it,
Healed, to the sunny air.
The courtiers sneered. "He plays the child,"
they muttered,
"And sees not what 's before.
In vain for us the finch had screamed and
fluttered,
With foes at every door."

Meanwhile the traitors planned. Within the
ceiling,

Above the good King's bed,
A heavy beam was loosened. "Past all healing
Will Rhoud be, soon," they said.
All was arranged. When the King, sorely tired,
From a long journey came,
Silently watched the traitor who aspired
To take his place and name.

But just as Rhoud had sunk in heavy slumber,
Unbroken by a dream,
And ere the clock the fatal hour could number,
Came the bird's piteous scream.
Forgotten by the careless little daughter
And by the weary King,
The little creature pined for food and water.
—"Oh, thou poor helpless thing!"

The King, remorseful, said: "I vowed to cherish
Thy feeble, failing breath;
And now I have come near to let thee perish
By a more cruel death."

He sprang to satisfy the starving creature,
And, as it hushed its scream,
A sudden horror froze his every feature—
Down rushed the loosened beam!

The warriors, wakened by the thunderous crash-
ing,
Rushed to the room, in fright;
The servants screamed with terror; lights came
flashing
Everywhere through the night.

"The King is killed! the King is slain!" Their
wailing
Resounded through the place.
And then they saw him, flushing first, then
paling,
A smile upon his face.

He raised the cage. "God's hand is still above
me!"

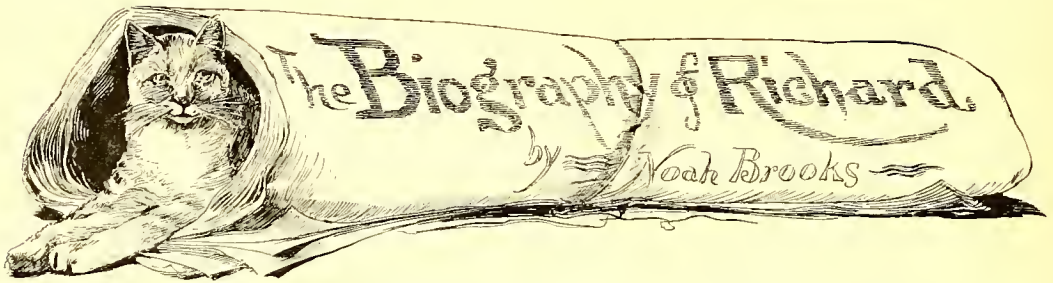
He reverently said.

"Give thanks, my people,—you who truly love
me.

Your King had now been dead,
But for the cry which broke my mortal slum-
ber;

'T was from this helpless thing.

Ah, the Almighty's forces who can number?
The bird has saved the King!"



I PURPOSE to write the brief history of one who was wise, discreet, and of a simple heart. Taking it for granted that the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS admire these qualities, I shall show how they may be exemplified in the biography of Richard. Now, Richard was a cat. He was born and reared in the studio of an eminent artist, whose favorite subjects are cats and kittens, dogs and puppies, and other domestic animals. It is hardly necessary to say that Richard, brought up amidst the surroundings of an artist's studio, was continually under the influence of an art atmosphere. In himself he was an object worthy of an artist's admiration, and from kittenhood to mature cat-hood he figured in many pictures that have become famous among men.

But Richard's attractiveness arose from his strongly individual character rather than from any artistic training. Indeed, his training was not in an esthetic direction at all. His master taught him to be neat, patient, and obedient. Richard also early learned several diverting tricks. He would lie down, at word of command, flat on the floor, stretched at full length, with his head thrown limply back, as if he were dead, and would jump up again, lithely, when permission was given, and not before; or, when placed behind the clasped hands of a person bending over him, he would leap over them, or would leap when shown a stick held horizontally and not too high. Sundry other amusing antics did this learned cat perform, to narrate all of which would be tedious.

In color, Richard was pure white as to his under parts, and of a bright brownish-yellow, beautifully mottled with tortoise-shell markings, as to the rest of the body. He was graceful in all his motions, and when he flew after a little ball of bread thrown for him (an amusement of which he was very fond), his tiger-like spring and quick recovery of the body were very charming to behold.

What we may call Richard's mental traits, however, chiefly commended him to his associates. When he was full-grown he was presented to the Lotos Club, an artistic and social organization, of which his master was a member. With him went a portrait in oils, an engraving of which is shown on page 914 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Richard's unfailing good-humor, his steadiness, and gravity of demeanor, and, above all, his discreet silence, made him at once an acceptable member of the Lotos Club. Before he had been in the house a month, he had won many friends, and was generally recognized as a privileged character. He never abused his privileges; but, if objection was made to his taking a leading part in anything that was going on, the merest hint was sufficient for him. He withdrew at the slightest suggestion that he was not wanted.

Whether it was a fault of his studio training or of his later experience in a club composed exclusively of men, I can not say, but it soon became evident that he did not like the society of ladies. It is the admirable custom of the Lotos Club at intervals to throw open their house, for an afternoon reception to ladies, who go to see the pictures and listen to the music performed for their benefit. On such occasions, Dick, as he was familiarly called, was greatly disquieted. He detected the preparations going on, and, having learned by experience what was about to happen, he fled to the garret, or to some other friendly shelter, and there remained hidden until the last of the (to him) objectionable visitors had gone. At that time, my private lodgings were in the club-house, and Richard often secured an entrance into my rooms before the company arrived, nor did he go out until the last silken rustle of feminine garments had ceased.

To test his powers of observation, I once took him out into the upper hall of the house, near the close of a ladies' reception. Released from my hands, Dick cautiously stole to the banisters, peered down the stair-way, sniffing the odor of fried oysters and other good things, and then, as if his keen senses noted a sound or smell, which my duller perceptions did not, he dashed back into the room, imploring me with his large and expressive eyes to close the door and keep him safe.

One strong trait was his sedateness. He never, except when accidentally hurt, uttered a cry. Such an expression as "m-e-ouw!" never passed his lips. Nor did he ever laugh or smile. His only speech was in his eyes, which were, at times,

truly eloquent. A comical sight or an amusing story never moved him from his beautiful gravity; but he sat and regarded the scene with a dignified demeanor, which, as many members have said, was a perpetual reproof of frivolity.

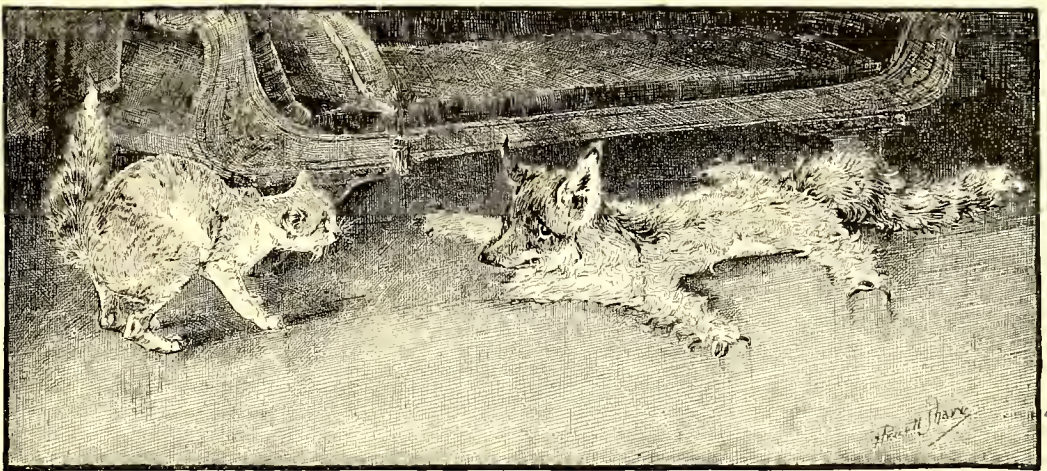
His friendship for men was very strong. Perhaps, like most human creatures, his selfish interests bounded his affections. Certainly, he did not like people who gave him no kindness. But, on the other hand, there were gentlemen who vainly tried to win him by showing him favors. By all the members of the club, however, he was highly esteemed and respected. If a gentleman desired to sit, and found Dick occupying the chair most convenient to him, he took some other seat, leaving Dick in possession. Once it was reported that a gentleman had turned Richard unceremoniously out of his favorite seat, to the great indignation of most of those who beheld it. But the offender was excused when it was found that he was a new member and unaccustomed to the usages of the club.

Possibly it was his consorting thus with men who live delicately that made Dick dainty and fastidious concerning his food. Under no circumstances or stress of hunger would he touch or taste any pork, bacon, ham, or other product of the American hog. All "made dishes" he despised. He retained a cat's fondness for fish, lobster being his

tected the odor of a canvas-back duck or quail in another part of the dining-room, he quit us as if we were strangers. Once, when he had been detained elsewhere until the dinner-hour was over, and nearly all the members had left the dining-room, Dick came in, apparently dejected by the loss of his dinner. A tender-hearted and enthusiastic friend of Richard, indignant at the neglect which the cat had seemed to suffer at the hands of the servants, sent an order to the kitchen and had a bird broiled and sent up for Dick's dinner. To his credit it should be said, that Richard always preferred a cooked bird to one uncooked.

As I usually breakfasted late, it was Dick's custom to wait about my chamber door, if he could not get in, until I was ready to descend. Then he loitered about the hall at my heels, and hung back until I was ready to sit down at table, when he stalked slowly in. His seat was in a chair at my left, and, with his large luminous eyes fixed on mine, he waited for an invitation to begin. If I had fruit before breakfast, as I almost invariably had, Dick gave one contemptuous look at the plate, and then, turning around, addressed himself to considering the street sights. Nor would he pay the least attention to any remark from me. By his actions he seemed to say:

"Baked apples! Who in the world eats baked apples? I have my opinion of the creature who



"A FOX-SKIN, WITH A STUFFED AND MOUNTED HEAD, WAS A TERROR TO RICHARD." (PAGE 915.)

special weakness, as it were. The predatory and sporting instincts of his race were displayed in his passionate appetite for game of every description. Usually he attended at the table where I dined with others, and it was supposed that he was permanently attached to our party. But if our table had only a roast of beef or chicken, and Dick de-

eats baked apples. How remarkable in a man of the pretensions that this fellow has!"

Presently, something else would come on the table. Dick's fine sense of smell would warn him of what had come; but, although his sensitive pink nose quivered with enjoyment, he gave no other sign. He seemed to say: "This fellow has got

a bird, as sure as I am a living cat! What shall I do about it? A bird? A *quail*, I guess."

Then suddenly turning around, he seemed to say: "Why, old fellow, how are you? I did n't notice you before. Nice day! What have you there—a bird? Well, if there is anything I like"—etcetera, etcetera.

Then, jumping down, he would caress my leg, throwing into his eyes as much fondness and



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD. ENGRAVED FROM A PORTRAIT IN OILS.

desire as he was capable of showing, and that was a great deal. If, in rebuke to his selfishness, I forebore to feed him at once, he tried to attract my attention by clawing and shaking the tablecloth; and if this did not avail, he reached up and deftly pulled the napkin quite out of my lap; and when I stooped to pick it up, that cat almost laughed as he met my eyes with his, seeming to say, "Ha! ha! Great joke,—was n't it?"

One very cold winter morning, Dick came in late, and, from the far end of the parlors through which he approached the dining-room, he descried a row of plates put before the open fire to keep hot for expected breakfasts. Usually Richard's motions were very slow, sedate, and even ponderous. Although he was agile, he moved with the gravity of an elephant, except when he was in a hurry, as he was this time. As if saying, "My eye! what a fine spread is set out for me!" he darted to the plates before the fire. But when he saw that they were empty, his own foolishness dawned on him, and he turned and went out of the room, with his tail hanging down with mortified pride; nor did he come back during the

remainder of that morning. I have seen somewhere an account of a dog doing very much the same thing, which shows that animals have a sense of shame akin to that of the more sensitive human creature.

Richard's strong point, I may say, was his memory. He never forgot an injury, and never an unpleasant experience. One of the club members, who was my neighbor in the club lodgings,

was presented with a canary-bird, and, as Dick was a frequent visitor to his rooms, my friend was at a loss how to entertain the cat without sacrificing the bird. So, one day, having put the bird-cage where Dick was able to get at it, he heated a wire almost to a burning-point, and invited Dick to inspect the cage. The poor bird flew around its prison in terror as Dick, confi-

dent of game, pressed his nose against the bars. Just then, the master of the premises slid the hot wire down between those of the cage, and Dick, astounded at the sudden turn of affairs, sprang away in great alarm and fled the room. Although his opportunities were often good after that, Dick never could be tempted to go near that cage. He believed it to be red-hot; and he never forgot it.

On another occasion, lounging around in my bedroom, as was his wont of a morning, he noticed that a drawer in the bureau was left open. Climbing in, he clawed the contents about until he had fixed a comfortable bed and cuddled down for a nap. When I was ready to leave the room, I said, "Come, Dick, I am going down to breakfast. If you want anything to eat, you 'd better get out of that."

But Master Richard shook his head. He was very well satisfied with his position. So, after vainly coaxing him, I closed the drawer and went to breakfast. When I returned, shortly afterward, having breakfasted, I remembered Dick and opened the drawer. He leaped out, with his tail moving angrily, darted out of the door, and under

no persuasion could he ever afterward be induced to get into a drawer of any kind.

His curiosity was something remarkable. Whenever a new member came into the club, Richard observed him at once. He would take up a position where he could see him, look him over, and, apparently, make up his mind what manner of man he was. A casual visitor Dick never noticed. In like manner, a new piece of furniture attracted his attention. He inspected it with great care, first with his nose and then with his paws, or, so to speak, his hands; for he managed his paws as though they were hands. His curiosity being satisfied, after a long and careful examination, he gave the subject no further thought.

One day in spring, for the first time, he found no fire in the open grate, in which a coal fire usually burned, night and day. As if saying to himself, "This is mighty queer," he mounted the heap of unkindled coal, sniffed at it, peered up the chimney, inspected the fire-brick, jumped down, took in the general look of things, as if for future reference, and walked away, entirely at ease in his mind. Coming into my sitting-room one day in the autumn, when I had just laid down a new rug of skins, edged with red cloth, he walked apprehensively around it, sniffing at the cloth border very gingerly and discreetly. Observing his partly concealed agitation, I took him up and dropped him in the middle of the rug. He shivered with fright, and looked about for a means of escape. The rug was too big for him to clear it at one bound, and it was skins in every direction. Presently, finding that the thing was not alive, he grew more interested. Then he gently clawed it, without awaking any response. Finally, he laid down and rolled in an ecstasy of enjoyment, purring and clawing the skins with delight. The rug was ever after a source of great comfort to Richard.

A fox-skin, with a stuffed and mounted head, and glass eyes, used as a foot-mat by my neighbor, was an infinite terror to Richard. When it was first put down, Richard saw it facing him, with the glass eyes glaring at him. In an abject fright, he fled to the shelter of a table in an adjoining room, from which he could observe the monster.

It did not move, although Dick sat a long time waiting for it to show what it would do. Finally, his curiosity overcoming his fears, Master Richard crept stealthily toward the thing, and, planting himself on the floor, stretched out his head and scrutinized the tip of the tail of the skin. There was no motion, and Dick was about to enlarge his observations when the master of the premises took him and made him face the stuffed head. Dick gave one dark, despairing look, and, with a frightened dash past the creature's tail, bolted from the apartments. He never entered that room again as long as the frightful mat remained on the floor.

If he came home at any time, and found the outer door of the house closed, he made no ado, but silently sat and waited for some one to come and let him in. Often, returning to the club-house at a late hour of the night, I would discern Dick flying about in the gloom, like a fleeting ghost. Recognizing me long before I saw him, he would dash up the steps, as if in a tearing hurry to be let into the house. But, the door being fairly open before him, he dropped into his customary leisurely gait, and walked in as if determined to show that he knew how to enter with due dignity.

One summer day, when all the outer doors were open, Dick came in with a mouse which he had caught in the grass-plot in front of the house, where he seemed to keep a private stock. The

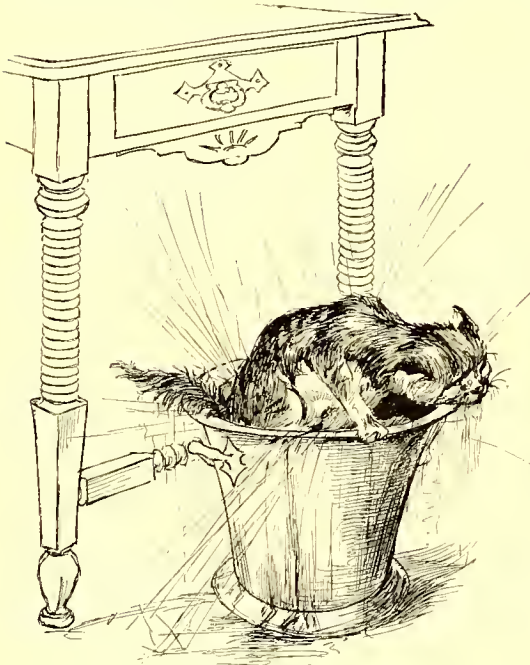


DICK TRIES TO CATCH THE MOUSE IN THE JAR.

feline instinct, long hidden under the guise of a club-cat, came out, and Master Dick cruelly amused himself with foiling the attempts of the poor persecuted and frightened mouse to escape. Dick was perfectly aware that the members in the parlor were watching him, and, with much agility, he kept up what he would probably have called "a regular circus." Finally, he dropped the mouse into a porcelain jar, and then made as if

he would conclude the fun by fishing the mouse out with his paw. But he could not catch him, being able to get only one paw inside the narrow neck of the jar. Baffled often, he finally sat down, with a shame-faced expression of countenance, and considered the situation. Then, as if a new light had dawned on him, he got up, placed his forepaws forcibly on the edge of the jar, tilted it over on its side, and deliberately drove out the mouse and dispatched him without more ado. It should be said that Dick, unless under great pressure of hunger, never ate a mouse. His was what may be called an educated appetite.

When a bit of bread rolled in a pellet was thrown, he caught it before it could reach the floor, no matter how far it was thrown; and if he could make a pass at it with his forepaw, he struck it



An Accident.

precisely as a base-ball player would. Having eaten the ball, he would come back and look eagerly for another; but under no circumstances did he ever eat bread as a portion of his provender. To eat the ball was to him a part of the game.

Sometimes, when longing for human society, Richard would come up to my apartments where I was busily writing, and, mounting the table with great deliberation, would sit down to watch the motions of the pen as it traveled across the paper. Writing he considered evidently a very queer business. After a while, weary of waiting for me to stop and talk with him, Master Richard would put out his paw and strike the pen; and, if that did not bring on a crisis, he drew his velvety foot along the line of writing yet wet with ink. Once he did that before I could see what he was about, and in my vexation I cuffed his ears vigorously. Greatly astonished and indignant at this unusual treatment, Richard bolted from the table, and, squatting on his haunches at a safe distance, regarded me with mild-eyed reproach. Then, turning over his foot stained with ink, he exhibited it to me, saying, as plain as a cat's eyes can say anything, "See what you have done!"

This pampered favorite of the Lotos club suffered many accidents, notwithstanding the ease and comfort of his position. Once, while repairs were going on in adjoining premises, he leaped ignorantly into a bed of mortar, and his legs, despite the tender care of the servants, were badly burned. The lime also destroyed the beauty of his fur for some time, and he kept himself secluded until the hair grew again. At another time, attempting to leap on a high and narrow table, slippery as to top, he lost his footing, scooted over the surface, and fell into a water-vessel on the other side. No persuasion, no temptation, could ever induce him to leap on that table again.

Finally, during the summer of 1883, while the club-house was being altered and repaired, Richard, who had been an inmate for five years, seemed to absorb particles of lime and mortar, or he was sickened by the smell of paint which pervaded the house. He gradually lost his hair; he refused to eat, and his general appearance was most dejected and melancholy. It was clear that he could not live long, and it was an act of mercy to spare him a lingering and hopeless sickness. I never knew how the decision of the house committee in his case was carried out, nor did I want to know. But his numerous friends were assured that he was humanely dealt with, and that his quietus was to him a peaceful deliverance.

THE DALZELLS OF DAISYDOWN.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

PART III.

PEACE and harmony now reigned at Dalzell Hall. The four young people were inseparable, and for Houghton geologizing had lost its charm. Mr. Tripton Dalzell saw with satisfaction that his boys were becoming more refined, more thoughtful. There were long horseback scampers over the downs, sailing, fishing, and rowing without end, picnics on Bear Island, daily plunges in the surf, and evening "sings" in the long, cool parlor, when Mr. Tripton Dalzell would listen, in a retired nook with his hand over his eyes, to the fresh young voices.

Neither was the two weeks' yachting trip left out for the three lads. They all went, though Ranald heroically offered to stay at home with Molly, a sacrifice which she with equal heroism refused.

"I shall feel very lonesome while you're gone," she said, "but never mind; I shall ride and practice, and the time will soon pass. I would n't have you miss the trip for anything."

So Miss Peabody was brought up from Daisydown to sleep with Mrs. Merriam, and Peter removed from his stable-chamber to a room near the kitchen, because of the lonesomeness of the big house; for Mr. Tripton Dalzell was to accompany his boys. And off they went.

Breakfast is late at Dalzell Hall on the morning of their return, about two weeks later. It is full half-past nine when they rise from table, —all but Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who, after a couple of hours' sleep in a chair, has taken an early train for town and business.

"Now, what shall we do?" says Molly.

"Go fox-hunting," answers Ranald. "Peter was telling me just now of a fox that Teddy Capen saw on the hills beyond the ledges. Let's take Prince and Poppy and hunt him up."

"We're not in England, my fine fellow, where the lords and ladies ride straight over everybody's land," objects Phil, while Houghton laughs. "But may be we'll have some fun out of it. It's a nice cool day, and I'm in for the hunt if the rest are."

"Be careful, my dears," says Mrs. Merriam, with a shade of anxiety in her soft gray eyes. "No reckless riding, I beseech you. Look out for Molly."

"Indeed we will," answers Houghton, blithely, "as the apple of our eyes, I assure you. Come on, boys."

Off they go to the stable, to create a commotion among the horses, and drive Peter nearly out of his senses by twenty different questions and demands in a breath.

Mrs. Merriam, looking from her window as they prepare to start, says to herself that no brighter, finer-looking young people are to be found anywhere. Houghton, with his father's air of command, bestrides proudly that father's black mare, which neither of the other boys is allowed to touch. Phil's horse is a dapple chestnut; Ranald rides as if he and his gallant gray are one; and Molly, in her dark-blue habit with her brown mare and handsome equipments, makes a pretty picture. Two and two they canter down the drive, Houghton and Phil ahead, Ranald by Molly's side, with Prince, the hound, and Poppy, the Scotch collie, prancing and barking all about. The gate evergreens shut them from view, and Mrs. Merriam, with a little sigh, leaves her window.

What a fresh wind! And what a blue, tossing sea over yonder between the hills! What a rustle and sway in the old willow branches all along the road, and how the poplar leaves turn their silvery sides up! How glorious to feel your horse bound beneath you, and to sway lightly to his easy motion!

"A grand morning for a ride," says Houghton.

"I hope we'll find the fox," says Molly.

"We've about one chance in fifty!" exclaims Phil.

"Perhaps we'll strike the one chance," answers Ranald, gayly.

They turn from the village street to the quiet leafy lane that leads over beyond the ledges. Still further on they strike a cart-path that wanders under overhanging boughs into the very heart of Daisydown wood.

"Let's ride slower," says Ranald, removing his hat. "The fox'll keep, and I'm very warm."

They subside to a walk, and the boys begin to give Molly an account of divers stirring incidents connected with their yachting trip. This continues for a full half-hour, at the end of which they are nearly out of the wood, and through the sparse foliage they catch a view of the sweep of the long turf downs that, with here and there a cart-track, extend for many a mile along the coast.

Suddenly both dogs give tongue at once, and before one can say "Jack Robinson," they have disappeared over the sloping crest before them, at the heels of a smaller, reddish-brown animal that

has unexpectedly started up from no one knows where.

"Oh, the fox! the fox!" shrieks Phil, and the next minute four astonished horses, urged by four excited young riders, are flying at a break-neck pace over the slope. There are no words wasted. Neck and neck the horses gallop over the turf, their riders straining eager eyes after the dogs. Ah,—there they are! Yes, it is surely a fox,—a rather rare animal around Daisydown, and it is heading straight over the downs for Denham wood, three miles away. The hound is close on its heels, the collie a little in the rear.

"Hurrah!" shouts Houghton, as the black mare

But Molly is a daring rider, and is excited now. She catches sight of the gully just in time; her whip descends with stinging emphasis on the brown mare's flank; the astonished and indignant animal "takes" the gully in gallant style, and, distancing Ranauld, goes tearing over the turf. Ranauld, indeed, pulls up for a look at Phil, whose dapple chestnut balks, refusing the leap.

"Give him the spur, Phil!" calls Ranauld; "conquer him once for all, or he'll conquer you."

"I mean to," says Phil, setting his teeth hard as he fights the unruly steed. "He always bothers me about leaping. There now—go it!"



"BUT MOLLY IS A DARING RIDER, AND THE MARE 'TAKES' THE GULLY IN GALLANT STYLE."

leads up the next slope. "This *is* a fox-hunt, sure, Molly, and no mistake!"

The horses string out now; Houghton's is the best of the four, and Phil's dapple chestnut last of all. Ranauld's gray is close up with Houghton, when they come unexpectedly to the brink of a narrow, deep gully at the crest of the slope. No time to stop; Houghton feels one little thrill of fear for Molly, not himself, as his mare takes the leap; Ranauld follows after; and they both look over their shoulders rather anxiously to see how their girl friend will fare. They begin to think of Mrs. Merriam's warning.

He heads the chestnut once more for the gully, and, with a stinging blow and sharp thrust of the spur, enforces obedience. The horse, all in a fume, takes the gully in a vigorous leap and races by Ranauld's side after the others.

Houghton, still ahead, with Molly a little distance behind him, catches sight of the fox again as the dogs close nearer upon it. He catches sight also of a woodchuck, that dives into the front door of its residence as the chase sweeps by.

The woodchuck's residence is at the right, out of Houghton's range, but quite within Molly's, who diverges for a shorter cut, as she sees the fox

in front sweep also to the right. The woodchuck has escaped her notice.

The brown mare, by this time as excited as her rider, obeys the touch of the rein, and clears the ground in splendid style. Unfortunately, while in full career, she sinks her right fore-leg into the woodchuck's hole; there is a stumble, and the next instant she rolls on the ground with a snort of pain that chills the blood in the veins of the four young riders who hear it. Molly, with a hasty clutch at the animal's mane that somewhat breaks the force of the fall, is flung forward and rolls on the ground some distance away. Albeit bruised and half stunned, she has yet sense enough to scramble, or roll, further away from the struggling, kicking animal. Ranald, white as a sheet, picks up the prostrate Molly; Houghton and Phil are at her side in a moment, the latter almost crying.

"Molly, you're not dead, are you? Molly, Molly, speak to us!" beseeches Ranald.

"No, oh, no!" gasps Molly faintly, shivering as the brown mare screams again. "Oh, the poor creature! She's got a bad sprain, Ranald. Oh, I can't bear to hear her!" and Molly clasps both trembling hands over her ears.

"But are you all safe; no bones broken? I can't believe it, Molly; you had an awful fall," says Houghton, passing his hand rapidly over her shoulders and arms.

"I'm stiff and sore, but I'm sure no bones are broken," says Molly, trying to stand alone, but not succeeding very well. "You see I clutched the mane when I felt her going, and it broke the force of the fall a little."

"The mare is badly hurt," says Phil, shuddering slightly at the pitiful cry of the disabled steed. "What can we do, Houghton?"

"There's only one thing to be done," answers Houghton. "We can't relieve the poor creature's suffering, and we must just let her wait here until Peter can bring some men and the horse-doctor, and some sort of a contrivance to carry her home in. I hope it's nothing more than a sprain, but the mare can't stand up, that's certain, much less walk all the way home. I'll stay here and watch her, and I'll trust you, Ranald, with the black mare, so that Molly can ride your gray to the nearest place where you can get a carriage for her. When you've seen her safely home, you'd better come back here. Phil, you must ride off, at once, to tell Peter about the accident, and get help for the mare. Be as quick as you can!"

PART IV.

"WELL, well, Miss Molly! and how do you feel to-night? Ranald tells me you have had a danger-

ous tumble. I am afraid my boys need some lessons on taking care of a young lady," said Mr. Tripton Dalzell on the evening of that eventful day of the fox-hunt.

"Oh, Mr. Dalzell!" cried Molly, choking a little, "if you knew how careless I've been, and how I feel about your mare;—when you've all been so kind to me, too. It almost broke my heart to hear her, and to see her in such pain."

"We are sorry she had to suffer, of course," said Mr. Dalzell kindly, "but our thankfulness for your own escape puts that quite out of mind. Don't let the animal worry you in the least. We hope she'll recover from the sprain in good time. You shall ride another horse which I shall have brought over from the farm for you,—on condition, however, that we shall have no more fox-hunts to imperil your precious neck."

"I feel as if I could never ride again. But Papa will pay you the value of the mare, if it does n't get well—I shall write to him," said Molly, eagerly.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Dalzell, good-naturedly, "have I not told you that is of no consequence? The fault rests with the boys, who should not have ridden so recklessly. I can not be too thankful that you are safe, for you have really had a narrow escape. But you will be just as ready to ride when your bruises are whole again."

So he passes it off, and is kindly solicitous for Molly's comfort, and even has the family doctor,—worthy soul,—to make sure that there are no sprains, dislocations, or what not, that will retard her full restoration to activity. And, indeed, for three good days Molly's chief occupation is to lie on the sofa and read, or play chess, dominoes, or backgammon with the boys, whose attentions are constant and devoted.

This trouble over, however, matters go on as happily as before at Dalzell Hall.

It is now August. The days would be sultry but for the ubiquitous sea-wind that always tempers the heat of the sun. August,—and September, close at hand, will bring Molly's father from the Adirondacks to Daisydown.

"How can I ever endure to go back to New York?" moans Molly to Mrs. Merriam at intervals.

They can not bear to think of it!

"You will come out to us again, surely," answers the good lady, who is very loath to lose the bright girlish face from the quaint old house. "And besides, dear, it would n't seem like Dalzell Hall to you with the boys at school. They go, in September, you know."

But Molly shakes her head. It is not altogether the boys. The old hall has won a place in her heart, with its quaint, ivied walls, its gables and

nooks and rose-alleys, with its outlook over the sunny sea, and its wilderness of a garden, wherein grow all flowers that ever blossomed under the sun,—or so it seems to Molly.

But the afternoon boat is due soon, and she and the boys must go down and see it, and stop for a chat with old Cap'n Azariah, in his funny old store on the pier. So away with all sad thoughts, for this is the last week of her stay, and one must be happy when one can in this work-a-day world.

"Vacation's most out—hey?" says Cap'n Azariah, placing a chair for Miss Molly under the shadow of the morning-glory vines that shade the side of his little piazza.

"Yes,—we 're sorry to say," answers Phil, dolefully.

"Wall, now I s'pose ye mean to go back to the big city schools where ye be'n last year,—hey?"

"Yes, sir; to the same one."

"Wall, do ye *larn* anythin' there?—anythin', I mean, more worth while than ye could learn at the 'cademy here in Daisydown?"

"Why, of course," says Houghton, looking up in surprise into the shrewd, wrinkled face of his questioner. But Ranald smiled. He caught the drift of the question.

"We study all the common branches, and the higher ones, such as algebra, geometry, trigonometry, the languages, music,"—goes on Houghton, fluently.

"And do they put in 'longside o' all those fine extries, the larin' to be a *man*, a ra'al honest, God-fearin' man, as wont ever knuckle under to temptation, ner turn his back on his brother, in a tight place?"

Houghton is silent, for a moment. Then he says:

"I suppose we could learn that in Daisydown."

"Jes' so; jes' so, my boy," says old Cap'n Azariah, heartily. "Not that I say a word agens't the big schools. The world's grown sence my day, and larin' must grow with it. But I've b'en about a good deal, and I never found a place yit where ye could n't larn good or bad, jes' as ye've a min' to. It's all in the boy, Houghton. There's a many temptations in the big school, though, that ye wont find in the old Daisydown 'Cademy,—aren't there, now?"

Again Houghton is silent. Then he answers, "Yes, sir; there are."

"Wall," says the old Cap'n, "look out for your taups'les, then, all you boys, and jibe and tack right lively, or you 'll be stove on the rocks. Keep your course clear, and yer eye on the compass. I've seen you chaps grow up, ye know, an' I take

nat'rally a sort 'o int'rest in ye. I've seen the world, too, and I thought seein' ye was goin' off so soon, a word from the old man would n't come amiss."

"Thank you for it, Cap'n," says Ranald, with an earnest look in his deep gray eyes; "we 'll remember what you say."

"All right," says Cap'n Azariah, ambling off to attend to a customer.

And now—who is that tall, gray-whiskered gentleman with yellow traveling-bag, who walks up the pier, casting critical yet undecided glances on all his surroundings.

"Oh, Papa! Oh, Papa!" cries Molly, bounding from the piazza with a shout of delight.

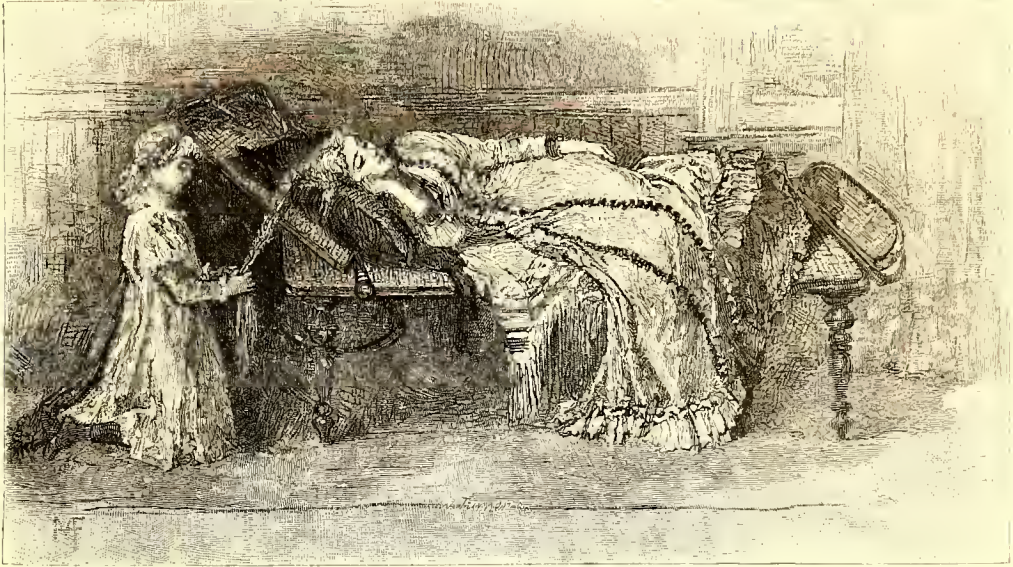
The boys come upright from their lounging positions with expressions of dismay; the tall man gives Molly a hearty hand-shake and kiss, and then Ranald, the reserved, electrifies his cousins by stepping quietly forward with lifted cap. He says simply: "I want to ask the pleasure of being introduced to Molly's father."

The others are just behind him. After the introductions and cordial greetings,—for Mr. Arnold has never seen his friend's boys,—they all walk up over the turfy downs through the sunlight, the breeze, the fresh sea air, to Dalzell Hall. Mr. Arnold's admiration of it is sincere enough to satisfy even Molly, and Mrs. Merriam and the boys speedily make him welcome.

In the evening comes Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who is heartily glad to see his friend. And for the next few days a series of farewell rides, sails, and picnics, give Mr. Arnold a chance to know all the beauties and delights of Daisydown.

But the summer is ended, after all. Summers do not stay. Well for all of us who carry a perpetual summer in our hearts. And then it is not well for us always to lie in the roses; at least, the admonitory thorns may do us good. But, after all, the real work of life has to be done, and such summers are but resting-places on our journey.

So they part; Houghton, Ranald, and Phil to plunge into busy school-life again, with all its joys, trials, temptations: carrying with them the memory of the kindly eyes and shrewd smile of old Cap'n Azariah, and the honest, manly admonitions of Mr. Tripton Dalzell, who gives them always all the help that a father can. And Molly goes to her New York home to combat, as well as she may, her girlish faults, to rebel, often with reason, against the exactions of a too fashionable mother, and to train her young voice for the glorious future which her teacher predicts for it. Shall they ever again meet at Dalzell Hall? Who can tell?



“BRAIDING MOTHER’S HAIR.”—DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

CORNY’S CATAMOUNT.—TENTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Two boys sat on the bars, one whittling, the other whistling,—not for want of thought, by any means, for his brow was knit in an anxious frown, and he paused now and then to thump the rail, with an impatient exclamation. The other lad appeared to be absorbed in shaping an arrow from the slender stick in his hand; but he watched his neighbor with a vexing smile, saying a few words occasionally, which seemed to add to the neighbor’s irritation, though they were in a sympathizing tone.

“Oh, well, if a chap can’t do a thing, he can’t, and he’d better give up and say ‘Beat,’” he asserted finally.

“But I won’t give up, and I never say ‘Beat.’ I’m not going to be laughed out of it, and I’ll do what I said I would, if it takes all summer, Chris Warner,” was the answer he received.

“You’ll have to be sly, then, for there are only two more days in August,” replied the whittler, shutting one eye to look along his arrow and see if its lines were “true.”

“I intend to be sly, and if you won’t tell on me, I’ll let you into a plan I made last night.”

“I guess you can trust me. I’ve heard about a dozen plans of yours already, and never told one of ’em.”

“They all failed, so there was nothing to tell. But this one is *not* going to fail, if I die for it. I feel that it’s best to tell some one, because it is really dangerous; and if anything *should* happen to me, your knowing my plan would save time and trouble.”

“I don’t seem to feel anxious a mite. But I’ll stand ready to pick up the pieces, if you come to grief.”

“Now, Chris, it’s mean of you to keep on making fun when I’m in dead earnest. You know I mean what I’m saying now, and this may be the last thing you can do for me.”

“Wait till I get out my handkerchief; if you’re going to be affectin’ I may want it. Granite’s cheap up here; just mention what you’d like on

your tombstone and I'll see that it gets there, if it takes my last cent."

The big boy in the blue overalls spoke with such a comical drawl that the slender city lad could not help laughing, till, with a slap that nearly sent his neighbor off his perch, Corny said good-naturedly:

"Come, now, stop joking and lend a hand, and I'll do anything I can for you. I've set my heart on shooting a wild cat, and I know I can if I once get a good chance. Mother'll not let me go off far enough, so of course I don't do it, and then you all jeer at me. To-morrow we are going up the mountain, and I'm set on trying again, for Abner says the big woods are the place to find the 'varmint.' Now, you hold your tongue, and let me slip away when I think we've hit the right spot. I'm not a bit afraid, and while the rest go poking to the top, I'll plunge into the woods and see what I can do."

"All right. Better take old Buff; he'll bring you home when you get lost, and keep puss from clawing you. You wont like that part of the fun as much as you expect to, may be," said Chris, with a sly twinkle of the eye, as he glanced at Corny and then away toward the vast forest that stretched far up the mighty mountain's side.

"No, I don't want any help, and Buff will betray me by barking; I prefer to go alone. I shall take some lunch and plenty of shot, and have a glorious time, even if I don't meet that confounded beast. I will keep dashing in and out of the woods as we go; then no one will miss me for a while, and when they do, you just say, 'Oh, he's all right,—he'll be along directly'; and go ahead, and let me alone."

Corny spoke so confidently, and looked so pleased with his plan, that honest Chris could not bear to tell him how much danger he would run in that pathless forest, where older hunters than he had been lost.

"I don't feel as if I cared to tell any lies about it, and I don't advise your goin'; but if you're mad for catamounts, I s'pose I must humor you and say nothin'. Only bear in mind, Abner and I will be along; and if you get into a scrape, just give a yell and we'll come."

"No fear of that; I've tramped around all summer, and I know my way like an Indian. Keep the girls quiet, and let me have a good lark. I'll turn up all right by sundown; so don't worry. Not a word to mother, or she wont let me go. I'll make things straight with her after the fun is over."

"That's not 'square,' Corny; but it's not my funeral, so I wont meddle. Hope you'll have first-rate sport, and bag a brace of cats. One thing you must mind,—don't get too near your game be-

fore you fire; and keep out of sight of the critters as much as you can."

Chris spoke in a deep whisper, looking so excited and impressed by the reckless courage of his mate that Corny felt himself a Leatherstocking, and went off to tea with his finger on his lips, full of boyish faith in his own powers. If he had seen Chris dart behind the barn, and there roll upon the grass in convulsions of laughter, he would have been both surprised and hurt.

No deacon could have been more sober than Chris, however, when they met next morning, while the party of summer boarders at the old farm-house were in a pleasant bustle of preparation for the long-expected day on the mountain. Three merry girls, a pair of small boys, two amiable mammas, Chris and Corny, made up the party, with Abner to drive the big wagon drawn by Milk and Molasses, the yellow span.

"All aboard!" shouted our young Nimrod, in a hurry to be off, as the lunch-basket was handed up, and the small boys sought the most uncomfortable corners, regardless of their arms and legs.

Away they rattled with a parting cheer, and peace fell upon the farm-house for a few hours, to the great contentment of the good people left behind. Corny's mother was one of them, and her last words were: "A pleasant day, dear. I wish you'd leave that gun at home; I'm so afraid you'll get hurt with it."

"There's no fun without it. Don't worry, Mamma; I'll be very careful."

"I'll see to him, ma'am," called Chris, as he hung on behind, and waved his old straw hat, with a steady, reliable sort of look, that made the anxious lady feel more comfortable.

"We are going to walk up the mountain, when we get to it, and leave the horses to rest; so I can choose my time. See? I've a bottle of cold tea in this pocket, and a lot of grub in the other. No danger of my starving, is there?" whispered Corny, as he leaned over to Chris, who sat, apparently on nothing, with his long legs dangling into space.

"Should n't wonder if you needed every mite of it. Hunting is hard work on a hot day, and this is going to be a blazer," answered Chris, pulling his big straw hat lower over his eyes.

As we intend to follow Corny's adventures, we need not pause to describe the drive, which was a merry one; with girls chattering, mammas holding on to excited small boys, in danger of flying out at every jolt, Abner joking till every one roared, Corny's dangerous evolutions with the beloved gun, and the gymnastic feats which Chris performed, jumping off to pick flowers for the ladies, and getting on again while Milk and Molasses tore up and down the rough road to the mountain as if they enjoyed it.

About ten o'clock they reached the foot of the mountain; and, after a short rest at the hotel, they began the three-mile ascent in high spirits. Abner was to follow later with the wagon, to bring the party down; so Chris was guide, as he knew the way well, and often came thither with people. The

gered in the rear, waiting for a good chance to "plunge."

He wanted to be off before Abner came, as he well knew that wise man and mighty hunter would never let him go alone.

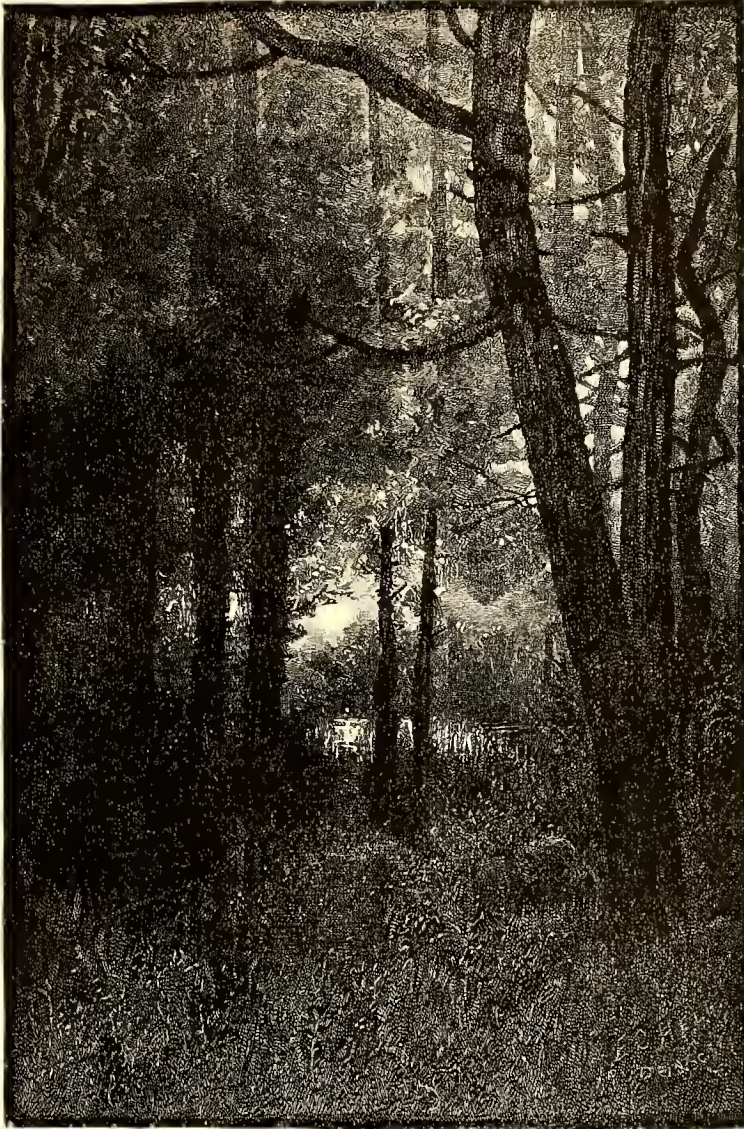
"The very next path I see, I'll dive into the woods, and run; Chris can't leave the rest to follow me, and if I once get a good start, they won't catch me in a hurry," thought the boy, longing to be free and alone in the wild woods that tempted him on either hand.

Just as he was tightening his belt to be ready for the run, Mrs. Barker, the stout lady, called him; and being a well-bred lad, he hastened at once to see what she wanted, feeling that he was the only gallant in the party.

"Please give me your arm, dear; I'm getting very tired, and I fear I can't hold out to the top, without a little help," said the poor lady, red and panting with the heat and steepness of the road.

"Certainly, ma'am," answered Corny, obeying at once, and inwardly resolving to deposit his fair burden on the first fallen log they came to, and then make his escape.

But Mrs. Barker got on bravely, with the support of his strong arm, and chatted away so delightfully that Corny would really have enjoyed the walk, if his soul had not been yearning for catamounts. He did his best, but when they



"IN THE SAFE SHELTER OF THE FOREST, WHERE HUMAN FEET SO SELDOM CAME."

girls and younger boys hurried on, full of eagerness to reach the top. The ladies went more slowly, enjoying the grand beauty of the scene, while Chris carried the lunch-basket, and Corny lin-

passed opening after opening into the green recesses of the wood, and the granite bowlders grew more and more plentiful, his patience gave out, and he began to plan what he could say to

excuse himself. Chris was behind, apparently deaf and blind to his calls and imploring glances, though he grinned cheerfully when poor Corny looked round and beckoned, as well as he could beckon with a gun on one arm and a stout lady on the other.

"The hardest part is coming now, and we'd better rest a moment. Here's a nice rock, and the last spring we are likely to see till we get to the top. Come on, Chris, and give us the dipper. Mrs. Barker wants a drink, and so do I," called the young hunter, driven to despair at last.

Up came Chris, and while he rummaged in the well-packed basket, Corny slipped into the wood, leaving the good lady, with her thanks half spoken, sitting on a warm stone beside a muddy little pool. A loud laugh followed him, as he scrambled through the tall ferns and went plunging down the steep mountain-side, eager to reach the lower woods.

"Let him laugh; it will be my turn when I go home, with a fine cat over my shoulder," thought Corny, tearing along, heedless of falls, scratches, and bruised knees.

At length he paused for breath, and looked about him well satisfied, for the spot was lonely and lovely enough to suit any hunter. The tallest pines he ever saw sighed far overhead; the ground was ankle-deep in moss, and gay with scarlet bunch-berries; every fallen log was veiled by sweet-scented *Linnea*, green vines, or nodding brakes; while hidden brooks sang musically, and the air was full of the soft flutter of leaves, the whirl of wings, the sound of birds gossiping sweetly in the safe shelter of the forest, where human feet so seldom came.

"I'll rest a bit, and then go along down, keeping a look out for puss by the way," thought Corny, feeling safe and free, and very happy, for he had his own way, at last, and a whole day in which to lead the life he loved.

So he bathed his hot face, took a cool drink, and lay on the moss, staring up into the green gloom of the pines, blissfully dreaming of the joys of a hunter's life,—till a peculiar cry startled him to his feet, and sent him creeping wearily toward the sound. Whether it was a new kind of bird, or a fox, or a bear, he did not know, but he fondly hoped it was a wild cat; though he was well aware that that crafty creature sleeps by day, and prowls by night. Abner had said that they purred and snarled and gave a mewling sort of cry; but which it was now he could not tell, having unfortunately been half asleep.

On he went, looking up into the trees for a furry bunch, behind every log, and in every rocky hole, longing and hoping to discover his heart's desire.

But a hawk was all he saw above, an ugly snake was the only living thing he found among the logs, and a fat woodchuck's hind legs vanished down the most attractive hole. He shot at all three and missed them, and pushed on, pretending that he did not care for such small game.

"Now, this is what I call fun," he said to himself, tramping gayly along, and at that moment he went splash into a mud-hole concealed under the grass. He sank up to his knees, and with great difficulty got out by clinging to the tussocks that grew near. In his struggles the lunch was lost, for the bottle broke and the pocket where the sandwiches were stored was full of mud. A woful spectacle was the trim lad as he emerged from the slough, black and dripping in front, well splattered behind, hatless, and with one shoe gone, it having been carelessly left unlaced in the ardor of his hunt.

"Here's a mess!" thought poor Corny, surveying himself with great disgust and feeling very helpless, as well as tired, hungry, and cross. "Luckily, my powder is dry and my gun safe; so my fun is n't spoiled, though I do look like a wallowing pig. I've heard of mud baths, but I never took one before, and I'll never do it again."

So he washed as well as he could, hoping the sun would dry him, picked out a few bits of bread unspoiled by the general wreck, and trudged on with less ardor, though by no means discouraged yet.

"I'm too high for any game but birds, and those I don't want. I'll go right down, and come out in the valley. Abner said any brook would show the way, and this brook that led me into a scrape shall lead me out," he said, as he followed the little stream that went tumbling over the stones, which increased in number as the ground sloped toward the deep ravine, where a water-fall shone like silver in the sun.

"I'll take a bath if the pool is big enough, and that will set me up. Should n't wonder if I've been poisoned a bit with some of the vines I've been tearing through. My hands smart like fury, and I guess the mosquitoes have about eaten my face up. I never saw such clouds of stingers before," muttered Corny, looking at his scratched hands, and rubbing his hot face in great discomfort,—for it was the gnat that drove the lion mad, you remember.

It was easy to say, "I'll follow the brook," but not so easy to do it; for the frolicsome stream went headlong over rocks, crept under fallen logs, and now and then hid itself so cleverly that one had to look and listen carefully to recover the trail. It was long past noon when Corny came out near the water-fall, so tired and hungry that he

heartily wished himself back among the party he had left, who, by this time, must have lunched well and who were now probably driving gayly homeward to a good supper.

No chance for a bath appeared, so he washed his burning face and took a rest, enjoying the splendid view far over valley and intervals through the gap in the mountain range. He was desperately tired with these hours of rough travel, and very hungry; but he would not own it, and he sat considering what to do next, for he saw by the sun that the afternoon was half over. There was time to go back by the way he had come, and by following the path down the hill he could reach the hotel and get supper and a bed, or be driven home. That was the wise thing to do, but his pride rebelled against returning empty-handed after all his plans and boasts of great exploits.

"I went go home, to be laughed at by Chris and Abner. I'll shoot something, if I stay all night. Who cares for hunger and mosquito bites? Not I. Hunters can bear more than that, I guess. The next live thing I see I'll shoot it, and make a fire and have a jolly supper. Now, which way shall I go,—up or down? A pretty hard prospect, either way."

The sight of an eagle soaring above him seemed to answer his question, and fill him with new strength and ardor. To shoot the king of birds and take him home in triumph would cover the hunter with glory. It should be done! And away he went, climbing, tumbling, leaping from rock to rock, toward the place where the eagle had alighted. More cuts and bruises, more vain shots, and the sole reward of his eager struggles was a single feather that floated down as the great bird soared serenely away, leaving the boy exhausted and disappointed, in a wilderness of granite boulders, and with no sign of a path to show the way out.

As he leaned breathless and weary against the crag where he had fondly hoped to find the eagle's nest, he realized for the first time what a fool-hardy thing he had done. Here he was, alone, without a guide, in this wild region where there was neither food nor shelter, and night was coming on. Utterly used up, he could not get home now even if he knew the way; and suddenly all the tales he had ever heard of men lost in the mountains came into his head. If he had not been weak with hunger, he would have felt better able to bear it; but his legs trembled under him, his head ached with the glare of the sun, and a queer faintness came over him now and then. For, plucky as he was, the city lad was unused to exercise so violent.

"The only thing to do now is to get down to the valley, if I can, before dark. Abner said there was an old cabin, where the hunters used to sleep,

somewhere down there. I can try for it, and perhaps shoot something on the way. I may break my bones, but I can't sit and starve up here. I was a fool to come. I'll keep the feather, anyhow, to prove that I really saw an eagle; that's better than nothing."

Still bravely trying to affect the indifference to danger and fatigue which hunters are always described as possessing in such a remarkable degree, Corny slung the useless gun on his back and began the steep descent, discovering now the perils he had been too eager to see before. He was a good climber, but he was stiff with weariness, and his hands were already sore with scratches and poison; so he went slowly, feeling quite unfit for such hard work. Coming to the ravine, he found that the only road led down its precipitous side to the valley, that looked so safe and pleasant now. Stunted pines grew in the fissures of the rocks, and their strong roots helped the clinging hands and feet as the boy painfully climbed, slipped, and swung along, fearing every minute to come to some impassable barrier in the dangerous path.

But he got on wonderfully well, and was feeling much encouraged, when his foot slipped, the root he held gave way, and down he went, rolling and bumping on the rocks below, to his death, he thought, as a crash came, and he knew no more.

"Wonder if I'm dead?" was the first idea that occurred to him as he opened his eyes and saw a brilliant sky above him, all purple, gold, and red.

He seemed floating in the air; for he swayed to and fro on a soft bed, a pleasant murmur reached his ear, and when he glanced down he saw what looked like clouds, misty and white, below him. He lay a few minutes drowsily musing, for the fall had stunned him; then, as he moved his hand, something pricked it, and he felt pine-needles in the fingers that closed over them.

"Caught in a tree, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed, and all visions of heaven vanished in a breath, as he sat up and stared about him, wide-awake now, and conscious of many aching bones.

Yes, there he lay among the branches of one of the sturdy pines, into which he had fallen on his way down the precipice. Blessed helpful tree! set there to save a life, and to teach a lesson to a willful young heart that never forgot that hour.

Holding fast, lest a rash motion should set him bounding further down like a living ball, Corny took an observation as rapidly as possible, for the red light was fading, and the mist rising from the valley. All he could see was a narrow ledge where the tree stood; and, anxious to reach a safer bed for the night, he climbed cautiously down to drop on the rock, so full of gratitude for safety that he

could only lie still for a little while, thinking of his mother, and trying not to cry.

He was much shaken by the fall, his flesh bruised, his clothes torn, and his spirit cowed; for hunger, weariness, pain, and danger showed him what a very feeble creature he was, after all. He could do no more till morning, and he resigned himself to a night on the mountain-side, glad to be there alive, though doubtful what daylight would show him. Too tired to move, he lay watching the western sky, where the sun set gloriously behind the purple hills. All below was wrapt in mist, and not a sound reached him but the sigh of the pine, and the murmur of the water-fall.

"This is a first-class scrape. What a fool I was not to go back when I could, instead of blundering down here where no one can get at me. Now, as like as not, I can't get out alone! Gun smashed, too, in that ugly fall, so I can't even fire a shot to bring help. Nothing to eat or drink, and very likely a day or so to spend here till I'm found,—if I ever am. Chris said, 'Yell, if you want us.' Much good that would do now! I'll try, though." And getting up on his weary legs, Corny shouted till he was hoarse; but echo alone answered him, and after a few efforts he gave it up, trying to accept the situation like a man. As if kind Nature took pity on the poor boy, the little ledge was soft with lichens and thin grass, and here and there grew a sprig of checkerberry, sown by the wind, sheltered by the tree, and nourished by the moisture that trickled down the rock from some hidden spring. Eagerly Corny ate the sweet leaves to stay the pangs of hunger that gnawed him, and finished his meal with grass and pine-needles, calling himself a calf, and wishing his pasture were wider.

"The fellows we read about always come to grief in a place where they can shoot a bird, catch a fish, or knock over some handy beast for supper," he said, talking to himself. "I'm not lucky enough even to find a sassafras bush to chew, or a bird's egg to suck. My poor gun is broken, or I might bang away at a hawk, and cook him for supper, if the bog had n't spoiled my matches as it spoiled my lunch. Oh, well! I'll pull through, I guess, and when it's all over, it will be a right good story to tell."

Then, hoping to forget his woes in sleep, he nestled under the low-growing branches of the pine and lay blinking drowsily at the twilight world outside. A dream came, and he saw the old farm-house in sad confusion, caused by his absence,—the women crying, the men sober, all anxious, and all making ready to come and look for him. So vivid was it that he woke himself by crying out, "Here I am," and nearly went over the ledge, stretching out his arms to Abner.

The start and the scare made it hard to go to sleep again, and he sat looking at the solemn sky, full of stars that seemed watching over him alone there, like a poor, lost child on the great mountain's stony breast. He had never seen the world at that hour before, and it made a deep impression on him; for it was a vast, wild scene, full of gloomy shadows and unknown dangers. It gave him, too, a new sense of utter littleness and helplessness, which taught the boy human dependence upon heavenly love as no words, even from his mother's tender lips, could have taught it. Thoughts of the suffering his willfulness had given her wrung a few penitent tears from him, which he was not ashamed to shed, since only the kind stars saw them, and better still, he resolved to own the fault, to atone for it, and to learn wisdom from this lesson, which might yet prove to be a very bitter one.

He felt better after this little break-down, and presently his thoughts were turned from conscience to catamounts again; for sounds in the woods below led him to believe that the much-desired animal was on the prowl. His excited fancy painted dozens of them not far away, waiting to be shot, and there he was, cooped up on that narrow ledge, with a broken gun, unable even to get a look at them. He felt that it was a just punishment, and after the first regret he tried to comfort himself with the fact that he was much safer where he was than alone in the forest at that hour, for various nocturnal voices suggested restless and dangerous neighbors.

Presently his wakeful eyes saw lights twinkling far off on the opposite side of the ravine, and he imagined he heard shouts and shots. But the splash of the water-fall and the rush of the night wind deadened the sounds to his ear, and drowned his own reply.

"They are looking for me, and will never think of this strange place. I can't make them hear, and must wait till morning. Poor Chris will get a great scolding for letting me go. I don't believe he told a word till he had to. I'll make it up to him. Chris is a capital fellow, and I just wish I had him here to make things jolly," thought the lonely lad.

But soon the lights vanished, the sounds died away, and the silence of midnight brooded over the hills, seldom broken except by the soft cry of an owl, the rustle of the pine, or a louder gust of wind as it grew strong and cold. Corny kept awake as long as he could, fearing to dream and fall; but by and by he dropped off, and slept soundly till the chill of dawn waked him.

At any other time he would have heartily enjoyed the splendor of the eastern sky, as the red

glow spread and brightened, till the sun came dazzling through the gorge, making the wild solitude beautiful and grand.

Now, however, he would have given it all for a hot beefsteak and a cup of coffee, as he wet his lips with a few drops of ice-cold water, and browsed over his small pasture till not a green spire remained. He was stiff, and full of pain, but daylight and the hope of escape cheered him up, and gave him coolness and courage to see how best he could accomplish his end.

The wind soon blew away the mist and let him see that the dry bed of a stream lay just below. To reach it he must leap, at risk of his bones, or find some means to swing down ten or twelve feet. Once there, it was pretty certain that by following the rough road he would come into the valley, whence he could very easily find his way home. Much elated at this unexpected good fortune, he took the strap that had slung his gun, the leathern belt about his waist, and the strong cords of his pouch, and knotting them together, made a rope long enough to let him drop within two or three feet of the stones below. This he fastened firmly round the trunk of the pine, and finished his preparations by tying his handkerchief to one of the branches, that it might serve as a guide for him, a signal for others, and a trophy of his grand fall.

Then putting a little sprig of the evergreen tree in his jacket, with a grateful thought of all it had done for him, he swung himself off and landed safely below, not minding a few extra bumps, after his late exploits at tumbling.

Feeling like a prisoner set free, he hurried as fast as bare feet and stiff legs would carry him, along the bed of the stream, coming at last into the welcome shelter of the woods, which seemed more beautiful than ever after the bleak region of granite in which he had been all night.

Anxious to report himself alive, and relieve his mother's anxiety, he pressed on till he struck the path, and soon saw, not far away, the old cabin Abner had spoken of. Just before this happy moment he had heard a shot fired somewhere in the forest, and as he hurried toward the sound he saw an animal dart into the hut, as if for shelter.

Whether it was a rabbit, woodchuck, or dog, he had not seen, as a turn in the path prevented a clear view; and hoping it was old Buff looking for him, he ran in, to find himself face to face with a catamount at last!

There it was, the big, fierce cat, crouched in a corner, with fiery eyes, growling and spitting at sight of an enemy, but too badly wounded to fight, as the blood that dripped from its neck and the tremble of its limbs plainly showed.

"Now 's my chance! I don't care who shot it, I'll kill it, and own its skin, too, if I pay my last dollar for it," thought Corny; and catching up a stout bit of timber fallen from the old roof, he struck two quick, heavy blows, which finished poor puss, who gave up the ghost with a savage snarl, and a vain effort to pounce on him.

This achievement atoned for all the boy had gone through, and only waiting to be sure the catamount was quite dead and past clawing, he flung his prize over his shoulder, and with renewed strength and spirit trudged along the woodland road toward home, proudly imagining his triumphal entry upon the scene of suspense and alarm.

"I wish I did n't look so like a scarecrow; but perhaps my rags will add to the effect. Wont the girls laugh at my swelled face, and scream at the cat! Hope there 's a house not very far off, for I don't believe I can lug this cat much further, I'm so starved and shaky."

Just as he paused to take breath and shift his burden from one shoulder to the other, a loud shout startled him, and a moment later several men came bursting through the woods, cheering wildly as they approached.

It was Abner, Chris, and some of the neighbors, setting out again on their search, after a night of vain wandering. Corny could have hugged them all and cried like a girl; but pride kept him steady, though his face showed his joy as he nodded his hatless head with a cool "Hullo!"

Chris burst into his ringing laugh, and danced a sort of wild jig around his mate, as the only way in which he could fitly express his relief; for he had been bowed down with remorse at his imprudence in letting Corny go, and all night had rushed up and down seeking, calling, hoping, and fearing, till, almost exhausted, he looked nearly as dilapidated as Corny.

The tale was soon told, and received with the most flattering signs of interest, wonder, sympathy, and admiration.

"Why on earth did n't you tell me?—I'd a got up a hunt for you wuth havin'.—You ought n't to have gone off alone on a wild-goose chase like this. Never did see such a chap for gettin' inter scrapes, —and out of 'em too, I'm bound to own," growled Abner.

"That is n't a wild goose, is it?" proudly demanded Corny, pointing to the catamount, which now lay on the ground, while he leaned against a tree to hide his weariness; for he felt ready to drop, now all the excitement was over.

"No, it 's not, and I congratulate you on a good job. Where did you shoot it?" asked Abner, stooping to examine the creature.

"I did n't shoot it; I broke my gun when I took

that header down the mountain. I hit the catamount a rap with a club, in the cabin where I found it," answered Corny, heartily wishing he need not share the prize with any one. But he was honest, and added at once, "Some one else had put a bullet into it; I only finished the fight."

"Chris shot it, then; he fired not long ago, and we saw the critter run, but we were too keen after you to stop for any other game. Guess you've had enough of catamounts for once, hey?" and Abner laughed as he looked at poor Corny, who was a more sorry spectacle than he knew,—ragged and rough, hatless and shoeless, his face red and swelled with the poisoning and bites, his eyes heavy with weariness, and in his mouth a bit of wild-cherry bark, which he chewed ravenously.

"No, I have n't! I want this one, and I'll buy it if Chris will let me. I said I'd kill one, and I did, and I want to keep the skin; for I ought to have something to show after all this knocking about and turning somersaults half a mile long," answered Corny stoutly, as he tried to shoulder his load again.

"Here, give me the varmint, and you hang on to Chris, my boy, or we'll have to cart you home. You've done well, and now you want a good meal to set you on your feet again. Right about face, neighbors, and home we go, to the tune of Hail Columby!"

As Abner spoke, the procession set forth. The tall, hearty man, with the dead animal at his back,

went first; then Corny, trying not to lean on the arm Chris put round him, but very glad of the support; next the good farmers, all talking at once; while old Buff soberly brought up the rear, with his eye constantly on the wild cat.

In this order they reached home, and Corny sought his mother's comforting care, and was seen no more for some hours. What went on in her room, no one knows; but when at last the hero emerged, refreshed by sleep and food, clad in clean clothes, his wounds bound up, and plantain-leaves dipped in cream spread upon his afflicted countenance, he received very meekly the congratulations showered upon him. He made no more boasts of skill and courage that summer, set out on no more wild hunts, and gave up his own wishes so cheerfully that it was evident something had worked a helpful change in willful Corny.

He liked to tell the story of that day and night, whenever his friends were recounting adventures by sea and land; but he never said much about the hours on the ledge, always owned that Chris shot the beast, and usually ended by sagely advising his hearers to let their mothers know when they wanted to go on a lark of that kind. Those who knew and loved him best observed that he was fonder than ever of nibbling checkerberry leaves, that he did n't mind being laughed at for liking to wear a bit of pine in his buttonhole, and that the skin of the catamount, so hardly won, lay before his study table till the moths ate it up.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY M. H. F. LOVETT.

A FUNNY thing I heard to-day
I might as well relate.
Our Lil is six, and little May
Still lacks a month of eight.

And, through the open play-room door,
I heard the elder say:

"Lil, run down-stairs and get my doll.
Go quick, now,—right away!"

And Lillie said,—(and I agreed
That May was hardly fair):—

"You might say 'please,' or go yourself—
I did n't leave it there."

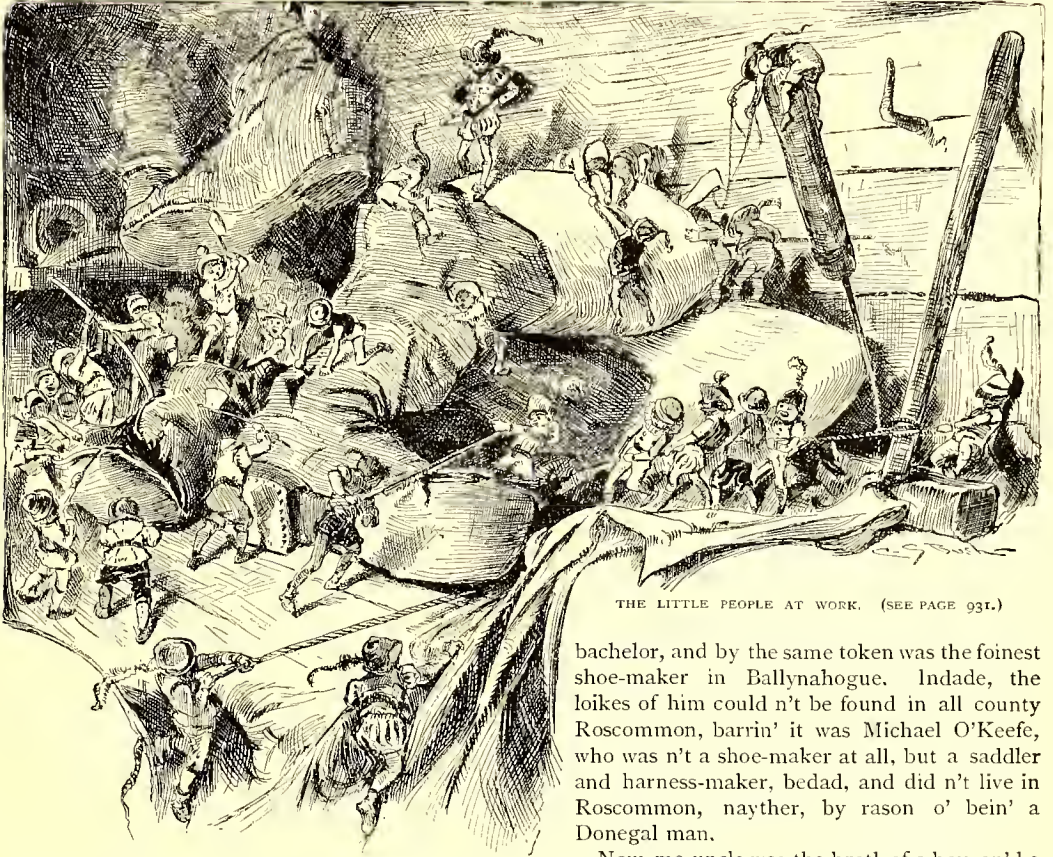
"But, Lillie," urged the elder one,

"Your little legs, you know,
Are youngerer than mine are, child,
And so you *ought* to go!"

LANTY O'HOO LAHAN AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

[Phelim Fagan's Fairy Tale.]

BY FREDERICK D. STORY.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE AT WORK. (SEE PAGE 931.)

ARRAH then, an' is it a fairy shtory ye 'll be afther wantin' me to tell to yez? An' what 'll your papa be a-sayin' to me, if I do that same? "Sure," he 'll say, "Phalim, it's a moighty foine gardener ye are, wastin' your toime tellin' fairy shtories to the childher instid of attendin' to your worruk." Though for the matter o' that, it's nothin' I could be doin' now, barrin' it's diggin' the praties which I finished yestherday, or weedin' the onion bed which wont be ready till the day afther to-morrow. So, as I have n't the toime to tell yez a reg'lar fairy shtory, I 'll contint meself wid narratin' a quare advinture of an uncle o' mine, by the name o' Lanty O'Hoolahan, wid the Little People.

Now, you must know that me uncle was an old

bachelor, and by the same token was the foineest shoe-maker in Ballynahogue. Indade, the loikes of him could n't be found in all county Roscommon, barrin' it was Michael O'Keefe, who was n't a shoe-maker at all, but a saddler and harness-maker, bedad, and did n't live in Roscommon, nayther, by rason o' bein' a Donegal man.

Now, me uncle was the broth of a boy, an' he tuk measures for more ready-made shoes in a week than he could construct betune Michaelmas-day and St. Patrick's. Sure, but he was the swate timpered sowl, as meek as milk, and as quiet as a pig, barrin' that he niver could bear conthra-diction, and was moighty quick to take offinse, an' had a rough tongue of his own and a nimble shillaly, by rason of which he 'd bate a man first, an' argue the quistion wid him p'aceable and frindly aftherwards.

Well, it happened one avenin' that Lanty was traveling home to his cabin across the bog by the edge of Sheve-na-Cruish, in not the best timper in the worruled. An' moighty shmall blame to him for that same. For afther carryin' a perfectly illigant pair of brogues to a skinflint of an agent,

the ould miser tould him to take 'em back, beca'se they did n't fit, and hurted his feet in the bargain.

An' so poor Lanty had to thrudge home ag'in wid the brogues undher his arrum, and wid all the money the ould fellow paid him for thim, in an impty pocket. Now, as I was afther tellin' ye, he was walkin' across a piéce av medder-land on the edge of the bog, an' bewailin' his bad luck, whin he had the misfortune to stub his fut agin a fairy ring by the side av the path, an' he fell at full length upon the flure. Av coorse ye know, me dears, what a fairy ring is? Then, faith, I need n't be tellin' ye that it 's the big tufts av grass in the medders that the Little People dance around on moonshiny nights. Whin Lanty got up ag'in, he was in a tearin' rage. "Bad luck to the Little People," says he, "a-puttin' the tricks on a dacent poor man that 's goin' home wid a load o' throuble on his heart! I'd wring their



"BAD LUCK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE!" SAYS LANTY.

necks for um," says he, "if I had um here betune me thumb an' forefinger." Well, afther a dale av mutterin' an' blatherin', Lanty got home to his cabin, an' was soon sound aslape, an' by the next mornin' was as merry as a fiddler at a wake, an' had forgotten all about his troubles an' difficulties. But, poor sowl, though he had forgotten, the Little People had n't; an' it was n't long afore the most perplexin' an' intronary circumshtances in connixion wid his pershushun began to deplete his trisury an' bewildder his narves, to sich an xtint that, if it had n't 'a' bin for the comfort of the whiff

at his poipe, there 's no tellin' what he 'd 'a' been afther doin'.

"Lanty O'Hoolahan, ye vilyun," says one of his custhomers a day or two aftherwards, "what d' ye mane by sindin' home to me a pair av brogues like thim? They 're harder to kape thegither than a drove av pigs; an' I could niver ha' worn 'em here if I had n't 'a' carried 'em in me hands an' walked barefut. It 's mesilf that does n't know how sich tricherous brogues could ixist at all, onliss yez made 'em out av brown paper, an' shtuck 'em thegither wid pins."

"Arrah, be aisy, Patsy," says me uncle, "an' how could I be makin' a pair av *black* brogues out av *brown* paper? Sure, they 're cut from as foine a bit av English calfskin as ivver was tanned."

"Then, be the powers," says Patsy, "if it ivver rains in England, the calf that wore that skin for a coverin' caught his death o' cowl, for sorra bit of wather did it turn."

"An' what 's the matther wid 'em at all, at all?" says me uncle.

"Begorra, there 's not enough left av 'em to make matarial for ixamination, let alone discussion," says Patsy, "and that 's the throuble," says he. "Shame on ye, Lanty O'Hoolahan, for a de-savin' cratur!" says he.

An' its throe for yez, them brogues wor a sight to behowld. The welts wor a-gapin' as though they had n't bin aslape for a fortnight, an' ivvery siperate bit av the uppers was as full av cracks as Tim Maguire's head afther a faction fight at Donnybrook fair.

Now, if ye 'll belave me, afore poor Lanty was over wid lamintin' the terrible misfortune that had befallen him, who should come in but Mr. Finnelay, the attorney, Colonel De Lacey's agint, a-lookin' mighty put out, an' as red as a beet.

"Lanty O'Hoolahan, ye spalpeen!" says he.

"Yer honor!" says Lanty, wid a gentale scrape. (He see throuble a-brewin', an' was bound to smooth it over wid perliteness; for it always tickles an agint to be called "yer honor.")

"How dare ye spile me best London-made shoes," says he, "by convartin' 'em into a botch like this?" An' he held up afore him a pair av walkin'-shoes, wid the sowls hangin' to 'em by a thread or two, an' the heels clane gone intirely.

"Musha, then," says me uncle, "but it 's the patriotic sowls they are, to be sure. It 's ivdent they dispise to be bound to the Saxon toyrant or anny of his worruks," says he. "Ould Oireland need n't despair av freedom, whin even inanimate nature rebels ag'in the furrin yoke. It on'y confurrums me opinion that there 's nothin' like leather."

"'T is a true word ye 're spakin'," says Mistor Finnelay. "I 'll go bail," says he, "there 's

nothin' that 's annythin' at all like leather in them shoe-soles, more shame to ye, ye rogue."

"Hark to the improvin' discourse av him!" says



"HOW DARE YE SPILE ME BEST LONDON-MADE SHOES?" SAYS HE."

me uncle, admirin'ly. "See how he catches up me own words in a twinklin', an' bates me wid 'em. Sure 't is Parliament 's the place for a gintleman av ready spache like yer honor, an' its meself as would enj'y hearin' ye trate the Tories wid the rough edge o' yer tongue," says he.

"Git out wid yer blarneyin'" says the agint, but he was plazed, for that. "But what ails ye, annyway?" says he.

"Sorra bit do I know," says Lanty, "barrin' it is that ould Kitty Flanagan has been overlookin' me shoes in rivinge for the illigant batin' I gave her ould man, the toime he broke me head, an' laid me up for the winther," says he.

Howsomdever, afther this, things went from bad to worse wid him, so that he grew as thin as a shavin' off the hide av a skinned rabbit, an' as sad as a wathery pratie, until wan night, as he sat aslape in his cabin, a-watchin' the imbers av the pate fire, an' a-thinkin' over his desprit condition, he heard the quarest little "he-he" av a giggle that iver a man elapt eyes on, comin' out av the other corner av the room. 'T was just as though a Jersey muskater had become a Christian, an' was thryin' his hand on an Irish laugh.

"The saints betune us an' all harrum!" says me

uncle to himself, but so low that he had to watch the movements av his mouth to tell what it was he was afther sayin',—"but that 's a strange soight, so it is," says he. An' he was just on the sthroke av jumpin' up an' hollerin' "murther an' thaves," whin he heard the laugh ag'in, an' lookin' beyant, where his bench stood, he saw a shmall head near the soize av a middlin' pratie (be way av makin' sure that the coast was clear) a-papin' out av the lig av one av Squire Kelly's new top boots, which Lanty was afther finishin' that evenin' ready for takin' to the Hall the next mornin'.

Whin the little man saw that all was quiet an' shtill. "All right!" says he, an' quick as a wink, the binch an' the flure wor covered wid a hustlin' crowd av little people, as big as me hand or littler, barrin' the durr, a-lapin an' tumblin' an' danein' about like parched pays in a fryin'-pan, wid a shprinklin' av red-hot gunpowther thrown in to ballast 'em an' kape 'em stiddy. Some av 'em wor drissed in green, an' some in red, an' the lave av 'em had little chisels an' saws an' knives in their hands, wid little baskets to hould the chips.

Prisntly one av 'em wid a big feather in his cap, an' a coat all ablaze wid gould an' di'monds, says: "Ordher," says he, an' at onct the little folks wor a-stannin in rows loike a corps av Fanians a-drillin' on the green.

"To worruk!" says he.



"BUT THAT'S A STRANGE SOIGHT, SO IT IS," SAYS HE."

An' at it they went, helter skelter, hammer an' tongs, wid chisels an' files, an' knoives an' spoke-shaves, butcherin' an' slahterin' the new top boots.

Two av 'em wid a shmall cheese-cutter were a-nickin' the sti'ches around the sowls, while the others went to chisellin' grooves on the inside av the uppers, an' shavin' the leather so thin yez could see daylight through 'em down a coal-mine wid the lamps out.

An' all the toime me poor uncle was a-lookin' at the little felluhs, wid his eyes shut for fear they'd see him a-watchin' 'em, an' quakin' an' thrimblin, while the cowl'd sweat poured down his back till he had n't a dry rag on him, barrin' his night-cap, which was a-soakin' wid the lave av his linen in the tub ready ag'in the nixt wash-day.

"Bad luck to 'em!" says he. "There goes two pound an' the intherest for iver! Be jabers!" says he, "there's one comfort, the boots wont hould thegither long enough fur the squoire to kick me out o' the house when I take 'em home."

"Lanty O'Hoolahan," says he, still a-talkin' to hisself, "if it takes ye three days to mak them boots, lavin' out Sunday an' workin' two days more to even it, an' these thavin' little blagg-yuards desthroy thim in the coorse av an hour or so, how long will it be afore y' are clatterin' down the road to ruin, wid yer joints greased for the occasion, an' wid the help av a conveynient landshlip ordhered exprissly to expedite the ixcursion?"

"Wirra, wirra," says he, "what have I done to the Little People that they should thrate me so, wasthin' me substance, an' desthroyin' me carackther, an' wearin' out the ligimints av me heart wid grief!" When jist then he remembered the misfortunate night when he shtumbled over the fairy ring, an' forgot his good manners, an' gave the Little People bad names, an' thritened their p'ace an' dignity. "That 's it!" says he in terror. "'T is all over wid me!" says he. "If I come out av this shcrape wid me head on me showldhers, it 'll be by the mercy av Providence an' the help av me own wit, an' not from any good-will or lanience of the fairies."

Purty soon the Little People finished their job for the noight, an' wor packin' up their traps to be off, when Lanty could stan' it no longer; an' casthin' away all considherations av fear or danger, he le'pt into the middle av the flure an' made a grab fur the crowd. Sure, he might as well have clutched the slippery end av a moonbeam, for they slid through his fingers like a shtream av ice wather wid the chill off, an' were gone in a flash. But, as luck would have it, the little chap wid the feathers an' di'monds in makin' a spring fur the chimney shtumbled over a lump av cobbler's wax on the edge of the binch, an' went souse into a pot av glue that was simmerin' be the side av the foire. Afore he could gather hisself thegither fur anither lape, me uncle had him be the neck.

"I've got ye, at last!" says Lanty.

"Ye have," says the little chap.

"Good-avenin' to ye!" says me uncle, politely.

"Good-avenin'!" says the little chap.



"'I'VE GOT YE, AT LAST!' SAID LANTY."

"Ye *dispicable* scoundhrel!" says Lanty; "what d' ye mane be thryin' to ruin a decent thradesman as niver did ye anny harrum?"

"What did ye mane by thrampiln' over my domain wid yer clumsy brogues, an' blatherin' an' threatenin' me pable afterwards?" says the little chap. "D' yez know who I am?" says he.

"Ye're a rogue that's jist rached the ind av a career av croime," says Lanty.

"I'm the king av the fairies," says the midget.

"An' I'm the king av the cobblers," says Lanty.

"An' when two kings come as close thegither as meself an' yersilf it 's loike to be purty uncomfortable fur one av 'em."

"Sure, an' ye would n't demane yersilf be takin' the riving out o' me fur a harrumless joke!"

“Faith, an’ the laugh that follows that joke ’ll be mighty onpleasant,” says Lanty, “an’ amazin’ unhealthy fur the throat,” says he.

“What ’ll ye be for doin’?” says the little chap.

“Wringin’ yer neck!” says Lanty.

“We ’ll l’ave ye alone for the future,” says he.

“I ’ll go bail that *one* av yez will,” says Lanty.

“We ’ll make ye rich,” says the little chap.

“The man that has his hands on the neck av his worst enemy ’ud be grady to ask for betther fortune than that same,” says Lanty.

“We ’ll worruk for ye,” says the little chap.

“Thru for you,” says Lanty. “‘The dilicate attentions ye ’ve paid to me worruk ’ll recave in the past as in the future the grateful acknowledgimint av me pathrons,’ as Barney Muldoon, the milk dealer, said in his last circular to his custhomers,—more power to his pump!” says Lanty.

“I ’m in airnest,” says the little chap.

“Ye ’ll be in glory in a few minnits,” says Lanty.

Well, not to repate the whole av the conversation, by way av makin’ a long shtory out av it, the discussion indid by the King av the Fairies promisin’, in considheration av his relase, that his pable should do all Lanty’s worruk for him, so that he cud live the loife av a jintleman. An’ niver was bargain betther kipt. In the daytoime Lanty sat down at his aise an’ tuk his measurs, an’ cut out his leather, an’ ivvery noight a busy crew av fairy cobblers was sprawlin’ all over his cabin flure, a-plyin’ their elbows loike the drivin’ rods av a stameingine, a-makin’ Lanty’s brogues and his fortune at the same toime. Afther a whoile, what wid the good-will av the fairies an’ the increase av his business, Lanty kem to be the richest man in the

country, an’ kep his carridge, an’ had a change av brogues for ivvery day in the week, wid a pair av red morocco tops for Sundays an’ saints’ days. Sure, the pable kem from all over Oireland to settle in those parts, to be in the way av buyin’ Lanty’s wondherful brogues, ontill they ran rents up so high that the agint was obliged to go round collectin’ em wid a laddher.

“Now,” says you to me, “if yer uncle bekem so rich, Phalim, how is it that ye left sich prosperity as that, an’ kem to Ameriky to be a gardener?” says you, “which, although it ’s a respectable an’ gentale professhun,” says you, “is hardly comminurate wid yer prospicts as the relative av a gintleman av yer uncle’s wealth an’ importance.”

An’ it’s precoisely the pint I ’m in process av elucidatin’. Ye see, the family grew so powerful in riches an’ infloence, an’ so excited the mane invy an’ jealousy av an illiterate an’ onrasonable pesintry, that it wor thought betther that some av us should l’ave the country, temporarily, to aquilize the aquilibrium.

“An’, in the nixt place,” says me uncle to me, “Phalim,” says he, “your janius is too xpansive fur a contrhacted shpot like Oireland. Ameriky is the place for you, an’ I ’ll be buyin’ you a steerage ticket to go,” says he. An’, sure, I had to sell me pig and me bits av shticks av furniture to scrape thegither enough money to pay for it. “A steerage passage,” says me uncle, “’ll tache ye aquality, an’ instil raal ginuine Demmicratic sintimints into ye,” says he, “an’ be the toime ye ’ve bin in the Shtates long enough to be nathralized, they ’ll be afther makin’ a President or a police capt’in out av ye!” says he.

THE ROMANCE OF A MENAGERIE.

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

QUEEN is an elephant in a menagerie. Every boy and girl in the land knows her, because she is the mother of that very remarkable creature, the baby elephant “Bridgeport.” Before she was the mother of the baby elephant, however, she was no more famous than any other of the twenty or more elephants which belonged to the menagerie.

Why she was called Queen, I shall not pretend to explain, for I do not know. There is no knowledge that she ever, either wild or tame, held any rank which would entitle her to the name. Nor

did the keepers show her any especial respect because of her royal name.

How she did hate the trainer! and how much more fiercely she hated her keeper! If it had not been for the sharp-pointed iron prod, of which she was mortally afraid, she would have soon shown the puny human beings, who made her do such absurd things in the circus ring, that an elephant was above such antics. Indeed, the spirit of hatred was so strong in her that one day she could not resist an opportunity, when the keeper stood near

her without his iron prod, to curl her trunk suddenly around his waist and give him a toss against a wall a few yards away. The keeper was badly injured, and Queen received a severe punishment, but for that she was too much excited to care.

But if Queen hated her keeper, and indeed all the men about her, she had a soft place in her heart for Spot. He was an odd companion for Queen, for he was a dog; but they were sworn friends, and she was very lonely when he was away from her. Spot was on very friendly terms with all the elephants, but he realized Queen's special interest in him and always had an extra wag of the tail by way of greeting to her; while she showed her satisfaction in elephant language, which was by swaying her great body to and fro and emitting a prolonged rumbling sound from her capacious chest.

Some time before, Queen had had a camel for her intimate friend, but the owners of the menagerie, without the slightest regard for her feelings, had sold the camel to another showman. Queen had expressed her indignation at the time by trumpeting defiance to all mankind and attempting to push her head through the brick wall of the building she was in. She also refused to perform, but a battalion of men finally persuaded her to change her mind.

No doubt the experience with the camel made her suspicious, for if any length of time went by without a visit from Spot, she notified the other elephants, and together they made such a commotion that Spot would be immediately sent for. Once, when the menagerie was out West, Spot imprudently wandered too far away from the tents, and, being a good-looking dog, he was captured by some wicked person.

Queen was the first to notice his failure to appear, and, as before, she suspected the keepers of having sent him away. In a moment she had communicated the intelligence of his absence and her suspicions, and then began the commotion, of which the keepers now knew the meaning perfectly well.

High and low they searched for Spot, but, of course, he was not found. When performance time came, the elephants were marshaled out; but they said, as plainly as if they had used human language, "Bring back Spot, or we will not perform." Nor could any kind of force or persuasion induce them to yield. The next day and the next found them in the same obstinate mood, and it became perfectly evident that unless Spot could be restored to them, there would be no more performances with the elephants.

A reward was offered and Spot was recovered. You know a dog's way. He barked and jumped

and wagged his tail nearly off as soon as he caught sight of the circus tents. At the first faint bark, Queen's eyes lighted up, and she listened intently. Another bark, and she nodded her head as if to say—"He 's coming!" and then began to rumble and sway. All the elephants rumbled and swayed; and when Spot dashed boisterously in among them and bounded up and down the line, the elephants bumped against one another in furious glee, rumbling out joyfully, "Here he is! Here he is; just look at the dear old fellow!" And of course the performances went on all right after that happy reunion.

But by and by, Spot, who was not a young dog, grew too old to live any longer, and one day he barked his final bark and wagged his tail for the last time. It took his big friends fully a week to realize that Spot was gone forever, and that week was devoted solely to mourning. To Queen, particularly, the blow was very severe, and it is said that, to this day, if the men snap their fingers and call for Spot, she will dolefully evince her sorrow for her lost friend.

No doubt Queen thought she never could be happy again, and if anybody had suggested to her that she could ever love anybody else as she had loved Spot, she doubtless would have been indignant indeed. But just about this time a new member joined the circus to which the menagerie belonged, who was destined to be the dearest friend Queen ever had or would have until little "Bridgeport" joined the menagerie.

Babies come to all sorts of queer places to light them up and fill them with joy; and right into the company of the careering horses, the shouting clowns, the tumbling acrobats, the giants, fat men, Zulus, dwarfs, and wild animals, came laughing little Donald Melville to begin his young life.

Little Don could not help laughing. That is what he seemed to have come for, else why all those dimples? He had dimples all over him; every little finger and every cunning little toe had its own dimple, and so Don was charming to look at, and everybody loved him.

Any other baby might have been afraid of all those fierce-looking animals in the cages; but Don was not. Why should he be? He meant them no harm! The very first time he was taken into the menagerie,—and he was not many months old then,—he tried as hard as he could to pat the great tiger, but, to his astonishment, he was snatched hurriedly away from the cage. All of the animals pleased him, and he crowded and laughed delightedly as he was carried from cage to cage; but the elephants were evidently the particular wonders which pleased and interested him most, for when

he was carried to them, he opened wide his big blue eyes and gave vent to his feelings in a long "Oo-o-o-o!" through his puckered red lips.

Queen was still nursing her sorrow for Spot when little Don, with his blue eyes, red lips, and dimpled

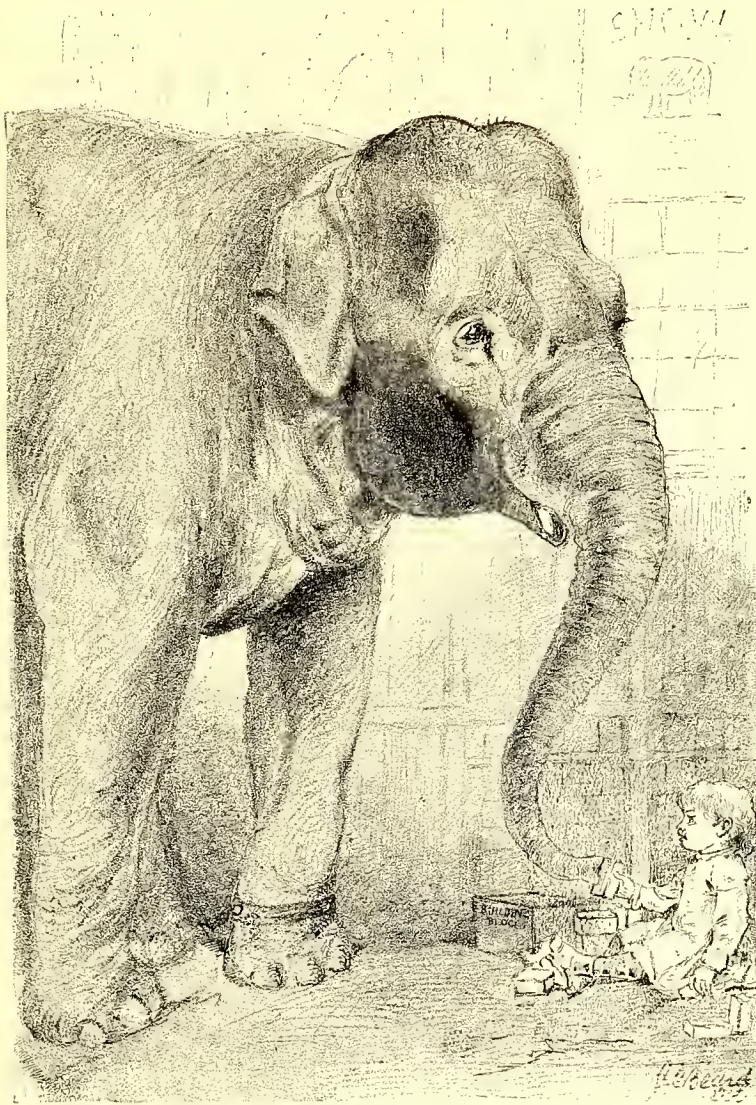
that sealed the compact. From that time forward Don and Queen were devoted to each other.

Many parents would have been afraid to trust their little child with Queen, knowing how she hated the men about her; but Don's papa and mamma were circus people, familiar with elephant ways, and they knew that Queen would far rather injure herself than allow the least harm to come to Don. No doubt Queen considered Don as a new species of being, entirely different from the mankind she hated so bitterly.

Every day, at least once, must Don be taken to Queen; and long before the baby boy could walk, he crawled about under the gigantic creature or rode on her back, with as much fearlessness as if she were made of wood. The first time he ever stood on his feet by himself was one day when he was playing about Queen. He caught hold of one of the huge legs, which he could not half encircle, and strained and tugged until he had gained his feet.

His triumphant "Oo-o-o-o!" was responded to by a prolonged rumble from Queen, who seemed quite as proud of Don's achievement as were the spectators. Nor could his own mother have been more tender of him. You might have tortured Queen, but she would not have moved a hair's-breadth carelessly when Don was playing about her feet.

By and by Don grew older and could walk, and then what games they used to have together! Everybody in the show would gather around to see the two strange playfellows. When he could just toddle, Don would run up to Queen with a chuckle of delight, and putting his white, plump little arms around her great brown hairy trunk,



DON AND QUEEN PLAYING WITH THE BUILDING-BLOCKS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

cheeks, was held up before her and laughed his way straight into her affection. Spot alive or not, Queen, in common with everybody else in the big tents, had to do homage to innocence and joy, and so she straightway declared her love by a tremendous rumble and sway, which so delighted Don that he replied with a cooing "Oo-o-o-o!"

would tug away with all his little strength, as if he believed he could pull that living mountain over.

And, strange to say, he actually accomplished his object, for Queen humored the little fellow's fancy. Swaying and rumbling with delight, she would gradually allow herself to come to her knees, and finally to fall over on her side. And it was touching to see how all the time she kept her eyes lovingly on the beautiful baby, taking care that no movement of hers should even disturb him!

When she was at last prostrate, Don would look around as if to say, "See what I can do!" Then he would imitate what he had seen the trainer perform. He would clamber and climb until he was on Queen's head, and there he would sit, with the air

one up in her trunk and put it in its place as carefully as if she had been used to the game all her life; and when Don would kick the house down, as he usually did when it was about half built, his merry laugh and her thunder-like rumble were something worth going miles to hear.

It never seemed to occur to Don that there was anything odd in his companionship with the gigantic creature; and had it entered his little head to do so, there is no doubt that he would have proposed a walk in the fields with her, with as much innocence as if she had been a small dog.

All this while there was no better-tempered elephant in the menagerie than Queen, who seemed to feel bound to act gently toward everybody in order to prove her right to the friendship of little Don. But one day a change came. A cloud fell upon the great show. Diphtheria, a cruel disease, took away the little baby boy. Sunshine gave place to gloom. The lightest-hearted, the most careless, the most reckless, mourned.

The sorrowful tidings found their way into the elephants' tent,—who can tell how! Nobody could doubt then the love that went out for little Don from the uncouth giants chained to the earth. They could not speak, they could not weep like their human masters; but their grief must find expression, and they acted as if crazed.

And Queen! She could not or would not realize that the men about her had had no part in her bereavement. She was filled with fury. Her other losses she could forgive, but never this one. Everything was done to pacify her, to subdue her, but in vain. They might kill her, quell her they could not. The other elephants after a week of grief resumed their accustomed duties, but Queen was immovable and even dangerous, and, therefore, she was sent from the Far West to Bridgeport in Connecticut, where the winter quarters of the elephants are.

For six months Queen remained in this condition of furious grief. Never before or since has there been such an instance among elephants of persistent affection. Queen has little "Bridgeport" now, and if one can judge by appearances, she is perfectly satisfied with him, for if ever mother doted on baby, she dotes on him; and though, no doubt, she has reserved one corner of her heart to the memory of Don, she has too much happiness to feel much sorrow.



THE TWO FRIENDS.

of a conqueror. He was quite likely to thrust his little fist into the elephant's eye or to swing his foot into her mouth, but not a motion would the patient creature make while he sat there, for she seemed to know that he was not very secure in his high perch.

Sometimes Don would carry his picture-blocks to Queen, and together they would build houses. Don would put on one block, and then Queen would take

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

ONLY sixteen or seventeen miles a day. A long, creeping, creaking line of covered white ox-wagons, stretching away to the west across the vast and boundless brown plains. Not a house for thousands of miles, not a tree, not a shrub, not a single thing in sight, except now and then, dotted down here and there, a few great black spots in the boundless sea of brown.

That is the way it was when my parents took me, then only a lad, across the plains, more than thirty years ago. How different now, with the engines tearing, smoking, screeching and screaming across at the rate of five hundred miles or more a day!

There are many houses on the plains now. The pioneers have planted great forests of trees, and there are also vast corn-fields, and the song of happy harvesters is heard there. But the great black spots that dotted the boundless sea of brown are gone forever. Those dark spots were herds of countless bison, or buffalo — as they were more generally called.

One sultry morning in July, as the sun rose up and blazed with uncommon ardor, a herd of buffalo was seen grazing quietly close to our train, and some of the younger boys who had guns and pistols, and were “dying to kill a buffalo,” begged their parents to let them ride out and take a shot.

As it was only a natural desire, and seemed a simple thing to do, a small party of boys was soon ready. The men were obliged to stay with the train and drive the oxen; for the tents had already been struck, and the long white line had begun to creep slowly away over the level brown sea toward the next water, a little blind stream that stole through the willows fifteen miles away to the west.

There were in our train two sons of a rich and rather important man. And they were now first in the saddle and ready to take the lead. But as they were vain and selfish, and had always had a big opinion of themselves, their father knew they had not learned much about anything else. There was also in the train a sad-faced, silent boy, bare-footed and all in rags; for his parents had died with the cholera the day after we crossed the Missouri river, and he was left helpless and alone. He hardly ever spoke to any one. And as for the rich man's boys, they would sooner have thought of speaking to their negro cook than to him.

As the boys sat on their horses ready to go,

and the train of wagons rolled away, the rich man came up to the barefooted boy, and said:

“See here, ‘Tatters,’ go along with my boys and bring back the game.”

“But I have no horse, sir,” replied the sad-faced boy.

“Well, take mine,” said the anxious father: “I will get in the wagon and ride there till you come back.”

“But I have no gun, no pistols nor knife,” added the boy.

“Here!” cried the rich man. “Jump on my horse ‘Ginger,’ and I’ll fit you out.”

When the barefooted boy had mounted the horse, the man buckled his own belt about the lad and swung his rifle over the saddle-bow.

How the boy's face lit up! His young heart was beating like a drum with delight as the party bounded away after the buffalo.

The wagons creaked and crawled away to the west over the great grassy plains; the herd of buffalo sniffed the young hunters, and lifting their shaggy heads, shook them angrily, and then turned away like a dark retreating tide of the sea, with the boys bounding after them in hot pursuit.

It was a long and exciting chase. “Tatters” soon passed the other boys, and pressing hard on the herd, after nearly an hour of wild and splendid riding, threw himself from the saddle and, taking aim, fired.

The brothers came up soon, and dismounting as fast as their less practiced limbs would let them, also fired at the retreating herd.

When the dust and smoke cleared away, a fine fat buffalo lay rolling in the grass before them. Following the example of “Tatters,” they loaded their guns where they stood, as all cautious hunters do, and then went up to the game.

The barefooted boy at once laid his finger on a bullet hole near the region of the heart and looked up at the others.

“I aimed about there!” shouted one. “And so did I!” cried the other eagerly.

Without saying a word, but with a very significant look, the barefooted boy took out his knife, and, unobserved, pricked two holes with the point of it close by the bullet hole. Then he put his finger there and again looked up at the boys. They came down on their knees, wild with delight, in an instant.

They had really helped kill a buffalo! In fact,

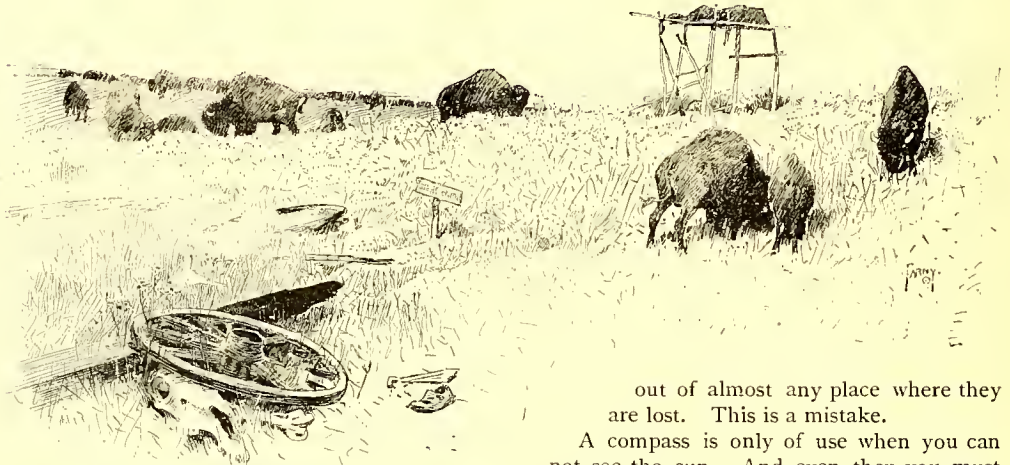
they had killed it! "For are not two bullets better than one!" they cried.

"'Tatters,' cut me off the tail," said one.

"And cut me off the mane; I want it to make a coat-collar for my father," shouted the other.

he wished to go. Then they talked a moment between themselves, and taking out their pocket compasses, pretended to look at them very knowingly.

Now, many people think a compass will lead them



Without a word, the boy did as he was bid, and then securely fastened the trophies on behind their saddles.

"Now let's overtake the train, and tell father all about killing our first buffalo," cried the elder of the two brothers.

"And won't he be delighted!" said the other, as he clambered up to the saddle, and turned his face in every direction, looking for the wagons.

"But where are they?" he cried.

At first the brothers laughed a little. Then they grew very sober.

"That is the way they went," said one, pointing off. "Ye-ye-yes, I think that's the way they went. But I wonder why we can't see the wagons?"

"We have galloped a long way; and then they have all the time been going in the other direction. If you go that way, you will be lost. When we started, I noticed that the train was moving toward sunset, and that the sun was over our left shoulder as we looked after the train. We must go in this direction, or we shall be lost," mildly and firmly said the barefooted boy, as he drew his belt tighter and prepared for work.

The other boys only looked disdainfully at the speaker as he sat his horse and, shading his eyes with his lifted hand, looked away in the direction

out of almost any place where they are lost. This is a mistake.

A compass is only of use when you can not see the sun. And even then you must have coolness and patience and good sense to get on with it at all. It can at best only guide you from one object to another, and thus keep you in a straight line, and so prevent you from going around and around and around.

But when the plain is one vast level sea, without a single object rising up out of it as a guide, what is a boy to do? It takes a cool head, boy's or man's, to use a compass on the plains.

"Come on! that is right," cried the elder of the two hunters, and they darted away, with "Tatters" far in the rear. They rode hard and hot for a full hour, getting more frightened, and going faster at every jump. The sun was high in the heavens. Their horses were all in a foam.

"I see something at last," shouted the elder, as he stood up in his stirrups, and then settling back in his seat, he laid on whip and spur, and rode fast and furious straight for a dark object that lay there in the long brown grasses of the broad unbroken plains. Soon they came up to it. It was the dead buffalo! They knew now that they were lost on the plains. They had been riding in the fatal circle that means death if you do not break it and escape.

Very meek and very penitent felt the two boys as "Tatters" came riding up slowly after them. They were tired and thirsty. They seemed to themselves to have shrunken to about half their usual size.

Meekly they lifted their eyes to the despised boy, and pleaded silently and pitifully for help. Tears

were in their eyes. Their chins and lips quivered, but they could not say one word.

"We must ride with the sun on the left shoulder, as I said, and with our faces all the time to the west. If we do not do that, we shall die. Now, come with me," said "Tatters" firmly, as he turned his horse and took the lead. And now meekly and patiently the others followed.

But the horses were broken in strength and spirit. The sun in mid-heaven poured its full force of heat upon the heads of the thirsty hunters, and they could hardly keep their seats in the hot saddles. The horses began to stumble and stagger as they walked.

And yet there was no sight or sound of anything at all, before, behind, or left or right. Nothing but the weary, dreary, eternal and unbroken sea of brown.

Away to the west, the bright blue sky shut down sharp and tight upon the brown and blazing plain. The tops of the long untrodden grass gleamed and shimmered with the heat. Yet not a sign of water could be anywhere discerned. Silence, vastness, voiceless as when the world came newly from the hand of God.

No one spoke. Steadily and quietly the young leader of the party led on. Now and then he would lift his eyes under his hat to the blazing sun over his left shoulder, and that was all.

There comes a time to us all, I believe, sooner or later, on the plains, in the valley, or on the

beyond them, a feeble, screeching cry that seemed to come out from the brown grass beneath them as they struggled on.

Then suddenly they came through and out of the tall brown grass into an open plain that looked like a plowed field. Only, all about the outer edge of the field were little hills or forts as high as a man's knee. On every one of these little forts stood a soldier-sentinel, high on his hind legs and barking with all his might.

The lost hunters had found a dog-town, the first they had ever seen.

Some owls flew lazily over the strange little city, close to the ground; and as they rode through the town, a rattlesnake now and then glided into the hole on the top of one of the ten thousand little forts. The prairie dogs, also, as the boys rode close upon them, would twinkle their heels in the air and disappear, head first, only to jump up, like a Jack-in-a-box, in another fort, almost instantly.

The party rode through the town and looked beyond. Nothing! Behind? Nothing! To the right? Nothing! To the left? Nothing; nothing but the great blue sky shut tight down against the boundless level sea of brown!

"Water," gasped one of the boys; "I am dying for water."

"Tatters" looked him in the face and saw that what he said was true. He reflected a moment, and then said, "Wait here for me." Then, leaving the others, he rode slowly and quietly around the



"HE RODE SLOWLY AND QUIETLY AROUND THE PRAIRIE-DOG CITY."

mountain, in the palace or cottage, when we too can only lift our eyes, silent and helpless, to something shining in heaven.

At last the silent little party heard a faint sound

prairie-dog city with his eyes closely scanning the ground. As he again neared the two boys waiting patiently for him, he uttered a cry of delight, and beckoned them to come.

"Look there! Do you see that little road there winding along through the thick grass? It is a dim and small road, not wider than your hand, but it means everything to us."

"Oh, I am dying of thirst!" exclaimed one of the brothers. "What does it mean?"

"It means water. Do you think a great city like that can get on without water? This is their road to water. Come! Let us follow this trail till we find it."

Saying this, "Tatters" led off at a lively pace, for the horses, cheered by the barking dogs, and somewhat rested, were in better spirits now. And then it is safe to say that they, too, saw and understood the meaning of the dim and dusty little road that wound along under their feet.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Gallant "Tatters" turned in his saddle and shook his cap to cheer the poor boys behind, as he saw a long line of fresh green willows starting up out of the brown grass and moving in the wind before him.

And did n't the horses dip their noses deep in the water! And did n't the boys slide down from their saddles in a hurry and throw themselves beside it! That same morning, two of these young gentlemen would not have taken water out of the same cup with "Tatters." Now they were drinking with the horses. And happy to do it, too. So happy! Water was never, never so sweet to them before.

The boys all bathed their faces, and the horses began to nibble the grass, as the riders sat on the

bank and looked anxiously at the setting sun. Were they lost forever? Each one asked himself that question. Water was good; but they could not live on water.

"Stop here," said "Tatters," "and hold the horses till I come back."

He went down to the edge of the water and sat there watching the clear, swift little stream long and anxiously.

At last he sprang up, rolled his ragged pants above his knees, and dashed into the water. Clutching a little white object in his hands, he looked at it a second, and then with a beaming face hurried back to the boys:

"There! see that! a chip! They are camped up this stream somewhere, and they can't be very far away from here!"

Eagerly the boys mounted their horses, and pressed close on after "Tatters."

"And how do you know they are close by?" queried one.

"The chip was wet only on one side. It had not been ten minutes in the water." As "Tatters" said this, the boys exchanged glances. They were glad, so glad, to be nearing their father once more.

But it somehow began to dawn upon them very clearly that they did not know quite everything, even if their father was rich.

Soon, guns were heard firing for the lost party. And turning a corner in the willowy little river, they saw the tents pitched, the wagons in corral, and the oxen feeding peacefully beyond.

AUNT KITTY AND HER CANARIES,

[*And the Plantain Seed!*]

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

AUNT KITTY had a cageful of Canaries—that is, she had five. The children of the neighborhood were always running in to see them; and she would take the cage down, and answer all their questions—and you know what children are at asking questions, I suppose.

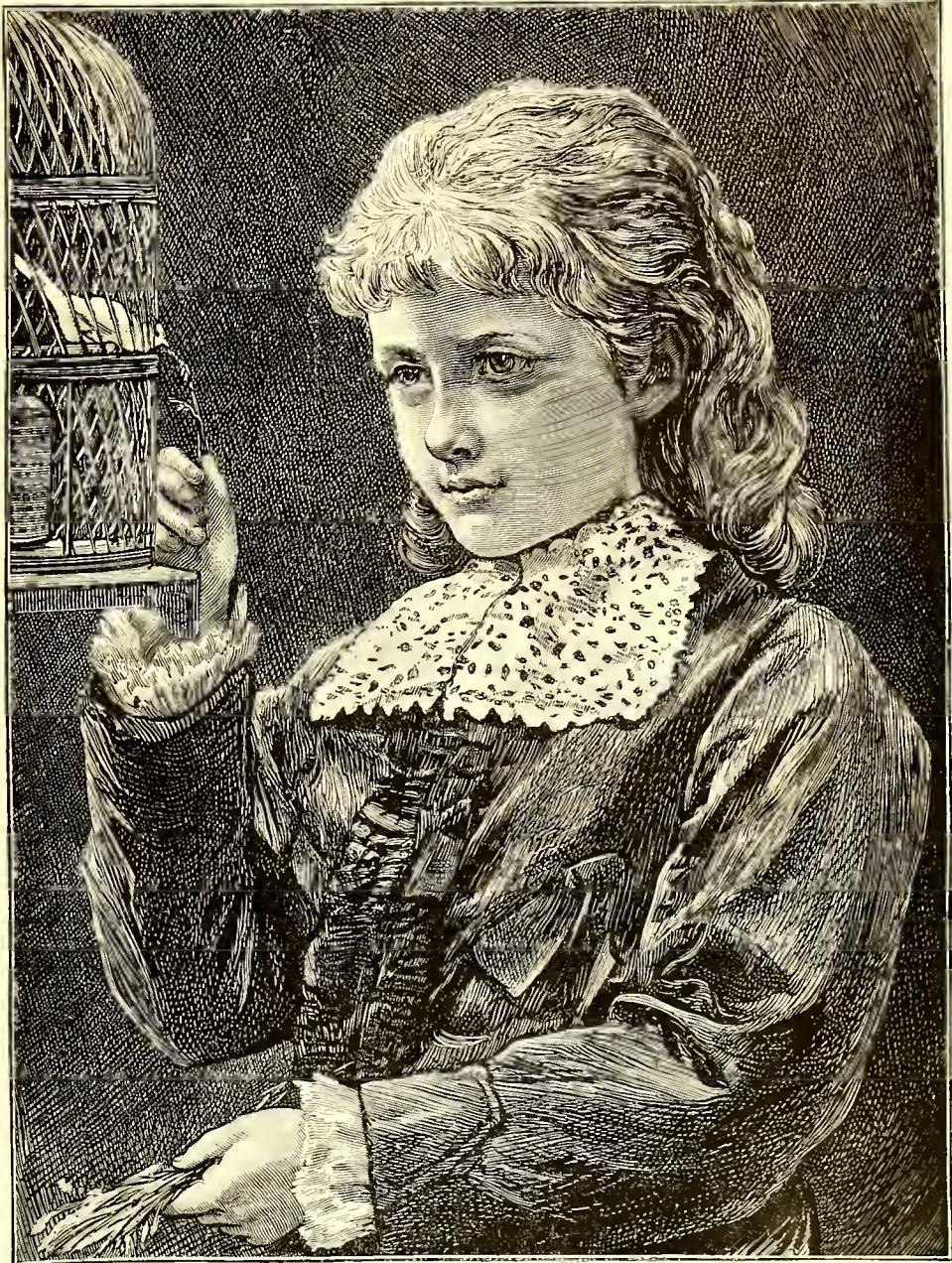
Well, the children wanted to know if the Canaries sang—how many of them sang—which ones sang—where they stayed nights, and if they sat in their swing.

And what did she give them to eat besides canary-seed? Well, she gave them tender cabbage-leaves in winter; and in summer, chick-weed.

So after that, the children used to come, bring-

ing such handfuls of chick-weed, that the birds were in danger of being buried alive by it.

They came so often that Aunt Kitty occasionally sighed at the entry of her clamorous visitors; but she was always glad to receive the daily call from pretty Nellie Jackson. Nellie came alone, and she was not a very inquisitive girl, and, indeed, she had past the age when little folk are continually asking questions; and, besides, she knew all about canaries, for had not her mother kept a pair of them, ever since she could remember, in the sunny window of their handsome city home? But Nellie's mother was ill now, and had gone far away to the South in the hope of regaining her health;



NELLIE AND THE CANARY.

and Nellie had come up to spend the weeks of waiting with an uncle of hers who was a near neighbor of Aunt Kitty. And what so natural as that Nellie ere long should run in to Aunt Kitty's cheery little house, every day, "just to say good-morning, and to take a peep at the

canaries." She would stand before the cage and gently thrust in a sprig of chick-weed, or smilingly tantalize an eager bird by holding the spray just beyond his reach for a moment, with a merry, "Don't you wish you may get it?" "They don't mind my teasing," she would add, the next

minute, as she pushed the dainty food through the bars; "they know I'm only in fun, and that I love them. They are so pretty, and they remind me of home."

Aunt Kitty used to say it did her heart good to see Nellie's happy face, as she stood by the cage and chatted with the birds; and I think she missed the visits of the quiet, sweet-natured girl, when Nellie at last went back to the city to meet the dear mother, and to play once more with her own canaries in the sunny window.

But there were all the other children! They had n't ceased coming, and they were just as inquisitive as ever. "And did n't Aunt Kitty ever give the canaries something else to eat," they asked, "besides the canary-seed, and the chick-weed, and the cabbage leaves?"

"Oh, yes," answered Aunt Kitty, "a baked potato every morning; and they will eat it all out clean, and leave nothing but the skin; and sometimes, a fig; and a lump of sugar; and a bit of cracker; and a piece of apple; and, once in a while, lettuce-seed, and cabbage-seed, and turnip-seed, and mustard-seed."

And on one unlucky day, Aunt Kitty happened to add—"and *plantain-seed!*"

It was not many days later that she heard a very small rap at the door. It was so small that she could scarcely hear it at all. If she had not been near the door just then, she would not have heard it.

There were two little children on the door-step; and they had a great cotton bag between them, stuffed as full as it could hold, with something. She knew them. Their names were Teddy and Mattie. They lived a mile off, on the top of a high hill. And now, if you will believe it, they had picked that bag full of plantain-seed, and brought it all the way—it was not very heavy, because it is a light kind of seed—to sell to her for the birds!

Now, there was plantain-seed enough in that bag to have lasted those birds fifty years. But Aunt Kitty never would have been guilty of disappointing the children; so she took it, and paid them well, and they went off.

As for the birds, I don't suppose they ate a spoonful of it all that winter; for, to begin with, it was too dry; and then they were not *very* fond of it, at best.

Aunt Kitty put the plantain-seed on one of the high shelves in the store-room, and never thought of it again, till the time came for spring house-cleaning. On those occasions, she always looked into every box and bag and bundle in the house. When she came to the store-room, she climbed up on the step-ladder, and handed down the things.

one by one, to Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish woman who was helping her. Just as she was lifting the bag of plantain-seed, the string broke, and down it went in a shower all over Mrs. Flanagan. It is a wonder the woman escaped as she did. She usually had her mouth open, in the act of singing, or laughing, or talking; and if it had been open at this time, she would have been choked to death, or else she would have had her lungs ruined forever.

"Och! An' what shall I do with it?" cried Mrs. Flanagan.

"Shake it all off," said Aunt Kitty, "and sweep it up, and burn it. It is good for nothing."

That, she supposed, would be the end of it, and she thought no more about it. After the house-cleaning was done, she went away on a visit, and was gone all through the month of June; and when she came home, her brother Tom, who lived in New York City, but who always spent a week or two in summer at his sister's, came back with her.

Tom had been brought up a farmer's boy, and so whenever he found himself again in his old home he would go out and work in the garden, or off in the fields, because he liked it. He would trim trees, and hoe, and clear the garden of weeds. If there was anything he detested it was weeds, and there would not have been any if he had lived on the place all the time.

He put on an old coat and a pair of easy, old boots, which he kept there on purpose to work in, and went out as soon as he had eaten dinner. But in about five minutes he was back again.

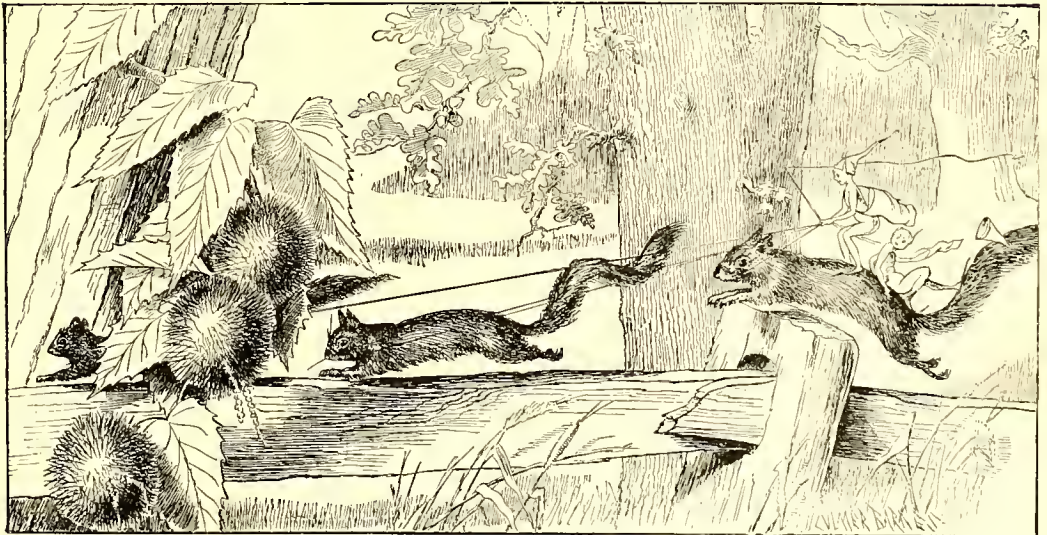
"Kitty!" said he, "I should like to ask what has been going on in the garden?"

"Ask *what?*"

"Then you have n't seen it? Suppose you come out a minute! It beats *me*. Does it ever *rain* plantain-seeds, I wonder?"

You would have thought so. Mrs. Flanagan, instead of burning the seed, had carried it to the door and given it a toss; the wind had taken it, and scattered it broadcast over the garden, and all the rest of that spring had been sowing it; the sun and rain had nourished it—and as it is a plant that does not need much encouragement—well; words can't express it! There had been more seed than anybody ever saw before, or ever will again, and—in short, you ought to have seen that garden!

Tom grubbed away at the plantains during every spare moment, piled them in a wheel-barrow, and carried them down and threw them into the river. So they never will go to seed, you may be certain. As for Aunt Kitty, if you ask her about it now, she will tell you that her birds "*don't eat plantain-seed!*"



“HO, FOR THE NUTTING-GROUNDS!”



Another Indian Invasion.

by
Mrs Lizzie W Chambray.

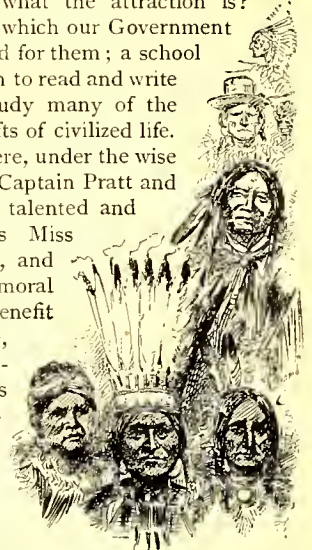
glancing sidewise from their slits of eyelids; Modocs and Poncas, Creeks and Crows, and a score of other tribes besides, tattooed, painted, half-clothed, squalid, and repulsive, or terrible with scalp-lock ornament and savage bravery of quill-work, beads, and feathers,—all of these in undisputed possession of a government fort in Pennsylvania, and unnumbered crowds of savages rallying with wonderful unanimity and determination toward the same point!

What a sensational announcement that would be if displayed in the daily newspapers with judicious use of capitals, exclamation points, and startling adjectives! And yet, the statement—without the adjectives—is strictly true. There has been no outbreak, no massacre, nor flying rumor of “Indians on the war-path!” but three hundred and sixty Indian boys and girls from all parts of the West and from thirty-six different tribes have quietly started in little bands toward the same point,—the old barracks at Carlisle.

Do you wonder what the attraction is? Well, it is a school which our Government has wisely established for them; a school where they can learn to read and write and cipher, and study many of the trades and handicrafts of civilized life. They are learning here, under the wise superintendence of Captain Pratt and the training of such talented and devoted women as Miss

Temple, Miss Hyde, and their assistants, the moral and intellectual benefit of civilization; while, under mechanical instructors, Indian boys are becoming blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, harness-makers, printers, shoemakers, tailors, painters, bakers, farmers, besides learn-

APACHES, stealthy and cunning; strong and cruel Arapahoes; fierce Cheyennes, with long reeded arrows tipped with deadly poison; little, revengeful Comanches; Pueblos, with something of the Mexican in their bold, black eyes and coarse hair bound with a bright handkerchief; Sioux, straight and taciturn, with high cheek-bones and aquiline noses that sniff the battle afar off; Navajoes, the gypsies of the Indians, in gayly striped and checkered blankets; degraded Diggers; blood-thirsty Pawnees; implacable Kiowas, with murderous, long-bladed knives thrust in their belts; gross-featured, thick-set Shoshoncs; Nez Percés,





ing to drill as soldiers, and Indian girls are taught to be laundresses, dress-makers, cooks, school-teachers, nurses, and to fill many useful callings.

You should see the enthusiasm with which they enter upon these new occupations; how eager they are to learn and to follow "the white man's road!"

Our Government has not treated the Indians justly in time past. It has taken away their lands again and again, as they have become desirable, driving the Indians further West, and causing many to die. Certain good people have insisted that the treaties made with the Indians should be kept, and that settlers should be forbidden from encroaching on the Indian reservations; but some of those who live in the West have replied:

"That is impossible. Why should vast tracts of land be kept untilled, unmined, simply for savages and bison to range over? There is no room now for the savage in our country. He is ignorant, useless, cruel. Let the Government annihilate him."

This does not seem kind, but the Westerner is right; the Indian ought not to claim the soil for his "hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too, have been created heirs of the earth and claim its division."

There is no longer any room for the *savage*, but there is plenty of space for industrious, capable American citizens; and Eastern people have discovered a way to satisfy the demands of the West,—to annihilate the savage and leave the man. The machine is a simple one, a school at Carlisle Barracks, into which wild Indians are being turned and

from which come self-supporting men and women, skilled and useful members of civilized society. When this plan was explained to the old chiefs, they approved of it gratefully. They said, through their interpreters, to the messengers sent to confer with them:

"We are too old to learn. We will hunt our bison, and move our wigwams further away from the white men. But the young men *must* learn. The white men are crowding in upon them on every side, and our young men must learn to mine, and farm, and live in towns by the side of white men, or they can not live at all."

The number for whom the Government had provided the means of education was quickly gathered into the school. But the news spread far and near, and other tribes brought their sons and their daughters,



beseeking that they, too, might be taken. It was hard to refuse them,—to tell them that they must be patient and wait their turn,—and some could not be persuaded to wait. They sent on their children to the school without permission, saying: "We will pay their expenses ourselves, if the great father at Washington can not afford to take more. Somehow we will raise the money, but the children must learn *now*."

I heard of one Pottawattomie boy of eighteen, who started from the Kaw Agency, Indian Territory, with two dollars and seventy-five cents, to come to Carlisle. His money brought him only across the Missouri, but by walking for days, and begging rides on the freight-trains, he reached his destination. He sold his Indian ornaments for two dollars and a quarter, and this was all he had by which to live, though charitable people occasionally gave him a meal. His moccasins wore out as he tramped through the snow, and he had to trade his blanket for a pair of shoes. When he arrived at the school, Captain Pratt, the officer in charge, could only tell him that the school was

have a brass band, the instruments for which were given them by a kind Boston lady; and it is doubtful whether the same amount of money ever gave more enjoyment. The leader of this band was at first a Mrs. Curtin, herself a skillful cornet player and daughter of the leader of a military band. She trained the boys with untiring patience and thoroughness, but finally resigned her position, which is now filled by a professional musician.



filled and that no provision had been made for uninvited guests. But the boy did not have to go back, for a Sunday-school in Philadelphia volunteered to defray his school expenses, and he is now studying with the others.

Three hundred and sixty-seven Indians—two hundred and forty boys and one hundred and twenty-seven girls—are now gathered at the school. The boys wear a neat uniform and go through the military drill with great spirit and exactness. They

Let me introduce to you the members of the band as they are grouped on the pretty octagonal band-stand in the center of the well-clipped lawn. None of these young men expect to make music their profession, and though they are enthusiastic in its study, they regard what some of our white boys would consider very serious work as only play. Amos Cloudshield, a Sioux, is a wagon-maker. Conrad Killsalive is also a Sioux, and in spite of his murderous name, when not at school

or puffing his favorite horn, takes his place on the tailor's bench. Silas Childers, a Creek, is a shoemaker. Little Joe Harris, the drummer, a Gros-Ventre, has no trade as yet other than peg-top and marbles. Solomon Chandler, one of the supposed untamable Comanches, is a carpenter. Joshua Gibbons, a Kiowa, is the school janitor. Luther Standing-Bear, the first cornet player, is a tinner. Lewis Brown, a Sioux, is a shoe-maker; as is also Luke Philips, a young Nez Percé. Elwood Dorian, an Iowa, and Edward McClosky, a Peoria Indian, are both carpenters. They play thirty-six different pieces,—martial marches, gay waltzes, sweetly solemn sacred music, and patriotic airs. "America" is a prime favorite. They inflate their lungs and cheeks to bursting, and pound the floor with unusual spirit while the grand pæan rings out its praise of the

"Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride."

"Do they think of the words?" you ask. Perhaps not; certainly, from their own experiences, some of them would never imagine our country a

"Sweet land of liberty."

But they are not sad nor morose. After the evening parade, the band plays merrily and the children frolic on the lawn until sunset, and they often show a spirit of mirthfulness and mischief quite foreign to our idea of the Indian character. They are taught, indeed, from early childhood, to conceal all emotion, whether of pleasure or pain, and it takes some time for them to unlearn these lessons, and to give free expression to their feelings.

As an example of their stoicism, it is said that during a fight with our troops, in the West, an Indian woman concealed her little girl in a barrel, telling her to remain perfectly quiet, whatever happened. After the battle the child was found with her arm shattered by a minie-ball,—but she had uttered no sound. Their distrust of the whites is as characteristic as their self-control. One of the little girls at the school, who retains her Indian name, Keseeta, bears frightful scars from wounds inflicted by her mother with a sharp stone. Their village had been taken by United States soldiers, and rather than have her child fall into the hands of the white men, the poor mother tried to kill her. Coming from such influences, it is surprising to note how quickly the young Indians show appreciation of what is done for them, and the intelligence and affection which light their great black eyes as they return the greetings of the noble women who teach them.

Many of the names of these children, especially of the girls, sound oddly, for it is common for them to choose Christian names of their own,

while retaining their fathers' names for the sake of family distinction. This gives rise to such queer combinations as Isabella Two-Dogs, Katy White-Bird, Maud Chief-Killer, Gertrude White-Cloud, Maggie American-Horse, Anna Laura Shooting-Cat, Alice Lone-Bear, Hattie Lone-Wolf, Stella Chasing-Hawk, and Ruth Big-Head. These girls are neat in their habits, bright, and imitative. Some of them have very pretty faces and could readily be mistaken for white children: the faces of others, newer arrivals, have a sadness and vacancy of expression due to privation and suffering. Yet these faces, we are told, are not so sad as were some others which now quiver with intelligence and feeling.

They are industrious and persevering. Nellie Cook, a Sioux, made thirty-six sheets in one day. Nellie Cary, an Apache, the tribe that the Western settlers describe in the same terms which St. Paul ascribes to the tongue—"For every kind of beasts hath been tamed of mankind, but the Apache can no man tame")—hemmed thirty-two sheets, and Ella Moore, a Creek, thirty.

They are observant, and quick to notice peculiarities and differences. We read in the *School News*, a paper edited by one of the Indian boys, a letter from a little Pueblo girl who attended Episcopal service for the first time, and was particularly struck by the choristers,—

"Six little singing boys, dear little souls,
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles."

Her great eyes followed them intently, and the kind lady who took her noticed how eagerly she listened to the young voices as they thrilled through the arches. "Mattie is profoundly impressed," she thought; "she will never forget this day." Mattie was indeed impressed, but it was by the externals only, and this is what she wrote to the *School News* that evening:

"This morning we went to church. It's other way they sing here. They lady are not sing, the boy he sing, and those boys are not wears coat, they wears white apron!"

One of the teachers has fitted up a pretty play-room for the girls, with a toy cooking-stove not too small to be really used, with a full set of tiny kitchen and laundry furniture, and a wee dining-table with bright turkey-red table-cloth and pretty tea-set, and other cunning baby-house things dear to the heart of every little girl. They meet here to make real biscuit, tea, and omelet, and in triumphal procession they carry lunches to their teachers.

A doll was once donated to this play-room, and there was much discussion as to the name to be given it. Some one finally read a list of names, with their significations, from the appendix to the

dictionary; and the girls decided upon Hephzibah, because it meant "My delight is in her."

Some of the girls during the vacations have worked in families and learned to be quite expert as cooks; to churn, to make bread and cake and jellies, and to preserve fruit. The bread for the entire school is baked by two boys, who rise every morning at two o'clock, without being called, to "mold it down," and not once have they failed nor has the bread been sour.

Their friends in the West are interested in their progress, and sometimes come to see them. Brave Big Horse writes his son:

"I am working on farm, and when you come back I hope you will find a different Indian from the one you left. I am doing this all for you. I was plowing yesterday afternoon till I gave out and stood in the field and thought of you—how, when you come back, you will be able to run the farm yourself and know more about it than I do."

Red Cloud, the well-known Sioux chief, visited the school and addressed them in his own language. A prize of three dollars was offered for the best translation

"You seem like my grandchildren; and now I went pass through the shops and saw what you can be done. I saw the shoe-maker, harness-maker, tailor, carpenter, tinner, blacksmiths, and they all

doing well. Here you see I wear a boots which is you make it. I was surprise that the blacksmith doing very good. Also the girls can washing clothes and sewing. Also I went pass through the school-rooms and I saw some of you can write very fast, and read, and I was glad. Now, this is the thing what we send you here for, to learn white men's way. There is two roads, one is good and one is what we call a devil road. Another thing is, you know, if who do nothing, just put his hand on his back and lie down, so any dime not come to in his pocket itself, so you must do something with your hands. Now you must not home-sick

any; but you must try to be good and happier."

The school has other visitors, too. The Society of Friends, true to the traditions of William Penn,



CAPTAIN PRATT, — THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE CARLISLE SCHOOL.



of this speech. We give a portion of the successful report, made by Luther Standing-Bear:

have been the faithful helpers of the red man. There are two representative Quaker women, the

Misses Longstreth, who have quietly and unostentatiously contributed to the Carlisle School and have induced others to aid it; nearly all the little comforts and many of the necessary supplies of the hospital have come through them. They inquire kindly, "Tell us what thee needs, and we will know where to ask for it. If dolls, we will get them ourselves; if wash-tubs, we know people who do not approve of dolls, but who will give wash-tubs."

It is very interesting to "went pass through the

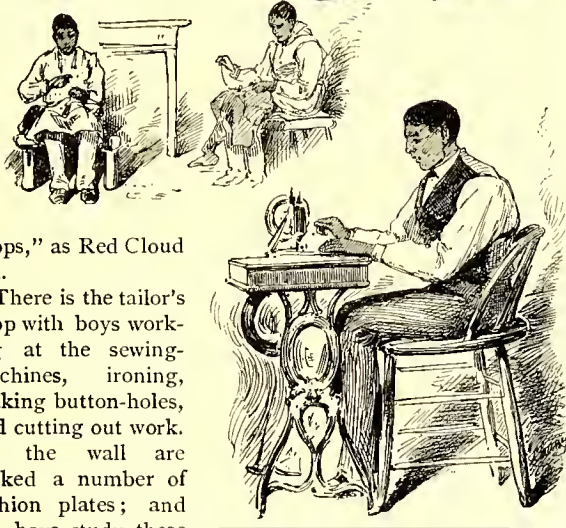
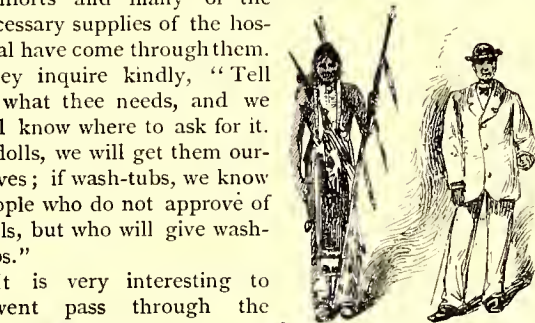
some among us have our doubts whether it is greatly in advance of their native costume in point of picturesque effect. The boys take kindly to the change, however,—fourteen apprentices are stitching merrily away, putting frogs of scarlet braid on their uniforms and tracing curves in colored stitching on the linings of their jackets. One of the boys has fitted himself to a jacket, and, as it is not his time to be served, he wishes it reserved for him, and sews a label on the coveted garment with these words on it:

"Mr. C., please do not give to another boy this coat. I made it to myself."

Another apprentice writes home:

"I am happy. I try to build coats and pants."

That they succeed in this style of architecture is demonstrated by the fact that Clarence Three-Stars made a pair of uniform trousers, with sergeants' stripes down



shops," as Red Cloud did.

There is the tailor's shop with boys working at the sewing-machines, ironing, making button-holes, and cutting out work. On the wall are tacked a number of fashion plates; and the boys study these different phases of civilized dress as they stitch away upon their uniforms, and it is evidently borne in upon them that the tailor has a great deal to do with making the man; that, somehow, clean white collars and cuffs, neatly fitting gloves, shining boots, and a scrupulous toilet generally are marks of a gentleman. The value of the lesson at this stage of their development



INDIAN GIRLS AND BOYS LEARNING THE "WHITE PEOPLE'S WAYS."

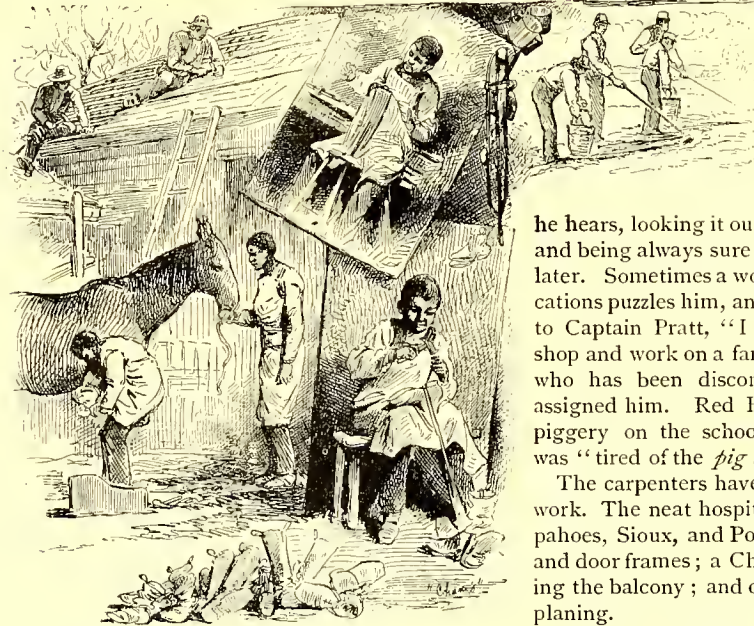
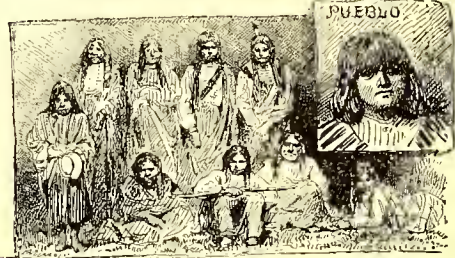
can hardly be exaggerated. It is well, too, to make the garb of civilization as attractive as possible, for

the legs, between eight and half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a single day.

In the harness-shop we find sixteen boys cutting strips of leather, sewing, and polishing. "They have not wasted a dollar's worth of material in three years," is the testimony of the superintendent.

In the next room the shoe-makers are cobbling. There are twenty boys here, and some can make entire a very neat pair of shoes. Two hundred and fifty pairs are sent in per month from the school to be mended. We hear a great deal of the silent, moccasined foot-fall of the Indian; but, shod in durable, thick, solid calf-skin, and in time to the "step, step" of the corporal, the boys bring down their heels with audible emphasis. Their new shoes are highly admired. One scholar wrote to his father: "Yesterday eve I was very glad, he give me, Mr. C., one pair of boots and I am very warm inside my foot." Joseph Wisacoby, a Menomonce, writes home: "I like the shoe-maker trade as ever so much, and I will try the best I can to learn so I can go home and make shoes of myself, without anybody's help how to do it."

days; another Cheyenne boy made forty-six. White Buffalo, another tinman, although scarcely out of his teens, has gray hair. It was turned so, he relates, when a small boy by the enchantment of his father, a powerful medicine man, or magician. The stories which the children tell of these medicine men are, by the way, very interesting. The Indians believe that they can change themselves to bears and transport themselves thousands of miles in



COBBLERS AND HARNESS-MAKERS.

In the tin-shop Henry C. Roman-Nose is perhaps the most expert. He is perfecting himself in his trade, and will soon take charge of a shop at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency, Indian Territory. Frank Twist, a Sioux, says: "Sometimes I make some pint tin cups very well, and I make some of quart, and little pans I fix very nice together." Duke Windy made thirty tin cups in two

an instant. They are believed to understand the language of birds.

White Buffalo is an earnest student and carries a little note-book, in which he writes each new word he hears, looking it out in the dictionary afterward, and being always sure to bring it into use sooner or later. Sometimes a word which has several significations puzzles him, and is misused, as when he said to Captain Pratt, "I *similar* to depart from tin-shop and work on a farm." He is not the only boy who has been discontented with the occupation assigned him. Red Hat, who had charge of the piggery on the school farm, complained that he was "tired of the *pig trade*."

The carpenters have done some especially good work. The neat hospital was built by them,—Arapahoes, Sioux, and Poncas sawing out the window and door frames; a Cheyenne and an Apache carving the balcony; and others shingling, nailing, and planing.

Among the painters, Robert American-Horse has decorated some wagons made at the school shop, and sent to Oregon and Washington Territory. He is a blacksmith also, and, with James Porter and Edgar Fire-Thunder, has made and put up two strong double-acting swings, which the girls enjoy greatly.

Ellis Childers and Charles Kihiga are printers; another is dealing out quinine under the physician, as hospital steward, and has aspirations

toward being a "white medicine man" one of these days. So the boys work, and we might lengthen the account with reports from the *School News* until it would be far too long for insertion in ST. NICHOLAS.

During the summer vacation the boys and girls find employment on farms and in families, many of them working so well that their employers dislike to give them up when school re-opens. They are very proud of being self-supporting and of costing the Government nothing during this season. It frequently happens, however, when the course of instruction is over, that they manifest great reluctance to return to the Indian reservations in the West; and whenever situations have opened for them in the East, and there has been no special family reason for their return, they have been allowed to remain. They have argued, with reason, that they have learned how to live and support themselves in a civilized community, but if they return to the Indian camps the conditions of life will be altered, and it will be almost impossible for them not to fall back into the old ways of savagery. It is an easy task to reclaim the individual and to have him continually improve under the stimulus of civilized surroundings, but it is rather unreasonable to send one or two to convert a tribe. If they have been educated to become useful members of society, they should be allowed to go and come and settle where they choose. If we can bear the negro, the ignorant immigrant, and the Chinese amongst us, there is no reason why the self-supporting Indians should be herded apart and maintained in pauperism at the public expense. The scholars who have gone back to the reservations have many of them done nobly, struggling against an almost overwhelming tide of opposition. Encouraging reports concerning them come in daily from the different Indian agents. "Chester A. Arthur" and Alfred Brown carry on the tailor's trade at the Cheyenne Agency; Thomas Bear-robe is making brick at Caldwell; Etahdleuh Doamoe is carpentering at the Kiowa, Comanche, and Wichita Agency; and many others are farming on their own lands, or working under Government employ at frontier posts. Etahdleuh's history is interesting. He was a prisoner in Florida, studied at Hampton, and was selected by Captain Pratt to visit with him the Indian tribes, and collect pupils for the Carlisle School. He was intelligent, sober, and industrious, deeply impressed with the grave problem before his people, and earnest in his endeavor to make the best of his own oppor-

tunities. After his return he assisted in drilling the boys, and continued improving himself in his trade and studies. One day he came to Captain Pratt, his serious face even graver than usual. "What is it, Etahdleuh?" asked the Captain.

"Captain Pratt," Etahdleuh replied, twirling his cap, "when I was in Florida, and the good ladies teach me, I think about what they say about trying to be good boy. I no think about girls. When I went to Hampton, I think about getting the good education. I no think about girls. When I go West with you, I think about getting scholars and persuading the Indians to follow the white man's



THE MISSES LONGSTRETH, THE INDIAN CHIEF, "SPOTTED TAIL," AND CAPTAIN PRATT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

road. I get my sister, and Laura, and all my friends I can. I no think about girls. When I come back, I think about learning to be a carpenter, so I can support myself and be good citizen. I no think about girls.—*But Laura, she think.* And now Laura's father is dead, and Laura say, 'Who take care of Laura?' And I think I take care of Laura."

Etahdleuh was so honest in the matter, and his

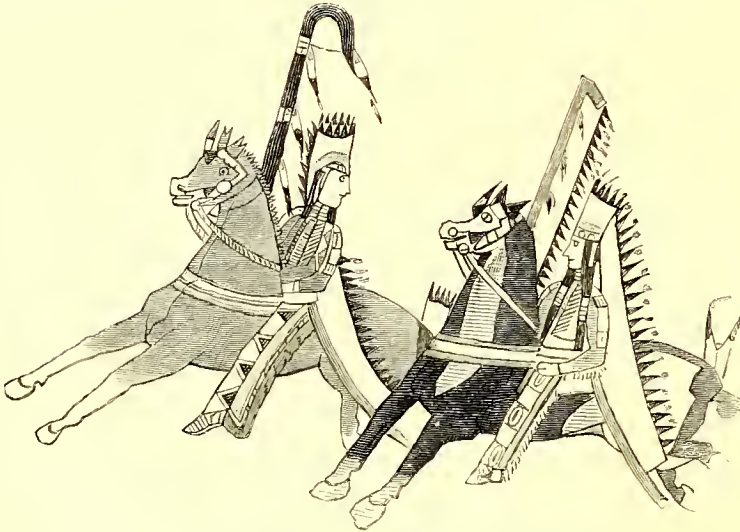
answer to the question, Who is to take care of Laura? was so to the purpose that the wedding took place with the approval of the authorities, and to the great delight of the pupils, who were allowed to make a gala day of the occasion. Etahdleuh had earned two hundred and fifty dollars, and he took his bride back to the reser-

But General Sheridan gives a list of forts which are no longer of any practical use, and which he recommends should be turned into Indian schools. The Secretary of the Interior assures us that, "with twenty thousand or more Indian children properly selected in our schools, there will be no danger of Indian wars."

The cost of achieving this would be very trifling compared to the twenty-two millions of dollars which we have paid annually for the past ten years for military operations against the Indians! And as a result of these schools, the small remnant of the Indians will be gradually scattered among our millions of mixed population, their wild customs will be lost, and in a short time the wish of the Western settler will be gratified, the savage will be annihilated and a useful and educated class added to our American citizens. The process is being hastened by private do-

nations. But, while all praise and thanks are due to such philanthropists, the chief need is for the Government to establish more Indian schools.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF A COLOR-DRAWING BY AN INDIAN BOY.

vation, building a little house upon some land which had been assigned him by the Government.

The Secretary of the Interior, in his last report on Indian Education, says: "It is useless to attempt the civilization of the Indian through the agency of schools, unless a large number of children, certainly not less than one-half the total number, can have the benefit of such schools."



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF A COLOR-DRAWING BY AN INDIAN BOY.

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICKETS DRIVEN IN.

WHEN the panther screamed the second time after Neil and Hugh started to attack it, Mr. Marvin awoke, and was surprised to see that the young watchers were not at the fire, where they had been told to stay.

He sprang from his hammock, and slipping on his boots (he had not removed any other part of his attire), began to look about for the boys. It was a rather startling thought, but it at once rushed into his mind that they had gone on a hunt for the panther! He remembered having heard Hugh propose something of the sort while they were eating supper. He snatched up his rifle, and was on the point of going in search of them, when the four reports of their double shots rang out keen and clear on the still, night air, followed by an angry scream and the sound of scraping and scrambling feet.

Uncle Charley and Mr. Gomez were up and armed in a twinkling. Judge, too, sprang up in a dazed sort of way, for he was but half awake, and half aware that some very exciting event was happening. Catching sight of Hugh, as he rushed up to the fire, his frightened fancy imagined that some terrible beast was just behind him; and, snatching up his empty flint-lock, he hurled it frantically forward as the best effort at protection which his scattered wits were capable of making. The gun narrowly missed Hugh, and, as luck would have it, fell plump into the middle of the fire. Both the boys were too frightened to heed it, however, and by the time Judge discovered it and drew it from the fire, the stock of the gun was almost entirely consumed.

Meantime, Mr. Marvin's Winchester rifle cracked sharply, once,—twice,—three times, in quick succession.

"What has become of Neil?" Hugh asked himself, and turned about to look for him. But he was nowhere to be seen!

After the boys had fired at the panther, as described in the preceding chapter, they stood their ground long enough to see the savage animal come tearing down the tree, apparently badly wounded and infuriated; and then Hugh ran away as fast as he could. Until he reached the fire he had thought that Neil was close at his heels.

Meantime, the boys' shots had aroused the

camp, and soon the voice of Mr. Marvin, calling to Uncle Charley and Mr. Gomez, announced that the panther had been killed. Hugh, therefore, hurried back to the spot. The panther was lying dead not more than two rods from the tree, and the three men were standing around it. It was a huge beast, with massive, muscular legs and a long, lithe body. Its head was like a cat's head, and its teeth were long and sharp.

"Where is Neil?" inquired Hugh, suddenly perceiving that his brother was not present.

"Why! Where is he, indeed?" exclaimed Mr. Marvin, looking hurriedly around.

"Has he gone? Is n't he here?" cried Uncle Charley.

"Has n't he been seen?" added Mr. Gomez. "Who saw him last?"

Hugh felt a cold chill of fear and dread creep over him. He gazed anxiously in every direction: the streaks of moonlight and places of dark shade made the wood appear solemn and lonely.

"He was with me when I started to run to camp," said Hugh, "and I have n't seen him since. I thought he turned and ran just as I did."

"You had better call him, sir," suggested Mr. Gomez, speaking to Uncle Charley, who at once cried out: "Neil! Neil!" as loudly as he could.

But no answer came.

Uncle Charley called again. And, this time, they thought they heard an answer, but far away in the swamp.

Mr. Gomez, who had a strong, stentorian voice, now called out:

"Ho! Neil!"

"Whoope-e-e!" came the answer, apparently from the very middle of the swamp.

"That's Neil's voice!" exclaimed Hugh.

"But how did he ever get *there*?" demanded Mr. Marvin.

"It is very strange, certainly," said Uncle Charley.

They waited a few minutes, and then called again. The answer came quite promptly, but sounded no nearer. Mr. Marvin started in the direction whence the sound was heard, saying: "I'll go and bring in Neil, while you drag the panther up to the fire."

In about half an hour Mr. Marvin and Neil came up to the fire, Neil looking very weary and mud-bespattered. He could not explain how he came to be where he was found.

"After we shot at the panther," said he, "I turned and ran toward the fire, which I saw gleaming between the trees. I thought Hugh was following close after me, though I did not look back to see. The fire seemed to me to shift its position as I ran, so that I often had to change my course. Presently I discovered that Hugh was not with me. This frightened me and I ran still harder, thinking I would reach the fire and rouse the rest of you, and if Hugh did not come in immediately we would go out and hunt for him. But just then the fire began to look as if it was zigzagging about, now dancing here, now glimmering there, and I *could* not get any closer to it. I ran over bushes and stumbled against logs. At last I reached the edge of the water, where Mr. Marvin found me, and there I was horrified to see the light I had thought was our fire, hovering above the surface of the pond, where very soon it flickered and went out, leaving me quite bewildered and lost. I did not know what to do; I felt as if I were in some other and strange world; everything had so mysterious and vague a look about it. The dim moonlight and the ink-black shadows seemed to shift and waver. I was quite exhausted with my long hard run, so I sank down on the ground and gave up. When I heard the shooting, it did not sound as if it *could* be in the direction of our camp, but when you called me I knew your voices."

Hugh was as glad to see his brother as if Neil had returned from some long journey in foreign lands.

The panther lay stretched out by the fire, and Judge was dismally contemplating his ruined gun.

"This big fellow," said Mr. Marvin, touching the dead animal with his foot, "belongs to Neil and Hugh; for, although I finished it, their shots had mortally wounded it."

"That panther was a warrior," said Uncle Charley, "and he charged nobly."

"He druv in de pickets and scattered de scrimmagers," said Judge, grinning lugubriously.

The light that had led Neil astray could only be accounted for on the theory that it was a "will-o'-the-wisp" or "Jack-o'-lantern," one of those strange wandering luminous bubbles sometimes seen in swampy places. Neil had reached the other side of the swamp by running around it, in his pursuit of the flickering light.

CHAPTER XXV.

RULES FOR HANDLING THE GUN IN WING-SHOOTING.

MR. MARVIN gave Neil and Hugh a good scolding for having ventured to attack an animal so dangerous as a panther.

"What would your father say," he exclaimed, "if he thought that your uncle and I would permit you to take a risk so terrible? But for the chance fact that one of that panther's legs was broken by a shot, it would almost certainly have killed one or the other of you."

"Papa will not say anything about that when we send him the panther's skin," said Hugh. "He 'll think that we 've become better hunters than he expected."

Neil did not say anything. He felt the force of Mr. Marvin's remarks. The startling nature of the adventure, too, had impressed him strongly. Next morning he made a sketch of the panther's head. But he could not draw the will-o'-the-wisp.

They remained in camp at this spot for several days, during which time they made a fine collection of bird-skins to add to Mr. Marvin's stock. Some excellent shooting, too, they had at wood-duck and teal; but this was quite limited, as they would not kill a single bird that they did not need, either for food or as a specimen.

It was during their stay at this delightful place that Neil reduced to the shortest form Mr. Marvin's rules for wing-shooting with a shot gun. Here they are, just as he wrote them in one of his note-books:

Always bear in mind that it is the muzzle of a gun that is dangerous; therefore, never allow the muzzle to point toward yourself or any other person.

Never put your hand over the muzzle of a gun, nor allow another person to handle your gun while it is loaded.

Use a breech-loading gun with rebounding hammers. A muzzle-loading gun is both inconvenient and dangerous to load.

Hammerless guns are beautiful and convenient weapons, but they are not fit for boys to use, especially boys who are just beginning to shoot.

A sixteen-bore gun, with barrels of laminated or Damascus steel, horn or rubber breech-plate, rebounding hammers, and twenty-eight-inch length of barrels, top-snap action, left barrel choke-bored for long range, right barrel medium choke or cylinder bore—such is an outline from which any good gun-maker can build a boy's gun weighing about six and a half pounds.

Shells for such a gun should be loaded with three drams of powder and one ounce of shot. Put two thick wads on the powder and one on the shot.

For any game not larger than woodcock and quail, use No. 9 shot. For wood-duck, prairie-chicken, partridge, teal, and the like, No. 6 shot will be found best when the birds are old; but early in the season No. 7 will be better. For large water-fowl and wild turkey, No. 4 shot, as a rule, will be heavy enough. For deer, bear, and the like, you ought to have a gun specially

bored for shooting buck-shot, as it is sometimes dangerous to use shot so large in choked barrels.

In shooting at a flying bird, the first thing to know is that you must not aim directly at it unless it is flying straight and level away from you at about the height of your eye.

If a bird goes away with a rising line of flight, your aim must be a little *above* it, but if it flies level and above the line of your eye straight away, you must aim a little below it. If it flies to the left or to the right, you must aim a little ahead of

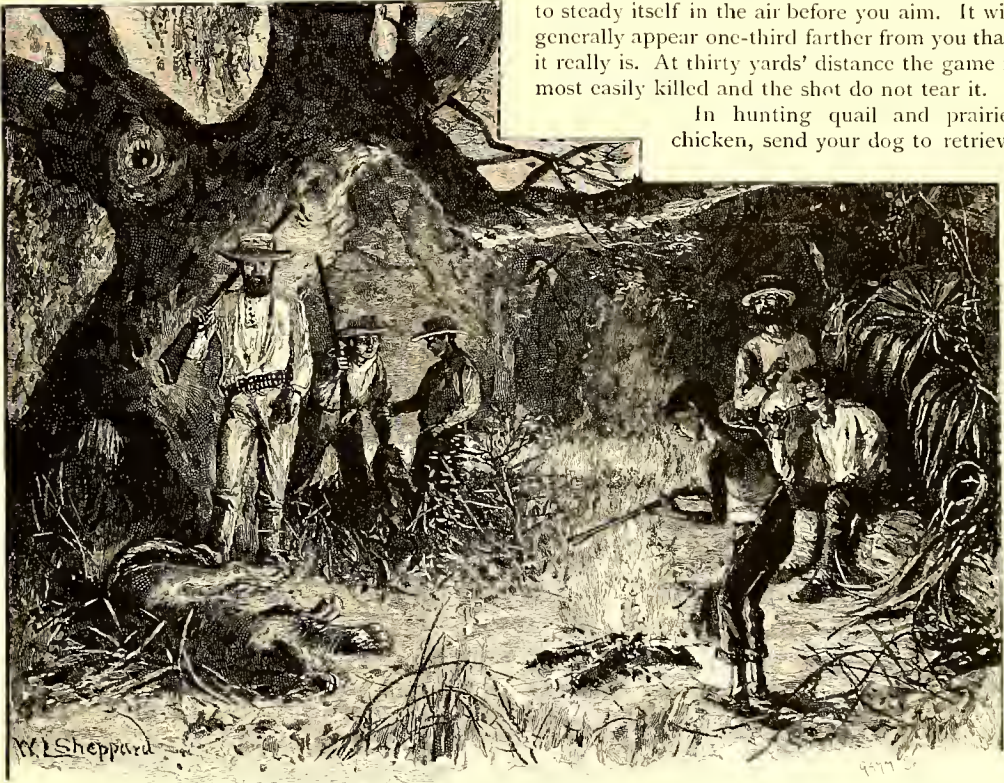
fire your second barrel, always shooting right and left.

When a dog "stands," or "points" game, you should not hurry to flush it. Be deliberate, always trying to drive your birds in the direction of light and low covert instead of that which is dense and high.

Most giddy-flying birds, like snipe and plover, will rise against the wind, so that the time to shoot them is just as they turn. To do this, hunt them down the wind if possible.

Always wait, if the field is open, for your bird to steady itself in the air before you aim. It will generally appear one-third farther from you than it really is. At thirty yards' distance the game is most easily killed and the shot do not tear it.

In hunting quail and prairie-chicken, send your dog to retrieve



"THE PANTHER LAY STRETCHED OUT BY THE FIRE."

it. In fact, the rule is to so fire that the bird's line of flight and the line of your shot will exactly intercept each other.

Always move your gun in the direction of the bird's flight, but do not "poke" or follow. Cover your point of aim by a quick and steady motion and press the trigger at once.

Shoot with both eyes open, so as to see whether you hit or miss. If you miss with your first barrel, recover your aim and fire the other, or if there are two or more birds flushed and you hit with your first barrel, instantly select another bird and

the game as soon as it falls, because, if you do not, a wounded bird may run off and be lost, to perish of its hurt. A true hunter is always anxious to prevent unnecessary cruelty. So long as we eat flesh, birds and animals must be killed for food, but we should avoid brutality in putting them to death.

Snap-shooting is done by raising the gun and firing it as soon as it can be leveled; a mode absolutely necessary in shooting woodcock and quail in high, close covert, where it often happens that the gunner merely gets a glimpse of his game and shoots by judging its position at the time of firing.

Teal and canvas-back duck are very fast flyers, often going at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. How far ahead of a green-winged teal, going at that rate across your line of sight, must you aim if the bird is forty yards distant, if your shot fly at the average rate of eight hundred feet per second?

Calculate as follows: It takes your shot, practically, one-sixth of a second to go forty yards. In one-sixth of a second your bird will fly, practically, fifteen and one-half feet, which is the distance you must aim ahead of the teal at forty yards. Of course this is not the exact calculation, but it is practically near enough. A few trials will familiarize the operation, and your eye will soon become trained in judging distances. Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, at what *appears* to be forty yards, your aim ought to be about ten feet ahead of your bird, if it is flying straight across your line of sight,—and less if the flight is diagonal.

If your game is flying toward you, the best rule is to allow it to pass, so that you may turn about and shoot it going from you. This for several reasons: First, because the breast-feathers, of water-fowl especially, are very thick; secondly, because it is very difficult to allow for the flight of an incoming bird; and thirdly, because in shooting a bird from behind, you send your shot *between* its feathers, and your game is cleanly killed.

Always be sure that your line of sight is along the middle of the rib that joins the barrels.

In quail-shooting, bear in mind that you rarely kill your game at a longer range than thirty yards, and that, under ordinary circumstances, your aim, for a cross-flying bird, should be about three feet ahead of it,—though no fixed rule can be given.

If you are hunting in company with others, be careful and courteous, always refraining from shooting at birds that are flushed nearer to your companion than to you, and do not allow your gun, under any circumstances, to point at, or in the direction of, any human being.

Open your gun at the breech and take out both shells before climbing over a fence, getting into a wagon, going into a house, or handing the gun to a person not used to fire-arms.

Never drag a gun toward you, with the muzzle foremost.

Treat an unloaded gun with the same care that you would use in handling a loaded one. "I did not know it was loaded" has caused many terrible accidents.

It is best to thoroughly clean and dry a gun after it has been used all day, and when not in use it should be kept in a heavy woolen or leather case.

Never shoot at harmless and worthless birds "just to try your hand." Most small birds are

pretty, some of them sing sweetly, and nearly all of them are useful as insect-destroyers. It is brutal to kill them for any other than scientific or artistic purposes.

When out hunting, observe everything, so as to remember the minutest details of visible nature. Knowledge thus gathered is invaluable.

Boys, when hunting together, should be very cautious in thick covert; as there, one may be quite near another and not see him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW JUDGE'S NOSE WAS BITTEN.

IT would take a long time and a great deal of writing to tell all that happened during the winter spent by our party in Southern Florida. We can not follow them, step by step, from one good hunting ground to another.

They tried alligator-shooting, but Neil and Hugh did not like it. The killing of a great big stupid animal, merely to get its teeth, seemed to them very poor sport; and besides, they found alligators much less dangerous than they had been led to believe them to be.

They killed some of the small, beautiful deer of the peninsula, and had some lively times with bear.

Rattlesnakes and moccasins were common in the woods and swamps, and quite frequently the warning whir or hiss startled them as they pushed through the brakes of cane and tangles of air-plant.

Neil made rapid progress in his free-hand sketching from nature, both with lead pencil and in colors. His sketch-books contained a wonderful variety of subjects, from strange insects to wild beasts, and from a small air-plant spike to a huge live-oak tree, draped in Spanish long-moss.

Heron-shooting was their principal business, and the amount of plumes collected was very large and valuable.

One day's woodcock-shooting, however, was more to the boys' taste than all the other sport they enjoyed during the whole winter. They found, one morning, a fine lot of these noble game-birds scattered over a thinly wooded tract, where clumps of bushes and tufts of wild grass grew in a rather firm black mud, just suited to the habits of woodcock. They did not need a dog. The birds flew but a short distance when flushed; and if missed, could be easily followed so as to be found again.

Neil and Hugh endeavored to observe every rule of shooting, and they did remarkably fine work. For a long while they kept exactly even in the number of birds killed, and the race grew very exciting.

It was while absorbed in this sport that Hugh, as he walked through a patch of saw-grass beside a little pool, stepped upon an enormous alligator. It was dead, but, feeling it under his foot, Hugh looked down and received a terrific scare. The reptile was fully twelve feet long, with a great rusty body and sprawling legs, and the hunter who had killed it had propped its terrible mouth open wide, so as to knock out its teeth when it had lain sufficiently long. Hugh jumped as high and as far as he could, and yelled with terror.

"Ugh! Oh! An alligator!" he cried.

Just then a woodcock rose and went straight

a bird, and Neil none; but the score soon changed, for Neil achieved a feat rarely accomplished nowadays. He made a "double shot" on woodcock, killing the brace in perfect style, right and left. This put him ahead of the others and made the race grow interesting.

Judge next missed a fine strong bird that flew quartering to his right, and Hugh killed it at fifty yards with his left barrel.

"Dis 'ere gun shoot too quick," said Judge; "it make me dodge! I done miss dat bird 'fore I got ready."

The next flush was by Neil, who failed to kill on



"JUDGE FELL SPRAWLING ALONG ITS RUSTY BACK."

away, but Hugh was so frightened that he did not think to shoot, and Neil's record went one ahead. The shock of his fright unsettled Hugh's nerves, and so Neil beat him, though the contest was a very close one.

The boys went back to camp for a late dinner, and the sight of their fourteen woodcocks fairly dazzled Judge's eyes. As a special favor, Uncle Charley loaned Judge his little sixteen-bore double-barrel for the rest of the afternoon. This made the young negro very happy. His face shone like a lump of anthracite coal with two black diamonds in it. He took twenty shells and went with the boys when they returned to the woodcock grounds, which lay but a short distance from the camp.

"Now," said Hugh, "here goes for a fair match. Let's see who'll get the biggest bag of birds."

The challenge was quickly accepted by Neil and Judge, and so they began to quarter the ground, that is, they walked back and forth in diagonal lines across it.

In a very short time Hugh and Judge each had

account of an intervening bush. Hugh banged away and missed also; and so did Judge, who just then stumbled against the nose of the dead alligator and fell sprawling along its rusty back.

"Look out!" shouted Hugh, in a spirit of mischief. "It's an alligator!"

With a piercing shriek, Judge scrambled off on his hands and knees, screaming at the top of his voice. Then he jumped up, and leaving Uncle Charley's gun lying where he had dropped it when he fell, he started for camp as hard as he could run.

Neil picked up the gun, and seeing that it was growing late, he and Hugh followed after the flying negro.

When they reached camp, Judge was gesticulating and posturing and pointing in a vain effort to relate his terrible adventure to the men. The most realistic part of it was the fact that Judge had actually skinned his nose on the horny hide of the alligator, and that he persisted in asserting that he had been bitten!

"Dat beas' jis' kep' a-bitin' away, an' I tho't I done clean gone, fo' sho'!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

ALL things have an end, and so the time came at last for our little party to bid farewell to Florida.

The trip up the coast to Cedar Keys, and thence to St. Mark's, was performed in a leisurly way, the sloop anchoring for a day or two here and there, the boys seizing every opportunity to make a bag of snipe or shore birds, or to shoot herons for Mr. Marvin.

But the nearer they approached home, the more impatient at delay they all became, and it was with a sense of intense relief that they stood finally by the little railroad station at St. Mark's, ready to take the cars for the North, and home! They bade good-bye to Mr. Gomez with regret, for they had learned to like him very much during their long voyage.

At Tallahassee they took the dogs aboard. Don and Belt and Snip and Sly were the gladdest animals you ever saw, though they had been well kept and were as sleek as moles.

From Tallahassee Mr. Marvin shipped his plumes to New York, and his bird-skins to the Smithsonian Institute. He received orders here also, for it was now quite late in April, and the season for nest-hunting and egg-collecting was at hand, and some of his customers and patrons desired him to begin work for them in that line at once. So he had no time to lose. He could not even go so far as Uncle Charley's farm with Neil and Hugh, but had to part from them at Montgomery, Alabama, whence he went westward.

The boys both cried when he left them. He had seemed almost like an elder brother to them. But he promised to come and have a grouse-hunt with them in Illinois some time during the next season.

Samson was overjoyed when they reached Uncle Charley's home, and he asked hundreds of questions; and Judge told him some wonderful stories, that made his old eyes stare.

But Neil and Hugh were in a great hurry to return to Belair and see their father and talk with the boys. The very next day they left Tennessee, and in due time stepped off the train at the Belair station platform. Everything looked as natural as life, and the first person Hugh saw was Tom Dale.

"Hallo! Is this you, Hugh? and if there is n't old Neil! Why, how brown you are, boys! What a jolly time you two must have had!" cried Tom, in an ecstasy of delight.

Neil and Hugh jumped into a carriage and were driven straight home, while their "plunder" and luggage followed them in the village express wagon.

Mr. Burton was taken quite by surprise when his boys, all weather-browned and lusty, rushed into the library and fell upon him with their rousing caresses. They almost tumbled him out of his chair; his spectacles fell off, and his face was covered with kisses.

Of course the boys immediately began to tell him all about their wanderings and adventures, but it was many days before they had finished.

The news of the return of the boy hunters spread through Belair like a breeze.

Neil proposed to invite all their young friends to come to spend an evening with them, so that they might have a good time talking together over what had happened in Belair, as well as what had been done in the far Southern hunting-grounds, during the winter.

"That is just the thing," said Hugh, "and we'll hang up all your pictures and sketches in the parlor, and set up our stuffed birds, and display our collection of eggs. In fact, we'll have a genuine—what do you call it in French?—*salon*?"

"That would be interesting," assented Neil. "I think all the boys and girls would enjoy it. Suppose we do it?"

"Shall we invite the girls, too?" inquired Hugh.

"Certainly," said Neil; "girls like *fine* art quite as much as boys, you know."

He emphasized the word "fine," as if he meant to make fun of his sketches, but Hugh knew he was proud of them.

"What do you say, Papa?" said Hugh, turning to his father.

"I think the plan an excellent one," replied Mr. Burton. "I'll see that your guests have a good supper and the freedom of the house from six to eleven in the evening."

The boys were delighted, and went to work with a will, getting ready for what proved to be the happiest social event ever enjoyed by the boys and girls of Belair.

Mr. Burton's large parlor was profusely decorated with Neil's sketches and the many trophies of the two lads' prowess with the gun. More than fifty guests were present, and all were delighted.

It was Tom Dale who afterward suggested to the Belair boys that they should present Neil with a testimonial. Tom made the presentation speech in excellent style, on behalf of all the donors.

The gift was an easel, a palette, and a mahl-stick, with an alligator carved on



"LITTLE GIRL IN THE GLASS, I THINK I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE!"

A FÊTE DAY IN BRITTANY.

By A. C. G.

EARLY on the morning of a bright September day, a certain little hotel in Brittany, where I happened to be sojourning, was all astir. It was evident, from the bustle going on, and the air of suppressed excitement among the usually listless inhabitants of the place, that some event of importance was at hand. I learned from our good landlady that the approaching celebration was the annual fête, or gala day, of the village, and she told me that if I wished to have a good view of the various performances, I should need to start early, as the festivities would begin promptly at ten.

As it was then nearly nine, my friend Tom Jackson and I hastened from the hotel and along one of the high-roads, in the direction in which the crowd was moving. On our way, we were overtaken by vehicles of every description, some very quaint and primitive, and almost all laden with peasants from the adjoining towns, gorgeous in their holiday attire. And among these was a great number of small boys, who evidently believed that the day had been instituted for their especial benefit.

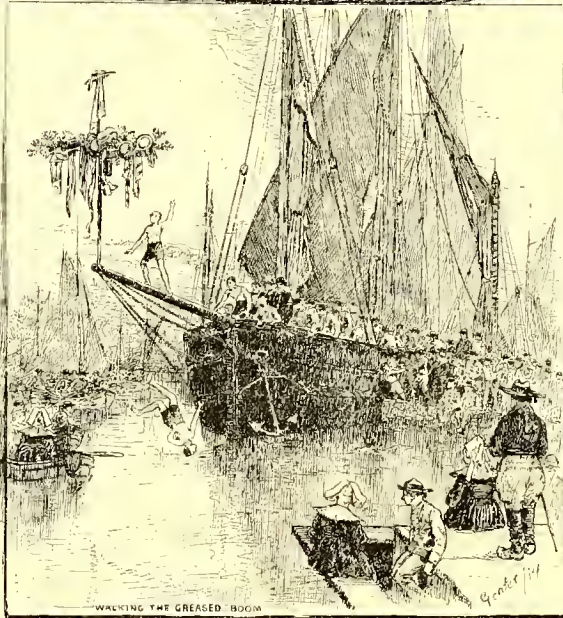
As we neared the scene of the fête, the crowds



HORSE RACES.



BRETON BOY.



WAXING THE GREASED BOOM.



BRETON GIRL.



DUCK CHASE.



THE FEAT.



WRESTLING MATCH.



DANCING THE GAVAIL.

grew dense and more excited; men and boys were shouting wildly, and scores of people were hastily clambering upon two stone walls which lined the road. This road, it appeared, was to serve as a race-course. Having found a comfortable seat, we gave ourselves up to contemplating the odd crowd by which we were surrounded, and with patience awaited the start.

At last a wild shout arose, "Here they come!" Then dead silence fell over all, as dashing down the road came some six or eight horses, whose riders were urging them forward by every means possible.

The steeds were all without saddles, and they were supposed to have started at the same instant. But so anxious was each rider to get the lead that some had heard the word "go" a full minute before the others. As the clatter of hoofs was heard growing clearer and clearer, the greatest excitement prevailed in the crowd by which we were surrounded, and all were eager to see which of the riders would first reach the goal. All the burly men and the screaming boys prophesied that the winner would be a certain young man nicknamed Cayenne, because he had such a fiery temper. "No one *dars* beat him," piped a small boy at my elbow, "'cause Cayenne's the fiercest man in Brittany!" And, sure enough, he soon came in view, the foremost in the race, with his red handkerchief flying in the air, and he was greeted with a loud shout from the assembled crowd.

This first contest was followed by others of a similar character, but ere long the races were finished. To us they were very tame performances, being nothing more than the galloping of a half-dozen plow-horses. But we derived much pleasure from watching the breathless and enthusiastic interest manifested by the simple people around us.

From the rude race-track, the crowds repaired to a large open space in one of the fields behind the school-house. Here a large circle had been marked off, and in the center stood a rather feeble-looking individual, bearing a long pole from which were suspended various prizes, consisting of gayly colored handkerchiefs, scarfs, wooden sabots, and other such trinkets.

Soon we perceived a small boy running around inside the ring, with his hand high up in the air; this was a challenge for any one outside the circle to come in and wrestle with the youthful athlete.

In a few moments the ring was completely filled with would-be wrestlers, who were struggling in each other's embrace in a lively fashion. Every now and then a man with a drum would commence to beat it in a deafening manner; this was to indicate that the contest between some pair of

wrestlers was at an end, and that a prize would be given to one of them.

In the meantime the bearer of the pole with the prizes had grown very weary, so that to hold the pole upright was too much for him, and down he fell, with the whole superstructure on top of him.

A wail of woe went up from all the valiant wrestlers, who immediately stopped in the midst of their combat to gather up the scattered prizes. And the old man having been set upon his feet, and a new prize-bearer put in his place, the business in hand was resumed.

It was curious to see the earnestness and yet the great good-nature with which the wrestlers contended. At one moment you would have thought they were mortal enemies engaged in deathly combat, with such fury did they come on to the assault; but the next moment the conflict would suddenly cease, while the combatants adjusted some article of clothing which had been torn or misplaced—smiling and chattering with each other meanwhile in the friendliest manner.

When the wrestling was concluded, the prizes were distributed, and then might be seen groups of happy swains, bearing themselves with all the airs of conquering heroes, and surrounded by admiring groups of relatives and friends, carefully examining the "elegant" prizes.

There was now an intermission of an hour or more, devoted to luncheon and to visiting the various shows which crowded the market-place. The most attractive of these seemed to be the "Merry-go-round." Not only the little folks, but the grown people also, would ride around and around in it, seemingly with the greatest enjoyment.

At two the drum sounded to recall all wanderers, and to make known to the boys that the hour had arrived for them to come forth and display their prowess in another contest, but of a different sort.

In front of the hotel had been erected a curious contrivance made of wood, consisting of two upright poles and a revolving cross-piece.

Now, the feat for each of the boys to perform, in turn, was to climb up one of the poles to the cross-piece, along which he was to crawl until he reached the opposite pole. If he accomplished this seemingly easy performance, he was to be allowed to choose one of many bright-colored handkerchiefs on a table near by; and if he failed, he would be sure only of being laughed at by the spectators, and of getting a tumble of some five or six feet.

The first lad who tried nimbly climbed the pole, and firmly planted himself on the cross-piece,—when lo! in an instant, before he had a chance to crawl a single inch, the thing revolved, depositing him on a bed of straw that had been spread under-

neath to prevent any contestant from being hurt by the fall. What ignominy for the lad, to be lying there on the ground, when it looked so easy to reach the other end of the cross-piece!

A second boy now made the attempt, and had crawled about half-way along the cross-piece when the thing gave a quick lurch, and left him hanging with head down and feet convulsively clinging to the rod, while he writhed and twisted to regain his hold, the crowd hooting and jeering derisively.

A third, nothing daunted by the failures of his rivals, nimbly sprang up the pole, cautiously crawled along the bar, and just as the lookers-on were about to cheer him for his success,—over he went, landing flat upon the ground!

But at last a boy was found who reached the other end of the cross-piece without any mishap; and loud and long was the applause that rewarded his efforts as he waved in the air the much-coveted green and red handkerchief.

For an hour or more this performance was kept up, only one in every ten being successful, however; for the cross-piece was so adjusted that unless the balance was kept perfectly even, it was sure either to tip or to revolve.

Again the drum beat, this time louder and longer than before, and soon we saw the crowds wending their way in the direction of the river. When we reached it, both banks were already filled, and it was with difficulty that we found a place where we could watch the proceedings.

Anchored in the stream was a good-sized boat, gayly decorated with bright-colored ribbons and flags. Here were seated the judges and others having the affair in charge, looking very wise and important indeed.

The boom of the boat projected some distance out over the water. It was a good-sized, substantial pole, and would not, ordinarily, have been very difficult to "walk"; but now it had been thoroughly oiled, and it fairly glistened in the sun.

On the end were trophies of victory of about the same value and description as those already distributed, and including many red shirts and scarfs.

The river was filled with small boats, in readiness to rescue from a watery grave any contestant who was not an expert swimmer.

By and by appeared the group of boys who were to attempt the feat,—numbering a dozen or more, all scantily clothed, as the occasion required, but looking very determined.

The first fellow stepped carefully on the greased pole, made one or two convulsive motions with his arms, and then quietly jumped into the river and swam for the shore. The second tripped lightly on the boom, and with great care managed to bal-

ance himself until he had reached the end, and all the beautiful prizes were within his grasp.

Which should he take? His fond father on the shore shouted "that beautiful red shirt"; his little brother cried out "that tin sword"; while he knew, in his heart, that his mother wanted a ribbon. That decided him; a ribbon it should be. But alas! he had already hesitated too long; he began to totter, and he made wild efforts to retain his footing. But in vain. The next moment he fell like a stone into the river, and he was picked up by one of the small boats.

But his ardor was not dampened; friends helped him to scramble up the bank, and in a few moments he was aboard the boat and trying again; but this time he was too excited, and he fell in the river almost at the first step.

Many others made the attempt, with the same ill success, and but few escaped a ducking. Still, they tried and tried again, to the intense delight of the spectators, until all the prizes had been claimed.

The next performance was the catching the ducks. And for this, the small boys came forth again in large numbers, ready to do their best.

A number of ducks with clipped wings were thrown into the river, and whoever succeeded in capturing one was entitled to possess it. Wild and frantic were the efforts made, but the ducks had a way of their own of escaping their pursuers. A boy would get so near he could touch the duck with his hand, but just as soon as he tried to hold him, the duck, like Paddy's flea, "was n't there." They would jump over the lads' heads and fly in their faces, meanwhile keeping up a terrible quacking; but their strength gave out after a while, and then they fell easy prey to the hands of their captors.

This brought the day's sports to a close. Evening was fast setting in, and from the market-place could be heard the strains of the bagpipe and bignion. This was what the young people had been waiting for. Couples appeared from every side and soon were flying through the "gavotte," the native dance. They would form in lines joining hands, and then with something like a hop, skip, and a jump, away they would go in a wild whirl.

The covered market-place was dimly lighted with candles, and it was a strange, weird sight to watch the white caps bobbing up and down, here, there, and everywhere.

By ten o'clock the little village was sound asleep, and, no doubt, the dreams of its boys and girls, that night, were of a very rosy hue, for to them the annual fête is the greatest occasion of the year.



MASTER Squirrel, blithe and gay,
 Come and live with me, I pray.
 Nuts have I for thee to crack;
 Gingerbread thou'lt never lack,
 Sugarplums and popcorn sweet
 For thy pleasure shalt thou eat;
 A gilded cage shall be thy nest,
 A bed of down thy place of rest,
 A life of ease thy lot shall be,
 If thou wilt come and live with me.

MAY, my winsome little MAID,
 I prefer the glen and glade.
 In the tree have I my home,
 Through the woods I'm free to roam;
 Nuts have I and eke to spare,
 Fruit and corn and berries rare.
 When the SPORTSMAN'S gun I hear,
 Many a hiding place is near.
 A GOLDEN CAGE and wealth to me
 Are no exchange for LIBERTY.

T.P.W.

HISTORIC BOYS.*

BY E. S. BROOKS.

IV.

LOUIS OF BOURBON: THE BOY KING.

1638-1715.

[*Louis XIV. of France; afterward known as the "Grand Monarque."*]

DID you ever hear or see a mob, boys and girls? Probably not; but ask father or mother, or uncle, or any one who remembers the draft riots of 1863 in our own New York, if there is any sound more terrifying than that threatening, far-away murmur that grows each second louder and more distinct until it swells and surges up and down the city streets—the hoarse, mad shouts of a mob. It was such a sound as this that on that dreary midnight of the tenth of February, 1651, filled the dark and narrow and dismal streets of old Paris, startling all the inmates of the Palais Royal, as under the palace windows rose the angry cry:

“The King! the King! Down with Mazarin!”

Two anxious-faced young persons, a girl and a boy of thirteen or thereabout, who were peeping out into the corridor, looked at one another inquiringly.

“Whatever is the matter, Count?” asked dainty little Olympia, the pretty niece of the Queen’s prime minister, Mazarin.

For answer the light-hearted young Armand, Count of Guiche, whom even danger could not rob of gayety, replied: “Faith, mam’selle, ’t is a trick that may set us all a livelier dance than your delightful *la brausle*. The people are storming the palace to save the little king from my lord, your uncle. They say that the Queen will steal away to your uncle with his little Majesty, and so here come the people in fury to stay her purpose. Hark! there they go again!” and as, before the gates, rose the angry shouts, “the King! the King! Down with Mazarin!” these sprightly young people drew hastily back into the security of their own apartments.

“*Down with Mazarin!*” It was the rallying cry that stirred the excitable people of Paris to riot and violence in those old days of strife and civil war, over two hundred years ago,—the troublesome time of the Fronde. The Court of the Queen Regent Anne, the Parliament of Paris, and the great princes of France were struggling for the mastery, in a quarrel so foolish and unnecessary that history has called it “the war of the children,”

and its very nickname, “the Fronde,” was taken from the *fronde*, or sling, which the mischievous boys of Paris used in their heedless street fights. Probably not one half of those who shouted so loudly “Down with Mazarin!” understood what the quarrel was about, nor just why they showed rage against the unpopular prime minister of the Queen Regent, the Italian Mazarin. But they had grown to believe that the scarcity of bread, the pinching pains of hunger, the poverty, and wretchedness which they all *did* understand were due, somehow, to this hated Mazarin, and they were therefor ready to flame up in an instant and to shout “Down with Mazarin!” until they were hoarse.

And now in the great palace all is confusion.

“The King! the King! We must see the King!” shout the swaying crowd. There is a dash against the trellised gates of the palace, a dash and then a mighty crash, and, as the outer gate falls before the people’s assault, the great alarm bell of the palace booms out its note of danger. Then guards and gentlemen press hastily toward the royal apartments in defense of the queen and her sons, while ladies, and pages, and servants scatter and hide in terror.

But Anne, Queen Regent of France, was as brave as she was shrewd.

“What is the people’s wish?” she demanded as the Duc de Beaufort entered her apartment.

“To see his Majesty with their own eyes, they say,” was the reply.

“But can they not trust their queen, my lord?” she asked.

“Their queen, your Highness? Yes. But not Mazarin,” said the blunt duke.

“Ho, there, d’Aumont,” said the Queen to the captain of the palace guard, “bid that the portals be opened at once! Draw off your guard. And you, my lords, stand aside: we will show the king to our good people of Paris and defeat the plots of our enemies. Bid the people enter,” and, unattended, save by M. de Villeroi, the king’s governor, and two of her ladies-in-waiting, she passed quickly through the gallery that led to the magnificent bed-chamber of the little King Louis.

“What is this uproar, madame?” was the greeting she received from a handsome, auburn-haired boy of twelve, as she entered the apartment.

"Lie down, my son," said the Queen, "and if ever you seemed to sleep, seem to do so now. Your safety, your crown, perhaps your life, depend upon this masking. The people are crowding the palace, demanding to see with their own eyes that I have not taken you away."

Young Louis of Bourbon flushed angrily. "The people!" he exclaimed. "How dare they? Why does not Villeroi order the Swiss guard to drive the ruffians out?"

"Hush, my Louis," his mother said. "You have other enemies than these barbarians of Paris. Your time has not yet come. Hark, they are here!"

The angry boy closed his eyes in pretended sleep, while his mother softly opened the door of the apartment, and faced the mob alone. For, obedient to her order, the great portals of the palace had been opened, and up the broad staircase now pushed and scrambled the successful mob. The people were in the palace of the king.

"Enter, my friends," said the intrepid Queen, as rough, disordered, and flushed with the novelty of success the eager crowd halted in presence of royalty. "Enter, my friends; but—softly! They said falsely who declared that I sought to steal the king from his faithful people of Paris. See for yourselves!" and she swung open the door of the chamber; "here lies your king!" With ready hand she parted the heavy curtains of the splendid bed, and, with finger on lip as if in caution, she beckoned the people to approach the bedside.

And then came a singular change. For, as they looked upon the flushed face and the long, disordered hair of that beautiful boy, whose regular breathing seemed to indicate the healthy sleep of childhood, the howling, rebellious rabble of the outer gates became a reverent and loyal throng, which quietly and almost noiselessly filed past the royal bed upon which that strong-willed boy of twelve lay in a "make-believe" sleep.

For two long midnight hours on that memorable tenth of February, 1651, did mother and son endure this trying ordeal. At length it was over. The last burgher had departed, the great gates were closed, the guards were replaced, and, as shouts of "*vive le roi*" came from the jubilant crowd without, the boy-king sprang from his splendid bed and, quivering with shame and rage, shook his little fist toward the cheering people. For, from boyhood, young Louis of Bourbon had been taught to regard himself as the most important lad in all the world. Think, then, what a terrible shock to his pride must have been this invasion of his palace by the people.

The angry quarrel of the Fronde raged high for full five months after this midnight reception in

the king's bed-chamber, but at last came the eventful day which was to fulfill the boy's oft-repeated wish—the day of his majority. For, according to a law of the realm, a king of France could be declared of age at thirteen; and young Louis of Bourbon, naturally a high-spirited lad, had been made even more proud and imperious by his surroundings and education. He chafed under the restraints of the regency, and hailed with delight the day that should set him free.

It was the seventh of August, 1651. Through the echoing streets of Paris wound a glittering cavalcade, gay with streaming banners and a wealth of gorgeous color. With trumpeters in blue velvet and heralds in complete armor, with princes and nobles and high officials mounted on horses gleaming in housings of silver and gold, with horse-guards and foot-guards, pages and attendants, in brilliant uniforms and liveries, rode young King Louis to proclaim himself absolute King of France. The glittering procession swept into the great hall of the palace and gathered around the throne. And there this boy of thirteen, with his plumed and jeweled cap on his head, while every one else remained uncovered, said, in a clear and steady voice: "Messieurs: I have summoned my Parliament to inform its members that, in accordance with the laws of my realm, it is my intention henceforth to assume the government of my kingdom." Then princes and lords, from little "Monsieur," the ten-year-old brother of the king, to the gray old marshals of France, bent the knee in allegiance, and back to the Palais Royal with his glittering procession, and amid the jubilant shouts of the people, rode the boy-king of France, Louis of Bourbon.

But alas for the ups and downs of life! This long-wished-for day of freedom did not bring to young Louis the absolute obedience he expected. The struggles of the Fronde still continued, and before the spring of the next year this same haughty young monarch who, in that gorgeous August pageant, had glittered "like a golden statue," found himself with his court, fugitives from Paris, and crowded into stuffy little rooms or uncomfortable old castles, fearful of capture, while not far away the cannons of the two great generals, Turenne and Condé, thundered at each other across the Loire, in all the fury of civil war. Something of a bully by nature, for all his blood and kingliness, young Louis seems to have taken a special delight, during these months of wandering, in tormenting his equally high-spirited brother, the little "Monsieur"; and there flashes across the years a very "realistic" picture of a narrow room in the old chateau of Corbeil, in which, upon a narrow bed, two angry boys are rolling and pulling and scratching in a bitter "pillow-fight,"

brought on by some piece of boyish tyranny. And these two boys are not the "frondeurs" of the Paris streets, but the highest dignitaries of France—her king and her royal prince. Boys will be boys, you see, whether princes or paupers.

But even intrigue and quarrel may wear themselves out. Court and people alike wearied of the foolish and ineffectual strivings of the Fronde, and so it was that in the fall of 1652, after a year of exile, the gates of Paris opened to the king, while the unpopular Mazarin, so long the object of public hatred, the man who had been exiled and outlawed, hunted and hounded for years, now returned to Paris as the chief adviser of the boy-king, with shouts of welcome filling the streets that for so many years had resounded with the cry of "*down with Mazarin!*"

And now the gay court of the young Louis blazed forth in all the brilliancy of pomp and pleasure. The boy, himself, as courageous in the trenches and on the battle-field as he was royal and imperious in his audience-chamber, became the hero and idol of the people. Life at his court was very joyous and delightful to the crowd of gay, fun-loving, and unthinking young courtiers who thronged around this powerful young king of fifteen, and not the least brilliant and lively in the royal train were Olympia Mancini and the young Count of Guiche, both proud of their prominence as favorites of the king.

One pleasant afternoon in the early autumn of 1653, a glittering company filled the little theater of the Hotel de Petit Bourbon, near to the Louvre. The curtain parted, and, now soft and sweet, now fast and furious, the music rose and fell, as the company of amateurs—young nobles and demoiselles of the court—danced, declaimed, and sang through all the mirth and action of a lively play. And, at one side of the stage, waiting their turn to appear, stood Olympia Mancini and young Count Armand. With a toss of her pretty head, she was saying: "And how can you know, Sir Count, that his Majesty does not mean truthfully all the pretty things he says to me? Ay, sir, and perhaps —"

"Well! perhaps what, Mam'selle?" Count Armand asked, as the imperious little lady hesitated in her speech.

"Perhaps—well—who knows? Perhaps, some day, Count Armand, you may rue on bended knee the sharp things you are now so fond of saying to me—to me, who may then be—Olympia, Queen of France!"

Armand laughed softly. "Ho, stands my lady there?" he said. "I kiss your Majesty's hand, and sue for pardon," and he bent in mock reverence. But, come, they are calling us," and, with

a gay song upon their gossipy lips, the merry pair danced in upon the stage, while a richly costumed Fury circled around them in a mad whirl. And amid the plaudits of the spectators the three bowed low in acknowledgment, but the Fury received by far the largest share of the applause—for you must know that the madly whirling Fury was none other than his gracious Majesty, Louis, King of France, who, passionately fond of amateur theatricals, sometimes appeared in four or five different characters in a single piece.

That very evening the most select of the court circle thronged the spacious apartments of the queen mother in attendance at the ball given to the widowed Queen of England, who, since the execution of her unfortunate husband, Charles the First, had found shelter at the court of her cousin Louis. And with her came her daughter, the little Princess Henrietta, a fair and timid child of eleven.

The violins sounded the call to places in the *brausle*, the favorite dance of the gay court, and Count Armand noted the smile of triumph which Mam'selle Olympia turned toward him, as King Louis solicited her hand for the dance. And yet she paused before accepting this invitation, for she knew that the honor of opening the dance with the king belonged to the little Henrietta, the guest of the evening. She was still halting between desire and decorum, when Anne, the queen mother, rising in evident surprise at this uncivil action of her son, stepped down from her seat and quietly withdrew the young girl's hand from that of the king.

"My Louis," she said, in a low voice, "this is but scant courtesy to your cousin and guest, the Princess of England."

The boy's face flushed indignantly at this interference with his wishes, and looking towards the timid Henrietta, he said, with singular rudeness: "'T is not my wish, madame, to dance with the Princess. I am not fond of little girls."

His mother looked at him in quick displeasure. And the Queen of England, who had also heard the ungallant reply, keenly felt her position of dependence on so ungracious a relative, as she hastened to say, "Pardon, dear cousin, but do not, I beg, constrain his Majesty to dance contrary to his wishes. The Princess Henrietta's ankle is somewhat sprained and she can dance but ill."

The imperious nature of Anne of Austria yielded neither to the wishes of a sulky boy nor to the plea of a sprained ankle. "Nay, your Majesty," she said, "I pray you let my desires rule. For, by my word, if the fair Princess of England must remain a simple looker-on at this, my ball, to-night, then, too, shall the King of France."

With a face still full of anger Louis turned away,

and when the music again played the opening measures, a weeping little princess and a sulky young king danced in the place of honor. For the poor Henrietta had also overheard the rude words of her mighty cousin of France.

As, after the ball, the king and his mother parted for the night, Anne said to her son: "My dear Louis, what evil spirit of discourtesy led you to so ungallant an action towards your guest, this night? Never again, I beg, let me have need openly to correct so grave a fault."

"Madame," said Louis, turning hotly towards his mother, "who is the lord of France—Louis the King or Anne of Austria?"

The Queen started in wonder and indignation at this outburst; but the boy's proud spirit was up, and he continued, despite her protests.

"Too long," he said, "have I been guided by your leading-strings. Henceforth I will be my own master, and do not you, madame, trouble yourself to criticise or correct me. I am the king."

And thus the mother who had sacrificed and suffered so much for the son she idolized found herself overruled by the haughty and arrogant nature she had, herself, done so much to foster. For, from that tearful evening of the Queen's ball to the day of his death, sixty-one years after, Louis of Bourbon, called the Great, ruled as absolute lord over his kingdom of France, and the boy who could say so defiantly: "Henceforth I will be my own master," was fully equal to that other famous declaration of arrogant authority made, years after, in the full tide of his power: "*I am the state!*"

On the afternoon of an April day in the year 1654, a brilliant company gathered within the old chateau of Vincennes, for the royal hunt which was to take place on the morrow. In the great hall all was mirth and fun, as around the room raced king and courtiers in a royal game of "clignemusette"—"hoodman blind" or "blindman's buff," as we now know it. Suddenly the blindfolded king felt his arm seized, and the young Count of Guiche, who had just entered, whispered, "Sire, here is word from Fouquet that the parliament have moved to reconsider the registry of your decree."

The boy-king tore the bandage from his eyes in a tempest of anger.

"How dare they?" he said; "how dare they question my demands!"

Now, it seems that this decree looked to the raising of money for the pleasures of the king, by M. Fouquet, the royal Minister of Finance, and so anxious had Louis been to secure it that he had attended the parliament himself, to see that his

decree received prompt registry. How dared they then think twice as to the king's wishes?

"Ride you to Paris straight, De Guiche," he said, "and, in the King's name, order that parliament re-assemble to-morrow. I will attend their session, and then let them reconsider my decree if they dare!"

Olympia Mancini heard the command of the King. "To-morrow? Oh, sire!" she said; "to-morrow is the royal hunt. How can we spare your Majesty? How can we give up our sport?"

"Have no fear, mam'selle," said the King, "I will meet my parliament to-morrow, but this trivial business shall not mar our royal hunt. Together will we ride down the stag."

At nine o'clock the next morning parliament re-assembled as ordered by the king, and the representatives of the people were thunderstruck to see the king enter the great hall of the palace in full hunting costume of scarlet coat, high boots, and plumed gray beaver. Behind him came a long train of nobles in hunting suits also. Whip in hand and hat on head, this self-willed boy of sixteen faced his wondering parliament, and said:

"Messieurs: It has been told me that it is the intention of some members of your body to oppose the registration of my edicts as ordered yesterday. Know now that it is my desire and my will that in future all my edicts shall be registered at once and not discussed. Look you to this; for, should you at any time go contrary to my wish, by my faith, I will come here and enforce obedience!"

Before this bold assertion of mastership the great parliament of Paris bent in passive submission. The money was forthcoming, and in less than an hour the boy-king and his nobles were galloping back to Vincennes, and the royal hunt soon swept through the royal forest.

Thus, we see, nothing was permitted to stay the tide of pleasure. Even the battle-field and the siege were turned into spectacles, and, by day and night, the gay court rang with mirth and folly.

In the great space between the Louvre and the Tuileries, since known as the Place de Carrousel, the summer sky of 1654 arched over a gorgeous pageant. The trumpets of the heralds sounded, and into the lists, with pages and attendants, gallant in liveries of every hue, rode the gay young nobles of the court, gleaming in brilliant costume and device, like knights of old, ready to join in the games of the mock tournament. But the center of every game, the victor in all the feats of skill and strength, was the boy-king, Louis of Bourbon, as in a picturesque suit of scarlet and gold he rode his splendid charger like a statue. And as the spectators noted the white and scarlet scarf that fell from the kingly shoulder in a great

band, and the scarlet hat with snow-white plume, they saw, by looking at the fair young "queen of beauty," Olympia Mancini, in her drapery of scarlet damask and white, that King Louis wore her colors, and thus announced himself as her champion in the lists.

And Count Armand could see by the look of triumph and satisfaction in Olympia's pretty face, as she ruled queen of the revels, that already she felt herself not far from the pinnacle of her ambition, and saw herself in the not distant future as Olympia, Queen of France!

But alas for girlish fancies! Louis, the King, was as fickle in his affections as he was unyielding in his mastership.

"Sire," said the Count de Guiche, as the next day a gay throng rode from the mock tournament to another great hunt in the forest of Vincennes, "why does not the fair Olympia ride with the hunt to-day?"

"Ah, the saucy Mazarinette," the King said, surlily, using the popular nickname given to the nieces of his minister, "she played me a pretty trick last night, and I will have none of her, I say"; and then he told the condoling count, who, however, was in the secret, how at the great ball after the tournament, the maiden, whose colors he had worn, had exchanged suits with his brother, the little "Monsieur," and so cleverly was the masquerading done, that he, the great King Louis, was surprised by the laughing Olympia, making sweet speeches to his own brother, thinking that he was talking to the mischievous maiden.

This was too much even for the young courtier, and he burst out a-laughing. But the King was sulky. For Louis of Bourbon, like many a less-titled lad, could enjoy any joke save one played upon himself, and the mischievous Olympia lived to regret her joking of a king. Once at odds with her, the King's fancies flew from one fair damsel to another, finally culminating when, in 1660, he married, for state reasons only, in the splendid palace on the Isle of Pheasants, reared specially for the occasion, the young Princess Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain, and daughter of his uncle, King Philip the Fourth.

From here the boy merges into the man, and we must leave him. Strong of purpose, clear-headed and masterful, Louis the Fourteenth ruled as King of France for seventy-two years—the most powerful monarch in Christendom. Handsome in person, majestic in bearing, dignified,

lavish, and proud; ruling France in one of the most splendid periods of its history—a period styled "the Augustan age" of France; flattered, feared, and absolutely obeyed, one would think, boys and girls, that so powerful a monarch must have been a happy man. But he was not. He lived to see children and grandchildren die around him, to see the armies of France, which he thought invincible, yield again and again to the superior generalship of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and to regret with deep remorse the follies and extravagance of his early days. "My child," he said to his great-grandson and heir, the little five-year-old Louis, "you are about to become a great king; do not imitate me either in my taste for building, or in my love of war. Endeavor, on the contrary, to live in peace with the neighboring nations; render to God all that you owe him, and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, as I, alas! have failed to do."

It is for us to remember that kings and conquerors are often unable to achieve the grandest success of life,—the ruling of themselves,—and that flattery and fear are not the true indications of greatness or of glory. No sadder instance of this in all history is to be found than in the life-story of this cold-hearted, successful, loveless, imperious, all-supreme, and yet friendless old man—one of the world's most powerful monarchs, Louis of Bourbon, Louis the *grand monarque*, Louis the worn-out old man of Versailles.

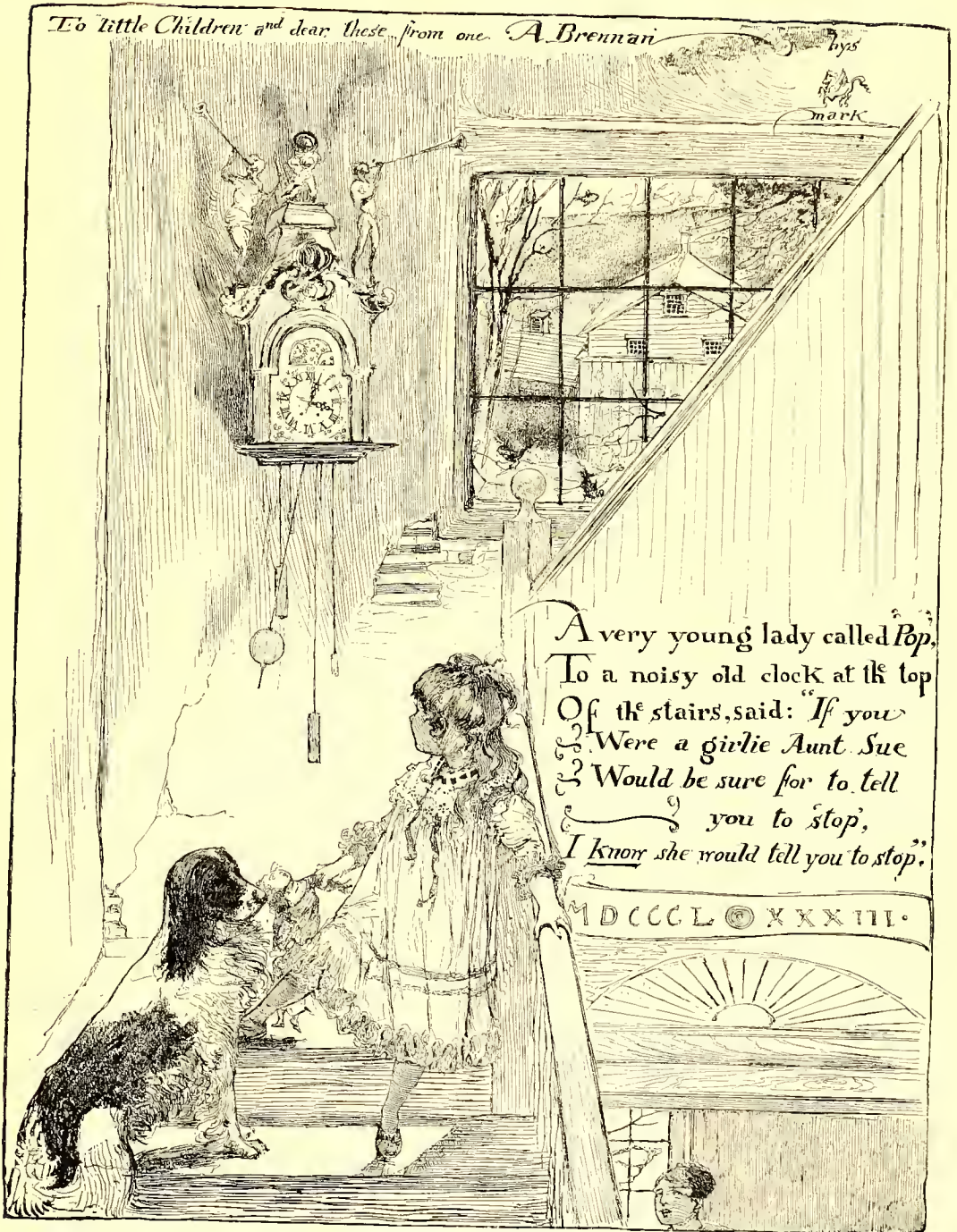
FROM the patrician emperor of old Rome to the patrician citizen of modern America these sketches of historic boys have extended. They represent but a few from that long list of remarkable boys, who, through the ages, have left their mark upon their times,—lads who, even had they died in their "teens" would still have been worthy of record as "historic boys." The lessons of their lives are manifold. They tell of pride and selfishness, of tyranny and wasted power, of self-reliance and courage, of patience and manliness. History is but the record of opportunities for action, and opportunities are never wanting. They exist to-day in the cities of the New World, even as they did ages ago in the valley of Elah and in the Forum of Rome.

"STOP!"

To little Children and dear these from one A. Brennan

by

mark



A very young lady called Pop,
 To a noisy old clock at the top
 Of the stairs, said: "If you
 Were a girlie Aunt Sue
 Would be sure for to tell
 you to stop,
 I know she would tell you to stop."

M D C C C L ◉ X X X I I I .

 WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

In this department, next month, St. Nicholas will make offer of One Hundred Dollars in prizes for the best Short Story for Girls, written by a Girl. Full particulars will be given in the November issue.

 ON TEACHING THE EYE TO KNOW WHAT IT SEES.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

ONE of the most experienced artists in New York remarked recently that he believed the time would come when schools would be established to teach the eye how to see, just as schools are formed now to educate the voice. Such schools undoubtedly are needed. Many of my young readers have heard or read about *optical illusions*, — the curious mistakes which the eye sometimes makes concerning an object at which it is looking; but few of us know how frequently we ourselves are the victims of optical illusions of one sort or another. The fact is, we see nearly as much with our experience as we see with our eyes. We know an object to be of a certain form in one position, and of a certain color in one light; and we are too apt to fancy that we see it of that form and color in all positions and lights, regardless of the fact that, seen from another stand-point, the contour of it may appear entirely different, and that a different light may totally change the color of it. We all know that the actual color of clean boots is black, and a beginner in painting almost always paints them perfectly black, whereas the direct rays of the sun or of an artificial light may make them appear nearly white in parts; while if they be placed near some bright substance, such as a piece of orange-peel, or a crimson scarf, they will

reflect the color of that object, and so become orange or red in parts, and an expert painter would so represent them. We hear people speak of "the white of the eye," and beginners with the brush often give a very ghastly expression to their attempts at portraiture by painting the white of the eye pure white; whereas, owing to the projection of the brows, the lids, and the lashes, it is often thrown into deep shade, and may be even darker than some of the flesh tints. Now, if their eyes were trained like those of a skilled artist, they would know the true color of all objects they beheld. But this is the very hardest thing an artist has to learn, namely, to know really what he does see.

In coloring, almost everything depends upon the nature of the light. A white handkerchief is black in a dark room.

An excellent aid to the study of color is to take a white card, and with your paints try to match on it some tint in any oil-painting, chromo, or even colored fabric which you may have. Then cut a small hole in the card adjoining your tint, and place the card over the tint you have copied, so that you can see it through the hole, side by side with your own attempt. Then you will see at once how nearly you have matched the tint.

Some people, as we know, are color-blind, or unable to distinguish one color from another; while some races, particularly the people of India,

its details may appear dimmed; or, to attain the same effect, a piece of gauze may be held before the eyes. And while suggesting expedients, I

may mention that you can make for yourself a capital mechanical aid to accurate drawing by taking a hollow frame,—a box with the bottom removed is the best,—and dividing one of the open ends into squares by means of threads placed cross-wise and perpendicularly, as shown in the illustration. Set up this frame at a distance of several feet from your eye, between you and the object you wish to draw, so that you see the object and its surroundings (or the piece of landscape) *through* the frame, divided into squares by the threads. Then divide your paper into similar squares with pencil lines corresponding to the threads, and, guided by the threads and the lines, you have only to copy the picture that is framed by the box.

As an illustration of our natural tendency to see with our experience, rather than with our eyes, observe how children when they first begin to draw generally represent the nose of a full face, in profile,—and put a full-face eye into a profile face, as represented in Figures 2 and 3.

In his first attempts, too, the school-boy pictures the feet invariably in profile, and the hands flat,

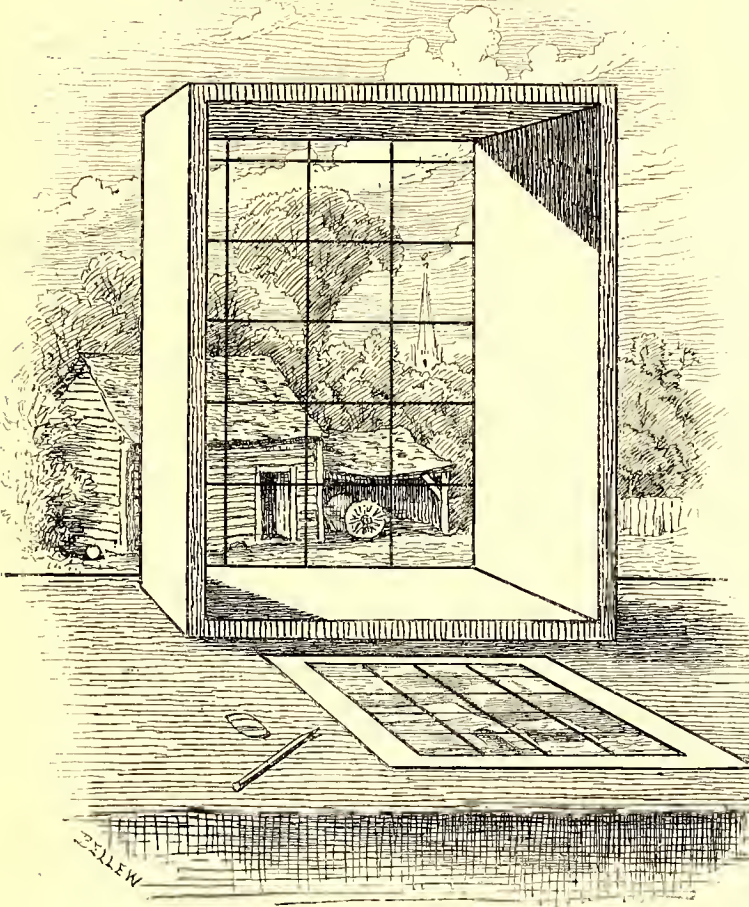


FIG. 1.—A MECHANICAL AID TO DRAWING.

can perceive a great variety of shades, which the most cultivated European eye fails to distinguish.

But if color is deceptive, so are form and size; and, as to these, we see, even more than in the case of color, with our experience rather than with our eyes. If it were possible for a person who had been born blind to be suddenly endowed with sight, and with the faculty of drawing, I have little doubt that he would delineate objects presented to him more correctly than one who had always had the use of his eyes. It is good practice for beginners in drawing to make strenuous efforts to look at all objects as merely masses of light and shade. To this end it is well to look at the thing to be delineated, with half-closed eyes, so that

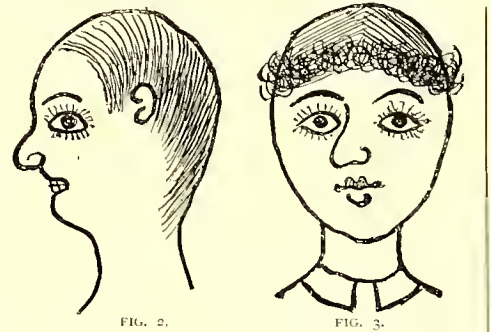


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

as if spread out on a table. To put either a hand or foot in any other position utterly baffles him. But hands and feet are the most difficult things

the experiment of trying to indicate the supposed height of a silk hat. It is probably familiar to most of you. Ask any one who has not tried it, to indicate



FIG. 8.

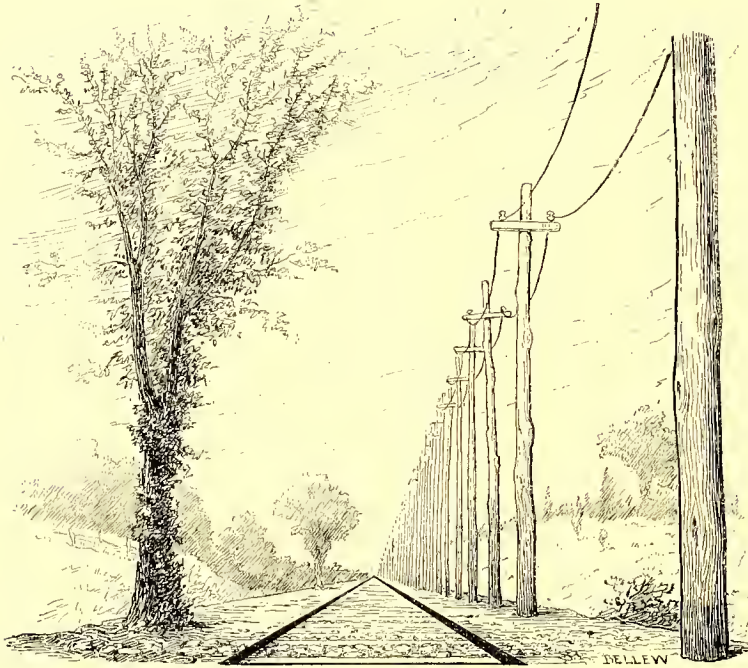


FIG. 9.

on the wall, with the point of a cane, the level to which he thinks a gentleman's silk hat would reach if placed upon the floor. In nine cases out of ten, the person asked will touch the wall at a height of from ten to twelve inches above the floor, whereas a silk hat is rarely more than six inches high. How deceptive, too, is the length of a horse's head. It seems almost incredible that it should be as long as a flour-barrel; yet such is the fact. Thorough-bred steeds have smaller heads than ordinary horses; but I find that the head of a certain famous racer measures two feet and two inches in length, while the height of a flour-barrel is but two feet four inches.

There are few things so puzzling to estimate correctly, at sight, as the size and form of objects seen "in perspective," as the artists say. To illustrate this: Look at the

which even the artist finds to draw. Look at these two black forms, Figures 4 and 5. Would you think that they represented the outlines of a

triangle shown in Figure 8. That little triangle would hardly suggest, to the unpracticed eye, the rails of several miles of railway; yet two lines of



FIG. 4.

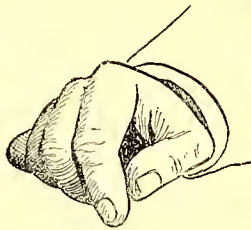


FIG. 6.



FIG. 5.

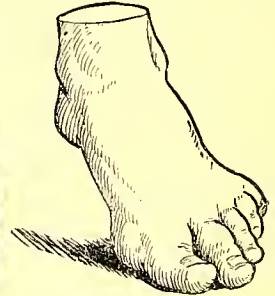


FIG. 7.

hand and a foot? Yet a glance at the annexed diagrams, Figures 6 and 7, will show you that the hand and the foot very often assume the forms which are outlined, respectively, in the two silhouettes.

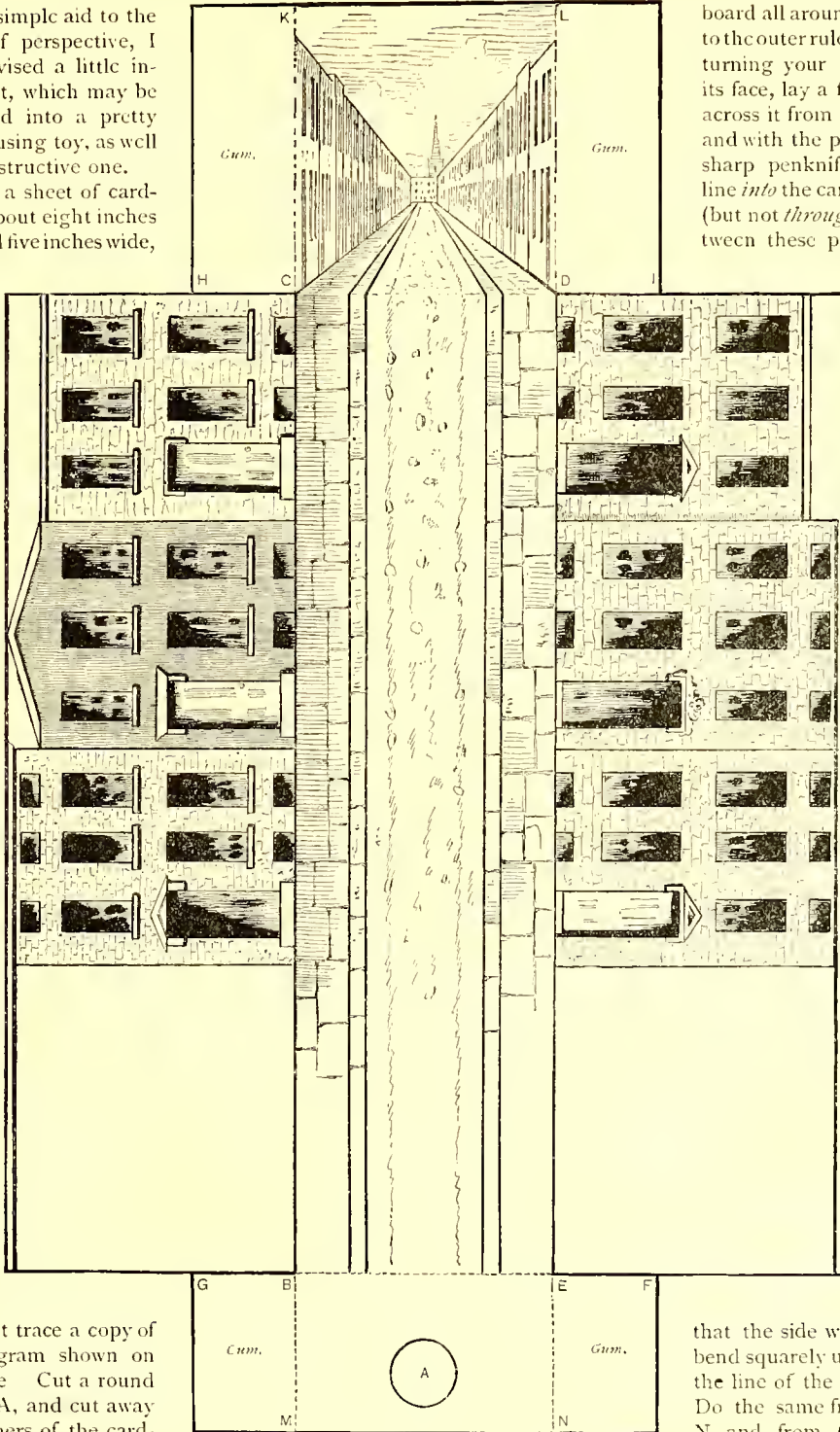
The extent to which form will influence and pervert our perception of size is well illustrated in

the same triangle appear, as the rails, in the sketch above (Fig. 9), wherein the track is seen "in perspective."

As a simple aid to the study of perspective, I have devised a little instrument, which may be improved into a pretty and amusing toy, as well as an instructive one.

Take a sheet of card-board about eight inches high and five inches wide,

board all around, down to the outer rule. Then, turning your card on its face, lay a flat ruler across it from M to K, and with the point of a sharp penknife cut a line *into* the card-board (but not *through* it) between these points, so



and on it trace a copy of the diagram shown on this page. Cut a round hole at A, and cut away the corners of the card-

that the side will easily bend squarely up, along the line of the cutting. Do the same from L to N and from G to F

and from H to I. Cut *entirely through* the cardboard, however, from G to B, from F to E, from H to C, and from I to D. Now fold the four sides of the diagram up into the form of a box, and paste the corners of the ends (marked "Gum") to the outside of the sides.

Now, if you look through the round hole, A, you will see a very long street, the roadway of the greater part of which will be formed by the little triangle, which looks so insignificant in the drawing.

Of course, the effect will be improved if you are enough of an artist to make the drawing upon a larger scale than that of the one here shown,—or if some friend will make an enlarged drawing for you. In that case a good way to make the model is to draw your diagram on paper and then paste its parts on the inside of a long box. The boxes in which ladies' corsets are packed are admirably suited for the purpose. By this means you get a stronger and stiffer model, although you may find a little trouble in pasting the drawing neatly and accurately inside the box.

By coloring the houses red, and brown, and white, and the sky blue, the effect will be very much improved.

From a careful study of this model, you will get

a very good idea of the first principles of perspective, which are very difficult to acquire from any kind of written explanation. Your eye will thus be taught to know what it sees when it views forms "in perspective," and you will realize that you have not before understood many of the reports of your own eyesight.

I do not know how useful this education of the eye might be to the world at large, except on the general principle that, in all things, accuracy is preferable to inaccuracy; but for all persons who are destined to be engaged in works of skill, from the mechanic to the artist, the training would undoubtedly be of great benefit.

In the present day, accuracy of eye is necessary in a great variety of callings, not only for the mechanic, in the production of manufactures, and the merchant, who must judge of the products, but for the thousands of employees on railroads, steamboats, and ferries, where the safety of life and property often depends, in great degree, upon this accuracy.

With the artist, the training of his eye to know what it sees should precede all other studies, or, at least, should keep step with every advance which he makes in the skill and dexterity belonging to his art.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY R. W. LOWRIE.



Our Bessie drew something, quite quickly and well,
But what was intended, could nobody tell;
It was not a dog, and it was not a cat,
So she gave it a tail and she called it a rat.

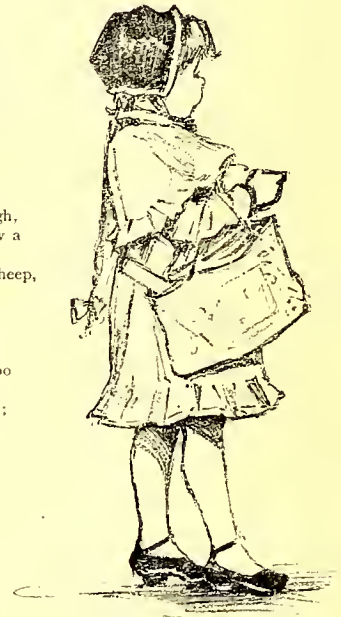
But the tail was so funny, we all had to laugh,
Then she rubbed it all out, and she next drew a calf.

The calf, we all told her, was much like a sheep,
Or a pig half awake, or a goat half asleep.

And never was artist in greater distress,
Nor more persevering than poor little Bess
Her fence was too crooked, her trees were too straight;

Her house always toppled half over the gate;
Her windows were never alike in their size,—
She could n't see right for the tears in her eyes.

But Uncle and Aunty soon bought her a rule,
And a book and a pencil, and sent her to school.
And the dear little artist is learning so well,
That her pigs from her cows you can *easily* tell.



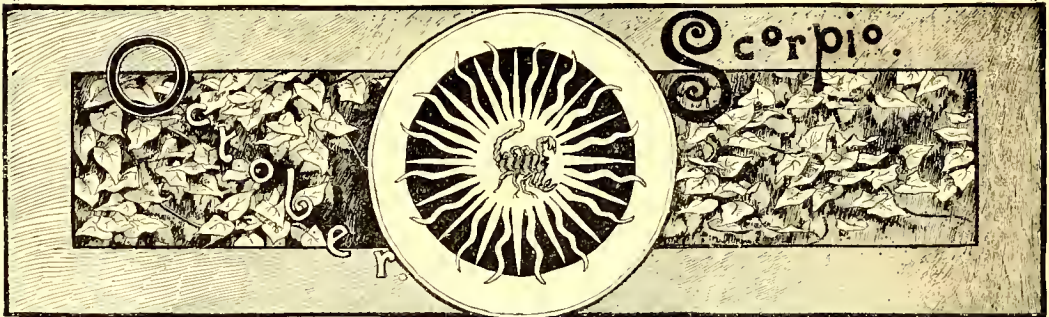


THE DOG THAT
DROVE HIS
MASTER'S HORSE.

WATCH is a good dog. His master has a cart full of new potatoes. Watch holds the reins in his mouth, and drives the gentle old horse while his master goes along the sidewalk, from house to house, saying: "New po-ta-toes! Want to buy any fine new potatoes to-day, ma'am?"

Watch and Old Steady, the horse, are great friends.

BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.



OCTOBER now invites the Sun
A Scorpion chase to try,

And so he leaves us for a while
To sweep the southern sky.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Wed.	12	Aqua.	H. M. 11.49	
2	Thur.	13	Pisces	11.49	André executed, 1780.
3	Fri.	14	"	11.49	
4	Sat.	FULL	"	11.49	C eclipsed in rising.
5	S	16	Aries	11.48	17th Sunday after Trinity.
6	Mon.	17	"	11.48	Venus and Jup. nr. Reg.
7	Tues.	18	Taurus	11.48	Jupiter very close to Reg.
8	Wed.	19	"	11.47	Alfieri, died 1803.
9	Thur.	20	Orion	11.47	C near Saturn.
10	Fri.	21	Gemini	11.47	Benjamin West, born 1738
11	Sat.	22	Cancer	11.47	America discovered, 1492.
12	S	23	"	11.46	18th Sunday after Trinity.
13	Mon.	24	Leo	11.46	
14	Tues.	25	Sextant	11.46	☾ nr. Venus and Jupiter.
15	Wed.	26	Leo	11.46	
16	Thur.	27	"	11.45	Kosciusko, died 1817
17	Fri.	28	"	11.45	Burgoyne surrend'd 1777.
18	Sat.	NEW	"	11.45	
19	S	1	"	11.45	19th Sunday after Trinity.
20	Mon.	2	"	11.45	Moon near Mars.
21	Tues.	3	Scorpio	11.45	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
22	Wed.	4	Ophiuch	11.44	
23	Thur.	5	Sagit.	11.44	Marshal Junot, born 1771.
24	Fri.	6	"	11.44	Daniel Webster, died 1852
25	Sat.	7	"	11.44	(26) ☽ p. ov. star 9.15 P.M.
26	S	8	Capri.	11.44	20th Sunday after Trinity.
27	Mon.	9	Aqua.	11.44	Capt. J. Cook, born 1728
28	Tues.	10	"	11.44	Cuba discovered, 1492.
29	Wed.	11	"	11.44	Metz surrendered, 1870.
30	Thur.	12	Pisces	11.44	R. B. Sheridan, born 1751.
31	Fri.	13	"	11.44	All Hallow E'en.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

PARTRIDGE in the fields are drumming.
Hark! The hunters now are coming.
Now each boy gets out his gun,
And with hope for sportsman's fun
Speeds away, away, away,
To the woods so brown and gay.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

OCTOBER 15th, 8.30 P. M.
SATURN is just on the eastern horizon and will be a fine object in the eastern sky about eleven o'clock. Aldebaran in *Taurus*, which we saw near SATURN in January is not very far off, for SATURN moves so slowly among the stars that it takes him thirty years to make that circuit of the zodiac constellations which the sun appears to, and the earth really does, make in one year, and the moon makes in less than a month. In fact, the moon changes her place among the stars more in a single day than SATURN does in a whole year.

Low down in the south is the most southern of the bright stars we see during the year. It is Femalhaut. To persons living at the Cape of Good Hope or in Chili in South America this star passes overhead, just as Lyra does with us.

The Square of Pegasus is now nearly upright, and the first two stars, Markab the lower one and Sheat the upper one, are within less than an hour of being over our south mark.

High up in the east below the W of the constellation of *Cassiopeia*, is the constellation *Perscus*. It lies mostly along the *Milky Way* to the east of Capella. Its most prominent star, the highest on the edge of the *Milky Way*, is Mirfak. The other bright star to the south of it is the remarkable variable star *Algol*, which fades and brightens again very mysteriously, once in every period of about two days and twenty-one hours.

Don't forget the occultation, as it is called, of Beta Capri by the moon, on the evening of the 26th, and the near approach of VENUS and JUPITER to the star Regulus, before dawn, on the morning of the 6th.

THE BEAR AND THE RABBIT.

"How is your October ale?" said the Rabbit to a big black Bear. "I heard you were *bruin*, so I thought I would step round and bring you some hops."

"Glad you did!" said the big black Bear, as he gobbled him up; "I have been waiting for a *rare-bit* for some time."

"Mercy!" said the rest of the Rabbit family, who had been watching at a safe distance. "Guess we 'd better go home without the ale, or something will ail us." So saying, they turned around and hopped off.

*The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.



"WINE will be plenty this year!" cried October, staggering in under a great load of vines. "I shall have about all I can do to attend to these, Mother, and I'm afraid the trees will not be so brilliant as usual this year, for I don't see how I shall get time to dye them, and you know there is plenty of other work to be done."

"It does seem as if all the odds and ends of the year were left for you, my dear," said Mother Nature, "and I know you have a busy time of it. But I should miss my pretty scarlet leaves and berries so much! You must ripen the nuts, and, if possible, give a bit of frost before you go, to open the burrs a little; the squirrels are growing impatient, to say nothing of the children. You ought to get the robins started, too, on their way to the South."

"Well," said October, "I have a sunny temper, and I'll be as lively as I can; I suppose I must do what I can for the cider, too."

THE GOSSIP OF THE NUTS.

Said the Shagbark to the Chestnut,
"Is it time to leave the burr?"
"I don't know," replied the Chestnut,
"There's Hazel Nut—ask her."

"I don't dare to pop my nose out,
Till Jack Frost unlocks the door,
Besides, I'm in no hurry
To increase the squirrels' store."

"A telegram from Peanut says
That she is on the way;
And the Pecan Nuts are ripening,
In Texas, so they say."

Just here the little Beech Nut,
In his three-cornered hat,
Remarked in tiny piping voice:
"I'm glad to hear of that;

"For then my charming cousin
So very much like me,

Miss Chinquapin will come with them,
And happy I shall be."

Then Butternut spoke up and said:
"T will not be long before
I'll have to move my quarters
To the farmer's garret floor;

"With Hickory and Walnut,
Good company I'll keep,
And there, until Thanksgiving,
Together we shall sleep."

Said the Shagbark: "I am tired
Of being cooped up here;
I want to go to see the world;
Pray, what is there to fear?"

"I'll stay up here no longer;
I'll just go pouncing down.
So good-bye, Sister Chestnut!
We'll meet again in town."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"ST. NICHOLAS" is eleven years old this month, and a fine, lusty young magazine as one could expect to find in a century of Octobers.

Bless him, my girls; throw up your caps for him, my boys; and one and all give him three hearty cheers. Let everybody come to his Birth-day Party, here on my meadow, next month.

Now I'll read you a letter about

"GARDEN QUESTIONS" ANSWERED.

HERE is the first correct set of answers to "A Few Simple Garden Questions":

DEAR JACK: I read in the August number of ST. NICHOLAS your few simple garden questions, and thought I would try to answer some.

The leaf that bears the letter V is the clover; the leaf that bears a mark resembling a horse-shoe is the geranium. If you pull the Star of Bethlehem to pieces, the stamens and pistils will form a lyre. In the larkspur, which is a double flower, are very pretty doves. The fern grows its seed under its surface. I have never found two pieces of ribbon-grass exactly alike. From a constant reader of ST. NICHOLAS.

L. E. M.

The dear Little School-ma'am, who says that L. E. M. has not found the best lyre, asks me to show him this old "jingle" by the editor:

"I know where there's a beautiful shoe—
Tiny and fair and ready for you;
It hides away in the balsam-flower,
But I'll find you a pair in less than an hour.

"Thank you my laddie; now this I'll do,
I'll pluck a heart-flower* just for you.
The hearts hang close on a bending spray;
And every heart hides a lyre away.

"How shall you find it? I'll tell you true:
You gently sunder the heart in two,
And, under the color, as white as milk,
You'll find the lyre with its strings of silk."

THE SQUIRREL AND THE DOG.

MADISON, WIS., August 9, 1884.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I want to tell you a little story about something that happened in the park here. There are lots of little gray squirrels in the park. One day a dog began chasing one of them; the squirrel ran up a tree, and the dog began barking at him. The squirrel began chucking back to the dog as much as to say to him, you're a great deal bigger than I am, but you can't climb a tree though. After the squirrel thought he had teased the dog enough, he jumped from the tree right upon the dog's back, and began scratching him. The dog ran howling away. The squirrel ran back up the tree in great glee. From your affectionate little reader,

KATIE M. THOMPSON.

VENERABLE DOGS AND HORSES.

YOU probably remember, my attentive friends, that in July last we read a great many replies to the question I had asked you in April concerning the ages attained by horses and dogs.

As I asked only for replies based upon personal knowledge, it was surprising to see how many authentic instances were then made known of dogs living over fourteen, and horses over thirty years of age. Well, they were not all. Many letters were laid over for the personal consideration of the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am; and now I am requested by those two very good and honored friends of yours to complete the record. So here is the pith of the most interesting replies:

ALBERT W. C., of Brooklyn, sends authentic account of "Sorrel," a horse of thirty-five years now living, and adds: "His owner keeps him more for what he has been than for what he is now."

WALTHAM.

We have a neighbor whose horse is known to be thirty-six years old. It may interest your readers to know that I had a canary-bird that lived to the age of thirteen years. Your friend, JOSIE FORD.

STREATHAM, S. W., ENGLAND.

We had a gray and black Pomeranian dog, called "Rab," which was fifteen years old when he died, last July. ETHEL M. M.

NELLIE PHELPS, of Cuba, knows two dogs which are past eighteen years of age. M. C. G. says that his friend E. S. Gifford, of Westport, Mass., owned a black-and-tan dog that lived to be seventeen years old, and was then killed by an accident. L. M. D., of California, writes that he has a dog "twenty-one years of age, and alive yet." H. F., of Govanstown, Md., sent a fine photograph of "Old Sam," a favorite horse of Gen. Berry, of Baltimore; also an account in a local newspaper of the death of this noble animal—"a bob-tailed bright bay, having reached the remarkable age of thirty-nine years, eleven months, and seventeen days." This veteran horse would have been forty years old had he lived fourteen days longer.

RUTLAND, VT.

My uncle, who lives in Burlington, Vt., used to own a horse that is now thirty-one years old, and shows no sign of dying yet.

My cousin had a dog that lived to be nearly sixteen years old, and then did not die a natural death, but was shot.

My father once had a pony that lived over thirty-four years.

C. W. ALLEN.

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

My grandmother had a horse that lived to be forty-one years old. Grandmother has now in use a horse thirty-three years of age. Mr. B., a friend of ours, owns one which has lived twenty-seven years, and is as spry as one of six.

Then, I knew personally of a Newfoundland dog sixteen years old.

Yours truly, JOHN H. C.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

Our neighbor had a dog which was bought for his eighteen-year-old son, when a baby. They kept him until last fall, when he had to be destroyed, for he had the rheumatism, and suffered dreadfully. I mean the dog, of course.

Ever your ardent admirer, GRACE MILDRED B.

* *Dicentra cucullaria*.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I think it may interest you and the readers of ST. NICHOLAS to hear about a little dog of my uncle's. It is now sixteen years old, and is so small that my uncle has carried it all over Europe with him in his pocket. It is a very valuable species of black-and-tan. It was named after some great Russian general. I believe it is Von Moltke
Your friend, L. F. H.

OFFICE OF CHIEF OF POLICE, CITY HALL, }
PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 28, 1884. }

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have gathered the following facts in relation to our fourfooted companions, viz., dogs, from the owners personally; the following-named persons have dogs over fourteen:

Sylvester L. Ripley, Chatham Street, Newfoundland, aged fifteen.
Ellery Sears, hotel, Canal Street, skye terrier, sixteen years old.
Michael Cummings, Broadway, yellow terrier, eighteen years old.
Peleg A. James, Chalkstone Avenue, Newfoundland, aged fifteen.
Wm. H. Fenner, 133 Fountain Street, Scotch terrier, aged fifteen.
Thomas Lincoln, Providence, black-and-tan, fifteen years old.
Edwin Gorham, Providence, greyhound, fifteen years old.
Samuel M. Noyes, of this city, has an Esquimaux dog that is in the neighborhood of fifteen years of age, the dog invariably comes with Mr. Noyes to my office, and sits up on his haunches near me while I make out the necessary paper to ensure his longevity.

After making out the license, I give it to the dog, who carries it to his master, and then returns to me with money to pay for it. He evinces his pleasure after paying by sundry short barks and a continual wagging of his tail, and a knowing look as he passes out can be construed that he knows he is all right for one more year. And, as far as the license paper is concerned, he is.

One gentleman in this city owns a fine coach dog, well known by all his neighbors, and they are in the habit of giving the dog pen-

A BRAVE CAT-FISH MOTHER.

It is rarely that the fishes, with their staring eyes that can neither open nor shut, and expressionless faces, make any great display of their likes and dislikes, but when they do, they are very apt to astonish us. Can it be possible, we say, that a fish has any power of feeling emotion? But hear what my friend Mr. Holder tells me. He says that Dr. C. C. Abbott, the well-known naturalist, or some one whom Dr. Abbott knew, once saw a young brood of cat-fish (or kitten-fish, whichever you please) following their mother in a creek; and, securing them with a net, he placed them all in a glass globe two feet from the water. The mother fish seemed to know at once that something unusual had happened, and swam about for some time, evidently observing her babies alive and well, though not able to understand it. Several times she approached near the globe, then swam back as if undetermined; but finally she swam into shallow water, and using her side, or pectoral, fins as feet, fairly wriggled on dry land to the base of the globe. Here their captor carefully liberated



nies, which he takes to his master, a trick taught him by a former owner, and being rewarded by a soda-cracker. The gentleman informed me that during one year the dog collected nineteen dollars and eighty-five cents. The animal will take nothing but a penny, refusing nickels and silver. He is a great friend of the children, and many a penny teased from indulgent fathers, which otherwise would be spent for candy, goes into the dog's mouth.

Yours truly, S. F. BLANDING.

WESSINGTON, DAKOTA.

I have seen a horse that was thirty-five; and then he did not die a natural death, but fell from a cliff.

At the place where we boarded when I was a little girl, they had a dog that was eighteen years old.

I have always kept at a respectful distance from mules, and so can tell you nothing about them. Yours truly, FANNY SHANNON.

the young fishes, when, to use his language, "they immediately clustered about her, and followed her into deep water." Now, you see this cat-fish not only showed a motherly anxiety for the fate of her young, but she was willing to do a difficult and very dangerous act in order to go to them. She bore the severe suffering of being out of the water, and braved all the pain and unusual strain upon her fins in crawling upon the ground after her little ones. After this I shall have more respect for even the minnows that sport in the little brook running near my pulpit.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR frontispiece this month, drawn by Mr. George F. Barnes, almost tells its own story. The court jester, weary of his quips and cranks, has sought a few moments' respite from the scenes of royal pomp or pastime. In this secluded corner, he has thrown down the monk-like hood, or cap, such as nearly all court jesters wore in the olden time, and he has been thinking, perhaps, the serious thoughts that even jesters must sometimes know. Or perhaps he has been laboriously devising some new joke with which to make the castle ring, or sharpening a shaft of wit which shall pierce some pert upstart of the royal company or at least please his rather tedious Majesty, the King. When, suddenly,—just as he is looking grave and even care-worn (for what task can be more difficult than that of always trying to be funny?)—his face lights up with a surprised smile. Somebody actually is amusing the jester himself! It is the little prince, who, in his wanderings about the castle, has come upon the weary man, and in a spirit of fun has donned the jester's cap, making its bells jingle cheerily with every saucy shake of his young head. His little Highness is quick and imitative. Already he has upon his lips some witty taunt. for that is what he has heard most often from the jester himself.

Here we shall leave them, content to feel that the sober-minded merry-maker and the happy but royalty-trammelled boy may at least have a few moments of mutual enjoyment, and perhaps of friendly talk,—who knows? It is not easy to deceive a bright little boy, prince or no prince, and he may ask a question or two that will give the jester the comfort of saying, with a sigh: "Go to, Little Master! One who must jest for others in order to live and to dress in fine motley, must sometimes sigh and weep for himself." "Nay, then, I'll be thy little Fool, and cheer thee," says the prince, softly. "Give me thy bauble!"

WILLOW HILL.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Some of us girls are greatly interested lately in the question of *slang*. We have acquired the habit of using it, and it has grown on us until people are beginning to shake their heads at us; and we get hints from all sides that it is not a lady-like accomplishment; but it is so hard to stop it, and such fun to use it, that we are very loath to give it up. However, although we are a pretty gay set of girls, we do want to be considered *ladies*, and we would endeavor to break ourselves of the habit if we really believed it to be "rough," and vulgar, as some people have rather broadly hinted to us. Now, wont you please let us bother you,—or the dear, patient Little School-ma'am,—by asking what you think about it? It seems to us as if our conversation would sound extremely *prun* and starchy if we were prohibited from indulging in slang—of a mild type. But we will abide by your decision in the matter, and wait anxiously for your reply.

Yours devotedly, *for slang*, NELL.

You and the other girls, friend Nell, will, we feel confident, be much interested in the paper on "Slang" in the present number of ST. NICHOLAS. Indeed, your own letter furnished the text for Mrs. Runkle's admirable article, which we heartily commend to all our readers, old and young.

Perhaps you could have answered your own question about the propriety of using slang, had you stopped to consider what slang is. Broadly speaking, it is the colloquial tongue, the familiar speech, of the lower classes; of people too ignorant and too indolent to express their ideas in correct English. Should you not say, then, that the constant use of this makeshift must tend to blunt the faculty of expression? If you use slang freely, just notice your own speech, and you will observe that you do not try to convey your thought, whatever that may be, in the most exact and vivid words, but that you adopt some ready-made phrase, more or less inappropriate. As a lady, you would be ashamed to wear tasteless, flashy, and ill-fitting gowns. Ought you to be less fastidious about the clothing of your thoughts, "the immortal part of you"? As a studious school-girl, Nell, remember that, next to developing ideas, it is the business of your education to develop fit and refined forms of utterance for those ideas. And if, as your letter implies, you fear that a state of semi-speechlessness will follow your rejection of slang, you may be sure (you and the other girls who are "devoted" to that low-bred intruder) that your dependence on it is already hazardous, and that your ideas stand in danger of becoming as limited as their forms of expression.

A FRIEND OF ST. NICHOLAS has written for "The Letter-Box" this harrowing ballad, which he calls

REMORSE.

By S. CONANT FOSTER.

ONCE a sweet little boy sat and swung on a limb,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad;
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
"Tell me where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please,"
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee;
But it was n't by me that the story was fixed,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.
'T was a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledum dee.

OCEANIC, N. J., July, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma suggested last winter that on rainy days we should spend our time in making fancy articles, and she promised, that if we finished what we began and succeeded in getting together enough articles to hold a fair, we should have one on our lawn during the summer.

With the help of little friends, we had our fair on the 5th of July, when we made \$150.00 for the Fresh Air Fund. This goes to show how much little girls can do, after all.

We are city children, but enjoy our summers in the country so much that we were anxious to make other children as happy as ourselves.

LULU, BERTHA, AND ISABEL.

ST. GENEVIEVE CO., MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brothers and I have been taking your magazine for two years, and we like it very much. Its pleasant face stopped coming a few months ago, and I now write to renew our subscription again, as we are quite lost without it. My brother Joseph likes best to read such pieces as the "Brooklyn Bridge," the "Obelisk," and the "Telescope," but I must confess I like "Grandmother's Pearls" much better.

During the long evenings last winter, Mamma read aloud to us the "Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill," Papa listening with the rest. We all thought it splendid. Mr. Trowbridge is such a good writer. We live in the country, seven miles from the Mississippi river. Last Sunday, as papa was coming home from St. Mary with two other gentlemen, and as they were crossing the Big Salim Bridge, just as they came near the middle pier, with a loud crash it gave way beneath them, precipitating horses and riders a distance of about twenty-five feet into the deep muddy waters below. Papa escaped with some severe bruises, but one of the gentlemen was very badly hurt in the head, and is now very sick. Papa was riding a nice big horse we call "Jeff," who got fast in the heavy timber and came near being drowned, staying in the water about an hour, until assistance came. With the aid of a skiff and an axe, he was finally secured, with but few scratches.

This is a very long letter for a little girl, so I will stop writing.
Your constant reader, LOUISE A. P.

LOUISE A. P. and her brothers will be glad to learn that Mr. Trowbridge has written another long story, which will appear in ST. NICHOLAS next year.

In connection with Mrs. Champney's paper on the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa.,—printed in this number,—the following letter from an Indian girl in the far West will interest our readers:

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL, May, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of the Indian school-girls at St. John's Boarding-School. I am twelve years old. Five years ago I did not know a word of English nor a figure. In one number of ST. NICHOLAS I read a story of an Indian boy named Onawandah. I like Jack-in-the-Pulpit best. We had "The Three Sombre Young Men" on Christmas. The girls sang the part that went to the tune of "Lightly Row," and a gentleman sang Santa Claus's part. He was so little that Mr. Kinny had to put pillows in his buffalo overcoat to make him big enough. He had a belt with little bells on it, and while we were singing "Hark! How Clear," he shook himself till the bells all rang.

Now, I must tell you a little about the fruits. We have more buffalo-berries and wild grapes than cherries or plums. The buffalo-berries are as large as cherry-stones, and they are bright red. To gather them we put sheets on the ground, cut branches, and hit them with a stick to shake off the berries. It is pretty hard work to pick them, but they make nice jelly.

Yours truly, LOUISE C.

190 NUNANU AVE., HONOLULU, H. I., June, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write this letter hoping that it will be printed and put into the Letter-box. I am an American girl, nine years old, living out in the Sandwich Islands. I have taken you for a great many years, and I think you are the best magazine I ever read. I like the story of the "Philopena" very much indeed.

MADGE K. W.

FORT CUMMINGS, N. M., July, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for a long time, ever since 1880, and I like you very much. I am very much interested in "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," and I am very sorry that

"The Scarlet Tanager" is ended. I have a little white mule named "Tom," and I hope he will live to be as old as that one of Professor Mapes's. This is a very queer old place; there is an old fort here. The officers and their families used to live inside the walls of the old fort at the time when the Indians were so bad, three years ago. I would like very much to see my letter in print, as it is the first I have ever written. Yours truly, G. O.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little lame girl, and I live in New Orleans. I have a lovely pony; it is pure white, and I have a little phaeton. I go out driving nearly every evening. My pony is named "St. Nicholas." Oh! I do love that magazine so much. Miss Alcott's stories are lovely. Please print this letter. I am eight years old. I wrote this letter all by myself, but sister told me how to spell a few words. Your constant reader, MAY.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR, DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We read the "S. F. B. P.," in the August number, and find that with misspelling two words George could have had the whole alphabet engraved on the shield and thus translated it: Alice Benedict Could Divulge Exciting Facts. George Himself Inwardly Judged Kind Little Maiden Naughty. "Oh, Pretty Quaint Rosy Sister, Tell Us Veraciously!" "What, Explain Yourself Zoon." As this may interest some of your numerous readers, will you not print it and oblige your admirers, Prue, Fanny, Carrie, Nan, Mark, Hugh, Harry, Frank, Jack, and "the twins," Madge and Conall.

We are sorry to disappoint so many of our young friends by not being able to print their pleasant letters to us, but there is space for only a small number. Our thanks are due especially to: John F. Kaufman, Anna Tidball, X. Y. Z., Hester M. F. Powell, Bertha E. Firth, Marion M. De Vere, "Bessie B.," Hattie B. Knox, Bluetie and Blanchette Durval, Allie B. M., H. H. Eastburn, Annie F. Talbot, and "S. K."

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-SECOND REPORT.

On returning home from a delightful vacation by the sea, we find a deskful of pleasant letters from old and new friends of the Association, all expressing earnest interest, and many breathing real enthusiasm. We note first the following

Petrified wood, mosses, and ferns, for a second-hand *Packard's Geology*.—Miss Fannie Staples, Linden, California.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
684	Gilbertville, N. Y. (A)	7	Miss Katherine Gilbert.
685	Michigan City, Ind. (A)	8	J. F. Clearwater.
686	Lunenburg, Mass. (A)	5	James S. Pray.
687	Adrian, Mich. (A)	10	Arthur P. Lewis, Lock-box 296.
688	Landis Valley, Pa. (A)	4	H. K. Landis (Lancaster Co.)
689	Coldwater, Mich. (A)	12	Miss Bertha Rose.
690	Butler, Missouri (A)	4	Harvey Clark (Bates Co.)
691	Red Bank, N. J. (A)	7	P. B. Sickels, Box 277.

REORGANIZED.

174 Easton, Pa. (B) 7. Thomas S. March.

DISSOLVED.

147 and 466.

EXCHANGES.

Correspondence desired in regard to exchanging insects.—Geo. W. Dunbar, Jr., Williamsville, N. Y.

Soil of Pennsylvania or New Jersey, for that of any other State.—Alden March, care Prof. F. A. March, Easton, Penn.

Skins of small animals. Western correspondents preferred.—W. B. Olney, East Providence, R. I.

Crinoid stems and zoöphytes, for a medium-sized, live horned toad.—E. M. Traber, box 161, Hamilton, Ohio.

Pressed ferns (maiden-hair), for birds' eggs.—Miss Mabel Foye, Saratoga, Santa Clara Co., California.

The present Secretary of Plantsville, Ct., F. No. 257, is Albert L. Ely. [*It is very important that the office of Secretary be permanent, unless quite impossible.*]

Frederick H. Scott, of Westfield, Mass., asks whether chipmunks eat fish, and if so, whether they take them from the water.

Philadelphia, H. 198, has "a library of 145 books, and a reading-room, which is open once a week."

Since our organization, April 18th, this year, we have held regular meetings every week. Although we have few specimens as yet, we intend to enlarge our collection rapidly. We have not been idle, but have had quite a number of essays read, and our President, W. C. Watts, delivered three lectures on the "Construction of Plants," which were very interesting. Members of our Chapter were very much pleased with the new hand-books, and their interest in the study of nature is doubled. All agree that since we joined the "A. A." we have seen and learned more of the things around us than we ever dreamed of before.—Frank M. Davis, Sec. Chapter D, No. 638, of St. Louis, Mo.

SAN FRANCISCO.

I send you our report of work done during the last three months. We took the course of botany recommended in ST. NICHOLAS, and found it very interesting and instructive. We bring in reports regularly on optional subjects, or such as may be selected by the President. We have had one debate, which was fair, considering that it was our first attempt. Since our admission we have elected three new members, making a total of nine. We have a cabinet, which contains many valuable things, including minerals, coins, birds' eggs, and shells. We meet every Friday evening. When we have money enough we intend to buy a microscope.—Yours sincerely, N. Sinclair, Sec. Chap. G, No. 527, No. 633 Tyler St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Secretary from Pomfret Center, A, writes: "I can not tell you the delight we have in belonging to the Association. A walk has new meaning to us because of it."

Dorchester, Mass., No. 429: "The meetings are much more interesting, and better order is preserved than last year."

Peru, Mass., 492: "We have held meetings at the school-house on Friday afternoons, and various papers have been presented instead of rhetorical. These papers have been on familiar topics, as spiders, butterflies, house flies, etc., and all statements given are the result of actual observation. The very minutest details are called for. This teaches the value of accurate description, and illustrates our motto, 'The wise man's eyes are in his head, but the fool walketh in darkness.'"—H. Ada Stowell.

We are continually surprised and gratified by the ingenuity of our Chapters in devising new plans and methods. See the following bright letter from No. 87:

The last two months have been two of unusual activity in our Chapter. What with preparations for our entertainment and the work of the Chapter we have had our hands full. Our entertainment was, in all respects, a success, netting us the handsome sum of \$51.00; which was a very good result, as our expenses were not light (\$27.00). We have had a discussion of "Birds and their Habits," and lectures on "Glaciers, Chemistry," etc. Our cabinet is constantly receiving new and rare additions, our library is increasing, and everything seems to prosper. Our anniversary and exhibition will soon take place. Your kind answers to our reports always give us new encouragement, and we think that the more interest we take the more it will please you, and tend to elevate the already good standard of the Association.—Yours respectfully, Frederic Schneider.

Here follows an admirable plan for supplying the Chapter cabinet with specimens:

Our Chapter has added four members to the four with which it started, and we have very interesting meetings. We have a club-room, which was given to us by the father of one of our members, and the college has given us a cabinet, the shelves of which are filled with a fine collection of minerals, given to us by the President of our Chapter, from whom we have received many of our specimens. In one of the drawers are kept about fifty eggs, most of which were collected by the members last season. In another drawer we keep our bird-skins. Many of these are rare, and they all were collected by the members. This collection is fast increasing, and next summer we hope to add many more. In the rest of the drawers are shells, the larger part of which were presented by our President. We have also two cases of insects. We have been accustomed to have "excursions," as we call them. We spend a morning or afternoon out in the fields or woods getting what specimens we can. Every specimen we get on these "excursions" is for the cabinet of the Chapter. In this way we have got many of our finest specimens. Our favorite books are "Macalister's Zoology of Invertebrates and Vertebrates," in two volumes; "A. S. Packard's Briefer Course in Zoology," and "Miss Buckley's Fairy-land of Science."—Yours very truly, Charles W. Spencer, Waterville, Me.

Sewickley, Pa., No. 532, writes: "Since our last report our Chapter has been very active. We have found a great many fossils on the banks of the Ohio. We have found great difficulty in getting them out whole, having tried a great many instruments. We split them very often. Will some one please tell us a way to get them out?—B. H. Christy, Sec., box 41.

[If any one can send this information to the President it will be of general interest.]

523, Baltimore, G, writes: "We have one Saturday in each month, when we give all the specimens we get to the Chapter museum."

SANDUSKY, O., Aug. 4, 1884.

"Progressing finely. Great enthusiasm shown by all members. We have two hundred fossils. Expect to give an entertainment soon. Every two months every member brings in a new book, so we are getting quite a library.—J. Youngs, Jr., Ch. 653.

The following wide-awake letter is the type of scores that we constantly receive, and that as constantly rejoice our hearts:

I suppose you almost imagine that our Chapter must by this time be dead and gone, because we have never once written; but, on the contrary, it is not dead, nor has it any consumptive symptom. It has all the youth and strength of a vigorous growth. I had a few spare moments now, and so I thought I would let you know of our existence.

Since the genesis of our Chapter we have had a somewhat slow, but, at the same time, steady growth. What meetings have been held have been at my "study," and without a single exception have been well attended and full of interest. We have principally confined our "talks" and subjects to entomology, and have found an abundance to interest and instruct in this one branch. We

already have a "cabinet" and some cases of insects grouped and classified. There is a promise of good times and evenings well-spent for the coming winter. We have read with a great interest "our" department in ST. NICHOLAS every month.

But this was to be only a note, as I know you have plenty to do with all your time.—Wishing success on our common brotherhood, I am truly yours, S. D. Sanimis, Sec. N. Y., N.

The plan of electing members shown by the next letter is worth considering by other Chapters. The tree-idea is also new, ingenious, and pretty:

BARABOO, WIS.

I am happy at last to be able to thank you for your kindness in writing to me while I could not see. The sight has almost all returned to one of my eyes, and the other is improving quite fast.

Our Chapter now numbers thirteen members, and there are several who wish to join, but we try to get only those that are interested, and have adopted a new way of finding out; we let any wishing to join come to two meetings before voting on their names, then if they still wish to join and have shown interest in the work they will be admitted.

We all have silver engraved badges, and were pleasantly surprised when we received them to find them much prettier than we had expected. A short time ago we had Prof. Butler from Madison, Wis., to lecture for us. We have rented a room which opens into the room which the Art Association of Baraboo occupy. I think that art and nature are very good companions. Don't you? Our Chapter intends to hold meetings once a month to which visitors will be invited.

Our collection of bird's-nests and eggs is quite large, and we have arranged them in the branch of a tree that is fastened in the corner of the room and spreads on each side about six or eight feet; to the top branches we fasten wasps' nests, etc.; at the foot the ground-bird's-nests are arranged among grasses, ferns, and messes. We make a rule that the nests must not be robbed of all the eggs, or the nest taken until after the birds have left it.

In answer to some of the questions in May number of ST. NICHOLAS, I think that toads are useful in destroying insects that are injurious to vegetation. Flies are useful as scavengers. Squirrels do drink water when they are caged, and I suppose they do when free. I have heard that prairie-dogs, unless in the vicinity of a stream or lake, get water by digging wells. I have two prairie-dogs, and they drink a great deal of water. They were very wild when I received them about a week ago, but now they are as tame as my Guinea-pigs, with which they are quite friendly. One or two of the girls with myself have begun an herbarium.—Yours respectfully, Marie MacKenna.

Every young botanist will be stimulated by this report from Wilmington:

My father is a florist and botanist, so I have a fine chance to study botany. Last summer I examined about four hundred flowers, and I am going to begin again as soon as spring comes. Papa has a collection of over three thousand plants, which he says he will give to me if I make a botanist of myself.

I have a great many minerals; I wish I knew more about them. I have also a collection of butterflies and moths, and some cocoons, which I am keeping until the insects come out. Last summer and the summer before I caught caterpillars and kept them in a box, and fed them until they spun their cocoons. They did not burst until May or June of the next year. I have one butterfly very much like the "Papilio Asterias" in form, but the fore-wings are velvety, black, and without spots, slightly greenish near the hind border; the hind wings are peacock-blue, very glossy, with five small, irregular, white crescents, instead of the blue and yellow spots on the "Asterias." I have seen but one like it. I keep my butterflies in a large pine box; on the bottom I spread insect powder, and laid over it a sheet of white paper. I have never seen any signs of insect pests.—Yours truly, Mary H. Tatnall, Wilmington, Del.

NORTH GRANVILLE, N. Y.

I have the honor to submit to you the first bi-monthly report of the Granville A. Chapter 594, of the "A. A." Our number has increased from nine to thirteen. We have a room in which weekly meetings are held, and also a cabinet and some specimens. All have been greatly benefited by the formation of a Chapter.—Yours respectfully, James E. Rice.

At the time of going to press it is too early to give any account of the meeting in Philadelphia.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of LENOX Academy,
Lenox, Berkshire Co., Mass.

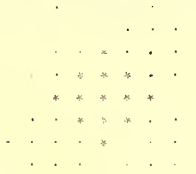
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

THE diagonals, reading downward, from left to right, and from right to left, each form a word meaning genuine.
 CROSS-WORDS: 1. Torn. 2. A graceful plant. 3. Belonging to two. 4. Pernicious.

HELEN R. D.

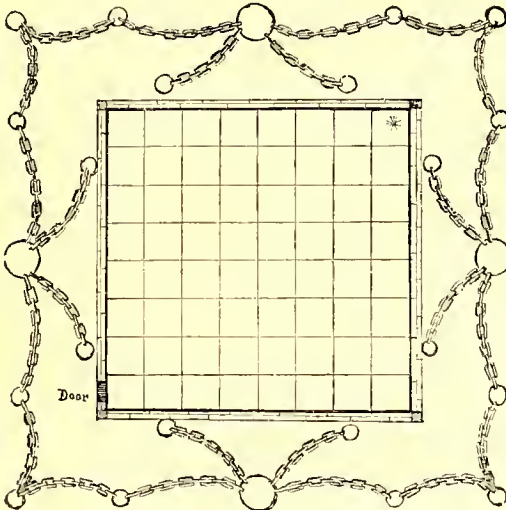
ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. The juice of plants. 3. A city in New England. 4. An inclosed seat in a church. 5. In miser.
- II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. A sailor. 3. A manufacturer. 4. A color. 5. In miser.
- III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. Conflict. 3. The chief magistrate of a city. 4. To decay. 5. In miser.
- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. To obstruct. 3. The land belonging to a nobleman. 4. Sixteen and a half feet. 5. In miser.
- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In miser. 2. A point. 3. One who is carried. 4. A powerful weapon when skillfully wielded. 5. In miser.

JOHN K. MILES.

THE PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



EACH of these sixty-four squares represents a prisoner's cell. There are four doors in each cell,—one on each side. There are supposed to be no doors in the *edge* of the diagram, beside the one indicated. In the cell indicated by a star is a prisoner, who has been told he may have his liberty if he can reach the entrance marked "door," and not go through any cell twice excepting his own. He must, however, go through *every* cell. Show the path by which the prisoner reached the door.

WALTER C.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and am a couplet written by Herrick.
 My 45-26-13 is to enumerate. My 56-65-39-7 is a suggestion. My 33-27-15-47-52-21 is something very inflammable. My 61-18-25 is a bog. My 29-53-68-40-9-50-11-54 is the relation in which Queen Victoria stands to Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of

George III. My 64-35-8 is a very small spot. My 43-67-34-12-20-69 is a covering for the head. My 36-49-51-41-59-4 is a scuffle. My 1-3-66-46-14-55-23-38-19-10 is engaging. My 32-30-63-16 is a uniting tie. My 22-44-31-2-42 is closes. My 5-62-17-28-43-57 is a very small fresh-water fish. My 6-37-58-24-60 is a small glass bottle.
 "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARES.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence.
 I. 1. Sister Anna directed the workmen where to go. 2. We went to Balmoral one day to view the castle. 3. Why does your kitten, Tabby, doze nearly all the time? 4. The miner threw the money down carelessly. 5. He pays his rent so promptly, he is considered a good tenant.
 II. 1. Be careful not to rub lancets of such fine make with so rough a stone. 2. Has Ella borrowed your ball? 3. I want to borrow a bat Ed promised to loan to me. 4. It is no test of strength to merely lift an Indian club. 5. Shall Alec rest under yon tree while I return to the cottage?
 "ALMA" AND "HARRY."

CHARADE.

My *first* is a band of brothers,
 A noble band, and strong,
 Who spend their lives in doing good
 And striking out the wrong.
 My *whole* must be my *second*,
 My *second* my *whole* may be,
 Or ne'er to my *first* be admitted,
 For such is the decree.

M. C. D.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

FIND the names of the authors of the following quotations. Then take the fourth letter of the name of the author of the first quotation, the second letter of the second name, the fourth letter of the third name, the first letter of the fourth name, the fifth letter of the fifth name, the fourth letter of the sixth name, the third letter of the seventh name, the third letter of the eighth name, the seventh letter of the ninth name, and the first letter of the tenth. The letters thus obtained will form a poet's name:

- 1. Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.
- 2. No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
- 3. Now rosy May comes in w' flowers
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers.
- 4. Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
- 5. The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
- 6. True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
- 7. Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
- 8. He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.
- 9. Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'T is only noble to be good.
- 10. The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Manlike flowers.

EVERELD SIMPSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

- 1. The water-rat. 2. Alien. 3. Oblong pulpits in the early Christian churches. 4. A half or short boot. 5. Pertaining to a mountain in Sicily. 6. To take ill.
 "REX FORD."

EASY BEHEADINGS.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters; and the beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of an English soldier and statesman.

1. Behead a word meaning at what time, and leave a fowl.
2. Behead the name of a famous English college, and leave a measure of weight.
3. Behead a whip, and leave a kind of tree.
4. Behead a bird, and leave a refuge.
5. Behead a boy's name common in Russia, and leave the front of an army.
6. Behead a part of the neck, and leave a monkey.
7. Behead departed, and leave a unit.
8. Behead a journey, and leave a possessive pronoun.
9. Behead a sign, and leave mankind.
10. Behead a part of the hand, and leave to be indisposed.

EDITH LEAVITT.

PI.

BROOTEC durnet ym laspme sveval ot dolg;
 Het stom re neog own; heer dan heert noe slergin:
 Noso sethe lih'w lips mrof tou het gswt kawe dohl,
 Keli snioic weteben a gindy sismar rigfens.

SYLVIA D.

ANAGRAMS.

EACH of the following anagrams may be transposed to form the title of a well-known fairy tale.

1. Little King Jackhare.
2. Stealing the Upy Bee.
3. Jat and the Black Snake.
4. Dilliet; or, the Odd Ring.
5. Tauset and the Abbey.
6. Le Rice Land.

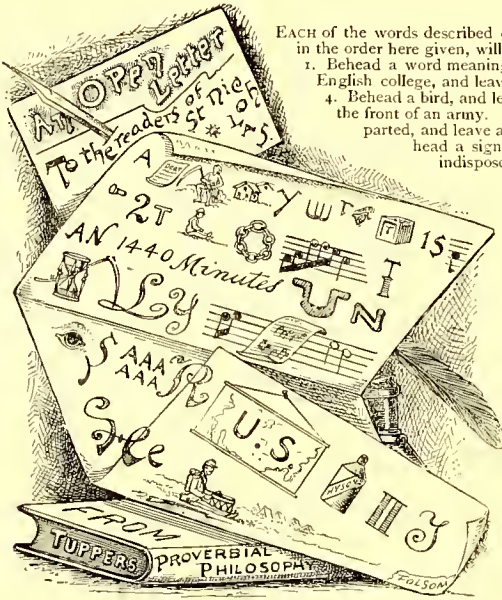
DAISY.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTICS.

EACH of the cross-words contains five letters. The fourth row of letters (reading downward) spell a word meaning faculty; the fifth, amusements.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Satisfies. 2. A narrow piece of leather. 3. The name of some famous books by Jacob Abbott. 4. More recent. 5. To limit. 6. Horned animals.

CYRIL DEANE.



THE answer to the above rebus is a maxim to be remembered in correspondence.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. F. 2. Car. 3. Panel. 4. Caracal. 5. Fanatical. 6. Recited. 7. Laces. 8. Lad. 9. L.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Ivanhoe. 2. Kenilworth. 3. The Antiquary. 4. The Fortunes of Nigel. 5. Old Mortality. 6. Redgauntlet. 7. The Monastery.

ZIGZAG. Cleopatra's Needle; country from which it came, Egypt. Cross-words: 1. Cheops. 2. Plural. 3. Breeze. 4. Morose. 5. Europe. 6. Enigma. 7. Enmity. 8. Parrot. 9. Grats. 10. Psalms. 11. Nimbus. 12. Pestle. 13. Amends. 14. Saddle. 15. Riddle. 16. Damage.

PI. Suppose life does n't please you, nor the way some people do,—
 Do you think the whole creation will be altered just for you?
 And is n't it, my boy or girl, the nicest, bravest plan,
 Whatever comes or does n't come, to do the best you can?

CUBA. From 2 to 3, epode; 4 to 5, elude; 6 to 7, eagle; 3 to 5, edge; 2 to 4, Erie; 1 to 6, erse; 4 to 6, endure; 5 to 7, erase; 2 to 1, elope.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Waterloo; finals, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. WodeN. 2. AgrA. 3. TuhP. 4. EchO. 5. RaohAeL. 6. La FayetteE. 7. OrlandO. 8. Occupation.

REBUS. Large boats may venture more,
 But little boats keep near the shore.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Runaway. 2. Unison. 3. Niche. 4. Ashy. 5. Woe. 6. An. 7. Y.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From left to right, Leaden; from right to left, Golden. Cross-words: 1. LovinG. 2. mEteOr. 3. eaLty. 4. soDDen. 5. IEaVEn. 6. NatioN.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Othello. Cross-words: 1. schOlar. 2. caTch. 3. thY. 4. E. 5. pLy. 6. baLmy. 7. endOrse.

TEA PUZZLE. If the "tea" is not "ready" (red E), the sum of the matter is one ought to wait for tea.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Initials of syncopated words, Thebes. 1. pa-Tie-nt. 2. w-He-r-e. 3. n-Ear-est. 4. for-Bid-ding. 5. b-Egg-ed. 6. re-Sum-ed.

TRIANGLE. From 1 to 3, Flagrant; from 1 to 15, Fathomed. 1. F; 2, 9, LA; 3 to 10, ArI; 4 to 11, GusH; 5 to 12, RomeO; 6 to 13, AffirM; 7 to 14, NomineE; 8 to 15, TroublEd.

PROGRESSIVE DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Pet. 3. Petal. 4. Petaled. 5. Taled. 6. Led. 7. D. II. 1. P. 2. Pas. 3. Paste. 4. Pastern. 5. Stern. 6. Ern. 7. N.

The names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co. 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Willie Sheraton, Picotous, Canada, 4—Hester M. F. Powell, Lincolnshire, England, 6—Lida Bell, British Columbia, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Paul Reese—Maggie T. Turrill—Julia Law—"Tiny Puss, Mit, and Muff"—Johnny Duck—"Sisters Twain."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from G. W. H. H., 6—Olive V. Griffith, 2—Sarah C. Moore and Minnie B. Turell, 1—Brainerd B. Thresher, 2—Frank Mathews, 1—Ida Maude Preston, 7—"B. Kelly," 4—Willie Mossman, 3—Hobart DeLancey Rapson, 1—H. N. Merwin, 2—Birdie Pierce, 1—Bab and Lou, 4—M. G. and "A. Marguerite," 4—"Navajo," 9—Carrie Cogswell Howard, 3—J. A. Keeler, 1—Alice R. Douglass, 2—"Nan," 4—M. E. H., 2—Randolph M., 2—"Mudpuddle," 1—Yappay, 1—Alex. Laidlaw, 11—Winnie Gibbs, 1—S. H. Hepner, 1—Kittie H. Scott, 1—Fannie Teller, 1—Bessie Ely, 1—Oscar M. Steppacher, 1—M. Wolfer, 1—Sam, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 3—L. C. B., 2—Mary P. Stockett, 10—James Clark, 3—"Cousins," 10—R. H., Papa, and Mamma, 2—Ocean," 4—Edith, Lillian, and Jennie Logeres, 2—Jennie Julrand, 1—Willie Sheraton, 3—Ada Hallett, 1—Bessie Burch, 5—Minnie Carson, 1—Mamma, Hattie, Clara, and Minnie, 11—"Dux," 2—"Pernie," 11—Emily Danzel, 1—E. Muriel Grundy, 7—Francis W. Islip, 12—Clara Powers, 1—S. R. T., 10—Sally C. Lippincott and M. Alice Barrett, 2—"Dycie," 9—"Captain Nemo," 7—Georgia Gilmore, 2—Mabel C. M., 12—J. E. V., 2—Mamie A. Cramer, 1—Eva Cora Deemer, 2—Dorrie Dyer, 8—Charles H. Kyte, 8.



