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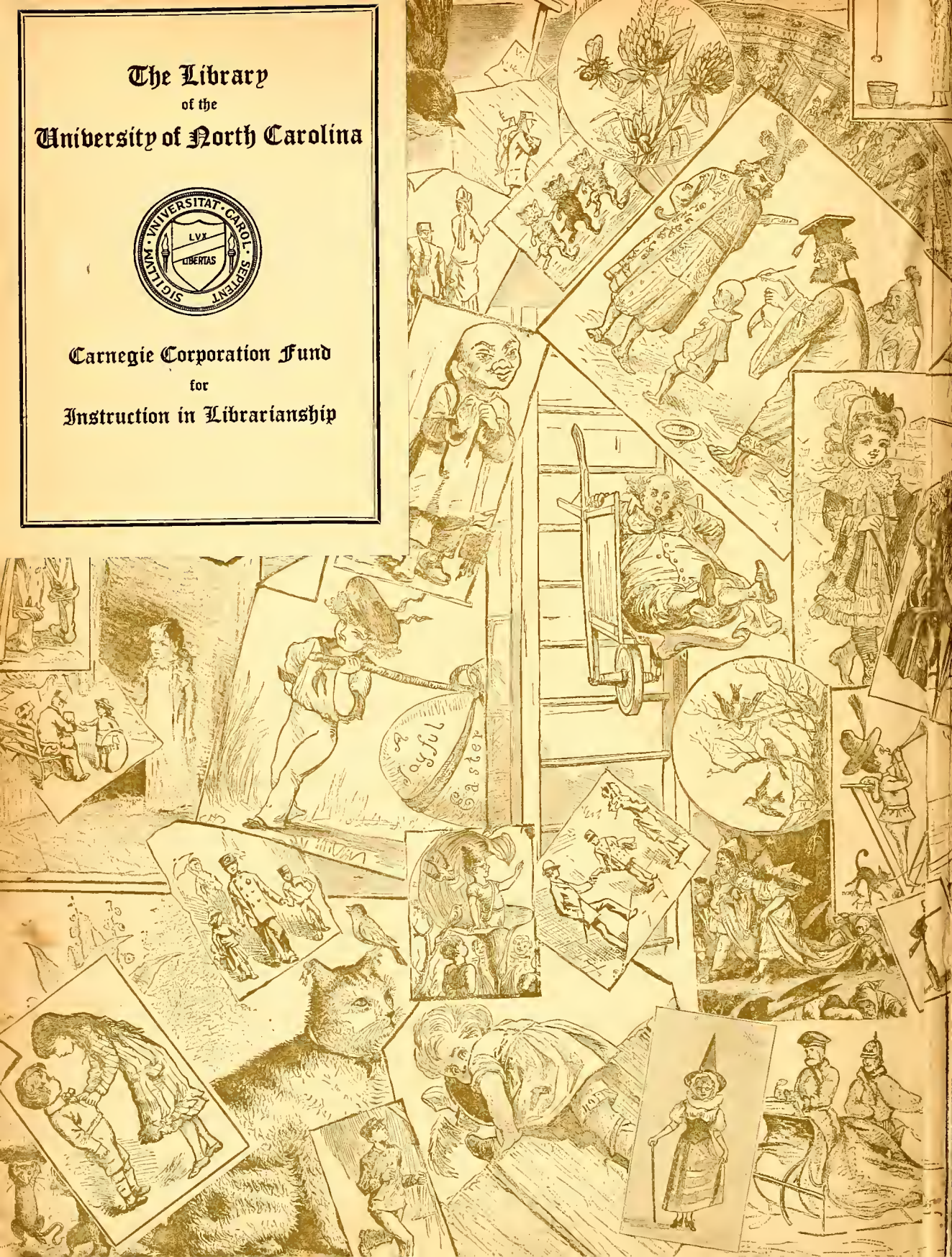
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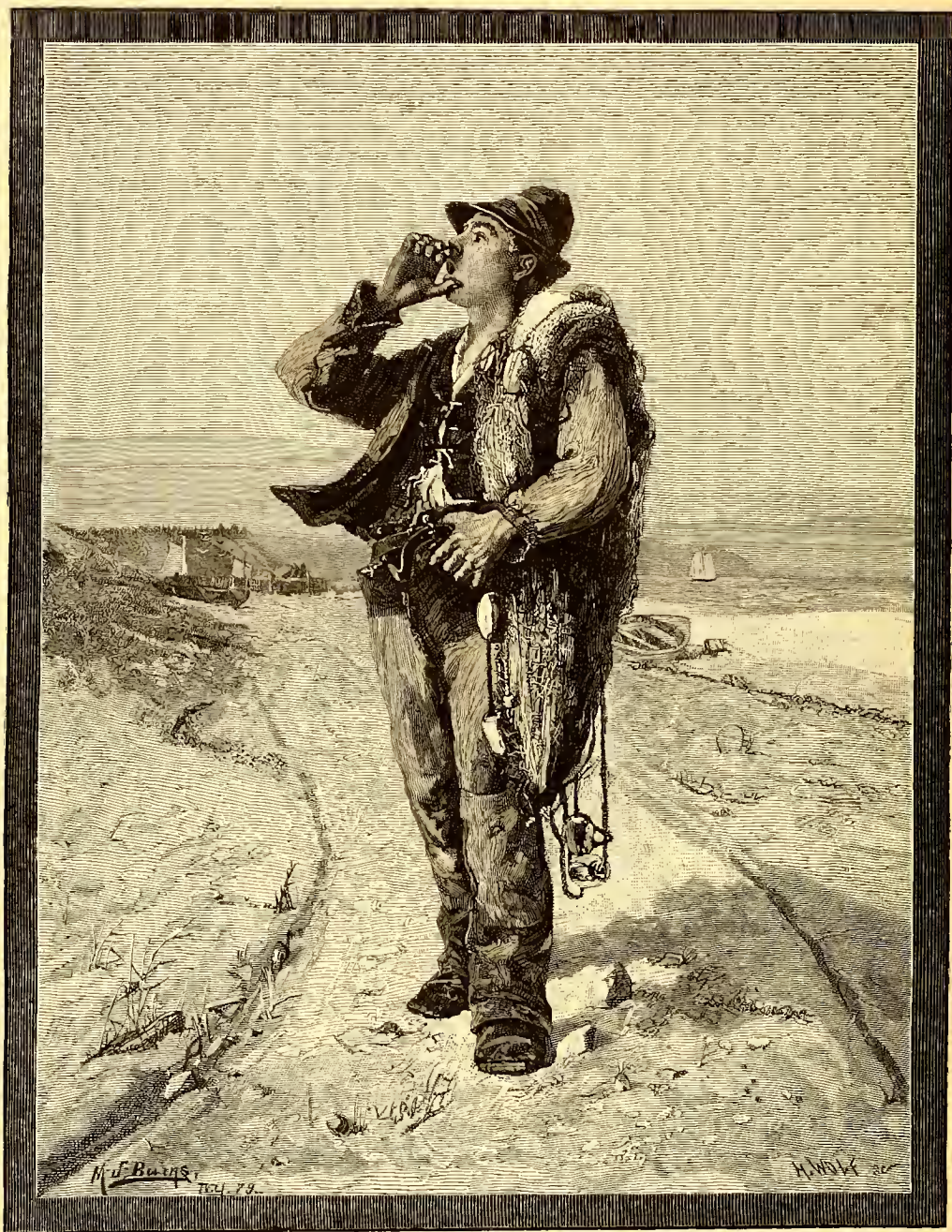
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"AHOY, LADS!, AH-O-Y!"

[See page 985.]

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
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FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,

CONDUCTED BY
MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME VII.
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VOLUME VII.

PART II.

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SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

DRAWN BY MISS FIDELIA BRIDGES.

[See page 596.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1880.

No. 7.

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A TALK WITH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

“BUT there are girls, too, in the cities and the towns. Do not they deserve to be talked with in a friendly way, as well as the boys? Have n't you something to say to them?”

Thus a chorus of girls, and their mothers.

I confess to you, maidens and matrons, that the task to which you thus summoned me was one that I undertook with some diffidence. When I was talking to boys I was sure of my ground. Something about boys I do know, for I have been a boy; but the wisdom of experience fails me when I try to discuss the problems of life as they present themselves to girls. That I might have something worth saying I determined, therefore, to seek instruction by sending a circular letter to a large number of those who once were girls, but who now are women of experience and reputation, asking them to tell me—

“1. What are the most common defects in the training of our girls?”

“2. What principles of conduct are most important, and what habits most essential, to the development of a useful and noble womanhood?”

This circular brought me more than forty letters, and it is upon the truths contained in these letters that this talk will be founded. I only undertake to reflect, in an orderly way, some of the advice of these wise women. I shall give you their words sometimes, and sometimes my own.

I shall find it necessary, now and then, to turn in this talk from the girls to their mothers. Indeed, a large share of what is written in these letters is intended for mothers rather than for girls, and cannot, therefore, be so freely used in this place as I should like to use it; but the girls are

generous enough, I am sure, to be willing that their mothers, and their fathers too, should have some share of the advice.

In the first place, then, girls make a great mistake in being careless about their health. I do not know that they are any more careless than boys, but their habits of life, and especially their habits of dress, are generally more injurious to health than those of boys. The great majority of our girls take much less vigorous exercise in the open air than is good for them: those who can walk three or four miles without exhaustion are exceptions.

“It seems to me a mistake,” says one of my correspondents, “that boys and girls should be trained so differently, particularly in regard to out-of-door sports. With a strong love for everything in nature, I remember as a child what torture it was to be kept always in-doors, in some feminine employment, while my strong brothers (strong on this very account, perhaps) could spend all their leisure time in the open air. I was much interested years ago in reading a sketch of Harriet Hosmer's girlhood. Her father, having lost all his children by consumption, and finding her delicate, resolved to bring her up as a boy, teaching her all sorts of athletic sports, and thus making her a strong, healthy woman.”

The lack of exercise on the part of girls is due, no doubt, in part, to the foolish styles of dress, in which it is impossible for them to be out in rough weather, or to make any considerable muscular exertion. “The lack of warmth in clothing, and the foolish adjustment of what is worn,” is said in one of these letters to be one of the chief causes

that produce "the peculiar nervous diseases to which women are subject."

I wish I could make you all understand how great a mistake you make when you sacrifice health, or the physical comfort on which health depends, to appearance or to any other earthly good; when you neglect to provide, by regular exercise and wise care, a good stock of physical vigor for the labors and the burdens of the coming years. Without this foundation, all that you can learn in school, and all that wealth can buy for you, will be worthless. "Intellect in an enfeebled body," says some one whom I quote from memory, "is like gold in a spent swimmer's pocket,—it only makes him sink the sooner."

Another great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness, or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that the girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthiest families, than in the families of mechanics and of people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

"Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects, say, the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life,' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the short-comings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor deluded woman! She did it all herself, instead!"

The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice: the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be, who will thus consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household! And the foolish way in which mothers themselves sometimes talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "O, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her

temper with necessary house-work! The mother is the drudge; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter; and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose.

The result of all this is to form in the minds of many girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live by some means or other.

There is scarcely one of these forty letters which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you, girls, that if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

"Work," says one of my letters,—and it is written by a woman who does not need to labor for her own support, and who does enjoy with a keen relish the refinements of life,—"work, which you so plainly showed to be good for our boys, is quite as necessary for our girls."

Closely connected with what has just been said, is the mistake of many girls in making dress the main business of life. I quote now from one of my letters, whose writer has had unusual opportunities of observing the things she describes:

"From the time when the little one can totter to the mirror to see 'how sweetly she looks in her new hat,' to the hour when the bride at the altar gives more thought to the arrangement of her train and veil than to the vows she is taking upon herself, too large a share of time and thought is devoted by mothers and daughters to dress."

"I have heard," writes one of my correspondents, "a vain mother say of her beautiful baby, 'I'm so glad it's a girl; I can dress her so much finer than I could a boy.'" O woman! woman! to what depths of degradation you have sunk when you can look into the face of a baby lying in your lap,—the face of a child that God has given you to train for the service of earth and the glory of heaven,—and have such a thought as that find a moment's lodgment in your mind! The pity of it, the pity of it, that children should ever be given to such women! It is one of the inscrutable things of Providence. What can such a woman do but destroy the souls of her children?

Listen to these strong words of another correspondent:

"From the cradle to the casket, and including them both, the important question is not of the spirit and its destiny, but of the frail house of the soul,—how much money it can be made to represent,—what becomes it, and is it all in the latest

fashion. The occasional sight of a young girl simply and girlishly dressed is like a sight of a white rose after a bewildering walk through lines of hollyhocks and sunflowers. It is generally conceded that early tastes leave indelible results in character. What may be prophesied for the future of our girls with their banged, befrizzed hair, jingling ornaments and other fashions, which some one has well characterized as 'screaming fashions'?"

It is not that there is any harm in thinking about dress, or in wishing to be tastefully attired; it is only that personal appearance comes to be in the minds of so many of you the one subject, to which everything else is subordinate. This weakness, if indulged, must belittle and degrade you.

I do not think that the girls, or their mothers, are wholly to blame for this absorbing devotion to dress. The vanity of women is stimulated by the foolishness of men. A young woman who is modestly and plainly clad is much less likely to attract the notice of young men than one who is gorgeously arrayed. From bright, intelligent, finely cultured, sensible girls, whose chief adorning is *not* the adorning of braided hair, or golden ornaments, or of gay clothing, the young men often turn away in quest of some creature glittering in silks and jewelry, with a dull mind and a selfish heart. But I beseech you to remember, girls, that a young man who cares for nothing but "style" in a woman is a young man whose admiration you can well afford to do without. If that is all he cares for in you, you cannot trust his fidelity; when you and your finery have faded, some bird in gayer feathers than you are wearing will easily entice him away from you, and the sacred ties of marriage and parentage will prove no barrier to his wayward fancies. The girl who catches a husband by fine dress too often finds that the prize she has won is a broken heart.

Another mistake that many of our girls are making is in devoting too much of their time to novel-reading. The reading of an occasional novel of pure and healthful tone may be not only an innocent diversion, but a good mental stimulant; but the reading of the lighter sort of novels (which, if they do not teach bad morality, do represent life in a morbid and unreal light, and awaken cravings that never can be satisfied), and the reading of one or two or three of them in a week, as is the common habit of many of our girls, must prove grievously injurious to their minds and hearts. It is mental dissipation of a very dangerous sort; its influence is more insidious than, but I am not sure that it is not quite as fatal to character as, the habitual use of strong drink. Certainly the mental dissipation of novel-reading is vastly more prevalent than the other sort of dissipation, not only in "the best

society," but in the second best, as well; and five women's lives are ruined by the one where one life is wrecked by the other. "Ruined," do I say? Yes; no weaker word tells the whole truth. This intemperate craving for sensational fiction weakens the mental grasp, destroys the love of good reading, and the power of sober and rational thinking, takes away all relish from the realities of life, breeds discontent and indolence and selfishness, and makes the one who is addicted to it a weak, frivolous, petulant, miserable being. I see girls all around me in whom these results are working themselves out steadily and fatally.

Another mistake which our girls are making—or which their parents are making—is a too early initiation into the excitements and frivolities of what is called society. It was formerly the rule for girls to wait until their school-days were over before they made their appearance in fashionable society. At what age, let us inquire, does the average young lady of our cities now make her *debut*? From my observations, I should answer at about the age of three. They are not older than that when they begin to go to children's parties, for which they are dressed as elaborately as they would be for a fancy ball. From this age onward they are never out of society; by the time they are six or eight years old they are members of clubs, and spend frequent evenings out, and the demands of social diversion and display multiply with their years.

"I think," writes one of my correspondents, who loves little girls, "the greatest defect in the training of girls is in letting them think too much of their clothes and of the boys. Little girls that ought to be busy with their books and their dolls are often dressed up like dolls themselves, and encouraged to act in a coquettish manner that many of their elders could not equal."

"It seems to me," writes another, "that one prominent defect in our modern training of girls is undue haste in making them society young ladies, and cultivating a fondness for admiration by lavish display of dress. Before leaving the nursery, many a child does penance by being made a figure on which a vain mamma may gratify her taste in elegant fabrics and exquisite laces to be exhibited at a fashionable children's party. This trait easily becomes a controlling one, and girls scarcely in their teens, with the *blasé* manner of a woman of the world, will scan a lady's dress, tell you at once the quality of the material, the rarity of the laces, the value of the jewels—even venture an opinion whether or not it be one of Worth's latest designs, showing what apt scholars they have become."

"It is in the claims of society upon our girls," writes another, who knows them well, "that their strength is most severely taxed, and their charac-

ters endangered. To meet creditably the demands of this master, our girls must attend day-school, dancing-school, take music lessons, go to parties, concerts, the theater, sociables; be active members of cooking-clubs, archery-clubs, reading-clubs; ride, skate, walk, and go to the health-lift. To do this and to dress with appropriate anxiety for each one of the occasions, a young girl runs an appalling gauntlet of foes to the healthy development of her soul and body."

I am sure that the early contact of our girls with the vanities and the insincerities and the excitements of social life is doing a great injury to many of them. Girls of from twelve to sixteen years of age, who ought to be in bed every night at nine o'clock, are out at parties till midnight, and sometimes later, thus destroying their health and keeping their young heads filled with thoughts which are not conducive to healthy mental or moral growth.

And as for the children's parties to which my correspondents apply words of such severity, I cannot conceive anything more hurtful than they are in the way that they are generally managed. If a little company of children could be brought together in the afternoon or in the early evening, all plainly dressed, so that they might romp and play to their hearts' content, and take no thought for their raiment—if they could be healthily fed, and wisely amused, with no resort to kissing-games, and no suggestions of beaux—that would be innocent enough; but to dress these children in silks and laces, in kid gloves and kid slippers, with frizzed hair and jewelry—to parade them up and down the drawing-rooms for the foolish mothers who are in attendance to comment on their dresses in their hearing, saying, "O, you dear little thing! How sweet you look! What a beautiful dress! How that color becomes her!" then to chaff them about their lovers and sweethearts, and laugh at their precocious flirtations,—oh, it is pitiful! pitiful! I say to you, mothers, that if there are any children for whom my heart aches it is these innocent, beautiful children who are being sacrificed on the altars of foolish fashion. The children of the poor, thinly clad, poorly fed, rudely taught, are not any more to be pitied than are many of the children of the rich; their bodies may suffer more, but their souls are not any more likely to be pampered and corrupted and destroyed.

From this early entrance into fashionable society the girls go right on, as I have said, plunging a little deeper every year into the currents of social life, until many of them, as my friend has said, are utterly *blasé* before they are twenty. Society is a squeezed orange; they have got all the flavor out of it, they have nothing serious nor sacred to live

for, and you sometimes hear them wishing they were dead.

I suppose that many of us who are parents yield, with many misgivings and protests, to this bad custom, which drags our children into social life and its excitements at such an early age. We give in to it because all the rest do, and because it is hard to deny to our children what all their companions are allowed. And sometimes I suspect you might go into a company of girls and boys who are keeping late hours, and carrying their social diversions to an injurious excess, and find there not a single child whose parents did not heartily disapprove of this excess. Yet the thing is allowed, not so much because the parents lack authority over their children, as because they lack the firmness to resist a bad social custom.

I will mention only one more sad mistake which some, I hope not many, of our girls are making, and it shall be described for you in the language of one who has had the amplest opportunities of knowing whereof she speaks.

"The most common defect in the training of girls is, in my judgment, the ignoring of the command to honor and obey parents. From the age of thirteen, girls and parents alike seem to regard this commandment as a dead letter. The girl of thirteen regards herself as her own mistress; she is already a woman in her own estimation, and has a right to do as she likes. If she prefers to go to parties, sociables, and so forth, three or four evenings in a week, rather than spend her evenings in study, she does so. Both she and her parents, however, expect and demand that she is to be ranked at graduation as high as the laborious, self-denying, faithful worker in her class.

"Again, in one congregation in this city I know of four cases well worthy of thoughtful consideration. The four families all are respectable, such people as form the majority of your own congregation. In each of three of these families is only one child. Each one of these three girls left school when she chose to do so, went into society when she pleased, spent as much time on the street as she liked, and all three, still under twenty, have now become a by-word and reproach among all who know them. In the fourth family there were three girls, two of whom cast off all restraint, while father and mother were regularly taking part in prayer-meetings. This father and mother excused themselves by saying they did not know what their girls were doing, yet the girls lived at home all the time and their neighbors knew all about their conduct."

This habit of running loose, of constantly seeking the street for amusement, and even of making chance acquaintances there, is practiced by some of the girls of our good families, and it is not at

all pleasant to see them on the public thoroughfares, and to witness their hoydenish ways. I know that they mean no harm by it, but it often results in harm; the delicate bloom of maiden modesty is soiled by too much familiarity with the public streets of a city, and a kind of boldness is acquired which is not becoming in a woman.

Such are some of the errors which are frequently committed in the training of our girls, and some of the dangers to which they are exposed; I am sure that you will see that none of them are imaginary, and that all of them are serious. I know that many of you girls, and mothers, too, are fully aware of them, and on your guard against them. If I have succeeded in drawing the more careful attention of any of you to any of them, I shall not have written in vain.

I have left myself small space to speak of the principles and habits requisite to the development of a noble womanhood. These, however, have been suggested in what I have said already. In avoiding the mistakes to which I have referred, you will be guided to the right principles of conduct. Let me speak very briefly of some of the elements which go to make up a beautiful womanly character:

The first is industry. Willingness and ability to work lie, as I have said already, at the basis of all good character. The moral discipline, the patience, the steadiness of purpose, the power to overcome, that are gained in work, and only in work, are just as necessary to women as to men; and the girl who is given no chance of learning these traits is sadly defrauded.

Besides, there are certain strong reasons why girls ought to be well trained in that particular kind of work which they are most likely to be called to perform. "All women, however situated," writes one of my correspondents, "should have a practical knowledge of manual labor; should know how to cook, to purchase household stores, how to avoid waste, how to buy, cut and sew garments, how to nurse the sick. All these things should be a part of a thorough education, and few women can pass through life, no matter what their means or station, who will not find the time when such knowledge will help others, even if they personally may get on very well without it." So say a great many of them, and it is all true.

"I would train my daughter," writes one, "to regard all work, in the broadest meaning, as honorable. Whatever is necessary to be done is honorable work, for highest and lowest alike."

After industry comes thoroughness. It is not enough to be busy; we ought to do *well* whatever our hands find to do, else we may be forced to say what Hugo Grotius said when he came to the end:

"Alas! I have spent my life in laboriously doing nothing." To be thorough in study, to be thorough in all work, ought to be the aim of every girl, not less than of every boy. Our methods of female education have encouraged superficiality rather than thoroughness; we have given our girls smatterings of many things, and mastery of few things. We teach them a little Latin, and a little French, and a little Italian, and a little German, and a little Spanish, and a little English—precious little, too, generally; we give them a few lessons on the piano (not often too few, however, of these), and a few lessons on the organ, and a few on the harp, and a few on the guitar, and a few, perhaps, on the violin or the banjo; we let them take oil-painting for a quarter, and water-colors for a quarter, and crayons for a quarter, and china-decoration for a quarter, and so on, and so on; and the poor things, when they are done with it all, know a little of everything, and not much of anything. Don't do it, girls; life is short and art is long; you cannot be mistresses of all the arts. It is better to confine yourselves to a single branch and make yourselves proficient in that. It is much better to say, "This one thing I *do*," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."

After thoroughness, independence. A habit of relying on your own judgment, a habit of thinking for yourself, and caring for yourself, not selfishly, but in a true womanly fashion—a habit of taking responsibility and bearing it bravely is one of the habits that women as well as men need to cultivate. Your parents ought to give you some chance to form this habit; it is a great mistake to shield a girl from all care, and then, by and by, when the helpers on whom she has leaned fall by her side, to leave her with judgment untrained and powers undisciplined, to carry the burdens of life.

Respect for character, for manhood and womanhood, more than for money or rank, or even genius, is another of the first lessons that every girl ought to learn. Virtue, truth, fidelity, these are the shining things that every true woman honors, and she who values above these a coat-of-arms or a bank account, degrades herself. There is a silly snobbery among some of our girls that is the reverse of lovely. I see them now and then spurning association with worthy young men and women who are poor, and hear them talking in a large way about blue blood, when all the blue blood that is in their veins flowed into them from the veins of tanners or wood-choppers. Shame upon the girl who cannot recognize and honor in others the same qualities that lifted her father or her grandfather to wealth and station!

I might speak of many other elements of character indispensable to the truest womanhood, such

as truthfulness, and conscientiousness, and purity, and modesty, and fidelity, but I will only name one more which sums up much of what my friends have written, and that is :

Consecration. It is a great word. It means many things. It means, to begin with, that God has some purpose concerning you, some good work for each of you to do. It means that He has given you the power to serve in some way, and that He wishes you to devote that power which He has given you to that service for which He created you. What kind of work He has for you to do I cannot tell ; but I know that He has called every one of you with a high calling, to some ennobling work. Not to be butterflies, not to be drones, not to be sponges, has He called any of you ; but to be helpers, and ministers, and friends of all good ; to wait with ready hands and loving hearts for the service that you can do for Him. Most of you will be called, by and by, to the dignity of wifehood and motherhood ; there is no greater dignity than that and no nobler work.

One of the ladies asked me to describe the successful woman. There is more than one type, I answer, but among them all is none more illustrious than that of the wife and mother ; the woman who builds and rules a beautiful and happy home ; who holds the honor of her husband and the reverence of her children ; who leads those whom God has given her up to vigorous and virtuous manhood and womanhood, imparting to them by daily communion with them her own wisdom and nobleness, and sending them forth to do good and brave service in the world. The

woman who does such work as this, I say, is a successful woman ; and there is no grander work than this within the measure of a man or even of an angel.

But marriage is not for all of you, and should not be for any of you the chief end. "I try to teach my daughter," writes one, "that while happy wifehood is the glory and blessing of every true-hearted woman's life, and maternity the crown of this—more to be desired than queendom, she should hold herself too pure and dear a thing to marry for home, or position, or because it is expected of her." Many women are living happily and nobly out of wedlock, and no one is fit for it who is not fit to live without it.

To what kind of service our Lord has called you, then, I cannot tell ; but I know that for you as for Him, the joy of life must be, not in being ministered unto, but in ministering. God help you to understand it, girls, before it is too late. There is so much good in living, if one knows how to live ; there is such delight in serving when one has learned to serve, that I do not like to see any of you going on aimlessly and selfishly, and laying up in store for yourselves a future of disquietude and gloom. There is a better and brighter way than this, a way that has never been pointed out more clearly than in the simple words of our good friend, Mr. Hale : "To look up and not down ; to look forward and not back ; to look out and not in ; and to lend a hand." Set your feet in that path, and follow it patiently, and you will find it the path "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

FAIRY PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

THE sun was shining happily one morning. So was Tommy's face.

"I 'm goin' strawberryin'," said he.

"So 'm I," said his small sister Polly.

"No you aint, neither," said Tommy. "Sisters are always taggin' on to everybody."

So he went off alone.

He knew where the large red berries grew—"thicker 'n hops"—and he could pick a whole pailful and "never eat a single one." He had to cross a meadow on his way to the hill where he knew a "spot that nobody else could find."

In this meadow lived a black and white bobo-

link. Bobolinks are great chatterboxes, as every one knows ; and this particular bobolink, as soon as he caught sight of Tommy, bubbled up from the grass, and tumbled out of himself the queerest jargon in the world.

"Bobolink, bobolink, what do you think? Where 's your sister, Tommy? Tell me quicker 'n a wink, wink, wink!"

This made Tommy's face very red. He picked up a stone and threw it at the bird. It struck the bird's head and stopped all the beautiful music.

"I wonder what makes everything so cross and ugly this morning!" thought Tommy.

Just then, a great yellow butterfly fluttered past his face.

"Hi!" says Tommy. "I'll fix you!"



So he struck it with his big straw hat, and, pinching its delicate wings in his rough fingers, he stuck a pin through it and fastened it on his hat-band.

Nothing else happened until he had come to where the strawberries lay dreaming under the cool green leaves.

He soon had his pail filled, and was about to start for home, when he spied a little brown rabbit sitting on its hind legs and looking at him with two funny little eyes.



"Hi!" said Tommy. "I'll fix you!"

So he picked up a stick and struck at the rabbit with all his might; but what was his surprise to see the stick slip from his hand, run along the

ground like a chipmunk and then dart down a hole in the ground, before he could say "Jack Robinson"!



There stood the rabbit, too—only a little farther off—and it had one eye shut.

Tommy wondered whether he had put the eye out when he struck, or whether the rabbit was winking at him.

"We'll see," said Tommy.



With that, he started in pursuit of the rabbit, which, however, did not turn around and bound away as rabbits generally do; but, still facing the boy, it began to hop backward so rapidly that Tommy hardly could keep it in sight.

The pail of berries was thrown aside in the eagerness of the race, and the golden curls blew all around Tommy's glowing cheeks as he ran on

and on. Pretty soon it began to grow dark, and then the little boy noticed for the first time that he was in the midst of a lonely forest.

Once he thought he saw a face with tears on it looking at him out of the branches of a great oak-tree; but how could his sister be away out there and up in a tree?

"It's only a shadder," said Tom; but he was growing a trifle uneasy. So he whistled.

No sooner had the first clear notes rung out in the woods, than they were caught up and echoed from a thousand points—only instead of the tune which he meant to whistle, he heard all around him:

"Bobolink, bobolink! What do you think? This boy killed a butterfly! Spink, spank, spink!"

"Bobolinks don't live in woods," said Tommy; "That's nuthin but a chipmunk—you can't fool me!"

But his legs began to grow quite shaky all at once, and somehow or other his whistle died away. By this time it was very dark indeed.

"Now is a good time to have your photograph taken, my boy," said a shrill voice close to poor Tommy's ear. He started, but seeing only the little rabbit, which he had been chasing so long, he plucked up courage enough to say:

"H'm! rabbits can't take photographs! Nobody can take 'em when it's all darker 'n Egypt, any how," he added, emphatically.

"We prefer the dark for taking bad boys' pictures," said the rabbit, who, to Tommy's terror, was growing bigger and bigger. "Just you sit down on this stump," he continued in a rougher voice, "and I'll fix you."

Tommy felt he must obey. Then the rabbit, who was by this time as big as a bear, brought a stout hickory sapling and stuck it up in the ground behind Tommy, for a head-rest.

It was n't very comfortable, though, for the rabbit twisted a branch around the boy's head so tight that it made him as fast as the poor butterfly on his hat.

Then the rabbit went off a little way, and pointed the end of a hollow log at the boy, putting his own head behind it and peering through at him, just as real photographers do.

"Look a little more pleasant," said the rabbit; but it was all Tommy could do to keep the tears from flowing.

"Don't you wink," said the rabbit.

But there was no use in his saying this, for Tommy could no more wink than he could get off from that stump and run home—which is saying a great deal.

"One done," said the rabbit; "but we must try again, this is very poor indeed."

Poor Tommy shivered and trembled all over, for, every time the rabbit looked at him now, he felt as cold as ice.

After four pictures had been taken, the rabbit untwisted the branch from his head, pushed him off the stump, gave him the photographs wrapped up in a big leaf, and bade him run home and give them to his mother, without daring to so much as look behind him.

"If you do," said the rabbit, "we'll fix you."

"I will remember," said Tommy, only too glad to get out of that dreadful place.

Then the woods were gone, and the rabbit, and the bobolink songs, and right before him he saw his own beautiful home and his mother looking out to see if her boy were coming.

Tommy felt almost like running off to hide, but he did n't dare disobey the rabbit. So he went slowly up to his mother and gave her his pictures. When she opened them, she looked very sad.

The first one showed Tommy just as he had looked when he spoke so crossly to his little sister that morning.

His eyes were all puckered and his mouth drawn down in anger.

The second was taken just as he was throwing a stone at the pretty bobolink, and in one corner was a picture of the little bird with its head hanging all on one side—dead.

Then came a sorry-looking photograph of the pinned butterfly, and last of all Tommy striking at the little rabbit.

All of them were perfectly black—like the silhouettes of your grandfather in mamma's room, or somebody's grandfather in some other room.

"Please, mamma, burn those horrid pictures up," said Tommy, "and I'll never, never, *never* be so mean again 's long 's I live and breathe."

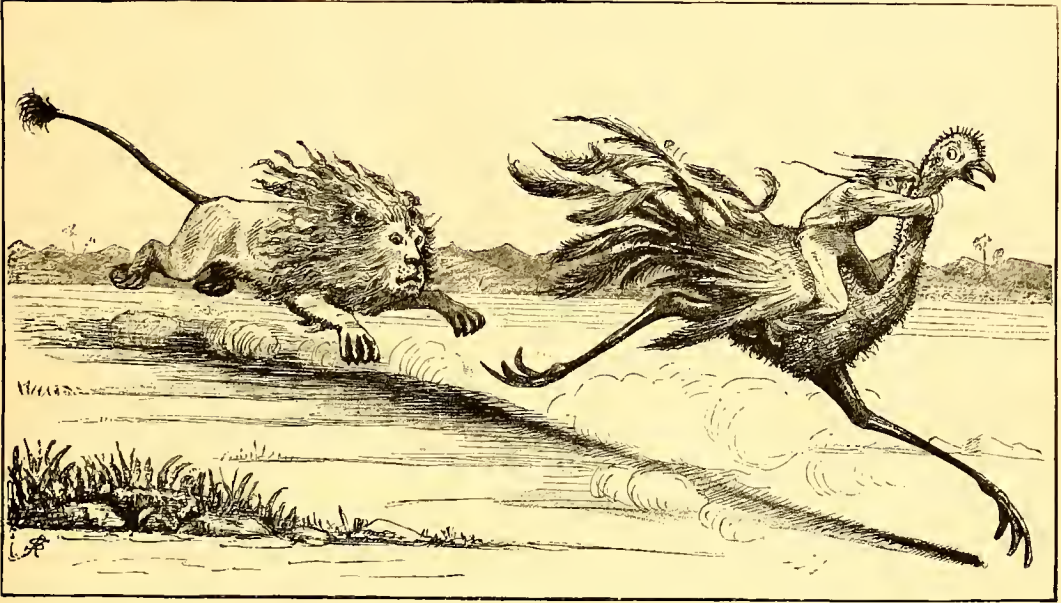
His mother told him that although she could easily burn those pictures, yet that every time he said such cross words and did such cruel things, a picture of them was made on his own heart—inside of him—which could n't be gotten rid of so easily.

"Guess I'll be pretty careful how I sit for such photographs," said Tommy.

And he was.

TWO MORE OF THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.



THE TWO-LEGGED STEED. [SEE PAGE 532.]

NO. II.—AN UNINVITED BALLOONIST.

IT once struck me that ballooning would be the pleasantest way of traveling in my business, lifting me above the sands, beasts and barbarians of the desert. So I had a big balloon constructed, with a patent rudder, guaranteed to steer against any ordinary wind. One day, when the breeze blew inland, I embarked, thinking my return voyage would be plain sailing, owing to the patent rudder and to the figuring of a man of science, who proved quite clearly that an upper current of air set steadily from the desert to the western ocean. But either the upper current of air or the patent rudder went all wrong, and I was landed at Morocco, from which city I made my way home by sea, with the loss of four months' time, my whole cargo of feathers, and every cent I had taken out with me.

For the future, I confined my ballooning to short voyages of exploration.

On one of these occasions, my supply of water had nearly run out, when, noticing a stream, as I thought, I descended and made fast the balloon. What I fancied was a brook turned out, however, to be a wady—that is, one of the dried-up water-

courses of the Sahara. As I turned back empty-handed, I saw a prettily spotted animal, which proved to be a baby-leopard, playing like a kitten in the wady. I caught the creature and hoisted it into the car by a rope. Then, as no living thing was in sight, I was leisurely preparing to launch my air-ship once more. Two of the three ropes which secured it to the earth were already cut, and I was turning to cut the third, when I was horrified at seeing the mother-leopard creeping toward me, noiselessly but swiftly, and with a revengeful gleam in her eyes.

The infuriated beast was now barely forty feet away, and I had enough presence of mind left to lose no time in cutting the last rope. The liberated balloon rose majestically in the air—about a second too late. While I was severing the rope, the leopard had reduced her distance, and when I had finished she was poised for a spring. Up she bounded, the embodiment of cruelty and grace, her paws outstretched, her tail stiff, her jaws distended, her eyes flashing. Her fore claws only just reached the bottom of the rising car; but they grasped it like grim death, and she soon clambered into the car, nearly capsizing it in the process. Then she stood a moment over her sprawling cub

and gave a roar, whether a roar of greeting to the cub or of menace to me I did not even try to guess. Just at that time, I was going up the ropes which secured the car to the balloon, in a way that would have won the prize at any gymnastic exhibition.

In a few seconds I was clinging to the netting of the balloon, and glancing uneasily down at the "bearded pard."

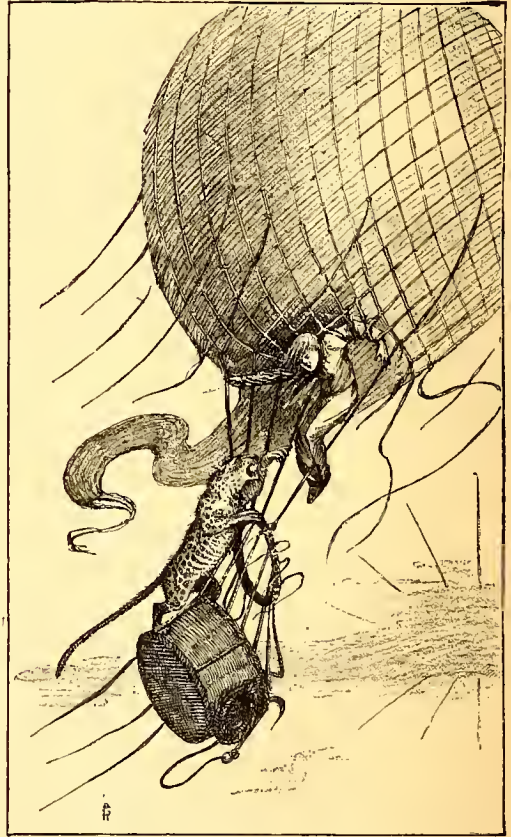
A glance showed me there was no immediate danger from the leopard. She was quite as alarmed as I was. Her first movement, when she perceived the earth receding beneath her, was to seize her cub in her teeth and hasten to the edge of the car, as if about to spring to the ground. But the height was too great, and, abandoning her intention, she dropped the cub and whined in abject terror.

I had now time to reflect. Even if I wished to make the balloon descend, in the hope that the frightened leopard might leap to the ground at the first opportunity, I had not the means of doing so from where I was. To go down into the car while the leopard remained there alive, seemed like putting my head in a lion's mouth, and I had no means of killing the beast, for my fire-arms were also in the car. Meantime, though I had secured a foothold in the netting, the strain on the muscles of my hands and arms was great, and I could not support it forever. At last I drew my knife, which, in my hurry, I had luckily shoved into my pocket unclashed, and, climbing around the base of the balloon, began severing the ropes which attached the car to it. As the car swung downward, supported by the last two ropes, the young leopard fell to earth; but its mother, becoming suddenly conscious of what I was doing, sprang upward and struggled hard to climb the single rope that remained uncut—for the other, half severed, had yielded when she sprang. It was a trying moment, but the knife was sharp and I managed to divide the rope in time.

Down fell the car, and the leopard after it, still grasping the rope with her claws. Sometimes the car was uppermost, sometimes the beast. In spite of my own perilous position, I could not help watching this terrific see-saw in the air, until beast and car, after shrinking to mere specs, were dashed to pieces on the ground. Fortunately for me, my eyes were accustomed to dizzy heights.

I had provided against the too rapid ascent of the balloon, when lightened of so great a weight, by cutting a small hole in its side. But this proved insufficient to stop its upward progress. So I made other small holes with great caution—for my only chance of a successful descent was to let the gas escape by slow degrees. My task was not

an easy one, for the balloon, cut loose from its ballast, now lay over considerably on one side, with me beneath. The strain on my hands had consequently grown much greater. However, I eased it somewhat by getting one leg inside the netting, and soon I was glad to perceive, from the gently upward direction of the loose ropes, that I was beginning to descend. The motion grew more and more rapid, and though I managed to reduce



THE LEOPARD STRIVES TO REACH THE MAJOR.

its rapidity for a time by cutting off all the swinging ropes within my reach, I should probably have been maimed, or killed outright, had I not alighted on the long, feathery leaves of a date-palm, in the center of a beautiful cluster of these trees.

After refreshing myself with some dates, and filling my pockets with more, I struck into the desert to seek the wreck of the car, and especially my rifle and revolver, without which I had no hopes of reaching civilization again. My ruined balloon did me a last service, as it limped over the tops of the palms: it enabled me to tell the direction of the wind, which I could not have discovered

otherwise, for it was nearly a dead calm. By going directly against the wind, I knew I must draw near the objects of my search. I found the shattered car and the leopard by it; but rifle and pistol were bent and broken beyond any possibility of use or repair.

But the way I got home is a story in itself.

NO. III.—A TWO-LEGGED STEED.

SO HERE goes for Story No. III. When I found my fire-arms smashed, I was dumbfounded for a minute or so. Then, as the sun was just setting, I looked over the wreck of the car, and picked out a thin rope, and the skin in which I used to carry my water, and which still held about half a gallon. I built a fire out of the remnants of the car and its contents, and, stretching my feet toward it, fell asleep almost instantaneously. I was too tired to make any plans.

Next morning I was awakened by a sharp pain on my right cheek, and, opening my eyes, I saw a vulture perched upon my breast, and preparing to have a second and more satisfactory peck at my face, if I should happily prove to be dead or mortally wounded. I jumped up with a shout, which scared the cowardly bird and a whole flock of his mates that were feeding on the carcass of the leopard.

The course of the balloon had been nearly due east, and, as well as I could guess at its average speed, I was not much more than a hundred miles from the coast. So, after breakfasting on the rest of the dates and a small allowance of water, I took Horace Greeley's advice to young men, and went west.

"How could you tell which side was the west?" you will ask.

Well, the sun, my dears, very kindly got up that morning at about the usual time and place. And during the whole of the first day I made for a distant clump of trees which lay but little out of my course.

I reached the clump half broiled and without a drop of water, having used up most of my supply in moistening my head to keep off sunstroke. However, the trees were date-palms and grew over a brook, as these trees commonly do. So I found an abundance of fond, drink and fuel, and slept as soundly and safely as the night before.

I started into the desert early next morning in better spirits, for I was some twenty-five miles nearer home, and had not, so far, met a beast of prey, though I had heard one roaring near my fire.

About noon I observed an animal behind me,

but too far away to recognize. Some minutes later I looked round again, and saw it in about the same position. This looked as if it was following me. I felt uncomfortable, and glanced back a third time. It was a little nearer now, and I perceived, to my alarm, that its color was tawny. Wishing to know the worst, I halted. To my surprise, the animal halted, too. Its motion had been stealthy and cat-like; but now its pose was bold and commanding, as it raised its head and paused to contemplate me.

If I had any doubts remaining, they were soon gone, for the beast lifted its head higher, and proved its identity by roaring as only lions can roar.

Though much alarmed at this, I had presence of mind enough not to turn and flee at this terrible summons. On the contrary, I looked the lion steadily in the face for some minutes, and then calmly resumed my journey west.

As I had hoped, he did not charge, but continued to follow at the same interval. When I halted again, he halted, too; when I walked, he walked after me. He apparently meant to attack me in the dark, when lions are boldest.

Several times that day I was on the point of ending my fearful suspense by rushing at my pursuer, and forcing him either to fly, or else to eat me for his dinner instead of for his supper. But each time some new hope would spring up in my breast, and I would trudge on still. Once I remembered Androcles, and hoped that the lion might tread upon a thorn. Another time I thought of the man in a similar plight with myself, who, happily combining presence of mind with absence of body, raised his cloak and hat on a stick, and induced a deluded lion to spring at it, and fall down a convenient precipice. Time and again I hoped for trees, and time and again I asked myself the conundrum, "Why is a lion like an oyster?" and comforted myself with the answer, "Because neither can climb a tree." Yes; if I were only up a tree, I would fear the lion no more than any oyster of the same size and weight.

I think I could have climbed anything just then,—a branchless palm, the North Pole, a genealogical tree. But I could see nothing higher than myself, except the sun.

At last I came to a slight rise in the boundless waste. From the summit I saw neither rock nor tree. Two cassavas were in sight, but they were only stunted shrubs, a few feet high. The sun was at the horizon, and the lion had decreased his distance visibly.

I felt the courage of despair, and was about to turn and force the wild beast to kill me then or never, when I saw something rise out of the long

shadow cast by the cassavas in the setting sun. I soon discovered that it was a large ostrich, which had been frightened by some sight or sound at the other side of the bushes, for it came straight toward me, using wings and legs, as ostriches do when hurried or alarmed.

In a moment, I had formed a plan of escape. I headed the huge bird, and shouted at it. It fled in bewilderment back to the cassavas, where, according to its silly custom, it thrust its head into the leaves and halted, in the belief that not to see involves not to be seen.

It was a double chase; for no sooner did I begin to run after the ostrich than the lion, echoing my shout with compound interest, started in pursuit. To a looker-on, the race would have shown strange contrasts,—the flapping, waddling, frightened ostrich; the man running silently for life; the roaring lion, with successive bounds, hastening after his prey.

I was a good hand at leap-frog when I was at school. I had often leaped on to the sixth or seventh back at the old game of "High Cock-alorum." But I never had so high "a back" given me before as that now offered by the unconscious ostrich. Still, I never had so much encouragement to distinguish myself at any game before, for a hungry lion had never been the next player behind me!

Mustering all my strength, I sprang into the air, tipping the ostrich's tail with my fingers as I flew over it. In another moment I was seated comfortably on the back of the bird, holding tightly to its neck with both hands. The huge creature, terrified no less by the roaring of the lion, now hardly fifty yards behind, than by the mysterious weight on its back, hastily raised its head from the cassava bush, and went off at a pace which soon distanced our pursuer.

We traveled all night, and on the following afternoon struck the coast, six miles below the trading-post, which we reached at sun-down.

"But what did the ostrich eat on the way, Major?" you will say.

Chiefly money.

"Money?"

Yes; money. I suppose you are aware that ostriches are fond of eating stones and metals. Well, I thought a few coins might be a pleasant change for my ostrich, and I had a quantity of gold coins in a belt, to provide against accidents, as my habit was when ballooning. So I threw him a sovereign, which he swallowed eagerly; then an eagle, which he seemed to enjoy still more. At least, he ran to it, and stooped for it with more haste,—whether because it was a larger coin, or because it was of American manufacture, I am unable to decide.

"How did you get him to go in one direction all the time?" I hear.

By making a slip noose on my rope and lassoing his neck, keeping the ends of the rope in my hands to act as reins. I put two knots on the rope, to prevent the noose from getting too tight and strangling the bird; yet I managed to make it mighty disagreeable for him when he tried to alter his course. While the coins lasted, I had no trouble at all; for, whenever he wanted to turn, I just threw one straight ahead, and by the time the silly bird had reached it he had quite forgotten his desire to turn.

"What a lot it cost to feed that ostrich!" do you say?

Bless your soul, it did n't cost a cent. If I never got home, the money was no use to me; if I did, I knew I could get it back. I hated to shoot that ostrich; but times were bad, and I could not afford to wait and find out whether the bird would lay golden eggs.

The feathers of that ostrich wave to-day from my aunt's bonnet. I brought them home as witnesses of my adventure. The yellowish tinge in them is owing to the large quantity of gold swallowed by my two-legged steed.



THE FIELD-SPARROW.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

A BUBBLE of music floats
 The slope of the hill-side over,—
 A little wandering sparrow's notes,—
 On the bloom of yarrow and clover.
 And the smell of sweet-fern and the bayberry-leaf
 On his ripple of song are stealing ;
 For he is a chartered thief,
 The wealth of the fields revealing.

One syllable, clear and soft
 As a raindrop's silvery patter,
 Or a tinkling fairy-bell, heard aloft,
 In the midst of the merry chatter
 Of robin and linnet and wren and jay ;—
 One syllable, oft repeated.
 He has but a word to say,
 And of that he will not be cheated.

The singer I have not seen ;
 But the song I arise and follow
 The brown hills over, the pastures green,
 And into the sunlit hollow.
 With the joy of a lowly heart's content
 I can feel my glad eyes glisten,
 Though he hides in his happy tent,
 While I stand outside and listen.

This way would I also sing,
 My dear little hill-side neighbor !
 A tender carol of peace to bring
 To the sunburnt fields of labor,
 Is better than making a loud ado.
 Trill on, amid clover and yarrow,—
 There 's a heart-beat echoing you,
 And blessing you, blithe little sparrow !

THE STORY OF LIZBETH AND THE "BABY."

BY GEORGE HOUGHTON.

ONE Monday morning, last June, I drew the chair up to my office desk, and prepared to begin my week's work. First, I opened and read the letters,—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven,—O ! too many to count ; then I cut open all the newspapers,—there were enough to paper the front of the building ; and at last I came to a strange round parcel, and wondering what could be in that, I took off the pink string and wrappings that surrounded it, when out rolled a tin mustard-box, with four holes punched in the lid. What to make of this I did n't know. I tried to twist off the cover, but it would not stir. Then I rapped it gently with a ruler, when, all of a sudden,—pop ! off came the lid, and out sprang a wad of cotton wool, and a queer little drab and yellow thing, three or four inches long, that squatted down among the papers. Four small legs, a big tail, a head with six horns, and a coat of many colors : that seemed to be all of it. I waited for it to move, but it kept still, so very still that I thought it must be dead, so I gave it a poke with my pen-handle, when "*Ptsch!*" away it ran, like a mouse, over papers and letters, down to the carpet, across the floor, and into a dark corner behind the safe.

Thus was I introduced to "Lizbeth," the horned lizard, or horned toad, which my friend, the Professor, had sent me from Colorado.

I carried her home with me that night, and in a few days she came to be looked upon as one of the family. She took possession of one of the broad window-seats in the library, where she had a cigar-box for her house and a hickory twig for furniture. Here she spent most of her time. In the morning she lay in the sunshine, or clung to the window-sill to look out at the ailantus-tree opposite. She showed only one bad trait,—she would not eat, and for five weeks she was never known to take any food or drink. But this did n't trouble her as much as it did the rest of us. She continued to look plump, and the Professor tells me that she could have fasted for six months without starving. One night I put four beetles in the cigar-box with her, fastening down the cover ; in the morning they were gone, and from that time she had a good appetite, and devoted most of her waking hours to appeasing it with such flies, ants, or beetles, as came within reach of her. I once counted fifty flies that went into her mouth within as many minutes.

And she always was ready for contributions of in-

sects, but they must be alive. If you took a fly by one wing and held it, buzzing, two or three inches from her mouth, suddenly out flashed a small stubby tongue, with a sort of mucilage on the end of it, and before you knew just what had happened, the fly was swallowed.

Lizbeth soon learned to recognize the members of the family, and would often follow us from room to room. She showed intelligence in many ways; we taught her several tricks, such as lying on her back as if dead, and sitting on her haunches with back against an inkstand, and demurely holding a tooth-pick in one of her small hands, and when hungry for a meal, she would come to us with open mouth, as a sign of readiness. She was always pleased to have her neck scratched, or to be held in one's hand, when she would snuggle down into the warm palm and go to sleep.

One day in September, three months after Lizbeth's arrival, a very important event happened. There came another tin mustard-box from the Professor, who was then with the Wheeler Exploring Expedition in California, and in it was a baby companion for Lizbeth,—according to the Professor's standard of beauty, the prettiest creature alive. It was three inches long, and had five gold bands across its back, black shading just before each, and a beautiful white stomacher.

So now there were two heads that peeped out from the library window at the ailantus-tree, and two hungry mouths to fill with flies and beetles. Baby soon became the favorite. The color of her coat was prettier, and she had no horns on her head. You may wonder what Lizbeth's horns were for. I hardly know, unless as a substitute for a shovel in digging into the soil, but she used hers very skillfully to pry open the lid of her cigar-box.

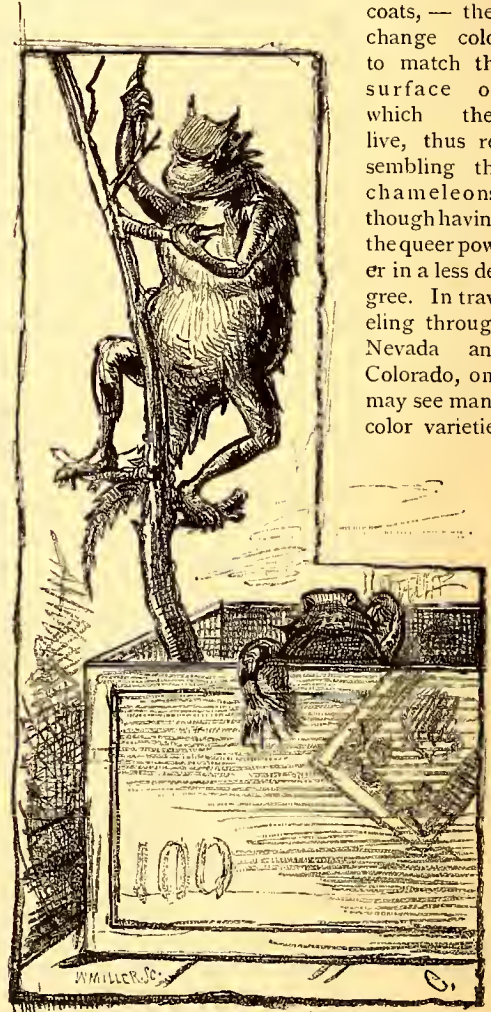
Lizbeth was the livelier of the two. While a lady caller, one evening, was seated near the center-table, Lizbeth sprang out of a hat and alighted on her hand, uttering a shrill "*Ptsch!*" and giving her a fright and a hatred of the "beasts" (as she called them), from which she never fully recovered. A Danish gentleman, who visits us sometimes, nearly fainted when he first saw her approaching, and ever afterward, when he called, he used to push his head through the half-opened door, asking "Where are dose reptiles?" and when told, he seated himself at the farthest corner of the room, and on the very edge of his chair, ready at the first appearance of Lizbeth or Baby to escape through the door.

It may be you would not have liked Lizbeth and the Baby at first sight. You might have thought them too much like toads. But if you could have seen the two as they climbed over my mother's sewing, while she sat at work, scrambling in and

out of her pockets, stopping now and then to wink or scratch their heads with the hind leg, or if you could have watched them follow her from room to room, scampering like mice and then falling asleep in a square of sunlight at her feet, I feel sure you would soon have been willing to hold their soft little bodies in your hand, that you might examine their many-colored coats, which were very pretty, looking like bits of Persian carpet surrounded by fringe.

There is one queer fact about the

horned lizards' coats, — they change color to match the surface on which they live, thus resembling the chameleons, though having the queer power in a less degree. In traveling through Nevada and Colorado, one may see many color varieties



of the same species, the changes in tint taking place in accordance with similar shades of the soil. I have seen one that was pure white all over—an albino, perhaps. Why do you suppose Mother Nature gave them this singular power? I think there were two reasons. In the first

place, they have no means of defense; they cannot bite nor sting nor scratch, but they crouch closely upon the soil, and lie so quietly, that, if of the same color as the ground, it is next to impossible to catch sight of one until it stirs. When discovered, they will generally act as if dead, even though roughly handled. Dr. Coues says that they show special fear of dogs. On the approach of a dog, he says, they will raise themselves to the full length of their legs, puff out the body, open the mouth, and hiss violently. There is, no doubt, some special reason for this aversion. It may be that the coyote, the dog of the plains, includes horned lizards in his varied bill of fare, and that from this fact they instinctively recognize an enemy in all dogs.

In the second place, the gift of color mimicry helps the horned lizards to obtain food. Their legs are too short to enable them, like their cousins, the true lizards, to run down their prey, and knowing this, they adopt a different method. When an unlucky fly alights a few inches from what appears a mere bunch of earth, our little friend, with body compressed and movements so slow and regular as to be unnoticed, creeps close to the unsuspecting insect, and with a flash of the tongue secures the welcome morsel. Beetles it catches more easily, and when it is at home in the dry, sandy wastes west of the Great Plains, and in Texas, these form its chief food. The agreeable odor, like musk, which it emits when warm, is also a noteworthy fact, and this may have an influence in attracting insects. Aided by this and by sugar sprinkled around them, Lizbeth and Baby found no lack of prey during the warm weather.

Early in October, however, the weather changed, and there began to be a suggestion of snow in the

air. They felt the cold keenly, and when the sun left the window, they would creep under the curtain tassel and lie there dormant all the afternoon. Then we brought them a larger box, filled with loam and vegetable mold, and as the weather grew colder, they generally buried themselves, after breakfast, in the soft soil, leaving only their noses exposed, and slept there until breakfast-time next morning, when, if not too cold, they crept out to beg for a bug or a fly. And I was so afraid that before spring came their coats would change to the color of dirt, that I dug them up every little while to see whether they had changed already. And they had. Lizbeth's beautiful white stomacher became brown, and those gold spots on Baby's shoulders were getting to be very dull.

One bleak day in January, I carried them both, in my coat-pockets, to the studio of Mr. Church, the artist. I wanted him to draw their portraits. He made some pictures of them, but unfortunately Lizbeth took cold, and became quite ill. For two days she languished. She took no interest in anything. On the second day I thought I might divert her by letting her do some of her tricks with a tooth-pick. She took the tooth-pick in her little hands, and breathed her last.

Troubles never come singly. On the next morning but one, I found Baby's box on the floor of the library; the dirt was scattered over the carpet, and, on her back, under the center-table, lay poor Baby! The kitten had been playing with her, had tumbled her about the room, had rolled on her, and pawed her, and killed her!

Alas! Though the spring shall come, with many beetles and bugs in its train, it will bring me only sad remembrances of my little friends, the horned lizards.



JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XI.

"DOWN BRAKES."

THE greatest people have their weak points, and the best-behaved boys now and then yield to temptation and get into trouble, as everybody knows. Frank was considered a remarkably well-bred and proper lad, and rather prided himself on his good reputation, for he never got into scrapes like the other fellows. Well, hardly ever, for we must confess that at rare intervals his besetting sin overcame his prudence, and he proved himself an erring, human boy. Steam-engines had been his idols for years, and they alone could lure him from the path of virtue. Once, in trying to investigate the mechanism of a toy specimen, which had its little boiler and ran about whistling and puffing in the most delightful way, he nearly set the house afire by the sparks that dropped on the straw carpet. Another time, in trying experiments with the kitchen tea-kettle, he blew himself up, and the scars of that explosion he still carried on his hands.

He was long past such childish amusements now, but his favorite haunt was the engine-house of the new railroad, where he observed the habits of his pets with never-failing interest, and cultivated the good-will of stokers and brakemen till they allowed him many liberties, and were rather flattered by the admiration expressed for their iron horses by a young gentleman who liked them better even than his Greek and Latin.

There was not much business doing on this road as yet, and the two cars of the passenger-trains were often nearly empty, though full freight-trains rolled from the factory to the main road, of which this was only a branch. So things went on in a leisurely manner, which gave Frank many opportunities of pursuing his favorite pastime. He soon knew all about No. 11, his pet engine, and had several rides on it with Bill, the engineer, so that he felt at home there, and privately resolved that when he was a rich man he would have a road of his own, and run trains as often as he liked.

Gus took less interest than his friend in the study of steam, but usually accompanied him when he went over after school to disport himself in the engine-house, interview the stoker, or see if there was anything new in the way of brakes.

One afternoon they found No. 11 on the side-

track, puffing away as if enjoying a quiet smoke before starting. No cars were attached, and no driver was to be seen, for Bill was off with the other men behind the station-house, helping the expressman, whose horse had backed down a bank and upset the wagon.

"Good chance for a look at the old lady," said Frank, speaking of the engine as Bill did, and jumping aboard with great satisfaction, followed by Gus.

"I'd give ten dollars if I could run her up to the bend and back," he added, fondly touching the bright brass knobs and glancing at the fire with a critical eye.

"You could n't do it alone," answered Gus, sitting down on the grimy little perch, willing to indulge his mate's amiable weakness.

"Give me leave to try? Steam is up, and I could do it as easy as not," and Frank put his hand on the throttle-valve, as if daring Gus to give the word.

"Fire up and make her hum!" laughed Gus, quoting Bill's frequent order to his mate, but with no idea of being obeyed.

"All right; I'll just roll her up to the switch and back again. I've often done it with Bill," and Frank cautiously opened the throttle-valve, threw back the lever, and the great thing moved with a throb and a puff.

"Steady, old fellow, or you'll come to grief. Here, don't open that!" shouted Gus, for just at that moment Joe appeared at the switch, looking ready for mischief.

"Wish he would; no train for twenty minutes, and we could run up to the bend as well as not," said Frank, getting excited with the sense of power, as the monster obeyed his hand so entirely that it was impossible to resist prolonging the delight.

"By George, he has! Stop her! Back her! Hold on, Frank!" cried Gus, as Joe, only catching the words "Open that!" obeyed, without the least idea that they would dare to leave the siding.

But they did, for Frank rather lost his head for a minute, and out upon the main track rolled No. 11 as quietly as a well-trained horse taking a familiar road.

"Now you've done it! I'll give you a good thrashing when I get back!" roared Gus, shaking his fist at Joe, who stood staring, half-pleased, half-scared, at what he had done.

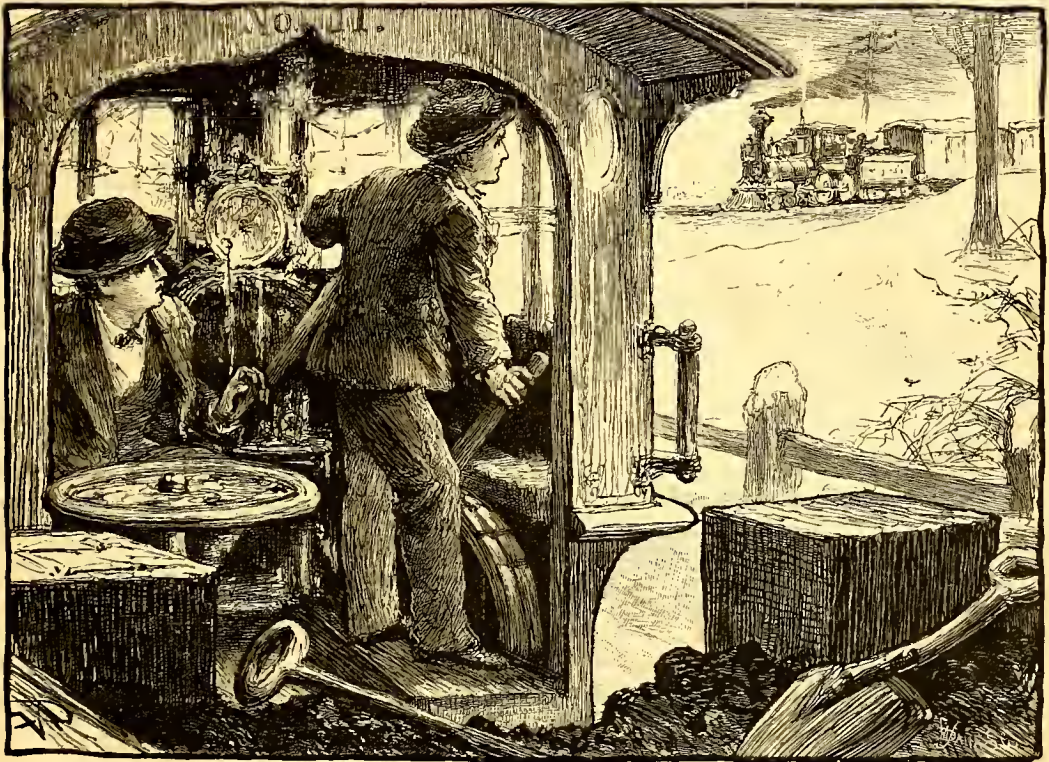
"Are you really going to try it?" asked Gus, as they glided on with increasing speed, and he, too, felt the charm of such a novel adventure, though the consequences bid fair to be serious.

"Yes, I am," answered Frank, with the grim look he always wore when his strong will got the upper hand. "Bill will give it to us, any way, so we may as well have our fun out. If you are afraid, I'll slow down and you can jump off," and his brown eyes sparkled with the double delight of getting his heart's desire and astonishing his friend at the same time by his skill and coolness.

"Let them yell. I started to go to the curve, and I'll do it if it costs me a hundred dollars. No danger; there's no train under twenty minutes, I tell you," and Frank pulled out his watch. But the sun was in his eyes, and he did not see clearly, or he would have discovered that it was later than he thought.

On they went, and were just rounding the bend when a shrill whistle in front startled both boys, and drove the color out of their cheeks.

"It's the factory train!" cried Gus, in a husky tone, as he sprang to his feet.



"DOWN BRAKES!"

"Go ahead. I'll jump when you do," and Gus calmly sat down again, bound in honor to stand by his mate till the smash came, though rather dismayed at the audacity of the prank.

"Don't you call this just splendid?" exclaimed Frank, as they rolled along over the crossing, past the bridge, toward the curve, a mile from the station.

"Not bad. They are yelling like mad after us. Better go back, if you can," said Gus, who was anxiously peering out, and, in spite of his efforts to seem at ease, not enjoying the trip a particle.

"No; it's the five-forty on the other road," answered Frank, with a queer thrill all through him at the thought of what might happen if it was not. Both looked straight ahead as the last tree glided by, and the long track lay before them, with the freight train slowly coming down. For an instant, the boys stood as if paralyzed.

"Jump!" said Gus, looking at the steep bank on one side and the river on the other, undecided which to try.

"Sit still!" commanded Frank, collecting his wits, as he gave a warning whistle to retard the

on-coming train, while he reversed the engine and went back faster than he came.

A crowd of angry men was waiting for them, and Bill stood at the open switch in a towering passion as No. 11 returned to her place unharmed, but bearing two pale and frightened boys, who stepped slowly and silently down, without a word to say for themselves, while the freight train rumbled by on the main track.

Frank and Gus never had a very clear idea as to what occurred during the next few minutes, but vaguely remembered being well shaken, sworn at, questioned, threatened with direful penalties, and finally ordered off the premises forever by the wrathful depot-master. Joe was nowhere to be seen, and as the two culprits walked away, trying to go steadily, while their heads spun round, and all the strength seemed to have departed from their legs, Frank said, in an exhausted tone:

"Come down to the boat-house and rest a minute."

Both were glad to get out of sight, and dropped upon the steps red, ruffled, and breathless, after the late exciting scene. Gus generously forebore to speak, though he felt that he was the least to blame; and Frank, after eating a bit of snow to moisten his dry lips, said, handsomely:

"Now, don't you worry, old man. I'll pay the damages, for it was my fault. Joe will dodge, but I wont; so make your mind easy."

"We sha' n't hear the last of this in a hurry," responded Gus, relieved, yet anxious, as he thought of the reprimand his father would give him.

"I hope mother wont hear of it till I tell her quietly myself. She will be so frightened, and think I'm surely smashed up, if she is told in a hurry;" and Frank gave a shiver, as all the danger he had run came over him suddenly.

"I thought we were done for when we saw that train. Guess we should have been if you had not had your wits about you. I always said you were a cool one," and Gus patted Frank's back with a look of great admiration, for, now that it was all over, he considered it a very remarkable performance.

"Which do you suppose it will be, fine or imprisonment?" asked Frank, after sitting in a despondent attitude for a moment.

"Should n't wonder if it was both. Running off with an engine is no joke, you know."

"What did possess me to be such a fool?" groaned Frank, repenting, all too late, of yielding to the temptation which assailed him.

"Bear up, old fellow, I'll stand by you; and if the worst comes, I'll call as often as the rules of the prison allow," said Gus, consolingly, as he gave his afflicted friend an arm, and they walked away,

both feeling that they were marked men from that day forth.

Meantime, Joe, as soon as he recovered from the shock of seeing the boys actually go off, ran away, as fast as his legs could carry him, to prepare Mrs. Minot for the loss of her son; for the idea of their coming safely back never occurred to him, his knowledge of engines being limited. A loud ring at the bell brought Mrs. Pecq, who was guarding the house, while Mrs. Minot entertained a parlor full of company.

"Frank's run off with No. 11, and he'll be killed sure. Thought I'd run up and tell you;" stammered Joe, all out of breath and looking wild.

He got no further, for Mrs. Pecq clapped one hand over his mouth, caught him by the collar with the other, and hustled him into the ante-room before any one else could hear the bad news.

"Tell me all about it, and don't shout. What's come to the boy?" she demanded, in a tone that reduced Joe to a whisper at once.

"Go right back and see what has happened to him, then come and tell me quietly. I'll wait for you here. I would n't have his mother startled for the world," said the good soul when she knew all.

"Oh, I dar's n't! I opened the switch as they told me to, and Bill will half kill me when he knows it!" cried Joe, in a panic, as the awful consequences of his deed rose before him, showing both boys mortally injured and several trains wrecked.

"Then take yourself off home and hold your tongue. I'll watch the door, for I wont have any more ridiculous boys tearing in to disturb my lady."

Mrs. Pecq often called this good neighbor "my lady" when speaking of her, for Mrs. Minot was a true gentlewoman, and much pleasanter to live with than the titled mistress had been.

Joe scudded away as if the constable was after him, and presently Frank was seen slowly approaching with an unusually sober face and a pair of very dirty hands.

"Thank heaven, he's safe!" and, softly opening the door, Mrs. Pecq actually hustled the young master into the ante-room as unceremoniously as she had hustled Joe.

"I beg pardon, but the parlor is full of company, and that fool of a Joe came roaring in with a cock-and-bull story that gave me quite a turn. What is it, Mr. Frank?" she asked eagerly, seeing that something was amiss.

He told her in a few words, and she was much relieved to find that no harm had been done.

"Ah, the danger is to come," said Frank, darkly, as he went away to wash his hands and prepare to relate his misdeeds.

It was a very bad quarter of an hour for the poor fellow, who so seldom had any grave faults to confess; but he did it manfully, and his mother was so grateful for the safety of her boy that she found it difficult to be severe enough, and contented herself with forbidding any more visits to the too charming No. 11.

"What do you suppose will be done to me?" asked Frank, on whom the idea of imprisonment had made a deep impression.

"I don't know, dear, but I shall go over to see Mr. Burton right after tea. He will tell us what to do and what to expect. Gus must not suffer for your fault."

"He'll come off clear enough, but Joe must take his share, for if he had n't opened that confounded switch, no harm would have been done. But when I saw the way clear, I actually could n't resist going ahead," said Frank, getting excited again at the memory of that blissful moment when he started the engine.

Here Jack came hurrying in, having heard the news, and refused to believe it from any lips but Frank's. When he could no longer doubt, he was so much impressed with the daring of the deed that he had nothing but admiration for his brother, till a sudden thought made him clap his hands and exclaim exultingly:

"His runaway beats mine all hollow, and now he can't crow over me! Wont that be a comfort? The good boy has got into a scrape. Hooray!"

This was such a droll way of taking it, that they had to laugh; and Frank took his humiliation so meekly that Jack soon fell to comforting him, instead of crowing over him.

Jill thought it a most interesting event; and, when Frank and his mother went over to consult Mr. Burton, she and Jack planned out for the dear culprit a dramatic trial which would have convulsed the soberest of judges. His sentence was ten years' imprisonment, and such heavy fines that the family would have been reduced to beggary but for the sums made by Jill's fancy work and Jack's success as a champion pedestrian.

They found such comfort and amusement in this sensational programme that they were rather disappointed when Frank returned, reporting that a fine would probably be all the penalty exacted, as no harm had been done, and he and Gus were such respectable boys. What would happen to Joe, he could not tell, but he thought a good whipping ought to be added to his share.

Of course, the affair made a stir in the little world of children; and when Frank went to school, feeling that his character for good behavior was forever damaged, he found himself a lion, and was in danger of being spoiled by the admiration of

his comrades, who pointed him out with pride as "the fellow who ran off with a steam-engine."

But an interview with Judge Kemble, a fine of twenty-five dollars, and lectures from all the grown people of his acquaintance, prevented him from regarding his escapade as a feat to boast of. He discovered, also, how fickle a thing is public favor, for very soon those who had praised began to cease, and it took all his courage, patience and pride to carry him through the next week or two. The lads were never tired of alluding to No. 11, giving shrill whistles in his car, asking if his watch was right, and drawing locomotives on the blackboard whenever they got a chance.

The girls, too, had sly nods and smiles, hints and jokes of a milder sort, which made him color and fume, and once lose his dignity entirely. Molly Loo, who dearly loved to torment the big boys, and dared attack even solemn Frank, left one of Boo's old tin trains on the door-step, directed to "Conductor Minot," who, I regret to say, could not refrain from kicking it into the street, and slamming the door with a bang that shook the house. Shrieks of laughter from wicked Molly and her coadjutor, Grif, greeted this explosion of wrath, which did no good, however, for half an hour later the same cars, all in a heap, were on the steps again, with two headless dolls tumbling out of the cab, and the dilapidated engine labeled "No. 11 after the collision."

No one ever saw that ruin again, and for days Frank was utterly unconscious of Molly's existence, as propriety forbade his having it out with her as he had with Grif. Then Annette made peace between them, and the approach of the Twenty-second gave the wags something else to think of.

But it was long before Frank forgot that costly prank: for he was a thoughtful boy, who honestly wanted to be good; so he remembered this episode humbly, and whenever he felt the approach of temptation he made the strong will master it, saying to himself "Down brakes!" thus saving the precious freight he carried from many of the accidents which befall us when we try to run our trains without orders, and so often wreck ourselves as well as others.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

OF course, the young ladies and gentlemen had a ball on the evening of that day, but the boys and girls were full of excitement about their "Scenes from the Life of Washington and other brilliant tableaux," as the programme announced. The Bird-Room was the theater, being very large, with four doors conveniently placed. Ralph was in his

element, putting up a little stage, drilling boys, arranging groups, and uniting in himself carpenter, scene-painter, manager and gas man. Mrs. Minot permitted the house to be turned topsyturvy, and Mrs. Pecq flew about, lending a hand everywhere. Jill was costumer, with help from Miss Delano, who did not care for balls, and kindly took charge of the girls. Jack printed tickets, programmes and placards of the most imposing sort, and the work went gayly on till all was ready.

When the evening came, the Bird-Room presented a fine appearance. One end was curtained off with red drapery; and real footlights, with tin shades, gave a truly theatrical air to the little stage. Rows of chairs, filled with mammas and little people, occupied the rest of the space. The hall and Frank's room were full of amused papas, uncles, and old gentlemen whose patriotism brought them out in spite of rheumatism. There was a great rustling of skirts, fluttering of fans, and much lively chat, till a bell rang and the orchestra struck up.

Yes, there really was an orchestra, for Ed declared that the national airs *must* be played, or the whole thing would be a failure. So he had exerted himself to collect all the musical talent he could find, a horn, a fiddle and a flute, with drum and fife for the martial scenes. Ed looked more beaming than ever, as he waved his baton and led off with Yankee Doodle as a safe beginning, for every one knew that. It was fun to see little Johnny Cooper bang away on a big drum, and old Mr. Munson, who had been a fifer all his days, blow till he was as red as a lobster, while every one kept time to the music which put them all in good spirits for the opening scene.

Up went the curtain and several trees in tubs appeared, then a stately gentleman in small clothes, cocked hat, gray wig, and an imposing cane, came slowly walking in. It was Gus, who had been unanimously chosen not only for Washington but for the father of the hero also, that the family traits of long legs and a somewhat massive nose might be preserved.

"Ahem! My trees are doing finely," observed Mr. W., senior, strolling along with his hands behind him, casting satisfied glances at the dwarf orange, oleander, arbuton and little pine that represented his orchard.

Suddenly he starts, pauses, frowns, and, after examining the latter shrub, which displayed several hacks in its stem and a broken limb with six red-velvet cherries hanging on it, he gave a thump with his cane that made the little ones jump, and cried out:

"Can it have been my son?"

He evidently thought it *was*, for he called, in tones of thunder:

"George! George Washington, come hither this moment!"

Great suspense on the part of the audience, then a general burst of laughter as Boo trotted in, a perfect miniature of his honored parent, knee breeches, cocked hat, shoe buckles and all. He was so fat that the little tails of his coat stuck out in the drollest way, his chubby legs could hardly carry the big buckles, and the rosy face displayed when he took his hat off, with a dutiful bow, was so solemn, the real George could not have looked more anxious when he gave the immortal answer.

"Sirrah, did you cut that tree?" demanded the papa, with another rap of the cane, and such a frown that poor Boo looked dismayed, till Molly whispered, "Put your hand up, dear." Then he remembered his part, and, putting one finger in his mouth, looked down at his square-toed shoes, the image of a shame-stricken boy.

"My son, do not deceive me. If you have done this deed I shall chastise you, for it is my duty not to spare the rod, lest I spoil the child. But if you lie about it you disgrace the name of Washington forever."

This appeal seemed to convulse George with inward agony, for he squirmed most effectively as he drew from his pocket a toy hatchet, which would not have cut a straw, then looking straight up into the awe-inspiring countenance of his parent, he bravely lisped:

"Papa, I cannot tell a lie. I did tut it with my little hanchet."

"Noble boy,—come to my arms! I had rather you spoil *all* my cherry trees than tell one lie!" cried the delighted gentleman, catching his son in an embrace so close that the fat legs kicked convulsively, and the little coat-tails waved in the breeze, while cane and hatchet fell with a dramatic bang.

The curtain descended on this affecting tableau; but the audience called out both Washingtons, and they came, hand in hand, bowing with the cocked hats pressed to their breasts, the elder smiling blandly, while the younger, still flushed by his exertions, nodded to his friends, asking, with engaging frankness, "Was n't it nice?"

The next was a marine piece, for a boat was seen, surrounded by tumultuous waves of blue cambric, and rowed by a party of stalwart men in regimentals, who with difficulty kept their seats, for the boat was only a painted board, and they sat on boxes or stools behind it. But few marked the rowers, for in their midst, tall, straight and steadfast as a mast, stood one figure in a cloak, with folded arms, high boots, and, under the

turned-up hat, a noble countenance, stern with indomitable courage. A sword glittered at his side, and a banner waved over him, but his eye was fixed on the distant shore, and he was evidently unconscious of the roaring billows, the blocks of ice, the discouragement of his men, or the danger and death that might await him. Napoleon crossing the Alps was not half so sublime, and with one voice the audience cried, "Washington crossing the Delaware!" while the band burst forth with "See the conquering hero comes!" all out of tune, but bound to play it or die in the attempt.

It would have been very successful if, all of a sudden, one of the rowers had not "caught a crab" with disastrous consequences. The oars were not moving, but a veteran, who looked very much like Joe, dropped the one he held, and in trying to turn and pummel the black-eyed warrior behind him, he tumbled off his seat, upsetting two other men, and pulling the painted boat upon them as they lay kicking in the cambic deep. Shouts of laughter greeted this mishap, but George Washington never stirred. Grasping the banner, he stood firm when all else went down in the general wreck, and the icy waves engulfed his gallant crew, leaving him erect amid a chaos of wildly tossing boats, entangled oars and red-faced victims. Such god-like dignity could not fail to impress the frivolous crowd of laughers, and the curtain fell amid a round of applause for him alone.

"Quite exciting, was n't it? Did n't know Gus had so much presence of mind," said Mr. Burton, well pleased with his boy.

"If we did not know that Washington died in his bed, December 14, 1799, I should fear that we'd seen the last of him in that shipwreck," laughed an old gentleman, proud of his memory for dates.

Much confusion reigned behind the scenes; Ralph was heard scolding, and Joe set every one off again by explaining, audibly, that Grif tickled him, and he could n't stand it. A pretty, old-fashioned picture of the "Daughters of Liberty" followed, for the girls were determined to do honor to the brave and patient women who so nobly bore their part in the struggle, yet are usually forgotten when those days are celebrated. The damsels were charming in the big caps, flowered gowns and high-heeled shoes of their great-grandmothers, as they sat about a spider-legged table talking over the tax, and pledging themselves to drink no more tea till it was taken off. Molly was on her feet proposing "Liberty forever, and down with all tyrants," to judge from her flashing eyes as she held her egg-shell cup aloft, while the others lifted theirs to drink the toast, and Merry, as hostess, sat with her hand on an antique teapot, labeled

"Sage," ready to fill again when the patriotic ladies were ready for a second "dish."

This was much applauded, and the curtain went up again, for the proud parents enjoyed seeing their pretty girls in the faded finery of a hundred years ago. The band played "Auld Lang Sync," as a gentle hint that our fore-mothers should be remembered as well as the fore-fathers.

It was evident that something very martial was to follow, for a great tramping, clashing and flying about took place behind the scenes while the tea-party was going on. After some delay, "The Surrender of Cornwallis" was presented in the most superb manner, as you can believe when I tell you that the stage was actually lined with a glittering array of Washington and his generals, Lafayette, Kosciusko, Rochambeau and the rest, all in astonishing uniforms, with swords which were evidently the pride of their lives. Fife and drum struck up a march, and in came Cornwallis, much cast down but full of manly resignation, as he surrendered his sword, and stood aside with averted eyes while his army marched past, piling their arms at the hero's feet.

This scene was the delight of the boys, for the rifles of Company F had been secured, and at least a dozen soldiers kept filing in and out in British uniform till Washington's august legs were hidden by the heaps of arms rattled down before him. The martial music, the steady tramp, and the patriotic memories awakened, caused this scene to be enthusiastically encored, and the boys would have gone on marching till midnight if Ralph had not peremptorily ordered down the curtain and cleared the stage for the next tableau.

This had been artfully slipped in between two brilliant ones, to show that the Father of his Country had to pay a high price for his glory. The darkened stage represented what seemed to be a camp in a snow-storm, and a very forlorn camp, too; for on "the cold, cold ground" (a reckless display of cotton batting) lay ragged soldiers, sleeping without blankets, their worn-out boots turned up pathetically, and no sign of food or fire to be seen. A very shabby sentinel, with feet bound in bloody cloths, and his face as pale as chalk could make it, gnawed a dry crust as he kept his watch in the wintry night.

A tent at the back of the stage showed a solitary figure sitting on a log of wood, poring over the map spread upon his knee, by the light of one candle stuck in a bottle. There could be no doubt who this was, for the buff-and-blue coat, the legs, the nose, the attitude, all betrayed the great George laboring to save his country, in spite of privations, discouragements and dangers which would have daunted any other man.

"Valley Forge," said some one, and the room was very still as old and young looked silently at this little picture of a great and noble struggle in one of its dark hours. The crust, the wounded feet, the rags, the snow, the loneliness, the indomitable courage and endurance of these men touched the hearts of all, for the mimic scene grew real for a moment; and, when a child's voice broke the silence, asking pitifully, "Oh, mamma, was it truly as dreadful as that?" a general outburst answered, as if every one wanted to cheer up the brave fellows and bid them fight on, for victory was surely coming.

In the next scene it did come, and "Washington at Trenton" was prettily done. An arch of flowers crossed the stage, with the motto, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Preserver of the Daughters;" and, as the hero with his generals advanced on one side, a troop of girls, in old-fashioned muslin frocks, came to scatter flowers before him, singing the song of long ago:

"Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,—
Aims at thee the fatal blow.

"Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,—
Strew your hero's way with flowers."

And they did, singing with all their hearts as they flung artificial roses and lilies at the feet of the great men, who bowed with benign grace. Jack, who did Lafayette with a limp, covered himself with glory by picking up one of the bouquets and pressing it to his heart with all the gallantry of a Frenchman; and when Washington lifted the smallest of the maids and kissed her, the audience cheered. Could n't help it, you know, it was so pretty and inspiring.

The Washington Family, after the famous picture, came next, with Annette as the serene and sensible Martha, in a very becoming cap. The General was in uniform, there being no time to change, but his attitude was quite correct, and the Custis boy and girl displayed the wide sash and ruffled collar with historic fidelity. The band played "Home," and every one agreed that it was "Sweet!"

"Now I don't see what more they can have except the death-bed, and that would be rather out of place in this gay company," said the old gentleman to Mr. Burton, as he mopped his heated face after pounding so heartily he nearly knocked the ferule off his cane.

"No; they gave that up, for my boy would n't

wear a night-gown in public. I can't tell secrets, but I think they have got a very clever little finale for the first part,—a pretty compliment to one person and a pleasant surprise to all," answered Mr. Burton, who was in great spirits, being fond of theatricals and very justly proud of his children, for the little girls had been among the Trenton maids, and the mimic General had kissed his own small sister, Nelly, very tenderly.

A great deal of interest was felt as to what this surprise was to be, and a general "Oh!" greeted the "Minute Man," standing motionless upon his pedestal. It was Frank, and Ralph had done his best to have the figure as perfect as possible, for the maker of the original had been a good friend to him; and, while the young sculptor was dancing gayly at the ball, this copy of his work was doing him honor among the children. Frank looked it very well, for his firm-set mouth was full of resolution, his eyes shone keen and courageous under the three-cornered hat, and the muscles stood out upon the bare arm that clutched the old gun. Even the buttons on the gaiters seemed to flash defiance, as the sturdy legs took the first step from the furrow toward the bridge where the young farmer became a hero when he "fired the shot heard 'round the world."

"That is splendid!" "As like to the original as flesh can be to bronze." "How still he stands!" "He'll fight when the time comes, and die hard, won't he?" "Hush! You make the statue blush!" These very audible remarks certainly did, for the color rose visibly as the modest lad heard himself praised, though he saw but one face in all the crowd, his mother's, far back, but full of love and pride, as she looked up at her young minute man waiting for the battle which often calls us when we least expect it, and for which she had done her best to make him ready.

If there had been any danger of Frank being puffed up by the success of his statue, it was counteracted by irrepressible Grif, who, just at the most interesting moment, when all were gazing silently, gave a whistle, followed by a "Choo, choo, choo!" and "All aboard!" so naturally that no one could mistake the joke, especially as another laughing voice added, "Now, then, No. 11!" which brought down the house and the curtain too.

Frank was so angry, it was very difficult to keep him on his perch for the last scene of all. He submitted, however, rather than spoil the grand finale, hoping that its beauty would efface that ill-timed pleasantry from the public mind. So, when the agreeable clamor of hands and voices called for a repetition, the Minute Man reappeared, grimmer than before. But not alone, for grouped all

about his pedestal were Washington and his generals, the matrons and maids, with a background of troops shouldering arms, Grif and Joe doing such rash things with their muskets, that more than one hero received a poke in his august back. Before the full richness of this picture had been taken in, Ed gave a rap, and all burst out with "Hail Columbia," in such an inspiring style that it was impossible for the audience to refrain from joining, which they did, all standing and all singing with a heartiness that made the walls ring. The fife shrilled, the horn blew sweet and clear, the fiddle was nearly drowned by the energetic boom of the drum, and out into the starry night, through open windows, rolled the song that stirs the coldest heart with patriotic warmth and tunes every voice to music.

"'America!' We must have 'America!' Pipe up, Ed, this is too good to end without one song more," cried Mr. Burton, who had been singing like a trumpet; and, hardly waiting to get their breath, off they all went again with the national hymn, singing as they never had sung it before, for somehow the little scenes they had just acted or beheld seemed to show how much this dear America of ours had cost in more than one revolution, how full of courage, energy and virtue it was in spite of all its faults, and what a privilege, as well as duty, it was for each to do his part toward its safety and its honor in the present, as did those brave men and women in the past.

So the "Scenes from the Life of Washington" were a great success, and, when the songs were over, people were glad of a brief recess while they had raptures, and refreshed themselves with lemonade.

The girls had kept the secret of who the "Princess" was to be, and, when the curtain rose, a hum of surprise and pleasure greeted the pretty group. Jill lay asleep in all her splendor, the bonny "Prince" just lifting the veil to wake her with a kiss, and all about them the court in its nap of a hundred years. The "King" and "Queen" dozing comfortably on the throne; the maids of honor, like a garland of nodding flowers, about the couch; the little page, unconscious of the blow about to fall, and the fool dreaming, with his mouth wide open.

It was so pretty, people did not tire of looking, till Jack's lame leg began to tremble, and he whispered: "Drop her or I shall pitch." Down went the curtain; but it rose in a moment, and there was the court after the awakening: the "King" and "Queen" looking about them with sleepy dignity, the maids in various attitudes of surprise, the fool grinning from ear to ear, and the "Princess" holding out her hand to the "Prince," as if

glad to welcome the right lover when he came at last.

Molly got the laugh this time, for she could not resist giving poor Boo the cuff which had been hanging over him so long. She gave it with unconscious energy, and Boo cried "Ow!" so naturally that all the children were delighted and wanted it repeated. But Boo declined, and the scenes which followed were found quite as much to their taste, having been expressly prepared for the little people.

Mother Goose's Reception was really very funny, for Ralph was the old lady, and had hired a representation of the immortal bird from a real theater for this occasion. There they stood, the dame in her pointed hat, red petticoat, cap and cane, with the noble fowl, a good deal larger than life, beside her, and Grif inside, enjoying himself immensely as he flapped the wings, moved the yellow legs, and waved the long neck about, while unearthly quacks issued from the bill. That was a great surprise for the children, and they got up in their seats to gaze their fill, many of them firmly believing that they actually beheld the blessed old woman who wrote the nursery songs they loved so well.

Then in came, one after another, the best of the characters she has made famous, while a voice behind the scenes sang the proper rhyme as each made their manners to the interesting pair. "Mistress Mary," and her "pretty maids all in a row," passed by to their places in the background; "King Cole" and his "fiddlers three" made a goodly show; so did the royal couple, who followed the great pie borne before them, with the "four-and-twenty black-birds" popping their heads out in the most delightful way. Little "Bo-Peep" led a woolly lamb and wept over its lost tail, for not a sign of one appeared on the poor thing. "Simple Simon" followed the pie-man, gloating over his wares with the drollest antics. The little wife came trundling by in a wheelbarrow and was not upset; neither was the lady with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," as she cantered along on a rocking-horse. "Bobby Shafto's" yellow hair shone finely as he led in the maid whom he came back from sea to marry. "Miss Muffet," bowl in hand, ran away from an immense black spider, which wagged its long legs in a way so life-like that some of the children shook in their little shoes. The beggars who came to town were out in full force, "rags, tags, and velvet gowns," quite true to life. "Boy Blue" rubbed his eyes, with hay sticking in his hair, and tooted on a tin horn as if bound to get the cows out of the corn. Molly, with a long-handled frying-pan, made a capital "Queen," in a tucked-up gown, checked apron and high crown, to good "King Arthur," who,

very properly, did not appear after stealing the barley-meal, which might be seen in the pan tied up in a pudding, like a cannon-ball, ready to fry.

But Tobias, Molly's black cat, covered himself with glory by the spirit with which he acted his part in

"Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string."

First he was led across the stage on his hind legs, looking very fierce and indignant, with a long tape trailing behind him; and, being set free at the proper moment, he gave one bound over the four-

fat "King Cole" with the most ragged of the beggar-maids. "Mistress Mary," in her pretty blue dress, tripped along with "Simple Simon" staring about him like a blockhead. The fine lady left her horse to dance with "Bobby Shafto" till every bell on her slippers tinkled its tongue out. "Bo-Peep" and a jolly fiddler skipped gaily up and down. "Miss Muffet" took the big spider for her partner, and made his many legs fly about in the wildest way. The little wife got out of the wheelbarrow to help "Boy Blue" along, and Molly, with the frying-pan over her shoulder, led off splendidly when it was "Grand right and left."



AFTER CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

and-twenty black-birds who happened to be in the way, and dashed off as if an enraged cook had actually been after him, straight down-stairs to the coal-bin, where he sat, glaring in the dark, till the fun was over.

When all the characters had filed in and stood in two long rows, music struck up and they danced, "All the way to Boston," a simple but lively affair, which gave each a chance to show his or her costume as they pranced down the middle and up outside.

Such a funny medley as it was, for there went

But the old lady and her goose were the best of all, for the dame's shoe-buckles cut the most astonishing pigeon-wings, and to see that mammoth bird waddle down the middle with its wings half open, its long neck bridling, and its yellow legs in the first position as it curtsied to its partner, was a sight to remember, it was so intensely funny.

The merry old gentleman laughed till he cried; Mr. Burton split his gloves, he applauded so enthusiastically; while the children beat the dust out of the carpet hopping up and down, as they cried: "Do it again!" "We want it all over!" when the

curtain went down at last on the flushed and panting party, Mother G— bowing, with her hat all awry, and the goose doing a double shuffle as if it did not know how to leave off.

But they could not “do it all over again,” for it was growing late, and the people felt that they certainly had received their money’s worth that evening.

So it all ended merrily, and when the guests departed the boys cleared the room like magic, and the promised supper to the actors was served in handsome style. Jack and Jill were at one end, Mrs. Goose and her bird at the other, and all be-

tween was a comical collection of military heroes, fairy characters and nursery celebrities. All felt the need of refreshment after their labors, and swept over the table like a flight of locusts, leaving devastation behind. But they had earned their fun; and much innocent jollity prevailed, while a few lingering papas and mammas watched the revel from afar, and had not the heart to order these noble beings home till even the Father of his Country declared “that he ’d had a perfectly splendid time, but could n’t keep his eyes open another minute,” and very wisely retired to replace the immortal cocked hat with a night-cap.

(To be continued.)

ORIENTAL JUGGLERY.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE narrow, shaded streets of an Oriental city, thronged by crowds of sedate-looking men, with long beards and turbaned heads, though seldom showing a woman or child to vary the monotony, look odd enough to unaccustomed eyes. Still more strange seem the huge gates that lead to private dwellings; for the gates are always closed, and the houses, with their high, narrow windows, appear to have been built backwards, facing inward on a court, instead of toward the street. These courts are adorned with bright, tropical flowers and cool fountains, and they form the usual lounging-places of households, where indolent nabobs retire from the noise and dust of the outer world to enjoy, in the society of the family, the quiet and repose in which orientals so especially delight. The father is generally too dignified or too listless to care for amusements; but his lively wives and children indulge in various exciting pastimes. Music and dancing, fencing, leaping and other feats of agility, and, above all, juggleries, serve to entertain the secluded household; and actors in all these sports can be readily obtained by calling in one of the bands of traveling jugglers met at every turn in the large cities of the East. For there is never a wedding nor a funeral, a feast nor a fast, the consecration of a priest nor the crowning of a king, where these “magicians,” as they call themselves, are not found. Even on the public thoroughfares, they will sit and wait for an audience, droning their peculiar music, or throwing out something to attract attention. Scarcely can one pass without stopping to notice weird faces and fantastic decorations; and, as one trick follows

another, each more wonderful than the last, every pedestrian becomes a patron, helping to fill the pockets of these dexterous knaves. They are believed by their countrymen to possess supernatural powers, to act under the influence of evil spirits, and to be able, by a mere glance of the eye, to make well people sick and sick people well without so much as touching them. Of course, you know that this is not really true of them, and that their marvelous performances are only seeming, not real, miracles; but the exhibitions of their art are strangely fascinating, nevertheless. Often have I sat watching the feats of these jugglers, and trying to find out the secret of their strange power, but not a single success rewarded my efforts. The longer one looks, the more he is bewildered; and, though perfectly aware that he is being imposed on, eyes, ears, touch and taste, all attest the truth of what is absolutely false!

On one occasion, quite a famous band of Indian jugglers was in attendance at a great national festival; and, for their use, beautifully decorated booths and tents had been erected, and supplied with tanks of water for the numerous ceremonial ablutions for which the Hindoos are famous. Before eating, before sleeping, before praying, as an “open sesame” alike to palace, theater and temple, as part and parcel of their religion, their business, and their pleasures, come always and everywhere the inevitable bath and shaving of the head. And these jugglers, one could see at a glance, came always to the arena fresh from their ablutions and robed in snow-white muslin. On an occasion of such general festivity, with its thousands of wor-

shippers who helped to pay expenses, of course everything that could add to the comfort of the performers would be provided,—everything but the barber, who, in this land of caste, is quite a “peculiar institution.” A Brahmin may be shaved by none but a Brahmin; and a coolie or Sudra barber must not, in any circumstances, shave a Vaisya or a Kschatryah.

Let me tell you something of the difference between these classes, or castes, as they are called in India. The Hindoos believe that the Brahmins sprang from the head of the Creator, and so it became their birthright to be the priests and lawgivers of the nation. Kschatryahs, they say, sprang from the shoulders, and in right thereof they fill the kingly, magisterial and military offices. Vaisyas are said to have sprung from the body of the god, and hence are the merchants and traders, whom the Hindoos regard as superior to mechanics, but in no wise fit to mingle with princes or soldiers. Sudras, deriving their origin from Brahma's feet, can be nothing but artisans and servants to the three higher castes. Lower than all and despised by all are the Pariahs, who have no caste at all, and are held in such detestation, that it would be

leaving only a small tuft of hair on the crown. In the picture you see the manner of performing the operation, barber and customer being alike independent of operating chairs, while the razor is a clumsy tool of the commonest metal, the blade being not more than four inches long. To hide their shaved heads turbans are worn by the people of Hindostan; and by the form and color of these coverings a practiced eye reads readily the rank and caste of the wearers.

The first trick at the festival I have mentioned was known as the “bamboo-trick;” and, though repeated several times, the audience did not seem to weary of it. Amid the beating of tom-toms and the music of many instruments, the jugglers smoothed a place on the hard, dry sand of the arena. We were invited to examine the ground, but we could find nothing like an opening, nor even that the soil had been recently dug up, nor did we discover any concealed apparatus of any sort. Presently, a large basket of coarse wicker-work was laid down and carelessly covered with a little square of gauze flannel. Both basket and flannel were passed around, so that all who chose might satisfy themselves that these articles were quite



THE COOLIE BARBER.

death to a Pariah if he should so much as touch the garments of a Brahmin, a Kschatryah, a Vaisya, or a Sudra.

So, at all the festivals, and wherever they go, every little squad or company takes its own barber, as the Hindoos keep their heads shaven closely,

empty; while in the single waist-cloth and transparent muslin jacket, of which the dress of each actor was composed, no large article could have been concealed. Yet, five minutes later, when the basket was lifted, there appeared growing in the hard, sandy bed a flourishing bamboo plant, more

than a foot in height! When the basket had been raised the second time, the tree was three feet high, and in twenty minutes more our wondering eyes beheld a live twelve-foot bamboo clothed with verdure, while from its top blossoms and fruit budded out luxuriantly! One of the conjurers then drew from his mouth some twenty yards of strong silk cord, which he adroitly knotted, and attached to half-a-dozen hooks that had been drawn from the same roomy place. By the aid of these he gathered the bamboo fruit, and then, without once having left the arena, he passed it around to be handled and tasted by all who wished.

Another of the conjurers took from a tiny bag a single handful of paddy, which is rice with the husk still on. He first lightened the soil of about two square feet of the floor with a two-pronged fork, and scattered on it the handful of paddy; then pouring on it a cup of water, he said:

"Now you will please to wait until my crop grows, and see whether I am not the best farmer you know."

He turned a basket over his little plantation, and sang a simple air, so sweet and plaintive that we were not surprised when a bird seemed to answer his call. He lifted the basket, and sure enough, there were the rice-plants, grown six inches high in as many minutes, and in their midst a nest of real live rice-birds, a mother and four nestlings! The old bird fluttered and flapped her wings, as if frightened, then cooed softly to her little ones, and folded over them her downy wings. Meanwhile the basket had been lying sideways on the floor where the juggler had thrown it a few minutes before. Now he picked it up without leaving his seat, and carelessly replaced it over the rice-plants and birds. Yet the next time this mysterious basket was raised, nothing was to be seen but a pair of deadly sun-snakes, writhing and twisting themselves as if in a frenzy at having been pinned in such close quarters. They darted their forked tongues and snapped their fiery eyes at one and another of the spectators nearest them, to the no small terror of all. But the conjuror had only to wave a tiny silver wand, and, in a droning, caressing voice, to speak to the serpents, when they sprang into his arms, one coiling itself about his neck, the other kissing his very lips and the tip of his tongue, and then hiding its hideous form in his bosom.

The wonderful power these conjurers gain over dumb animals is well proved by the tricks they perform with tortoises, perhaps the most sluggish

and unpromising subjects that could be chosen. A juggler produces from the bosom of his muslin vest eight or ten tortoises; some full grown, the



THE TORTOISE-DANCE.

others in various stages between babyhood and youth. Having placed them all on the floor in a heap, he gently strikes his cymbal, when the tortoises begin at once to disentangle themselves, and to file into a long line, in the order of their sizes, the largest being at the head of the column and the baby-tortoise bringing up the rear. Around and around the small soldiers march, moving faster or slower to keep time with the music, and halting the very instant it stops. Then, in obedience to half a dozen words of command spoken by the master, the whole company put themselves into position for getting upon a table some ten inches high. And queer enough they look, as each, with his mouth, lays hold of the hinder part of the shell of the one before him. When all are ready, the leader puts out a paw; the juggler lays hold of it, and helps him to get up on the table, where the knowing tortoise sturdily plants himself, until the entire column has gained the top. Their spirits seeming to rise in proportion to their elevation, the tortoises turn to dancing, tumbling, fighting mimic battles with tiny wooden swords, and performing a variety of antics as wonderful as ludicrous.

They end the series of maneuvers by this very queer one: Putting their outstretched heads close together for a moment, as if in consultation, the entire band convert themselves into a pyramid in the center of the table, the largest tortoises uniting to form the base, while the little one at the top then dances a regular four-footed jig. As soon as the tiny Terpsihorean stops, the tortoises at the bottom erawl away in opposite directions, then off go the next, and so on, till of this whole living structure only the top one remains. The little fellow glances around with a bewildered air, and then runs to his master for protection.

Another trick was performed on the occasion referred to. A tall, muscular man threw himself on his back, with both feet pointing upward; and, at a single bound, a ten-year-old lad, clothed in long, tight drawers of silver sheen, a conical cap, and silvery wings, leaped upon the upturned soles, and began to smoke a cheroot. Then entered a Coolie, upon whose shoulders, head and arms one saw only wooden buckets. These were of the lightest construction, and all of different sizes; and the Coolie piled them up by the side of the man and boy. The lad, reaching over, seized the top one, which was the largest of the pile, and nimbly as a cat he placed himself upon it, the top of the bucket being turned downward, and resting on the man's feet. The second bucket was secured in the same way and put upon the first; the third had to

be handed to him by one of the attendants, as it was too far off to be reached by the little fellow, but he readily placed it in position upon the second, stepping with all ease upon it; and so he went on until he had used the entire heap. There were a dozen in all, I should think; and the wee knight, seated on this queer pile of buckets, looked, at that dizzy height, more like a shining statue of ebony and silver than a real live boy. Suddenly the man at the bottom gave a dreadful yell and leaped out of the arena at a bound, while the buckets fell pell-mell in every direction; but out of this chaos rose the graceful little gymnast, not only unhurt, but evidently quite amused at the looks of consternation on every face but his own. Bowing gracefully he disappeared, followed by shouts of applause.

More wonderful still, a juggler will appear to kill his son, cutting off the legs and arms with a sword, and throwing a piece of blanket over the remains. At the same time he plants a melon-seed in a flower-pot filled with earth. Presently, on lifting the blanket, the body has vanished, and a large melon occupies the place on the ground where the flower-pot has been. After the melon has been looked at and handled by all who wish, the blanket is again thrown over it. On being lifted, a few minutes later, the melon is gone, but the boy, who had seemed to be killed, and whose body had been so terribly cut to pieces, sits there alive and well, without a wound.



THE FULL-DRESS ADVENTURES OF MISS MORIARTY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

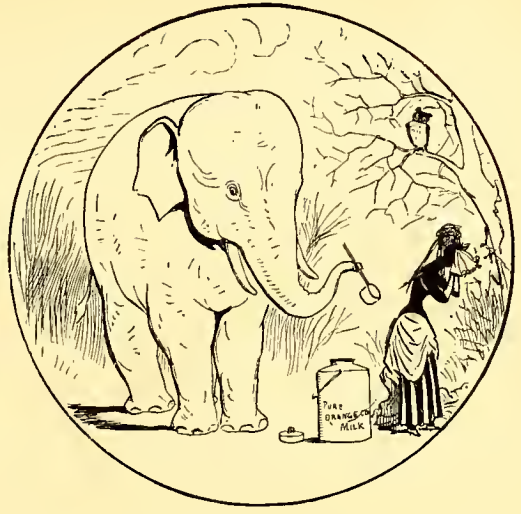
MISS MORIARTY

Was dressed for the party
In satin, and ribbon, and lace.
She called in the cat,
And inquired, "How is that?"
And the cat laughed out in her face.

Miss Moriarty,
All dressed for the party,
Went out to get into the gig.
She was white as a sheet,
For there on the seat
Sat the widow McGafferty's pig.



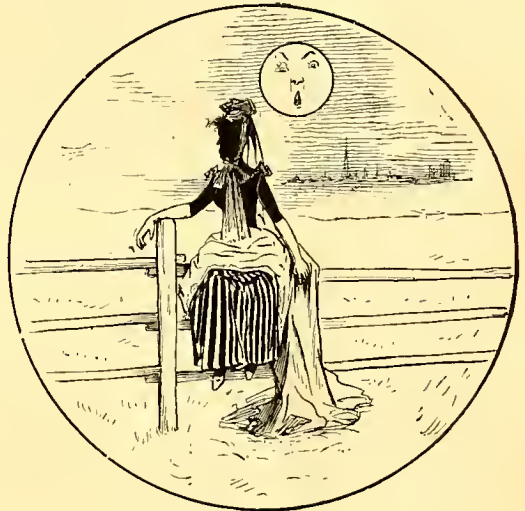
Miss Moriarty,
Dressed up for the party,
Inquired of a froggy the way,
The frog, with a grin,
Said 't was "time to go in,
For the chickens were raking hay."



Miss Moriarty,
Complete for the party
In fardingale, bodice and frill,
Then gazed at her clothes,
Till she fell in a doze,
And dreamed that she led the quadrille.



Miss Moriarty,
Too late for the party,
With her laces and satin and silk,
Was ready to cry;
But an owl said, "Oh, fie!"
And an elephant soothed her with milk.



Miss Moriarty
So dreamed of the party
She danced herself all out of breath;
And ere it was day,
The moon heard her say:
"Why, bless me! I'm tired to death!"

A TERM AT THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

(A Sequel to "Kitty's Mother." From the pen of Mary Jane.)

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.



'TILDY'S HOME.

To be sure 'Tildy was an uncommon scholar for Tuckertown, but everybody said that she was too young to teach school. "A gal o' that age," said Deacon Fisher, "can't be expected to hev much discipline, and I wonder the cummittee should hev elected her."

It was the second summer after the one in which I had been adopted by Kitty's mother, and I had become older and wiser since those foolish days. I had broken myself of all my bad habits. I never interrupted people any more, and never answered back. I was reformed. That spring, Lucy had come down with the scarlet fever, and Dot and I were sent to grandpa's to escape the contagion, and that is how I came to go to school to 'Tildy Joy.

Before I had been in Tuckertown five minutes, in came Beth Hall. We had always been bosom-friends, but I remembered how she used to mock grandpa's limp, and Aunt Jane's cough, and the way Deacon Fisher sang through his nose; and I wondered if I ought to go with her now that I had

reformed. While I was making up my mind, she bounced up to me, saying :

"You dear elegant Mary Jane, I'm so glad you've come," and she kissed me, and I had to kiss her, of course, and after that there was no use holding back. I thought at first I'd try and reform her too, but she is so full of fun, and such a harum-scarum thing that I concluded that it would n't be any use to try.

The minute Aunt Jane went out of the room, Beth told me that 'Tildy Joy was going to teach the district school.

"Just think of our having to mind her," she said, scornfully, "and only last year she was nothing but a scholar herself, and played tag 'long of us, recesses."

"Well," said I, "I sha'n't mind a word she says, and you must n't either, Dot."

"Land, I pity the schoolma'an that has you for a scholar," said Betsy, who had come up to unstrap our trunk. She did n't know that I had

reformed, you see. "You're a perfect imp and always were."

"I don't care," said I, "I think it's real mean of Aunt Jane to send us to school when we come visiting her. 'Tis n't polite, any how."

I remembered 'Tildy perfectly. She was a real green-looking girl, and wore the biggest sunbonnet in Tuckertown, and that's saying a great deal. The Joys were poor, and they lived in a curious old black house, with a roof which sunk right in the middle, and folks said it would tumble in some time on their heads. Aunt Jane said that she had heard that 'Tildy meant to fix the old house up, now that she had a salary.

It seemed queer enough, I can tell you, to see 'Tildy in the teacher's seat that next morning, when Beth and Dot and I went into school. She had had her dress made long, and braided her hair behind; and as she sat at the desk, she looked as stiff as a stick. I could see she was trying to be very dignified, but I remembered how she used to tease for my cores, and I was n't going to be respectful.

"How d' ye do, 'Tildy?" says I. "Going bare-foot this year?"

Everybody giggled except 'Tildy, and she looked bouncing mad.

"Take your place, Mary Jane," said she. "The seat next to Beth Hall."

Did you ever hear of such a goose? The idea of putting Beth and me together. After I had had all the trouble of reforming, too; for I knew, the minute I slipped into my seat, that I never could keep that up, with Beth giggling at my side. You see she had a bad influence over me. She just set me on. She would have made a saint in white cut up capers, I do believe. I wonder why it was that no one saw how she set me on; but they did n't; they thought poor innocent me was at the bottom of everything; and her mother even told Aunt Jane that Beth thought she must do just as I did, 'cause I lived in the city. Now I am sure that she started all the mischief. It was she who proposed putting the toads in 'Tildy's lunch-basket, and it was she who wrote that letter. I believe I told her what to say, but then that's nothing. We had lots of fun about the letter. You see, we pretended it was sent by the committee, and we addressed it to Miss 'Tildy Joy, and said that her salary was going to be raised, and signed it Deacon Brown. He is one of the committee, you know. We watched her through the keyhole when she read it, and I remember how happy she looked all the morning, and how we giggled because she was so much more amiable than usual.

It was a real queer school. It was n't one of the strict kind, at all. Whenever any one missed, in a

lesson, they flung a bit of paper at the wall behind 'Tildy. She had to dodge 'em. It was such fun, I often missed on purpose. 'Tildy said it was n't dignified, but nobody cared. There is no kind of a trick that we did not play on 'Tildy. At least, I never heard of one. I never saw such a school before; but it was n't my fault.

But the worst thing of all happened one day toward the end of the term. We had been expecting the committee all the morning, and had been on our best behavior. I don't know how it came about, but they had all got an inkling of how things went at school. Perhaps the mothers found out and told 'em. I know *they* did n't want 'Tildy to teach next term, and they all seemed to think that she had n't any discipline. I don't suppose she had. Jane Fairbanks, who lived next house to 'Tildy, said she had seen Deacon Brown go in there once, and thought, from the tone of his voice, that he was complaining about something. At any rate, she began to look pale and worried. Aunt Jane said she hoped I was not troubling 'Tildy with my shines. Shines, indeed! It was all very well to feel kindly to her, but what was the use of hurting my feelings, I'd like to know. I was so mad, or rather grieved, that I made up a face at her every time she turned her back.

Well, the committee did n't come, and it was recess time.

"I'll tell you what," said Beth, "let's climb upon the roof, and let 'Tildy hunt for us." (I hope you notice that it was Beth and not I who said this.)

"Let's," said I, and we all made a rush for the shed. We had got up on the roof before, and knew that it was easy enough to boost each other up from the top of the shed. There we sat, waiting for the bell to ring. Pretty soon it did ring. I heard the door open, and, by holding on to the edge of the roof and leaning over, I could just see 'Tildy's hand with the bell in it. Then she went in, and we waited. In a few minutes she rang it again, furiously. We were all giggling by this time, and if I had n't held on to Dot, she would have rolled off the roof. Then it sounded from one of the side windows, and then from a back window, and then at the door again, and then 'Tildy called and called, and finally she stepped out, and, still ringing the bell, walked toward the woods. I shall never forget her look when she turned round and saw us.

Oh, my! But was n't she mad! She stood at the foot of the shed and called us to come down, in a voice that fairly shook with rage. I don't know why, but we insisted that we were not coming down, that we were going to say our lessons up there, and she could bring a chair out and sit down

and hear 'em. While we were still there, and 'Tildy stood entreating us, we heard the sound of a wagon, and the first we knew that old committee had come. As we hopped down, one by one, from the roof, they stood talking with 'Tildy and watching us. Beth said she thought she caught the

position, too, and that night I dreamt that the old Joy house had tumbled down, and folks said that it was my fault.

There was going to be a huckleberry party that next day, and we all begged in vain to stay away from school and go. I did n't feel near so bad

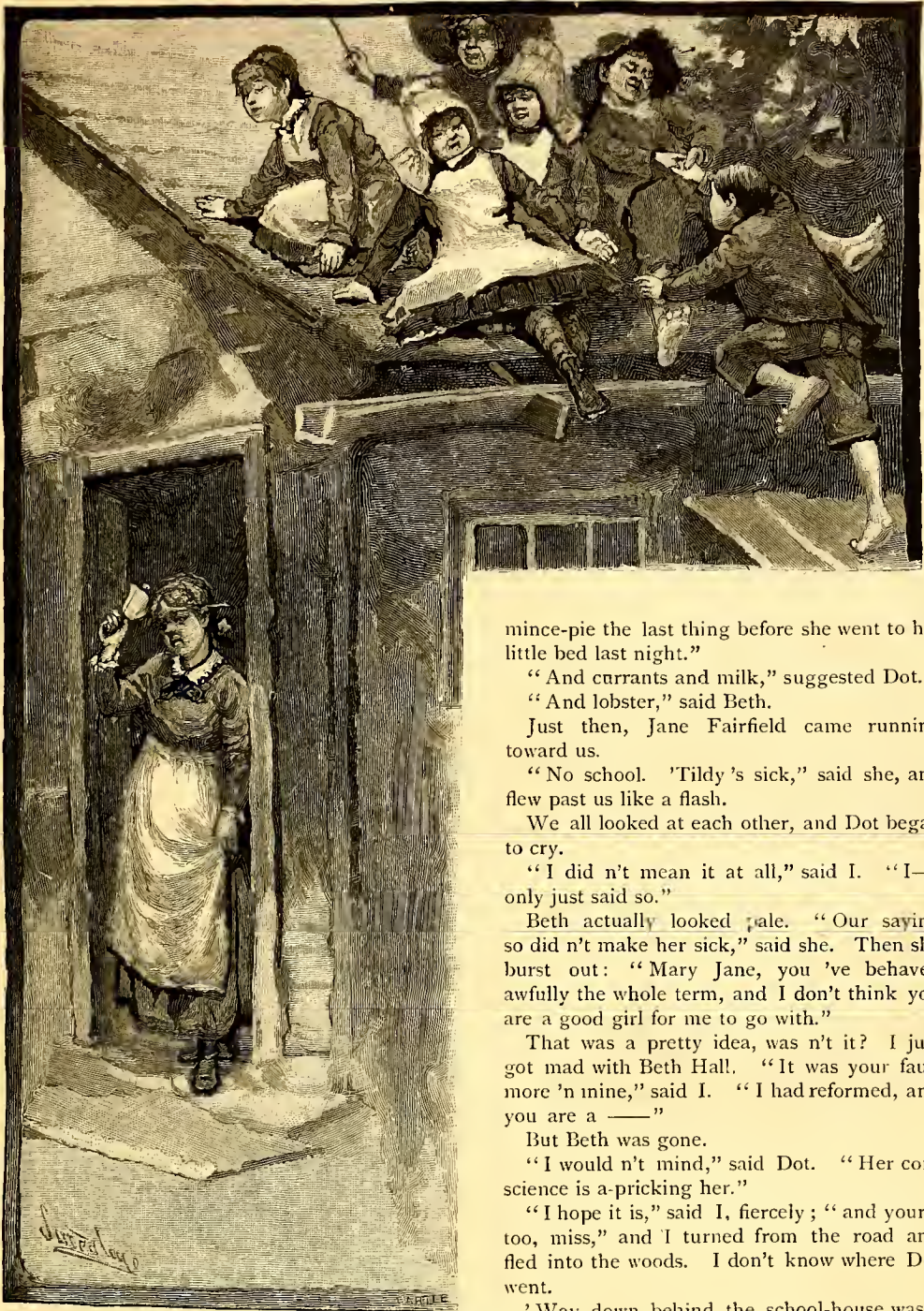


"HOW D' YE DO, 'TILDY?" SAID I.

words "too young," and "discipline." I know I heard 'Tildy sigh as I passed her to go into the school-house, and her eyes were full of tears. We tried to do our best in the examination, but it was plain that 'Tildy had lost her hope and courage. I wondered, as I walked home, if she would lose her

about 'Tildy as I had in the night. I have noticed that I do most of my repenting, and make most of my good resolutions, in the night; and I think it's a real good plan, 'cause it leaves the days all clear to do what you please in.

"I think it's real mean," said Beth; "my mother never wants me to have any fun. Oh, if school only would n't keep. If only the school-house had blown down, or 'Tildy was sick."



THE ABSENT SCHOLARS.

"Oh, I wish she were," said I. "I just wish she were! I hope she ate lots of plum-pudding and

mince-pie the last thing before she went to her little bed last night."

"And currants and milk," suggested Dot.

"And lobster," said Beth.

Just then, Jane Fairfield came running toward us.

"No school. 'Tildy's sick," said she, and flew past us like a flash.

We all looked at each other, and Dot began to cry.

"I did n't mean it at all," said I. "I—I only just said so."

Beth actually looked pale. "Our saying so did n't make her sick," said she. Then she burst out: "Mary Jane, you've behaved awfully the whole term, and I don't think you are a good girl for me to go with."

That was a pretty idea, was n't it? I just got mad with Beth Hall. "It was your fault more 'n mine," said I. "I had reformed, and you are a —"

But Beth was gone.

"I would n't mind," said Dot. "Her conscience is a-pricking her."

"I hope it is," said I, fiercely; "and yours, too, miss," and I turned from the road and fled into the woods. I don't know where Dot went.

'Way down behind the school-house was a cave, where we often played house, Beth and me. I went there because I would be sure of seeing no one. There I sat all the forenoon, and thought

of all the tricks we had played on 'Tildy, and called myself and poor little Dot and Beth all the hard names I could think of. I know I must have felt real sorry, for I made up my mind to go and tell 'Tildy so, and promise to be a better girl in the future.

As I came out by 'Tildy's house, what was my surprise to find Beth sitting on the old stone wall by the road.

"Well, if I ever," said I. "What did you come here for?"

"I'm going to see 'Tildy," explained Beth. "My conscience has been pricking me till I feel like a pincushion, and I'm just going to tell 'Tildy how sorry I am, and that I shall behave like an angel when she comes back."

"Well," said I, "that's what I came for. Let's go together, for, you know, folks say we always set each other on. Now, Beth, you begin and set me on pretty quick, 'cause aunt Jane will be as cross as a bear if I don't get home in time for dinner."

"But you must set me on, too," said Beth.

"I'm trying, but you don't go," I answered.

Beth sniffed, "It's all bosh about my setting you on, Mary Jane. You don't budge an inch. I'll bet I could *push* you along a lot faster," and before I knew what she was about, I was right in front of the door. I meant to knock and then slip round the corner, leaving Beth to face the music; but the door opened suddenly, and Mrs. Joy, 'Tildy's mother, stood upon the threshold.

"What do you want," said she, in, oh, *such* a

tone of voice. "You've about killed my 'Tildy with your capers, and now I won't have you hanging round the house. If you don't clear out this minute I'll set the dog on to you."

We ran every step of the way home.

"Oh, my," gasped Beth, "was n't she awful?"

That afternoon we went huckleberrying.

The summer passed and there was no school, but 'Tildy was getting better slowly before I left Tuckertown. I went up to bid her good-bye the day of the county fair, when Beth said her mother would be sure to be out, and I told her how sorry I was for everything I had done to annoy her. 'Tildy said that her uncle had invited her to spend the winter in New York, and she was going to wait till she was a little older before she tried to teach school again.

I add a letter which I received about a month after I got home. It was from Beth, and read:

"DEAR MARY JANE: You know I promised to write you what the new teacher was like. Well, she is a D R A G O N.

"The Committee was determined to have no more such doings as we had while 'Tildy was here, and they put an advertisement in the paper for the crossiest woman in America. Guess you would think they had found her, if you were here now. She begins the morning exercises by whipping all the big boys. I don't mind that so much as some other things, though. She has got plenty of discipline. We don't climb on the roof, recesses, any more. We don't put toads in *her* lunch basket. I don't like her. I don't think she is a very good teacher for she don't explain things clear. I don't think we get on as well as we did when we had 'Tildy. I told Deacon Green so. He laughed. All the mothers like her.

"Your affectionate friend,

ELIZABETH HALL.

"P. S.—I don't know for certain that they advertised for Miss Clarke, but everything else is just as I have said. Honest injun."

CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING ANTS.

BY E. W. OLNEY.

DID any of you ever happen to see the swarming of the winged ants some afternoon in late summer? Those of you who have never thought of ants but as the wingless little creatures who run about the gardens, may be startled by such a question. But when it gets to be July or August, watch the ant-hills and nests, and you will see, one day, that they seem alive with millions of tiny creatures, all in a state of bustling activity; and, presently, there will emerge great numbers of insects in such constant motion that, at a little distance, they resemble glittering silver and jet ribbons interlacing and intertwining. They slowly mount into the air, vibrating languidly up and down as they fly: they never rise higher than ten feet, but move on, at

that distance from the ground, until scattered by the wind or rain.

These swarms are caused by the young broods coming to their full growth.

There are three sexes among ants,—males, females, and neuters or workers. The males and females alone have wings, which they enjoy for one day of their lives. Comparatively few survive, and these are the mother-ants, who are destined to form new families. They cast off their wings at once, and sometimes find dwellings for themselves; but, oftener, the neuters seek homes for them, clip off their wings, and lead them to their cells. In some families of ants, more than one female is allowed in the nest; but as a usual thing,

there is only one mother-ant, who is sometimes termed the queen. The neuters, or working ants, are her subjects; but she might almost be called their prisoner, for she is constantly watched and tended by them; they even feed her, and stand over her when she rests. As soon as she begins to lay her eggs, each one is the object of the most faithful care on the part of the neuters, and the eggs are borne away and carefully piled in little heaps, and watched and guarded until they hatch. When the shell is first broken, the infant ant is perfectly helpless and not unlike a tiny worm: it is fed by the neuters with juices gathered for the purpose, and it is carried about to obtain warmth and light. One of the chief duties of the neuters at this time is to bear the small larvæ (as the newly-hatched ants are called) out into the sunshine; but if the heat is too great, or if rain threatens, they at once take the larvæ and carry them into the inside rooms. After the larvæ have remained in this helpless state for a time, they spin themselves cocoons, but they still depend on the neuters, who at length break each cocoon and release the nymph, or pupa, which is the fully developed ant.

As we have said before, these young ants are of three kinds, males, females and neuters, and as soon as the wings of the first two kinds have grown, they leave the nest and fly away. The males never return. The neuters and the queen-ants alone inhabit the cells until the next year, when the new family is ready to swarm.

Such is the constant system going on in the ant-hills and nests we see all about us. We have several varieties of ants in our fields and gardens,—the red, brown, yellow, and black ants,—and each kind has its own method of obtaining food and building its habitation. Some of them construct the little conical mounds which we call ant-hills. These are the outlets to vast subterranean abodes, and, on being carefully laid open with a spade, arched galleries, domes, pillars and partitions are disclosed, all beautifully smoothed and finished, and about one-fifth of an inch in height. The ant is probably the most enlightened builder of all the wonderful species of insects, birds and animals who construct their own homes. Ants have been observed to use straws and sticks, which they happened to come across in their excavations, for beams to support the ceilings of their domes.

Other ants raise a structure above the surface of the ground, and carefully build one story above another, containing large rooms with arched ceilings. Still others make their homes in decaying wood, in which they burrow hundreds of tiny galleries and chambers.

Their muscular power, their perseverance and capacity for steady endurance, are simply won-

derful; and no such rapid and perfect workers exist; for man, with all his scientific skill and his tools, could never begin to accomplish in a day what these tiny creatures achieve without implements and against all manner of obstacles. Comparing the size of an ant with the size of a man, and making the same proportion in the amount of their work, not twenty men could begin to accomplish in one day the work of a single ant, for the interior of each one of their tunnels is perfectly finished; each pellet of earth is prepared almost as carefully as we prepare the bricks that line our own excavations.

In Central and Southern America is to be found a variety called the Saïba ant, and in parts of those tropical regions these ants exist in such numbers that they sometimes take possession of the country, and almost drive away the population. They were formerly called the Parasol ant, because immense columns of them were seen marching along, each one carrying in its jaws a circular piece of leaf about the size of a dime, which they held by one of the edges; and it was supposed that the little creatures thus endeavored to ward off the burning heat of the sun, which sometimes kills ants. But a careful naturalist, studying their habits, discovered that these leaves were used to thatch the domes of their habitations. Strange to say, nowhere is division of labor more complete than in the building of ants' homes, for the laborers who gather and fetch leaves do not place them, but merely fling them on the ground and start at once for more, while other workers take them up, place them, and carefully cover them with minute globules of prepared earth.

But, although the neuter ants as a general thing are such admirable workers, we find among other varieties totally different customs; and, instead of a family of ants being composed of faithful co-workers and females, we occasionally find something resembling an aristocracy. Peter Huber, a renowned naturalist, who devoted his life to the observation of the habits of ants, relates the following story:

The afternoon of the 17th of June, 1804, he was walking in the suburbs of Geneva, when he saw a regiment of large red ants crossing the road. They marched in good order, with a front of three or four inches, and in a column eight or ten feet long. Huber followed them, crossed a hedge, and entered a pasture-ground where the grass was thick and high, and presently came upon a nest belonging to another species of ants, blackish or ash-colored. A few of these little creatures were guarding the entrance, and, as soon as they perceived the red ants, some of them darted angrily upon them, while the others rushed inside to give the alarm. The besieged ants came out in a body; the enemy dashed upon them, and, after a short but spirited

struggle, succeeded in driving them back into their holes, and followed them in. Huber, who was used to seeing battles among ants, supposed that



CARRYING THE LARVÆ OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE.

the red ants were slaughtering the black ones inside the nest; but not so. What was his surprise when, five minutes later, the red ants emerged, each holding between its mandibles an egg, or cocoon, of the conquered tribe! They retook the same road they had come, and made their way back to their homes still loaded with their prey.

This expedition—showing such fierce, warlike qualities and determined kidnapping on the part of the red ants—naturally inspired M. Huber to study their characteristics by watching their ant-hills. He discovered that the red ants (which he at once named the Amazons, from their warlike attributes) never worked, but that their sole duty was to fight, and carry off these eggs and cocoons from the black ants; and that the work was performed entirely by those black ants which had, in fact, been taken prisoners before they were hatched. The Amazons are quite helpless, and the black, or negro, ants, named by Huber “auxiliaries,” perform all the labor which among other species is performed by the neuters of the same family. They open and close all the outlets and inlets to the nest; they go after food and feed the helpless larvæ and pupæ, both the young of the Amazons and those which have been stolen; they also feed their masters, the Amazons, and, in fact, carry on the entire establishment. Huber made an experiment which very plainly shows the dependence of the Amazons upon their auxiliaries. He inclosed thirty Amazons with several of their own nymphæ and larvæ, besides twenty of the black ant nymphæ, in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick

layer of earth: honey was given to them, so that they lacked neither shelter nor food, although they were cut off from their auxiliaries. At first they paid some little attention to the young, and carried them about here and there; but they soon left them. They did not even know how to provide themselves with food, and several died of hunger at the end of two days, although the honey-drops were close beside them!

The others were weak and languid, and not one of them had made the slightest effort to build a home for himself in the earth. Huber was sorry for them, and put *one* black auxiliary ant in the glass box. The faithful little worker at once established order and comfort, built a house in the earth and gathered together the infant larvæ and placed them inside it, and preserved the lives of the helpless Amazons about to perish of hunger.

In order to more perfectly get at the facts of their ways and doings, Huber opened and disordered an ant-hill where both Amazons and auxiliaries lived together, and so confused the boundaries that the Amazons could not find their way about. The auxiliaries, however, seemed to be much better able to detect the old paths. Huber writes: “An Amazon was frequently seen to approach a black ant and play upon its head with its antennæ, or feelers, when the black ant at once seized its master in its pincers and laid it at one of the entrances. The Amazon then unrolled itself, caressed once more its kind friend, and passed into the interior of the nest.”

Those remarkable organs, the antennæ, with which the Amazon touches the auxiliary, seem to be their principal instruments of communication, and to take the place of voice and words. When the military ants are to set out for a foray, or a battle, they touch each other on the trunks with the



REJOICINGS IN THE QUEEN'S CELL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

antennæ and forehead; and this is the signal for marching, for as soon as any one has received it he is instantly in motion. If a hungry Amazon wants to be fed, he touches with his two antennæ the auxiliary from whom he expects his meal.

The helpless larvæ, too, are thus touched when it is time for them to open their mouths and receive their food. Ants show great kindness to inmates of their own nests that happen to be in trouble. Sir John Lubbock relates that in one of his nests of a certain species there was a poor ant which had come into the world without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, he watched her with great interest, but she appeared never to

expressed by motions of joy and exultation. They have a peculiar way of skipping and leaping, standing upon their hind legs and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of both to congratulate each other when they meet and to show their regard for their queen."

Let us recount another experiment of M Huber's: He took an ant-hill from the woods and put it in his glass hive. Finding that he had too many



THE DRIVER ANTS OF AFRICA. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

leave the nest. At length, one day, he found her wandering about in an aimless way, apparently not knowing whither to turn. After a while she fell in with some specimens of different ants, who directly attacked her. He rescued her, but she was evidently badly wounded, and lay helpless on the ground. After some time an ant from her own nest came that way, examined the poor sufferer carefully, and then picked her up and carried her home.

In many ways these tiny creatures show their intelligence, their affection and tenderness toward each other. "In whatever apartment," says Gould, "a queen-ant condescends to be present, she commands obedience and respect. A universal gladness spreads throughout the whole cell, and is

ants, he let some of them escape, and they made a nest in his garden. He kept the hive in his study for four months, then put it in his garden, some forty feet from the nest the others had formed. The ants in the garden nest at once recognized their former companions, whom they had not seen for four months. They entered the hive and caressed their old friends with their antennæ; and taking them up in their mandibles, bore them to their own nest.

Not only have these insects strong affections, but they have strong passions as well, and often indulge in long and bloody wars. At first, two combatants seize each other, tearing off each other's legs and antennæ, and injecting their acid poison into the wounds. Others take part on each side till long

chains are formed, each column struggling for the mastery. Thus, myriads of them fight for days, until violent rains, or other causes, separate them, they forget their quarrel and peace is restored.

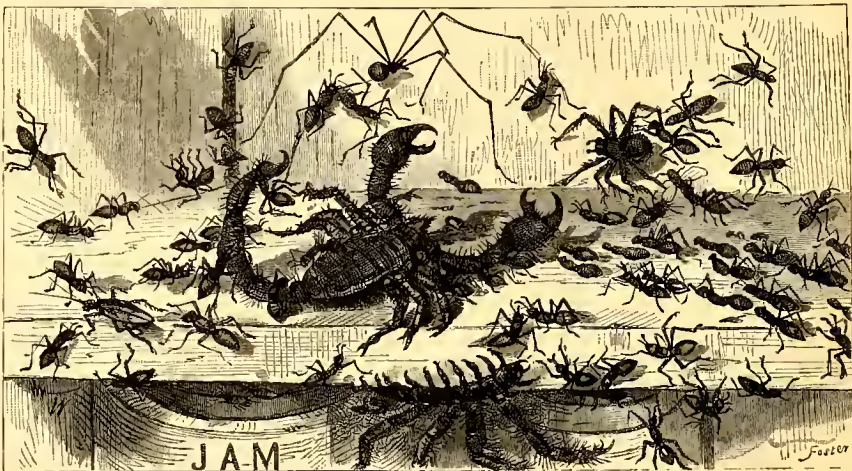
Some statements regarding ants, although well authenticated, almost pass belief; for instance, it is affirmed, both by Linnæus and Huber, that four or five species of ants milk the aphides—those little plant-lice which deposit the honey-dew on the leaves of trees in summer and autumn—in order to obtain the sweet fluid with which their bodies are filled. These aphides, or plant-lice, are called by naturalists the milch-cows of the ants, and nothing is more highly prized as food by the ants than the honey they obtain from them by pressing the bodies of the insects with their antennæ. These aphides have often been found in the nests of the yellow ants, apparently domesticated. They were evidently highly prized as domestic animals by their masters, for on the slightest appearance of danger they took them up in their jaws and carried them to a more secure spot. During autumn, winter and spring, many varieties of ants keep aphides, and rely on them for food, for the aphides can live upon the roots of plants which grow down into the nests. In northern climates ants do not otherwise lay in a stock of food for winter, for they are torpid under the effects of cold, but in warmer countries they store away their winter supply of nutriment carefully.

In the tropics these little creatures exist in count-

they drive before them any living creature, for no animal can withstand them. They destroy everything that crosses their path,—even the agile monkey,—for once let them make a lodgment on the body of any living creature and they devour it. Even reptiles fall victims to these ants,—the large lizards of those countries and snakes. Their manner of attacking snakes is to bite the eyes, as this causes them to writhe and flounder blindly in one spot instead of gliding away; and the masses of insects which at once settle upon the helpless prey soon finish it. The natives say that when the great python has crushed its victim within its deadly folds, it does not devour it at once, but makes a careful examination of the land at least half a mile on every side to discover if an army of these Driver ants is on the march. If so, it retreats, leaving its dinner to them; but if the coast is clear it returns to its prey, swallows it, and gives itself up to repose until the meal is digested.

So great is the dread of these Driver ants among the human inhabitants, that, as their armies approach, whole villages are deserted.

But in South America is found a species called the Ecitons, or Foraging ants, which the people of those countries hail as deliverers. For the houses are overrun with venomous little creatures of all kinds,—all of them ugly and many of them dangerous, as their fangs are full of poison. There are scorpions, centipedes, lizards, besides armies of disgusting cockroaches and every variety



CLEANING HOUSE.

less varieties, and many of them are of such fierce character and strong instincts that they are a scourge to the human population of the countries they inhabit. Among these species is the Driver ant, of Western Africa. They are called Drivers because

of smaller insect and vermin which can infest the habitations of man.

Against all such torments the Ecitons wage war. These foraging ants sally forth in vast narrow columns of at least two hundred feet in length; on

the outside of the column are officers like sergeants, who incessantly run backward and forward to see that every one is in his place.

The advent of these fierce little foragers is known by numbers of birds called pittas or ant-thrushes which fly above them; and as soon as the Central Americans perceive the ants, they rejoice in their expected relief, and at once open their houses for them; not only doors and windows but every box and drawer, every closet and cupboard is opened to its widest; this done, the inhabitants retire from the premises until the war is over.

Presently the Ecitons approach. First they send their vanguard to inspect the houses and see if they will repay the trouble of a search. Then the long ant-column pours in, and penetrates each crack and corner and enters every nook and cranny. Not alone the smaller vermin, but cockroaches, rats and mice fall speedy victims to them, and even the scorpion and centipede are powerless against them. In a wonderfully short time the house is cleaned out, and the army passes on laden with spoils, leaving the inhabitants to return and find no intruders upon their comfort—no scorpions in their shoes, nor cockroaches in their food. But even our own common ants will not hesitate to attack reptiles if provoked, as is proved by the following interesting account by Dr. J. T. Payne:

"While camping in Alabama, during the late war, I witnessed an attack of a band of black ants upon a striped snake. One evening, while I was trying to go to sleep after a long day's march, I felt something move under my head. I lifted one corner of the blanket and found a snake between three and four feet in length. I quickly hit it with a small stick; but the snake hardly seemed to be stunned by the blow, for he coiled himself up. Then, with the aid of the stick, I threw him about fifteen feet away, and he landed upon a large ant-

hill. Almost instantly the ants came forth from their nest, which was underground, and began a vigorous attack upon the intruder, who soon was covered by scores of his small assailants, biting him fearfully. I thought the snake would move away quickly, but he seemed resolutely determined to fight. The battle raged with great fury, and in a few minutes there was formed about the spot a



A NATIVE AFRICAN DESTROYING A HOUSE OF TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

circle of human observers, who had been called together by the unusual sight. The contest seemed, at first, to be an unequal one; for the snake was rapidly thinning out his persecutors. But, on the other hand, the ants were very numerous, and quick in their aggressive movements. The active little creatures fought with a desperation wonderful to behold, while the snake, by one blow of his powerful tail, would kill or wound a long line of ants. It so happened that the soil was soft and sandy, and the snake soon worked himself by his twistings several feet from the nest. When he struck the ants, many were forced into the sand, stunned for a moment or two, but then they jumped up and fought as vigorously as before. I was astonished

beyond measure to see the tactics of the ants. When they perceived that their numbers were being lessened, they despatched couriers for reinforcements, which appeared on the scene in due time, to replace the killed and wounded. Several hours passed, and the fight still raged. The moon, after a time, lit the scene; but as there appeared to be no signs of a near termination of the struggle, one after another of the spectators sought a comfortable place to sleep, and I myself at length felt my eyes grow heavy, and again stretched myself on my blanket.

"Before moving away from the scene, next morning, I thought I would take a look at the field that had interested so many spectators during the previous evening.

"The battle between the ants and the snake had ended, and on the ground were evidences that the struggle had been severe indeed. The slain insects were scattered in every direction; but there were six or seven watchful ants upon the back of the snake, which lay stretched out near the ant-hill—dead."

By far the most wonderful of all varieties of the ant-tribe are the Termites, or white ants of the East Indies and Southern America, but they differ in so many respects from the ordinary ant that some naturalists do not class them among ants, but among the neuropterous insects. Their families are composed of males, females and neuters; they live in communities and construct hills and turrets, and so much resemble the true ants, or Formicidæ, that, outside of scientific rules, they seem to be of the same general family. They swarm at certain seasons like true ants, in the manner that we have described, but in such prodigious numbers that they form the chief food of the birds, reptiles, and even of the men living near, who are on the lookout for them as they fall to the ground after their short day of aerial life. Few survive this swarming, for they are devoured as a great delicacy by all sorts of ant-eaters. But it is probably a law of nature that only a few queen-ants should live, as each one lays eggs to the amount of some thirty millions. The working ants, after gaining a queen, inclose her in a sort of cell, to preserve her from her enemies, it is supposed—for her large, soft body renders her incap-

ble of taking care of herself. In this cell are small holes, to enable the workers to pass inside and gather the eggs, which she lays more rapidly than one can credit; sixty a minute,—upwards of eighty thousand in twenty-four hours.

The houses built by Termites are, compared with the builders' size, the highest in the world. Man, in order to compete with these insects, must raise an edifice two thousand eight hundred feet in height; for one of these white ants is but a quarter of an inch long, and one inch, for it, is equal to twenty-four feet for a man. These nests are ten and twelve feet above the ground, and beneath are large galleries, extending hundreds of yards under the earth; and the roads from these lower chambers wind in spirals up to the top of the hill. The view of these habitations from a distance much resembles an assemblage of huts, and the hills are composed of a sort of clay which in time bears grass and other plants.

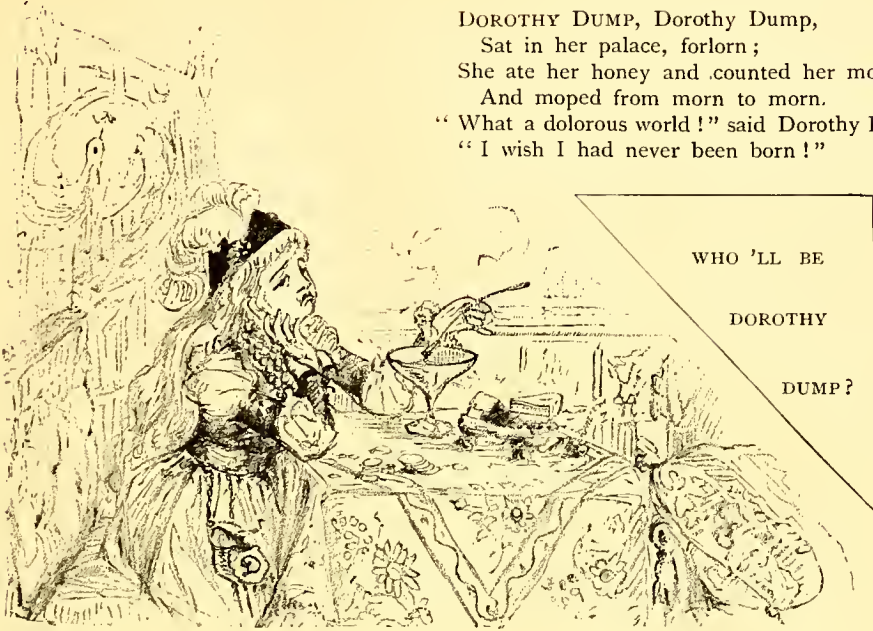
The principal food of these creatures is wood, although they will work through almost anything; they are miners in their tactics, and always eat first through the interior of what they attack, leaving the outer surface apparently untouched. Their obvious place in the economy of the universal system of things is to absorb the constantly decaying vegetable matter which encumbers tropical forests. They devour enormous fallen trees in a few weeks.

Ants' instincts are certainly most wonderful, and their tenacity of life, when attacked by human agencies, at times shows absolute powers of reason. Nothing in animal or insect life can surpass their perseverance, their industry, nor their attachment to their young, although, strange to say, that attachment is alone displayed by the sexless neuters, while the mother-ant seems to be a mere machine for laying eggs.

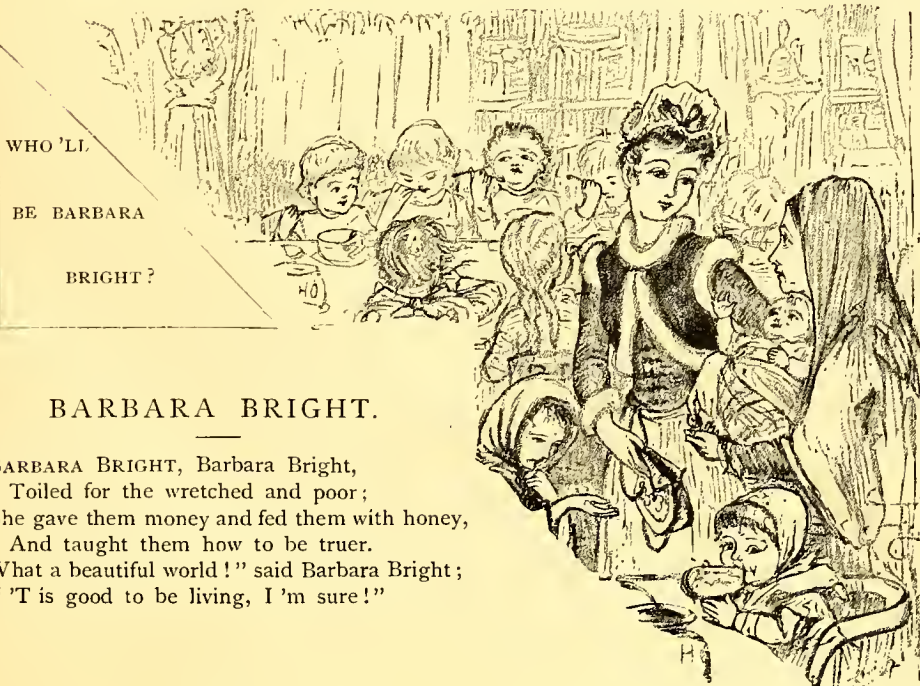
Ants have always been and continue to be a torment to the human race, but, nevertheless, not all the discomfort at times arising from their depredations has ever lessened the curiosity and patient study of those who have spent their lives chronicling their habits and instincts, their forays and wars; and we must all regard with interest and admiration the activity, harmony and cheerful energies which reign in their swarming but tiny communities.

DOROTHY DUMP.

DOROTHY DUMP, Dorothy Dump,
Sat in her palace, forlorn;
She ate her honey and counted her money,
And moped from morn to morn.
"What a dolorous world!" said Dorothy Dump;
"I wish I had never been born!"



WHO 'LL BE
DOROTHY
DUMP?



WHO 'LL
BE BARBARA
BRIGHT?

BARBARA BRIGHT.

BARBARA BRIGHT, Barbara Bright,
Toiled for the wretched and poor;
She gave them money and fed them with honey,
And taught them how to be truer.
"What a beautiful world!" said Barbara Bright;
" 'T is good to be living, I'm sure!"

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

Pitcher—Ned Martin.
Catcher—John Hale, otherwise "The Lob."
1st Base—Jo Murch.
2d Base—Hi Hatch.
3d Base—James Pat Adams.
Short Stop—Sam Perkins, Captain.
Left Field—Sam Black, otherwise "Blackie."
Center Field—Billy Hetherington.
Right Field—Bill Watson, otherwise "Chunky."

THE WHITE BEARS.

Pitcher—Jake Coombs.
Catcher—Eph Weeks.
1st Base—Joe Patchen.
2d Base—George Bridges.
3d Base—Sam Booden, Captain.
Short Stop—Eph Mullett, otherwise "Nosey."
Left Field—Dan Morey.
Center Field—Joe Fitts.
Right Field—Peletiah Snelgro.

The whole assisted by a large number of young ladies and gentlemen, who do not belong to any base-ball nine, but who hope to, if they live long enough.

CHAPTER I.

RINGING THE BELL.

IN Fairport, every boy slept with some other boy on the night before the Fourth of July. If any boy did sleep in his own bed, it was because he had a playmate with him. But, for the most part, the boys of that period thought it poor fun to sleep at home on that eventful night. They all preferred to sleep in barns, hay-mows, or some other out-of-the-way and unusual place. It was a sign that a fellow was a milk-sop if he slept in a real bed on that night, except under such circumstances as have just been referred to. For there was a great deal to be done on the night before the Fourth. In the first place, there was a bonfire to be built on the common. There was a large, bare spot in the middle of the common where the grass refused to grow from one year's end to another, because the bonfire was built there on the night before the Fourth. And to feed that fire, it was necessary to gather much fuel from various and distant places. Spare barrels, store-boxes, and occasionally a loose board from off some careless person's fence, were to be brought in. The boys did not take gates off their hinges to kindle the fire, as tradition said that their older brothers did, when they were boys. The time of which I write was a great improvement on that elder period. No boy fed the bonfire with anything more valuable than the few loose things that could be picked up without alarming the neighbors. The neighbors were easily alarmed, anyhow. There was a class of old ladies in Fairport who never remembered from one Fourth of July to another that, on the night before it, the boys, ever since there were any boys, built a bonfire on the common. So, when the bright flames began to rise up in the darkness, one or more of these timid women would be sure to come

out on her door-step and cry: "Boys! Boys! What are you doing? You'll set the town a-fire, you pesky boys!"

Jo Murch (his whole name was Jotham Augustus Murch) used to be very much mortified when his mother came out like that, and he would say: "Now, Ma, don't be so foolish. There is n't any danger of our setting anything a-fire!" Once, one of the Selectmen of the town, a very dignified and truly awful person, came upon the common to see what the boys were at. It was nearly midnight, and it seemed as if something alarming was about to happen when the great man came out at that time of night. But he only looked the party of boys all over, as if to be sure that he would know them again, if anything happened, and then he went away, telling them to be careful of the sparks.

"My! Was n't I afraid he would see old Snelgro's wheelbarrow!" said Ned Martin, when the Selectman was gone.

At midnight, as near as they could guess, it was necessary that the meeting-house bell should be rung. At least, every Fairport boy thought it was necessary; and it was rung. There was a bell on the school-house at the right of the common, only, as nobody but the nearest neighbors objected to the ringing of this bell, the boys did not much enjoy ringing it. They took a pull at it, once in a while, for fear that the folks around would not know that the glorious Fourth had arrived. The folks usually found it out before day-break. The town bell was on the Unitarian meeting-house, below the school-house, and facing the street which skirted the bottom of the Common. To ring this bell was not only necessary, but it was also a great feat. The Selectmen had forbidden that the bell should be rung by anybody but the town sexton, except in case of fire. From time immemorial, Old Fitts had been the

town sexton, and if any man really hated boys, Old Fitts did. Probably he never was a boy. It seemed absurd to think that he ever could have been a boy. Boys were his natural enemies. They used to shin up the lightning-rod of the church and catch the pigeons which he reared in the belfry; and they used to ring the bell on the night before the Fourth of July. Generation after generation of boys had done this; but, somehow, Old Fitts could never become reconciled to it. On the particular night about which I am going to write, Old Fitts had not only nailed up one of the two church doors and put an extra padlock on the other, but he had carried away the bell-rope. The Fairport boys were a curious set. They laughed among themselves when they saw him going home, after he had rung the nine o'clock bell, with the long bell-rope coiled up on his back. But when they flew to the doors, after he was well out of sight, and beheld the defenses which he had put on them, they began to think that, for the first time in the history of the world, the bell would not be rung on the night before the Fourth of July.

As the boys scattered to the barns and hay-mows where they had chosen to sleep, Ned Martin said to his crony, Sam Perkins:

"I'll ring that bell before daylight, you see."

"But how, Ned?"

Now, Sam was the leader of the boys in almost all of the mischief that was afoot, and he was, beside all that, the captain of the Fairport Nine. For Fairport had a base-ball nine, and it was the terror of the surrounding villages. Of course, Sam did not want any other boy to lead off in a feat of this kind unless he had a hand in it himself. But Ned Martin knew a thing or two, and Sam was sure that he would ring the bell, if he said so. And when the boys, three of them, for Hi Hatch bunked in with them that night, were safely hidden in the hay, Ned unfolded to them his plan. It was a good scheme, and all agreed to it.

In all the world, probably, there is no stillness like that which comes between nine o'clock and the time when the Fairport boys get up to ring the bell and build their bonfire, on the night before the Fourth of July. At least, Hiram Hatch thought so that night, as he lay awake in the hay in his father's barn, listening to the heavy breathing of his mates. The spears of hay tickled his ear so that he could not get to sleep; and the stillness was awful. He almost wished that he was snug in his own bed, and he wondered why Ned and Sam should go to sleep so soon, and he should be so broad awake. There was a sound of something on the barn floor below. It was a tread! Then he heard a ghostly whisper, and he felt the hair rising

on his head. Desperately poking Sam in the back he whispered:

"There is something climbing up the ladder!"

Sam bounced up and cried: "What's—what's that!"

There was a scrambling and a rush of feet below, and all was still again. But Hiram was too badly scared to go to sleep at once, and when, tired out by his long vigil, he did drop off into slumber, he slept so soundly that Sam had hard work to wake him, as he shook him and shouted in his ear:

"Remember you have got to play second base, to-day."

"What do you s'pose that was in the barn, just now?" shivered Hiram, for the midnights in Fairport are cool, seeing that the town is on Penobscot Bay, on the cold coast of Maine.

"Oh bother!" said Sam. "Let's get out of this as still as we can. If your father should hear us, as likely as not he'd fire that double-barreled shot-gun at us."

Hiram held his peace, for the double-barreled shot-gun was a sore subject with him, since he had promised to carry it off on the sly and have it for firing the usual midnight salute. He was comforted now by the reflection that he had not the responsibility of that gun on his mind; and Ned assured him that the noise in the night was probably only made by some of the other boys who had intended to steal a place to sleep, without waking up the rightful tenants.

Silently, and as if bent on some dreadful deed, dark forms now stole in from all around, and clustered in the middle of the common. A crockery crate, filled with straw, and stuck all around with pickets from some slothful man's dilapidated fence, was set on fire. The cheerful blaze, ascending, lighted up the fronts of the houses on the edge of the common, and shed a lurid glare on the tall elms which stood tremulously in the midnight air. The flames warmed the boys, and revived their spirits, somewhat damped by cold and lack of sleep.

"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" shouted Bill Watson, a burly little chap, the right fielder, and better known as "Chunky." Then every other fellow cried "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" And it was felt that the fun had begun.

Amidst great enthusiasm, Pat Adams now fired off his gun. It was only a single-barreled one, to be sure, but it spoke well for itself. Pat's name was James Patterson Adams, but he was known, for short, as Pat Adams, and, when the boys were not in much of a hurry, he was called Jim Pat Adams, to distinguish him from another Jim whose name was not Adams. When the bang of Pat's gun rent the air, there was a sound of opening windows, and the boys knew that angry looks were directed

toward them from some of the houses roundabout. There was a wild hurrah when Sam Black, assisted by Billy Hetherington, staggered up to the fire with the better part of a tar-barrel, which they had hidden away some days before. There is no aristocracy among real boys, and it was an evidence of this truth that Sam Black, who was the only negro boy in Fairport, was a crony of Billy Hetherington, whose father was the county judge, and had been to Congress. If any boy had a right to be "stuck up," it was Billy, whose family held themselves very high in Fairport. But Billy never once thought of such a thing. If he had, his mates would have cut him at once, and he would have found himself alone in the village of boys. It was curious that the only black boy in the town should be Black by name. So Sam, who was a great favorite with his comrades, was usually called "Blackie," a term which carried with it no idea of contempt. Blackie was the best fellow of the boys of that generation, and, moreover, he knew more of the habits of the birds, beasts, fish, and all manner of living wild things, than most of the naturalists who write thick books about the animal kingdom. The times and seasons when birds come and go, and when they mate, and where they build their nests, as well as the secret lairs of the small game of the woods and fields, were all as familiar to Blackie as if he had been born in the wilderness, and not in a house on stilts at the harbor's edge.

"Three cheers for the left fielder!" cried Jo Murch, as Blackie, his face shining with satisfaction and pride, helped Billy Hetherington heave the tar-barrel on the blazing pile. "And now, boys, for the bell," he added, for it was already past twelve, one of the boys having reconnoitered, through the kitchen window of a neighboring house, to ascertain the time of night.

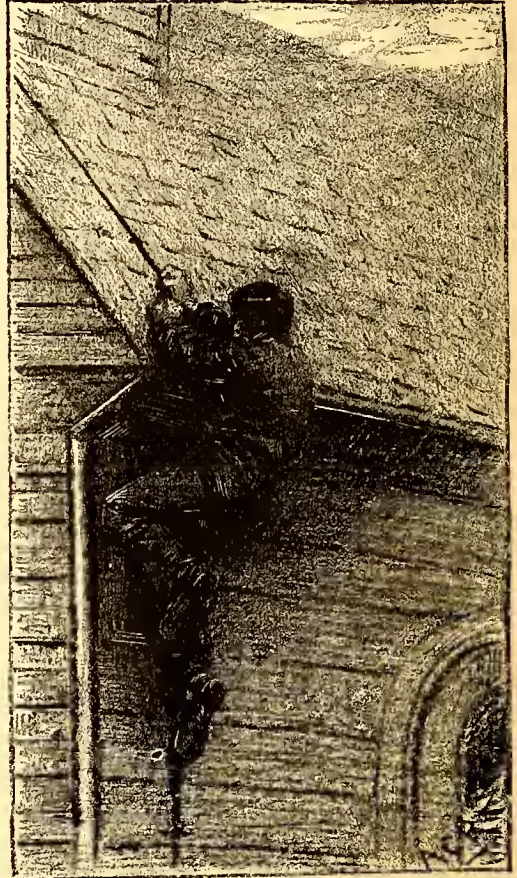
Ned Martin looked around on the little group of lads in his superior way, and said:

"Which of you fellows is the best on shinning a lightning-rod?" There was a great laugh when John Hale stoutly answered: "I am!" for John was so big and lubberly that he was never called anything but the "lob." In Fairport, the 'long-shoremens call any craft which is clumsy and unwieldy "lob-sided," meaning, perhaps, that it is lop-sided, a phrase which may be found in the dictionaries. If one but stuck out a fist at Johnny Hale he fell over. And when the schoolmaster tried to get him up on the tall stool where it was the custom for boys to be hoisted for punishment, the master and Johnny invariably came down in a heap together on the floor, the "lob" was so very clumsy and so very heavy. Nevertheless, the "lob," for all his awkwardness, was the champion catcher

in Fairport, and the envy of the White Bears, the rival club from the south end of town.

The "lob" was rejected as the champion climber, however, and little Sam Murch, Jo's brother, was selected for the feat of shinning up the lightning-rod of the church.

As an aid, in case of need, the volunteered services of Blackie were also promptly accepted, for the Fairport Nine never did anything that was not "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," or, otherwise, according to rule and discipline.



"SAM HAD REACHED THE EDGE OF THE PROJECTING EAVES."

Old Major Boffin's house stood so near the meeting-house that one could toss a biscuit from the roof of one to the other; and the Major's grandson, Ike, was a member of the party, though not of the famous "Nine." This was lucky; and it was also lucky that the roof of the Major's house was nearly flat, and that it had at each of the angles of said roof a big, square chimney, so big that two or three boys might hide behind one of them without

fear of detection. And when it was remembered that the roof of the Major's house could be reached by a lightning-rod, much easier of ascent than that on the meeting-house, it was evident that fortune favored the brave when it was necessary for the brave to ring the bell on the night before the Fourth of July. The testy old Major, calmly sleeping in his bed, could not have dreamed how much his property was contributing to the celebration of the glorious Fourth, when, in addition to all this, Ned Martin, carefully stripping the sheets, shirts and pillow-cases from the clothes-line in the Major's garden, took the line and making one end fast to the ankle of little Murch, gave him a hoist, and told him to "go it" up the lightning-rod of the meeting-house.

The projection of the eaves of the building set the rod out from the side of it a great way, and, as the rod was jointed in two or three places, it swayed fearfully while Sam laboriously shinned up it. Now and again, he would be flung round and round by the swinging rod, as he passed over the clanking joints, the clatter of which threatened to bring the choleric Major down upon them at any moment.

"Hold fast, little one," hoarsely whispered Captain Sam from below, for Sam, with his usual facility for taking command, had now assumed the direction of things. "Hold fast, or Blackie will be on your heels." And Blackie, dancing up and down with impatience, was ready to make a spring at the rod when little Murch should be out of his way.

"Bully for Sam," half shouted Ned Martin, for the little fellow had reached the edge of the far-projecting eaves, and was now struggling to get over the most difficult part. The boys below held their breath, for it was a perilous place. The lightning-rod, after turning up the edge of the shingles, was fastened to the roof by strong staples which held it firmly down and afforded almost no hold to which even a boy's small and hook-like fingers could cling. But little Sam was "clear grit," as his brother proudly remarked in a suppressed whisper, and while the silent spectators below all looked up, with their hearts in their mouths, he turned the edge of the eaves and went picking his way up the roof, hand over hand. It was now Blackie's turn to go up, but Captain Sam interfered, and declared that if both of the best climbers went up into the meeting-house belfry, there would be nobody to shin up to the roof of the Major's house and carry the rope from the bell, when it was made fast. Half-a-dozen boys volunteered to go up the Major's lightning-rod, but Ike Boffin agreed to "hook in" by the back door, steal up the stairs to the roof, and take care of the rope when there.

"So, then, you are to have all the fun of ringing the bell, are you?" demanded Captain Sam, sarcastically.

"Well," said Ike, "you pick out four other fellows, and I will undertake to get them up on our roof, if they will promise to be mighty still about it."

Accordingly, Captain Sam, Ned Martin, Hi Hatch and Chunky were chosen to go up on the Major's roof, guided by Ike, who, with a quaking heart, opened the back door and let in these midnight conspirators. No cat could have climbed the stairs more softly than the five boys, Ike at the head. Barefoot and breathless, they stole by the door of the sacred chamber where the old Major, snoring manfully, was sleeping in happy unconsciousness of what was going on around him. Drawing a long breath, the five boys found themselves out on the roof at last. To their great delight and relief, they saw little Murch just shinning up the part of the rod which led from the roof to the belfry, not a very difficult job, in comparison with that which he had just finished. In a moment more he was in the belfry, and pausing on the balustrade which decorated the rim, he gave a noiseless cheer, dropped over to the inner side, and made fast to the clapper of the bell the end of the line which he had brought up with him. Ned Martin now dropped down from the roof of the Major's house one end of a mackerel line which he had with him. To this the boys below fastened the end of the line from the bell-clapper, and it was drawn up to Captain Sam, who took it up behind his chimney with great joy. The boys on the ground now scattered to all parts of the common, at a whispered command from Captain Sam, and then the big bell struck a peal of mighty strokes, pulled by the sinewy hand of Sam. The night air quivered with the blows on the bell. Old Fitts' pigeons, affrighted by the midnight booming of the bell, flew out in crowds, scaring Sam Murch as they dashed in his face. The brave little lad swung himself over the balustrade, and, sliding down the roof in a hurry, was soon on the long and swaying rod below, and on firm ground once more, and then safe among his comrades.

"Those pesky boys," sighed Grandmother Boffin, as she turned uneasily in her sleep, but awake enough to know what was the cause of the horrible din which rent the air. The Major got out of bed, and, putting his head out of the window, addressed the darkness, commanding all in sound of his voice to disperse and go home, or take the consequences. But the old Major never forgot that he had been a boy once himself, although that was a great many years ago; and when he went back to bed, smiling grimly to himself as the

bell answered his warning with a yet louder peal, he said: "Well, mother, boys will be boys, you know. There's no law ag'in ringing the meeting-house bell on the night before the Fourth." The Major, although a hot-tempered man, remembered that he had fought in "the last war"—that of 1812—and something was due, he thought, to the day we celebrate.

A sudden idea struck the good grandmother. She crept out of bed, stole to the bedroom of her grandson, passed her hand over the vacant bed, and then going back to her chamber-window, cried into the air, as the Major had done, "You, Ike, wherever you are, don't you dare to come into the house for your breakfast!" Ike, who was now taking his turn at the clothes-line, laughed to himself. He remembered that he had a share in a boiled ham, a basket of apples and a paper of crackers, stowed away in Hatch's barn, under the hay.

Suddenly there was an alarm of "Fitts! Fitts!" from the boys stationed on the court-house steps, from which post they could see all the way down Howe's lane, up which the old sexton must come to the defense of his precious bell. Fortunately for the boys, Fitts never stirred out of doors, no matter how light the night, without his lantern. And the rays from that familiar lantern, "like a lightning-bug," as Billy Hetherington declared, now bobbed along the ground as Fitts climbed the hilly lane.

Warned in time, not a boy was in sight when the old sexton, grumbling to himself, reached the top of the hill and went across the bottom of the common toward the meeting-house. The bell continued to ring, much to the delight of the boys hidden behind the chimneys and stowed away in various nooks and corners below. With infinite trouble, Old Fitts got the door open, and with many a hard word for the boys, toiled up the long stairs which led to the belfry. "Now, then, Ned, give her a good one," whispered Captain Sam, as the old sexton's lantern, shining through the belfry windows, showed that he was almost up to the bell, and, sure enough, as Fitts put his head out of the scuttle which opened to the deck of the belfry, a tremendous and audacious peal boomed directly over his head.

The old man walked all around the big bell. Not a boy was to be seen. The rope, he knew, was safe in his own house, and there was no sign of anything by which the bell could be rung. The light line leading to the roof of the Boffin house was too small to be noticed as it lay on the slanting deck of the belfry. The boys chuckled to themselves as they watched the puzzled old man walking around the bell, again and again peering over the

balustrade, as if to see if some small boy were circling around in the air with the scared pigeons which silently flew about their master's head. It was very queer, so it was.

Just then, the "lob," who was never known to stand up when he could fall down, slipped on the roof behind the Boffin chimney that hid him. He might have slid off to the ground below if he had not put out his hand to save himself by grabbing at the boy next to him, which happened to be Sam, who tried to shake the "lob" from him. It was in vain, and the two boys came down in a heap behind the chimney, Sam pulling the rope with him. As he fell, the bell, of course, was given another peal, and the rope in the belfry flew up before the astonished eyes of the old sexton. Fitts stooped, cut the line, and, shaking his fist in the direction of the Major's house, cried, "I've stopped your fun this time, you young varmint;" and so he had. When he had carefully locked the scuttle of the belfry, descended the stairs and gone home, his light disappearing in the distance, the four boys on the roof, somewhat crestfallen, silently slid down the Major's lightning-rod, and made their way up to the bonfire. The "lob" was overwhelmed with ridicule for his share in the failure of the bell-ringing feat. "And he wanted to shin up the meeting-house lightning-rod!" said Captain Sam, derisively.

Blackie, however, soon found a way to remedy the mischief. He went up the lightning-rod again with the agility of a cat, spliced the line, then, disdainingly to go up through the Major's house, he shinned up its lightning-rod and speedily had the bell a-ringing merrily. Meantime, the boys about the bonfire were doing their best to celebrate the night by firing the few pieces of small-arms which they had; and their fire-crackers were exploded—sparingly, however, as it was borne in mind that the Fourth was yet to come, and more noise would be needed for the day.

Hiram Hatch, returning from a visit to the back of Major Boffin's house to encourage Blackie, who was pulling away lustily at the bell-rope, cast his eyes on the fire, and, to his horror, spied the remains of the leaching-tub which he knew ought to be standing on his father's barn floor. "Where did that come from?" he demanded. Nobody knew, but Chunky guessed that Jo Murch and George Bridges had thrown it on the fire.

"That came out of my father's barn," said Hi, stoutly, "and the fellow that took it is a mean sneak, and I don't care who he is."

"I don't see that it is any meaner to take that leaching-tub out of Deacon Hatch's barn than it is to steal old Boffin's clothes-line, or Judge Nelson's chicken-coop, so there," said Jo Murch.

As the Judge's coop had been ravished by

Hiram, he felt condemned; but he replied, hotly, that there was a big difference between taking an old chicken-coop, only fit for kindlings, anyhow, and stealing a leaching-tub out of a man's barn. Then, suddenly remembering the mysterious noises which he had heard while he was trying to go to sleep, he exclaimed, with his small fist before Jo Murch's nose, "And you came in there and stole that tub while we were in the hay-loft. I heard you."

"Yes, and mighty scared you were, too," Jo replied, with an unpleasant sneer.

There were symptoms of a fight, when one of the sentries on the court-house steps shouted "Fitts! Fitts!" Then all the boys, in their anxiety for the bell, scattered to points about the meeting-house from which they could see the fate of Blackie, who, perceiving the lantern of the old sexton coming, improved the time by giving the bell as many and as vigorous strokes as possible.

Grumbling and groaning to himself, the sexton slowly climbed the belfry stairs once more, and was soon on the upper deck. "Why, oh why, did n't I nail down that scuttle?" groaned little Blackie, as, from behind his chimney, he saw the old man emerge upon the belfry deck. Blackie consoled himself with the reflection that he would do this the next time the coast was clear. But he was doomed to disappointment. Fitts, as soon as he had cut the line, for the second time, gave it a strong pull, and a sudden pull, and poor Blackie, not for a moment dreaming what was going to happen, was jerked out from behind the chimney, and, still holding on, across the scuttle, which had been left open.

"Aha! It's you, is it; you, you black limb, is it?" cried Old Fitts, exultingly, as the boy came dimly into sight from behind the chimney. "Major Boffin! There's a burglar on your roof!" shouted the old man, as he tugged at the line which Blackie sturdily refused to let go.

"Shame! Shame! Old Fitts!" shrieked several of the boys below, in their concealment. "He's no burglar, and you know it."

In the midst of the racket, Major Boffin, with a grim smile on his face, put his head out of the window, and, after shouting "Thieves! Thieves!" at the top of his voice, fired into the sky a horse-pistol which he kept loaded for the entertainment of the midnight cats that sometimes disturbed his slumbers. A profound silence followed this volley. Even Old Fitts was quiet in his belfry; and Blackie, taking advantage of the lull, dropped the line which he had held, and softly crept down the roof, clutched the lightning-rod, slid to the ground, and made off in the darkness.

"If I catch those pesky boys around here again

to-night," said the angry sexton, "I'll put a load of buckshot into some of 'em."

"Never you fear," answered the Major, "you will never catch them. Sooner catch a lot of weasels." And the old man shut down his window with a bang.

Fitts descended into the little loft below the belfry, and, though the boys waited for his appearance beneath, his lantern did not shed its beams again on the outside of the meeting-house.

"He's camping in the steeple!" cried the boys, in alarm. And so he was. Determined to stop the ringing of the bell, and afraid to leave his post of duty, the old man lay down on the floor of the loft, secure in the knowledge that no enemy could scale the roof without awakening him. The boys gathered in a knot below, examined the ground and confessed that, for once, they were circumvented.

It was growing toward morning. The east was pale with the first streaks of dawn. It had been a tiresome night. The great base-ball match was coming off on that day. The bell had been rung. The Nine went to bed, and Fairport was quiet at last.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT MATCH.

BETWEEN the White Bears and the Fairport Nine there was, in the opinion of the older people, a great gulf fixed. The White Bears were, for the most part, the sons of fishermen, 'longshoremen, and men who, in the expressive language of the place, "did chores" about town. This was the social gulf which separated the famous Nine and the White Bears. Then the boys who called themselves White Bears were noted for their rough mischief. If an unfortunate cow was found with her tail cut off, it was the work of a White Bear. And when the old revolutionary cannon which had stood for years, with its breech in the ground, an upright landmark, on the corner of Main street, was dug up and pitched off the end of Adams's wharf, everybody knew that the White Bears had been out on an errand of malicious mischief. The boys of Fairport, who were represented by the famous Nine, were not goody-goody youngsters; indeed, some of the older folks thought that they ought to be a great deal better than they were, but they were never accused of being ruffianly or cruel, or destructive; and all these traits were justly set down to the credit of the White Bears. Besides all this, the White Bears lived in the scattered and dingy groups of houses at the south end of the village; and this, until they took for themselves the name by which they were better known, gave them the title of the Southenders. To be a Southender

was to be a rough fellow, with small respect for law, order, or the rights of others.

The White Bears, with all their muscle, were not very much better in the base-ball field than the Fairport Nine. They were trained, many of them, in the cod-fishing fleet, which used to sail to the Grand Banks, before the fishing business went into the hands of our Canadian neighbors. And, exposed as they all were to the hard life and rough usage of those who pick up a scanty living on the coast of Maine, they were as tough and rugged as the polar bear, whose name they took in a spirit of boasting and bravado. Sam Booden was their captain, and he was the roughest and the toughest of the gang. Sam had regularly "walloped" the village schoolmaster, as fast as a new one came to town; and, as he was as regularly turned out of school, his education was none of the best. He never staid in school any longer than to have his first chance at the master, and, as boys of his class were not often at home during the summer, his acquaintance with the inside of a school-house was very limited.

But Sam was at home long enough to make a tolerable base-ball player, and at the third base he was perhaps the very best in all Fairport. Jake Coombs was the pitcher of the White Bears, and a first-rate pitcher he was. He had been two voyages as cook on a mackereling schooner, and was probably the most quarrelsome boy in Fairport. Usually, he had a black eye, the mark of one of his latest fights. Of course, all of his fingers were more or less out of shape. But that is the proper badge of an accomplished base-ball player. Eph Weeks was the catcher of the White Bears, and Joe Patchen was the first base. George Bridges, their second base, was the decentest boy of the gang. He was in full fellowship with the Fairport Nine, and, although he was sometimes obliged to do dirty work at hog-killing time (for his father was the town butcher) about the houses of some of the more favored boys of the place, he was a crony and a companion to many of the favorite Nine.

As I have said, Sam Booden was the third base, as well as captain of the White Bears. Eph Mullett was their short stop, and as Eph had an unfortunate defect in his speech which made his words seem to come from his nose rather than his mouth, he was usually known as "Nosey" among the boys of Fairport. In summer time he wore a parti-colored tunic, or cooler, from which circumstance he was sometimes called "The Turkey," or "Turk," as it suited the fancy of his dear friends and associates. With Dan Morey in the left field, Joe Fitts in center field, and Peletiah Snelgro in right field, the Nine of the White Bears is complete.

Whenever Sam Perkins met one of the White

Bears he was wont to say, as if addressing the universe:

"The Fairport Nine is the Nine that I belong to, and I am not ashamed to own it either."

No White Bear ever dared to take that up, as the saying is, and as Sam never had the luck to encounter more than one of the Bears when he was alone, he was always safe in his defiance. But Sam was deeply mortified when his Nine played what he called a scrub game with the White Bears, and were consequently defeated with great disgrace. For this defeat, Sam always blamed Jo Murch, who was playing center field that day, and not at first base where he usually belonged. On that momentous occasion, he made a muff of a high fly ball, far out in the left center, in the eighth inning, which allowed the White Bears to score three runs. To tell the whole truth, the White Bears were considered the worst enemies of the Fairports on the base-ball field, as they had defeated all the other clubs in the small towns roundabout, and had held the championship for the last two seasons, but were hard-pressed for this particular season by the White Bears. This was the reason why this game on the Fourth of July was so important. It was to decide the championship of Fairport, and of North Fairport, Penobscot, and Riversville.

Now, every boy knows why Sam Perkins was anxious when he tumbled out of bed on Fourth of July morning, at the call of his mother. Had he been left to himself, he would have slept until noon. A boy who has got up at midnight, and has gone to bed again at daylight, might be reasonably sleepy at so early an hour as seven o'clock. But hard work was to be done.

The White Bears had beaten the Fairports in the latest, or second, game for championship, it is true, but the first game of the series was won by the Fairports by a score of eight to one, a tremendous victory, to be sure. Now had come the momentous day when the third and decisive game was to be played. And when Sam looked anxiously at the sky, he was troubled to notice that a dark cloud hung low down in the West, just over the old fort in which the match was to be played.

"Just our luck," he grumbled, when he met his trusty lieutenant, Ned Martin, on the common, where he was hunting around in the ashes of last night's fire for a lost jack-knife. "Just our luck! I'll bet it rains to-day and spoils all our fun. Our fellows are all in first-rate shape. No sprained legs, no broken fingers, and here it comes up to rain, as sure as a gun. It's too bad, so it is."

"Oh, never mind," said the more cheerful Ned. "If it rains, the Bears will be as badly off as we are; that's one comfort; wont they?"

"But we want to have this thing over with," replied Sam. "The Bears have been poking that last game at us ever since they beat us. But they sha'n't have a chance to crow over us after to-day, as sure as my name is Perkins," he added, more hopefully. "I'll play my position at short stop for all it is worth, you just be sure of that now, Neddy, my boy," and Captain Sam Perkins stretched himself, with a tremendous yawn, wishing that he had had a good night's rest by way of preparation for the day's work.

Fairport is built on the sunny side of a penin-

built by the British troops in the war of the Revolution.

Once there was a brick barrack in the fort, and in one corner is still shown the entrance to a dungeon dug into the thick mass of earth, stone and timber which forms the fort. The barrack has disappeared, and the inclosed space is as smooth and level as a ball-ground should be. Laying off the field against one of the angles of the earth-work, they had a grassy field under foot, while the slopes of the fort furnished seating-places for the spectators, as well as a screen for the catcher. It



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sula which juts out into Penobscot Bay. To the north and west, the land slopes sharply down to a little cove, known to the youth of the village as "the Back Cove." To the east and south, the land falls off more gradually to the harbor's edge, and on the gently falling slope is nestled the old town shaded with elms, horse-chestnuts and maples.

On the ridge which forms the backbone of the promontory is the old fort, a huge, high earth-work, inclosing about three acres of ground, and

is not likely that the British commander, General McLean, when he built this fort, in 1779, and called it Fort George, after his royal master, George III., of England, ever thought what a service he was doing for the boys of Fairport. But it is true that no base-ball field in this or any other country can be compared with that which the British army left for generations of boys at Fairport. And when, on the memorable Fourth of July, the Fairport Nine met the White Bears for the fight for the championship, the old fort presented a

brilliant sight. On the grassy slopes of the ram-parts, commanding a good view of the field, were all the nice girls of the village, some of whom had concealed about them the gay rosettes, made of the Nine's cherry-colored ribbon, with which each purposed to decorate a certain favorite player, in case all went well with the Nine of Fairport. The boys who were not of the Nine, but who hoped to be, some day, were scattered about among the bright groups on the slopes, or crowded together just outside of the limits of the field. It was a pretty sight and a momentous day.

Captain Samuel Perkins placed his men thus: Pitcher—Ned Martin; catcher—the "lob"; first base—Jo Murch; second base—Hi Hatch; third base—Pat Adams; short stop—Sam Perkins; left field—Samuel Black, colored member, and better known as "Blackie"; center field—Billy Hetherington; right field—Bill Watson, otherwise known as "Chunky." The captain surveyed his team with mingled pride and anxiety, looked at the sky, which was dark with clouds, and then calmly tossed up the copper with the Captain of the White Bears, Samuel Booden, to decide which should go first to the bat. The toss was won by the proud captain of the Fairport Nine, who yelled, "We'll take the field!"

They always thought it an advantage to go first to the field, and as the White Bears took up the bat, a smile of satisfaction ran over the faces of the illustrious Nine of Fairport. The Bears did not find it very easy to hit the skillful pitching of Ned Martin; and Samantha Sellers, sitting on the grassy rampart beside Mary Ann Martin, said, with a chuckle of delight, "I s'pose Pel Snelgro thinks he can play ball, but just see him whang the air every time Ned fires that ball. Ned has got the curve down fine, has n't he, Mary Ann?"

"Do hush and look at that catch," for at that moment Peletiah Snelgro sent a hot liner to Pat Adams, at third base. Pat made an extraordinary catch, taking it with one hand, and with a light spring in the air, which won him a round of applause from the girls sitting on the slopes of the fort; and even the boy spectators, outside of the field, murmured their approbation. Pat took off his cap and bowed low to the ladies in reply to this compliment. Jake Coombs was the next striker for the Bears, and he sent a foul tip behind the bat which struck the "lob," catcher for the Fairports, square on the nose. The "lob" doubled himself up in pain, and a perceptible shudder ran through the sympathizing crowd of girls on the rampart. "What a shame!" cried Phœbe Noyes, who had a tender heart, and admired very much the rosy face and blue eyes of the "lob." But John stoutly declared that it was "nothing,"

although the blood dropped freely from his inflamed pug-nose. Cold water was brought from the spring, half of the boys of Fairport volunteering to sop the "lob's" face, and run a cold iron spoon down his back, or hold his nose at the bridge, or do any of those things which any bright boy knows are sovereign remedies for the nose-bleed.

This diversion over, Captain Sam Booden went to the bat. "Now look out for squalls, you stuck-up Fairport Niners," said Nance Grindle, with withering sarcasm. Nance was a Southender, and was "second girl" in the family of the Hetheringtons, and cordially hated all aristocrats. Sure enough, Booden sent a daisy-cutter toward Hi Hatch, at second base, but Hi picked it up finely, and so Captain Sam Booden retired at first base, and the White Bears also retired without a score.

"A goose egg! A goose egg!" shouted the friends of the Fairport Nine. Captain Sam Perkins, too glad to speak, walked over to Hiram and wrung his hand in silence. It was now the first inning of the Fairports, and they did some very heavy batting, and scored five runs before their side was put out, three of them being home runs. But there were no special features of the game, and the girl-champions of the Fairports were not sorry when their friends were out once more. "They do so much better in the field," they said, innocently.

But the Fairport Nine had a decided lead, and the chances were that they would have kept it to the end and have won the game, but, just as the White Bears were going to their second inning, great drops of rain began to fall, and the storm which Captain Sam had been dreading all day was upon them. The girls put up their parasols and umbrellas, and expressed their intention to stay and see the game through, rain or shine. But the umpire, Mr. Sylvanus Tilden, of North Fairport, called the game, which was accordingly postponed until next day. "Just our luck!" grumbled Captain Sam, as the Nine went down the hill into town. It was a dismal ending of a Fourth which had begun so noisily, with the pealing of bells, the firing of guns, and the flaming of bonfires, prophesied by one of the revolutionary forefathers.

"Just our luck!" grumbled Sam, next day, when he saw that the sky was cloudless, and that the silvery waters of the bay reflected Nautilus Island, Gray's Head and Hainey's Point as if in a looking-glass. "Some days it rains, and then, again, some days it don't rain. Yesterday, just as we were making ready to wallop the White Bears, and had a lead of 5 to 0, it ups and rains, and so puts a stop to the game. To-day not a wet cloud shows its face in the sky. You look over the

fort and you can see the whole of Brigadier's Island reflected in Penobscot Bay, just as if it was on the bottom of a new tin pan. Before this game is over, boys, you'll wish a long shower would come and save the feelings of the bully Nine of Fairport; now you see."

"Sam is always croaking," said Blackie, who was always looking on the bright side of things, as if his spirit was much lighter than his face. But when Sam lost the toss and the White Bears took the field and their opponents went to the bat first, things did look a little gloomy for the Fairports. And when their first inning was finished without scoring one run to their credit, even the calm and stolid "lob" felt a sinking at the heart.

"It's too bad," said pretty Alice Martin, shaking her yellow curls with emphasis. "It's too bad for anything, and if I was Sam Perkins I'd give that Coombs boy an awful whipping. Every time one of the White Bears makes a base hit, he just grins like a chessey-cat, and makes up a face as if to say that he did it all. He's perfectly horrid!"

But serious business was now in hand, for the Bears went to the bat in high spirits. It was the first time that they, or any other nine, had prevented the Fairports from making one run. They had a right to feel pleased. "Mightily tickled," Sarah Judkins confidentially said they were, when she leaned over and whispered her opinion into Phœbe Noyes's sun-bonnet.

Before the Fairports went to their places, Captain Sam went among his forces and warned them that the White Bears were playing at their very best that day, and that if they would win it must be with hard work, cool heads, and, above all, no nonsense. The game went on rapidly to the close of the eighth inning, and, up to that time, the Fairport Nine had not been able to make a single run, and their score stood exactly where it did at the close of their first inning of the day before. The White Bears, however, crept up, making a run at a time, until, when their opponents went to the bat on the eighth, and the Fairports' last, inning, the score stood 5 to 5. Sam Perkins was the first striker, and while he was selecting his bat, his comrades noticed, with some surprise, that the White Bears had quietly changed their pitcher. The redoubtable Eph Mullett, otherwise "Nosey," and otherwise "Turkey," went to the place of pitcher, and Jake Coombs took the left field, while Dan Morey went to short stop, where "Nosey" had been playing. This move did not disconcert Sam in the least. He was one of the strongest hitters of his Nine, and was almost always safe.

There was not a sound. Even the chattering young ladies on the slopes of the rampart were as quiet as so many mice. They watched the game

with the most intense interest, and, as for their friends in the Nine, they did not dare to speak, and hardly to breathe, for fear they might lose some point in the style of the new pitcher. Then came the umpire's question: "Where will you have the ball?"

"Knee high," was Sam's steady reply, which could be heard by every person inside of the fort. Eph Mullett delivered the ball; it went like lightning. Sam did not even make a motion to strike at it, and his fellows, who were waiting their turn on the bench near by, looked at each other in speechless amazement. But the gallant Captain hit the next ball and sent it whizzing along the ground, and made the first base. Cheery little Blackie was next at the bat. "See the ducky!" scoffed Nance Grindle. "Thinks he is as good as a white man, don't he? So stuck-up along with Billy Hetherington! Sakes alive! What's he at, anyhow!" For Blackie made two attempts to hit the ball delivered by Mullett, and in vain.

Meantime, however, Sam Perkins had stolen to his second base, and Blackie, with a mighty effort, gave him his third base by a masterly stroke that sent the ball to center field. Now it was Ned Martin's turn to distinguish himself. With two players on the bases, it required very delicate playing. Ned played cautiously until he got a ball that almost everybody thought would bring home the two men on the bases. Alas! it went straight into the hands of the first base, who returned it with surprising dexterity to the catcher at home base, just in time to put out Sam Perkins, by a hair's-breadth.

A double play for the "White Bears," two out on the side of the "Fairports," and not a run scored,—this prospect was not bright for the famous Nine. Fleet-footed Blackie was at second base, however, and Billy Hetherington, next to Sam Perkins the best striker of the Fairport Nine, was the next man at the bat. Billy was tall and lank, for his years, and was sometimes called "Crane," by way of joke. But he had an unerring eye, and was as cool as a cucumber under any and all circumstances. Billy struck the first ball, and Blackie was off like a deer for third base. But, contrary to all expectations, Billy's ball was a foul, and, fortunately, as it turned out, went away out of the catcher's reach, among the thistles which grew at the base of the bastion. And so Blackie had time to resume his position at second base once more. Billy's next hit was a high-flyer, and as his comrades saw the center fielder move back to get in range of the descending ball, their hearts almost stood still. They saw the ball go right through his hands, and then they breathed a long sigh of relief which was echoed among the very

niciest girls on the side of the fort. Sam Perkins treated the spectators to a few steps of his favorite war-dance.

But the joy of the Fairports was short-lived. The "lob," their next batsman, sent a foul ball straight up over his head, and it fell plumb into the hands of the catcher. This ended the last inning of the Fairport Nine, and they had not made one run that day. Their only hope now was to "skunk" the White Bears, who were coming to the bat with their faces aglow with satisfaction and anticipated triumph. This, at least, might prolong the game, which could result in a tie.

When the Fairports went to the field in the ninth inning, it was evident that their spirits were a little drooping.

"I don't see our way out of this pickle," said Billy Hetherington to his sable chum, as they passed each other on their way to their respective stations.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Billy," replied his hopeful crony. "I've seen sicker cats than this get well."

Billy thought to himself that, though a cat may have nine lives, the Fairport Nine did not have more than one chance in a thousand to beat the White Bears in this match; and then all would be over.

The sympathies of the spectators were unmistakably with the Fairports, and when Pat Adams, at third base, took a hot ball straight from Joe Patchen's bat, with one hand, almost precisely as he had done the day before, there was a breezy ripple of applause all along the side of the fort where the girls were the thickest in a group. Dan Morey was their next striker. He sent a ball straight over to little Blackie, at left field. Blackie was watching the ball as it described a beautiful ascending curve in the air, but his quick eye had also marked the tall thistles on the top of the fort nodding in the wind, which was now rising somewhat. He took a position a little to the right of the place where everybody thought the ball should fall. Captain Sam, at short stop, saw this and ground his teeth with rage, and inwardly groaned "he'll make a muff!" But the colored member of the Nine knew what he was about. The wind took the ball a little to the north; it then descended with a rush, and dropped directly into his tawny hands; and good Blackie held it like a vise, doubling himself over in his anxiety to grip it. A scream of delight went up from the rampart where the girls waved their sun-bonnets with joy. The Fairports winked encouragingly at each other, and Captain Sam muttered an apology to Blackie, as he was in the habit of talking to himself. The White Bears had not made a run yet, and they

had two players out. The prospect was decidedly better.

George Bridges was their next batsman, and he was always to be feared. As he stood in position, wearing his usual pleasant expression, but with a look of dogged determination on his brown face, everybody knew that he "meant business," as the Fairports were saying to themselves. If he once got a good blow at that ball, the chances were that it would go at a tremendous rate somewhere. Silently, Captain Sam motioned his fielders to fall back. The precaution was well taken. Bridges had a square hit at the ball, and sent it away over the head of Billy Hetherington at center field. Before he could get it and throw it to Ned Martin, the pitcher, George Bridges had made his third base. Joe Fitts was the next man to stand up before the pitcher of the Fairports, and to him the White Bears now looked for success. He must hit the ball so as to bring George home, and if he could only do this, the game was won. It was a thrilling crisis. A hush fell on the field. The flower-bed of sun-bonnets and parasols on the rampart and the side of the fort ceased its fluttering in the wind and sunshine. Even the boy friends of the White Bears did not speak, although they showed by their looks that they had confidence in Joe's ability to do something great. And then Jemima Pegg, a long-legged girl who worked in the lobster-packing factory, stood up and waved her bonnet, crying out, "Go it, Joe! Now 's yer chance!"

Joe struck at the ball twice, but missed it. At the third attempt, however, he was more fortunate. He sent it whizzing through the air over to Pat Adams, at third base. Joe went for the first base as fast as his legs could carry him. George Bridges did the same in the direction of the home base, and, to the confusion and grief of the Fairports and their fair friends, Pat Adams muffed that ball. "Oh, Patsy! Patsy! How could you do so?" groaned Captain Sam. For that muff virtually lost the game, and the crisis was past. But, before the White Bears' third player was put out, the score-keepers had to allow them a home run for Jake Coombs, which, with Joe's one, made the score five to eight in favor of the White Bears, and the next striker was put out by a foul.

The great match was over, and pretty Alice Martin, rising from her seat on the turf, said: "It's too awfully mean for anything for those Southenders to get the pennant. But it was just splendid." Alice was always a little mixed in her ideas, but she meant that the game was splendid. And so thought and said a great many of the less personally interested spectators, as they went down to the village. But so did not think Captain Sam when he saw the umpire hand the pennant over to

the triumphant Booden, of the White Bears. That hero took it with a grin, and, waving the little strip of red and white bunting over his head, bawled—“It’s not so big as the ‘William and Sally’s’ burgee, boys, but it’s our’n.”

Sam and his mates turned away in speechless

rage, but bold little Blackie called after the departing victors—“You had to work for it harder than you ever did before the mast! So, now!”

“Hush up, Blackie,” said Billy Hetherington. “They’ve won the championship, and the great match is over.”

(To be continued.)

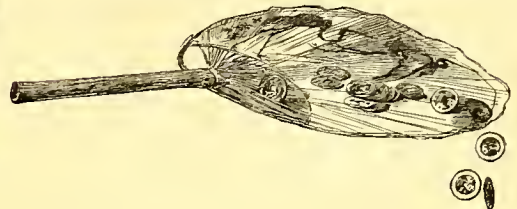


THE JAPANESE FAN.

THERE lives in the land of Japan
A very lugubrious man,
Who sketches with toil,
In water and oil,
Strange scenes for the Japanese fan.

He paints with a Chinaman's queue,
And uses vermilion and blue;
He delights in large herds,
Of long-legged birds,
Which he makes with their bodies askew.

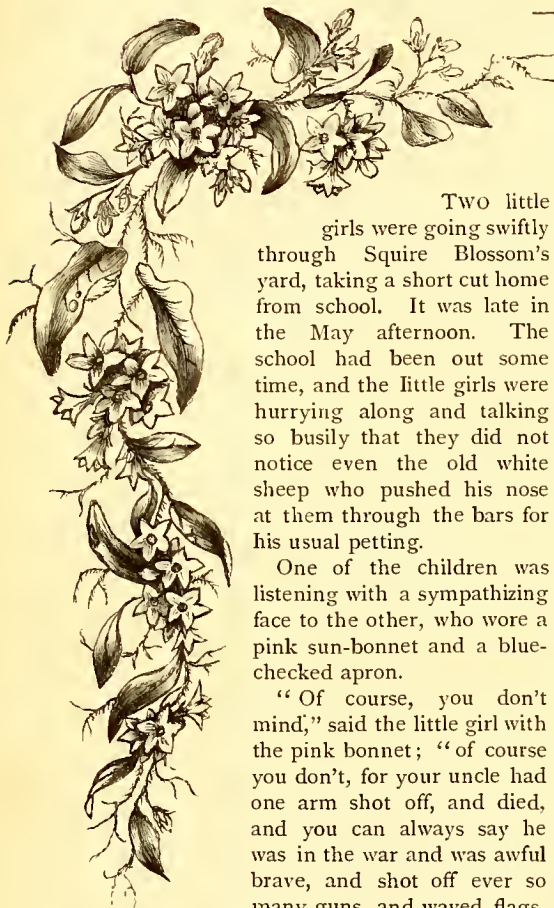
He strives, with the noble intent,
To picture each current event;
He often spends hours
Over intricate flowers,
And receives just the eighth of a cent.



SALLY'S SOLDIER.

(A Decoration-day Story.)

BY CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH.



Two little girls were going swiftly through Squire Blossom's yard, taking a short cut home from school. It was late in the May afternoon. The school had been out some time, and the little girls were hurrying along and talking so busily that they did not notice even the old white sheep who pushed his nose at them through the bars for his usual petting.

One of the children was listening with a sympathizing face to the other, who wore a pink sun-bonnet and a blue-checked apron.

"Of course, you don't mind," said the little girl with the pink bonnet; "of course you don't, for your uncle had one arm shot off, and died, and you can always say he was in the war and was awful brave, and shot off ever so many guns, and waved flags, and drummed awful hard,

and slashed his sword about, and cut things all up."

"Oh, did he do all that?" asked little Mary, quite elated. "I did n't know it; who told you?"

"Oh, of course he did," said Sally; "all the men were very brave that went from our town. Mother says father was too sick to go to the war, and I feel awful ashamed about it. My uncle went, but he never lost one of his fingers, even, and never got shot one bit; so it's just the same as if he'd never been!"

"I should think you'd be glad he did n't get hurt," said little Mary, who could not follow Sally in her patriotic flight. "Perhaps your uncle fired and drummed just as hard as mine, and per-

haps he shot the enemy so fast that nobody got a chance at him."

"Well, I'm real mad and ashamed, too," replied Sally. "Tuesday is Decoration-day, and there is n't one grave that's any relation to me in all that grave-yard, and there is n't a name on that monument in Martinsville that belongs to our folks!"

But, when Sally took her seat in school the next morning, her face wore a cheerful and determined air; and at recess, when the little boys and girls were discussing the glories of Decoration-day, she joined in the conversation as freely as if she had owned all the soldiers in town.

"I'm going to walk to Martinsville and hear the speeches, and see the monument trimmed up," said a big boy. "Seven of those names belong to our village. I wish I had been a soldier."

"So do I!" cried Sally. "Why, when I hear the crackers on Fourth of July, I feel awful patriotic! Oh, I wish I had lived in the Revolution! When I study about those brave women I just wish I had been one of them. I'd have kept a little gun in my kitchen, and if I'd seen a red-coat coming, I'd have popped him off."

The boys laughed at Sally's warlike spirit, but the girls were rather startled.

"Why, Sally Barnes," said little Mary, "I never knew you hated folks so, before; why, I'd have taken a red-coat in, and hid him in our garret, up behind the old spinning-wheel and the chests. I'd have tied up his shot places and taken his dinner to him. I would n't be so unkind to anybody."

"I guess you would n't have done that if he'd been shooting your father, would you?" asked Sally, to bring the matter home.

"Oh, but I did n't mean one that had shot father," said little Mary, in dismay.

"They are going to decorate the graves in our village first," said the big boy who had spoken before. "There's only seven, you know, and then they'll all go over to Martinsville; you girls wont, of course, you can't walk three miles and back."

"I can," said Sally, "and I'm going to, too."

"Why, Sally!" cried one of the big girls, "you need n't be so interested; you were n't born when the war closed, and none of your relations died in it, and if they had they'd never know whether you tramped over that hot, sandy road or not. Whose grave are you going to weep over?"

Sally was silent.

"I guess she's going to weep over my uncle's," said little Mary, anxious to share her blessing with her friend. "My uncle used to live next door to her house, you know."

"I don't want to borrow anybody's relation's grave," said Sally, "for I've got one of my own, now. It never did belong to anybody, and I've adopted it; so I've got a right to go to Martinsville, if I want to!"

The big boys and girls burst out laughing. "Whose grave is it, Sally?" they asked.

"It's John Anderson's," said the little girl, "and it does n't belong to any of you, for I asked my father, and he said it did n't. He was a Swede, and worked for the doctor, and went to the war, and came back sick and died, and did n't belong in this town. So I said I'd have him for my soldier, and my father says I can."

Everything Sally took hold of was done thoroughly. "I'd rather have one hour of Sally's work than three of Katy's," her mother used to say.

The family, when she told them of "her grave," only laughed; they were used to "Sally's ways."

Early on Decoration-day morning, Sally went to the grave-yard, which was lying fresh and green in the morning sun. It was a place where one might like to rest after a sad and weary life. It lay on a little rise of ground, and was surrounded by a low stone wall, tinted by lichens in green and gold.

It was uncared for, except as Nature tended it. The blackberry-vines ran at will over the low stones, the bees hummed in the long grasses, which waved, and blossomed, and died, untouched by the scythe.

Violets bloomed thickly in the spring-time, and the daisies bent and swayed in the sweet summer air. Far off lay the blue sea. Quiet was always there, and rest belonged to the place.

It looked very bright on this May morning; and Sally, in her pink sun-bonnet, stepped resolutely along until she came to "her grave." She cut the grass carefully from it with a large pair of scissors, and heaped the mound with flowers.

When the little procession turned into the yard, the people were all surprised to see the grave of the poor Swede, who had lived for so short a time among them, carefully trimmed and decorated.

After the simple ceremony was over, the people separated, most of them returning to their homes. Sally, however, followed the men and boys who were going to Martinsville.

The minister and his wife rode in a buggy. When they saw Sally trudging along in the hot sun, they offered to tuck her in between them, and she was very glad to accept the invitation.

"Why were you taking this long walk, my dear?" asked Mr. Raymond.

"I want to hear the speeches, and go to Decoration-day, and see the monuments. Besides," said Sally, "I want to hear what they are going to say about John Anderson."

"Who is John Anderson?" asked the minister. "Do you mean Major Anderson of Sumter?"

"I don't know, sir,—I mean a man who died in the war, for us. He was a Swede, and need n't have gone to our war at all, only he was so polite," Sally replied.

"I remember the poor fellow, now; he came here as a sailor on one of our ships, and stayed—worked on the doctor's farm. He was an honest, hard-working man; he little thought he had come among us only to find a grave."

"Why did n't they have him buried near his relations?" asked Sally.

"No one knew, I suppose, where his friends lived."

"And perhaps," said Sally, "his mother is looking out for him all the time, and thinks he has forgotten her," and tears came into her large gray eyes.

Sally told Mrs. Raymond about adopting the grave, and the lady was much amused and touched.

When they came into Martinsville, the scene was quite exciting to the little girl.

The streets were filled with people, and, on the little square where the monument stood, the band was playing slow and mournful music.

Sally's heart thrilled with the sound.

Mr. Raymond tied his horse to a tree near the square, and then they walked on to the "green," to be within hearing of the speakers.

Sally listened attentively, as one after another named the brave fellows who had given their lives for their country.

When Squire Barnard rose, Sally never took her eyes from him; he was from her village, and would speak of the soldiers who belonged there.

He named and praised one and another, briefly, and then sat down; he never mentioned John Anderson! Sally's cheeks grew red,—she pulled Mr. Raymond's sleeve.

"I did n't think Mr. Barnard was so unkind and mean," she whispered; "he never said one single word about John Anderson; and I'll never play with his little girl again! When I'm big enough, I'll carve a head-stone for my soldier."

A gentleman now spoke to Mr. Raymond, and the two walked off together toward the platform. The minister rose to say a few words.

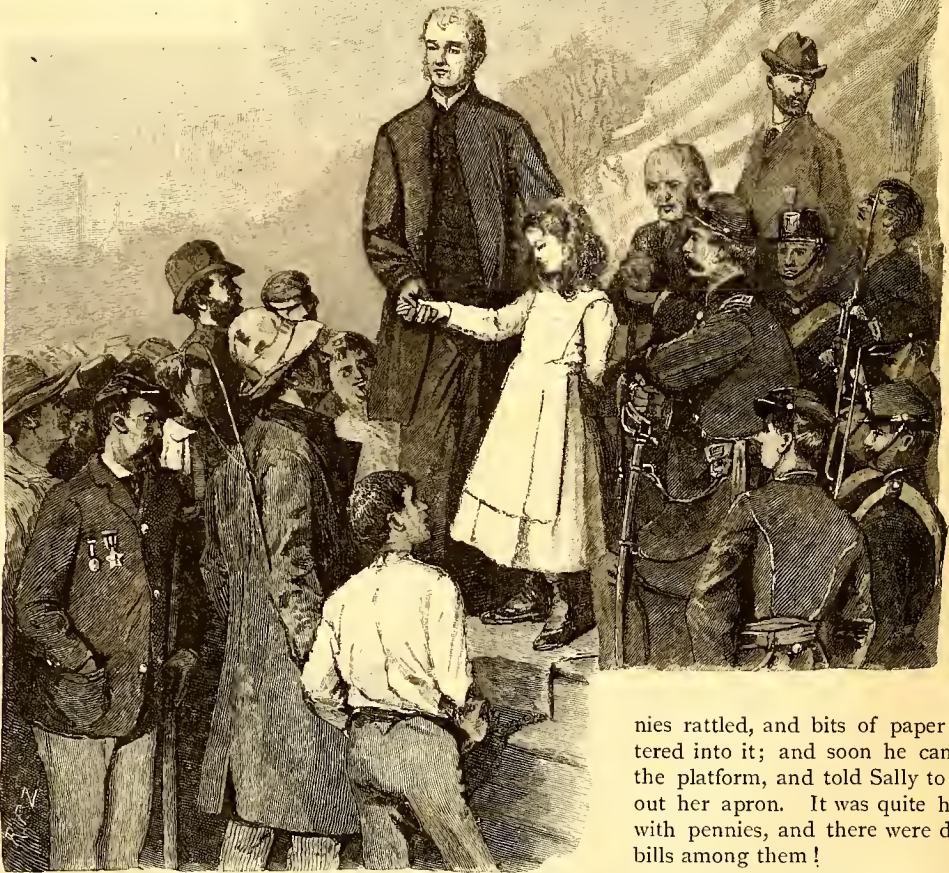
He said he wanted to tell a little story. So he told them of Sally's adopted grave, and spoke very

tenderly of the poor stranger who had cast his lot among them; and of the little girl who wished to keep his memory fresh, and who had felt hurt that the Squire had forgotten to mention him.

"Let's see the little girl," said a voice; and before Sally knew where she was, a man had lifted her on to the platform. She looked upon the crowd; and then she held down her head, the tears in her eyes. The people all laughed.

"I propose," said Mr. Raymond, "that we give money enough to this little woman, to buy a simple headstone for the grave of John Anderson."

The people clapped their hands, and a man passed his hat around among the crowd. Pen-



SALLY ON THE PLATFORM.

"Oh, thank you," she said, her eyes sparkling. And then she added, suddenly, in a grateful tone of voice: "I'll put some flowers on your monument the next time we ride over."

Then everybody clapped their hands, and stamped and laughed; and Sally was helped down and took her seat again by Mrs. Raymond.

nies rattled, and bits of paper fluttered into it; and soon he came to the platform, and told Sally to hold out her apron. It was quite heavy with pennies, and there were dollar bills among them!

Sally smiled and quite forgot herself, thinking of the people's kindness.

The Squire said the speakers ought to ride home together; so he put Sally into his carriage, which was lined with blue cloth, and had a nice stuffed back, and springs in the seat.

Sally's mother was quite surprised to see her little girl getting out of Squire Barnard's carriage. She had worried about her all day, for she never dreamed that she really meant to go all the way to Martinsville.

Sally told the family all about her day, and how she had been on the platform; and she showed the money; and her father, when he had heard all, said he should never worry about that girl,—she always fell feet down!

The story of Sally's patriotic zeal soon spread around the firesides of the county, and several gentlemen and ladies, who were not present at the celebration, sent her money to help in buying the head-stone.

When she had thirty dollars, Sally began to grow impatient to have the work done. So she dressed herself very neatly one afternoon, and called on Mrs. Squire Barnard. The lady smiled kindly on her, and said:

"Oh, this is the little girl who made the speech at Martinsville! I am glad to see you again, dear. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sally; "I came to ask you if you would take your nice carriage some day and go shopping with Mrs. Raymond and me, for a head-stone for my soldier. I don't want to buy just any one that happens to be left over at the Center."

Mrs. Barnard said she was going on Monday to the county town, where there were two or three marble-yards, and that she would be very happy to take Mrs. Raymond and Sally with her in the carriage.

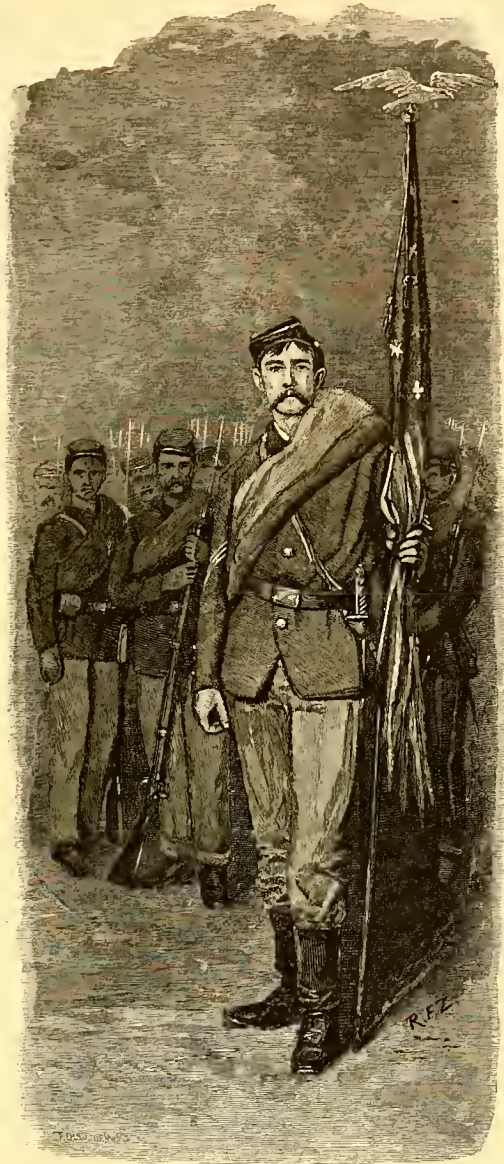
That was a proud and happy day when the little girl climbed into the fine carriage and took her seat opposite the two ladies.

But when they reached the marble-yard, Sally was very much disappointed not to find a stone all ready and waiting for her, with drums and fifes, and swords and guns carved on it.

Mrs. Raymond said that, as there was no more war where her good soldier had gone, some emblem of peace would be better.

Sally then turned her attention to the doves and lambs she saw on head-stones, but, after some effort, the ladies diverted her from these; and soon they all agreed on a beautiful white marble scroll.

The price of this was thirty-five dollars; but when the owner heard the story of Sally's soldier, he said he would sell it for thirty.



If ever you should visit Sally's town, you would see a well-kept grave in the church-yard, with a scroll at its head, on which is carved in bold relief:

"John Anderson,
A Native of Sweden,
Aged 28 Years."

And beneath this a grateful acknowledgment of the sacrifice the young stranger had made for union, justice and liberty among us.



THIS little old man lived all alone,
 And he was a man of sorrow ;
 For, if the weather was fair to-day,
 He was sure 't would rain to-morrow.

A. D. 1695.

BY MRS. D. G. BACON.

ALMOST all boys and girls who read this paper will have either read or studied at school some history of England, and will remember that while they can recall the names of King John, King Stephen, Kings Edward, Henry, and many others, and can think, too, of queens who have reigned alone, it is only in one reign that the names of both king and queen are always mentioned together—namely, those of William and Mary.

Now, after the good queen Mary's death, and while William was reigning sadly alone, there was something done of great importance in the kingdom,—not always told in small histories,—which may be of interest to our young readers, and well worth remembering. This event of importance was a new method of coining money. Before this time, for centuries, money had been shaped in just one rude way. The metal, after being prepared of a certain thickness, was marked and cut by hand with shears into pieces; these were then

hammered as nearly round as possible, the pieces having around them no rim nor inscription such as we are used to seeing on coined money now. Made in this unskillful way, the coins in use could not be of exactly the same weight and value, and it was found to be very easy to clip off little portions of them, without very much reducing their value or changing their appearance. These clippings, although very small, when collected from many pieces and melted together, were found to be of much value. But in time, the clipped coins, after passing through the hands of many dishonest persons, who each took a little paring, became so much lessened in size that a shilling was in weight worth no more than a sixpence or even less, and all pieces became reduced in the same proportion.

Some boy interested in trading may ask, "If a clipped shilling passed for a shilling, and would buy a shilling's worth of any thing, what difference

did it make?" It made this difference: Shillings and crowns being of all sizes, those who labored for money demanded to be paid in good-sized pieces, and there were continual wranglings and disputings between the laborer and his employer, and between buyer and seller, as to what sort of money should be received in payment. These arguments took much time, gave rise to ill feeling, and sometimes ended in fights and bloodshed. Then, if money were to be sent to France or any foreign country, where its value must be decided according to its weight, fifty pounds, face value, in clipped English money would be found to be worth, perhaps, no more than twenty pounds.

To remedy this very unhappy state of affairs, it was thought best that the government should have new money coined, hoping that it would in a short time drive out the old altogether. So, in 1558, a mill was set up in the Tower, by which means the new pieces were shaped of uniform size, each with a raised rim and cross-fluted edge, so that it could not be clipped without showing the cut. Coin from the new mill was called "milled" money, and people liked it, for it was the best then coined in Europe. The horse in the Tower went round and round (for machinery then was not much like ours), and heaps of bright new pieces were continually being made. However, very little of the new coinage was in circulation, and dishonest persons still grew rich from the clippings of the old coins, and the same quarreling and dissatisfaction existed. The new money was either hoarded or sent out of the country,—the poor coins still passed from hand to hand in trade.

Then very severe laws were made to punish those who should be found guilty of mutilating the money. The offense was punished with as much severity as counterfeiting. Some persons proved to have clipped money were hanged, and one woman, we are told, was burned alive. Still, the business was so profitable that even these severe laws could not check it, and the wisest men in the kingdom tried to find some better plan.

This was what was done. Good men thought that the government ought to make good the loss on the clipped money to each person who should have it in his possession. If a poor man should have saved a hundred pounds, they said, and a law were to be passed that each individual must give up his money to be melted down and coined again, this poor man would receive for his one hundred perhaps only forty or fifty pounds in exchange. So

it was resolved to call in after a certain day all the old money and pay its full face value in exchange. To do this, twelve hundred thousand pounds would be needed, and the next question was how the government could raise so large a sum.

It was decided at last to put a new tax upon the people. The inmates of every house were required to pay a certain tax upon each window in the house. This was called the window-tax.

Then many furnaces were employed to melt the old money and make it into ingots. These were made into milled money in the Tower, and after a certain day in the year A. D. 1695, none of the old clipped money could be legally used. Finally, then, this great evil, which had lasted a very long time, was cured.



The two double pictures represent a clipped coin and a milled coin, both faces of each. The clipped coin is an unusually well-preserved specimen, and is a very rare English shilling, minted in 1549, during the reign of Edward VI. Besides showing the marks of clippings, it is of interest as being an example of the first appearance of a date upon English money. The milled coin is an English shilling of the reign of Charles II., and was minted in 1663, two years before the Great Plague. The third picture represents a coin lying flat, and shows the milling, or cross-fluting, upon the edge. The specimens from which these pictures were taken were kindly loaned to ST. NICHOLAS by Gaston L. Feuudent, Esquire, of New York.



TOPSYTURVY'S DREAM.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.



TOPSYTURVY had lived all his life in a great old-fashioned house, not far from the sea. He was only eight years old, and he had big, musing blue eyes, and airy yellow hair, that seemed to hold the flash of a buttercup in it. His father and mother were both very fond of him, and very kind to him; but often, when the neighbors admired his lovely looks, both parents would shake their heads sadly, and say: "Oh, yes, but he is always getting everything wrong."

And he was. Yet in his lessons and his daily life he made mistakes, not from stupidity, but from absent-mindedness. He was a dreamer. Everybody, who knew him well, agreed that if he would only stop falling asleep and dreaming with his eyes wide open, he would be a clever child, and a shining credit to those whom his grotesque errors now sorely tried. As might be supposed, in a little boy of his temperament, he was very fond of fairy-tales. He was never tired of reading about the marvels which they narrated, and he knew a number of them by heart. These he would recite to himself while he walked along the pleasant pastoral roads. They were an immense comfort to poor Topsyturvy, these quaint, fantastic stories. Just to murmur them aloud as he did would soothe him wonderfully after the torments of school-hours. "I suppose I like them," he would say, "because the people who are in them are all queer, just as I am. Only, I wish that I could manage to find a few more books of them."

At first, Topsyturvy's parents encouraged his love of fairy-tales; there seemed no harm in such a taste, and it was certainly better than the lawless pranks of most boys. But by degrees the good people began to suspect that this fanciful reading only made their son more self-forgetful and peculiar. At length an awful edict went forth. Topsyturvy was to read no more fairy-tales. The little book-case in a corner of the sitting-room, that held his favorites, was mercilessly locked. Poor

Topsyturvy gazed at the gilded scroll-work on some of their backs till his eyes grew dim. He felt as if his heart had been taken from his breast and shut behind those cruel glass panes. "It's no comfort to look at them," he said, woefully, one afternoon; "they only make me feel all the more that I've lost them."

He went out and rambled along a road that swept away past the homestead in which he lived, frequented by few vehicles, and leading straight toward the sea. It was now September, and the margins of the road were gay with jungles of blossoming golden-rod, or richly purple with the feathery blooms of asters. The afternoon light gave a kind of silvery-blue glitter to the sky, and the fresh Autumn breeze had the least hint of winter in its soft keenness. A creeper wound about the trunk of a somber cedar had begun to burn with vivid scarlet tints. Already the calm splendor of the sea, behind black overhanging crags, had broken upon Topsyturvy's sight. He loved the sea dearly. The melodies of its incoming or outgoing tides had always been fascinatingly sweet to him. Not far away there was a sort of rocky bluff, with a cavernous hole in it, whose edges the waters had draped years ago in beaded lichens. From this rough alcove, when the tide was low, Topsyturvy liked to watch the spacious grandeur of the sea, while seated on a certain sun-dried ledge. He clambered up into the ledge now, and let his eyes roam across the silent, measureless expanse. A few sails gleamed here and there, faintly as the white wings of far-away gulls. Presently he turned his sight toward the interior of the cave, leaning his bushy gold head against the cool, firm wall of rock. He was longing for one of the fairy-tale books. He had so often read them before, just in this very spot! The place seemed thronged with the people whom he loved, and whose lives and fortunes he had read about with such affectionate wonderment. A strange idea entered his sad, distressed brain.

"They say that I get everything wrong," he sighed, wistfully * * * "I hope I have n't made any mistakes about the stories * * * I hope I understood *those* all right * * *"

It seemed to him only a very little while afterward that the interior of the cave grew full of a pale, doubtful light, as though the earliest glimmer of morning were filling it. His eyes were still turned away from the sea, but he did not change

his posture. He was not at all frightened. It occurred to him that he somehow ought to be, and yet he was not.

He could no longer recognize the spot where he had seated himself. The swarthy sea-weeds had all faded away. He seemed surrounded with a calm, whitish mist, such as he had seen clothe the shore on foggy days, when the sun had touched all the fleecy, vaporous masses with a sweet, dull glory. By and by the mist parted very slowly, and he perceived several obscure, confused forms. For some time he could make none of them out at all distinctly. But by degrees one of them became very plain to him.

It was a beautiful, princely figure, clad in a doublet of velvet that glistened with gems. It had on a cap from which curved a long white feather, that partly shadowed the handsome, delicate face.

"Oh, dear," murmured Topsyturvy, admiringly, "how splendid you are! Who can *you* be?"

The vision gave a light, musical laugh. "I?" he said. "Oh, I am the person whom you have always thought Cinderella's prince. But you were very much mistaken. You are forever getting things wrong, you know. I marry a poor, ignorant little creature who constantly sat among the cinders! Not a bit of it!"

Another laugh, in a very feminine voice, sounded immediately afterward. A beautiful lady, in a brocaded dress and with powdered hair rolled high off her blooming face, stood at the Prince's side. But her lip had a proud curl, and in her white, jeweled neck was the haughty arch that we see in a sailing swan's. Somehow, Topsyturvy knew this lady the moment that he looked upon her. He felt sure that she was one of Cinderella's wicked sisters.

"Yes," cried the brilliant creature, suddenly spreading out an immense fan, that was almost the size of a peacock's tail, and painted over with pink cherubs firing roses at one another—"oh, yes, everybody knows that Topsyturvy is all the time getting things wrong. The slipper fitted me perfectly. See there!"

And she held out the daintiest and neatest of feet, on which sparkled a small glass slipper.

Topsyturvy felt like uttering a shout of astonishment; perhaps he would have done so if a very sad voice, and a very sad face as well, had not both quickly claimed his attention. And now Cinderella herself stood before him, with a wan, tired look, and dark, mournful eyes. She had silky flaxen hair, but this, like her wretched, ragged garments, bore thick powdery traces of the cinders among which she had dwelt so long.

"That lady is quite right," murmured Cinderella, looking straight at Topsyturvy with her deep, melancholy eyes. "You are always getting

things wrong, remember. My sisters just went to the ball without me, and that was the end of it. I staid at home and sat in the cinders, as I shall no doubt have to do until my other sister gets married—which I hope will be soon. Nobody knows who dropped the glass slipper on the ball-room floor. It is said that there were several foreign princesses there, that night, with whom our Prince danced, but he was certainly more attentive to my sister than to anybody else. And the next morning, when he appeared with the slipper, he knew perfectly well that it would fit her; he had seen her foot before; he recollected how pretty and small it was."

The low, dreary voice in which she spoke, died slowly away. And then Cinderella's form died away with it, and that of the Prince and the fine, cruel sister likewise. Once more it seemed to Topsyturvy that the cave was filled with mist. But though the visions had vanished, the impression left on their observer was still a strong one.

"I am so sorry for poor Cinderella," lamented Topsyturvy. "Perhaps I may be always getting things wrong, but it would have been a great deal better, I am very sure, if the whole affair had been managed my way instead of hers!"

Just as he finished these words, it seemed to him that some strange power lifted him gently upon his feet, and that he was borne along for quite a distance without walking a step. And now, as if magically conjured up from nowhere, a high, dense, thorny hedge rose before him. Its prickly sharpness, mingled with the close-growing leafage, looked picturesque enough, but it nevertheless made Topsyturvy think, with a little shiver, what a very hard time any one would have who might attempt to scramble through it. There was a door, however, or a vine-girt opening that resembled one, and beside this sat a queer, sleepy old man, in a dull, wine-colored jerkin and a faded taffetas cap. He looked up drowsily as Topsyturvy drew near. He wore his gray beard cut in a peaked form, and the toes of his shoes came to a sharp point, and fell a little sideways because of their limp length.

"Oh," he said, seeing who had arrived, "it's only you."

And he lowered his old eyes toward the ground again.

"Were you expecting anybody else?" asked Topsyturvy.

The old man looked up once more. This time he gave his bony shoulders an impatient shrug.

"Oh, I suppose the Prince will come, one of these days. They say that he will. It's been over five hundred years now since he was expected. My father watched here before me, and my grand-

father, and my grandfather's father, and so back for many generations."

A light began to break in upon Topsyturvy.

"Oh," he said, softly, "this door leads to——"

"The Sleeping Palace," said the old man. Then he looked at Topsyturvy a little keenly out of his dreamy eyes. "I dare say you thought it had waked up long ago. But then, you know, you are always getting things wrong."

"Yes," said Topsyturvy, ruefully, "I am sorry to say that I am."

"You can go in, if you please," said the old man, staring down at his pointed shoes, "and see for yourself."

Topsyturvy felt himself gently borne through the leafy aperture. He stood presently in what seemed to him the court-yard of a magnificent marble palace. But the marble was all sallow and stained with time, and faint films of velvety moss clung to it here and there in greenish patches. An immense flight of steps led upward to a vast colonnaded balcony, and beyond this rose a front of spacious windows, all overhung by thick masses of sculpture, in which he saw griffins' heads jutting forth in bold relief. Across the balcony hung great embroidered banners of silk and satin, that must have been gorgeous in their day, but were now tarnished and tattered. Along the stately stairs lay numerous forms of pages and vassals, some brawny, grown men, and some slender, pretty boys, with curly golden heads. But each form wore the listless apathy of deep slumber, and every face among them had its eyes tightly shut. Topsyturvy had never before been in so still a place. The silence was perfectly breathless. High grass had grown through the crevices of the court-yard flags, and from the big carved urns that flanked the majestic portico, rank growths of untended flowers trailed in tangled festoons, making the air heavy with their perfumes. One of the little pages was half smothered by a profusion of ivy that had pushed itself through the stony balustrade, and wrapped him in its dark luxuriance.

Half of his own accord, and half because some hidden force still urged him, Topsyturvy mounted the lordly steps. He trod very softly, as though afraid to rouse the sleepers. But none of them stirred. At length he passed along the broad balcony, and entered a superb archway that led through an enormous hall. Here, at various intervals apart, sat men in rusty armor, but their helmeted heads had fallen sideways, and though their mighty hands still grasped tall halberds in slanting positions, all were fast asleep. Presently Topsyturvy found himself in a new apartment, and now his blue eyes opened very wide indeed with wonder.

The room was hung with many mouldering tapestries, where gleamed dim shapes of huntsmen, with leaping hounds at their sides, and sometimes a lady on horseback, with a hawk fluttering upward from her wrist. But in the chamber itself was a raised throne, and here, on a huge chair that seemed made of dragons, all twisted together, sat a venerable figure, with a high golden crown and a flowing white beard that swept nearly to the floor. This was too plainly the King, but a full, mellow snore, regular as the strokes of a clock, told that he, too, was sleeping. At his side stood a page, with drooped head, also asleep, but holding in one hand a burnished flagon, and in the other a goblet. The King had put forth his own hand, as if in act to receive the goblet, but his outstretched fingers lay drooped upon the gilded frame-work of the chair. All about him stood lords and retainers, but upon each had sunk the same benumbing spell.

After this, Topsyturvy wandered about the whole palace, seeing many strange sights. In one room he found a gray-haired lady, whose moth-eaten robe clung round her with brittle dryness. She tended a skein toward a young girl who had been arrested by sleep, like herself, while in act of unwinding it. But across the skein was woven a heavy brown cobweb, in which even the crafty spiders that had wrought it did not stir. Then again he found a dog, in act to bark at an elderly dame, who held a silver-mounted staff in air; but the dog and the old woman were alike mute in slumber. * * * And so on, through many separate chambers, till at last, in a remote portion of the palace, Topsyturvy reached the end of his curious journey.

Here the light came through a large oriel window, and struck full upon a couch, whose coverlet had once been some costly purple fabric, sown with stars and lilies; but although this rare cloth was now dull and raveled, she whose form it overspread almost dazzled you with her loveliness. Slumber had given a damask tint to her cheeks, like that which a peach will wear on the side that has been turned nearest to the sun; and her lips, half unclosed, had the curl of rose-petals. Her dark hair fell in plenteous folds about the pillow, for though a jeweled net had once confined it, the meshes had rotted apart and loosened their glossy burden. This was the Sleeping Beauty. Topsyturvy knew her the moment his gaze fell upon her.

Grouped about the couch of the Princess were many slumbering damsels, some who stood upright, others who reclined in languid attitudes. A few had lutes in their laps, but the lute-strings had quite shriveled away. One lady had her white throat stretched out like a bird when it sings, and her mouth plainly parted; her amber tresses

and pure, saint-like face seemed to tell you how sweet the song might have been, hundreds of years ago! Another damsel had been reading from some sort of volume with fretted golden clasps, but all the leaves of the book had fallen to dust; only a single shred of one yet lingered beneath her sightless look. Topsyturvy leaned over her shoulder, and glanced down at it; only one line remained there, and this somehow seemed like a line of poetry; but the language was now forgotten, even by the wisest men!

As Topsyturvy gazed on the sleeping Princess, a pitiful murmur left him. "I may be always getting things wrong," he said, touching a lock of her dark, coiling hair, "but it surely would have been better if the Prince *had* come and waked you up. What if I kiss her!" he whispered to himself; and then he bent forward and pressed his lips against the Princess's cheek. He felt his heart beat frightenedly all the while. He would have liked to put his arms about her neck, just as he did every night and morning with his dear mother; only she looked too grand and queenly for that. But Topsyturvy was not the Prince whose kiss must awake her. And so she still slept on. And then, soon afterward, the damsels' forms grew quite dim, and the whole chamber faded away. A pale mist once more enveloped Topsyturvy; the enchanted palace and all its inmates had mysteriously fled!

And now, while Topsyturvy marveled over all the strange and sad things that he had seen, a tower rose up out of the mist, built of gray, rugged stone; and on the top of this tower stood a pale lady, who wrung her hands, and wailed in heart-broken tones.

"Dear, dear!" said Topsyturvy; "you seem in great trouble. Who are *you*?"

Then the lady turned her tearful look upon him.

"Don't you know me?" she moaned. "I am the sister of poor Fatima. I——"

"Oh, I know. You 're Sister Anne," said Topsyturvy.

Now, of all his favorite stories, Topsyturvy had always loved "Bluebeard" the best. It was his special treasure—the apple of his eye. He felt his cheeks flushing hotly as an unhappy thought struck him.

"Yes," answered the lady, still wringing her hands, "I am Sister Anne; true enough."

"Then why are you so sorrowful?" asked Topsyturvy. "I thought——"

"Oh," interrupted the lady, petulantly, "you are always getting things wrong, you know. Do you remember why my poor sister sent me to the roof of this tower?"

"Yes, indeed! It was to watch for the brothers who came and saved her from Bluebeard."

There was a little silence. The big tears were running down Sister Anne's cheeks.

"You 're always getting things wrong, Topsyturvy," she began, in a broken voice.

But here a wild, mournful cry cut short her further words.

"Oh, don't tell me that the brothers did n't come at all!" exclaimed Topsyturvy, despairingly. "I know I get everything wrong, but don't tell me I've made *that* mistake! Don't tell me that poor, sweet Fatima has been killed!"

But the loudness of Topsyturvy's own cry awoke him. And there he sat, alone in the cave, above the tawny, glistening sea-weeds, while the risen tide plashed against the crags below, and the darkening water had turned rosy with twilight.

It had all proved a dream, and Topsyturvy sighed a great sigh of relief to find it so. There was such comfort in thinking that for once, after all, he had not been "getting things wrong!"



ANCIENT HISTORY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

(A prose story in rhyme.)

I SUPPOSE they heard
 the reading-lesson
 Which their older
 brother read that
 day,
 For I was not asked to
 tell them "Some-
 thing
 New and funny, Mam-
 ma, to play."



But when I happened into the nursery,
 Both were reclining in regal state,
 By a table furnished with two bananas,
 And a vast amount of gilt-paper plate.

Johnny was looking anxiously upward,
 But May, apparently quite at ease,
 Announced, from a shawl and two sofa-pillows,
 "We are Mr. and Mrs. Damocles!"

And I never, certainly, had encountered
 Such a sword as hung above Johnny's head;
 It was six feet long, and swayed, suspended
 From a cap-pin, by a single thread.

I must admit the horror was lessened—
 Though it seems too bad their romance to spoil—
 By the fact that the pasteboard showed in places,
 Through its lavish covering of tin-foil!

Johnny and May were dressed in togas,
 Each composed of a single sheet,
 Draped in a highly classic manner,
 And pasteboard sandals adorned their feet.

I took my work to a distant window,
 And began to sew at a rapid rate,
 And the revelers, not at all embarrassed,
 Went on with the banquet in all their state,

"My dear, will you have a piece of peacock?"

Said Mrs. Damocles, tenderly.

His Highness, groaning deeply, answered:

"There 's no use offering peacock to me!

"Do you think I can ever enjoy my dinner,
When that old sword may drop any minute?"

Said Mrs. D., in her gentlest accents:

"Do take some pudding, there 's raisins in it!"

And Damocles made heroic answer,

"Well, give me some peacock, and pudding,
and all!

I s'pose I might as well eat my dinner,

If that old thing *is* going to fall!"

A light breeze wandered in at the window,

And swayed the sword on its single thread;

The treacherous cap-pin left the ceiling,

And down came the sword on Damocles' head.

I laughed at myself for being startled,

And May gave a horrified little squeak,

But Damocles, as became his station,

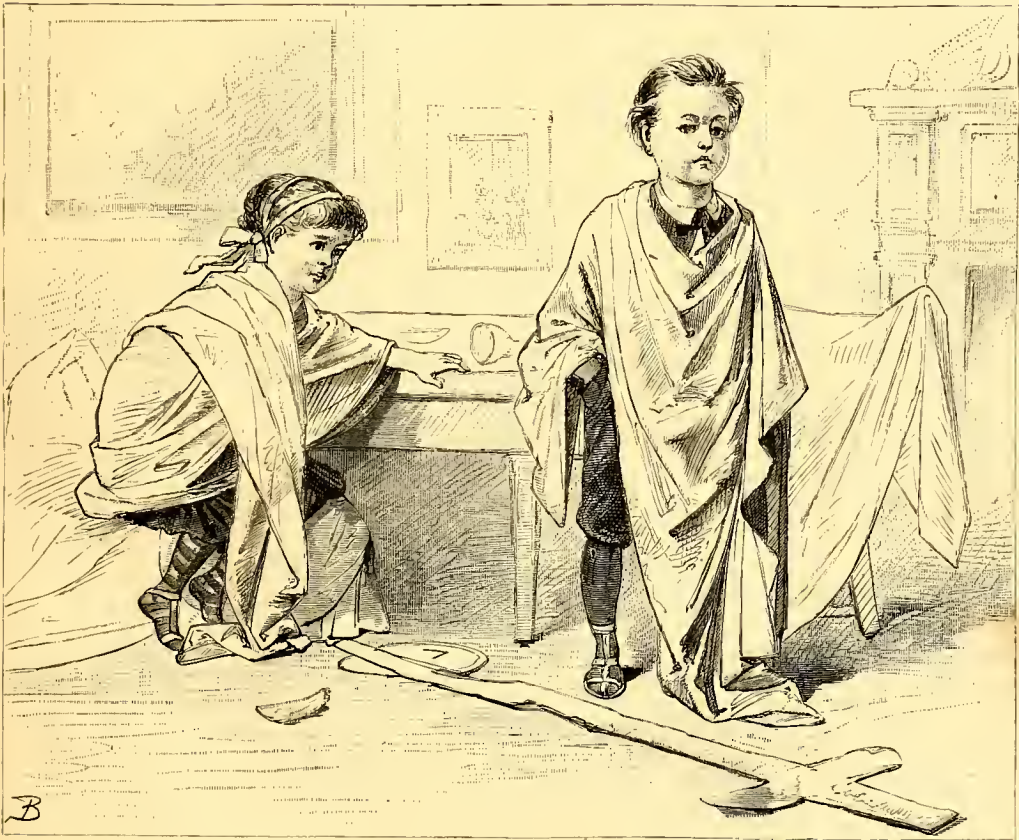
And heroic soul, was first to speak.

He eyed the sword with contempt and anger,

Then—"I don't even know where the old
thing hit!

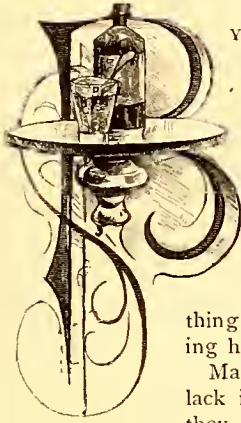
I'll not play Damocles any longer—

Why, it did n't hurt me a single bit!"



HOW TO CARE FOR THE SICK.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.



Y almost all the civilized world, the name of Florence Nightingale is spoken with love and admiration. Any suggestions upon the care of the sick, cannot begin better than by her story, which always brings to every one who hears it a thrill of longing to do something great and good for suffering humanity.

Many girls think that all they lack is the opportunity, and if they only had the chance, they could win the love and reverence of thousands of their fellow-beings just as she did; but no one can start out of an aimless, useless life into a heroic one. The beginning of the path of glory is narrow and difficult, and often very dull.

Florence Nightingale had been nursing among the poor tenants on her father's estate, for many years before the Crimean war began; so that she was all ready for the opportunity when it came. When, in that fearful time, soldiers were dying by thousands for want of proper care, England, at last, was aroused to a sense of her own responsibility in the matter, and it was decided to send nurses. Mr. Herbert, the Secretary of War, who had charge of the expedition, knew that he could never send a band of women to that foreign land to care for the soldiers, unless some one woman could be found who understood the whole matter, and could take charge of the entire company. There was no time to train a person for this position. She must be found, all ready for the work. He remembered that, in Derbyshire, there was a woman who had been working among the poor in their own homes, and had visited hospitals and studied the art of nursing for years. Who could doubt that she would undertake the great charge of carrying help and comfort to the dying soldiers? He wrote and asked her, and his letter crossed, on its way, one from her, offering her services as an army nurse. So this company of brave women started, with Miss Nightingale at their head. When they reached the seat of war, they found such sickness and suffering as they had never dreamed of finding. No "Sanitary Commission" had poured in boxes of supplies, as in our late war. The hos-

pitals were dirty and comfortless, and, even when food was abundant, the men often suffered, because there was no one whose business it was to see that it was given to them. An order had to pass through so many different officers, that the men might die before they could get what they needed. On one occasion, soon after the nurses arrived, the sick were suffering for the want of something which was locked up among the stores from England. No one could get it until the proper officer came. "I must have it now," said Miss Nightingale. "You cannot, until you have a proper permit," said the guard. She said no more, but simply called some Turks to help her, and went straight to the building where the stores were kept. "Knock the door down," said this resolute woman; and down went the door. She took what was needed, and went back to the hospital. After that, the officers knew that though most scrupulous in obeying necessary orders, she was not one who would sit still and let men die, while waiting until a regular form had been gone through.

You all know the story of how the soldiers loved her, "the lady with the lamp," and how they turned to kiss her shadow, as it fell upon their pillows; and how, when she came back to England, she met the gratitude of the nation; the Queen herself sending her a beautiful locket, blazing with gems, with "Blessed are the merciful" upon it, and underneath, the word "Crimea." Her countrymen desired to offer her some testimonial of their gratitude, and a fund was raised for that purpose, but Florence Nightingale declined any personal reward for her labors, and the money was devoted to the founding of an institution for training nurses.

One heroine is sure to make others. When our war came, hundreds of women, remembering what she had done, were ready to give their time and strength to the work of nursing the sick and wounded. Day and night they toiled, and it was not all bathing aching heads, nor reading aloud and writing letters for the soldiers; there were dreadful wounds to be dressed, and tiresome rubbings, and wearisome watchings. But they learned that even the most distasteful details may be endured, if one only has unselfishness and courage. It is to be hoped that none of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will ever be needed as army nurses; but it is almost certain that every one of the girls, and many of the boys, will have to care for the sick many

times in the course of their lives, either in their own homes or in the homes of others; and unless they know how to do it in the best and easiest way, for the best is always really the easiest, they may do more harm than good. The best intentions and kindest feelings, in order to be successful, must be intelligently applied. Experience is, of course, the best teacher, but it is not pleasant for sick people to be experimented upon, and mistakes or omissions in such matters are sometimes fatal; so perhaps a few simple directions may be the next best thing to experience.

In the first place, remember that, in cases of severe illness, a friend's life may depend upon care and watchfulness on your part, and that the duties of the sick room are made up of a great variety of little things, which may seem trivial, but which are really *very* important.

Keep the air of the room fresh and pure *always*, and do not try to do it by opening the door now and then. It was one of Miss Nightingale's rules, that "windows are made to be open—doors are made to be shut." *Pure* air must come from outside. Do not be afraid to open the window unless the physician has forbidden it, but be sure that you do not cool the air too much in trying to freshen it. There is no essential connection between *cold* air and *pure* air. In admitting fresh air, be very careful that it cannot blow directly upon the invalid. A shawl spread across two high-backed chairs will take the place of a screen in keeping off the draught.

Keep everything about the patient as sweet and clean as possible. Have the room neat and pleasant and orderly. A row of sticky bottles, with two or three spoons in which medicine has been measured, a bowl from which gruel has been served, an untidy grate, a littered floor or table, will make any sick person feel discouraged. A few flowers by the bedside, a constant supply of fresh, cool water, bed-clothes frequently smoothed and pillow changed, the light carefully shaded from the weak eyes,—attention to little things like these will make a great difference in the comfort and spirits of the sick person.

Write down all that the physician tells you before you forget it, and pin the paper where you can consult it easily; and look at it frequently, that you may not let the time for giving medicine slip by without knowing it. This will save you the trouble of remembering everything, and if some one comes to take your place, you will not have to repeat the directions.

Do not wait until sick people ask for what they want, but try to anticipate their wishes. Some people, with the kindest intentions, annoy by constantly asking the sick if they do not wish this and that, and how they feel, and other similar ques-

tions, until they are quite worn out by answering, and are tempted to give the ungracious reply, that all they want is to be let alone.

In sickness, people are sensitive to small annoyances, which can hardly be appreciated by a person in health. The crackling of a newspaper, or the rustle of a silk dress, may become a source of serious discomfort to them. Learn to avoid all unnecessary noise, but remember that there is a sort of *laborious quiet*, more annoying still. Walking about on tiptoe, or whispering, are sure to disturb a nervous person more than an ordinary step or tone. If the fire needs replenishing, it can be done very quietly by having the coal in paper bags, which can be laid on with no noise at all. If you are careful, every time you leave the room, to remember to take something with you which is to go down stairs, and, when you come back, to bring something which you need, you will save yourself many steps, and the invalid the annoyance of hearing you go out and in five or six times, when once would have done as well.

Ask the physician what food a sick person may have, and be careful to follow his directions in this, as in everything else, *exactly*. Whatever you take to the invalid, make it look as attractive as possible. Marion Harland has told you, in *ST. NICHOLAS*, how to make beef tea, and "always put it in the prettiest bowl you can find," which is a very important part. Do not take too much of anything, as a small quantity is much more likely to tempt the appetite. Spread a clean napkin over your salver, and if you have nothing more to offer than a toasted cracker, and a cup of tea, let everything be good of the kind, and neatly served. A slop of tea in the saucer, a burnt side to the cracker, a sticky spoon, may spoil what might have seemed an attractive breakfast. If the invalid can sit up in a chair to eat, so much the better; but if not, spread a large napkin, or towel, over the sheet, that it may not become disfigured by drops spilled upon it. Have something always at hand to throw over the shoulders while sitting up in bed, and see that the pillows are so arranged as to afford a comfortable support for the back.

If you can procure some little delicacy, it will taste much better if it comes as a surprise than it will if you have been foolish enough to mention it beforehand. Food should never be spoken of in a sick room, unless it is absolutely necessary.

If you read aloud, be sure to read distinctly, and not too long at a time, because sick people are easily tired. This must be remembered when callers are admitted. When they ask leave to come in, you must say, frankly, that your charge can only bear short visits; and when you yourself are calling on invalids, remember that time seems

longer to them than it does to you. Last of all, but by no means least, talk only of pleasant things. The baby's last funny speech, the good fortune of your friend, the pleasant letter, bringing good news from a far country, the amusing anecdote, the entertaining book,—never of the worries, and pain, and care, which come to your knowledge. Sick people do not need to hear of others' misfortunes. They know enough of their own. Whatever of weariness or anxiety you may feel, never betray it by word or look, and do not let them feel that the time which you devote to them is given grudgingly. I have said nothing of kindness, and forbearance, and patience, and good temper; but all these graces will be needed, since invalids often are very provoking. Let all their little peevish

ways give you a hint of something to avoid when your time of sickness comes, and you are ministered to by others.

These few suggestions, of course, do not exhaust the subject. They may seem to you quite unnecessary, and only what ought to be familiar to every one; but they are not always acted upon, as many sufferers can testify.

Dr. Holmes, who knows something, from education, observation, and experience, about a sick room, says that

“—Simple kindness kneeling by the bed
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that burn,
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to turn;
Wins back more sufferers with her voice and smile,
Than all the trumpery in the druggist's pile.”



MY LADY IS EATING HER MUSH.

HUSHABY, hushaby, hush,
My lady is eating her mush.
Her little black servant, alas!
Is bobbing in front of the glass—
Bobbing now, just think upon it,
Drest in my lady's best bonnet!

The cat on the pantry shelf
To the cream is helping herself.
A little grey mouse, at her ease,
Is nibbling away at the cheese.
Each slyly her own way pursuing,
Sees not what the other is doing:—

But wait till my lady is done!
Wait, if you wish to see fun!

THE BOY AND THE GIANT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ONCE upon a time there was a giant, a real true giant; not a made-up one, such as we read about in fairy tales. He was nearly twelve feet high, as tall as two ordinary men, and his head and hands and body were big in proportion. Also, he was enormously strong. When he went out to fight he carried in his hand a spear which weighed three hundred pounds, and wore a huge brazen helmet, and a coat of mail so heavy that a horse was hardly able to drag it along. But the strong giant bore it easily, and it clanked with a terrible noise as he stalked about. In all the land where he lived was no man so strong as he, and when his country-people prepared for battle he was always set in front of the other soldiers, because the very look of him was enough to make the enemy tremble and run away.

In another country, close to that in which the giant dwelt, there lived at the same time a good old farmer who had eight sons. Seven of them were tall, stalwart fellows, of whom their father was justly proud. The youngest was a slight, active lad, with a fair skin and pink cheeks, whom his big brothers, as big brothers often will, looked upon as almost a baby, and treated accordingly. They did the hard and heavy work on the farm, and set him to watch and tend the sheep, of which the old farmer had a large flock. Tending sheep in those days, however, was not so easy a task as with us, for there were wild beasts in the land, and occasionally they attacked the flocks in their pasturing grounds. One morning the little shepherd came in with an exciting story. A lion with a bear, he said, had fallen on the sheep during the night; and he had fought and killed them both. The old farmer was pleased at his boy's prowess, but the big brothers laughed provokingly, and "guessed" it must have been a very small lion and a very small bear, and that little David was making a great deal out of a small matter. Did I tell you that David was the youngest brother's name?

Of course, David did not like this treatment, but he was of a happy, cheerful temper, and bore it pleasantly, returning no sharp words, but going on with his daily work and biding his time. "All things come to him who waits," says the old proverb. Much was coming to David.

The country in which these persons lived was ruled at that time by a young king, who had been selected by lot a few years before. He was taller and handsomer than any other young man in the

land; a great fighter, too, and the people were very proud of him at first. But he was not as wise as he was handsome, and latterly had done many wrong and foolish things, and offended the Lord God, who was the real head and king of the nation. God had, therefore, resolved to give the people another king, and had signified this to a great prophet who, in those days, dwelt in the land, and was much feared and respected by everybody. He told the Prophet to take the horn of oil with which the kings were always anointed, and go down to the part of the country where the old farmer lived, and anoint a new king from among the eight sons.

So, horn in hand, the Prophet went. The people of the village were frightened when they saw him, for they feared it was to predict some misfortune that he was come to them. But he smiled and said No, it was no misfortune; he was there to offer a sacrifice, and everybody must attend and help. Among the rest came the old farmer and his seven elder sons. Little David stayed with his sheep,—nobody thought of him. I dare say they did not even let him know that the Prophet was there.

When the Prophet saw the seven tall, splendid young men, he rejoiced in his heart.

He looked on the eldest as he came forward, and thought, "Surely the Lord's Anointed is before me!" But the voice of the Lord within the Prophet seemed to say: "I have refused him, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

Then the second son came forward, and the third and the fourth, and each time the Prophet thought, "Surely this is he!" But still the voice of the Lord within the Prophet said, "Neither have I chosen this."

When all the seven had tried and failed, the Prophet asked of the farmer, "Are here all thy children?"

The farmer replied:

"There remaineth the youngest, but behold he keepeth the sheep."

Then said the Prophet, "Send and fetch him."

Pretty soon, fresh, rosy and active, his shepherd's staff in his hand and wonderment in his eyes, came the little shepherd through the crowd; and the Prophet knew that this was the chosen of the Lord. So he poured the oil on his head, and

cried, "This is he who shall be king over the people!"

I have an idea that the big brothers stared at this scene, and afterward whispered among themselves, that the Prophet was getting old and did not seem to know what he was about, else why did he choose that boy? Little David did not take on any airs because of these new honors, but went back to his sheep-cote, did his work faithfully, and when he had leisure, composed music and played on a harp which he had, singing with his fresh voice. In all the country round, no one played so well as David.

Not long after, the young king was seized with a strange mental illness. He became moody and fierce, could not sleep, and daily grew worse. Nothing seemed to soothe him excepting the sound of music, and his attendants sought far and wide for a skillful harper who could play before the king and brighten his mood with sweet sounds. Some of them heard of David, and one day they came and carried him and his harp to the court. David was not frightened, and played so beautifully that the king loved to hear him better than any one else, and when he recovered, he kept the dear boy near him as an armor-bearer, or page. Before long, however, a great war broke out between the people of that land and the people of the fearful giant. The king had to rouse himself and take command of the army, so he sent the little page home again to his father and the sheep.

All the active fighting men were wanted for the war, and among the first went David's seven brothers. The two armies encamped on two opposite mountains, with a valley between, and every morning and every evening the great giant, in his shining armor, with his spear in his hand and his enormous shield borne before him by a man, strode down from the hillside into the valley, and called out, insultingly, "I defy you! Send down a man to fight me, if there is one among you. If I conquer, you shall all be my servants, and if you conquer, we will be yours." But the people knew very well who was likely to conquer, and no one dared answer the challenge, because the giant was so big and terrible.

So things went on for several days, the giant becoming louder and more insulting in his tone, and no one venturing to descend into the valley to meet him. One morning the old farmer loaded an ass with corn and cheeses and loaves of bread, and told David to drive it to the camp; for he feared the brothers there would be in want of food. I fancy David must have been glad to go—boys like to see what is going on, and it is not pleasant to be left at home as too young to help, when all the others set forth to fight giants.

So David fed his sheep, gave directions for the care of them to one of the serving men, took a last look at the quiet fold, and set forth. The Bible, which gives the rest of this beautiful story, does not tell us anything about David's journey to the camp, but among the people of David there is a pretty tradition, which I will give, not as true, but only as curious:

"As David went he passed over a pebbly bit of soil, and a stone cried to him, 'Pick me up and take me with thee.' He stooped and picked up the stone and placed it in his pouch. And when he had taken a few paces, another stone cried to him, 'Pick me up and take me with thee.' He did so. And a third stone cried in like manner, and was in like manner taken by David. The first stone was that wherewith Abraham had driven away Satan, when he sought to dissuade the patriarch from offering up his son; and the second stone was that on which the foot of Gabriel rested when he opened the fountain in the desert for Hagar and Ishmael; and the third stone was that wherewith Jacob strove against the angel whom his brother Esau had sent against him. It was with these stones that David afterward vanquished the Philistine."

David reached the camp just as a great battle seemed about to begin. His brothers were with their "thousands" in the trenches. He left the provisions with the tent-keeper, and searched till he found the brothers. As they stood talking, down from the opposite mountain stalked the giant, shaking his spear and clattering his iron armor. The very earth trembled as he marched along. In the valley below, he halted, and again rang the insulting challenge:

"Give me a man and let us fight together."

When David heard this, the hot blood blazed in his cheeks, and he spoke passionately to those near him: "Who is this unholy Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God? What will the king give to the man who killeth him and taketh away the reproach from Israel?"

The others replied: "The man who killeth the giant the king will enrich with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free forever."

But David's oldest brother was vexed at what he considered the boastful spirit of the question, and he said, severely, "What did you come here for, and who is taking care of your sheep while you are away? I know what a conceited fellow you are. You have run away to see the battle, and ought to be at home."

But meantime somebody had repeated David's words to the king. I suppose, after the long panic they had been in, it was refreshing to have some-

body speak in a different strain, for the king sent for David, and asked him why he had said thus. And David answered, "Let no man's heart fail him, I will go and fight this Philistine."

"But," said the king, "you are not able; you are only a boy, and he is a man of war from his youth up."

But David said: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock.

"And I went out after him and smote him, and delivered him out of his mouth; and when he arose against me I caught him by the beard, and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this unholy Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing that he has defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And when the king heard this and marked David's clear eye and brave bearing, he said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee." Then he offered to lend David his own helmet and sword and coat of mail. But when David tried them, he found that he could not move easily because he was unused to them; so he took them off again, and in his simple shepherd's coat, with his staff in his hand, and his sling and a wallet full of smooth stones by his side, set off down the hill to meet the giant.

When the giant saw the slender boy come forth to meet him, he was full of anger and contempt, and said: "Am I a dog that you come to me with a staff?" He began to curse and swear. "Come here, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field."

Then said David: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

"This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand, and I will smite thee and take thy head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

When the giant heard these daring words he roared louder than ever, and made haste across the

valley that he might seize and crush the boy between his finger and thumb. David made haste too, and as he ran, slipping his hand into the pouch, he chose a pebble, put it into his sling, and, taking good aim, hurled it straight at his foe. So truly was it aimed that the pebble hit the giant exactly in the middle of his vast forehead, and struck so heavily that he was stunned, and fell to the ground. Then David, who had no sword, ran, jumped on the giant, plucked the big sword from the sheath, and with it cut off the giant's head, which he held up that the people on both hillsides might see. Oh, what a shout arose from the army of Israel! while the Philistines, seized with sudden panic, scattered and ran like sheep.



the Israelites pursuing and slaying thousands of them before they could escape to their own land.

This was the end of the giant, but not of little David. He never went back again to the sheepfolds. The Lord had greater work for him to do, and put, instead of the flocks, a nation into his keeping. He had been faithful over a few things, and was faithful also over the larger charge when it came. Israel never had so wise nor so great a ruler as her Shepherd King and Sweet Singer, who, when he was a boy, fought with and overcame the giant.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY LUCY G. MORSE.

MAM-MA was put-ting Gre-ta and Mi-mi to bed the night be-fore Christ-mas; and she told them this story: "Af-ter the chil-dren are fast a-sleep, the good Sant-a Klaus climbs down the chim-neys with his great bag of toys. Then he goes to all the lit-tle beds and looks at the fa-ces of the sleep-ers, and he has seen so man-y of them that he has grown ve-ry wise. While they are at rest he can tell if the lit-tle shut eyes look



an-gry when they are o-pen, or if cross words are apt to come out of the mouths. He will look at my Gre-ta to-night, and will say: 'There are no marks of tears on her cheeks; her mouth is sweet and ros-y,—I am sure it has been a smil-ing, hap-py mouth all day. Her hands are fold-ed, but they are bu-sy hands,—I am sure they have picked up Mi-mi's toys and Mam-ma's spools. They have tak-en hold of Mi-mi's fat hands and helped her up and down the steep stairs, and they have giv-en her a big piece of the cake which Grand-ma sent Gre-ta for her own.'

"Then Sant-a Klaus will see Mi-mi and say: 'I think Mi-mi's face looks as if she loved Gre-ta,—her mouth looks full of kiss-es, and her hands will soon learn to be bu-sy, like Gre-ta's.' Last of all, Sant-a Klaus will go to Mam-ma's bed, and will say: 'Mam-ma's face would not look so hap-py and so full of peace if her lit-tle girls were not, ve-ry

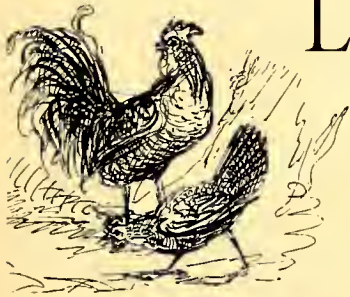
good and sweet. I must put some of my pret-ti-est toys in their stock-ings, and I will leave two pict-ure-books on their lit-tle chairs.'”

Then Mam-ma hung up the stock-ings and kissed her lit-tle ones good-night. Gre-ta and Mi-mi were so hap-py that they laughed soft-ly un-der the bed-cov-ers, and they had to wink and blink their eyes a long time be-fore they could go to sleep.

And in the morn-ing the sto-ry came out true.

LITTLE SPECKLE HAS LAID AN EGG.

BY E. T. ALDEN.



LITTLE SPECK-LE has laid an egg,—
 “Kik, kak, kik-a-kee, koo!”
 Bob-by Shang-hai lifts his leg
 And mut-ters a low “K’l-doo!”
 The gray goose stretch-es her neck to hear,
 The pig-eons o-ver the barn-eaves peer,
 The ducks wad-dle out of the mud;
 The pig-gy grunts at the door of his sty,
 The cow looks up with a won-der-ing eye,

For-get-ting to chew her cud;
 “Baa!” bleats the goat by the hay-stack tied,
 The po-ny stamps in his stall,
 The par-rot, perched by the win-dow wide,
 Be-gins to scream and call,
 The kit-tens un-der the ta-ble hide,
 “Bow-wow!” barks Frisk in the hall;
 And lit-tle Char-ley comes run-ning out
 To see what the fuss is all a-bout.

It’s on-ly Speck-le,—“K’kak, k’kee!”—
 She’s laid an egg as sure as can be.
 It’s on-ly Speck-le—“K’kak, k’koo!”—
 So proud she does n’t know what to do.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger, comes dancing from the east, and leads with her the flowery May," as somebody's Jack said, ever so long ago.

Talking of "long ago," my youngsters, you ought to be truly thankful that you don't live in the times of the old Romans, for they gave up the whole of May to the old folks, the "Majores," as they called them. It is from this that the month takes its name, the Little Schoolma'am says. She might tell you more about it, perhaps, but, just now, she is busy cleaning house;—which reminds me, since it is moist spring weather, to give you a few dry facts from another schoolma'am about

CARPETS.

"HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago, when Europeans were living with floors bare or strewed with rushes or twigs, carpets were in use in China, India and Egypt. The first carpets were simply rugs to sit upon in place of chairs. In the time of Homer, the blind Greek poet, either plain or embroidered carpets were spread before the couches that guests reclined upon at meals; and later, when the Greeks grew more fond of rich and gay furniture, they imported from Babylon gorgeous carpets with raised figures of men and animals.

"The early Romans were stern warriors and did not mind bare floors; but, when Rome became mistress of the world, her chief men grew extravagant, and bought the richest carpets the Orientals could make.

"The first attempt to make carpets in Western Europe was the plaiting of rushes into matting. Before this, Queen Mary I. of England had her presence chamber, where she received company, strewed with rushes. But Elizabeth, when she came to the throne, had the rushes cleared away and fine Turkey carpets put in their place.

"It used to take a man a life-time to make a carpet large enough for a small room, because carpets had to be made by hand; and this caused them to be very costly, so that only rich persons could afford to buy them. Europeans at length succeeded in weaving them by machinery, and in course of time even poor families could have warm and pretty coverings for the floors of their rooms. But still, nowadays, in Persia, Turkey and India, whole families are employed in making carpets by hand, and some persons consider these far finer than the best that machinery can weave."

PHOTOGRAPHS UNDER WATER.

NOBODY yet has opened a studio for taking photographic portraits under water, I believe,—unless some of you hasty young inventors have been getting ahead of your Jack's paragrams. But somebody has succeeded in taking a few photographs deep in the sea, near the coast of Scotland.

So, now, any one who is burning to distinguish himself may rejoice in a cool way of becoming famous. All he has to do is to dive well down under water with a weighted photographing machine, and take portraits all day long of wonderful fishes and corals and shells, and weedy and ugly monsters in their native haunts. It would be well for him to choose a time after the big fishes have dined, or they might mistake him for dinner. Or he might go down in a diving-bell, or even arrange to do the work from a boat on the surface of the water by means of electricity.

Well, any way, you 'd better think these hints over pretty thoroughly before you put them into practice, my youngsters.

THE GEMSBOK AND ELAND.

MY DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In answer to S. W. K.'s question in your February budget, I found in "Wood's Natural History" that although the Gemsbok is nearly independent of water, it needs some moisture; and it would perish in the arid deserts, were it not that it finds there certain plants which attract and retain every particle of moisture that may happen to settle near. You mentioned one of these plants in September, 1879.

I did not come across anything about the Oryx or the Druiker; but, concerning the Eland, Wood says that in some strange way it contrives to live for months together without drinking; and even when the herbage is so dry that it crumbles to powder in the hand, the Eland keeps in good condition.—Yours truly, BELLA WEHL.

THE TWO BIGGEST TREES.

YOUR Jack has just received the startling news that, in Victoria, Australia, two trees have been found larger than the biggest trees of California! They are of the Eucalyptus family, and one of them is four hundred and thirty-five feet high, the other four hundred and fifty.

What will the giant California trees say to this?

ABOUT SOME TEA-LEAVES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I believe you would like to know about this, so I will tell you, and then you can tell the others, if you wish to.

One evening, a nice lady, something like the Lady from Philadelphia whom the Peterkins knew, asked us at supper-time:

"Do you know the shape of the tea-leaf?"

"Of course, we all said "No."

"But you can very easily find out," said she.

I said, "I don't see very well how." And none of the others knew how. We had no books that told about the shape of tea-leaves; and, as for dried tea, of course that would n't help.

"You have some soaked tea-leaves right by you," said the lady. "Take a few out of the tea-pot and spread them flat."

We said, "O, pshaw;" but very soon had a lot of tea-leaves spread out flat. Some of them were torn, but the whole ones were very pretty, and, afterward, I picked out a number, and arranged them on white paper. The little girls from near by all came in to see, and said they looked very pretty.

Good-bye, dear Jack, with love from your little friend,

MAMIE LEWIS.

ROOTS EIGHTY FEET IN AIR.

IN the East Indies there are trees whose roots stand seventy and even eighty feet in the air,—more than twelve times the height of a tall man.

A tree of this kind generally grows from a seed dropped by a bird in a fork of some other lofty tree. The young plant lives for a time on the sap of the friendly giant that supports it, but, in a little while, it sends out roots which grow toward the

The pictures show a young tree with its roots already grown part of the way down, and also a well grown tree, though not one of the tallest, for its roots reach up only thirty feet, or about five times the height of the man standing beside them.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo bird is like the cow-bird in one thing—it lays eggs in the nests of other birds, and lets them hatch the eggs and take care of the strange young ones. Its name comes from the cry it makes, which is just like the sound of the word "cuckoo." In England, this bird's note, when heard for the first time early in the year, is supposed to tell that spring is coming.

Your Jack reminds you of all this, my dears, so that you may better understand these verses which V. H. G. sends, as a translation, by himself, from the German:

Once from the town a starling flew,
And on the road there met his view
A cuckoo, who to him did say:
"What is the news from town to-day?"
Said he: "The nightingale's sweet lays
Receive from all the greatest praise.
The thrush, the blackbird and the wren,
Are slightly mentioned now and then."
Then said the cuckoo, anxiously:
"Pray tell me what they say of me."
The starling faltered, then replied,
What greatly hurt the cuckoo's pride:
"That is a thing I cannot do;
Because none ever speak of you."
The cuckoo tossing, then, his head
In anger to the starling said:
"I'll be revenged, and will from spite
Sing of myself from mom till night."

BAMBOOZLE.

THIS is a word which the Chinese and gypsies gave us, the Little Schoolma'am says. And she adds that it takes its meaning from an old, common joke in China—that of dressing a man in bamboos in order to teach him to swim. But it does n't teach him, and, if he has been dull enough to submit to the joke, he finds he has been fooled about it. So, nowadays, the word means "deceived by a transparent trick."

FOUND BY A LOST COW.

DEAR MR. JACK: When my father was a boy, he was lost in a forest haunted by wild beasts. The harder he tried to find his way, the deeper he got into the wood. Just as night came on, he reached a stream, and on its edge were tracks of wild animals who came there to drink,—bears, panthers, deer and elk. But, besides these, there was the fresh print of a cow's hoof. He thought this must be the favorite cow missed from a neighbor's farm many months before, and supposed to have run wild. So he hid himself and waited, hoping she would come there again to drink.

She did come; and, as she was quietly walking away, the boy took a strong grip of her tail, struck her with a stick, and hallooed at her. This scared her very much, and she ran so fast that it was all he could do to keep hold. When she stopped, they were in a clearing near home. She was quelled by that time, and he easily got her into the barn.

Of course, he felt proud at having recovered a valuable animal, but the folks only laughed at him, because, they said, "he had been found by a lost cow!"—Yours truly,

L. H.



A TREE WITH ROOTS THIRTY FEET IN AIR.

ground and at last strike there. When the older tree dies and falls to pieces, the other is held up firmly by its own roots, from the top of which, as from a tall pyramid of interlacing trunks, it rears its head and spreads abroad its leafy branches.

THE TRUE AND SAD BALLAD OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

THIS pathetic ballad, now printed for the first time, was written thirty years ago by a little girl for the entertainment of her playmates. Together they had just witnessed the enactment of this true history, and had sorrowed over the tragic fates of Christie, Sister Chirp, Pick, Hop and the "sweet ladye." We can imagine the melancholy satisfaction of the little group in listening to the recital so closely resembling, to their ears, the ballads in their beloved book, "Percy's Reliques." Miss Bridges gives you, in the frontispiece, a spirited sketch of Sir Christopher and his family, showing them in their pretty home just before their troubles began.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was as brave a bird
As ever sang in a tree,
And when the northern summer was come,
Up from the south came he.

He stole the heart of a birdie small,
And made her his Lady Wren,
The happiest bird for miles around
Was our Sir Christopher then.

O long is the early summer day,
And long was the way they went,
Over meadow and garden and woodland wild,
To look for a place to rent.

At last they came to a calabash
With a large, round hole for a door,
A house that was to be had for a song,
And so they looked no more.

Ah, he was a skillful architect
That raised the great St. Paul;
But our Sir Christopher Wren could make
What the other could not at all.

And after a while there were dear little eggs,
Four round eggs in the nest,
And the mother Wren spread out her wings,
And settled herself to rest.

Oh, day by day did her true knight fly
Her dainty meals to bring;
And day by day, to please his ladye,
Would hop on the roof and sing.

At last out came the little ones,
As hungry as they could be;
Sir Christopher never in all his life
Had seen any birds so wee.

And proud and happy was he,
And his evening song was gay,
Although he was often tired with flying
About for food all day.

Oh, sad and drear is the tale I sing,
And O that it were not true!
One day they both went out to search,
To look for a worm or two.

Then up and spake young Christie Wren,
"Oh, sister Chirp," said he,
"I think I'll look outside this door
To find what I can see."

"Oh no, oh no, our brother dear!"
Cried out his sisters three;
"You might fall down and break your bones."
"Oh, I'll take care," said he.

But, sure enough, away he went,
His sisters heard him go;
They tried to pull him back again,
But saw him fall below.

Oh, when Sir Christopher and his wife
Came back in the evening gray,

And saw their son so dear and dead,
How sad, how sad were they.

With hearts of grief they went, next day,
To get some food for the rest;
But the poor little birds had been so frightened
They never stirred from the nest.

This time they brought in food enough
To last at least a week;
But little Pick she ate so much
She could nor move nor speak.

They could not do her a bit of good,
And pretty soon she died;
They laid her on the ground so low,
And bitterly they sighed.

Oh, sad and drear is the northern wind,
And sad is the tale I write!
One night the northern wind blew cold,
Though it was in the summer night.

And Lady Wren she covered her daughters;
But little Hop did say:
"I wont have covers! I wont have covers!"
And threw them all away.

So when the morning sunlight came,
Poor Hop was cold and dead:
They laid her on the ground so low,
And many a tear was shed.

Poor little Chirp sat all so lonely
Beneath her mother's wing,
She would not hop about nor play,
Nor eat a single thing.

They sometimes left her all alone,
Alone in the empty nest,
So, at last, she pined herself away,
And went with all the rest.

And yet more sad my tale must be,—
For, oh! it came to pass,
Next day the poor little Lady Wren
Was hopping among the grass.

She was trying to pick a little dinner,
Though grief was on her mind,
And she did not see the old gray puss
Come creeping on behind.

He pounced upon the little lady
Before she turned her head;
She hardly even felt his paw,
She was so quickly dead.

And poor Sir Christopher hopped in the tree
Till the evening shades grew dim,
Looking about for his little lady
Who never came back to him.

He left the home where he once had been
As happy as any prince;
Slowly and sadly he flew away,
And has never been heard of since.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a young lady in Boston, who asks "why I could not unbutton my dress" when I was caught in my trunk, and "slip out of it,"—out of my dress, she means. That was the trouble. I could not "slip out" of anything. I tried to slip out of my boots, but could not reach them (for I could not move), and it would not have done any good. My dress was caught and held me fast, so I could not "slip out," or turn anywhere. I wished I could. I wish trunks would not snap to, so, when you sit on them, and yet they wont shut if you don't.—Respectfully,

ELIZABETH ELIZA PETERKIN.

P. S.—The young lady might try.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin, who is in a ship coming from Java, wrote this about a monkey which they had on board: "He is as full of mischief as he can be. Once a sailor was taking a letter to the captain to be mailed, when up jumped Jack, for that is the monkey's name, snatched the letter and tore it up. This was the first time the poor sailor had written home for more than three years. Once before, he wrote, and a parrot tore up that letter. He would not write a third; so Jack did more harm than he meant to, perhaps. He is a very good friend to the ducks; but he does not like chickens, and pulls out their feathers whenever he gets a chance."

ALLIE M. J.

ALPHA EPSILON.—From your description, we should say the coin is a Spanish piece of two "reals." It is of small value as money, and of no value for a collection.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Sister Katy told me this story about a pair of ducks: A lady bought a pair of ducks, and after a while one of them was run over by a cart and died. The one that lived would not eat anything nor do anything. One day it found a little piece of looking-glass on the barn floor, and looked into it; and it sat down there and nobody could get it away. For a long time they could not think what was the matter. But at last they found it out. There it saw its own reflection, but it thought it was the other duck. I think this showed that it did not forget, but loved still.

This is a true story.—From your loving reader,

LIZZIE H. HILLIARD.

ISABELLA NICHOLS.—"St. Kitt's" is the local name of "St. Christopher's," one of the Caribbee Islands, and a possession of Great Britain.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like my game of "Solitaire" much better than the one spoken of by Benjamin T. Delafield in the March "Letter-Box." My father made me a board, five or six years ago, with a small gimlet hole in place of Delafield's numbers; and we use a little peg for every hole except the center one, which is left to jump into at the first move. We are not allowed to jump diagonally at all. The game consists in leaving but one man; it is very difficult, but it can be done.

V. D'O. S. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I saw in an article in a newspaper the following item:

"The decade of the *eighteen hundred and seventies* is now a thing of the past, and we have entered upon the momentous decade of the *eighteen hundred and eighties*."

It seems to me that the writer of this has made a mistake in reckoning the decade. Did n't the first decade begin with the year *one*, and end with the year *ten*? And did n't the second begin with the year *eleven* and end with the year *twenty*? And so did n't the decade of the *eighteen hundred and seventies* begin with the beginning of *eighteen hundred and seventy-one*, and does n't it end with the present year? I have heard it said that Washington died in the last hour of the last day of the last century. But he died a little before midnight on the 14th of December, 1799. And besides that, the last century ended with the end of the year 1800. I should like to know what other ST. NICHOLAS readers think about it.—Your devoted reader,

M. A. G. C.

A SCHOOL-BOY writes, saying: "One of our teachers, the other night, proposed this riddle, which, she said, broke Homer's heart: 'Some fishermen went fishing. What they caught they threw away, and what they did n't catch they carried with them.' There is no

one here smart enough to guess it, and if any of the readers of the 'Letter-Box' can solve it, I shall be very glad."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that, in Australia, the leaves, instead of exposing their flat surfaces to the sun, turn their edges to his rays. Why is this?—Your friend,

CARRIE SNEAD.

THOSE of our older readers who were interested in the Algebraic problem printed in the Letter-Box for July, 1879, may like to test the following solution, for which the author holds himself responsible. Several other "solutions" have been sent in, but there is not room for more than one.

Doylestown Seminary, Doylestown, Pa.

Editor "ST. NICHOLAS": The following is a true solution of the algebraic problem discussed in your magazine:

- (1.) $x^2 + y = 7$
- (2.) $x + y^2 = 11$
- (3.) $x^2 + xy^2 = 11x$ (multiply (2) by x)
- (4.) $xy^2 - y = 11x - 7$ [subtract (1) from (3)]
- (5.) $2x + 2y^2 = 22$ [multiply (2) by 2]
- (6.) $xy^2 + 2y^2 + 2x - y = 11x + 15$ [add (4) and (5)]
- (7.) $(x + 2)y^2 - y = 9x + 15$ (factoring and reducing)
- (8.) $y^2 - \frac{y}{x+2} = \frac{9x+15}{x+2}$ (dividing by coefficient of y^2)
- (9.) $y^2 - \frac{y}{x+2} + \left(\frac{1}{2x+4}\right)^2 = \frac{9x+15}{x+2} + \left(\frac{1}{2x+4}\right)^2$ (completing the square) $y - \frac{1}{2x+4} = \sqrt{\frac{36x^2+132x+121}{2x+4} = \frac{6x+11}{2x+4}}$

$$(10.) y = \frac{6x+11}{2x+4} \text{ (transpose)}$$

$$y = 3,$$

$$x + 9 = 11$$

$$x = 2.$$

M. E. SCHEIBNER.

ROBERT T. asks the "Letter-Box" readers to let him know who first said "Be sure you are right; then go ahead;" and when and why he said it.

SEVEN, ELEVEN, AND THIRTEEN.

MANY young students who enjoy occasional pastime in arithmetical play-grounds will be interested in the following communication from Mr. Hale:

The arithmetics in common use generally contain rules for finding out by inspection whether numbers are divisible by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, but make no attempt at all, or at best an imperfect attempt, to give a rule for 7 and stop short with the decimal number. But it happens that there is a simple rule which answers perfectly as regards all numbers exceeding 1,000, not only for 7 but also for two other ugly looking prime numbers, namely 11 and 13. It is an objection to this rule that it does not apply to numbers less than 1,000; but neither does the rule ordinarily given for finding out whether a number is divisible by 8, apply when the hundreds are even.

The rule for finding whether a number is divisible by 7, 11, or 13 is this: Separate the number into two parts by detaching the last three figures from the rest; subtract the smaller of these two parts from the larger; repeat the process, if necessary, until a remainder less than 1,000 is obtained; if this remainder be divisible by 7, or 11, or 13, the original number is divisible by the same divisor; otherwise, not.

For example, suppose we have the number 654,731. By the rule, we separate it into two parts, 654 and 731. We subtract 654 from 731 and find the remainder to be 77. This we easily see is divisible by 7, and also by 11, but not by 13. We conclude, therefore, that the number 654,731 is divisible by 7 and also by 11, but not by 13; and this is true.

The reason why this rule holds, lies in this, that the number 1,001, celebrated in the famous Arabian Nights' Entertainments, is not capriciously obtained by the addition of a single unit to the round thousand, on the principle upon which is based the phrase "forever and a day"; but is the continued product of the three numbers 7, 11, and 13. Seven times eleven is seventy-seven, and thirteen times seventy-

seven is one thousand and one. Accordingly, any number divisible by 1,001 is divisible by all three of its factors, 7, 11, and 13; and, if what is left of the number after the division by 1,001 is divisible by any of these factors, the whole number is divisible by the same factor; otherwise, not. The separation of the number into two parts, and the subtraction of one of these from the other, is a short way of ascertaining the remainder after a division by 1,001, when the former part is less than the latter, and is substantially the same thing, as far as our purpose is concerned, when it is greater.

For finding out whether numbers less than 1,000 are divisible by 7, 11, or 13, there are certain rules, differing, however, for each divisor. Again, we must separate the number into two parts, this time by detaching the last two figures. For 7, we double the former part and add it to the latter; for 11, we add the former part to the latter without change; and for 13, we multiply the former part by 9 before adding. In every case, if the sum obtained by the addition is divisible by 7, 11, or 13, the original number is divisible by the same; otherwise, not.

For instance, the number 1,876, which marked the Centennial year, is seen to be divisible by 7, when we separate it into two parts, 18 and 76, and, after doubling the former, add 36 to 76, obtaining 112, which is divisible by 7. But 1,876 is not divisible by 11, since 18 and 76 added together give 94, which is not divisible by 11; nor is it divisible by 13, as the application of the rule will show. In 1,870, we find a number divisible by 11, since 18 and 70 together make 88, which is a multiple of 11; and in 1,872, one divisible by 13, since 9 times 18, or 162, added to 72, gives us 234, which is divisible by 13.

It may no doubt be suggested that these rules are of no particular use, since their application in the case of the smaller numbers may be as troublesome as the trial of the divisor itself. But they are not the less interesting as showing not only that "figures never lie," but may be made to betray their own secrets, and they may be made of use in verifying computations into which any of the weird numbers to which they relate enters as a factor.

CHARLES HALE.

A VERY, very little boy sends in a little letter this puzzle for other very little boys to find out. It speaks for itself.



O. I. C. U. R. A. B.

EFFIE.—We cannot share the enthusiasm of those deluded persons who hoard up defaced and used U. S. postage-stamps, in the vague hope that a certain large number of thousands of the worthless things will bring a tremendous price *somehow* and *somewhere*. The postal authorities say that these old stamps are worth simply their weight in old paper.

MANY boys and girls wrote answers to the question printed in the March "Letter-Box"—What becomes of the earth which the chipmunk throws out of his burrow, or that he does not throw out? The letters were forwarded to the firm of book-publishers who promised a volume to the writer of the best answer. These gentlemen, however, found that two writers equally deserved the prize; and so, although they had promised but one volume, still, rather than disappoint either in settling the choice by lot, they sent one to each of the two winners: Edgar A. Small, Hagerstown, Md.; and Willie W. Greenwood, Newark, Wayne County, N. Y. The successful answers agree in saying that the chipmunk carries in his cheek-pouches the earth dug in burrowing, and drops it at some distance from the hole.

Answers were received, before March 20, from N. L. Herzog—W. H. Merriman—C. Davis—M. L. Willets—I. and W. P. Morris—A. M. Keiffe—E. Sauerwein—D. A. Harrison—W. P. Woodward—A. Ward—A. M. Gordon—E. K. Ballard—L. Merrill, Jr.—H. M. Carson—R. F. Carson—S. Casey—R. A. Gally—A. Macrum—K. L. Spencer—A. Hays—F. E. Harndon—G. B. Hoppin—C. V. Abbott—A. G. Bull—C. H. Buell—G. T. Hudson—S. Hawkins—K. R. Spencer—N. Granberry—L. H. Foster—S. Sprague—A. E. Leon—N. Ludlow, Jr.—J. V. L. Pierson—W. A. Calkins—O. O. Page—B. Page—M. H. Tatnall—H. R. M. Thom—S. B. Robbins—F. G.

Lane—L. H. D. St. Vrain—M. Buntin—C. Du Puy—N. De Graff—C. A. Horne—C. D. Cook—V. Wilson—C. L. Therill—B. G. Goodhue—O. M. Sibley—M. W. H. Thurston—F. W. Porter—L. M. Cone—S. Vankeuren—H. M. Knapp—E. Dolbear—M. Mensch—G. Porter—E. L. Caswell—E. Bond—E. B. Halsey—L. B. Talcott—E. Hunt—B. Gortner—E. S. Gilbert—J. F. Hopkins—J. Byrns—B. Lynn—G. T. Tremoly—W. M. Gibson—N. Holmes—L. Hughes—E. H. Gregory—W. C. Grant—M. Robinson—G. W. Currier—F. Johnston—W. Kennedy—G. L. Hawkes—J. Trefren—R. S. Elliott—G. H. Stuart—H. G. Hanna—S. Dauchy—M. A. Jordan—S. M. Coc—W. T. Mandeville—F. Thompson—C. W. Lord—J. B. McCoy—A. C. Beebe—W. D. Hulbert—G. B. Adams—A. L. Tucker—L. Fryc—L. Weld—W. D. Sammis—G. K. Davol—L. H. Allyn—J. P. Montross—H. D. Thompson—G. Parks—C. Bradley—C. Thompson—J. R. Blake—F. B. Warren—E. G. Banta—N. Holloway—D. Williams—E. Williams—H. J. Koehler—G. Gifford—C. K. Linson—A. P. Burt—B. M. L.—S. B. Franklin—W. E. Owens—M. E. Hotchkiss—E. Bridge—F. G. Easterday—M. Thompson—S. M. Hough—G. E. Jester—W. T. Gillinder—F. Paul—E. Hills—K. Birks—W. Wells—H. Bennett—B. H. Williams—M. L. Fenimore—R. B. Deane—H. Redfield—L. M. Follett—M. Chapman—N. W. B.—B. Jackson—J. Critchett—A. A. Jackson—C. C. Wright—J. M. Francis—Mina Gomph—A. Tweedy, of Plymouth, England.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. My sister is six years old, and her name is Helen. We take you together. My oldest sister Susie told me to ask the children what was the oldest country in the world, she says it is Farther India, "Father" India, you know.—From your friend
GIPSIE FRAYNE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have at our house a fowl which has changed its color. The first year we had it, it was a bright red color, the second year it was speckled with white and red, and now it is a pure white.—Yours truly,
W. J. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any of your readers tell me what is the only green flower in the world. And what is the name of a little bell-shaped flower that is first green, but soon turns to a rich brown? The second has a delicious fruit, something like a banana.—Yours,
W. E. B.

LOUIS P. B.—A vague outline of land in the Southern Ocean, near where Australia proved to be, appears upon maps made by Portuguese sailors in A. D. 1542. McCulloch's "Geographical Dictionary" tells us that the Dutch vessel, "Duyfken," in 1606, sighted the Australian coast. From "Early Voyages to Australia" (edited by R. H. Major) we learn that Australia was reached by the "Duyfken" in March, 1606, and that, about five months later, a ship commissioned by the Spanish government of Peru, and commanded by Torres, sailed through the strait that now bears his name, and touched at Australia. It is probable, however, that the Chinese, who seem to have been ahead in nearly everything else, knew about the "island continent" long before the Europeans "discovered" it.

ANSWERS were received, before March 20, from J. Harry Browne—Anna McEwen—May S. Wilkinson—R. B. Salter, Jr.—John B. Embick—G. Meade Emory—Guy T. Tremby—Eliza C. McNeill—Chas. P. Johnston—W. M. P.—"Chenery"—S. D. S., Jr.—"Inez"—Ethel A. W.—Gertie Lathrop—Lillian Roche—Bennie T.—Dion Williams—Graham F. Putnam—Katy Flemming—B. M. L.—Frank Boyd—Florence E. T.—Clara M. Phelps—Helen G. Wallace—Laura Skeen—"Georgie"—Ben Ames—and Margaret Eversher, of Guildford, England.

CAROLINA M. CALDWELL asks: "Will you please tell me of an orphan asylum that really needs dolls and picture-books?"

In answer to this, "Aunt Fanny" writes: "The better-known institutions are well supplied, but there is the 'Diet Kitchen,' corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, New York, where medicine and food are given to poor babies and children. Only think how gladly the mothers would take home toys, to amuse the small sufferers! And if your good people are broad-hearted, as we Protestants should be, and do not refuse toys to poor children because their parents may hold a different religion, there is no charity for children which needs help of all kinds so much as the Franciscan. Home, at Peekskill. The toys can be sent to their house in West Thirty-first street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, next door to the church. There are eighty children in their country home, and they are very poor.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

STROKE PUZZLES FOR YOUNG SPELLERS.

1. I AM healthy; put a stroke through one of my letters, and I become deep dislike. 2. I am a small valley; add a stroke to one of my letters, and I become a fruit. 3. I am a spacious room; draw a short line across one of my letters, and I become a command welcome to the soldier after a long day's march. DVCIE.

A PUZZLE OF PRONUNCIATION.

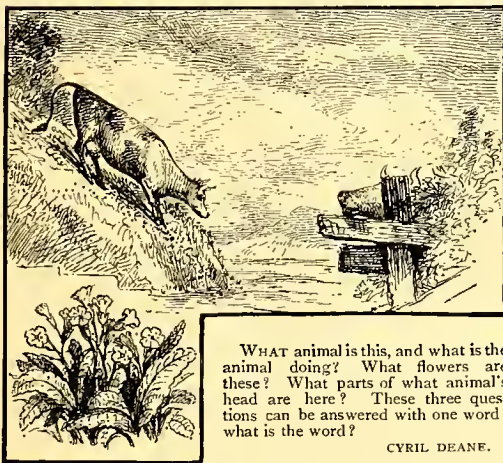
FOUR parts have I of varied sounds;
The power of kings in me abounds.
My first is felt of God above,
A kind of fear that mates with love;
My second's seen in melting snows;
My third a hardy cereal grows;
My fourth is called a cheering cup;
Now tell my whole, or give me up.

S. L. P.

SQUARE WORD

1. CUNNING. 2. A sharp tool. 3. Blue. 4. Shapes. 5. A ringlet.

EASY PICTORIAL RIDDLE.



WHAT animal is this, and what is the animal doing? What flowers are these? What parts of what animal's head are here? These three questions can be answered with one word; what is the word?

CYRIL DEANE.

GRANDMA'S ANAGRAM.

THE same eleven letters, naming an old spring-time custom of New England, are omitted from each stanza.

Ten boys and girls,—a merry *****—
Long years ago we went a*****;
Gathering flowers in the lane,
And o'er the sunny hill-side straying.

My menr'y lingers,—well i* ****—
O'er relics of the past remaining,
Dried blossoms of that far-off day,
That knew no cloud nor hint of *****.

The skies were bright; how could i* ****?
Oh! 't was a joyous, blissful *****!
Your Grandpa sought my love to gain,
And we were wed ere time of haying.

We took no wedding tour,—no, no!
That custom has of late been gaining;
But we were well content to go
Among the crowd to see *** *****.

LILIAN.

TANGLES TO UNRAVEL.

EACH of the following examples is formed from a piece of poetry, the words being misplaced, but otherwise correct. The problem is to give the work from which the piece is quoted, and to arrange the words in their proper order. Each quotation is from a well-known writer, and is but one sentence.

1. Queen o' the stars, and Queen o' the night-winds, mother come

there May be a pass; I 'm the whole of the happy drop of the meadow-grass, as will seem to them above The rain and they to May be brighten to be day, and mother, I 'm not upon the livelong go.

II. a bear of great resolution, from the country with the name of something that puzzles the native cowards is cast to the currents of pale hue rather than have these and the sickled traveler sweat and weary, grunt, and thus lose the undiscovered conscience. but we know we thought—thus does this dread bear of pith with life Who makes us death and jills, returns not others after those that would make their fardels turn o'er to us, all of whose will and moment of action fly bourn awry—and under no regard of enterprises?

III. yonder the sightless lark becomes a loud and lovelier hue, Now drown'd in a long blue woodland the living distance rings and takes the song.

WORD-BUILDING.

EACH of the following puzzles is to be solved by forming a series of words, building the words by adding one letter at a time, and sometimes changing the order of the letters. For example: the words tea, tape, prate, tapers, repeats, would form one such series; ass, seas, seams, sesame, measles, would make another.

- I. Inflammable air,
By one letter, with ease,
You may make into clothes
Old and worn, if you please.
These to something sweet-tasting,
Now change in like manner;
That, next, to a squadron
Of troops with a banner.
- II. Frame now for me,
Of letters three,
A woman, vow'd in single life to live;
Now add one more—
So making four—
And change her to a substantive.

One more to this—
A vowel 't is—
Join, and you'll get a joining, as I hope
Change and add one;
When this is done,
You have a messenger sent by the Pope.

- III. A knock at the door
I change, if I wish,
With one letter into
A long-living fish.

Then that, in like manner,
If you have a mind,
To what mourners wear
Can be changed, you find.

With a consonant now
Make what covers the floor,
And a part of a book
Out of that and one more. P****s.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE initials name an important commercial city of Northern Europe, the finals name the country in which the city is situated.
Cross Words: 1. An important city of Pennsylvania. 2. A city of Turkey in Europe. 3. An island of Africa. 4. A small kingdom of Europe. 5. A city of New York. 6. A river and bay of New Jersey. 7. A city and bay of Ireland. W. T. BURNS.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

HORIZONTALS: 1. An ancient chest. 2. To turn around swiftly. 3. Pertaining to the mountains of a certain small country in Europe. 4. To render linen stiff. 5. Of profit. 6. The chief of a religious order of women. Diagonal, from left to right downward: The ancient name of a celebrated island of the Mediterranean Sea.

ENIGMA.

If naught occur to foil,
I coil, uncoil and coil
In never ending toil.

Down from the hill's hush,
Down to the stream's rush,
My lonely way I push.

Great fear I cause;
My wildness draws,
From crowds, applause

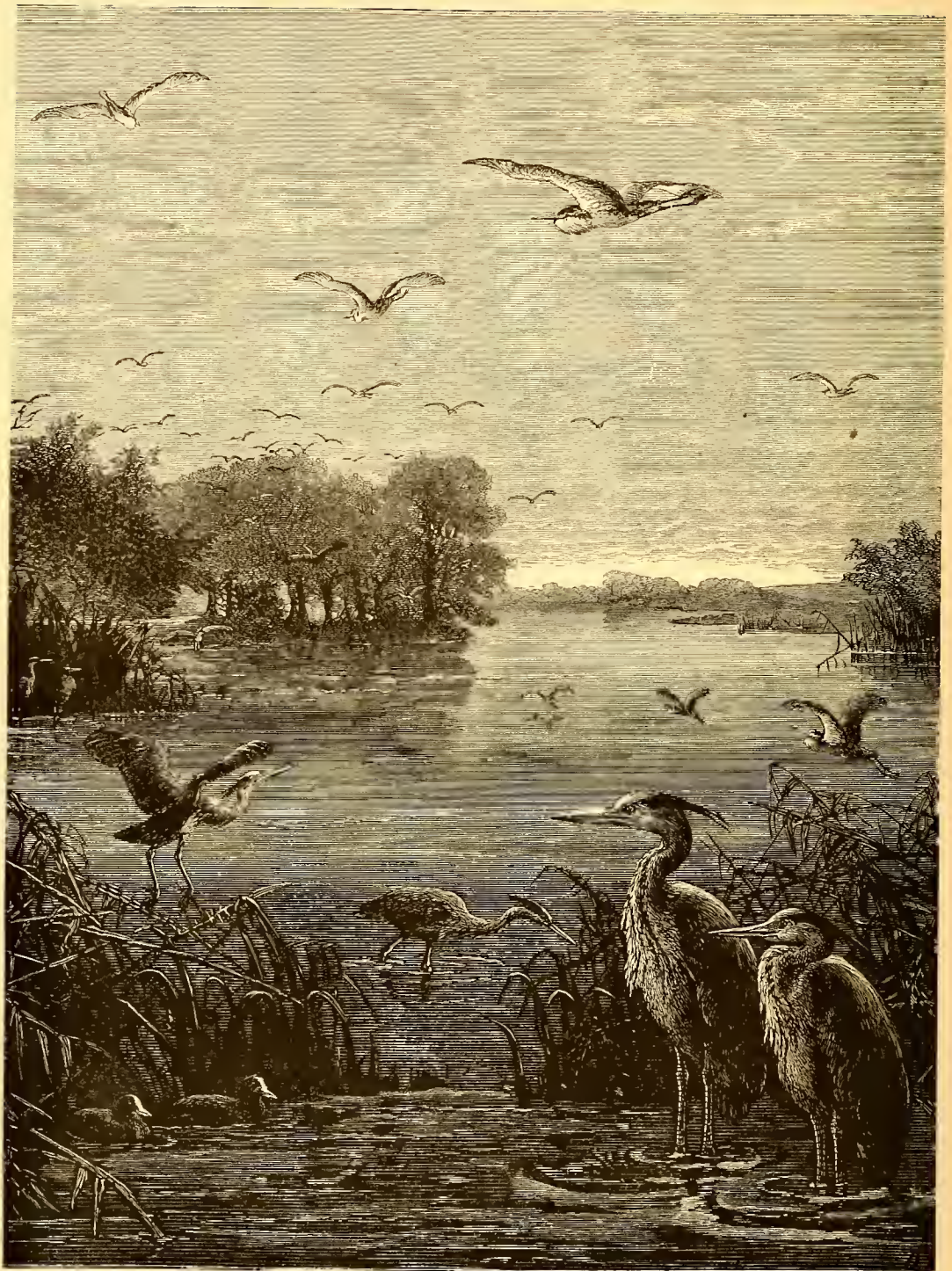
My gracious reign I hold
When daffodils unfold
Their tender green and gold.

L. W. H.

SQUARE WORD.

- 1. A PAIR of support. 2. Part of a fortification. 3. To render fit.
- 4. A leap, a pickled bud. 5. A sentinel decapitated, an entrance.





THE HOME OF THE HERONS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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"LITTLE MISS STONE."

BY MARY WAGER FISHER.

MAY MARSH was five years old, and lived in a country village in central New York, where her papa kept a store. Her grandmamma, Mrs. Stone, lived in the same street, four doors away. Little Miss May, as the villagers called her, was a chubby little girl, with a round, pink and white face, a little pug nose, large blue eyes, a pretty large mouth with two rows of small, white teeth, and her hair was "banged" all around. All day she was as busy as a bee in summer time, swinging in the yard, playing at sec-saw with her sister Nelly, or skipping upstairs and down, singing—

"Over the hills and far away!"

which were all the words she knew of a song she had heard somewhere. These words seemed to be, for her, quite enough; and for the other lines she would hum

"La, la, la,"

and then, with all her little voice, as if breaking forth afresh, sing bravely out:

"Over the hills and far away!"

Sometimes she would trudge about so gravely, and with so business-like an air, as to greatly amuse the housemaid, who, suspecting some mischief, would ask:

"Well, what now, little Miss May?"

"Oh, I is very *busy* to-day! I 've my doll's stockings and skirts to wash; they're *awful* dirty. She's such a *lazy* doll that, if I did n't *make* her get up, she would lie right in the dirt on the floor all day long, so that it takes half my time to keep that doll looking 'spectable, it does."

With all her active ways, May was a very good

child, excepting one fault, and I am sure no boy nor girl could ever guess what that was.

She would sew on Sunday!

Not that she could sew much, only with a needleful of thread. She would stick it back and forth through a piece of cloth, tangling the thread and making very long stitches. During week days she never wanted to sew, but the moment her Sunday morning breakfast was over, she would give nobody any peace until she had a needle threaded for her, when she would sit as patiently at her sewing as if she were a paid little seamstress. Her mamma was sorry to have her little girl sew on Sunday, but said little about it, thinking she would cease to care for it, after a time. But, as the weeks passed on, May seemed in a fair way to sew on every Sunday, as long as she lived. At length her mother decided to forbid her having a needle, and on the following Sunday morning, calling May to her, she said:

"You cannot sew to-day, May."

"Why not to-day, mamma?"

"Because it is Sunday!"

"Well, what if it be Sunday?"

"God does n't like to have little girls sew on Sunday."

"Who is God, mamma?"

"God made you, dear."

"Where is God, mamma?"

"He is everywhere."

"Then He is here, mamma?"

"Yes, dear."

"In this room?"

"Yes."

"Then He is in my pocket, mamma?"

"You must not talk so," said mamma, very

much startled. "God is everywhere because He sees and knows everything you do. Now put away your sewing."

May slowly obeyed, and took the matter so to heart that she pouted all through church service, and at night, when the maid brought her supper, she said she was not going to live at home any more, but would move to her grandmamma's.

Next morning, May appeared at the breakfast-table, wearing a very determined look; in one hand she held her night-gown, and in the other her doll. Her papa kissed her, and looking at her night-dress asked what she was going to do with it.

"I is not going to live *here* any more," she replied, winking her eyes very hard.

"And where does little Miss May propose to live?" asked her papa.

"With grandmamma. I is *tired* staying *here*."

Her mother smiled; then, looking sad, she said she would then have only one little girl, but that Nelly would comfort her. At this, May looked straight at her plate, and ate her bread and butter very fast without a word more. When the meal was over she jumped down, and running into the hall for her bonnet, went back to the breakfast-room for her doll and night-gown.

"I is going now, mamma," she said.

"But if you are to live here no more," said her father, "you will have no papa, and mamma will not be *your* mamma. You will have to say Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, and, when you come here, you will have to ring the door-bell, and you will be Little Miss Stone."

May had no answer for that, but stood twirling her bonnet-strings. At last, turning desperately toward the door, she said:

"Well, I don't care! Grandmamma will let me sew on Sunday, I know! Wont she, Nelly?"

Nelly said she "guessed not," whereupon May drew her bonnet over her face and, hugging her doll and night-gown, started for her grandmother's. Nelly watched her from the window, laughing at the little figure trudging down the sidewalk, moving as if she already had begun to battle with the hard things of life.

"We won't say anything to her, will we, mamma?" said Nelly, as May turned in at her grandmother's; "and I guess she'll be glad enough to come back before night."

May went in without knocking, and told her grandmamma that she had come to "live with her,—live with her *always*."

Mrs. Stone, amused at the child's decided manner, said she would be very glad to have a little girl to live with her. When she asked her why she had left home, May replied:

"Mamma buses me; I is *tired* living there."

May very soon was busy giving her doll its breakfast, which seemed to be a vexing task, as often happened; after a good deal of scolding, she shook the doll, and, putting it down hard in a chair, exclaimed: "You ought just to *starve*, you ought, you naughty little thing!"

But, after a while, tired of being alone, and missing Nelly, she asked her grandmother for a couple of pennies to go to the store and buy her doll a frock. Mrs. Stone gave her the money, and May started for her father's store. Nelly, who saw her coming up the walk, shouted to her mother that May was "coming back"; still, May never once looked at the house, but walked straight past it. She held the two pennies tightly in her hand, and walking to the counter, where she saw her father, said:

"Papa,"—and then stopping, as if remembering something,—“Mr. Marsh, I want to buy my doll a frock.”

Her papa acted as if he did not know her, and taking down some pink calico, asked her if that would do. She said "Yes," and he cut her off a yard. She put her two cents on the counter, when Mr. Marsh told her that the money was not enough; then, looking soberly down into her face, he asked whose little girl she was.

"I is my grandmamma's."

"And what is your name?"

"I is Little—Little Miss Stone."

"Ah, yes, I see," said her father. "Well, I am not *acquainted* with any Little Miss Stone, so I'm afraid I can't let you have the calico."

May's lips began to tremble and her brave little stock of bravado to give way, when one of the villagers, who had been standing near, slipped a ten cent piece into her hand; this she quickly placed on the counter, and then, with an air of victory, she walked away with her calico.

Time passed happily enough at her grandmother's until the doll's dress was made, which happened at about five o'clock in the afternoon. May was then anxious to show it to Nelly. Full of this idea, and forgetting how she had left home in the morning, May put on her bonnet and ran back with her doll, rushing into the house without ringing, and exclaiming:

"See, Nelly, my doll's new frock!"

"Ah, what young lady have we here?" asked Mrs. Marsh, in surprise.

"This is Little Miss Stone," said Nelly, roguishly.

"Little Miss Stone? Indeed! And is Little Miss Stone well to-day?" continued her mother.

Poor May was driven quite to her wit's end. She had had the habit, ever since she could talk, of putting her hands over her ears when she wished to say

something that a third person should not hear. So, quickly clapping her fat little hands over her own ears, she put her face close to Nelly's, and shouted:

"I is *not* Little Miss Stone; you is very much mistookened."

"Why, yes you are," laughed Nelly. "I guess you've forgotten!"

Their mother pretended not to have heard May's remark, and continued:

"I think, Nelly dear, we will go out pretty soon to look all around for a little sister for you. Perhaps Little Miss Stone can tell us where to find a little girl who will be *glad* to live here; to play with Nelly, and sleep with her, and have the same papa and mamma that Nelly has."

It was plain to see that a struggle was going on in little May's heart, for she looked first at her mother anxiously, then at Nelly, when her eyes caught sight of a beautiful little round pumpkin-pie that stood on the table. Now, if there was anything of which May was especially fond, it was pumpkin-pie, and an aunt of hers often sent her a small one. The sight of the pie drove all her sorrows from her mind, and clapping her hands she was about to seize it, when Mrs. Marsh, who was already tying Nelly's bonnet strings for their walk, said:

"That pumpkin-pie was sent to our house by Aunt George for our little girl who moved away this morning; she got tired of staying here, and went to live with her grandmother, so she could sew on Sunday! Now, we must go out and look for another little May, to be a sister to Nelly, and to eat the pumpkin-pie."

Mrs. Marsh moved toward the door, when May, no longer able to control her feelings, burst into tears, and, hiding her face in her mamma's frock, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't cry, May," begged Nelly, soothingly. "Mamma's only in fun! Mamma, *this is May*;

really, mamma, it *is* May. I told you all along she'd come back!"

At this moment Mr. Marsh came in, and seeing his little girl in trouble, caught her up in his arms, exclaiming:

"Well! And what has become of Little Miss Stone?"

"I guess *she's* runned away," answered May, her eyes shining through her tears, and turning longingly toward the pumpkin-pie, which she was soon permitted to eat, while her papa and mamma looked on, with satisfied smiles. In half an hour, she was quite at home again, and singing her old song:

"Over the hills and *far* away."



LITTLE MISS STONE MAKES A PURCHASE.

But for a long time the only reproof the happy little girl needed for asking leave to sew on Sunday, or for any other fault, was to remind her of Little Miss Stone.



APPLE-SEED JOHN.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

POOR Johnny was bended well nigh double
With years of toil, and care, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

“But what can I do?” old Johnny said;
“I who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would.”

The old man sat thinking deeply a while,
Then over his features gleamed a smile,
And he clapped his hands with a boyish
glee.
And said to himself, “There’s a way for
me!”

He worked, and he worked with might and
main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;

But, journeying thus o’er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in ev’ry hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain, and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie-dogs
bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with him;
And he who had food shared with the other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was filled,
And looked at the holes that the white man
drilled,
He thought to himself ’t was a silly plan
To be planting seed for some future man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sung right well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty, in work or play,
Men, women, and boys all urged him to
stay;
But he always said, "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was he put in the
ground;
And so, as time passed and he traveled on,
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-seed John."

Whenever he 'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been found;
That a flick'ring play of light and shade
Would dance and glimmer along the glade;

That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.
He said at the last, "'T is a comfort to feel
I 've done good in the world, though not a
great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest,
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on,
"These trees were planted by Apple-seed John."



JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACK HAS A MYSTERY.

"WHAT is the matter? Does your head ache?" asked Jill, one evening in March, observing that Jack sat with his head in his hands, an attitude which, with him, meant either pain or perplexity.

"No; but I'm bothered. I want some money, and I don't see how I can earn it," he answered,

tumbling his hair about, and frowning darkly at the fire.

"How much?" and Jill's ready hand went to the pocket where her little purse lay, for she felt rich with several presents lately made her.

"Two seventy-five. No, thank you, I won't borrow."

"What is it for?"

"Can't tell."

"Why, I thought you told me everything."

"Sorry, but I can't this time. Don't you worry; I shall think of something."

"Could n't your mother help?"

"Don't wish to ask her."

"Why! can't *she* know?"

"Nobody can."

"How queer! Is it a scrape, Jack?" asked Jill, looking as curious as a magpie.

"It is likely to be, if I can't get out of it this week, somehow."

"Well, I don't see how I can help if I'm not to know anything," and Jill seemed rather hurt.

"You can just stop asking questions, and tell me how a fellow can earn some money. That would help. I've got one dollar, but I must have some more," and Jack looked worried as he fingered the little gold dollar on his watch-guard.

"Oh, do you mean to use that?"

"Yes, I do; a man must pay his debts if he sells all he has to do it," said Jack, sternly.

"Dear me; it must be something very serious." And Jill lay quite still for five minutes, thinking over all the ways in which Jack ever did earn money, for Mrs. Minot liked to have her boys work, and paid them in some way for all they did.

"Is there any wood to saw?" she asked, presently, being very anxious to help.

"All done."

"Paths to shovel?"

"No snow."

"Lawn to rake, then?"

"Not time for that yet."

"Catalogue of books?"

"Frank got that job."

"Copy those letters for your mother?"

"Take me too long. Must have my money Friday, if possible."

"I don't see what we can do, then. It is too early or too late for everything, and you won't borrow."

"Not of you. No, nor of any one else, if I can possibly help it. I've promised to do this myself, and I will," and Jack wagged his head, resolutely.

"Could n't you do something with the printing-press? Do me some cards, and then, perhaps, the other girls will want some," said Jill, as a forlorn hope.

"Just the thing! What a goose I was not to think of it. I'll rig the old machine up at once." And, starting from his seat, Jack dived into the big closet, dragged out the little press, and fell to oiling, dusting and putting it in order, like one relieved of a great anxiety.

"Give me the types; I'll sort them and set up my name, so you can begin as soon as you are ready. You know what a help I was when we did

the programmes? I'm almost sure the girls *will* want cards, and I know your mother would like some more tags," said Jill, briskly rattling the letters into the different compartments, while Jack inked the rollers and hunted up his big apron, whistling the while with recovered spirits.

A dozen neat cards were soon printed, and Jill insisted on paying six cents for them, as earning was not borrowing. A few odd tags were found and done for mamma, who immediately ordered four dozen at six cents a dozen, though she was not told why there was such a pressing call for money.

Jack's monthly half-dollar had been spent the first week,—twenty-five cents for a concert, ten paid a fine for keeping a book too long from the library, ten more to have his knife ground, and five in candy, for he dearly loved sweets, and was under bonds to mamma not to spend more than five cents a month on these unwholesome temptations. She never asked the boys what they did with their money, but expected them to keep account in the little books she gave them; and, now and then, they showed the neat pages with pardonable pride, though she often laughed at the queer items.

All that evening Jack & Co. worked busily, for when Frank came in he good-naturedly ordered some pale-pink cards for Annette, and ran to the store to choose the right shade, and buy some packages for the young printer also.

"What *do* you suppose he is in such a pucker for?" whispered Jill, as she set up the new name, to Frank, who sat close by, with one eye on his book and one on her.

"Oh, some notion. He's a queer chap; but I guess it is n't much of a scrape, or I should know it. He's so good-natured he's always promising to do things for people, and has too much pluck to give up when he finds he can't. Let him alone, and it will all come out soon enough," answered Frank, who laughed at his brother, but loved him none the less for the tender heart that often got the better of his young head.

But for once Frank was mistaken; the mystery did not come out, and Jack worked like a beaver all that week, as orders poured in when Jill and Annette showed their elegant cards; for, as everybody knows, if one girl has a new thing all the rest must, whether it is a bow on the top of her head, a peculiar sort of pencil, or the latest kind of chewing-gum. Little play did the poor fellow get, for every spare minute was spent at the press, and no invitation could tempt him away, so much in earnest was our honest little Franklin about paying his debt. Jill helped all she could, and cheered his labors with her encouragement, remembering how he stayed at home for her.

"It is real good of you to lend a hand, and I'm ever so much obliged," said Jack, as the last order was struck off, and the drawer of the type-box held a pile of shining five and ten cent pieces, with two or three quarters.

"I love to; only, it would be nicer if I knew what we were working for," she said, demurely, as she scattered type for the last time; and seeing that Jack was both tired and grateful, hoped to get a hint of the secret.

"I want to tell you, dreadfully; but I can't, because I've promised."

"What, never?"

"Never!" and Jack looked as firm as a rock.

"Then I shall find out, for I have n't promised."

"You can't."

"See if I don't!"

"You are sharp, but you won't guess this. It's a tremendous secret, and nobody will tell it."

"You'll tell it yourself. You always do."

"I won't tell this. It would be mean."

"Wait and see; I can get anything out of you if I try," and Jill laughed, knowing her power well, for Jack found it very hard to keep a secret from her.

"Don't try; please don't! It would n't be right, and you don't want to make me do a dishonorable thing for your sake, I know."

Jack looked so distressed that Jill promised not to *make* him tell, though she held herself free to find out in other ways, if she could.

Thus relieved, Jack trudged off to school on Friday with the two dollars and seventy-five cents jingling in his pocket, though the dear gold coin had to be sacrificed to make up the sum. He did his lessons badly that day, was late at recess in the afternoon and, as soon as school was over, departed in his rubber boots "to take a walk," he said, though the roads were in a bad state with a spring thaw. Nothing was seen of him till after tea-time, when he came limping in, very dirty and tired, but with a reposeful expression, which betrayed that a load was off his mind. Frank was busy about his own affairs and paid little attention to him, but Jill was on tenter-hooks to know where he had been, yet dared not ask the question.

"Merry's brother wants some cards. He liked hers so much he wishes to make his lady-love a present. Here's the name," and Jill held up the order from Harry Grant, who was to be married in the autumn.

"Must wait till next week. I'm too tired to do a thing to-night, and I hate the sight of that old press," answered Jack, laying himself down upon the rug as if every joint ached.

"What made you take such a long walk? You

look as tired as if you'd been ten miles," said Jill, hoping to discover the length of the trip.

"Had to. Four or five miles is n't much, only my leg bothered me," and Jack gave the ailing member a slap, as if he had found it much in his way that day; for, though he had given up the crutches long ago, he rather missed their support sometimes. Then, with a great yawn, he stretched himself out to bask in the blaze, pillowing his head on his arms.

"Dear old thing, he looks all used up; I won't plague him with talking," and Jill began to sing, as she often did in the twilight.

By the time the first song ended a gentle snore was heard, and Jack lay fast asleep, worn out with the busy week and the walk, which had been longer and harder than any one guessed. Jill took up her knitting and worked quietly by firelight, still wondering and guessing what the secret could be; for she had not much to amuse her, and little things were very interesting if connected with her friends. Presently, Jack rolled over and began to mutter in his sleep, as he often did when too weary for sound slumber. Jill paid no attention till he uttered a name which made her prick up her ears and listen to the broken sentences which followed. Only a few words, but she dropped her work, saying to herself:

"I do believe he is talking about the secret. Now I shall find out, and he *will* tell me himself, as I said he would."

Much pleased, she leaned and listened, but could make no sense of the confused babble about "heavy boots"; "all right, old fellow"; "Jerry's off"; and "the ink is too thick."

The slam of the front door woke Jack, and he pulled himself up, declaring that he believed he had been having a nap.

"I wish you'd have another," said Jill, greatly disappointed at the loss of the intelligence she seemed to be so near getting.

"Floor is too hard for tired bones. Guess I'll go to bed and get rested up for Monday. I've worked like fury this week, so next I'm going in for fun;" and, little dreaming what hard times were in store for him, Jack went off to enjoy his warm bath and welcome bed, where he was soon sleeping with the serene look of one whose dreams were happy, whose conscience was at rest.

"I have a few words to say to you before you go," said Mr. Acton, pausing with his hand on the bell, Monday afternoon, when the hour came for dismissing school.

The bustle of putting away books and preparing for as rapid a departure as propriety allowed, subsided suddenly, and the boys and girls sat as still

as mice, while the hearts of such as had been guilty of any small sins began to beat fast.

"You remember that we had some trouble last winter about keeping the boys away from the saloon, and that a rule was made forbidding any pupil to go to town during recess?" began Mr. Acton, who, being a conscientious man as well as an excellent teacher, felt that he was responsible for the children in school hours, and did his best to aid parents in guarding them from the few temptations which beset them in a country town. A certain attractive little shop, where confectionery, base-balls, stationery and picture papers were sold, was a favorite loafing place for some of the boys till the rule forbidding it was made, because in the rear of the shop was a beer and billiard saloon. A wise rule, for the picture papers were not always of the best sort; cigars were to be had; idle fellows hung about there, and some of the lads, who wanted to be thought manly, ventured to pass the green baize door "just to look on."

A murmur answered the teacher's question, and he continued:

"You all know that the rule was broken several times, and I told you the next offender would be publicly reprimanded, as private punishments had no effect. I am sorry to say that the time has come, and the offender is a boy whom I trusted entirely. It grieves me to do this, but I must keep my promise, and hope the example will have a good effect."

Mr. Acton paused, as if he found it hard to go on, and the boys looked at one another with inquiring eyes, for their teacher seldom punished, and when he did it was a very solemn thing. Several of these anxious glances fell upon Joe, who was very red and sat whittling a pencil as if he dared not lift his eyes.

"He's the chap. Wont he catch it?" whispered Gus to Frank, for both owed him a grudge.

"The boy who broke the rule last Friday, at afternoon recess, will come to the desk," said Mr. Acton, in his most impressive manner.

If a thunderbolt had fallen through the roof it would hardly have caused a greater surprise than the sight of Jack Minot walking slowly down the aisle, with a wrathful flash in the eyes he turned on Joe as he passed him.

"Now, Minot, let us have this over as soon as possible, for I do not like it any better than you do, and I am sure there is some mistake. I'm told you went to the shop on Friday. Is it true?" asked Mr. Acton, very gently, for he liked Jack, and seldom had to correct him in any way.

"Yes, sir," and Jack looked up as if proud to show that he was not afraid to tell the truth as far as he could.

"To buy something?"

"No, sir."

"To meet some one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it Jerry Shannon?"

No answer, but Jack's fists doubled up of themselves as he shot another fiery glance at Joe, whose face burned as if it scorched him.

"I am told it was; also that you were seen to go into the saloon with him. Did you?" and Mr. Acton looked so sure that it was a mistake that it cost Jack a great effort to say, slowly:

"Yes, sir."

Quite a thrill pervaded the school at this confession, for Jerry was one of the wild fellows the boys all shunned, and to have any dealings with him was considered a very disgraceful thing.

"Did you play?"

"No, sir. I can't."

"Drink beer?"

"I belong to the Lodge," and Jack stood as erect as any little soldier who ever marched under a temperance banner and fought for the cause none are too young nor too old to help along.

"I was sure of that. Then what took you there, my boy?"

The question was so kindly put that Jack forgot himself an instant, and blurted out:

"I only went to pay him some money, sir."

"Ah, how much?"

"Two seventy-five," muttered Jack, as red as a cherry at not being able to keep a secret better.

"Too much for a lad like you to owe such a fellow as Jerry. How came it?" and Mr. Acton looked disturbed.

Jack opened his lips to speak, but shut them again, and stood looking down with a little quiver about the mouth that showed how much it cost him to be silent.

"Does any one beside Jerry know of this?"

"One other fellow," after a pause.

"Yes, I understand," and Mr. Acton's eye glanced at Joe with a look that seemed to say, "I wish he'd held his tongue."

A queer smile flitted over Jack's face, for Joe was not the "other fellow," and knew very little about it, excepting what he had seen when he was sent on an errand by Mr. Acton on Friday.

"I wish you would explain the matter, John, for I am sure it is better than it seems, and it would be very hard to punish you when you don't deserve it."

"But I do deserve it; I've broken the rule, and I ought to be punished," said Jack, as if a good whipping would be easier to bear than this public cross-examination.

"And you can't explain, or even say you are

sorry, or ashamed?" asked Mr. Acton, hoping to surprise another fact out of the boy.

"No, sir; I can't; I'm not ashamed; I'm not sorry, and I'd do it again to-morrow if I had to;" cried Jack, losing patience, and looking as if he would not bear much more.

A groan from the boys greeted this bare-faced declaration, and Susy quite shivered at the idea of having taken two bites out of the apple of such a hardened desperado.

away, I had only that time, and I'd promised to pay up, so I did."

Mr. Acton believed every word he said, and regretted that they had not been able to have it out privately, but he, too, must keep his promise and punish the offender, whoever he was.

"Very well, you will lose your recess for a week, and this month's report will be the first one in which behavior does not get the highest mark. You may go; and I wish it understood that Master



"JACK & CO." AT WORK WITH THE PRINTING-PRESS.

"Think it over till to-morrow, and perhaps you will change your mind. Remember that this is the last week of the month, and reports are given out next Friday," said Mr. Acton, knowing how much the boy prided himself on always having good ones to show his mother.

Poor Jack turned scarlet and bit his lips to keep them still, for he had forgotten this when he plunged into the affair which was likely to cost him dear. Then the color faded away, the boyish face grew steady, and the honest eyes looked up at his teacher as he said very low, but all heard him, the room was so still:

"It is n't as bad as it looks, sir, but I can't say any more. No one is to blame but me; and I could n't help breaking the rule, for Jerry was going

Minot is not to be troubled with questions till he chooses to set this matter right."

Then the bell rang, the children trooped out, Mr. Acton went off without another word, and Jack was left alone to put up his books and hide a few tears that would come because Frank turned his eyes away from the imploring look cast upon him as the culprit came down from the platform, a disgraced boy.

Elder brothers are apt to be a little hard on younger ones, so it is not surprising that Frank, who was an eminently proper boy, was much cut up when Jack publicly confessed to dealings with Jerry, leaving it to be supposed that the worst half of the story remained untold. He felt it his duty, therefore, to collar poor Jack when he came out,

and talk to him all the way home, like a judge bent on getting at the truth by main force. A kind word would have been very comforting, but the scolding was too much for Jack's temper, so he turned dogged and would not say a word, though Frank threatened not to speak to him for a week.

At tea-time both boys were very silent, one looking grim, the other excited. Frank stared sternly at his brother across the table, and no amount of marmalade sweetened or softened that reproachful look. Jack defiantly crunched his toast, with occasional slashes at the butter, as if he must vent the pent-up emotions which half distracted him. Of course, their mother saw that something was amiss, but did not allude to it, hoping that the cloud would blow over as so many did if left alone. But this one did not, and when both refused cake, this sure sign of unusual perturbation made her anxious to know the cause. As soon as tea was over, Jack retired with gloomy dignity to his own room, and Frank, casting away the paper he had been pretending to read, burst out with the whole story. Mrs. Minot was as much surprised as he, but not angry, because, like most mothers, she was sure that her sons could not do anything very bad.

"I will speak to him; my boy wont refuse to give *me* some explanation," she said, when Frank had freed his mind with as much warmth as if Jack had broken all the ten commandments.

"He will. You often call me obstinate, but he is as pig-headed as a mule; Joe only knows what he saw, old tell-tale! and Jerry has left town, or I'd have it out of him. Make Jack own up, whether he can or not. Little donkey!" stormed Frank, who hated rowdies and could not forgive his brother for being seen with one.

"My dear, all boys do foolish things sometimes, even the wisest and best behaved, so don't be hard on the poor child. He has got into trouble, I've no doubt, but it cannot be very bad, and he earned the money to pay for his prank, whatever it was."

Mrs. Minot left the room as she spoke, and Frank cooled down as if her words had been a shower-bath, for he remembered his own costly escapade, and how kindly both his mother and Jack had stood by him on that trying occasion. So, feeling rather remorseful, he went off to talk it over with Gus, leaving Jill in a fever of curiosity, for Merry and Molly had dropped in on their way home to break the blow to her, and Frank declined to discuss it with her, after mildly stating that Jack was a "ninnie," in his opinion.

"Well, I know one thing," said Jill, confidentially, to Snow-ball, when they were left alone together, "if every one else is scolding him I wont say a word. It's so mean to crow over people

when they are down, and I'm sure he has n't done anything to be ashamed of, though he wont tell."

Snow-ball seemed to agree to this, for he went and sat down by Jack's slippers waiting for him on the hearth, and Jill thought that a very touching proof of affectionate fidelity to the little master who ruled them both.

When he came, it was evident that he had found it harder to refuse his mother than all the rest. But she trusted him, in spite of appearances, and that was such a comfort! for poor Jack's heart was very full, and he longed to tell the whole story, but he would not break his promise, and so kept silence bravely. Jill asked no questions, affecting to be anxious for the games they always played together in the evening; but while they played, though the lips were sealed, the bright eyes said as plainly as words, "I trust you," and Jack was very grateful.

It was well he had something to cheer him up at home, for he got little peace at school. He bore the grave looks of Mr. Acton meekly, took the boys' jokes good-naturedly, and withstood the artful teasing of the girls with patient silence. But it was very hard for the social, affectionate fellow to bear the general distrust, for he had been such a favorite he felt the change keenly.

But the thing that tried him most was the knowledge that his report would not be what it usually was. It was always a happy moment when he showed it to his mother, and saw her eye brighten as it fell on the 99 or 100, for she cared more for good behavior than for perfect lessons. Mr. Acton once said that Frank Minot's moral influence in the school was unusual, and Jack never forgot her pride and delight as she told them what Frank himself had not known till then. It was Jack's ambition to have the same said of him, for he was not much of a scholar, and he had tried hard since he went back to school to get good records in that respect at least. Now, here was a dreadful downfall, tardy marks, bad company, broken rules, and something too wrong to tell, apparently.

"Well, I deserve a good report, and that's a comfort, though nobody believes it," he said to himself, trying to keep up his spirits, as the slow week went by, and no word from him had cleared up the mystery.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND JILL FINDS IT OUT.

JILL worried about it more than he did, for she was a faithful little friend, and it was a great trial to have Jack even suspected of doing anything wrong. School is a child's world while he is there, and its small affairs are very important to him, so

Jill felt that the one thing to be done was to clear away the cloud about her dear boy, and restore him to public favor.

"Ed will be here Saturday night and may be he will find out, for Jack tells him everything. I do hate to have him hector me, for I know he is, though he 's too proud to complain," she said, on Thursday evening, when Frank told her some joke played upon his brother that day.

"I let him alone, but I see that he is n't badgered too much. That 's all I can do. If Ed had only come home last Saturday it might have done some good, but now it will be too late; for the reports are given out to-morrow, you know," answered Frank, feeling a little jealous of Ed's influence over Jack, though his own would have been as great if he had been as gentle.

"Has Jerry come back?" asked Jill, who kept all her questions for Frank, because she seldom alluded to the tender subject when with Jack.

"No, he 's off for the summer. Got a place somewhere. Hope he 'll stay there, and let Bob alone."

"Where is Bob now? I don't hear much about him lately," said Jill, who was constantly on the look-out for "the other fellow," since it was not Joe.

"Oh, he went to Captain Skinner's the first of March, chores round, and goes to school up there. Captain is strict, and wont let Bob come to town, except Sundays; but he don't mind it much, for he likes horses, has nice grub, and the hill fellows are good chaps for him to be with. So he 's all right, if he only behaves."

"How far is it to Captain Skinner's?" asked Jill, suddenly, having listened, with her sharp eyes on Frank, as he tinkered away at his model, since he was forbidden all other indulgence in his beloved pastime.

"It 's four miles to Hill District, but the Captain lives this side of the school-house. About three from here, I should say."

"How long would it take a boy to walk up there?" went on the questioner, with a new idea in her head.

"Depends on how much of a walkist he is."

"Suppose he was lame and it was sloshy, and he made a call and came back. How long would that take?" asked Jill, impatiently.

"Well, in that case, I should say two or three hours. But it 's impossible to tell exactly, unless you know how lame the fellow was, and how long a call he made," said Frank, who liked to be accurate.

"Jack could n't do it in less, could he?"

"He used to run up that hilly road for a breather, and think nothing of it. It would be a

long job for him now, poor little chap, for his leg often troubles him, though he hates to own it."

Jill lay back and laughed, a happy little laugh, as if she was pleased about something, and Frank looked over his shoulder to ask questions in his turn.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Can't tell."

"Why do you want to know about Hill District? Are you going there?"

"Wish I could! I 'd soon have it out of him."

"Who?"

"Never mind. Please push up my table. I must write a letter, and I want you to post it for me to-night, and never say a word till I give you leave."

"Oh, now *you* are going to have secrets and be mysterious, and get into a mess, are you?" and Frank looked down at her with a suspicious air, though he was intensely curious to know what she was about.

"Go away till I 'm done. You will have to see the outside, but you can't know the inside till the answer comes;" and, propping herself up, Jill wrote the following note, with some hesitation at the beginning and end, for she did not know the gentleman she was addressing, except by sight, and it was rather awkward.

"ROBERT WALKER:

"DEAR SIR:—I want to ask if Jack Minot came to see you last Friday afternoon. He got into trouble being seen with Jerry Shannon. He paid him some money. Jack wont tell, and Mr. Acton talked to him about it before all the school. We feel bad, because we think Jack did not do wrong. I don't know as you have anything to do with it, but I thought I 'd ask. Please answer quick.—Respectfully yours,
JANE PECO."

To make sure that her despatch was not tampered with, Jill put a great splash of red sealing-wax on it, which gave it a very official look, and much impressed Bob when he received it.

"There! Go and post it, and don't let any one see or know about it," she said, handing it over to Frank, who left his work with unusual alacrity to do her errand. When his eye fell on the address, he laughed, and said in a teasing way:

"Are you and Bob such good friends that you correspond? What will Jack say?"

"Don't know, and don't care! Be good, now, and let 's have a little secret as well as other folks. I 'll tell you all about it when he answers," said Jill, in her most coaxing tone.

"Suppose he does n't?"

"Then I shall send you up to see him. I *must* know something, and I want to do it myself, if I can."

"Look here; what are you after? I do believe you think——" Frank got no farther, for Jill

gave a little scream, and stopped him by crying eagerly: "Don't say it out loud! I really do believe it may be, and I'm going to find out."

"What made you think of him?" and Frank looked thoughtfully at the letter, as if turning carefully over in his mind the idea that Jill's quick wits had jumped at.

"Come here, and I'll tell you."

Holding him by one button, she whispered something in his ear that made him exclaim, with a look at the rug:

"No! did he? I declare I should n't wonder! It would be just like the dear old blunder-head."

"I never thought of it till you told me where Bob was, and then it all sort of burst upon me in

while she eagerly read it he sat calmly poring over the latest number of his own private and particular "Boys' paper."

Bob was not a "complete letter-writer" by any means, and with great labor and much ink had produced the following brief but highly satisfactory epistle. Not knowing how to address his fair correspondent he let it alone, and went at once to the point in the frankest possible way:

"Jack did come up Friday. Sorry he got into a mess. It was real kind of him, and I shall pay him back soon. Jack paid Jerry for me, and I made him promise not to tell. Jerry said he'd come here and make a row if I did n't cash up. I was afraid I'd lose the place if he did, for the Capt. is awful strict. If Jack don't tell now, I will. I aint mean. Glad you wrote.
R. O. W."



JILL MAKES A DISCOVERY.

one minute!" cried Jill, waving her arms about to express the intellectual explosion which had thrown light upon the mystery, like sky-rockets in a dark night.

"You are as bright as a button. No time to lose; I'm off," and off he was, splashing through the mud to post the letter, on the back of which he added, to make the thing sure, "Hurry up. F. M."

Both felt rather guilty next day, but enjoyed themselves very much nevertheless, and kept chuckling over the mine they were making under Jack's unconscious feet. They hardly expected an answer at noon, as the Hill people were not very eager for their mail, but at night Jill was sure of a letter, and to her great delight it came. Jack brought it himself, which added to the fun, and

"Hurrah!" cried Jill, waving the letter over her head in great triumph. "Call everybody and read it out," she added, as Frank snatched it, and ran for his mother, seeing at a glance that the news was good. Jill was so afraid she should tell before the others came that she burst out singing "Pretty Bobby Shafto" at the top of her voice, to Jack's great disgust, for he considered the song very personal, as he *was* rather fond of "combing down his yellow hair," and Jill often plagued him by singing it when he came in with the golden quills very smooth and nice to hide the scar on his forehead.

In about five minutes the door flew open and in came mamma, making straight for bewildered Jack, who thought the family had gone crazy when his parent caught him in her arms, saying tenderly:

"My good, generous boy! I knew he was right all the time!" while Frank worked his hand up and down like a pump-handle, exclaiming heartily:

"You're a trump, sir, and I'm proud of you!" Jill meantime calling out, in wild delight:

"I told you so! I told you so! I did find out, ha, ha, I did!"

"Come, I say! What's the matter? I'm all right. Don't squeeze the breath out of me, please," expostulated Jack, looking so startled and innocent, as he struggled feebly, that they all laughed, and this plaintive protest caused him to be released. But the next proceeding did not enlighten him much, for Frank kept waving a very inky paper before him and ordering him to read it, while mamma made a charge at Jill, as if it was absolutely necessary to hug somebody.

"Hullo!" said Jack, when he got the letter into his own hand and read it. "Now who put Bob up to this? Nobody had any business to interfere—but it's mighty good of him, anyway," he added, as the anxious lines in his round face smoothed themselves away, while a smile of relief told how hard it had been for him to keep his word.

"I did!" cried Jill, clapping her hands, and looking so happy that he could not have scolded her if he had wanted to.

"Who told you he was in the scrape?" demanded Jack, in a hurry to know all about it now the seal was taken off his own lips.

"You did," and Jill's face twinkled with naughty satisfaction, for this was the best fun of all.

"I did n't! When? Where? It's a joke!"

"You did," cried Jill, pointing to the rug. "You went to sleep there after the long walk, and talked in your sleep about 'Bob' and 'All right, old boy,' and ever so much gibberish. I did n't think about it then, but when I heard that Bob was up there I thought may be he knew something about it, and last night I wrote and asked him, and that's the answer, and now it's all right, and you are the best boy that ever was, and I'm so glad!"

Here Jill paused, all out of breath, and Frank said, with an approving pat on the head:

"It wont do to have such a sharp young person round if we are going to have secrets. You'd make a good detective, miss."

"Catch me taking naps before people again," and Jack looked rather crestfallen that his own words had set "Fine Ear" on the track. "Never mind, I didn't *mean* to tell, though I just ached to do it all the time, so I have n't broken my word. I'm glad you all know, but you need n't let it get out, for Bob is a good fellow and it might make

trouble for him," added Jack, anxious lest his gain should be the other's loss.

"I shall tell Mr. Acton myself, and the Captain, also, for I'm not going to have my son suspected of wrong-doing when he has only tried to help a friend, and borne enough for his sake," said mamma, much excited by this discovery of generous fidelity in her boy; though, when one came to look at it calmly, one saw that it might have been done in a wiser way.

"Now, please, don't make a fuss about it; that would be most as bad as having every one down on me. I can stand your praising me, but I wont be patted on the head by anybody else," and Jack assumed a manly air, though his face was full of genuine boyish pleasure at being set right in the eyes of those he loved.

"I'll be discreet, dear, but you owe it to yourself, as well as Bob, to have the truth known. Both have behaved well, and no harm will come to him, I am sure. I'll see to that myself," said Mrs. Minot, in a tone that set Jack's mind at rest on that point.

"Now, do tell all about it," cried Jill, who was pining to know the whole story, and felt as if she had earned the right to hear it.

"Oh, it was n't much. We promised Ed to stand by Bob, so I did as well as I knew how," and Jack seemed to think that was about all there was to say.

"I never saw such a fellow for keeping a promise! You stick to it through thick and thin, no matter how silly or hard it is. You remember, mother, last summer, how you told him not to go in a boat and he promised, the day we went on the picnic. We rode up, but the horse ran off home, so we had to come back by way of the river, all but Jack, and be walked every step of five miles because he would n't go near a boat, though Mr. Burton was there to take care of him. I call that rather overdoing the matter," and Frank looked as if he thought moderation even in virtue a good thing.

"And I call it a fine sample of entire obedience. He obeyed orders, and that is what we all must do, without always seeing why, or daring to use our own judgment. It is a great safeguard to Jack, and a very great comfort to me; for I know that if he promises he will keep his word, no matter what it costs him," said mamma, warmly, as she tumbled up the quirls with an irrepressible caress, remembering how the boy came wearily in after all the others, without seeming for a moment to think that he could have done anything else.

"Like Casabianca!" cried Jill, much impressed, for obedience was her hardest trial.

"I think he was a fool to burn up," said Frank, bound not to give in.

"I don't. It's a splendid piece, and every one likes to speak it, and it was true, and it would n't be in all the books if he was a fool. Grown people know what is good," declared Jill, who liked heroic actions, and was always hoping for a chance to distinguish herself in that way.

"You admire 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' and glow all over as you thunder it out. Yet they went gallantly to their death rather than disobey orders. A mistake, perhaps, but it makes us thrill to hear of it; and the same spirit keeps my Jack true as steel when once his word is passed, or he thinks it is his duty. Don't be laughed out of it, my son, for faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come. One's conscience can hardly be *too* tender when honor and honesty are concerned."

"You are right, mother, and I'm wrong. I beg your pardon, Jack, and you sha'n't get ahead of me next time."

Frank made his mother a little bow, gave his brother a shake of the hand, and nodded to Jill, as if anxious to show that he was not too proud to own up when he made a mistake.

"Please tell on, Jack. This is very nice, but I do want to know all about the other," said Jill, after a short pause.

"Let me see. Oh, I saw Bob at church, and he looked rather blue; so, after Sunday-school, I asked what the matter was. He said Jerry bothered him for some money he lent him at different times when they were loafing round together, before we took him up. He would n't get any wages for some time. The Captain keeps him short on purpose, I guess, and wont let him come down town except on Sundays. He did n't want any one to know about it, for fear he'd lose his place. So I promised I would n't tell. Then I was afraid Jerry would go and make a fuss, and Bob would run off, or do something desperate, being worried, and I said I'd pay it for him, if I could. So he went home pretty jolly, and I scratched round for the money. Got it, too, and was n't I glad?"

Jack paused to rub his hands, and Frank said, with more than usual respect:

"Could n't you get hold of Jerry in any other place, and out of school time? That did the mischief, thanks to Joe. I thrashed him, Jill,—did I mention it?"

"I could n't get all my money till Friday morning, and I knew Jerry was off at night. I looked for him before school, and at noon, but could n't find him, so afternoon recess was my last chance. I was bound to do it, and I did n't mean to break the rule, but Jerry was just going into the shop, so I pelted after him, and as it was private business

we went to the billiard-room. I declare I never was so relieved as when I handed over that money, and made him say it was all right, and he would n't go near Bob. He's off, so my mind is easy, and Bob will be so grateful I can keep him steady, perhaps. That will be worth two seventy-five, I think," said Jack, heartily.

"You should have come to me," began Frank.

"And got laughed at,—no, thank you," interrupted Jack, recollecting several philanthropic little enterprises which were nipped in the bud for want of co-operation.

"To me, then," said his mother. "It would have saved so much trouble."

"I thought of it, but Bob did n't want the big fellows to know for fear they'd be down on him, so I thought he might not like me to tell grown people. I don't mind the fuss now, and Bob is as kind as he can be. Wanted to give me his big knife, but I would n't take it. I'd rather have this," and Jack put the letter in his pocket with a slap outside, as if it warmed the cockles of his heart to have it there.

"Well, it seems rather like a tempest in a teapot, now it is all over, but I do admire your pluck, little boy, in holding out so well when every one was scolding at you, and you in the right all the time," said Frank, glad to praise, now that he honestly could, after his wholesale condemnation.

"That is what pulled me through, I suppose. I used to think if I *had* done anything wrong, that I could n't stand the snubbing a day. I should have told right off, and had it over. Now, I guess, I'll have a good report if you do tell Mr. Acton," said Jack, looking at his mother so wistfully, that she resolved to slip away that very evening and make sure that the thing was done.

"That will make you happier than anything else, wont it?" asked Jill, eager to have him rewarded after his trials.

"There's one thing I like better, though I'd be very sorry to lose my report. It's the fun of telling Ed I tried to do as he wanted us to, and seeing how pleased he'll be," added Jack, rather bashfully, for the boys laughed at him sometimes for his love of this friend.

"I know he wont be any happier about it than some one else, who stood by you all through, and set her bright wits to work till the trouble was all cleared away," said Mrs. Minot, looking at Jill's contented face, as she lay smiling on them all.

Jack understood, and, hopping across the room, gave both the thin hands a hearty shake; then, not finding any words quite cordial enough in which to thank this faithful little sister, he stooped down and kissed her gratefully.

GRANDMOTHER'S ROOM.

BY HARRY S. BARNES.



How many happy afternoons we have spent in this old room—"Grandma's room," as it is still called, though it is many a day since the dear old lady left it forever! Nothing here has been changed since that day, and I can fancy I see her, as I saw her last, sitting in her old chintz-covered arm-chair, with her head resting on her hand, reading quietly from her Bible; only raising her eyes now and then to gaze thoughtfully into the fire. At her feet

played Doodles, the cat, and her little kitten. A bright fire snapped and crackled upon the hearth, for Grandmother only gave up her fire at the last moment, saying that it was such a cheerful companion. She would sit alone for hours, watching the fantastic, ever-changing picture among the flames, as the wood turned slowly into embers, the embers into dust.

We two children had spent the afternoon "up

garret," a little Paradise as it then seemed to us, playing all sorts of happy pranks, rummaging to our hearts' content among the accumulated rubbish of nearly a hundred years—a rubbish to us full of delightful surprises. The twilight came upon us suddenly, and all too soon. Though it had been gradually stealing over us, we had not noticed it till, looking up, the attic was all dark. We ran down stairs and sought the Grandmother. As we came romping in, she looked up with a smile and said, "Well, chicks, what is it now?" For always after we had been up-stairs, we had some new-found treasure to inquire about. Now it would be a curious old piece of brass, now a pair of antlers, now the old flax-wheel,—and about each, Grandmother had some little story of the time when she was young. It seemed so funny to us to think of Grandmother as young, and visiting her grandmother, as we visited her. This time it was a big leather saddle with a projection behind, the like of which we had never seen, and whose use we could by no means make out. We climbed up upon the arms of her chair, one on either side, and told her about it.

"When I was young," said Grandmother, "very few people could afford to keep carriages, and if they could have done so I doubt whether they would have been of much use to them, for the roads were few and poor. The country was wilder than it is now. Horseback riding was the usual mode of traveling, for both ladies and gentlemen. Of course there were no railroads. We thought nothing of riding off ten miles to church in winter. But I am forgetting your question, my dears.

"This saddle was your grandfather's (that was before we were married), and many a long ride we've had on it together. Did you never hear of two people riding together on one horse? This was the way we managed: Your grandfather would sit on the saddle as any gentleman does now, and I would perch myself up behind on this projection ("pillion" it's called), with my arms about him, to hold on, you know, and off we'd go. It was very cold sometimes, for it was not considered necessary in those days for girls to wrap up as they do now. Why, in the coldest weather I used to ride dressed in a white dimity gown and low slippers, with nothing but a thin shawl thrown over my shoulders. It makes me shiver to think of it now, but then I did not mind it, for I was only too happy to ride with your Grandfather. (There hangs his likeness, my dears, cut out of black paper; it's hung there nigh on to forty years.) Well, we used to wish the ride to church, which we took once a week, was longer than it was, and even the long, long

sermon appeared short. We had no stove in our church, and those who lived near were accustomed to bring live coals in small, square tin boxes (such as you'll find in the garret) to put 'under their feet. But the good old parson preached such long sermons that the boxes were often cold long before it was time to go home.

"I told you there were not many carriages in the country, but in our church there was one old gentleman who had a light wagon, with two seats—one fastened, and another at the back, movable. I must tell you what happened to him one Sunday. Church was over and he and his wife were starting off quite grandly in their wagon, he on the front seat, she on the back, when the horse gave a sudden bound, and what do you think!—if that back seat did n't turn right over and spill the old lady into the road! The funny part was that he, being deaf, did not hear her fall, and drove all the way home without her. The first he knew of it was when he got down to help her out. Of course, he had to drive back and get her, and well he was laughed at through the whole country round. That was a long time ago."—And Grandmother was silent, looking at the fire.

But we had not heard nearly enough, and begged for just one little story more. Grandma yielded, finally,—as what Grandmother will not?—and asked:

"Did you ever know what made that hole in the sounding-board just above the pulpit? It was one Sunday, during the revolution, and all the people were sitting in church, when, unexpectedly, the British marched into town. One of the soldiers opened the church door and fired at the minister as he stood in the pulpit, but luckily missed him, and the ball lodged in the sounding-board just above his head. You may see it there yet. How frightened the people were! But there was no more trouble just then, and before night the blue coats had collected and driven the British away. Now, Grandmother's tired and can't tell you any more. I guess if you can find Marnie she knows where there are some cookies."

Marnie was the old servant who, for fifty years, had lived with the Grandmother until every one looked upon her as one of the family. Her cookies were known far and wide, and to us were especially delicious. So we kissed the Grandmother and went in search of her. As we went out of the door, I looked back and saw the dear old lady sitting with her book open before her; not reading, though one finger marked the place, but looking far away—into the past, as it seemed.

Happy the home that has a Grandmother in it!

MY SHIP.

BY W. T. PETERS.



OH, once I was a melancholy, lonesome little boy,
And I lived alone beside the restless sea;
And every mighty vessel that I saw upon the main,
I was positive that ship belonged to me.



But now I'm a contented little, merry little man,
For I do not dwell *alone* beside the sea;
And tho' I know those mighty vessels never can be mine,
I'm as happy as a little man can be.

HOW TO CAMP OUT.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.



"NO ONE AT HOME."

TO ME, no longer a young boy, the next best thing to really living in the woods is talking over such an experience. A thousand little incidents, scarcely thought of at the time, crowd upon my mind, and bring back with them the feeling of freedom and adventure, so dear to the heart of every boy. Shall I ever enjoy any flavor earth can afford as we did our coffee's aroma? The flapjacks, how good and appetizing! the fish, how delicate and sweet! And the wonderful cottage of boughs, thatched with the tassels of the pine,—was there ever a cottage out of a fairy tale that could compare with it!

I have tried to make a picture from memory, and the result lies before you. It is late in the afternoon; there stands the little cot, flooded with the light of the setting sun; those who built it and use it for a habitation are off exploring, hunting, fishing and foraging for their evening meal, and the small, shy creatures of the wood take the opportunity to satisfy the curiosity with which they

have, from a safe distance, viewed the erection of so large and singular a nest.

The boys will soon return, each with his contribution to the larder,—a fish, a squirrel, a bird, or a rabbit, which will be cooked and eaten with better appetite and enjoyment than the most elaborate viands that home could afford. And, although such joys are denied to me now, I can, at least, in remembering them, give others an opportunity to possess similar pleasures. It shall be my object to describe how these houses may be built and these dinners cooked, and that, too, where there are neither planks, nor nails, nor stoves. To boys well informed in woodcraft, I should need to give only a few hints; but, for the benefit of amateurs, we will go more into detail.

Four persons make a good camping-party. Before arriving at their destination, these persons should choose one of their number as captain.

The captain gives directions and superintends the pitching of the tent or the building of the rustic

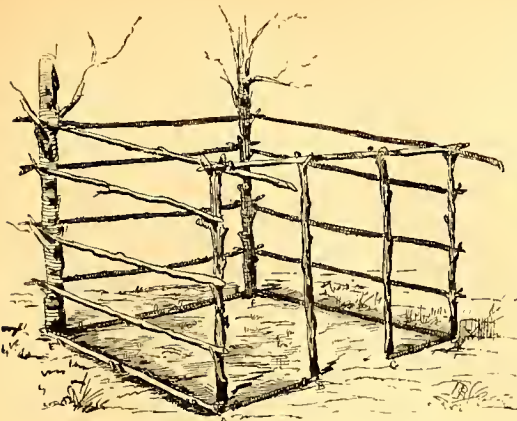


FIG. 1.—FRAME-WORK OF COTTAGE.

cottage. The site for the camp should be upon a knoll, mound, or rising ground, so as to afford a good drainage. If the forest abounds in pine-trees,

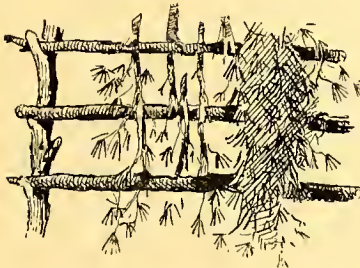


FIG. 2.—METHOD OF THATCHING.

though trees are not absolutely necessary.

Figure 1 represents part of the frame-work of one of the simplest forms of rustic cottage. In this

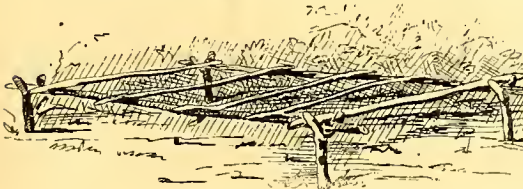


FIG. 3.—RUSTIC BEDSTEAD.

case, two trees serve for the corners of the rear wall. The upright posts are young trees that have been cut down and firmly planted at about four or five paces in front of the trees. As shown in the diagram, enough of the branches have been left adhering to the trunks of the upright posts, to serve as rests for the cross-bars. To prevent complication in the diagram, the roof is not shown. To make this: fasten on an additional cross-bar or two to the rear wall, then put a pole at each side, slanting down from the rear to the

front, and cover these poles with cross-sticks. When the frame-work is finished, the security and durability of the structure will be improved by



FIG. 4.—THE SPRING-MATRESS.

fastening all the loose joints, tying them together with withes of willow, grass, or reeds. The next step is to cover the frame. This is done after the method shown in Figure 2. From among some boughs, saved for this purpose, take one, and hang it upon the third cross-bar, counting from the ground up; bring the bough down, passing it inside the second bar, and resting the end on the ground outside the first bar; repeat this with other boughs until the row is finished. Then begin at the fourth bar, passing the boughs down inside the



FIG. 5.—MATTRESS COVERED WITH RUBBER SHEET.

third and outside the second bar, so that they will overlap the first row. Continue in this manner until the four walls are closed in, leaving spaces open where windows or doors are wanted. The roof is thatched after the same method, beginning at the front and working upward and backward to the rear wall, each row overlapping the preceding row of thatch. The more closely and compactly you thatch the roof and walls, the better protection will they afford from any passing shower. This completed, your house is finished, and you will be astonished to see what a lovely little green cot you have built.

The illustration entitled "No one at home" differs from the one we have just described only in



FIG. 6.—THE BED COMPLETE.

having the roof extended so as to form a sort of verandah, or porch, in front; the floor of the porch

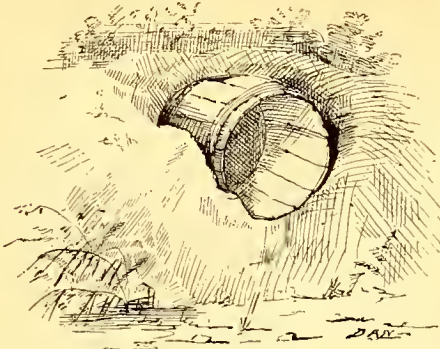


FIG. 7.—THE OVEN BEGUN

being covered with a layer of pine-needles. Should you find your house too small to accommodate your party, you can, by erecting a duplicate cottage four or five paces at one side, and roofing

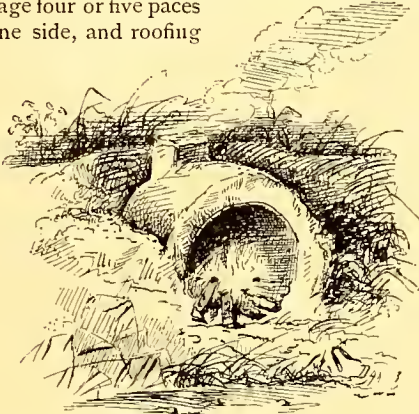


FIG. 8.—THE OVEN IN A BANK.

over the intervening space, have a house of two rooms with an open hall-way between.

Before going to housekeeping, some furniture will be necessary; and for this we propose to do

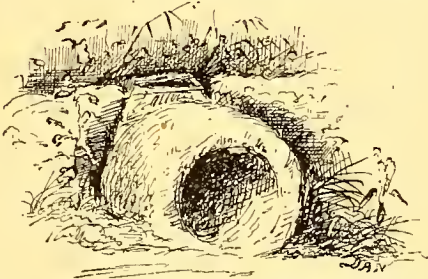


FIG. 9.—THE OVEN IN AN ARTIFICIAL EMBANKMENT.

our shopping right in the neighborhood of our cottage. Here is our cabinet and upholstery shop, in the wholesome fragrance of the pines.

After the labor of building, your thoughts will naturally turn to a place for sleeping. Cut four

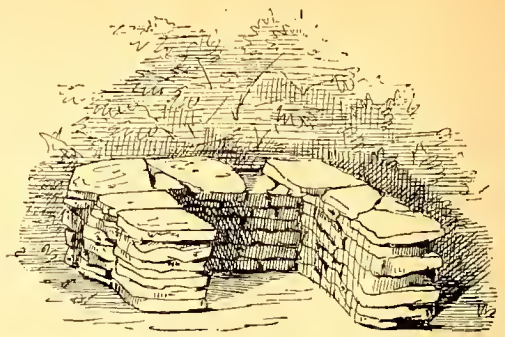


FIG. 10.—FIRE-PLACE OF FLAT STONES.

forked sticks, sharpen the ends, and drive them firmly into the ground at the spot where you wish



FIG. 11.—READY TO COOK.

the bed to stand in your room. Two strong poles, long enough to reach lengthwise from fork to fork, will serve for side-boards, a number of short sticks



FIG. 12.—BOILING THE SOUP.

will answer for slats; after these are fastened in place, you have the rustic bedstead shown in

Figure 3. A good spring-mattress is very desirable, and not difficult to obtain.

A Gather a lot of small green branches, or brush, and cover your bedstead with a layer of it about one foot thick; this you will find a capital substitute for springs. For your mattress proper, go to your upholstery shop under the pine-tree, and gather several armfuls of the dry pine-needles; cover the elastic brush "springs" with a thick layer of these needles; over this spread

FIG. 13.—SPOONS.

your india-rubber blanket, as shown in Figure 5, with the rubber side under, so that any moisture or dampness there may be in your mattress may be prevented from coming through. You may now make up your bed with whatever wraps or blankets you have with you, and you have (Figure 6) as complete and comfortable a bed as any forester need wish for.

I would suggest to any boy who means to try

weight he intends them to bear, otherwise his slumbers may be interrupted in an abrupt and disagreeable manner.

My first experiment in this line proved disastrous. I spent the greater part of one day in building and neatly finishing a bed like the one described. After it was made up, with an army blanket for a coverlid, it looked so soft, comfortable and inviting, that I scarcely could wait for bed-time to try it.

When the evening meal was over, and the last story told around the blazing camp-fire, I took off hat, coat, and boots, and snuggled down in my new and original couch, curiously watched by my companions, who lay, rolled in their blankets, upon the

hard ground. It does not take a boy long to fall asleep, particularly after a hard day's work in the open air, but it takes longer, after being aroused

from a sound nap, for him to get his wits together,—especially when suddenly dumped upon the ground with a crash, amid a heap of broken sticks and dry brush, as I happened to be on that eventful night. Loud and long were the shouts of laughter of my companions when they discovered my misfortune. Theoretically, the bed was well planned, but practically it was a failure, because it had rotten sticks for bed-posts.

Having provided bed and shelter, it is high time to look after the inner boy; and while the foragers are off in search of provisions, it

will be the cook's duty to provide some method of cooking the food that will be brought in.

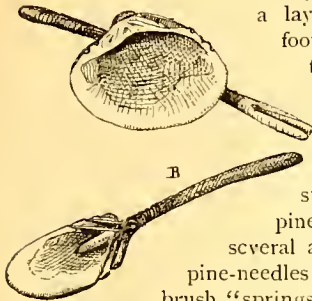


FIG. 14.—KNIFE-BLADE AND HANDLE

FIG. 15.—A RUSTIC KNIFE.

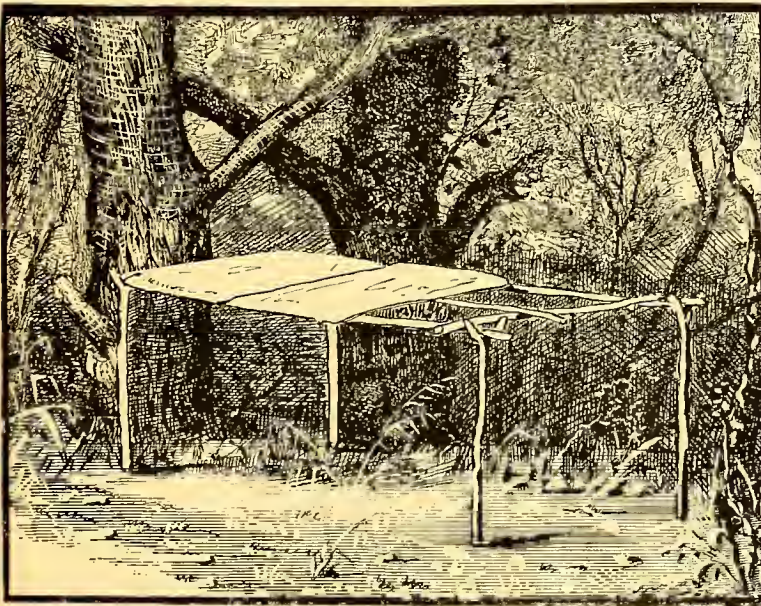


FIG. 16.—FRAME-WORK OF TABLE.

this rustic cabinet-making, to select carefully for the bed-posts sticks strong enough to support the

One of the simplest and most practical forms of bake-oven can be made of clay and an old barrel.

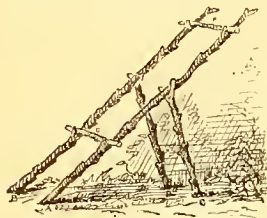


FIG. 17.—FRAME OF CHAIR.

Remove one head of the barrel, scoop out a space in the nearest bank, and fit the barrel in (Figure 7). If the mud or clay is not damp enough, moisten it, and plaster it over the barrel to the depth of a foot or more, leaving a place for a chimney at the back end, where part of a stave has been cut away; around this place build a chimney; Figure 8. After this, make a good, rousing fire in the barrel, and keep adding fuel until all the staves are burned out and the surrounding clay is baked hard. This makes an oven that will bake as well as, if not better than, any new patented stove or range at home. To use it, build a fire inside and let it burn until the oven is thoroughly heated, then rake out all the coal and embers, put your dinner in and close

and grayling, fresh from the cold water of northern Michigan, but never have I had fish taste better than did a certain large cat-fish that we boys once caught on a set-line in Kentucky. We built a fire-place of flat stones, — a picture of which you have in Figure 10, — covered it with a thin piece of slate, cleaned the fish, and placed it upon the slate with its skin still on. (Figure

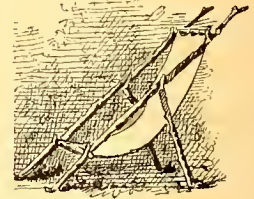


FIG. 18.—CAMP-CHAIR.

11.) When it was done upon one side we turned it over, until it was thoroughly cooked. With green sticks we lifted off the fish and placed it upon a piece of birch-bark; the skin adhered to the stone, and the meat came off in smoking, snowy pieces, which we ate with the aid of our pocket-knives and rustic forks made of small green twigs with the forked ends sharpened.

If stones cannot be had to answer for this stove, there still remains the old, primitive camp-fire and

pot-hook, shown in Figure 12. The very sight of this iron pot swinging over a blazing fire, suggests soup, to eat which, with any comfort, spoons are necessary. These are quickly and easily made by thrusting clam or mussel shells into splits made in the ends of sticks; Figure 13 A shows a shell and stick; Figure 13 B represents a spoon made firm by binding the shell in its place. A splendid butter-knife can be made from the shell of a razor-oyster in a similar manner, with a little care; see Figures 14 and 15.

If you stay any time in your forest home, you can, by a little ingenuity, add many comforts and



A DINNER IN THE WOODS.

up the front with the head of the barrel, preserved for this purpose.

If there be no bank convenient, or if you have no barrel with which to build this style of oven, there are other methods that will answer for all the cooking necessary to a party of boys camping out. Many rare fish have I eaten in my time. The delicious pompano at New Orleans, the brook-trout

conveniences. I have drawn some diagrams, as hints in this direction. For instance, Figure 17 shows the manner of making an excellent rustic chair. A and B are two stout poles; E and F are two cross-poles, to which are fastened the ends of a piece of canvas, carpet or leather (Figure 18), which, swinging loose, fits itself exactly to your form, making a most comfortable easy-chair in

which to rest or take a nap after a hard day's tramp. It often happens that the peculiar formation of some stump or branch suggests new styles of seats. A table can be very readily made by driving four forked sticks into the ground for legs, and covering the cross-sticks upon the top with pieces of birch or other smooth bark; Figure 16 shows a table made in this manner, with one piece of bark removed to reveal its construction. In the illustration entitled "A Dinner in the Woods," the young campers are sitting at one of these tables, eating.

As a general rule, what is taught in boys' books, though correct in theory, when tried, proves impracticable. This brings to mind an incident that happened to a party of young hunters camping out in Ohio. Early one morning, one of the boys procured from a distant farm-house a dozen pretty little white bantam eggs. Having no game, and only one small fish in the way of fresh meat, the party congratulated themselves upon the elegant breakfast they would make of fresh eggs, toasted

crackers, and coffee. How to cook the eggs was the question. One of the party proposed his plan.

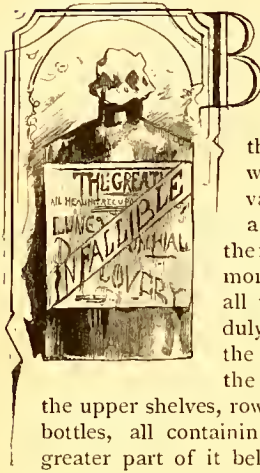
"I have just read a book," said he, "which tells how some travelers cooked fowls and fish by rolling them up in clay, and tossing them into the fire. Shall we try that plan with the eggs?"

The rest of the party assented, and soon all were busy rolling rather large balls of blue clay, in the center of each of which was an egg. A dozen were placed in the midst of the hottest embers, and the boys seated themselves around the fire, impatiently waiting for the eggs to cook. They did cook,—with a vengeance! Zip, bang! went one, then another and another, until, in less time than it takes to tell it, not an egg remained unexploded; and the hot embers and bits of clay that stuck to the boys' hair and clothes were all that was left to remind them of those nice, fresh, bantam eggs. It was all very funny, but ever after, the boys of that party showed the greatest caution in trying new schemes, no matter how well they might seem to be indorsed.



BESSIE AINSLEY DOCTORS THE DODDSES.

By MRS. M. L. EVANS.



BESSIE AINSLEY'S mother was one of the women who always keep in the house a remedy for every human ailment; the rafters in the garret were adorned with every variety of medicinal root and herb to be found in the neighborhood, with many more procured from abroad, all tied up in bunches and duly labeled; besides these, the opening of the door to the china-closet revealed, on

the upper shelves, rows and rows of boxes and bottles, all containing "doctors' stuff," the greater part of it belonging to the class of remedies known as patent medicines.

The herbs in the garret and the medicines in the closet were not there merely to be looked at; it was intended that they should be used, either internally or externally, by inmates of the Ainsley residence; and used they were by every one who was so unfortunate as to be smitten with a pain or an ache, or to receive a scratch, a burn, or a bruise, however slight.

Of the wisdom of Mrs. Ainsley's system, and its effect upon members of her family other than Bessie, I will leave you to judge. Bessie, at the time of this story, was eight years old, and a remarkably healthy child,—no thanks to the herbs and patent medicines; for it really was a matter of regret to her mother that Bessie should stand in so little need of these; not that she wanted her little girl to be sick, but it was "such a comfort to doctor folks up."

The effect of hearing so much about medicines, with perfect immunity from taking them, was to inspire Bessie with a profound respect for cure-alls and for her mother's knowledge concerning them; and what she thus learned at home she did her best to teach her playmates at school. She could tell them the name of any weed they could find, and what it was "good for"; the geography lessons that most delighted her were those in which were mentioned the drug products of the countries described; and she was also deeply interested in all of the little aches and bodily ills of childhood. The playmate with the nose-bleed, the boy with a stone-bruise on his toe, the girl with a headache, and the

one with the ache that comes of eating too much green fruit,—all found in her a sympathizing friend; and, though occasionally a sauce-box would call her "Mother Pillbags," as a general thing her ministrations and advice were most gratefully received; for if there is one thing that all children crave it is sympathy. But there came at last a ease in which Bessie's sympathies carried her a little too far.

One day, early in the winter, Mrs. Ainsley came home with a new kind of cough-mixture,—she always bought every new medicine as soon as it came into the market,—this was called "The Great All-Healing Recuperative Lung and Bronchial Discovery," and it was accompanied by an almanac most fearfully and wonderfully gotten up in the way of illustrations, and containing innumerable testimonials to the virtues of the "Discovery," though it had been but just discovered.

Mrs. Ainsley was very enthusiastic over her purchase, and quite anxious for some member of the family to "catch cold," that she might test its powers. Bessie was, as usual, much interested, and studied the almanac with great care, particularly the illustrations.

The next day she came to her mother with a sad tale of the little Doddses, Addie and Jimmie, who had come to school, she declared, with the worst cough she ever heard. "And I told them, mamma," added she, "about your new medicine, and that they had better tell their mother to get some and cure them up, but they said that she always says she has n't any money to throw away on doctors' stuff, and 'most always lets them get well without any."

"Well, now, that's what I call downright criminal carelessness. 'No money to throw away on doctors' stuff,' indeed! She may have to pay fifty times the cost of that bottle of medicine, in doctor's bills, for neglecting that cough. But there is no use in talking to such people, Bessie, you waste your breath," and Mrs. Ainsley shut her lips very tightly indeed, as if she, for one, had no breath to waste.

That afternoon was a half-holiday, and after dinner Mrs. Ainsley went out, leaving Bessie to her own devices. The little girl fell to thinking about the little Doddses, with that dreadful cough, and no kind mother like hers to buy medicine for them. She did not know that the children she so pitied were in the first stage of whooping-cough, a disease more annoying than dangerous, and upon which not

all the medicines in her mother's stores would have had effect, or she would not have been prompted to do the absurd thing she did; for she soon decided to take the new medicine to Mrs. Dodds and see if she could not prevail upon her to test its merits upon the children, and to buy a bottle for further use. So she took the bottle from the closet, took off the wrapper, loosened the cork, and was about starting with it, when she happened to think that she did not know how much of the medicine to administer at one time. Yes, now she came to think about it, she was sure her mother said a table-spoonful was a dose. Now, the Doddses were poor, and Bessie thought very likely they had no spoons in the house but brass or iron ones, and she had often heard her mother say that nothing was fit to take medicine from but a silver spoon; so she took from the tray a silver table-spoon, and with the Great All-healing, etc., and the almanac with which to fortify her arguments in its behalf, she started out to play the good Samaritan.

Arriving at the Dodds residence, she found that Mrs. Dodds had gone from home, and left Addie, a girl of the same age as herself, and Jimmie, aged six, to take care of the house and a baby ten months old. Bessie was soon saluted by the cough that had so troubled her, and she lost no time in making known her errand. Although, as the children had said, their mother was not in the habit of giving them much medicine, still they had had sufficient acquaintance with it to acquire a hearty dislike to everything that bears the name; they flatly refused to take a spoonful of Bessie's cough-mixture, and

eyed the bottle with great disfavor. Bessie's strongest argument, namely, that the cough might grow worse and worse and the children finally die of it, was met by Addie with the unanswerable statement that they had had bad coughs before, and had n't died of them either.

Bessie was nearly in despair, when she happened to think of the almanac; opening it, she said:

"See here, Jimmie, look at this boy. It says, under the picture, 'before taking,' and the reading about him says that he has had a bad cough all winter. See how poor and thin he looks. He's got only a little bit of hair, and that all hangs down around his face as if it was going to fall off, and his clothes are all poor and old, and they hang on him just like bags."

"But I don't look like that," said Jimmie.

"No; but you may before spring, if your cough is n't cured," answered Bessie.

"Don't believe it," returned Jimmie, stoutly.

"Well, now, look at this picture on the next page," said Bessie; "it is the same little boy after he took the medicine. See how nice and fat he looks. How beautifully his hair curls! And what a nice jacket he has on, all covered with buttons!"

Here Bessie had, unconsciously, touched Jimmie's weak point; of the many things in the world that he wanted very much, a jacket covered with buttons stood the foremost; but he could not, for his life, exactly see how taking the medicine would bring it. While he was pondering this question, Bessie had turned the leaf to another "before taking."



BESSIE INTENDS TO CURE THE DODDSES.

"O, do just look at this woman!" said she to Addie. "She 's just what my mother would call a bag of bones, and she stoops as if she was going to fall over on her face. See that great wart, or mole, or something on her chin, and how sorry she looks about being so sick! Now look at this 'after taking.' How straight and fat and jolly she is. And I declare, if the wart is n't all gone! Why, Addie," lifting up a face all radiant with a bright, new idea, "I should n't wonder if the medicine would take that great mole off of your nose, that the children plague you so much about."

Addie was now as much interested as Bessie.

"Well," said she, "I would n't mind taking 'most anything if I could get rid of that, the girls do laugh so much about it. I say, Jim, I'll take a spoonful of the dose if you will."

Jimmie had already decided within himself to make the effort to get those buttons; so both swallowed the medicine that Bessie now poured out for them, with no protest other than that expressed by very wry faces.

"But the baby has the cough, too; she ought to have some of the medicine, ought n't she?" said Addie.

"Why, of course," said Bessie, and immediately poured out another spoonful, which, as it was not necessary to consult the helpless little innocent that lay kicking and crowing in the cradle, she proceeded to administer without delay. But the baby proved not so helpless, after all; she made quick work of taking the medicine; one sudden slap at the spoon sent the dark liquid in every direction but the one that Bessie intended it should take.

"Mother always holds her nose when she gives her medicines," said Addie. "You see, she has to open her mouth to breathe, then mother just chucks the stuff in, and she has to swallow it or choke, you know."

Bessie thought that a queer way in which to treat a baby, and concluded that, if the older children were thus taught to take medicines, it was little wonder that they did not like it; but she measured out another spoonful, saying nothing. Then Addie firmly grasped the baby's nose, Jimmie held its hands, and, when it opened its mouth, in went the medicine; but just then the poor, struggling little creature planted such a vigorous kick on Jimmie's chest that he dropped the hands with a howl; the liberated members flew up and sent the spoon spinning across the room, but not until the child had swallowed nearly three times what was intended for a dose of the medicine, because, you see, Bessie had made a mistake,—her mother had said a tea-spoonful, not a table-spoonful.

Now, the medicine contained opium,—a drug which every one knows produces sleep,—and if one

takes more than a certain quantity of it, he goes so soundly asleep that nothing can ever again awaken him.

Happily for the Doddses, and no less for Bessie, there was not enough opium in the spoonful that each had taken to produce such a sad result, though in less than an hour the stupefying effect of what they had taken became apparent. Bessie did not return home immediately; she sat talking with Addie about their school, their playmates, and the approaching holidays. Addie talked with animation for a while, but seemed, gradually, to lose interest; she yawned and rubbed her eyes occasionally, then her replies to Bessie's remarks, from being few and brief, became confused and indistinct. Jimmie, too, who had been buzzing around the room at a great rate, grew strangely quiet. Bessie turned to see what had become of him, and found him curled up in a large arm-chair, eyes closed and head nodding. She watched him a minute, laughing to herself, for he did look comical with his poor little head bobbing about so helplessly. Pretty soon she said:

"What is the matter with Jimmie? Does he take a nap every afternoon? Seems to me, he is too old for that."

Addie made no reply, and Bessie turned toward her. Behold, she was nodding, too!

Bessie sat bolt upright in amazement. Here were two children who, without apparent reason, were falling asleep in broad daylight; and, looking into the crib, she found that the baby, too, was fast asleep. What could it all mean? Just then her eye fell upon the bottle and spoon on the table, and they at once suggested the answer; for Bessie knew that there are medicines which put people asleep, and she instantly decided that this must be one of the kind. "And may be," said she to herself, "that is why it is so much better than any other cough medicine; the people who take it just go to sleep, and forget how bad they feel, and when they wake up again perhaps they find that they are all cured." But, as she thought more about it, certain vague doubts darkened somewhat this hopeful view; the only thing that remained perfectly clear to her mind was that she ought not to go home and leave these three children asleep and alone; she must stay with them until they awoke, or until their mother returned. So she settled herself in her chair, with a long sigh, and again fell to thinking uneasily about what she had done. She had taken the medicine from home without her mother's permission, and had given it to these children without their mother's permission. Now, what would both mothers say when they knew the truth? Besides, Mrs. Dodds might return home at any moment, and Bessie knew that she

had the reputation of being a high-tempered woman. What might she not do if she found her children in this condition? At this stage of her reflections, Bessie really began to tremble for her own safety. Still she waited bravely, hoping that the children would soon awaken; but a half-hour passed and they gave no sign of returning consciousness; then Bessie could stand it no longer;

ping Addie, the poor little doctor ran to Jimmie, and repeated the performance,—with a like result.

Bessie was now ready to cry in despair. "What have I done! What can I do!" gasped she, looking from one to the other of the sleepers. Then, like an inspiration, came the recollection of how mischief-loving Aunt Sue had awakened brother Tom one morning, when every one else in



DOCTORING THE BABY.

she had become so alarmed that she determined to make an effort to arouse the children, and then escape from the wrath to come, by running home.

So she went over to Addie and shook her soundly. The little girl so roughly handled half-opened her eyes, murmured some indistinct words, and dropped heavily back. Bessie shook her again and again, but Addie would only give a helpless blink and fall soundly asleep again. Then, drop-

ping Addie, the poor little doctor ran to Jimmie, by dashing a little cold water into his face. She ran to the bucket and brought a whole dipperful of water; she intended to use but a little of it, but in her nervous eagerness the dipper slipped from her fingers, and a quart of ice-cold water was dashed into Jimmie's face. In the twinkling of an eye he was awake, as wide awake as he could be and be nearly drowned. But Bessie was too

anxious to awaken the other children to stop to help him; she left him choking and spluttering while she got some water for Addie, whom she treated to a much smaller quantity, finding that it answered the purpose quite as well. It was now the baby's turn, but Jimmie had found his voice, and was howling so piteously to be wiped off and have a dry jacket, that Bessie turned her attention to him.

By the time she had dried his face, changed his jacket, and seated him by the fire, Addie had become thoroughly awake, and had joined him at the stove; and now they wailed, and scolded Bessie in chorus. They were cold, they were dizzy, their heads ached, and they "felt sick all over," and Addie declared that Bessie had tried to poison them with her dreadful medicine.

Bessie could hardly keep back her tears, but felt that she must make some defense.

"Well," said she, "it *is* a queer kind of medicine to put you to sleep so, but I meant to cure you of your coughs, and I guess it will; when your headaches go off, you will find yourselves all well."

But this consoling reflection did n't seem to have much effect upon her patients; they were in a most limp condition of body and unsatisfactory state of mind, so she turned her attention to the baby, which was still asleep. She took it up, shook it gently, and wetted its face with cold water; it was beginning to awaken when Addie, who had been looking on in sullen silence, suddenly thought of something.

"Bessie," said she, "bring me that little looking-glass that hangs under the clock. I am so dizzy that I know I'd fall over if I tried to go for it myself."

The looking-glass was immediately brought, Addie took one look into it, and turned on Bessie, furiously: "You mean thing! You story-teller! You said it would take the mole off of my nose, and you have made me sicker than I ever was in my life, and there is the mole yet, as big as ever it

was. Now you just go home, and I'll tell mother the instant she comes back!"

Bessie was almost crushed. "But the baby," said she, faintly, glancing at the child on her arm, which was falling asleep again.

"I'll take care of her," answered Addie. "I'd do it if I was a good deal sicker, before I'd let you touch the dear little soul again. Just go!"

And Bessie took up the bottle and spoon, and crept home, with the sick feeling about her heart that many an older philanthropist has learned to know so well.

Going into the house, she found her mother in the sitting-room, and, setting the bottle down on the table with a rap, she said, with all the force she could summon: "There, I don't think much of that medicine, anyway!"

"Why, whatever in the world have you been doing with it?" said Mrs. Ainsley.

Then Bessie briefly related her adventure, ending with a burst of miserable tears. Serious as the matter was, in one aspect, Mrs. Ainsley had much ado to keep from laughing; but she managed to say, soothingly: "Well, there, don't cry about it; they will soon get over the headache, and then, no doubt, will be the better for the medicine, and I will make it right with Mrs. Dodds, if she ever has anything to say about it."

Mrs. Dodds came the very next day, with a good deal on her mind "to say about it," but she was so mollified by receiving a present of a new dress for Addie, a comforter for Jimmie, and a warm sack for the baby, that she entirely omitted the highly-seasoned lecture which she had prepared upon "people minding their own business."

About Christmas time, too, Jimmie received a present of a new jacket which, for buttons, rivaled that worn by the boy in the almanac; but I regret to state that Addie still carries the mole on her nose.

Do you wonder that Bessie's faith in patent medicines grew weaker after this?





THE DAISY MAIDENS.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

WHAT a flutter in the clover!
 Did the South-wind pass?
 No,—a dear old woman's garments
 Brushed it, and—alas!—
 Six unmannerly young Daisies
 Giggled in the grass!

Alice, singing through the meadow,
 Called to Grandma, "See!
 What a chance for daisy-faces!
 Trust the dears to me;
 I will make them caps and ribbons
 Neat as neat can be."

While she deftly clipped and penciled
 Frill and frowning face,
 Six uncanny Daisy Grandams
 Blossomed out apace;
 But the naughty Daisy Maidens
 Died of the disgrace.

TWO FAMOUS OLD STONES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

"WHAT is the Rosetta Stone, mother?" asked an intelligent lad of fourteen years. "I have just been reading that, by its help, the inscription on the coffin of a newly arrived mummy was readily deciphered, showing it to be the body of a renowned priest who lived more than three thousand years ago. I do not see what the Rosetta Stone had to do with deciphering the hieroglyphics on a coffin."

"I am sorry, my son," replied the mother, "not to be able to give you the information you desire; and I, too, have been curious to know in what consists the great value of this wonderful stone. Yet, while others have been talking so glibly of its merits, I have shrunk from betraying my ignorance by asking what I have been longing to know."

Perhaps some of those who spoke "so glibly" of the Rosetta Stone were not better informed than

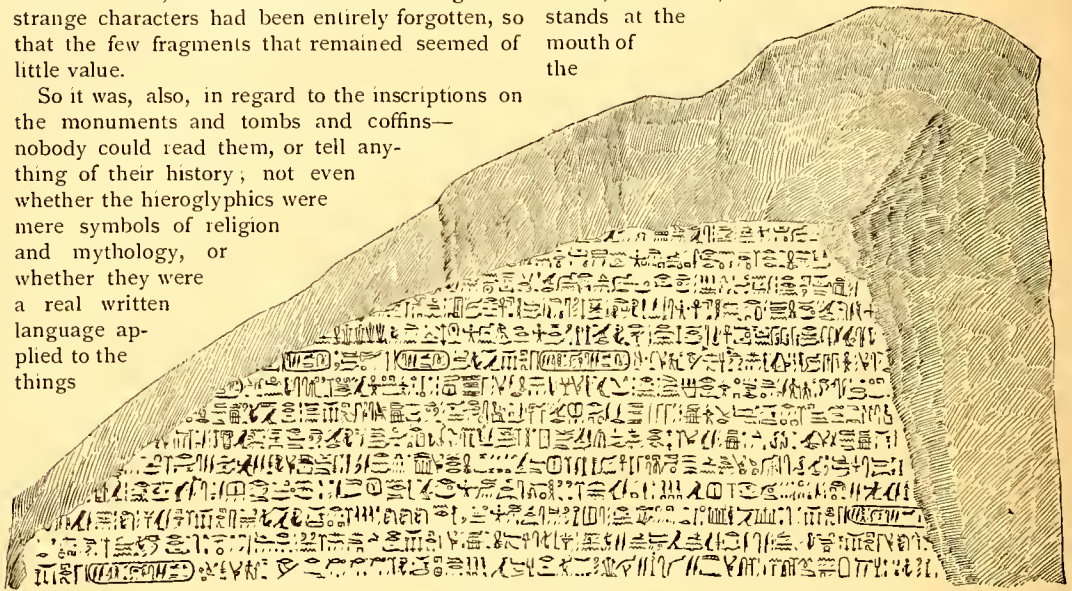
this gentle lady, whose constant cares in her kitchen and nursery left her little leisure for the study of books; and perhaps some of the boy and girl readers of the ST. NICHOLAS, also, have been puzzled to know just what this wonderful stone is. We see frequent allusions to it, in the sketches of Eastern tourists and in descriptive accounts of Egyptian antiquities, new specimens of which are being frequently brought to Europe and our own country; while it is taken for granted that everybody knows all about the Rosetta Stone. Well, perhaps the grown folk do, but I am writing for the boys and girls, who, I feel sure, are not ashamed to ask the meaning of what they do not understand. Nobody knows everything; nor is there any disgrace in not knowing what one has had no opportunity of learning; but there is both sin and shame in remaining ignorant in order to appear wise. Now let me tell you in what the great value of the

Rosetta Stone consists, so that you may the better understand its use. The art of writing was very early known to the Egyptians, and they had books before most other nations. This is proved by the writing implements found on monuments that are supposed to have existed before Moses was born. Clemens of Alexandria, who lived about seventeen centuries ago, states that in his day there were still extant forty-two sacred books of the Egyptians. They were all written in the old Egyptian characters that we call hieroglyphics, and most of them have been lost; while the manner of reading those strange characters had been entirely forgotten, so that the few fragments that remained seemed of little value.

So it was, also, in regard to the inscriptions on the monuments and tombs and coffins—nobody could read them, or tell anything of their history; not even whether the hieroglyphics were mere symbols of religion and mythology, or whether they were a real written language applied to the things

the Nile. Then, with new zeal and hope, scholars applied themselves to the task of deciphering these strange, mystifying symbols. But alas! the key was still wanting. If they had only had an authentic translation of just one ancient Egyptian inscription, into any language known to modern scholars, they might, by analogy, have continued to work out the others. And this is precisely what the Rosetta Stone came forth from its grave to furnish.

In August, 1799, Mons Bouchard, a French officer of artillery, in digging the foundation of a redoubt, at Rosetta, which stands at the mouth of the



THE ROSETTA STONE.

of every-day life. Scholars all over Europe had been puzzling over the problem for two or three hundred years, trying to find out some way of reading these wonderful hieroglyphics; but for a long time with very little success. At length a Frenchman, named Quatremère, found out that the Coptic was the language of the ancient Egyptians, but the books that have come down to our times are mostly written in the Greek characters, with the addition of seven others from the demotic, or common language of the country. This was, however, one step toward learning how to decipher the mysterious writing on the tombs and monuments; and the famous expedition of Napoleon to Egypt furnished a second. The *savants*, or learned men, who accompanied his army, brought home exact copies of many inscriptions from Egyptian monuments; and, after that, the country was thrown open to the investigation of the learned, and the various museums of Europe began to be enriched with the spoils taken from the banks of

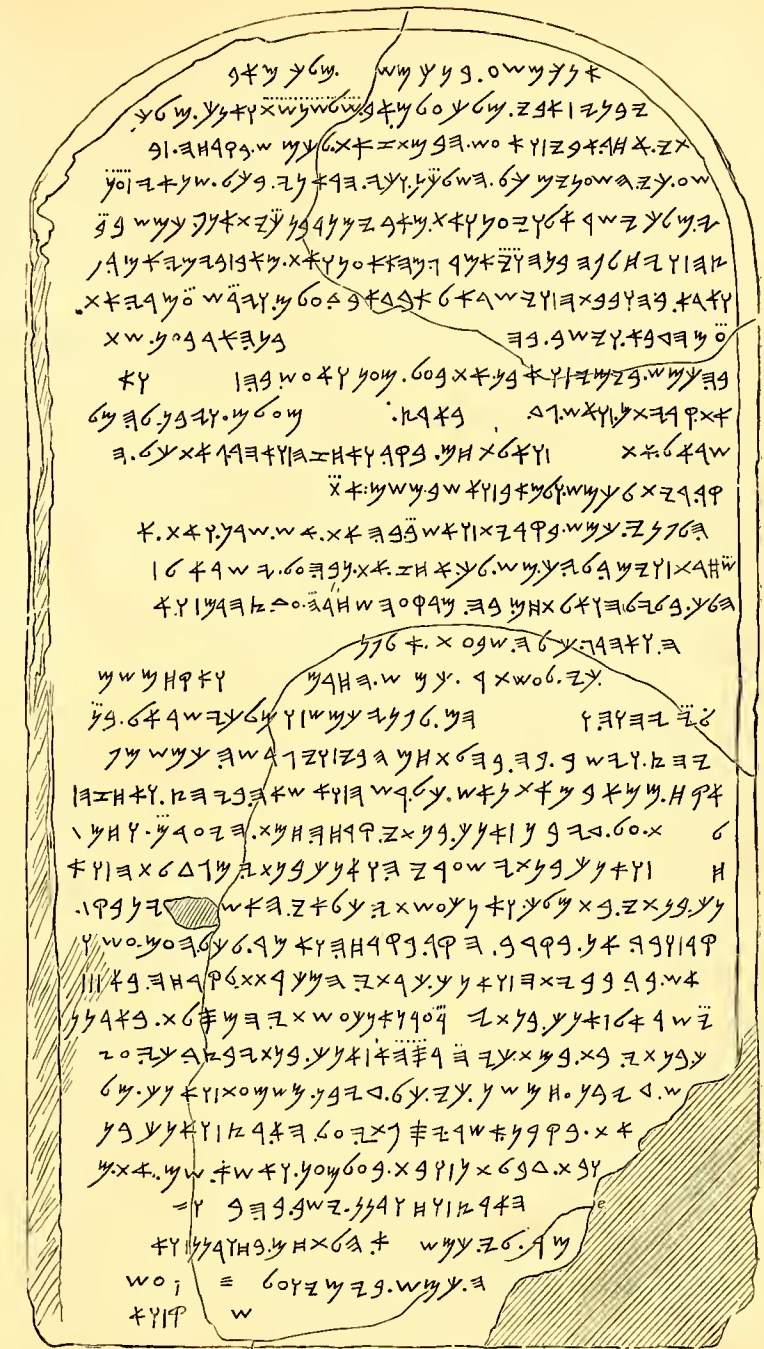
western branch of the Nile, found this stone. It is inscribed with various characters, which proved to be in three different languages,—that is, the one legend is inscribed three times, once in the old hieroglyphics, again in demotic characters, and the third time in Greek.

This stone, which is now held as a priceless treasure in the British Museum, is of a kind known by the learned as black semite basalt. It is four feet long by three feet broad, with one corner broken off, so that no one of the inscriptions was entire, although the larger part of all remained. Scholars saw at once its importance as a probable key to the reading of hieroglyphics; and the Antiquarian Society caused the inscriptions to be engraved and copies generally circulated among the learned men of Europe. Their attention was, of course, first turned to the Greek, which was found to be a recognition of the royal honors conferred on Ptolemy Epiphanes by the Egyptian priesthood

assembled at Memphis; and the concluding sentence directed that the decree should be engraven on a tablet of hard stone, in three ways—in hieroglyphics, in demotic, or ordinary characters of the country, and in Greek. So with this key, coupled with an untold amount of study, the inscriptions on those old tombs and monuments have become intelligible, and we may now learn the names, ages, condition, and frequently something of the history, of those shriveled old mummies that are exhumed and placed before us, after their burial for thousands of years.

This is what the Rosetta Stone has done, and can you wonder that it is so highly prized; or that the learned men who have so rejoiced in its discovery, should take it for granted that everybody else has been engrossed with it, like themselves, and of course has learned all about it?

The Moabite Stone, another famous relic of ancient times, was found in the year 1868, by Mr. Klein, a missionary traveling in the country of Moab. It was a thick slab of basalt, measuring about three feet five inches high and one foot nine inches wide. The inscription upon it is the oldest existing writing in alphabetic characters, as it dates from about nine hundred years before Christ. It records the doings of Mesha, king of Moab, during the days of the Israelitish prophet Elisha, and of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat, kings of Judah and Israel, mentioned in the Bible in



THE MOABITE STONE.

the third chapter of writing is given on page 32 of the second volume of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY magazine.

THE "WEST WIND'S" LAST CRUISE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

JERRY and I are twins, and, if we live till the twentieth of next July, we shall be sixteen years old. We are as much like each other in looks as two peas in a pod, but the likeness does n't go any further than our faces. I am hasty and quick-tempered, as they say father used to be, when he was young, while Jerry is a cool, steady-going sort of chap, as good as gold. The fellows call him my balance-wheel. He is more like what mother was. She died years ago, but, somehow, I never hear little Boler, in the next room to us, talking about *his* mother, and praising her up to the skies, without a lump comes up in my throat, and I have to make believe I see a fellow out of the window that I want to speak to. I guess, if our mother had lived, Jerry and I would not have outgrown her, as some chaps do theirs. "Honor thy father and thy mother," the Bible says, and you don't catch me going back of that. Dr. Burton told us, one Sunday, that he "never knew of a boy that turned out bad who began by falling in love with his mother." And I think he is right.

Dr. Burton is the Principal of the "College Institute," where Jerry and I are at school. He was mother's brother, but he has been, and is, a regular father to us. We have lived with him ever since mother died; and as for Aunt Burton,—well, she can't be improved on much, I tell you.

You see, father is captain of the ship "Adelaide," and, like his father and grandfather before him, he is never contented ashore. He was home four years ago, for a day or two, and, oh, did n't Jerry and I beg of him to let us go just one voyage! But no, he would not.

"Stick to your books till you are eighteen years old," said father; "get geography and mathematics and navigation at your fingers' ends, and then,"—he said with a kind of sigh,— "if you are still of the same mind, you can try a voyage."

We felt pretty blue about it, for Jerry and I both meant to follow the sea, yet we felt father was right. But it was a bit aggravating that he should have taken Dick Newell, who is but three years older than Jerry and me, away with him, and made him second mate before he had been gone a year. And when Dick came home, how he did brag! You 'd have thought that father could n't sail the ship without him! And he told everybody in Rivermouth that he was going first mate with Captain Harris on his next voyage.

But just before father sailed from Savannah, he

wrote to Jerry and me that he would rather not take Dick with him again. "He is a tolerable navigator," so the letter read, "and an excellent 'fair weather' sailor, yet in any emergency I cannot depend upon him. But he thinks himself A No. 1, and in an argument would try to prove that the Nautical Encyclopædia was wrong and he right. He has once or twice kindly attempted to give me a little advice as to the shortest ways of making and taking in sail; but that, of course, I don't regard. If he lives to be forty years old, he will learn what an ass he was at twenty, as a great many others have done."

I tell you, Dick felt pretty blue when Jerry let him know that father did n't want him again. But he went to New York a few days after, and wrote home from there that a rich fellow had engaged him as sailing-master for his new yacht. We found out afterward that this was a fib, for he was only one of the crew, which makes quite a difference. But this was the last we heard of Dick Newell for ever so long.

Aunt Joe is father's only sister, and though it seems funny to say it about a lady, she is a born sailor, like all the Harrises. She is pretty well on in life,—thirty-four or thirty-five, I think,—and for all she has so much money, she is not married. She has a nice house in Oldport, but she does n't stay there much. Summers, she just cruises along the coast in her yacht. And there was n't a better sea-boat anywhere than the "West Wind." Why, almost every winter she took a trip South,—round Hatteras, you know,—and two years ago she took a party clear to Havana, as comfortably and safely as though the "West Wind" was a thousand-ton Cunarder. Jerry and I always went with her in summer vacation, and Aunt Joe says, herself, that either of us can work the yacht as well as Cap'n Morrison, an old coast pilot who used to go as sailing-master.

"Generally speaking," says Aunt Joe, in her blunt way, "I don't fancy boys on board. They're apt to be rude, and sure to be sick. But you two 'are exceptions,—owing to belonging to the Harris family, probably."

Last summer holidays, Aunt Joe made up a little party for Mount Desert, and, good soul that she is, invited Jerry and me.

Well, we carried our traps aboard, bright and early, the morning we were to sail, and who do you suppose was the first person we saw? You might

have floored me with a feather duster! For, lo and behold! in place of old Morrison, with his Scotch brogue, there was Dick Newell, with a cigar in his mouth, giving off orders to Sailor Dan, as important as though he were the Right Honorable Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.

"Hello, boys!" he said, and shook hands very condescendingly; but I could see that he did n't feel very glad to find us of the party.

"So you've left the 'Vesta,' eh, Dick?" says Jerry, as cool as you please, for he never seems taken aback at anything.

with luggage enough for a voyage to Europe, cut his story short just at that moment. But he began to help the ladies aboard very politely; so Jerry and I went below to stow away our traps.

Oh, but the "West Wind" was a beauty, from her royal truck clear down to her keelson! She measured about sixteen tons, and was schooner-rigged. She drew as much water as a pilot-boat of twenty tons, and Cap'n Morrison said that was what made her such a dry and safe boat in heavy weather.

The ladies' cabin was all finished off in bird's-eye



"A SAIL! A SAIL!" [SEE PAGE 636.]

"'Cap'n Newell,' if you please," answered Dick, standing on his dignity; and I laughed out,—I could n't help it, to save me. but Jerry never so much as smiled.

"Yes," Dick went on, pretending not to notice my grin; "'t was too much responsibility, having to look after eight men aboard of a racing yacht, and only getting a hundred dollars a month. I wanted a hundred and twenty-five, but the owner is so mighty close, he did n't want to give more than —"

It is lucky for Dick's conscience—if he has one—that the sight of Aunt Joe's party on the wharf,

maple and walnut. There were six berths; the lockers all had cushions on them; there were a center-table and an easy-chair, both made fast to the floor; and, on one side, was a little bath-room. There was a store-closet between the ladies' and gentlemen's cabins, but you could pass right through; for the table was generally set in one end of the boat. The cook-room and pantry were forward, under deck, and old Dinah, the stewardess, kept things as neat as wax, and you'd have laughed to see how carefully she stowed away the crockery and everything, in the racks back of the ice-room.

"I guess Aunt Joe shipped her new sailing-

master in too much of a hurry to look at his references, eh, Jerry?" I whispered, while we were fixing our mattresses. For old Dinah told us, when she was setting the table, that Cap'n Morrison had disappointed Aunt Joe at the last moment. That was why she had taken Dick Newell, on the strength of his own story, for we found out afterward that he had boasted of having sailed a gentleman's yacht for years.

"May be," answered Jerry, in his quiet way; "but don't you go to making a noise yet awhile; keep your mouth shut and your weather-eye open, my boy."

"*Very* good," I answered, for Jerry is almost always right, and I generally mind him pretty well; "but suppose he ruins us ashore, or——"

"Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," interrupted Jerry, and I knew it was just as well to keep quiet.

For, after all, Dick could work up latitude and longitude, and we had good charts of the coast. Besides, it would seem kind of mean, running to Aunt Joe with stories, when, like as not, he could get along as well as any one else if the weather held fair. And, if it came to the worst, Jerry and I knew two chaps who would do their level best, anyway.

Oh, it's just lovely, sailing out of Oldport, as we did that day, with a fair wind and summer sky! The harbor is shaped like a big letter U. The town lies in the bend, and an island, which reaches half-way across the open part, separates it from the ocean. We ran through the ship channel, round Light-house Point, and there we were, right out to sea, with nothing between us and Europe but steamers and vessels.

Aunt Joe has such a nice way of making people around her feel at their ease, that, in a little while, you'd have thought we had known one another always. There were Mr. and Mrs. Mayfair, from Boston, who had been married but a little while, and kept calling one another "dear," and "love." She was a very bright, pretty young woman, and he was dressed like Ralph Rackstraw in "Pinafore." His nobby little hat blew overboard before we got fairly outside. He had a big pair of opera-glasses strapped to him, and you would have laughed to hear him answer everybody "Aye, aye," and to see him hitch up his bell-muzzled trousers just like a mariner bold.

Mr. Thorpe and his wife were from Chicago. They were tremendously rich, and neither of them ever had smelt salt water before. You could n't help liking him, he was so jolly, and was always saying something to make one laugh. So was Mrs. Thorpe, only she did n't do it on purpose. Jerry said that, in spite of her diamonds, she was

a near relation to Mrs. Partington. Professor Hart was last, but not least, and just a splendid man. He did n't talk much, but what he said was worth listening to. Aunt Joe told us afterward that he used to sell papers in the street, and had worked his way up,—educated himself, as you might say,—and was now Professor of Mathematics at R—— University. "God helps him who helps himself," my copy-book says, and I believe it, clear down to the bottoms of my boots.

After we were well clear of the land, Dick—for I sha'n't call him Captain Newell—got out a chart, and after considerable flourishing round with compasses and parallel ruler, he told Dan, who was at the wheel, to keep her E. S. E., and then, I guess, he turned in, for I did n't see him again till toward evening.

Jerry and I always stand our regular watch and watch, "four hours on and four hours off," as the sailors say, so we got along swimmingly. The wind was right astern, and I don't think I ever knew the sea so smooth as it was that day, and all night, too, for that matter.

Jerry, who is always noticing things, said that the sun set in a cloud-bank, and the barometer was falling; but, for all I could discover, the weather looked well enough. Besides, it was the sailing-master's business to watch the weather,—not the sailor's.

Next morning, everybody was on deck early to see the sun rise. It was so cloudy that we could only now and then see the sun itself, but the colors in the sky and sea were beautiful, I tell you. Up among the clouds, there was every shade of the rainbow, and the reflections on the moving water were a sight to see.

All that morning the breeze kept freshening and working round, till by noon it was about north-east. By that time we were close-hauled on the wind, and the sea was "getting up," as Dan said. All the time we were heading our course; but, for all that, we were edging away from the land little by little, till, what with the haze and the distance, it was shut out altogether.

Aunt Joe herself did n't like the looks of the weather, and began to talk about running in,— "that is, if you're sure of your whereabouts, Captain Newell," she said to him.

"If you say so, we'll go about, mum," answers Dick, "for Cape Elizabeth lies just two points on the weather-beam; but it's a pity to lose this wind because it looks a little cloudy."

"But the barometer is falling," said Aunt Joe, sort of undecided.

"Which it is apt to do in the finest weather, during the summer," was his answer, as bold as brass. So Aunt Joe said no more for the time.

But about two o'clock that afternoon it came on heavy, and, I tell you, it blackened up in the north-west lively. And even our gallant sailing-master, who had been asleep below since dinner, allowed that we 'd better shorten sail and run in for land. So the four of us got the "West Wind" under reefs, and, if you 've never had a hand in it, you don't know what exciting work it is. But the women-folks seemed to think, with the slatting of the sails and all, that the yacht was going to tumble overboard, or something.

But after we got under weigh again, if the "West Wind" did n't walk Spanish! The big green seas would cockle and crest half as high as her mast-head; but she went topping over them like a—a—Mother Carey's chicken. Oh, but the "West Wind" was a bonny boat!

"Barometer going down,—dinner coming up," said Jerry, with a grin, as he staggered along where I stood at the wheel. He is one of those light-hearted chaps who never seem to worry, and that always makes me feel plucky. But Dick Newell, I am free to confess, looked flustered, and did n't seem to have much to say, anyway.

Poor Mr. Mayfair! I can see him now, hanging over the lee-rail, wet through and bare-headed, groaning and sick. And Mr. Thorpe was moaning away in the lee scuppers, where he rolled around like a cask.

About eight bells in the evening, things looked pretty blue; there was never a sign of light on land, and the "West Wind" was fairly flying over as stormy looking a sea as you ever saw in a marine painting.

Finally, we decided to take in the reefed mainsail and lie-to under a balance-reef foresail and storm-jib until morning. "We'll be carryin' the sticks out of her if we don't!" shouted Jerry; for, what with the wind and sea, we could hardly hear ourselves speak.

He had n't the words well out of his mouth when, with a roar like a great tornado, the wind burst all at once out of the north-west, ten times harder than ever! I thought we were gone, sure, and I remember I thought of father, and tried to pray, all in a second. The "West Wind" went down on her beam ends in the sea, and an awful wave, that boarded us, swept boat, water-casks, and a spare topmast smash through the bulwarks overboard! Dan had his wheel hard up, but the yacht would n't pay off till, all at once, there was a crack like a cannon, and the mainmast, snapping off close to the deck, went over the side.

"Hooray!" sings out Jerry, who was hanging on to the weather side of the house with Dick and me. For, the minute the mast went, the yacht righted,—the fore boom jibed over with a bang,

and then such going! It makes me hold my breath to think of it. One minute we 'd be almost becalmed in an awful gulf, with a black mountain of water ahead and astern; the next we were spinning down a long descent, scooping up tons and tons of green sea at every plunge.

Dick was in a regular daze. At one time he 'd think we 'd better heave to. Then he guessed we 'd better scud. And, finally, he said he did n't know what to do, and thought we 'd better all pray.

You can—no, you can't, either,—imagine what an uncomfortable time it was. The men-folk sick and frightened, the ladies frightened and sick. All but Aunt Joe and the Professor. Trumps, both of them. They handed us out some luncheon, and the Professor lent me his ulster. Every one of us on deck was a little wetter than a drowned rat.

Finally, the weather began to moderate. Now, before Jerry and I had cut the mainmast clear of the side, the heel of it had given the "West Wind" one or two awful pokes under the quarter. And when I saw Jerry with the sounding-rod in his hand, I knew what he was thinking of.

While he was watching his chance to get at the pump-well, Mr. Mayfair and Mr. Thorpe crawled on deck.

"We can't—er—anchor, or, or—anything?" asked Mr. Mayfair. Poor man, he was frightened nearly to death, though now the wind and sea were going down, and there was a sort of break in the clouds.

Dick Newell had just begun to spruce up and talk in an important kind of way about rigging a jury-mast, when Jerry came aft, as white as a sheet, with the sounding-rod in his hand.

"Aunt Joe," he said,—and the brave fellow's voice shook just a little,—"it's a pretty hard show for us; there are two feet of water in the hold, and I'm afraid that a butt is started, where the mast struck."

Well! How I felt about that time, is neither here nor there. But I watched Jerry, and as he did n't show the white feather, I made up my mind that I would n't.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Dick, "we 're lost,—we 're lost!"

"We'll rig the pumps, anyway," muttered Dan, who was a whole crew in himself; and he went to work at once.

Poor Mr. Mayfair took his young wife right into his arms before all of us, and fairly blubbered.

"A feller don't care a copper for himself, Viola, dear," he said, "but when he 's got a wife —"

I always respected Mayfair after that, if he *was* a bit soft, and I slapped him on the back, half ready to cry myself.

"Good for you, old chap," I said. And I meant it, too.

Just then it was, that the Professor came out in a new light. You should have seen him pump! His long arms went like a perpetual motion. And when Dick Newell began to cut up rusty and say it was no use—*he* was n't going to use himself up for nothing, the Professor, who is as strong as a young steam-engine, just collared him and walked him to the pump-brake, where he kept him working lively for a time. It was Professor Hart, too, who went around encouraging everybody, beginning at Aunt Joe and ending with old Dinah. You see, we kept the yacht jogging along before the wind, barely hoping to meet a vessel, which was better than lying-to and sinking without trying to do anything. And while the Professor was ciphering out on the companion-way slide how long she could keep afloat,—so many cubic feet of air, to so much displacement of water, to such an amount of buoyancy, all at once he looked up, threw down his pencil, cut a regular pigeon's-wing, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"A sail! A sail!"

Sure enough! It had been kind of thick and hazy round the horizon, but all at once it lifted, the sun shone out bright, and there was a full-rigged ship under top-gallant sails braced sharp up on the wind, heading right for us.

We set our flag union-down, and the ship ran up her ensign, so we knew that she saw us. "When I saw the steeple of the little church," says Mark Tapley in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "I thought it would a' choked me." Which was the way I felt when I saw the ship.

"'Feller's a—a—fool," said Mr. Mayfair, "that—er—says there's no—a—Providence and all that sort of thing." His wife did n't make any answer, but her eyes were full of tears.

I tell you there's no finer sight in the world than a big vessel under sail, especially to anybody situated as we were. No painter ever painted any such picture as that ship made. She'd heel over, as the wind freshened a bit, and you'd see the bright copper below the water-line glisten through the green seas; then she'd rise to her bearings and plunge forward with a great sheet of white foam round her bows—oh! it was just grand. I sha'n't forget it—never.

By the time she'd run past us and hove to, our deck was level with the water. And, if you'll believe me, her boat had n't fairly got alongside, when that sneak Dick Newell made a break for it, the very first one! But Professor Hart reached for him. "Wait your turn, you coward," he said, and the way he set him down on deck was beautiful. He waited.

No one made much talk after we were fairly in the boat and were pushed off. Aunt Joe drew her hand across her eyes as she looked back and saw the "West Wind" give a lurch and disappear, and I came nigh sniveling, only for Jerry.

"She'll have another one built inside of a year," he whispered, and Jerry generally knows what he is talking about, so I kept a stiff upper lip.

"Tight squeak for you, mum," said the mate, who was steering. I guess he was n't much used to ladies, for he never opened his mouth again till we got on board.

The boat was hoisted up and the ship got under way. The captain stood with his back to us, all the time, watching a sail through his glasses, as indifferent as a monument, just as though saving a pleasure party from a sinking yacht was too common a thing to mind much.

We all stood round on the quarter, awkwardly enough, till Aunt Joe stepped forward.

"Captain," she said, touching his arm, "we owe our lives——"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the captain wheeling round as if somebody had struck him; "why—what!——"

You should have seen all our faces—especially Jerry's and mine! I guess the sailors thought Aunt Joe had found a long-lost lover, as people do in story-books.

For Aunt Joe screamed, "Oh John, *dear* John," and fainted dead away in his arms! So, with Aunt Joe and two fellows about the size of Jerry and me, who bolted at him at the same time, the captain was all struck aback.

When a couple of chaps have not seen their father for four years, and are thinking he is three or four thousand miles off, and when all of a sudden they are plumped right down before him on a ship's deck in mid-ocean, as one might say, they've a right to be a little hystericky, have n't they?

"Mr. Marline," said father to the mate, quite helplessly, "*will* you have the goodness to let the watch sway up the fore to'gallant halyards! That will wake me up I guess," we heard him mutter, as he rubbed his hand across his eyes and looked at us all by turns, as if he were in a dream. But he did come to, at the boatswain's whistle, and then it seemed as if he'd never stop asking questions and wondering.

You see, the "Adelaide" had been ordered from Liverpool to Boston, instead of making a long voyage as father had expected. And so it was that he had got off our coast, just in time to pick us up, as the event proved.

Well, we arrived in Boston two days afterward, safe and sound.

"Viola and I are much obliged for hospitality

and that sort of thing," said Mr. Mayfair, as he put his wife into a hack on the wharf, and turned to bid us good-bye; "but I guess we sha'n't go to sea any more. Feller whose liver's out of order better stay home," he added.

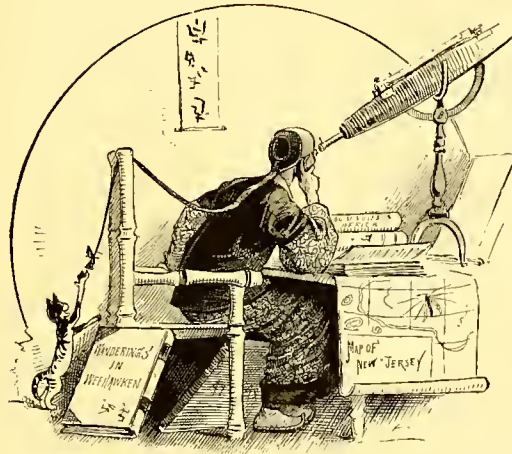
"I'm going to retire as far away from the blustering billows as ever I can," were Mrs. Thorpe's last words when they started for Chicago, and her husband said that after this his pleasure trips would be by land—he was too nervous, he said, for sea-

going. Dick Newell sneaked off without saying anything, and afterward shipped in the "Rainbow," before the mast.

Auntie Joe is going to have another yacht built, and she has invited the Professor to be present at the launching. This he said he would do with pleasure, as long as he could witness it from firm land. But father says Jerry and I have shown ourselves to be such good sailors that we shall go with him next voyage. Hurra!

AH LO.

BY ROBERT S. TALCOTT.



A MERCHANT of China, one sunshiny day,
Sat sipping his tea in a leisurely way,
And thoughtfully twisted the end of his queue,
While he pondered the question of what he should do.

Ah Lo was his name, but, ah!—high was his station;
His wealth gave him rank with the first of the nation;
His wealth had increased to so great an amount,
His houses and stores he no longer could count:

So.—retiring from business,—relieved from all care,
He resolved upon travel. The question was,—where?
He had been a large reader of travelers' books:
Had read about "Stanleys," and "Franklins," and "Cooks";
But ambition, like theirs, made him wish to explore
Entirely new countries, ne'er heard of before.

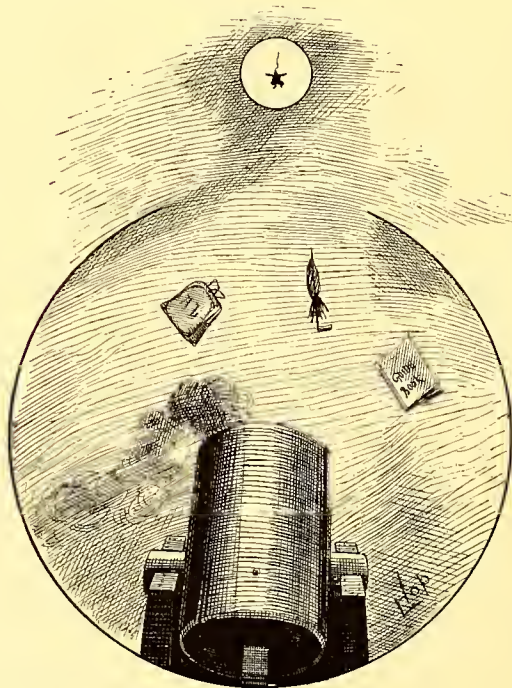
He thought on this subject by day, and night, too,
But the deeper he thought the more puzzled he grew.

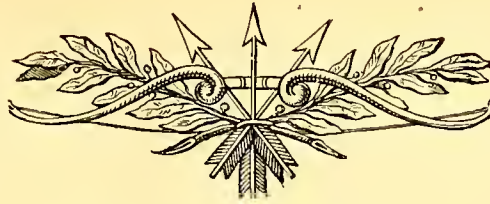
Till—sad to reflect on!—the pressure and strain
 Of continual thinking subverted his brain.
 Since he could not on Earth, what he wanted, espy,
 He looked for his goal in the star-dotted sky,
 And, gazing at “Jupiter,” “Venus,” and “Mars,”
 Became fully convinced he could get to the stars.

This notion grew stronger,—at last he declared
 There was nothing a man could not do,—if he dared:
 He would travel as no other man had yet done,
 By shooting himself from the mouth of a gun.
 The gun was procured, and loaded with care;
 Then placed in position, the muzzle in air.
 Ah Lo took his seat, with a smile on his face.
 Then a flash,—and a bang!—and he started through space.

* * * * *

Some few of his friends, who knew his sad plight,
 Still meet in his summer-house, night after night;
 And, softly and silently sipping their tea,
 Wonder often, but quietly, where can he be?
 “We know he *is* gone, for we saw him depart;
 In fact, we were present, and helped him to start;
 But *where*?—In the bustle and hurry of going
 He forgot to provide any means for our knowing.”





THE GOOD SHOT.

(A Short Tale in Short Words for Boys both Tall and Short.)

BY JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

ONCE there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone, or a sling-shot, or a bow-and-arrow, or a cross-bow, or an air-gun, or anything he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he came near. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or his mother's left eye-glass, or anything he chanced to see.

Near where he lived there lived a little bird who had a nest and five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads, always wide open for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds, and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight next morning.

Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back quick with a bit of some kind of food. And though she did not eat much herself, except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want; not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first.

One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on a wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her, and of course aimed at her and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and as they were hungry they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of

all, but she could not come up to them, nor even tell them why she did not come. And when she heard the call of the small one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing in a droll way. I think the boy would have laughed if he had seen her tumble over.

All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered, only when the good marksman chanced to pass near by; then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them. Some time in the night the mother-bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest where her young ones were dying of hunger.

But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again. And the next night was very cold, and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest. And in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow mouth to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth still wide open and empty.

And so, the good marksman had killed six birds at one shot,—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy? Should you not like to do the same?

If you know him, please read this little tale to him. He may like to hear it.



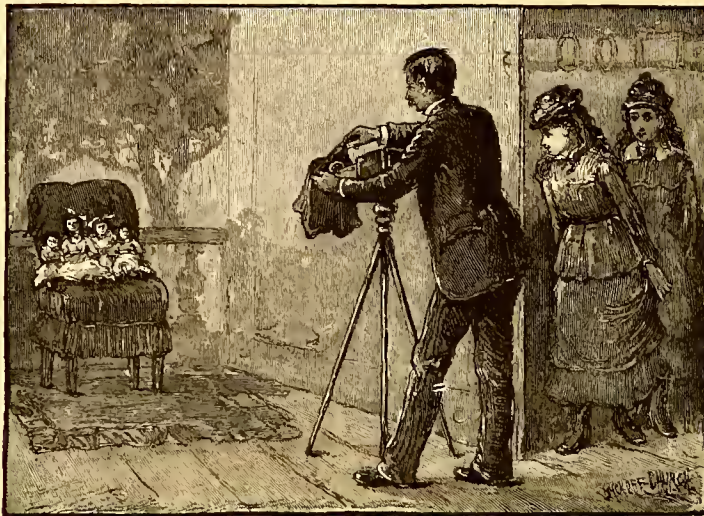


FOREIGN HEAD-DRESSES.

BY SPHINX.

THIS queer-looking page of queer-looking heads looks strangely like a puzzle; and perhaps it might puzzle you to know where they all came from, and who they are. They come from different countries on the continent of Europe, and you would see just such heads, with just such hats and head-gear, if you traveled there now. The one up in the left-hand corner need not be explained, as he looks the picture of a jolly Irishman, with a sprig of shamrock and a pipe tucked in his hat, just coming from a fair; while the man with a mask, looking at him, comes from sunny Naples, where he acts the part of a clown, and is always seen at the carnivals and merry-makings. Very unlike is he to his two neighbors on the right,—the one a solemn Spanish priest, with a long shovel-hat, and the other a still more solemn old English guardian of the Tower of London, dressed in a costume of the time of Henry the Eighth; he feels his dignity and position, but not as much as does the officer just below him, who is one of the Horse Guards, and is used to being stared at by every one. The three in a row just in front of him are all from the British Isles, and live a long distance from the strange, odd-looking old man in the row beneath, who is a dignitary of Persia, and has to bow his tall, fur hat before the Shah, his master. I do not think you would find his neighbor, who is just opposite to him, so servile and obedient, for he comes from the mountains of the Tyrol, and much prefers his free life—wandering over the hills with his gun—to living in any court, however gorgeous. The Tyrolese hunter seems to be poking his gun into a very staid individual with a large cocked hat. He looks as if he were a very grand personage, and, in fact, he feels himself to be such, for he is the coachman of a Neapolitan prince, and feels much prouder than his master as he sits on his coach with his best livery. He looks down with contempt on the poor fisherman, his countryman, below him; but the fisherman, with his red cap, does n't seem to care, for he sings all day long as he pulls in his net with a few sardines, and is as happy as a king. His singing is very different from the singing of the old, fat monk, who goes about begging in a very old rusty-brown gown, and who chants his

prayers two or three times a day through his nose. The only hat that he has is the long, peaked hood at his back, which can be drawn over the face at pleasure. He seems to be staring at a French Zouave, with turban and bronzed face, who has been in the wars in Algiers; and also at an Italian sharp-shooter, who seems weighed down beneath his load of cocks' feathers; in fact, these plumes are so large that they seem to cover the entire side of his hat and shoulder; he is very vain, however, of his head-dress, and he would not exchange it for the monk's old brown hood for any money. The only ornament the little Breton baby has on his cap is a big worsted tassel, and that is the way they dress the boy-babies in Brittany; the girls have a similar cap, but no tassel, so the queer little head put by the soldier is a little Breton boy. Down in the left-hand corner is one of the French gendarmes, who are seen all over Paris, and they maintain order and quiet, as the police do. He has a very picturesque hat, and he knows how to put it on in a very Frenchy way; and when he throws the end of his cloak over one shoulder and waxes out his moustaches, he thinks he is a perfect marvel of beauty. But he is not really so handsome, nor so picturesque, as his Italian neighbor, who is only an Italian peasant, and comes from a little mountain town, where he sleeps and dances all summer, tends a few olive-trees and vines in the autumn, and sits as a model to the artists at Rome in the winter; for he has very large, dark eyes, and long hair and beard, and looks very well in a picture; better, you think, than the little man with a pointed cap, who is a French student listening to a very dry lecture; or the Breton peasant with his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; or the man with a large head and curly hair and an astonishingly little cap perched on top of it over his forehead. He is a German student, and the little cap is very important, as it shows to what society he belongs; it is more for ornament than for protection. He is fond of fighting duels with a little narrow sword, and sitting by the hour with a big pipe in his mouth and a large glass of beer by his side. His queer face and odd little round cap finish our page, bringing us to the last corner.



PHOTOGRAPHER: "NOW! SIT PERFECTLY QUIET. LOOK PLEASANT!"

LOST AND FOUND.

BY FLORENCE SCANNELL.

ON the south coast of England is the little village of Swanston, consisting chiefly of fishermen's cottages. The few houses of any pretensions it possesses are built along the front, facing the sea, and this part of the village is called the Marine Parade. In the summer these houses are let to the few families who come to enjoy the pure air and good bathing, without the noise and dress of more fashionable seaside places.

In one of the cottages lived a fisherman, named Jem Price. He was not a native of Swanston, having come there about six or seven years before, with his wife, and one child about a year old. Mrs. Price was a neat, industrious woman, and Jem's cottage, in her time, was very bright and cheerful; the little child was well clothed and fed, and Jem always looked happy. Unfortunately, his good wife died about a year after their arrival, and poor Jem, feeling very lonely, and with the baby on his hands, married again. His second wife was a careless, untidy woman, who did not take very good care of her own children, and paid still less attention to little Jacky, who, at the time our story begins, was about eight years old. He was a pretty, bright little fellow, with fair, curly hair and dark blue

eyes, and, in spite of his poor home, would sing and play merrily enough with the other children on the beach, and was always ready to do an errand for any of the neighbors, who would often call him in and give him a dinner and a seat by their fire in the winter.

Everybody liked Jacky, and sometimes he was fortunate enough to earn a sixpence by holding a horse for some gentleman.

One day, as the season was just beginning, Jacky, on the look-out for jobs, was walking down the High street on his way to the Parade. He saw one of his playmates, Molly, a child about seven years old, struggling with a boy much bigger than she was. Molly was the daughter of a poor Irish fruit-woman, who had often been kind to Jacky, so he ran quickly to see what was the matter. When he came up, the boy ran away with two apples, which he had taken from Molly. The little girl was selling fruit for her mother, who was sick, and she cried bitterly as the boy made off with at least one quarter of her stock of apples. Jacky, who was a brave boy, and strong and active for his age, was after the thief in a minute, and, soon catching him, he threw him down and took the apples from

him; then he returned with them to Molly, flushed and panting.

"Well done, my boy," said a voice, "you'll make a good soldier some day."

Jacky looked up in astonishment and saw a tall gentleman, with a brown beard and moustache, looking kindly at him. The boy colored with pleasure at the praise, and gave his front hair a pull in salute. The gentleman tossed him a shilling and walked on, amused with the incident.

"Who's that gentleman?" said Jacky. "I never saw him before, Molly; did you?"

"Oh," answered Molly, "it's the ossifer what's come and took Mrs. Hawkins's white house for the summer. He and his wife have got a little girl who comes down to bathe every mornin' in the sea, and sometimes she goes out on a pony; and just look, Jacky, there she is comin' along now."

Jacky turned, and saw a pretty little girl, with large blue eyes and soft golden hair, coming up the street on a white pony, led by a groom. She turned into the Parade, and the children, following quickly, saw her stop at one of the largest houses.

The door opened, and the tall, brown-bearded "ossifer," as Molly called him, came down the steps and lifted the little girl from the pony. She ran into the house, gathering up her long blue skirt, but soon appeared again with pieces of sugar for the pony, who looked intelligently at his little mistress and rubbed his nose against her. The pretty child looked pityingly at the ragged, forlorn little creatures, and brought out some biscuits to give them.

When the pony was led off, Molly and Jacky walked slowly away, talking about the little girl and her wonderful horse; but they soon parted, and Jacky went home.

That evening, when he had finished his supper, he sat leaning his head against the door, looking out toward the sea; his thoughts full of the tall gentleman who had spoken so kindly to him, and of the beautiful little girl. He was roughly awakened from his reverie by a box on the ear. "Get out of my way," said his stepmother, who was just going out. "You've had your supper, so now go to bed and don't be settin' in the door to trip people up, as if I had n't plenty to do with my own children without being bothered by *other* people's." Jacky, knowing from experience what he might expect if he did not obey, was glad to slip off to his hard little bed.

The next morning, Jacky went up the High street until he reached the baker's shop, and stood there looking at the tempting fresh rolls and loaves in the window. He had had a poor breakfast, and

had given his shilling to his stepmother. He watched the people going in and out of the shop, looking wistfully at the bread they carried away. At last a stout, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a younger one, coming out of the baker's, stopped and looked at him.

"Why, little boy, you look as if you'd like a roll, eh! I'd sooner give you that than money, for I don't approve of beggars," said she.

"Please, ma'am, I'm pretty hungry," said Jacky. The kind woman bought a roll and gave it to him, Jacky thanking her warmly.

"Well, Susan, it's a pleasure to see him so grateful. What nice eyes he's got, just like Miss Lillie's, I declare. What's your name, child? Have n't you got a mother to mend your clothes a little?"

Jacky told her he had only a stepmother, and she looked pityingly at him and then walked on, saying to Susan: "Ah, what would the Colonel give for a boy like that! His own son would have been just about that size if he had lived. Such a beautiful babe he was, and so proud and happy as they were when he was born! I thought the mistress would have died when the news came of that dreadful shipwreck, and the Colonel was like to go out of his mind with grief."

"Now, do tell me all about it, Mrs. Hunter. I never heard tell of it before," said Susan.

"Well, Susan, you must know India has a very bad climate, and the little English children don't thrive there at all. So when Miss Lillie, who was born there, was about two years old, she began to pine away, and had n't a bit of color in her cheeks, and at last the mistress sent her over to her mother in England, and for some time they thought she'd never live, so delicate was she. Then, when the other child was born, about six months after Miss Lillie had left, the mistress said she would n't risk his precious life, and as soon as he was a year old she sent him, with his black nurse, the ayah, and a family she knew, that was going home to England. It nearly broke her heart to part with him, but she would n't leave her husband, and she knew it was saving the life of the children. Well, the voyage seemed to be got over pretty well, but just as they were nearing home an awful storm came on, and something, I don't know what, got wrong with the steamer, and it foundered on some rocks, in a fog; and though they said the sailors worked hard and did their best, still some of the lives of the passengers were lost, and among them poor Mrs. Seymour's sweet baby, and the ayah, too. The mother seemed as if she could never get over the loss, and even now, though it's more than six years ago, and she tries to be gay and cheerful with the Colonel and Miss Lillie, I often see her eyes fill

with tears when she looks at the sea, or at some little boy, and she says to me: 'Ah, nurse, if only my little Cecil had lived! How could I ever have sent my darling from me!'"

"Poor lady!" said Susan, "no wonder she can't bear Miss Lillian out of her sight. How she must have longed to see her after the other one was lost."

"Yes, indeed; but soon after the dreadful trial of losing their little boy, the Colonel gave up the army, and they left India; which I really think was the saving of the mistress's life, for it was a great consolation for her to have the other child with her."

Chatting thus, the two servants soon arrived at the house Colonel Seymour had hired for the summer; the pure air of Swanston having been recommended for his little daughter, who, like many other children born in India, was very delicate and required great care.

In the course of the morning Jacky strolled down to the beach, and he had not walked far, before he saw little Molly, the fruit-girl, lying asleep on the sand. She had been out for some hours with her fruit-basket, and had now come down to the beach for a little play. But she was so tired, that after gathering a few shells she lay down and soon fell asleep. Jacky saw that the tide was coming in, and that the water would soon reach the sleeping girl; and he was just about to awaken her, when a very interesting sight caused him to forget all about her. Colonel Seymour, his wife and little daughter were walking on the beach, at a short distance, evidently looking for a boat in which to take a sail.

"Boat, sir? Nice day for a sail, sir, and you 'd find the 'Fairy' is about the best boat here, sir," said a boatman approaching the party.

"Very well, my man," said the Colonel, "get her ready. We 'll see if we can catch some fish for mamma, Lillie."

The little girl clapped her hands, and the fisherman lifted her into the boat very carefully, as if he were afraid such a dainty little creature would break in his strong hands. Then the others got in and they pushed off, several boys running up to help, among whom was our little friend Jacky, who gazed with great admiration at the sailing party, particularly at Mrs. Seymour, whose face, in some way, seemed familiar to him.

He wandered off by himself, not feeling inclined to play, and puzzling his brains to remember where and when he could have seen Mrs. Seymour before. He scrambled upon a rock from which he could see the boat; he heard the laughter of Lillie, as she dipped her hands in the water and splashed her father, and saw the Colonel shake the drops off

his beard and pretend to throw the mischievous little sprite into the sea; and he saw her mamma lean forward, half in play and half in fear, to stop such wild pranks.

Jacky felt sad, and the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of his miserable home and unkind step-mother. He wondered if that gentleman wanted a boy to help in the stables or anything; he would be so happy if they would take him. He sat on the rock for a long, long time, and then, all of a sudden, he remembered Molly, and ran off to the place where she had been lying. She was not to be seen, and for a moment Jacky was frightened. "I wonder if she is drowned!" he said to himself. "I 'll run up to her house and see if she 's there." But just as he started he happened to see the fishing-boat come in. This attraction was too strong for him, and he ran down the beach, reaching the boat just as the party stepped ashore.

"Hallo, here 's the champion of the apple-girl again," said Colonel Seymour. "Here, boy, come and carry this basket up to the house for us."

Jacky ran up, charmed at being employed, and walked up after them, listening to their merry talk. Lillie turned round now and then to see if the precious basket of fish was being safely carried, looking at the ragged little boy with curiosity.

"Tell me about him, papa," she said, and the Colonel related the story of Jacky's fight for the apples.

Mrs. Seymour then, also, turned and looked at him with interest, and when they arrived home she slipped an extra shilling into his hand, besides the one her husband had given him. Jacky, astounded at such sudden riches, thanked the lady very earnestly, but still stood standing by the doorway.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Mrs. Seymour, kindly, as she was about to enter the house.

"Oh, please, ma'am," cried Jacky, looking anxiously up into her face, with his wistful blue eyes, "do, do take me for a servant boy; I can help in the stables and do anything you tell me. I don't want no wages, only please let me come, sir," he added, imploringly, turning to the Colonel, who answered:

"Why, my boy, you are very anxious to work. At your age, I should have thought you would have preferred making mud pies, or toy boats. Why do you want so much to come to us, eh?"

"'Cause—'cause you speak so kind, sir, and I 'd like to be one o' your soldiers, sir, when I 'm growed up," said Jacky, hanging his head and blushing.

The Colonel asked Jacky his name, and after promising to think about the matter, and perhaps

see his father on the subject, he sent Jacky to have a good dinner in the kitchen, promising not to forget him, and the boy went home full of hope and expectation.

"Hugh, I like that boy's face so much," said Mrs. Seymour, "I am sure he is a good little fellow. We really must see after him, poor child, he looks so neglected, and seems quite devoted to you. He must have a good heart to be so grateful for a few kind words."

That afternoon, as Colonel Seymour was walking through the village, he inquired for Jem Price, and some boys, who were playing at ball, pointed out Jacky's father standing on the beach.

Dover, and one night as was awful foggy and dark, besides a bit of a gale blowing, the men came crying out that there was a steamer struck agin some rocks out there, and was agoin' down. Some of us tried to go out and help, but the fog was that thick, we could n't do no good. Early the next morning we was all out, but nothing was left of the ship but pieces floating about all over the sea, and bales of goods and baggage of all kinds was being washed up. Well, sir, I was out in my boat seeing what I could pick up, when I see a barrel floating toward me. I know'd by the way it floated that there was something weighty in one end of it, and so I pulled it near and lifted it into my boat, and what should



ASLEEP ON THE SAND.

Colonel Seymour went up to the man and spoke to him. He was a rough, good-humored looking fellow, and seemed pleased when the gentleman spoke to him of Jacky. Colonel Seymour said he liked the boy, and was willing to find some good employment for him if the father wished it. The fisherman looked thoughtful, and, after some hesitation, said:

"Well, sir, it's rather a curious story, but he aint *my* child at all, nor I don't know whose he is; and if it had n't been for my first wife, poor Mary, what's dead, he'd be on the parish now, most likely."

"Tell me all about it," said the Colonel.

"Ay, ay, sir. Well, about five or six years ago, I and my wife Mary, that was, sir, were living near

I find but a baby lying in the bottom of it, seemingly dead. It was rolled up in a queer sort of fashion, with a silk scarf. I rowed quickly back and took it to Mary. She undressed it, and we found it was n't quite dead, though very nigh; so she warmed and coaxed it like, and at last it sat up and began to cry. It was too little to talk much, being about a year old, but the few words it did say were a strange sort of gibberish—Mary thought French. Anyhow, it was n't English, and its clothes looked furrin, too. Mary would n't hear of my taking it to the parish folks, and said if its parents was alive they would be sure to come and look for it, and if they were n't, there was n't no good taking it to the parish, as it was a furrin child. So, as we had n't got any of our own, and Mary begged hard

to be let keep it, I gave in, and nobody ever came to look for the child, nor we never heard of any advertisements about it, so here he is still; for when poor Mary died, I'd taken a fancy like to the little fellow, and would n't part with him, though I've got plenty of my own now."

Colonel Seymour gave great attention to this story, and he asked Jem what was the name of the steamer and where it came from.

"They said it was bringing soldiers from abroad, sir. I don't remember the name. It was just six years ago this June, and my Mary did the year after. She made me promise always to be good to the boy, and to keep his clothes, for some day his relations might turn up; but they never have, and I don't expect they ever will, now. None of the folks here knows but he's my child, for we came here as strangers and never told anybody about it."

"Have you the clothes now? Can you show them to me?" asked the Colonel, eagerly.

"Yes, sir, certainly I can."

"Come on, then," said the Colonel, and together they walked to Jem's cottage.

Jem Price went into an inner room, and after searching some time, and turning out an old sea-chest, he brought in a bundle. The wife and children gathered round in a state of great curiosity, as the bundle was untied, and a little faded pelisse was brought out; it was embroidered all over with silk, that had been white but was now discolored by time and sea-water.

The Colonel's eyes sparkled and his voice was quite husky as he asked if he might take it to show to his wife. It was possible that he knew the parents of the child, he said. Jem agreed, and Colonel Seymour slipped a sovereign into his hand, and taking the pelisse rolled up, walked quickly home. He now felt convinced that their long-lost boy was found, but hardly knew how to break the news to his wife, fearing that the shock, although one of joy, would be almost too much for her.

However, he gave the little bundle to nurse Hunter, telling her to bring it in when he rang the bell. His wife had come home from a walk, and was taking her afternoon tea with Lillie.

He sat down to the table, and, in as natural and easy a manner as he could command, he told the story that he had heard from Jem Price. Mrs. Seymour turned pale, her hand trembled as she put down the cup.

"Hugh!" said she, "can I see those clothes?"

The Colonel rang the bell, and nurse Hunter entered with the little pelisse. Mrs. Seymour started up and snatched it from her. With trembling hands she turned it over. On one end of it she saw her child's initials, embroidered by herself.

"It is Cecil's!" she cried, and fell back fainting.

When Mrs. Seymour had been restored to consciousness she insisted upon being taken immediately to her son, but the Colonel had sent for Jacky, and in a few minutes he was with them.

We shall not try to describe the scene. There



JACKY.

was no doubt about Jacky's identity. The lost child was found!

Poor Jacky was in such a state of bewilderment that he was almost incapable of understanding what they said to him. Only after his real parentage had been explained over and over again did the truth slowly begin to dawn upon his mind, and then his joy seemed to overcome him. "That beautiful lady his mother! That gentleman his father! and Jem, who was he? How could it be?" At last, he was taken off by nurse Hunter, who, after he had enjoyed a warm bath, put him into a soft, white bed, and the lady, *his mother*, came and leant over him, kissing him and talking lovingly to him.

And she brought him nice things to eat, such as he had never tasted before, and while he was sitting up in his bed and eating, hoping he was not going to wake out of this delicious dream just yet, the tall, kind gentleman came and kissed his forehead, and Lillie sat on the side of his bed and chattered to him, until nurse came and took her off. And then, Jacky, who had never had so many kisses since he was a baby, soon fell asleep.

The next morning, Jem Price arrived. The father and mother asked a few more questions as to the time and place of the wreck, and found the "gibberish," that Mary took for French, was very much like a few words of Hindostanee that the Colonel repeated, and that "Ghitah, Ghitah" was what the baby had often cried at first, which Mrs. Seymour recognized as the name of his ayah.

Jem was rewarded liberally, and went off congratulating himself on his good luck. His cross wife, though, upbraided him bitterly for not having told her before that Jacky was a gentleman's child, as she might have come in for the good graces of the lady and gentleman.

Mrs. Seymour went out with nurse Hunter to get some clothes for her boy, and bought a pretty sailor suit. "We will have some nicer things sent from London as soon as possible, but for the present these will do," said the mother. "We must teach him to talk properly, poor little fellow; he does n't even know his letters; but we must not worry him," she added, "for he has been running wild so long, and the first thing he must learn is to be happy."

Jacky, or Cecil, as he was now called, felt very odd in his new clothes, and at first found his shoes very uncomfortable, and he could n't get over his awe of James the tall footman, whom he often called "sir." But everybody in the house was very gentle and patient with him, and, in a week or two, the little ragamuffin would hardly have been recognized in the tidy, well-dressed little boy, with his golden curls arranged so prettily by his mother's own slender fingers.

Lillie could not help laughing at his first attempts with his knife and fork, but he was very quick to learn, eager to improve, and he soon became quite a little gentleman in his manners and habits, as he had always been in nature.

He was devoted to his father, would trot about after him like a little dog, and the Colonel said, laughingly, that at least the stepmother had saved them the trouble of teaching him obedience, if her other lessons had not been so good.

Mrs. Seymour went to see all the women who had been kind to her child, and thanked them so sweetly that she won all their hearts.

One of the first walks that Cecil took, after he got his new clothes, was to little Molly's house. He had heard nothing from her, and he was afraid that *perhaps* she had been drowned when the tide came in, but he found her quite well and hearty; and Mrs. Seymour, who was with him, compensated for Cecil's forgetfulness by a handsome present to his little friend.

When the family left Swanston to return to town, Mrs. Seymour had quite regained her health and cheerfulness; and Lillie, enchanted at having a brother of her own, went back with the roses of health in her cheeks. She read all the wonderful stories about "Blue Beard," "Cinderella," "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," etc., to her brother, who was very much interested, although his papa's histories of tiger and bear hunts pleased him rather better.

And here we will leave him in his happy home. True, there are many other children whose homes are just as happy, but few of these have had the experiences of neglect and poverty passed through by our little hero, and so can never value their advantages as he grew to value his.

A SUMMER HOME FOR POOR CHILDREN.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

MAGGIE has two homes.

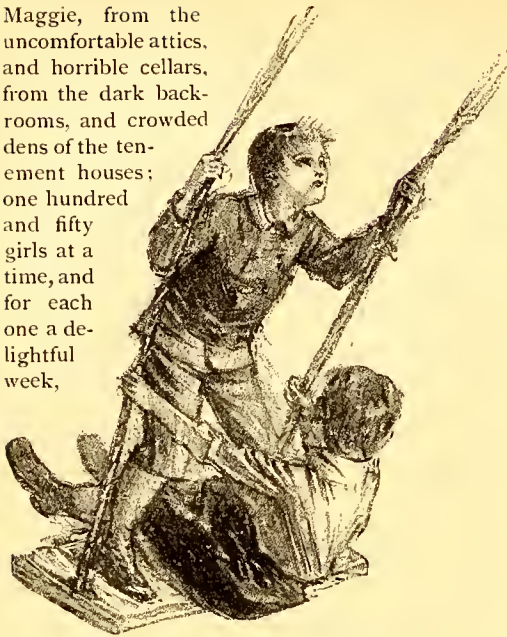
First, there is the home she has always lived in, with her parents and brothers and sisters. It is a back basement room, with scarcely a piece of whole furniture in it; a broken-down kitchen stove, a pile of rags for a bed, a dilapidated table, the remains of a few chairs, and a floor always damp. The children look as you might expect, pale, gaunt, ragged, silent, often cold and hungry, and never in the least childlike. In a home of this sort, if a child falls ill, it lies unnoticed in the corner, with not one of the comforts of a sick-room, no soft bed, no cool drink, no dainty food, no kind nurse; but with the noise and confusion of the family and neighbors in the crowded house, and

the heated stove, with cooking or whatever house-work is done, close to the sufferer.

Three hundred and fifty-nine days of every year, Maggie lives in this dreadful place, and only six days in the pleasant home you are to hear about. But those six long summer days are packed so full of happiness and pleasure that they bring color to her face, smiles to her lips, and strengthen her for another long year. In truth, the effects of that one week on Maggie, and others like her, seem like magic,—they are the magic of sunshine and fresh air.

Turn from the sad picture of Maggie's home in the city and hear about the other home, which all the long summer through, is filled with girls like

Maggie, from the uncomfortable attics, and horrible cellars, from the dark back-rooms, and crowded dens of the tenement houses; one hundred and fifty girls at a time, and for each one a delightful week,



DOWN WE GO!

that helps the poor little creature to be good and patient all through the long, dreary winter.

In the first place, it is in the country, with a big grassy yard, full of trees and swings, and everything that's nice; in the second place, it is on the beach, with delicious sea-breeze and delightful sea-bathing; and last—and best—there live in it a real fairy-godmother sort of a woman, with a big motherly heart for suffering children, and a kind-hearted gentleman who must have a perfect giant of a market-basket, so full of good things does he keep the pantry and cellar, for the children's benefit.

Ah,—good air, good beds, good food (and plenty of it) and good times are the real doctors for little people. You would n't know Maggie after she has spent that happy week in the Summer Home.

And she has had something else as well as a good time. She has had the benefit of gentle discipline free from hardship and pain. She has for once had the satisfaction of undressing at night, of climbing into a pretty little bedstead, and lying between nice smooth sheets. The poor little thing, tossing afterward on the heap of rags, may long so much for a return of these comforts that she will resolve to learn all she can, and so better her condition. Thank heaven! Ways of learning to be good scholars and good workers are now open in our cities to all poor little girls,* so that even the most destitute may hope to be able, in time, to earn comforts and even luxuries for themselves.

But now, at the Summer Home, Maggie is given over wholly to enjoyment. It is a charming sight; a hundred and fifty poor children, so happy they hardly know how to believe in it, romping and rolling on the grass, playing croquet, bean-bag, or "tag," singing morning and evening songs, drinking delicious milk (a hundred quarts a day), frolicking in the big play-room,—like a clean, sweet barn,—and jumping and screaming with delight in the surf.

At first, as you may suppose, hard-working and ignorant fathers and mothers in the hot city, back there, could hardly believe their ears when the children were invited to spend a week in the country, where there were plenty to eat and fine times to be had. They wondered why it was done, and suspected that there was some bad reason for this nice-seeming plan. "These people must want to carry off our children," they thought, "or disturb their religion, or do something else bad, or they would not be taking our ragged girls into the country at their own expense."

They loved their own children perhaps as well as happier parents, and most of them refused to consent to what they decided must be a trap of some sort; only a few, who had known the city missionaries for years, would let their children go. Nothing more was needed, however. When those youngsters came back, fat and rosy, and full to overflowing of the "splendid times" they had had, there were no more refusals of invitations; in fact, the refusals came from the other side; the kind managers, who easily could fill a house twice the size of the Summer Home they have, were forced to refuse the children.

Each year, as charitable people have found out about it, and given the society money to do so, the Home has been made larger; now, one wing built for a dining-room, with big bed-room overhead, by the kindness of one lady; and then another, with a pleasant play-room below and another big bed-room above, by another lady; till last summer they could entertain a hundred and fifty at once. Happier people delight in helping on the good work; children empty their savings banks, and Sunday-school classes unite their pennies to send one or more unhappy little creature from the city. It does not cost much either; two dollars will give one girl this long week, make her happier for a year, and better for all her life.

Girls, I say—and I'm sorry to say it, for boys were included in the plan by its kind-hearted founder,—a lady on Staten Island,—and at first they were taken out every other week as the girls were; but alas! the boys could not be satisfied to get all possible fun out of the Home itself; they carried their habit of lawless mischief with them. They overran the neighbors' gardens, they picked the flowers and carried off the fruit; they broke the

* See "Little Housemaids," in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879.

managers were obliged to decide that they never could spend a week in the Summer Home, and that one day's picnic in the season must suffice for each boy.

So now, after the girls have gone home, and more than two thousand of them have enjoyed their week, the boys come down in parties of one or two hundred at a time, and return the same day. They are a queer picnic party, you may be sure. Two hundred boys gathered from the streets, and regular little ragamuffins, such as you see in the city hanging on wagons at the risk of their lives, scudding across the streets under the feet of the horses after a stray dog, holding out a dirty hand for some pennies, making ugly faces, or doing any sort of a prank you can think of;—boys who have no home, but sleep in boxes, alley-ways, wagons, or any hole they can creep into, and many of whom can be made to go to school only by the bribe of a good dinner.

Two hundred small boys, off for a frolic, with hats of all kinds and sizes, and in all stages of shabbiness; boys wearing their fathers' pantaloons cut off; boys with so many patches that the original garment could not be guessed at; boys with men's coats, and boys with no coats at all; boys with clothes tied on with strings; boys with pockets hanging outside, boys with pantaloons pinned on; bare-footed, ragged, shock-headed, and, it must be confessed, not very clean-looking.

But they were a happy party, as seen by your reporter one day last autumn. Every one of their faces wore a smile, and every eye was bright and wide-awake. You surely would have thought so if you had heard them shout and hurrah as they passed through the suburbs of Brooklyn, greeting each astonished cow with a

long-continued "Mo-o-o-o." Three car-loads of boys! and whatever one of them started the others



READY FOR A FROLIC IN THE WAVES.

immediately joining in,—saluting goats with a chorus of "Ma-a-a-as," and hens with "crows" and "clucks" to drive them wild, and whistling

and calling to dogs, till the sagacious creatures hardly know whether to be insulted, and bark furiously, or to regard it as a polite attention, and wave their tails for thanks.

These entertainments were varied by whistling the "Mulligan Guards," every boy beating time with his feet; and then by singing, first the street melodies, "Little Buttercup," "She 's a Daisy," "Grandfather's Clock," and others, and then falling into the airs they learned at school, "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the Shore," and—greatest favorite of all—"Sweet By-and-by."

Poor boys! one could scarcely hear that from such lips, without a tear.

They are really

houses. None of them know what a comfortable home is like, and most of them know very well how it feels to be hungry and have no food.

But to go on with the picnic. After a ride on street and steam cars for about an hour, the train stops at Bath, on the southern shore of Long Island, and, in about ten seconds, every boy is out of the cars. They form in a line, two by two, but they 're a regular mob for all that, as they rush on after the gentleman who leads, little ones falling down, struggling up and trudging on again, stopping to pick every weed that has a blossom, even a tempting great purple

thistle (which is dropped without the cry that happier children would give), shouting



THE GIRLS AT PLAY.

school-boys, though you would not think it, unless you have seen the Mission Schools, which gather the children in, from

streets and alleys of New York, and try to civilize and teach them something. They are all from such homes as Maggie's, in the dreadful tenement

at the growing corn, "scuffing" their feet as they cross the road, to raise a cloud of dust, and, in this scrambling, noisy way, reaching, at last, the big white gate of the Home.

Here there is a division: a gentleman stands at the gate, and gives each boy a choice; most of them turn away with a shout, and run further up

the street, while perhaps fifty go through the gate with an expectant, solemn air.

What is the magic word that sends the crowd so eagerly on? It is "swimming." The choice is between swimming and scupping,—what that queer but venerable old Dutch word means, you 'll soon find out; it is a "survival" from New Amsterdam days,—if you understand that.

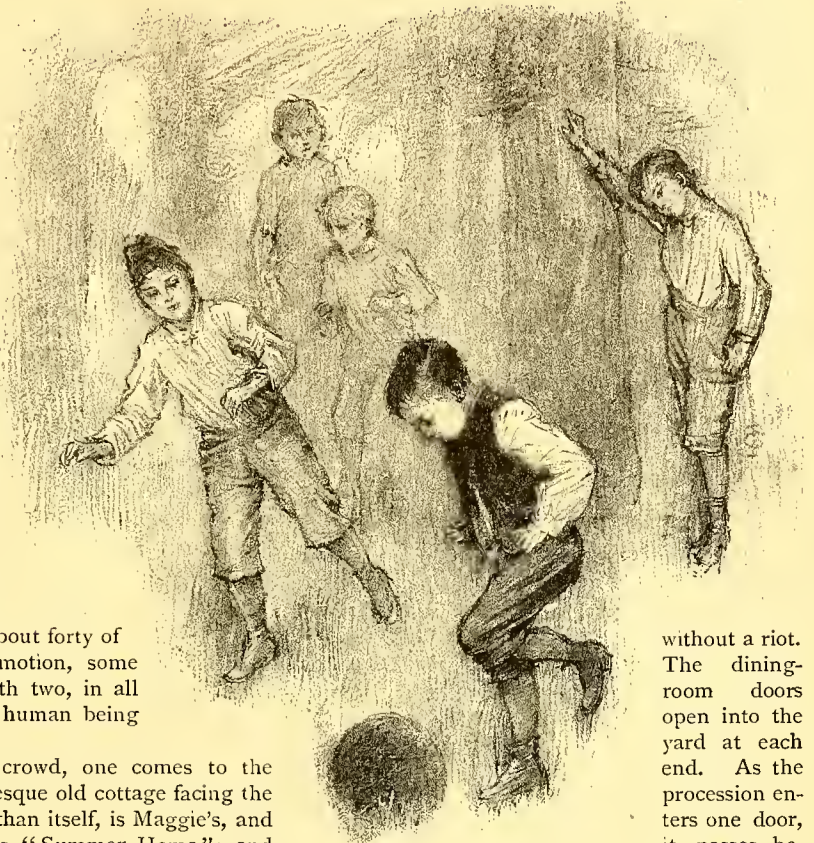
When the last swimmer has joined the yelling mob on the way to a secluded beach, and the last scupper has disappeared behind the gate, the grown-ups follow, and discover that scups are nothing more nor less than swings, and that about forty of them are now in full motion, some with one boy, many with two, in all positions possible for a human being to assume.

Passing this happy crowd, one comes to the buildings. The picturesque old cottage facing the sea, with wings bigger than itself, is Maggie's, and all other poor children's "Summer Home"; and in the long dining-room are now at work several ladies, with Mrs. Holt at their head. They are preparing lunch for the boys. What piles of water-melon, clothes-baskets full of sandwiches,—adapted in size to a boy's appetite,—immense cans of fresh milk, and rows of white mugs! Pretty soon there will be a curious scene here.

But now let us go through the house, into the front yard, with its pleasant seats under awnings, where little invalids can get the sea air without heat of the sun, and, best of all, its lovely sea-view, with gently sloping beach and stretched ropes, where troops of poor little girls have bathed and danced, and shouted. Looking up the beach, Coney Island appears, with its hotels, and towers, and flags; and looking down, past the distant view of many piles of clothes on the bank, and many heads bobbing about in the water, the two forts guarding the entrance to New York harbor.

After a while there comes a sound of voices, and a long procession marching toward the dining-room.

Lunch!—for two hundred hungry street boys! Let us see how these experienced ladies manage it



A BIG FOOT-BALL FOR LITTLE BOYS.

without a riot. The dining-room doors open into the yard at each end. As the procession enters one door, it passes between two baskets of sandwiches, with ladies to serve them. Each boy coming in receives the food, and at once passes on, through the room, to the other side of the house.

There the rough street training comes out; as soon as the boy gets through the door, he starts on a run around the house, to join the line again, and get another sandwich. But the managers know all these little tricks, and at each passage stands a man who orders the young "repeaters" back. So the hungry, happy fellows crowd together, and have to devour their bread and meat peaceably in the front yard.

No sooner is it swallowed than gates are forced open, or fences climbed, and before one can wink fifty boys' heads appear on the surface of the water below.

"Here!" shouts one. "This is n't the place to bathe. You must n't go in here!" But, alas! too late,—they are in, and a good frolic they have

for a half-hour, till the magic word "lunch" salutes their ears. Then, in a twinkling, rags and duds are huddled on, and the boys, hungrier than before, join the procession forming for another march through the dining-room.

The next course—in lunch—is water-melon, and over the low half-door dozens of hungry faces have been hanging, with longing eyes turned toward the immense pans of cut melon, each piece a big semi-circle—cool, tempting and beautiful, with its rich



A HAPPY MELON PARTY.

The former scene is repeated, and now each one has had four slices of bread and two of meat. Again the "scups" have a turn, two or three boys in each, and the croquet balls get some hard knocks, the bean-bags take extraordinary flights, and the trees are full of clambering boys hunting for fruit; another rush is made to the great salt bath-tub outside, and another fifty come out somewhat cleaner, and much merrier.

pink and green. But the word goes round, and the third time the eager procession comes in.

Perhaps you think that to give two hundred boys each a piece of melon, two hundred pieces are enough, but the old hands, used to the business, always provide two hundred and fifty. Water-melon is a treat, and so sly and so ill-taught are these young rogues, that they will take a piece with the right hand, hide it behind their back, and put

the left hand out on the other side for a second piece.

It is funny to stand outside and see the boys come out; some with their melon already eaten, and ready to throw the rind,—which seems to be half the fun,—and others with theirs carefully hoarded till they can sit down. The common way of eating is to cram it down, the quicker the better. They eat as if they were used to having their food snatched away, and perhaps they are,—poor boys.

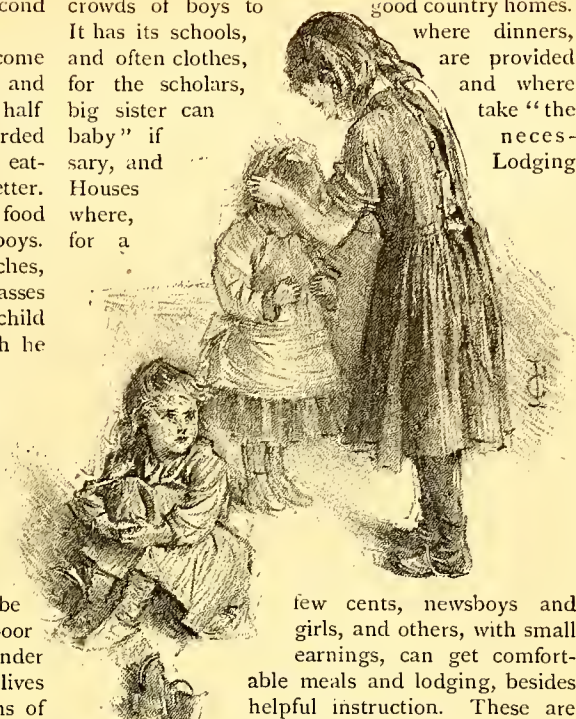
The last course is now announced,—peaches, cake and milk. Once more the long line passes through the room, but more slowly, for each child has a peach, a cake, and a mug of milk which he has to drink before passing on.

Soon after this, the order is for “home,” and the long string passes through the gateway with cheers and good-bys, and is soon packed into the waiting cars and whirled off to the city again.

This delightful charity is under the careful management of the Children’s Aid Society, with Mr. Charles L. Brace —“the children’s Mr. Brace”—at its head. There seems to be no limit to his noble work in behalf of poor children. The Society, of which he is the founder and leader, has for years been turning young lives from poverty and even degradation, into paths of usefulness and happiness. All over the great West can be found to-day, honorable hard-working young men who were taken from city docks and streets by the Society; and every year it sends new

crowds of boys to It has its schools, and often clothes, for the scholars, big sister can baby” if sary, and Houses where, for a

good country homes. where dinners, are provided and where take “the neces- Lodging



BEFORE BREAKFAST.

few cents, newsboys and girls, and others, with small earnings, can get comfortable meals and lodging, besides helpful instruction. These are all supported by the charity of kind-hearted people, and it could help twice as many children if it had twice as much money.



THE SUMMER HOME AT BATH, L. I.

WILD-FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET BOURNE.



A TINY vase of tangled flowers,
 Clover and daisies white,
 Stands on the table at my side:
 A very common sight.

But to my eyes they have a grace
 Unknown to blossoms rare,
 Because I see the sunny face
 Of her who placed them there.

I hear again the little feet,
 Bounding in childish glee;
 I hear the voice, so dear and sweet,
 Say, "Pretty flowers! See!"

"And they are all for you!" she said,
 Her face a radiant sight,
 She raised her eyes, then drooped her head,
 "I want to be polite."

"May be you 'd be politer, too,"
 She lisped with questioning gaze,
 "If you would give me back a few,
 Mamma, for my own vase."

We shared the gift: her little hand
 Arranged these blossoms wild,
 And placed them here, where now they stand,—
 My precious little child!

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE ON STILTS.

THE Black family lived in one of the houses on stilts. There was no good reason why there should have been any houses on stilts in Fairport. There was land enough everywhere to furnish room for the building of houses on the solid ground; yet, here, at the edge of the harbor and overhanging a steep bank, supported by tall,

upright timbers, just like stilts, were built four houses. They were the delight of boys who were so unfortunate as to live in less picturesque dwellings. From the rear windows one could drop a fishing-line directly into the water, at high tide, and from these windows the tenants were accustomed to throw all the refuse and slops which less favorably situated people were obliged to carry out of doors. Then, too, from these same windows the boys who lived within could, at low tide, drop

a handful of stones, or a bucket of water, on the head of the casual passenger beneath. Such advantages as these were fully appreciated by the boys of Fairport, every one of whom envied Sam Black the extraordinary facilities for fun which he had in one of the houses on stilts.

In the house at the end of the row, next to the path which led down to the shore from the village street, dwelt the father and mother of Sam

Thankful Snow, then the only colored woman in those parts. The fugitive slave from Brazil was known as Tumble Black, nobody knew why, but it is likely that his queer first name was a faint echo of his African name. In his life of slavery he was only known as Mumbo, a name which was so hateful that he dropped it as soon as he was a free man. The one only child of Tumble and Thankful Black was Sam, originally named



THE HOUSE ON STILTS.

Black. Nobody knew the real name of the paternal Black. It is not likely that he knew it himself. When he was a young lad, he had been stolen from the coast of Africa and sold into slavery in Brazil. Employed about the coffee warehouses of Rio de Janeiro, he managed to conceal himself on board of a Fairport brig loading there, and so was brought to Maine, where he found a wife on Plum Island, in the person of

Samuel Peleg Black, thus bearing, as a token of his father's gratitude, the names of the first and second mates of the brig "Draco," in which craft Tumble made his escape from South American slavery.

The houses on stilts were inhabited by the families of men who followed the sea as foremost hands, or who were the clam-diggers, wood-sawyers and wharf-keepers of the port. Tumble

Black was whitewasher, wood-sawyer, and musician. In the Fairport Guards' Band, consisting of bass-drum and fife, Tumble played the fife; and very well he played it, too. He likewise played a French horn, chiefly for his own amusement. And on calm and still nights, when the moon was at her full, people on the water, gliding up the harbor, sometimes rested on their oars to listen to the melancholy notes of Tumble's horn as they floated over the bay from the window where he usually sat and poured out his soul in plaintive strains. A lady from Boston once said she thought that he was playing a lament for the lost land and home of his youth on Afric's coral strand.

Old Tumble was a prime favorite with the boys. He not only knew all the things about the sea, and shore, and the woods, which a boy admires in anybody, but he was full of strange and mysterious information about charms and witchcraft. It was said and believed that he could charm a bird from off a tree by a wild and peculiar whistle which he produced by making a sort of pipe of his thick lips. And it was notorious that he could bring the fish out of the sea by a motion of his hand. If this was not so, how else could any one account for his wonderful luck in fishing at times when nobody but he could catch anything? When the fishermen of the port came in, empty-handed and discouraged, old Tumble would put out in the bay for a little while, alone, and come back in the nightfall with a great haul of cod, haddock and hake. The fishermen shook their heads, and, glancing up at the house on stilts, would say that it "war n't for no good that old Tumble-bug has been singing to himself out on the bay, after dark."

The old man was full of story and anecdote about his youthful life in Africa. He lived, he said, near a great river which was called Quorra, and when some of the boys looked into the map of Africa and found that this was the native name of the Niger, they felt as if they had discovered the river for themselves. Old Tumble, also, delighted his small hearers with scraps of the dialect which was his native language. He had well-nigh forgotten the words which he had used when he was a youngster in his own land, so overlaid were they with Spanish, Portuguese and English; but the boys of Fairport were delighted to talk enough Congo to mystify the older people.

To ask for bread as "bomba," and for water as "slee," or to say that they were "gaigai" when they were hungry, was very great fun for these young linguists. Sam, it should be added, did not seem to take kindly to these little reminiscences of his father's past life. His own language was as pure as that of any of his playfellows, who,

I am sorry to say, used more slang than Sam did. But, as has been intimated, Sam had all of his father's knowledge of the secrets of the sea and the wilderness. He was never thought to be able to charm the fish or the birds, but he was on more friendly terms with these shy creatures than any other boy in Fairport.

Old Tumble, too, had the reputation of being what was called "a money-digger"; not that he actually spent his time, or any part of it, in digging for money, but it was supposed that he could tell, if he chose, how and where to dig for buried treasure. Fairport was full of stories and traditions of buried pots and chests of money—the spoils of freebooters and buccaneers who once sailed the seas, and who put in to these lonely harbors to hide in the earth their ill-gotten gains. It was believed by many people that there was a magic by which hidden treasure could be found, if only one knew how to use the magic. There were charms, divining-rods, and various species of witchcraft, all more or less requiring the aid of necromancy, by which money hidden in the ground, or in the sea, could be discovered. It was always necessary that such a search should be made in the darkest of the night, when no moon was shining, when the tide was out, and when the planets in the heavens were in a peculiar position as to the fixed stars. Nobody knew just how all these signs were to be observed, but if any man did know, it was supposed that old Tumble was that man. He was black; he had been born in a land where magic, necromancy and the black art were understood, if anywhere. So, by general consent, it was agreed that if old Mr. Black chose to tell, he could guide anybody to hidden treasures of Captain Kidd and the rest of the bold buccaneers who hid their money in the earth and never came back for it. Nobody seemed to think that if old Tumble, who had had a hard time in the world because of his poverty, could find the lost treasures for others, he could find them for himself; and yet he had never been lucky enough to find anything more valuable than an old copper plate, bearing a Latin inscription, and supposed to be a relic of the French Jesuit mission, established here in the seventeenth century, when the Sieur D'Aulney ruled this land under General Razillai.

Billy Hetherington, sitting in the sunny kitchen of the house on stilts and looking over the bay, often wondered if old Tumble could really raise ghosts and spirits, as the gossips said he could. But he never mustered up the courage to ask him, nor even to ask his crony, Sam, for he saw that such a question would not please the boy, who had none of the superstitions of the ignorant 'longshoremen and toilers of the sea. Once, taken off his guard by his strong imagination, Billy, seeing Sam's

father put an odd-looking frying-pan on the fire, asked: "Is that your storm-pan?" This was an unfortunate question. There was a foolish belief among the sailors of the bay that old Tumble had a pan by which he could raise a storm at any time,

no storm-pan; at least, not that I know of, and they are bad and wicked people who have filled your head with such nonsense as that."

Billy felt reproved, and he was very much relieved when old Tumble took down his fife and



TUMBLE BLACK.

by merely putting it on the fire; and when Billy asked the old man if that was the storm-pan, he put into words the idle superstition which had led many a man, when out in a gale at night, to complain, "Old Tumble has got on his storm-pan."

Black looked angrily at the boy for a moment, and Sam turned away his face, as if in reproach. But the old man's features softened in an instant, and he said, "No, my little gentleman, there is

played for him an African melody, sad and wild, which, he explained, had been taught him by his mother, in their old home, years and years ago, and which he had not forgotten and could not forget. "Sometimes, when the fishermen hear this tune," he said, "they think that I am doing something to charm away the fish from the seine, or to bring on a spell of bad weather. If they knew how my poor old mother, dead and gone, I s'pose, these many years, learned me this tune,

they would laugh at themselves because they are so foolish."

Emboldened by the old man's burst of confidence, Billy had the courage to say "And they do say, Mr. Black, that you know how to dig for buried money, and how to find a spring of water that is hid in the ground."

"All nonsense, child, all nonsense. Nobody knows where to dig for hidden treasure, unless he has been told where it is. Anybody can dig if he knows *where* to dig."

"And can't you find springs of water? My father said you can."

"Yes, child, I can find a spring of water, providing the dew is off the grass, and it is airy morning, and my divining-rod is in tune." And here the old man took down a green wand of witch-hazel, forked at one end. Holding it with one prong in each hand, he added, "And when I walk over the ground, holding this upright, so, I can see it bend down whenever I pass over a spring hid in the ground. But the dew must be off of the grass, and the sun be up, but not up too high."

Sam was a little impatient at this, and he signed to Billy to go out with him on the beach below.

"That is mighty curious, Sam, is'n't it?" said Billy, as he skipped a stone across the waves. "I wish I had a divining-rod, I would find a spring nearer our camp in the fort pasture. O! say, Sam," he exclaimed, a bright idea striking him, "suppose you get your father to go down back of the fort, some day, when the dew is off the grass, and the sun is not too high, and have him find a spring for us; it is so far to go for water to the gully from the camp, every time we go a-Maying."

Sam dug his bare black toe thoughtfully in the sand before he replied.

"Well, you see, Billy, I don't think that your mother would like to have any such doings, for she is awful particular, you know, about 'stitions and things. Don't you remember how mad she was at you and me for listening to old Ma'am Heath's stuff about digging for money in the full of the moon, down behind the block-house?"

This was a sore point with Billy, for he had been seriously reasoned with by his mother when he had come home, full of a new project for money-digging, in which he and Sam were to be aided by Vene Snowman, a step-son of Ma'am Heath, the village seeress. They were to find a toad with seven warts on his back, a field-sparrow with seven white feathers in his tail, and procure a crooked four-pence-ha'penny, and seven tallow candles, and several other things, and Vene, whose full name was Sylvanus, was to be prompted by his step-mother with all the information needed to find where Captain de la Tour hid his money

behind the block-house hill, when he was driven away from Acadia and never came back again. It was darkly whispered that the old Captain did come back on stormy nights, in the time of the spring tides, when the storm winds blew shrilly over the peninsula, and when the night sky was full of wild-driving clouds. At such times, it was said, the old Captain might be seen by anybody who was brave enough to be out in such a night, walking among the spruce-trees behind the block-house hill, muttering to himself, "Where did I put it? Where did I put it?"

But, as nobody ever was brave enough to go out to the lonely spruce-covered hill, on such a wild night as I have described, nobody ever did see the ghostly captain. Neither did anybody ever hunt in earnest for the treasure which he was supposed to have buried there.

The expedition of Vene Snowman, Billy and Sam failed, because of an interdict put on it by Mrs. Hetherington. And when Sam's mother caught him hiding three tallow candles under his jacket (these being his contribution to the money-digging outfit), and made him confess what he was about, she took him by the ear and led him into the little bedroom overlooking the bay, and told him that he should not stir a step out of the house until it was time for him to go to the pasture after Judge Nelson's cow. And, a prisoner there all the bright afternoon, he was tantalized by the sight of Billy on the beach below, wondering why Sam, looking out of the window, frantically motioned him to go away, but would give no answer to his oft-repeated whistle-call. And all this was reason enough why both boys should remember that there was somebody who did not approve of their having anything whatever to do with incantations and other such nonsense.

Nevertheless, Billy secretly resolved that he would find some of Captain Kidd's money when he grew up, if it was anywhere buried on the Fairport peninsula.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

MRS. HETHERINGTON was a tall and stately lady, of whom all the boys of Fairport stood in great awe. She never told Billy to put wood on the fire, but said: "William, you may replenish the fire." Nor was she ever known to refer to Billy's uncle, old Reuben Stover, who lived "off the Neck," as a rich farmer. To her, at least, he was "an opulent agriculturist." And the intimacy which existed between Billy and Sam Black was, according to her, "a distressing social complication with a young person of color." If Mrs. Hether-

ington had not been famed through all the region around Fairport for her kindness to the poor, her unflinching charity to the sick and the distressed, and for her truly wonderful doughnuts, made by her own white and aristocratic hands, these peculiarities would have been insufferable. But no man nor woman who knew—as everybody did—of her great goodness, could think twice of her exceeding fastidiousness. And no boy who once tasted of those admirable doughnuts, which were given with a liberal hand, could be brought to think that the lady who made them, and gave them away, was anything but a perfect woman. Sam Perkins was wont to say, with a certain appearance of shamefacedness, “Those are better doughnuts than my mother makes, but then, my mother makes the best cup-cakes of anybody in the world.” This was a great tribute to the genius of Mrs. Hetherington.

The Hetherington house stood on the hill crowned by the old fort. One of the Hetherington ancestors, in the Revolutionary war, had been a general, and he had been brought back here by the British, to his own town, while they held possession of it, and had been imprisoned in the barracks in the fort. The story of his escape and flight across the country to the Penobscot river, accompanied by Captain Wadsworth, an ancestor of one of the greatest of American poets, may be read in the chronicles of Fairport. The home of Billy Hetherington was embellished with many curious relics of those old days. There were the silver-mounted pistols, brought from France, which the Revolutionary hero carried in the holsters of his saddle, and there hung over the mantel-piece the identical sword which General Knox, Washington’s trusty lieutenant, gave General Hetherington, with the remark that no braver man than he ever drew sword in defense of his country’s liberties. And in a big mahogany press upstairs, an heirloom in the family, hung the blue coat faced with buff, and the buff knee-breeches, which the great man wore for his uniform when he was at the head of his troops. The boys of Fairport, admitted to the Judge’s library when that awful personage was absent, and Billy had the courage to pilot them in, gazed with awe and admiration on a portrait of Brigadier-General Hetherington, a tremendous person, indeed, clad in full uniform, wearing a haughty look and a long queue, or pigtail, tied with a bow of black ribbon. It was said that the Hetherington family burned incense before this work of art, night and morning, but I do not believe this; and it is certain that the old hero stared at the opposite wall with a fixed and stony gaze, entirely unmindful of the admiration of the boys and of the Hetherington family.

In the days of which I am writing, slavery still

existed in a portion of the United States, and it had not been long since some of the people who then lived in Maine could say that they had seen people who had owned slaves in New England. And there were dark hints that some of the ancestors of Mrs. Hetherington, whose name was Stover, had made a great deal of money by bringing slaves from the coast of Africa to Oldport, Rhode Island, where they were landed secretly, years and years ago, when slave-trading and smuggling were regarded with so much abhorrence that nobody liked to be caught at it. In the library of the Hetherington mansion was a small collection of queer things from the coast of Africa, a stuffed parrot, a shield of wire-grass, a knobby club of iron-wood, and a frightful-looking spear. These, ranged against the north wall of the room, like a trophy of arms, were supposed by some to have been part of the spoil of the African captives brought from their native land by that wicked and remote ancestor of Billy Hetherington, known as “the Black Stover.”

None of the Stover family before Mrs. Hetherington had ever lived in the house on the hill. They had lived in an old and tall house on Main street, and a straightening of the street, years ago, had so changed the location of that house that it was no longer used as a place of residence by anybody. Once, in the more prosperous times of Fairport, a portion of the Stover house had been occupied as a carpenter’s shop. But the carpenter was dead and gone, the windows of his shop were boarded up, and timid children, looking in through the chinks of the boarding, saw, or thought they saw, strange shapes and monstrous things within, partly revealed by the few straggling rays of sunlight that found their way inside. And at night, only the bravest of the small boys of Fairport dared to pass on the side of the street where the old Stover house stood. There were stories that “Black Stover” had buried money in the cellar of the old house, and that, on certain nights in the year, at the time when the nights were the longest and the days were the shortest and coldest, the ghost of “Black Stover” used to come and try to find where his ill-gotten wealth was buried. This fable delighted and horrified the smaller children very much, and they were never tired of hearing about the shade of the wild sea-rover and of his vain attempts to find his hidden treasure.

But, though some of the tragic romance of “Black Stover” was found about the Hetherington house on the hill, there was a look about the mansion which was so wholesome and hearty that nobody could long remember the idle stories of the gossips when the real comfort of the Hetherington place was in view. The tall Lombardy poplars,

that stood like sentries in front of the house, the trim flower-garden inside the palings, bright with hollyhocks, marigolds and china asters, and the long rows of red and black currant bushes that stretched in the rear of the mansion, and the lilacs and seringas that were clumped together before the front windows, were not at all suggestive of anything so uncanny as the uneasy ghost of a dead and gone slave-trader. It was a fine old home, and we may well wonder why Mrs. Hetherington should be afraid that her son Billy should like any other place so much better as to be willing to live elsewhere. But it did really seem as if she thought that Billy would, some day, go off into the wide, wide world with Sam, the colored felder of the Fairport Nine. It seemed strange that the poor mother should worry so about her boy; but if Blackie had been a rascalion, instead of the bright and well-behaved youngster he was, Billy's mother could not have been more troubled about her son's intimacy with the only black boy in the village.

"Why, mother," Billy would say, "I don't see why you object to my playing with Blackie. Everybody says that he is the best of all the boys in town, and the schoolmaster, only the other day, said that he was *facile princeps* in the school-room, and in the woods and fields. I don't know what *facile princeps* means, but I know it must be something good, for Old Potter thinks Blackie is a bully boy, I am sure. He's always praising him up to the rest of us fellows."

"My son! my son! what slang! Have I not frequently told you that these low associations would so debase your character and conversation that your family would be ashamed of you."

Mrs. Hetherington did not object to Billy's playing with poor Sam, but she did object to his being so much with the black boy. And so when Billy went out into the back-yard, murmuring to himself, and puzzled as to the reason of his mother's aversion to Sam, who was the most entertaining boy in the whole place, to say nothing of the Fairport Nine, he was a little glad to see the object of his thoughts sitting on the fence which skirted the Hetherington place next to the fort pasture.

"What's up, Sam?" asked Billy.

"I am," answered Blackie, sententiously. "Leastways, I am up on this fence, and two or three of the boys are coming up to see us try the walk on the ceiling."

The boys had been to a circus, lately shown in North Fairport, and one of the attractions of the performance had been the feat of "Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini, the human fly." This wonderful man had contrived some apparatus by which he had actually walked on the under side of a

plank flooring, head downward, like an enormous two-legged fly, as Sam Perkins had remarked. While the boys had been talking over this and other admirable things which they had seen, Blackie had kept up a deep thinking, and now that the great base-ball match was over, he announced that he was ready to do the feat "as good as the Professor."

Jo Murch and Sam Perkins soon scaled the fence, and the four boys found "the Lob" in the barn waiting for the arrival of the performers. The mow was selected as the scene of operations. I suppose all country boys know that the mow of a real barn is the part of the barn which is fenced off, as it were, from the rest by a deep screen, or fence, or plank, nearly as high as the eaves of the building. The upper part of this screen is open, but the lower part is solid boarding or planking. The mow, or, as some call it, the bay, is filled with hay away up to the eaves, when the hay crop is gathered in the fall. In the summer, however, the mow is only partly full of hay, and it is great sport to jump from the beams which cross it, high in the roof, to the soft and fragrant hay beneath. In the great barn of the Hetherington place, it was a tremendous leap from the upper beams to the top of the now half-filled hay-mow. But Sam was equal to this, and Billy was never far behind him.

On this occasion, however, leaping was not in order. The game was higher. Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini was to be imitated. Sam Black had gathered all the martingale rings that he could find, and selecting two of the stoutest of these, he fixed them on the bottom of his bare feet, as he would have fastened his skates, and he used his skate-straps for this purpose. Buckling them tight, he had a ring on the bottom of each foot, strong enough to hold up a boy of twice his weight; and Sam was not a very light boy, either. Meantime, the other boys, under his direction, had nailed along the under side of one of the beams that crossed the hay-mow, high up in the roof, several hooks, once used to drive into the window-frames of the Stover house, to support the blinds of that mansion, but now drawn out by the ingenious Sam. These, driven about a foot apart on the under side of the beam, were to hold Sam on his voyage across, in his character as Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini, the human fly.

Sam Perkins, being the captain of the Nine, was not able to see this performance proceed without his direction, so, as ring-master, he superintended the driving of the hooks, and, having examined the rings and skate-straps on Blackie's feet, to see that they were all right and tight, he gave the word of command:

"Now, then, Professor Blinaldo Blinaldino, you will please mount the fiery and untamed hay-mow."

"Get me a couple of halters first," said Blackie. The halters were brought, and Blackie, neatly splicing them together, climbed up to the topmost beam, and his halters were thrown up after him. Then, placing the rope over the beam, he tied the loose ends underneath, thus making what the sailors call "the bight of the rope" below the beam. Next, he slid cautiously down the rope, and, throwing up his feet, he caught the ring on his right foot into the first of the row of hooks. Then he slipped the other ring into the next hook, let go of the rope, and was off on his walk across the beam, head downward and feet in the air, precisely like Professor Rinaldo Rinaldini, the human fly. The boys in the mow below felt their hearts go up into their throats as they watched Sam painfully move on from hook to hook.

"What if a hook should pull out?" asked Billy, with a sinking of the heart. He had not thought it half so dangerous a feat until now, when he saw his black crony hanging high in the air from those rusty blind-hooks.

"Never you fear that," said Sam Perkins, stoutly, but with a little quaver in his voice; "I drove those hooks in, and I guess I know a thing or two about driving things, 'specially when a fellow is going to walk on them."

"Hold on for dear life, professor of the human fly!" shouted Jo Murch, unpleasantly, for he did not like to see anybody do anything which he had not himself done first. But Sam did not need warning. He was now half-way across the dizzy height, as it seemed to the boys, unused to any very high places. At that point, a hitch occurred, one of the hooks being so much bent that it held the ring firmly. The boys all shouted out their advice at once, and Nance Grindle, hearing the racket, came in through the cow-stable, and,

unperceived by the excited boys, gazed scornfully at their antics. She was about to give her advice, too, when Blackie disengaged his foot and passed on his perilous journey. Slowly he worked his way across, and in a few minutes more he was on the other side, his left foot in the last hook at the end of the beam, and his face against that side of the barn. Here a new difficulty arose. Sam could not get down! The rope was at the farther end of the beam. His feet could not be taken from the hooks without letting him fall head foremost on the hay, and that would certainly break his neck. Sam Perkins, without knowing why, climbed the joists leading up to the roof, like a cat, and there Blackie hung helplessly in the air, unable to stir. To let go with his feet was almost sure death, and to stay longer, after such a hard feat, was impossible.

Then Nance Grindle, bouncing out of the stall where she had been hidden, cried out:

"You, Sam Perkins! Get up there and carry Sam Black that rope on the other end of the beam! Don't you know anything scarcely?"

Sam was already on the beam, and, without a word, he took the rope, slid it along the beam to Sam, who, grasping it with both hands, held himself firmly for an instant, then, pulling himself upward, loosened his feet from the rings and, turning a somersault, dropped safely, feet first, into the hay-mow below.

"That 's the luckiest escape I ever saw," said Captain Sam, from the beam.

"Yes, and you had to have a gal tell you how to get out of it," said Nancy, contemptuously, as she flung out of the barn, half-provoked with herself for having been the means of getting Blackie out of a bad predicament.

"Ever so much obliged to you, Nance!" cried Blackie, as the girl flew off.

"No matter about anything," she replied, without looking back. Then the boys sat down on the hay and talked it all over.

(To be continued.)



MORE CHRONICLES OF THE MOLBOS.*

THE LEGS.

A NUMBER of Molbos once sat down on the ground in a circle, but when they wanted to get up again, their legs were so intermingled that no one could make out which were his. They remained, therefore, sitting quietly, fully convinced that they could never get up again. A traveler passing by, they called him and asked him to tell them how each man might find his own legs again. The man first showed each one where his feet were, and wanted him to draw up the legs and get up; but as this only increased their confusion, he thought of another remedy. He took his stick and struck first one man smartly over his legs, then another,

succeeded in getting it down from the belfry; but it was still harder to determine how and where it should be hid away, so that the enemy should not find it. At last, they agreed to sink it in the deep ocean. They therefore dragged the bell down to their big boat, rowed far out on the ocean, and threw the bell overboard. After it had disappeared, the good Molbos began to reflect, and said to each other: "The bell is now truly safe from the enemy, but how are we to find it again when the enemy has left us?" One of them, who thought himself wiser than the rest, sprang up and cried: "That is easy enough; all we have to do is to cut a mark where we dropped it!" He snatched a knife from



then a third, and so on. As soon as each man felt the stroke, he became aware of which were his legs, and moved them quickly out from the heap.

THE CHURCH BELL.

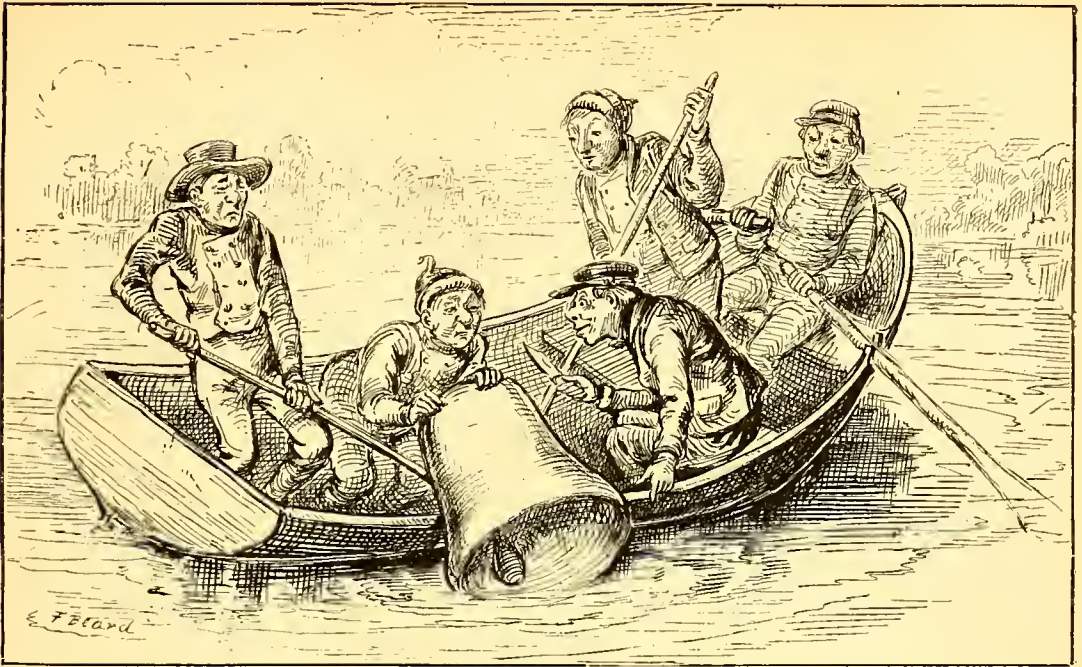
THE Molbos were once greatly scared by a report that the enemy intended to invade their country, and they determined to save what they could from falling into the hands of the invaders. What they prized most, and would save first of all, was their church bell. After a great deal of trouble, they

his pocket and cut a deep notch in that side of the boat where the bell had been thrown overboard, and said: "It was here we threw it out!" This done, they rowed back, fully assured they would be able to find the bell again by the mark.

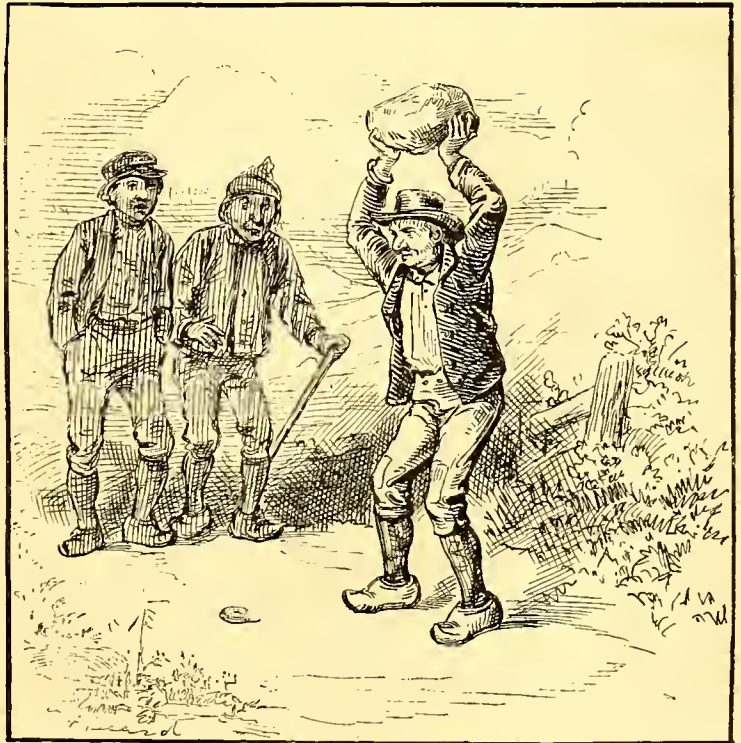
THE WATCH.

WALKING along the road, the Molbos found a watch, lost by some traveler. They took it up and looked at it with the greatest surprise, as none of them had ever seen such a queer thing. But sud-

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1879, page 180.



denly one of the party noticed that a ticking sound came from the inside of the watch. He no sooner heard it than he said that it must be possessed by the Evil Spirit, and, very much frightened, he threw the watch away. No one else dared touch it. But the oldest among them, more plucky than the rest, bent down and picked up a large piece of rock and hammered away at the watch until it was entirely smashed, and of course stopped beating. Having performed this great feat, the man knelt down, laid his ear to the watch to listen if it ticked any more. Hearing nothing, he proudly said to the others: "Do you see,—did n't I teach him to keep quiet?" Then they all rejoiced that they had destroyed this enemy, and went away, leaving the watch on the ground.



SOMETHING ABOUT MUSICAL DUCKS.

BY MRS. R. SWAIN GIFFORD.



THE OLD SQUAW.

IN the autumn, when the birds are migrating, we often see flocks of wild ducks swimming past our cottage, and there is one kind that we call the musical duck, on account of a strange, wild call that it has. It is like a fragment of a song, and if you can strike these notes

upon the piano-forte, you can know just how the little tune sounds:



The fisher-boys say that the words are, "He got no gun." This is repeated over and over again, especially if they catch sight of a man who might have had a gun; and as we watch the little creatures we can see them shaking their heads and hurrying up to each other with the good news that really

"He got no gun." When they *do* see a gun, they dive under water before you can wink. No one ever sees them go,—you only see the place where they were a minute

before. Then what fun it is to watch the water until they bob their heads out again!

The name given them by the people living "along shore" is Old Squaw, and you must be sure to pronounce it with the accent on the *Old* and not on the Squaw, as if there might be plenty of young squaws, perhaps, but very different creatures from these ducks.

They are very shy birds, never coming near our cottage until the noisy boys and girls, who have played in the sand all summer long, have gone away from the sea-shore, and are safely shut up in school.

Their color is yellow, brown, black and white, and thin white feathers hang over their black wings, giving a very peculiar effect, as if the white plumes were made of silver.

They sleep on the sand, with their heads tucked under their wings, looking like balls of down; and, when disturbed, hurry off to the sea, making the sand fly in their efforts to escape.

MARION'S STORY.

BY ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

OF course, Bunny was a rabbit. I don't know why it is, but they never call cats or dogs Bunny, do they?

Yes, he was a rabbit, and just as white as he could be all over, except his eyes and the linings of his ears. They were pink.

But he was wild, and never would be caught nor held. Once, I remember, I was feeding him with some little birch twigs. He liked them better than anything else, and would come close up to get them. Well, he was nibbling away as fast as he could, and I thought it would be a good time to tame him. So I put my hand on his back, and patted him very softly.

The bad little thing! He turned right around with his back to me,—which was n't very polite, you know,—and hopped off across the garden with his long ears flapping. He did n't stop at all till he was out of sight in the bushes by the brook. But I think we liked him all the better, because he would n't be held like the cats. For when he *would* let us come near, it seemed such a favor! And we could have the cats all the time, for there were six of them.

But this is n't a cat story. It's a rabbit story, and, oh yes!—a dog story, too.

For there *was* a dog,—a little, shiny, black fellow, named Trip. His real name was Triptolemus; but we never called him that, unless we were angry with him.

There was a little red table in one corner of the kitchen, and whenever we said in a loud, rebuking tone: "Triptolemus,—little table!" he would put his tail between his legs, and hang down his head, and crawl under that table to the very farthest corner.

And then, if we said "Good doggie, Trip," out he would come, wagging his tail, and jumping up on everybody. But that has n't anything to do with the story; only, I wanted you to know that Trip was really a nice dog. My brother, Ned, used to call him a mongrel, and a cur of low degree, whatever those are. But we children thought he was just as good as if he had been a great greyhound, or a Newfoundland dog, or a fierce little terrier, always snapping at people.

No, Trip was a dear dog, and never did anything bad but once in his life. And, O dear me! that's what my story is about.

Trip liked to be petted, and he always would growl when he saw us trying to coax Bunny with a

bunch of twigs. He would look at us with such funny bright eyes, as if he wanted to say: "What do you bother with that dreadful rabbit for, when here I am, so black and handsome, and ready to do anything for you?" Sometimes he would run after Bunny, and chase him till the rabbit got into some little hole or corner where he could n't be found.

Well, we children went away over to Grandpa's and spent a week. We had such a splendid time that, when Father came for us, we did n't want to go home. There were ever so many more things we were going to do. I had just got on Gran'ma's big apron; it was tied around my neck, and came clear down to my feet. But this was n't all. I was standing on a box by the kitchen table, rolling out a great piece of dough. And it was going to be cookies! There were two cunning little cutters, a heart and a star, and Gran'ma said Susy and I might have all the cookies to carry home. As for Sue, I don't believe you can imagine what she was doing. She was at the other end of the table, and had on a towel for an apron. She was picking over raisins, and putting them in a china bowl. Gran'ma told her to save out every tenth one for us to eat when we got through our work. The rest of them were going into a pudding for dinner.

Of course, we could n't talk much; for Sue had to count, and I was trying to get my sheet of dough even, so that I could cut out the dear little hearts and stars. But Sue did n't know how nice she looked. I am going to say that, if she is my sister.

She was bending down over the raisins till her curls almost touched the dish, and her cheeks were like two red apples.

Her mouth was open a little, and she had a funny way of putting out her tongue, the least bit, when she was busy about anything. Once in a while she looked up at me, and then we both laughed. All at once a wagon drove into the yard. I ran to the door, with my hands and face all floury. They always laughed at me for getting flour on my face, but somehow I could n't help it. Well, I ran to the door, and there was Father!

In a minute Sue came out with her great towel on, and Father took her up in his arms. I am four years older than Sue, and, of course, it would be perfectly ridiculous for Father to take *me* in his arms. But I know he loves me just as well, and sometimes he does hold me.

Well, Father had come for us, and he could n't wait. So Gran'ma put some raisins in a paper bag, and promised to send the cookies by Uncle Jim.

And I put on my things, and Father put on Sue's, and in about a minute we were in the wagon. I climbed in myself first, and oh! how they did laugh at me!

For I was in such a hurry that I forgot to wash my hands or take off my big apron. I put my sack right on over it, and there the old thing was, tangled at my feet, when I tried to climb over the

home. And as soon as he got there he ran into the kitchen, and crawled under his little red table.

We wondered what made him behave so, but there were so many other things to see, and we were so glad to get home, that we forgot all about him presently. There was Mother, and brother Ned, and dear little lame brother Robbie.

He's so patient and good, I ought to have told you about him before, but I could n't.

Then out we scampered into the barn and garden. Oh! how those specks of piggies had grown. The



"TRIPTOLEMUS LOOKED DREADFULLY ASHAMED."

wheel. And when I had put on my sun-bonnet, I had pushed my hair out of my eyes with my floury hands.

As soon as we drove out of the yard, Father looked around and said: "Why, where is Trip? He came with me." Then we all looked back, but could n't see him. I called, "Good doggie, Trip," and then I thought I heard a little noise under the wagon.

I bent down so that I nearly tumbled over, to see what it was. And, if you'll believe it, Trip was there. He would n't come out at all, but kept under the wagon as much as he could all the way

cats were all around in different places, and did n't seem to care much about us, and Bunny—well, where *was* Bunny?

Sue and I called him and called him, till we began to be afraid we never could say anything else. And so I began to call Susy, and Susy began to call me, for fear. But still we looked for Bunny, and went down to the brook, by the birch-tree, and got the nicest twigs and fresh leaves we could find.

We laid some of them all about in the barn, hoping he would smell them and come out from somewhere.

Then they called us to dinner, but we could n't

eat much, and I kept asking Mother if she did n't suppose Bunny had come by this time.

"Come? No," said brother Ned; "nobody has seen him since day before yesterday."

"Oh, dear!" Susy and I took hold of hands, and went and sat down on the barn-floor and cried. Something dreadful had happened to him, and the worst of it was that we did n't know what. And there we had been having such a good time at Grandpa's, just as if we did n't care at all.

I could n't bear to see the birch twigs lying there, and we picked them all up as fast as we could, and threw them into the pig-pen.

For what was the use!

We went into the house, and sat down by Robbie's big chair. Everybody always did when they were sorry and felt badly. And Robbie began to show us some chairs and a table that he had been making for our big dollies, and we all got to talking, and the afternoon did n't seem so very long after all.

When supper was over, Father said he was going up on the hill to see about some sheep, and told Sue and me to put on our bonnets and come with him. We always liked to go with Father, and that walk to the hill was the best of all, for there were so many things to see.

There was a path near the edge of a very high bank that went down to the river. The earth and stones were always shelving off and falling down like avalanches. Once Father took fast hold of my hand, and let me push off some stones with my foot. But he said we never must go near the edge when he was n't there. And we could look away down and see brother Ned's island covered with grape-vines, and the school-house, and lots of things.

Pretty soon we began to hear the sheep baa-ing, and when they saw Father they baa-ed louder than ever. They made such a noise that Susy and I thought we would go on farther. For I heard a lady tell Mother once that when people were in trouble, they liked to be quiet. And if *we* were n't in trouble I don't know who ever was. There was a great field next to the sheep that had been plowed before we went away. I should have liked nothing better than to walk on the little hills and valleys,

and see what strange new kinds of bugs and things had been uncovered by the plow.

But I was taking care of Susy, and I knew Mother would n't like to have her there. So we stood at the bars looking in at the field.

"What is that white thing, away off in the corner, that looks like a piece of paper?" said Susy. I saw it, too, but I thought it looked more like a feather than a piece of paper.

Father was just coming from the sheep, and he said he would go and see. We watched him as he went with great long steps over the field. Then we saw him stoop down a minute, and then he began to laugh.

Oh, dear! he's the best Father that ever was, but I don't know what he laughed for. He scratched the earth away, and then held up something big and white.

"Oh," whispered Sue, putting her little hands together, "*Bunny!*"

I forgot all about Sue and Mother and everything. I climbed over that stone wall and was across the field in a jiffy.

Poor Bunny! He was n't very clean, of course,—nobody could be with dirt all over them that way. But I did n't care.

I took him right in my arms and carried him home. I felt all the way as if it was wrong for me to hold him, for I knew how he never would be held when he was alive. And going down the hill Father said that Trip,—just think of it, our Trip!—must have killed him and put him there.

If you could have seen Trip you would have thought so, too.

He stayed under his little table, with his nose in the corner, nearly all the time. And he looked dreadfully ashamed.

It was some comfort to have Bunny in a pretty grave, right in the middle of a flower-bed. I think he liked violets and honeysuckles.

There was a clean new shingle with his name on it, that Robbie painted, at one end, and a white stone that I found in the brook, at the other.

All that brother Ned did to help me in my trouble was to ask, "Why don't you have a muff made of his fur?"

A muff, indeed!



MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS.

BY ALICE WOOD.

HERE they are in this old, low book-case, opposite the broad, sunny window—our books.

I do not mean the family books,—poetry, history, novels,—ranged upon the shelves down stairs, though many of them are my true friends now and will be my true friends always. I am speaking of those which were called, years ago, “The Children’s Books,” and which I love to-day because I loved them then. *Our* books—for on many a merry Christmas they came to all of us, to Jeanie, Kate and me.

Let us see whether any of your friends and mine are the same.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe! I went through much sorrow for him. It was very safe and bright in our parlor, and I, a wee girl, sat close by Mother’s knee, and listened, with breathless interest, while Kate read his story aloud; but afterward, when I lay in my bed, in the dark, how my heart ached for him!

My dear Swiss Family Robinson! You, in your old worn cover, call up only pleasant memories. Many an anxious thought you gave me, but never a throb of pain. My days on that island were all happy ones, and Fritz, and Jack and Ernest could hardly have felt more interest than I in Tent House and Falcon’s Nest.

Here is Rosamond,—kind, good friend!—and “Sunbeam Stories,” with the real heart’s sunshine in them.

How I used to delight in these “Wonderful Tales”! Sometimes when I see a pale flower fading, or one looking as though it had an exquisite secret hidden away in its rosy cup, or, in summer

twilight, when a toad goes hopping by in his evening walk, I wish for Hans Christian Andersen to tell me their story. “The Nightingale,” “The Ugly Duck,” “The Little Mermaid”—they haunt my memory like strains of lovely music.

My beautiful, loving Undine, and poor, sad Sintram! Only just now when the red light shone upon my wall, I thought of the Pilgrim’s song.

But we shall not have time to speak of all, though there are many that we might talk over; so let us only take a few which I used to love the best. This book bears on its blank leaf: “Alice; from Father.” Dear Father, you little knew what you were bringing to your daughter, on that evening long ago, when you brought home “Ministering Children” from town. You brought me happy hours among the green English fields and in the cottages of the villagers, for it was like living in the beautiful quiet country with little Rose and Mercy; pleasant times at the Farm with Farmer Smith’s family, sympathy in their troubles, and gladness on that glad day when William rode Black Beauty home. More than all, you brought me love for Herbert Clifford and his sister. When, in the still summer night, death came to the sweet young lady at the Hall, I felt as though my best friend, too, were gone. I mourned with the villagers; my heart was very sore for Herbert. I did earnestly resolve that I would be a better girl, that I, too, would try and be a ministering child. If I failed sadly, the fault was in me, not in the pure, sweet book. I would have others read it, and do better.

Do you not love “The Wide, Wide World”?

I think some of the best influences of my life were breathed forth from those two faded green volumes. I wonder if you followed Ellen Montgomery through her trials and pleasures with the intense interest that I felt. My life had more sorrow than rejoicing when I was with her; but the happy times were so very happy, and I was content only to be with her, and Alice and John. Oh! did not Aunt Fortune make your blood boil many times, and did you not always feel a sense of glad release when, in the bright afternoon, the work was at last finished, and Ellen free to speed up the mountain-path to Alice? Do you remember the visit to Mrs. Wawse, the walk home through the snow-storm, and the cheerful gleam of Mr. Van Brunt's lantern? The Bee was as great a novelty to me as to Ellen, and Christmas at Ventnor seemed very pleasant; but the lovely, quiet times at the Parsonage, in the sitting-room with the glass door—they were the happiest.

In those old times, a story had to seem very real to bring the tears to my eyes, but, when the days of trouble came, I did cry with Ellen. I could not bear to have Alice die. The white house seemed very desolate without her. When the bitterness of many partings had been gone through, and Ellen was far away in Scotland, I, too, was homesick and heart-sick to think of the moonlight streaming through the glass door into the empty sitting-room.

My Ellen! I thought I loved you truly. Why did I not love you well enough to follow then in your small footprints, copy then your gentleness and patience, and try to do my duty as well as you did yours?

This worn, brown book in the corner is one of my truest friends. I never look at it without wishing that I were braver and better. I am sure you love it just as well as I; I am sure you gave Tom Brown your warm and ready sympathy through all those "School Days," dark and bright. Through

the perils and adventures which he and Harry East shared together, through the trials and victories of that better time, when, thanks to the Doctor and Arthur, "the tide turned," and Tom took the side of Right, up to the chapter in which, the brave and worthy captain of the Eleven, he plays his last match at Rugby. And were you not truly glad that he grew up such a noble fellow? Did it not give you a tender and reverent admiration for Doctor Arnold? Did you not sincerely thank Thomas Hughes for writing such a book?

Sometimes, when everything seems to be going wrong, and I feel tired and discouraged, if I chance to pass by the book-case, I stop and open the brown doors, and look, for a moment, at my friends standing quietly there. I need not take down a single volume; the old backs speak to me. The beautiful old days come back to me. The voices that whispered to me then of lovely, lofty things, breathe to me now encouragement and cheer: "Be strong! Try again to be good." And I go down stairs, feeling comforted.

Dear, I want to say something to you. You read many books—Mrs. Whitney's, Miss Alcott's, and numberless others. If you would receive from them the good they have to give you, take the lessons they teach to yourself, into your own heart. Be good and pure, like Faith Gartney; unselfish, like Leslie Goldthwaite; true to what you know to be right, like the Marches. Struggle with your faults as bravely as Tom Brown fought his school-foes first and his temptations afterward. It is, it must be, a struggle; but you can, if you *will*.

Then, when you stand some day, as I do, before your old books, it will be with no sad thought of what might have been, if you had carried out the good impulses they awakened; but gladly, gratefully, saying: "They were true friends. They helped me to be good."





THE MASTIFF.

ABOUT A BIG DOG.

SOME boys and girls are ver-y much a-fraid of a "big dog," but there is not al-ways a good rea-son for this. While some big dogs are cross and sav-age, there are oth-er large fel-lows who are as gen-tle as any lit-tle dog who ev-er wag-ged a tail. And there are small dogs, such as bull-dogs, who are oft-en very sav-age in-deed.

The New-found-land is one of the most com-mon of our large dogs. You know what a big, shag-gy fel-low he is, and how he likes to go in-to the wa-ter, and swim a-bout.

Then there are man-y big dogs which are used for hunt-ing, such as hounds and set-ters and point-ers, though some of these are not ver-y large. Blood-hounds are a-mong the ver-y big-gest dogs. They are ver-y strong and sav-age, and are some-times used as watch-dogs where there are large yards to be guard-ed. The St. Ber-nard is an-oth-er ver-y large dog. You may have heard how some of them have saved the lives of peo-ple lost in the deep snow.

But the big dog which I am go-ing to tell a-bout is a mas-tiff, and there is a pict-ure of him on the oth-er page. There are not man-y mas-tiffs in this coun-try, and I nev-er saw but one. But in Eng-land there are a great man-y of them, and they are al-ways watch-dogs.

There is no bet-ter watch-dog in the world than a mas-tiff. He is not a ver-y hand-some fel-low, but he is ver-y brave, and has a great deal of sense. A mas-tiff will oft-en take al-most as good care of a house as a man will, and on dark, cold nights, such a dog would be more like-ly to at-tend to his du-ty than most watch-men.

I have heard of a mas-tiff who would go a-round his mas-ter's house at night, af-ter ev-er-y-bod-y had gone to bed, and look at all the doors and low-er win-dows, to see if they were shut up. If he found one o-pen, he would stand be-fore it and bark un-til some-bod-y came down-stairs to fast-en it.

Oth-er mas-tiffs have the sense to know that if they catch a rob-ber on their mas-ter's place, they need not al-ways bite him. I have heard of dogs of this kind who would spring up-on a rob-ber and throw him down, and then, hold-ing him fast, would bark un-til some one came to se-cure him. And when the man got up it would be found that he had not been hurt at all. Some dogs—e-ven big ones—would never catch a man with-out bit-ing him. They would think it was all right.

It is this good sense which makes the mas-tiff one of the best of dogs

to own. He is large and strong and ver-y brave, but there are dogs that are as large and as brave as he is, and some of these could e-ven beat him in a fight.

But there is no big dog who is so strong, so brave and so wise, all in one. E-ven the best New-found-land dogs will some-times for-get them-selves, and chase chick-ens or kill sheep.

But a good mas-tiff would not do this. He knows he has a du-ty to do, and he thinks a-bout it. He is al-ways at home. If a stran-ger comes to the house, he does not rush at him bark-ing, as if he would fright-en him a-way. He walks down to meet the man, and goes with him to the door. There he waits un-til the man is let in; or, if he is not let in, the mas-tiff walks with him to the gate.

If the stran-ger be-haves him-self, all goes well, but it would not do for him to try to steal.

I think you will a-gree with me that, though the mas-tiff is not as hand-some as some oth-er dogs, he is as fine a fel-low as any of them.

THE BIRD AND ITS MOTHER.

(*A Dialogue for Baby to Learn with Mamma.*)

Mam-ma. HERE we are in our nice warm nest—I and my lit-tle bird.

I won-der if he is a-wake? I must list-en.

Ba-by. Peep! peep!

Mam-ma. Oh, yes. He is wide a-wake. What do you want, lit-tle bird?

Ba-by. Peep! peep! peep!

Mam-ma. Oh, you want your break-fast, do you? Well, I must fly a-way and find you some-thing nice.

Ba-by. Peep! peep! peep! peep!

Mam-ma. What! Do you wish to go, too?

Ba-by. Peep!

Mam-ma. Very well. The sky is blue, and it is a nice bright day. Let me see if your lit-tle wings are strong. (*Mam-ma works ba-by's arms gent-ly up and down.*) Yes, the wings are strong. Now, come! (*Mam-ma takes hold of Ba-by's hands and lets him skip with her a-cross the room.*)



Did you ev-er go on sun-ny days the pret-ty flow-ers to pull,
And, kneel-ing in the mead-ow, fill your lit-tle a-pron full?
Did you ev-er see the dai-sies shine, and hear the bird-ies start,
Till you some-times found it hard to tell the flow-ers and song a-part?
And did you ev-er feel the breeze steal light-ly to your cheek,
As if it loved you ver-y much and had a word to speak?
Well, if you have known all these things so beau-ti-ful and wild,
I'm sure the birds and flow-ers and breeze have known a hap-py child.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GREAT poles have lately gone up in my meadow. They have wires stretching along between the tops, and there the birds settle and gossip in fine style,—dozens of them, sometimes, in one shining, bobbing row.

Yesterday morning they held a meeting there. Some of the birds thought there were too many wires, others thought the place was too public, but on the whole they were delighted, and passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the kind unknowns who erected this splendid perching-ground for them. One old bird said:

“My friends! This is at least a hop in the right direction, and it is sung on good authority that one of our race known as The American Eagle is at the bottom of it.”

Then they all piped three tremendous little cheers, and flew away.

Now you shall hear about

EARTHENWARE MOCCASINS.

MY DEAR FRIEND JACK: We have had sent to us a pair of little earthenware moccasins. To think of a little child pattering about in high crockery slippers without heels! They are rough inside, but smooth outside; one is of a dark red color, and so is the other, but it has, besides, a broad black band where it was burned black by the fire. They are made of a clay that has what look like gold specks in it, and these shine and sparkle in the light.

If your children had that kind of clay to play with, they could build doll-houses with it, and let them harden in the sun, and even make tiny moccasins for the dolls.

Our clay moccasins are only large enough for a big doll, I should think; but they really were worn by a little girl, one of the Pueblo Indian children. These Indians are undersized people who live now in New Mexico; but whether they lived there always, or whether they went from the North and are descendants of the ancient race called Mound-builders, I do not know.—Truly yours,

LIZZIE.

GIANT ANIMALS

SOMEWHERE near Newark, Ohio, I'm told, there's a bird whose body is one hundred and fifty feet long, while each of his wings is one hundred and ten feet across! A tremendous fellow! Who measured him, I wonder, and how big must a little boy be to safely put salt on the monster's tail? I

hope he wont try to perch on my pulpit,—even in a friendly way.

Most birds will not meddle with you, if let alone, my dears, and I suspect this one is not very active just now; but here is news that looks rather serious: Word has come that in Wisconsin there are animals as large as this bird, and that look like giant bears and tigers.

This is startling, I must say. But who found them? and how is it that nothing was heard of these enormous creatures when they came to this country,—if they are foreigners,—or while they were growing to their present size, if they are American born?

Please inquire into this matter, my youngsters, especially those of you who are in the threatened districts, and let your Jack know what you find out.

A FLAME AS A WATCH-DOG

THOSE of you who have picked deep holes in the mill-stones of science, my painstaking young investigators, know as well as anybody else that a long, thin flame, when allowed to rise through a tube of glass or metal, can be made to roar and sing very loudly, and even to give out barking noises, keeping silence, however, until blown upon.

Well, a flame strait-jacketed in this curious way can be placed near a window at night. Then if any person who ought n't to happens to open the window, or a door, or to break a hole so that a draught makes unsteady the air about the flame, the barking begins, and the improper person goes off in shame and haste,—unless, of course, he already knows about barking flames, for then he just turns out the light, takes what he wants, and goes away in silence.

THE HORSE THAT FED HIS FRIEND.

L. H. sends this true story about a horse:

There were two horses, one of them blind, belonging to a country doctor out West, who for eighteen years drove them on his rounds of visiting, generally harnessing them together.

One evening, the doctor took out his blind horse alone, and drove him until late. On his return he put the horse into a stall next to that of its mate, there being a tight board partition between them from floor to ceiling. Then he threw some ears of corn into the manger and went in-doors.

By and by, the doctor was startled by curious sounds from the stable, and he took a lantern and went to see what was the matter. As he drew near, he heard the two mates calling and answering each other in cheerful tones; and, when he looked into the stable, there was the blind horse pushing ears of corn to his friend through a big knot-hole in the partition! The two old chums were having a brotherly chat, and enjoying it all the more because they were going halves in something good to eat.

RABBITS IN CALIFORNIA

DEAR JACK: Our neighbors here in San José, California, have a great many rabbits of different varieties, and they are very careful not to give them water, even wiping off the moisture from the cabbage-leaves before feeding them. The children say they would get the “wet-mouth,” as they call it, if they drank water. It has always seemed very strange to us elders, and we were very incredulous.

lous about it at first, but know it is really true. I read the communication of S. W. K., in your February budget, and it reminded me of these rabbits. They have their houses too high from the ground to get any water for themselves, so of course they actually live without fluid, excepting the water that may exist in the vegetables they eat. I do not know whether this peculiarity is confined to California rabbits or not. You know there are a great many months in the year with us in which the streams are all dried up and no rain falls, so it is lucky for any animals here who can live without water.

A. B. F.

THE CROW THAT STOLE FISHES.

SOME friends of mine had one of the first aquaria in Iowa. The boys of the family put the fishes they brought from country streams into a well-protected tank in the back yard of their home.

Every day the little fishes would be missing. Where could they go? If a fish loses even one scale it shows in the water; if many scales are rubbed off he gets sick; if he dies, he turns over and floats on the water. But to have the fishes utterly disappear from a deep tank was a mystery.

The boys had a pet crow named Jack, who was fond of flying about when the family were at the table, eating; then he would perch on their fingers and shoulders and coax for crumbs. When he had his mouth and the pouch in his cheek full of crumbs, he would fly away. No one knew where he went, and, he was so sly, it was long before any one found out.

One day at dinner the mother happened to go to a back window. There was naughty Jack, dropping crumbs upon the water of the tank so that the fishes would jump up to the top for them, and, as they did this, he gobbled them up.

After that, no crumbs were given him, and the fishes were carefully protected.

body must have molded them for fun. The geologists think that it was all done by the action of water, ages ago.

Here is a picture of some of these queer rocks. The two that stand side by side are in a beautiful park, about ten miles north of Colorado Springs. This Park is called Monument Park, because it



THE PHRENOLOGIST.

is full of rocks which look as if they had been cut and carved into shape. These two are huge figures, and are called "The Twins," or "The Two Brothers," or, by some people, "The Two Dutchmen." I think the last name is the best.

The other rock is called "The Phrenologist." You see, it really does look a good deal like the head and upper part of the body of a person who is feeling another person's head, and that, you know, is what phrenologists always do. This is on "Austin's Bluffs," about five miles east of the town of Colorado Springs. These bluffs are several hundred feet higher than the plains about them, and from the top there is a most beautiful view of several ranges of mountains, and the town of Colorado Springs lying below. All the rocks on these bluffs are of a pale yellow color, and they look beautiful among the dark pine trees. I think you will find pictures of other Colorado rock figures in the second volume of ST. NICHOLAS. Yours truly,

H. H.

CACTUS PAPER.

DID you ever see a cactus? In the great West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, there are cactus thickets, outlandish, tangled and thorny, but bearing beautiful flowers which travelers prefer to admire at a distance. Well, the Californians have discovered a way of making good writing-paper out of these cactus plants. Isn't that news? It seems to me that good, strong, sweet poetry might be written on such paper.

GROWTH OF KNOWLEDGE IN BUTTERFLIES.

If you watch, you will find that a butterfly, when about half an hour old, is not shy of your coming near to it; but when three or four hours old, it seems already to have learned that, as a general thing, it is not safe for a butterfly to trust to the kindness of human beings.

No doubt it learns, during the rest of the one or two days of its short life, a great many things more happy and pleasant for it to know; but it is a pity to have it begin to fear while yet so young. And I'm told that matters are much the same with other insects, poor things!



THE TWINS.

STRANGE THINGS IN COLORADO.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Your dear Little Schoolma'am has asked me to tell you something about the wonderful rock figures in Colorado, and I am very glad to comply.

The strangest things in that strange country are the sandstone rocks. They are of bright colors—red, white, yellow, and pink, and they are of such queer, quaint shapes that you would think some-

THE STORY WRITTEN.

Of the many hundreds of stories sent in by the boys and girls in response to our request on page 316 of the February number, a large proportion are really good, considering the ages of the writers. Only two or three of the contributors are over fifteen years of age, and the youngest is only eight.

It was very difficult to select the one best story from so many, and therefore we have concluded to print the following three—and to give in one long Roll of Honor the names of all the other young folks who sent in creditable stories. We are glad to note the good handwriting and careful spelling of the communications.



THE PARDON.

At the time of the French Revolution, Count de Barry was falsely accused of treason, and thrown into prison. He had an old and trusty servant, in whose charge he had left his wife and child. Pierre was deeply grieved to see his master thrown into prison, and was so urgent in his entreaties to be allowed to visit him there, that he was at length permitted to do so; but, as the keeper said, he was only to stay with the Count for one half-hour. He entered the low, dark room, and kissed his master's hand, dropping hot tears upon it. As soon as their first emotions were over, the Count said: "Pierre, I am afraid there is no hope for me! I do not know who my false accuser is, but he is so eager in his efforts to have me killed, that I cannot be saved. However, to-morrow I shall be tried." Then the Count instructed him as to his wife and child. Much too soon the keeper appeared, and announced the expiration of the time. Master and servant parted. Sleep shunned Pierre that night, and he lay thinking of means to save the Count. Anxiously he awaited the next evening, but, alas! he heard that his master would die on the guillotine. In the night he had formed a plan, the success of which I will relate.

Pierre had gone to the Committee of Public Safety, had obtained a pardon for his master, and was hurrying to the prison. He had spent four days in obtaining it, having made many unsuccessful efforts, and now every minute was precious. It was two minutes past four, and still he was far away from the prison. Twenty minutes more, and his master would be dead. Quickly you walk, Pierre, but not quick enough for such a cause! Suddenly he looks in his wallet, into which he had put the pardon. He stands blank with despair and amazement: it is not there! He examines further, throwing out his handkerchief: a great hole is in the wallet. Now the moments fly by

unobserved by the almost frantic Pierre. He hears a rustling; there lies the pardon under his foot! He rushes up to the prison, he sees the place of execution, and his master is almost on the guillotine. He shouts, shows and waves the pardon, and Count de Barry is saved!
IDA GIMBEL, aged 12.

THE KING'S LETTER.

A STORY TOLD IN RHYME.

'T WAS a letter, a wonderful letter,
That was sent to a wise old king,
To tell how to get rich in one minute,
And all that sort of thing.
So the king sent forth a butler,
A servant of high degree,
To get that wonderful letter,
And see what the message could be.
The butler got the treasure,
And stowed it away with care,
And hurried off along the road,
Then climbed the castle stair.

"I have it!" he cried, and every one
Stood gaping to see what next would be done;
But his face grew white, and he dropped his hat,
And gasped as he felt in his pocket. "That
Rascal has fooled us!" cried the king;
"Let him stand where he is till we find the thing."
"Lost! Lost!" moaned the men, as they hunted each lane.
Said the king, "In the castle we'll meet again;
We'll question the man where the letter can be,
And if he don't know, he shall die," quoth he.
So the men trooped up the castle stair,
And called to the butler, "Where, oh, where
Is the wonderful letter we long to see?
Where, oh, where can the letter be?"

Then a little child ran into the room,
Laughing and crowing with delight,
For on the butler's shoe-buckles big
Shone a sunbeam golden and bright.
Down dropped the little one, to see
What the bright shining things might be;
And lo and behold! beneath the shoe
Of the butler, she spied a paper too!
In amazement the child drew a letter out,
And then the wise men set up a shout.—
'Twas the wonderful letter, as sure as could be.
Each man ran up, to try and see
Before the rest what the message might be;
And each grabbed the paper, and, sad to say,
Each wanted to take it a different way;
And by the time it reached the king
There was nothing left of that wonderful thing.
So the king and his wise men never will know
What the wonderful letter had to show.

LIBBIE S. HAWES, aged 12.

SAM'S LOSS.

THE man in the picture is Sam, the butler, who is too good-natured to know when he is imposed upon, and thinks he must always be to blame when things go wrong, as everybody blames him. But he never was in such a "fix" before. His employer gave him a letter to mail, the loss of which would cause great trouble and cost Sam his place. Snap (his wife) thought he could carry a geranium slip to her cousin Kate at the same time, borrow her slipper-pattern and last fashion magazine, stop at the store for a paper of pins and two spools of thread (one pink and one black), a ball for the baby, some chewing-gum for Sue, three yards of tape and a bottle of pepper-sauce. And he was also to be sure to call at Mrs. Bigswell's for the ten dollars she owed Snap for washing, as she must have it right away to get a dress off that pea-green delaine at Cheapman's before it was all gone. Poor Sam was so afraid he might forget some of Snap's errands that he decided to attend to them first. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the last spool tied up, and Mrs. Bigswell's bill safe in his pocket, and started for the post-office; but the little "errands of love" had made him so tired that he sat down by a fence to rest, and fell fast asleep! When he awoke, he saw two suspicious-looking men just going out of sight; he thought at once of the letters and money which he had carefully placed in one wrapper. Putting his hand in his pocket, he found it gone! He jumped to his feet and felt in every pocket, laid down his cane so he could use both hands, and searched again; then took off his hat so he could think faster, and finally drew

out his handkerchief to wipe the drops from his forehead as he pictured the rage poor Snap would fall into over her loss. And he fairly howled when he thought of the possible ruin for his master.

Poor Sam!—But if he would only quit gazing at vacancy, and look under his left foot, go home and ask Snap to mend his pockets, he might live several years yet. LORETTA BROWN, aged 12½.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Anne T. Withington—W. P. Munn—H. Crane—Ruth L. Palmer—George Ziegler—Ausburn F. Towner—Grace Boutelle—Pauline M. Lutz—Agnes V. Luther—Grace A. Hobart—Lilian Fitzgerald—Marion B. Hudson—Anna T. Wright—Edward M. Biddle—Davie Jacobs—P. H. Warburton—Nellie Wolf—Carrie L. Parker—Sue M. Littell—Lizzie Langton—Sadie Foote—F. W. Parker—Matie Mitchell—Bertie Manier—Charlie K. Barry—Sarah Pedlow—H. G. Brengle—Bessie W. McKelvie—David Lewis—Eddie Miller—L. B. Needham—"Bessy" Norton—Rollin Blackman—Gertrude D. Savage—Ridie McAllister—William Corben—Henry Gay—Annie Miller—Belle Barr—G. H. Smith—James Harvey Lang—Mrs. Geo. T. Williams, for her children—Ellen Fowle and Geo. A. Fowle—Julie S. Lawton—Maria Louise Wilson—L. M. Baugh—Arthur H. Bowditch—Lizzie Farrow—Gertrude Weil—F. N. Boynton—Nellie Bisland—Willie E. Gaunt—Gussie Rawson—Louis A. Holman—Nellie C. Huggett—S. L. Wells—Everett W. Shumway—E. C. Aiken—Jacob H. Miller—Agnes E. Babcock—Ada M. Fitts—Robin A. Law—Edith Grace Bistow—Florence G. Gilling—Mary K. Keyes—Jas. R. Robertson—Dandelion and Clover—Louella M. Brown—Grace A. Petit—Rosalie L. Bradford—Max West—Eustace M. Trevor—Florence E. Pratt—Earl Andrews—Jno. L. Johnson, Jr.—Julia T. Johnson—Sadie Carrington—Anna M. Norton—Courtenay H. Fenn—Jessie May Young—Ernest Bigelow—Edith T. Stickney—Bessie Hoge—Lucy D. Waterman—Lizzie B. Congdon—Ada C. Collins—C. F. Robinson—June Stevens—Alice Stedman—Hiram H. Bice—Grace E. Rockwell—Florence Harper—Bessie Ladd—Georgianna Chandler—Mary J. Hull—J. Kingsley Blake—Florence Hull Watson—Pearl Clayton Nichols—Mary Millett—W. Constantine Pope—Virgie Watson—Daisy Reed—Eleanor D. Plumb—Clara Glynn—Nettie Golay—Mamie W. Cannon—Frank E. Haskell—Freddie E. Cannon—Wm. B. Faville—Marion S. Decks—Chas. W. Ford—Amy Smith—Virginia C. Garden—Robt. F. Taylor—Katie H. McReynolds—Lillian S. Apgar—Henry M. Thomson—Amy Brautigam—Clarence Marsh—Menitta Libby—Arthur James—Mamie Blake—Florence Nighthale—Grace Mills—Margie Heron—Mamie A. Phœbus—Annette Phœbus—Chas. M. H. Tracy—Emma Dils—Hattie Coral Smith—Fannie M. Levy—Josie L. Fox—Elsie L. Shaw—C. Morris—Fanny Lee Robinson—Frank W. Wentworth—Mary C. Hall—Florence T. Lanman—Carrie Mallick—Emma H. Crane—Alice Hall—Mary Payne—Benj. P. Ellis—Lucy Gibson—Flora Tucker—Florence M. King—Minnie M. Whitford—Belle G. Stone—Kittie Little—Aaron Goldman—Annie V. Gore—S. P. R. Chadwick—Norman G. Johnson—Minnie Slover—Charlie D. W. Thresher—Bertha Potts—Helen F. Stone—Sadie H. Harlow—Clara L. Hovey—Mabel N. Butterfield—Grace B. Latimer—Miss Bementmarsch—Alice E. Bugbee—M. Claire Sherwood—Mary V. Wood—Lily Avis Barton—Flelda M. Hardy—Fannie B. Montgomery—Teresita Soule—Mary Edith Gilbert—A. Collins Ely—Nannie Fitzhugh—Harold B. Smith—Lillian E. Rogers—Edith R. Leonard—Thomas Herbert Chase—Sadie Zarrone—Nettie Schoch—W. Hermann—Nellie Greenbill—Rose Garland Filer—Lillie C. Kennish—Bessie B. Thompson—Mollie Potter—Henry B. Hedrick—John Bolgiano—A. A. Nickerson—Martha W. Forsyth—Arthur B. Pinney—Isabelle S. Baldwin—Lila Taylor—Lucius M. Hull—May T. Harwood—Jeanie M. Rowell—Henry Stillwell—Ethel G. Murray—Leoline Waterman—Frank Gray—Bertha Wiley—Edna C. Spaulding—Jessie D. Brooks—M. K. Potter—Florence L. Blair—W. Western—Eugene Reilly—Edith Henry—Lucy Bartels—Margaret A. Lichfield—Ida S. Woodhouse.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is good news for every ST. NICHOLAS boy and girl who is kind-hearted, or who loves any dumb animal. Some time ago, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made an offer of various prizes "to the publishers of any books, magazines or newspapers, in which the cause of mercy to animals has been most satisfactorily explained and defended," and—to our joy and surprise—the report of the judges says: "We have selected for the first prize the ST. NICHOLAS, a monthly published in New York, by Scribner & Co."

We are very glad if these pages have been of influence in aiding so noble a cause; and the hearty interest and co-operation the boys and girls have shown is a happy promise that the coming men and women of America will sustain and carry on the good work of protecting dumb animals. So long as horses, cattle, dogs, cats and birds continue to be our companions, sharing, in some way, our daily lives, there will be constant opportunity of befriending and helping them, and we consider every ST. NICHOLAS reader who shows a kindness or averts a cruelty to any dumb creature, as a sharer in the honor of the Society's award.

G. S., AND SEVERAL OTHER CORRESPONDENTS: The story of "Napoleon and the Little Egyptian" originally was contributed to *Our Young Folks*. It came into our hands several years ago, with sundry other unpublished MSS. accepted by that magazine, and repurchased by Scribner & Co. at the time of its consolidation with ST. NICHOLAS. The author's correspondence with the editor of *Our Young Folks* had not been preserved with the MS., and the latter (as received by us) bore no acknowledgment whatever that the story was a translation. We therefore printed it in our April number, with a picture drawn for us by Mr. Reinhart. But almost as soon as it appeared, we discovered the coincidence upon which the press has since very properly expressed its opinion. It was too late then to explain in our May issue, as that number was already being

printed. We give now Col. T. A. Dodge's reply to our letter of inquiry.

Brookline, Mass., April 25, 1880.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR MADAM: It is more than ten years ago since I sent the article entitled "Napoleon and the Young Egyptian" to *Our Young Folks*. I had entirely forgotten it.

It is a translation from Wilhelm Hauff's works, and was sent as such. I remember that I was asked what vouched for the truth of the story, and I replied, quoting my source. I was unaware, until to-day's receipt of your favor of 21st inst., that another translation existed. My copy of Hauff's works was given me, as a lad, in Germany. A comparison of the original with both translations would probably show that each was an independent translation.

I sincerely regret that ST. NICHOLAS, our most welcome monthly, should, by any carelessness of mine, have the slur of plagiarism cast upon its columns. I certainly sent the article for what it was, and supposed so much to be shown in the MS.

If the letter of transmittal or the ensuing correspondence are still extant, they will speak for themselves.

Very truly yours,

THEO. A. DODGE.

THE following, from T. B. G., of Baltimore, may comfort some of our city boys:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I disagree with your correspondent, Mr. W. Gladden, in what he says about city boys. It may be quite true that they do not always, or generally, gain the highest pinnacles of wealth; but in lower positions it is a question whether they do not enjoy life more than those above them, and live it in a more generous and better manner. I have had much to do with boys, and have seen them growing and grown, and, without data, do not think that, with us, the large per cent. of successful men are those born and educated in the country.

Yours, with respect,

T. B. G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading about Editha and the burglar in the February number, reminded me of something that happened to

one of my relations, when she was a little girl. She lived in one of the islands of the Pacific, where the people are mild and quiet, or she might not have been so brave. She was sleeping in a bed that stood near a door, when she was awakened by a noise in the room, and drew the blanket over her head. The door was fastened with a bolt, and in trying to push it back the burglar sat on the edge of her bed. Then the little girl stuck a pin into his flesh. You ought to have seen him! He jumped, and I guess he thought he'd better get out of that place.

Then she ran into the next room and told her brother, who had a little lead cannon in his room. He said he could frighten the burglar best by firing it off; but he was so long about it that the burglar got away very easily. Only, he dropped his handkerchief, and so was caught afterward. I have a small cannon, too, that came from Paris, and I mean to shoot the first burglar I see.—Your constant reader,
P. L. WEAVER, Jr.

C. H. FLEMING AND OTHERS.—See Dr. Sanford B. Hunt's "Talk about Swimming," printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, 1877, and illustrated with eight descriptive pictures, prepared by Mr. J. E. Kelly and approved by Dr. Hunt. The article gives plain directions how to swim, both off the sea-beach and in fresh water.

Read the following letter, received by the Editor early in March, 1880, from Columbus, Indiana:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought we would tell you how you enabled our brother to save a boy from drowning. He, together with several of his friends, was in bathing, when one of the boys, who could not swim, slipped from a log into the water. Brother Charlie had read your article on "swimming" in the July number of 1877, and saved the boy's life by following your directions—Yours, very respectfully,
E. and W. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Another boy and I are going to build a boat, and we are in a muddle how to go to work. I thought that you would try to help us about this, by having an article on the subject.—Yours, respectfully,
J. M. T.

In *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, 1875, is a long, illustrated article, entitled "How to make a Boat," which will enable any boy who is handy with carpenters' tools to build a serviceable and safe row-boat, at a reasonable cost. We shall soon print a paper on "Small boats:—How to rig and sail them."

Will the gentleman who, some time ago, forwarded the beautiful paper sleigh and reindeer made by a little boy, please send his name and address, as his letter has been mislaid?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am six years old and have an alligator. It will not eat anything and I am afraid it will die. I let it crawl all over me and am not afraid of it. I take the *ST. NICHOLAS*, and like it very much.
New York, 1880.
WALTER F. WOOD.



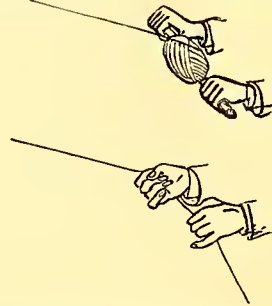
This is not a lot of alligators. It is only one alligator in a different place all over me.
WALTER F. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to the question of Joshua C. Hubbard in the March "Letter-Box,"—"Why is it that when an iron is hot it will iron better than when it is cold?"—

● Roll a piece of paper about anything that is round, and tie it with a string; after dipping all into water, put it in the sun to dry. When dry, untie the string and you will find that the paper will remain rolled, because it was dried rolled. So, when you iron a piece of dampened cloth with a flat-iron, the heat of the iron dries the cloth very quickly, and the smoothness of the iron keeps the surface of the cloth smooth while it is drying, consequently the smoothness remains.

But it is not the heat of the iron that makes the cloth stay smooth after it is ironed; it is the drying of it while smooth. If you were to hold a cold iron over one place on a damp cloth, and keep it there pressed down hard until the cloth should become dry, the cloth would remain smooth. But you would have to hold the iron for several hours if it were cold. If the iron is hot, however, it will dry the cloth at once.—Your constant reader,
"HOPE."

KITE-STRING WINDERS.—Willie Hubner sends a drawing of a handy kite-string winder, which he invented, and by which he avoids blistering his fingers. Mr. Beard says he has used a winder or reel very like Willie's, besides many others more or less ingenious; but, after all, he prefers the old-fashioned method shown in the accompanying illustrations. He adds: "Sometimes, in raising a kite, the



stick is dropped upon the ground for the sake of convenience; then, if the wind catches the kite, the string is apt to slip between the fingers, as shown in the lower picture, and blisters are the result. But if the stick is held in the manner shown in the upper picture, the fingers will not be blistered."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to Walter and Robert Lowry's question about the markings of quail and woodcock, I will say that they are as follows:

THE WOODCOCK.—The forehead is of a dirty brown, with two black bars across the back of the head, and two narrow ones in front on the neck; a narrow dark line runs the whole length of the head, under the eyes and down to the bill, which is long and slender.

Three broad bands of brownish-black pass from the shoulder to the tail. The breast is of a warm fawn color.

QUAIL.—On the back the quail is of a beautiful brown; under the body the feathers are almost white, with black bars. The male, or "Bob White," has a pure white spot over each eye and a white throat. The bill is short and curved. Quail go in coveys or flocks, woodcock in pairs.
JOHNNY A.

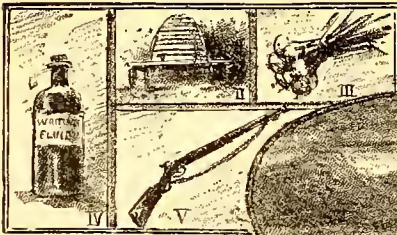
WALTER N. BURNS.—The best answer that can be given now to your question is to refer you to the March "Letter-Box," 1880, where you will find a reply to a similar inquiry from J. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some Sundays ago, our Sunday-school superintendent announced that there would be a "mass meeting in the afternoon, and the teachers would address the children." My little brother came home and reported to us that there would be a "mask meeting," and the teachers would "dress all the children." He was anticipating much pleasure at the masquerade, and, when Mamma explained that he had not heard aright, he was quite disappointed.—Yours truly,
JOSIE CALVERT.

LAWSON Y. PERKINS.—You will find "Packard's Introduction to the Study of Insects" a serviceable elementary work on Entomology.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an amusing game for rainy days, called Apple Dumplings. Take a stout cord; stretch it from one side of the room to the other, tying it so that it will not come loose. It has to be about an arm's length above your head. Take a large apple; punch a hole through it, so that it will not be too large for a string to be put through; tie a small piece of wood to the end that is through the apple, so that the string will not come out; then tie the other end to the cord, so that the apple will hang even with your mouth. Ask some one to tie your hands behind you, and then try to bite the apple. This was tried at the Opera House. A dollar was offered to the one that first should bite the apple.
G. H.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but sometimes more moves are required. Here is an example showing how to solve puzzles of this kind: Change LAMP to FIRE, in four moves; First move, LAME; second move, FAME; third move, FARE; last move, FIRE.

Solve the following eleven puzzles in a similar manner: 1. Change DUSK to SEAT, in six moves. 2. Change HOUSE to HOVEL, in fifteen moves. 3. Change WARM to COLD, in four moves. 4. Change CURD to WHEY, in eight moves. 5. Change DOG to HEN, in three moves. 6.

This puzzle differs from an ordinary numerical enigma only in that it gives pictures in place of the usual enigmatic definitions. The answer, an oft-repeated quotation, has fifty-seven letters, and is indicated as a whole by the small landscape at the right of the illustration.

In each of the thirteen divisions the following statement, the Arabic numerals represent letters of the answer as these stand in the proper order of its words; the Roman numeral refers to the picture that is described by the word which the represented letters spell. Thus,—"III. 36, 9, 21, 5, 22, 1" means that the picture marked with the Roman numeral III. is described by a word spelled with the 36th, 9th, 21st, 5th, 22d, and 1st letters of the complete answer, namely—o, n, i, o, n, s,—and this will be found correct.

I. 4, 17, 27, 13, 11, 39, 8, 28, 26, 39, 6, 32, 2. II. 16, 14, 50, 54, 46, 49, 48. III. 36, 9, 21, 5, 22, 1. IV. 30, 29, 37. V. 57, 27, 47. VI. 51, 24, 52, 4, 14. VII. 45, 35, 43, 34. VIII. 10, 27, 40. IX. 3, 44, 7, 25. X. 55, 31, 56. XI. 15, 19, 39, 53, 2, 20. XII. 33, 34, 55, 41, 42, 50. XIII. 33, 18, 12, 23, 38. H. H. D.

EASY DIAMOND.

1. In ibex. 2. Did eat. 3. A European country. 4. A tree. 5. In whey. BESSIE.

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,

Change CLOTH to PAPER in seven moves. 7. Change POND to LAKE, in four moves. 8. Change COAL to WOOD, in three moves. 9. Change AWAKE to SLEEP, in eight moves. 10. Change BOY to MAN, in four moves. 11. Change SEAS to LAND, in six moves. WINSOR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

STROKE PUZZLES.—1. Hale, hate. 2. Dale, date. 3. Hall, halt. PRONUNCIATION PUZZLE.—Authority, awe, thaw, rye, tea. SQUARE WORD.—1. Craft. 2. Razor. 3. Azure. 4. Forms. 5. Tress. TANGLES TO UNRAVEL.—I. The May Queen, Part I., stanza 9. II. Hamlet, Act III., Scene 1. III. In Memoriam, Canto cxv., Stanza 2.—PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—Cowslips. WORD BUILDING.—I. Gas, rags, sugar, guards. II. Nun, noun, union, nuncio. III. Rap, carp, crape, carpet, chapter. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—Hamburg—Germany. Cross-words: 1. HarisburG. 2. AdrianopLE. 3. MadagascAR. 4. Belgium. 5. UticA. 6. Raritan. 7. Galvay. DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Diagonal: Cyprus. Cross-words: 1. Cof-fer. 2. Gyrate. 3. Alpine. 4. StaRch. 5. UsefUL. 6. AhbesS. SQUARE WORD.—1. Brace. 2. Redan. 3. Adapt. 4. Caper. 5. Entry.—ENIGMA.—Spring. HISTORIC SCENES.—I. Socrates drinking the hemlock, b. c. 399. II. Henry III. gazing on the Duke of Guise lying dead in the Castle of Blois. III. Alexander of Macedon cut the Gordian Knot. The

prophecy was that only he who should unmake the knot could be master of Asia. IV. William Tell, after shooting with an arrow an apple placed on his son's head. V. Rollo, Duke of Normandy, and Charles III. of France, A. D. 911. VI. Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith, A. D. 1607. EASY ENIGMAS.—I. Carpentry. II. Illicit. III. Figuratively. CENTRAL OMISSIONS.—Verbena—1. Novel, Noel. 2. Cheat, chat. 3. Coral, coal. 4. Rebel, reel. 5. Cream, cram. 6. Venal. 7. Mad, M. D.—GRANDMA'S ANAGRAM.—May Training. EASY FRENCH AMPUTATIONS.—1. G-orge. 2. T-roi-s. 3. P-uni. 4. A-près. 5. Sou-s. 6. Main-e. 7. P-laine. 8. C-hameau. 9. Cou-p. 10. Pari-s. 11. P-arc. 12. T-ours. BASE-BALL PUZZLE.—1. Muff. 2. Bat. 3. (Bat) Out on a fly. 4. Game (rabbit). 5. Foul (fowl). 6. Plate. 7. Tie. 8. Pitcher. 9. Sky-rocket. 10. Daisy-cutter (scythe). 11. Batter (in the bowl). 12. Club. 13. Nine (ix on card). 14. core (xx on card). 15. Short-stop (comma after "paste", on bowl). 16. Match (beside box). 17. Diamond (keystone). 18. Ball. 19. Bounds (fences). 20. Field. 21. Catcher (spider). 22. Base (of pillar). 23. Three balls.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES in the April number were received before April 20, from P. J., 4—E. B. and M. K. B., 6—W. C. D., 3—W. R., 7—G. C. C., 9—H. S. D., 4—H. T., 2—F. J. K., 2—B. B., 3—M. C., 4—L. H. P., 6—W. H. O., 5—W. L. S., 6—C. R. C., 1—H. C. L., 3—C. A. S., 3—M. B., 3—L. C. F., 2—"The McK's," 5—"Little Maggie," 1—R. C. H., 4—C. L. R., 6—C. S. B., 7—R. P., 1—A. C. P. O., 4—R. B. S., Jr., 5—L. S., 11—A. and H. T., 2—A. L. R., 1—M. and J., 2—"Jupiter," 5—C. R. H., Jr., 5—C. H. P., 10—A. T. H., 10—"Two Cousins," 8—F. W. M., 8—L. H. D., St. V., 6—G. and W. H., 1—H. U., 2—"Helen's Babies," 6—L. C., 1—L. V. L., 8—M. J., 1—M. A. K., 12—W. V. D., 1—"Hope," 4—M. A. J., 1—C. J. V. A., 8—F. C. D., 2—A. H., 1—R. A. S., 2—R. G. S., 2—P. A. B., 1—H. B. W., 3—R. S. McL., 7—J. T. K., 5—M. S., 2—L. G. C., 11—"Tom, Dick & Co.," 8—"Bessie and her Cousin," 12—F. D. S., 8—E. T. S., 4—S. S., 1—B. C. B., 6—W. C. McL., 8—H. and B., 12—F. L. K., 12—A. H. L., 8—B. S., 9—A. C. R., 9—D. E., 2—B. W., 3—E. S., 3—"Winnie," 8—"Riddlers," 5—R. A. G., 8—"Chenery," 5—"Stowe Family," 12—F. W., 7—"Bab and Betty," 5—"X. Y. Z.," 9—"Arthur and Rob," 7. Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.



[See page 745.]

ELIZABETH ZANE SAVES THE FORT.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII.

JULY, 1880.

No. 9.

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DAME DURDEN AND LITTLE MR. BABE.

BY S. W. BIRNIE.

IT was such a queer old face that looked in upon me through the open window; and such a restless little body! I put down the book I was reading and walked toward them for a closer view.

"Good mornin'," a brisk voice spoke up, with a jerk of an uncombed, yellow-whitish head; "I've come to see Little Mr. Babe."

"Oh, you have," I replied, somewhat taken aback, as the saying is, at the crisp salutation, and not knowing what this startling infant meant. "But who are you, and where did you come from?"

"Goodness," snapped this young pepper-box again, "don't you know that? Everybody 'round knows my father; he's a sexcum in this 'ere church across the way, and my mother, she takes in washin' and ironin', and we don't have sugar only Sundays, 'cause you see my mother she says she works too hard for me to wear my best hat, and sugar every day."

"I suppose you help your mother a great deal," I said, as soon as I was permitted to express an opinion, and at the same time wondering to what use the restless creature could possibly be put, unless it were to swing as a pendulum, or twist a gilt rooster on a weather-vane, as she never rested for over a minute on either foot, and her yellow head danced like a crazy sunbeam, keeping a sort of nodding time to her words, which rattled out like beans from a bag.

"Yep," she nodded, "I sing 'Happy Day,' and wash my own face" (I thought very likely), "and scold Jont when he growls too much, and—" with

a sudden stand-still that threatened to upset her,— "Where 's Mr. Babe?"

"I am sure I don't know, child," said I; "where did you leave him last, and what is he?"

"Well, now," she answered, with a scornful sniff, "that *is* a joke. Why, I say, aint you got a baby up in this house? I heard you had from Marthy Kerru, and while my father was makin' the fire at the church for prayer meetin' (he has to make all the fires, don't you b'lieve, 'cause he's the sexcum), I jest run away to see if Marthy Kerru told me a straight story about it. It was Marthy told me; mebbe you know her; that dirty-faced little thing you see runnin' for the cow 'round here, with her stockin's all down. She said you 'd jest moved up here from New York and brought along a baby."

I told her I had not the pleasure of Marthy's acquaintance, and asked her to come into the house, adding—"if you are not afraid your mother will worry about you. The baby is asleep now, but you may sit down here with me and wait until he wakes."

"Oh, I'm four or six years old," she replied with a pitying glance for my ignorance, as, with a brisk "Here I am!" she curled and wriggled over the window-sill into my room. "No; my mother wont worry about *me*. It's Jont; he will growl so and tear his pants, and then you see my mother has to stop right in the hot suds and mend 'em. He's an awful young 'un, that Jont."

Jont was n't, then, as I had supposed from her conversation, a bad-tempered dog.

"Is Jont your brother?"

"I should say so. You don't seem to know anything, do you? But then you 've jes' come, and if you want a good dress-maker, there 's one lives down by our house, that charges awful. I 'll speak to her if you like. Why, do you b'lieve she trimmed my Sunday hat; not *this* one" (holding up a very dilapidated red flannel hood, she had been swinging by one string), "and would n't take no pay for it. But dear me, I s'pose we 'll have to do all her fine clo'es this summer to make up for it, and the hot weather 's awful tryin'!"

I began to fear that this intelligent atom was a trifle too wise.

"Where 's Tomato?" she went on. "I know her; she came and talked to my mother over our fence. She 's a queer one, aint she? Kin you make out what she says? She asked my mother to give her some of our lylicks to bring home to you. Did you ever git them lylicks? I s'pose she thought she 'd git some rosies too, but lylicks has a pretty good smell to 'em, don't you think so?"

I certainly did think so, and was very much obliged to her mother for sending them to me. Témidá, or as this precocious one called her, "Tomato," was my boy's nurse, and, as she remarked after her last question, "I s'pose she 's upstairs with Mr. Babe."

"Yes," I answered, "she is taking care of him now."

"He 's waked up then, has he? Shall I go up?"

"No; I do not think he is awake yet; but Témidá sits by his cradle while he sleeps, and rocks him if he stirs."

"Flies bite him, I guess, this hot weather. They say it beats all the weather we ever had 'round here. You aint got any little girl 'cept Mr. Babe, have you? Marthy Kerru said you had n't, and if you like, I guess I kin git you one. Mis' Jones she 's jes' died about three weeks ago, and left one, and do you b'lieve they sent it off to a 'sylum in New York. I wish I 'd a known you was a-comin'. I 'd a spoke about it. Mr. Babe must be lonesome. Kin he talk?"

"No, he is too little to talk yet; but he crows sometimes"

"Well, I declare; that 's jes' like our chickens; they crow till my head is 'most off. He sleeps a long time though; don't you think so?"

I began to think she was getting tired, as she had never sat down all this time, and that she was preparing to go and leave her object unaccomplished, but the next moment she was unburdening her mind of a new thought, and bombarding me after this fashion:

"Mis' Kerru says you 've had more 'n five cooks since you came here to live, and you can't seem to

keep 'em. What 's the matter; don't you give 'em enough to eat?"

This was too much! I replied, with a faint show of indignation, that I had not had five cooks, and I had never heard my girls complain of hunger, so that Mrs. Kerru must have been mistaken.

"Well, I would n't wonder," was the response from Dame Durden, as I was calling her to myself, "for my mother says she 's a queer one, or she 'd never let that Marthy go 'round with the cows, with her stockin's down an' such a dirty face. You 'd think she 'd clean her up now, would n't you?"

I nodded, having no chance to speak.

"An' do you b'lieve that dirty little thing goes over here to Sunday-school, jes' all the same, and don't care. But then it 's the greatest Sunday-school you ever knowed, or I would n't say so. Why, they don't give nothin' at Christmas, nor no time, but puncshall 'tendance cards, and your name on the black-board. Pooh! Once we had a teacher give us a little book, but she 's dead now. Well, they do have a banner class, an' that 's the class that gits the most money. I 'd like to know, now, how they expect our class to git the banner. Why, my mother has to work awful hard, and my father 's the sexcum. We never give the tramps that come to our house no butter on their bread. We can't afford it; and I 've just made up my mind they won't have me in that Sunday-school a great while longer. Look a here, do you think this is fair? There 's that Hattie Hunt, she sits behind me, an' puts her feet on my clean dress that takes my mother so long to wash an' iron, an' then do you b'lieve I can't say nothin', 'cause she 's rich, and Mr. Brown, he 's the minister, of course would n't care if I did. He 'd jes' let her go on doin' it, an' let me go out. I 'd lick her, but she 's some bigger than my big brother George, and he dassent, you see. My, if it aint the queerest Sunday-school! Once they had a Christmas tree, oh! long before you was here, and Hattie Hunt got a big doll with open and shut eyes, an' a cradle; an' every blessed thing do you b'lieve they give me, was a white apron, an' not a pocket in it, an' a little stingy bag of candy. You see, Hattie Hunt's mother put her things on the tree for her, and the sewin'-school give me mine. There, now," with a sudden spring at the window, that broke up the Sunday-school, "if you want to see Marthy Kerru, there she goes. Did n't I tell you? Look at her stockin's! Will I call her in, so 's you can git acquainted?"

"I guess not to-day; you can bring her with you some time. I think I hear the baby now, so, if you wish, we will go upstairs."

This we at once proceeded to do, Dame Durden perking her head on one side like a bird, and

giving everything she passed on the way a notice of some kind.

"My!" she exclaimed, stopping in the hall to inspect the baby-carriage, "I don't like that willow thing at all. I've seen awful prettier ones. If I was Mr. Babe, I'd tumble out of it."

At this awful threat, the yellow head bobbed worse than ever, and then a-top of it, the young

her little brown hand. "He aint got no hair to speak of, has he? Shall I take him?"

"You may see if he will go to you; but be very careful not to let him fall."

"Come along, Mr. Babe," she said, holding out her arms. "I know you, and I'll sing you 'Ring around a Rosy.'"

But the baby, whose stock of words was somewhat limited, only opened his eyes very wide, and made up a wry face while he tried to say something that sounded more like "bug" than anything else.

"What 's that he says?" asked Dame Durden. "I s'pose he wants my hat, but you can't have that, you know, 'cause you might put it in your mouth." Then, turning to me, "I s'pose you're awful fond of him?"

"Well, yes; but don't you think he is a nice baby?"

"I should n't say he was so *awful* pretty, should you?"

"Why, we think he is a beauty up here. Just look at his bright eyes, and see how cunning he laughs. And he has six little white teeth."

"My, would you b'lieve it, and for sure, they're for all the world like Marthy Kerru's rabbit's teeth. Did you know Mis' Kerru is a-goin' to have that rabbit for Christmas? To eat. My, I'd as soon eat a cat. What 's the baby's name?"

"Alec," I answered, quite sure she would object.

"My goodness! where did you get that name? Nancy is an awful nice name, but then, I s'pose you would n't like it for him. Why don't you call him Charley? That 's a splendid name. Aint it, Mr. Babe?"

Mr. Babe had long since sunk into an awed and submissive silence.

"I don't s'pose you git any dinner here in the middle of the day," was her next remark, and, as I found, her last one for that time. "Mebbe my mother 'll wonder where I am, 'cause you see I run away. Good-bye, Tomato. Good-bye, Mr. Babe; mebbe I 'll bring you a pair of red slippers when I come up to-morrow. There goes that dirty Marthy Kerru. I 'll hurry, and tell her I saw the baby first."

Then she literally flung herself down the stairs, and I saw her a minute later, her hands and feet and head, and tongue all in wild pursuit of poor Marthy Kerru.



"HERE I AM!" SAID DAME DURDEN.

vixen perched the red flannel hood, which I was afraid would frighten Baby.

"How do you do, Tomato?" she at once saluted my nurse. "I've come to see Mr. Babe. My! but you're a little one;" touching his nose with



How happy would I be with either were
 together dear charmer away

A SUMMER SONG.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

ROLY-POLY honey-bee,
 Humming in the clover,
 With the green leaves under you,
 And the blue sky over,
 Why are you so busy, pray?
 Never still a minute,
 Hovering now above a flower,
 Now half-buried in it!

Jaunty robin red-breast,
 Singing loud and cheerly,
 From the pink-white apple-tree
 In the morning early,
 Tell me, is your merry song
 Just for your own pleasure,
 Poured from such a tiny throat,
 Without stint or measure?

Little yellow buttercup,
 By the way-side smiling,
 Lifting up your happy face,
 With such sweet beguiling,
 Why are you so gayly clad—
 Cloth of gold your raiment?
 Do the sunshine and the dew
 Look to you for payment?

Roses in the garden beds,
 Lilies, cool and saintly,
 Darling blue-eyed violets,
 Pansies, hooded quaintly,
 Sweet-peas that, like butterflies,
 Dance the bright skies under,
 Bloom ye for your own delight,
 Or for ours, I wonder!

RARE WOODS.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

AS I walked along the docks of New York the other day, I came to a very large yard surrounded by a high board fence on two sides, a great shed at the back, and several schooners at the front along the water. The whole yard was filled with what seemed to be old logs and timbers that might have come from an old bridge or barn. They all were dark and rusty; some were even rotten in places, and full of deep checks or cracks. The timber was of all sizes and shapes: there were little short logs, just right for a fire-place; also piles of stuff like cord-wood, and thick chunks like the knots you cannot split up for the kitchen stove; then halves or pieces of long logs—only the outside shell of trees that had lost their heart by decay; also crooked logs the size of railroad ties; and larger, squared logs, even as big as three feet across the end.

Men were at work about the yard, hoisting and piling logs with tall derricks; and some were weighing the wood on steelyards. Teams were hauling logs from the schooners to the yard, by swinging one end on chains under the axle of a cart. And the vessels were busy, with tackles and men on deck and down in the dark holds. But the wood all looked so dull, crooked and worthless, that I wondered why anybody should take the trouble to store it. Just then I caught sight of seven men under the shed working very hard to lift something, and when I came to them, I found that they were trying to move a stick only about a foot in diameter and twelve feet long. It was so heavy that they could hardly stir it. This made me wonder what kind of wood it was; and on looking about I saw here and there fresh-cut ends of sticks or logs that were of strange colors. Some were red, some yellow, some green, some black. And all had figures and marks on the end to tell their size and even their weight. I soon found out that the yard was not filled with refuse timber, but with rare and costly woods used for making furniture and objects of art. So those rough, crooked sticks were worth more than ten times as much clear lumber of common kinds. Just then the owner of the yard came up, and told me about the various woods.

“These large square logs of red wood are mahogany from Mexico, and Spanish cedar. You see that many of them are squared in a queer shape, smaller at one end than at the other. The size does not grow less by tapering gradually, but by deep steps or notches on each side every few feet.

The logs must be squared to stow closely in a ship's hold; but this hewing away of the log wastes a great deal of wood—often the best part. So we went to Mexico some years ago, and built a saw-mill to saw up the logs instead of chopping them. But the natives were afraid that the mill would take away their work, and they burnt it down. We built it up again; but as they soon destroyed it a second time, we had to let them go on in their old way. All the costly woods from Africa, South America, and other wild countries are still wasted in this way.”

“How many kinds of fine wood are there?”

“I cannot tell, exactly; but there are several hundred, and perhaps thousands. New woods are being found every year, and some of them are made into furniture as an experiment. People are now finishing the walls of fine houses with wood instead of plaster, so that new woods are wanted to match the new styles of furnishing houses. Some years ago, we Americans followed the French fashions in furniture, and used a great deal of black walnut. One tree, or three logs of it about three feet in diameter, sold in this city for about \$40,000. Of course it had a very uncommon grain, and was therefore very valuable. But black walnut is not a good wood for furniture; it warps and springs, and works the joints loose. We now follow the English taste in household matters, and use more mahogany, rose-wood and oak. These are very durable and beautiful woods, and solid furniture made of them lasts many lifetimes. The best mahogany comes from the south side of the island of San Domingo; but very good wood comes also from the western shores of the Gulf of Mexico, about Santa Anna, Tupilco and Chiltepec. The best is worth as high as \$2.82 per foot in the log; but I once saw a piece valued at \$4 per foot. Rose-wood grows in Brazil. This heavy wood is sold by weight in logs, from three to twelve cents a pound. Satin-wood from San Domingo is worth \$2 per foot. Some kinds of oak are very valuable. A single room in a house in San Francisco is finished with brown weathered oak, imported in logs from England at a cost of \$10,000. This weathered oak is turned almost as dark as walnut by exposure to the weather. The logs are allowed to lie on the ground for fifty years; and the rain and sun strike the brown color clear through them. Bog-oak is another valuable kind of oak. It is found buried many feet deep in the bogs of Ireland. The trees

fell many centuries ago in these swamps, and were gradually covered by the peat; and after soaking so long in the black mold they have turned almost as black as coal."

As we walked about the yard and stopped at various lots of timber, the horses and men kept at work hauling and piling logs that came out of the vessels. The yard that at first had seemed full of old rubbish now seemed a very different place to me.

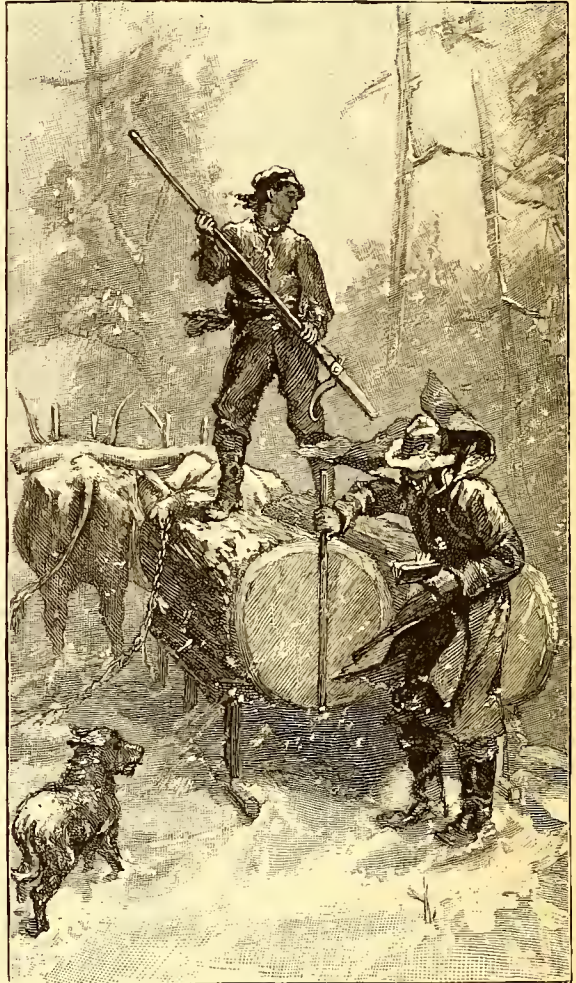
"What is the value of all these piles of wood?" I asked.

"I don't know, exactly; but probably about \$400,000. You would be surprised at the variety of uses of some of these foreign woods. This pencil cedar from Florida is made into closets, piano actions, pencils, painters' brushes, and into coffins. There is a pile of box-wood from Turkey; the sticks look like cord-wood, but they are worth just now about \$250 per ton. It is used for wood-engraving, for printing the illustrations of ST. NICHOLAS and other magazines. The sticks are all sawed up across the grain, into little pieces about one inch thick; these are squared, fitted together very nicely, so as to leave no cracks, then glued together to make blocks of any size. The blocks are then planed and scraped till the surface is quite flat and smooth. The artist draws the pictures on these blocks; then the engraver cuts the lines into the wood with sharp chisels, so that the ink will stick where it is wanted, and leave the block clean in other places. Box-wood is the best for this purpose, because its grain is very close and fine; and the blocks are made so as to present the ends of the grain to the surface, because the fibers in this position do not break or split in cutting or in printing. This granadilla, or cocus, a heavy, dense wood, almost black, is used to make knife handles. It looks like horn. Cocobolo is another close-grained wood, in color somewhat like rose-wood, used for the same purpose. They are so dense that they hold the rivets of the knife without splitting. Snake-wood, which has a grain that resembles the marks on some kinds of serpents, is worth eight cents a pound. It is used now and then to decorate furniture. Spanish cedar is one of the largest trees we import. I saw, in a Mexican port, a vessel about seventy feet long and eight feet wide, that had been cut out of a cedar log. She carried two masts and a bowsprit, and made quite long voyages. Here, now, is a log just arrived; it is four feet two inches by two feet five

inches on the end, and nineteen feet long; it is worth \$400. The heaviest wood we use is lignum-vitæ, from San Domingo. It is made into dead-eyes for ships, into the sheaves of blocks, boxes for machinery, and ten-pin balls. It is worth from \$12 to \$50 per ton. There is not much of it in a ton; for that stick, about eighteen inches in diameter and three feet eight inches long, weighs 518 pounds."

"I suppose that, as new countries are explored, new woods are found that are valuable?"

"Yes; and some of the new woods are tried now and then, but they are not very valuable until



MEASURING A LOG.

they become fashionable. The colors of some of them are very pretty, such as that of the Colorado wood, like a blood-orange, and the amarilla, a bright yellow. A very costly wood is obtained

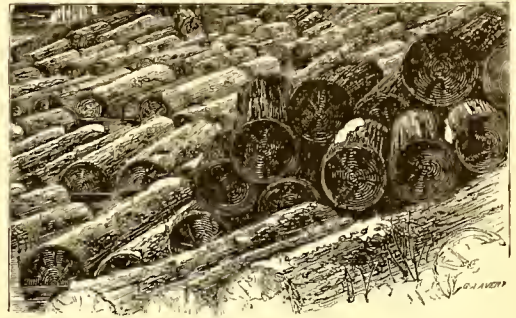
from the French walnut burls. They do not grow in France, but on the Circassian mountains about the Black Sea. They are called French, because we buy them in France. The burl is a wart, or knot, that forms on the side of a young tree; it has fibers and sap-vessels running from its root, or center, to its outer sides, or bark, by which it nourishes leaves and grows as the tree grows. The consequence is that the grain of the burl is very much twisted, and figured with pretty lines and knots. They often grow larger than the trunk of the tree which bears them. You must have seen them often on oaks, maples and beeches in our forests. I had a French burl last year that was seven feet high, five feet thick, and weighed 5000 pounds. Some fine burls are worth as much as thirty-five cents a pound. A lumber dealer, traveling in Canada, saw a man trying to split up and burn a large burl. He bought it for \$6; took it to Toronto and sold it for \$50. From there it came to New York, was cut up into veneers, and one-half of the veneers were sold for \$2500."

I left the yard to visit a veneer mill, where these burls and some of the woods are cut into strips so thin that twenty-eight of them together are only one inch thick. The logs are steamed twelve hours; then they are fastened in a machine where a knife shaves them up in broad sheets. These thin pieces are then put between the shelves of a hydraulic press heated to 400°, and kept there a few minutes to straighten and dry them. The burls, also, are shaved up into very thin sheets; a burl, you see, is shaped like the half of an apple, and the best of the grain is on the outside; so they make the knife take a circular motion over the top of the burl, and cut off a sheet from the round side, as you might cut off a strip of the apple-rind. The next cut takes off a sheet from the same place; and so the knife cuts up the whole burl, always taking the sheet from the circumference instead of from the flat base. Then all the veneers are set up edgewise in racks that stand out-of-doors, exposed to the sun, rain and wind. After they are thoroughly seasoned they are kept in a dry room; all the veneers that came from each burl are piled up together, in their natural order, so that each pile seems like the burl again, although it is now composed of sheets almost as thin as paper. And as the fibers all start from the center or roots of the burl and run out to the circumference, all the sheets from a burl seem generally alike,—copies, as it were, of one picture, with the same general lines and colors.

These beautiful veneers are often glued on to the common woods of which furniture is usually made; but such sham-work is neither honest nor durable, and it would be much better to make

expensive furniture of real, solid, fine woods, and common furniture of solid common woods.

After going through all the various changes, these rare woods from foreign climes might tell interesting stories, if our furniture could talk: of



their life in the great tropical forests, where monkeys and gorgeous birds played in their branches, and alligators, lions and elephants lived at their feet; of their death when half-naked savages cut them down; of their burial in the hold of ships to be brought to a great city; of their being cut up into pieces by steam saws; of their long stay in the workshops, where they were planed, and carved, and polished; of their coming out again into the world as chairs, tables and cabinets; and of the various scenes they afterward witnessed in society. You see, rare woods hold a very important position in the world.

But American boys need not buy foreign woods for their workshops; for the forests of their own country furnish a great variety of pretty grains and colors.

You can make a very interesting collection of them for a little museum by getting a piece of each kind of tree, about six inches long and three to four inches thick; leave the bark on, saw it in two in the center, and then plane, smooth and varnish the flat wood-side and the ends. You will thus learn the bark and the grain of every tree from its heart to its sap-wood. You could make a more compact collection—a kind of library edition of trees—by taking short pieces of boards, cutting them into the size and shape of small books, smoothing and varnishing them; then mark their names on the back as books are labeled, and place them on shelves. You might have also a separate division for foreign woods, and ask your sailing and traveling friends to bring you some pieces from distant countries, so that, when people come to see how much you know about woods, you could show them many volumes of practical, solid worth. You would get to know and to like all the trees

and their woods; and if you will take the trouble to observe the work of wagon-makers, carpenters, cabinet-makers, you will learn the uses for which each is best adapted.

If you are a mechanic, you can make pretty chess-boards containing a collection of many woods, —maple, birch, and other light-colored woods for the white squares, and black walnut, apple-tree, and other dark woods for the black squares. If you have a lathe, you can make vases and cups showing beautiful colors and lines. If you live where trees are not very valuable, take a saw, an axe and a mattock, and drive into the forest to collect a store of wood for turning and for making small objects.

I need not tell you here what special kinds of trees to choose, because half the pleasure of the work lies in discovering for yourself the qualities of each tree. But I will advise you what parts of a tree are the best for your use.

In the first place, then, do not fail to take a sample of every wood you can easily get; even the door-yard lilac-bush has a beautiful, close grain, and the common sumac has a rare olive-green hue; indeed, every tree of a close, firm texture has some peculiar grain, color or quality. Of course you are not to cut down large trees just for this amusement; but you are to take a branch now and then,—pick up pieces of cord-wood, perhaps,—and collect odd bits from brush-fences, and from trees already blown or cut down. The grain is generally prettiest in the most cross-grained pieces,—as where two branches join, or where a knot turns the fibers around it,—for in such pieces the lines and colors are most varied. Knots them-

self, if sound, are choice bits for turning; they present dark, rich colors, and close, varied grain; and, being hard, they turn smoothly and take a fine polish. The roots of some trees have a pretty grain, very much twisted and crossed, particularly where the roots branch off, and where they crook about stones in the soil. Wounded places on the trunk or branches often show curious lines and stains. Then the warts or burls growing on the trunk make very beautiful saucers or vases; those on maples and birches, when large enough, are sold to make large wooden bread-bowls or trays, because the grain is so crossed and interwoven that the wood does not split or crack. The heart, also, of many trees is very hard, dark, and pretty for turning.

You will find the search a pleasant excursion, —climbing trees, chopping, sawing, and digging in banks,—and driving home again with a lot of crooked, gnarled roots, forks, knots and burls. The only drawback is that they should be well seasoned before use, and this seasoning is perfectly secured only by storing them for three years under shelter, and where the air has a perfectly free circulation. Some will think them a worthless lot of rubbish, but you know that they are rare woods, and that they hide many beautiful lines and colors under their rough bark. You long for the day when you can take them in hand and make them into pretty vases, saucers and candlesticks for your friends. And the more you study woods the more interest you will feel in them, and the more pleasure you will take in the workshop where they are so useful, and in the forest where the trees are so beautiful.

A LUCKY STROKE.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

TOM MORTON was a young English fellow, who lived in Australia. He had been there for two or three years, and greatly enjoyed the outdoor life which he led, for, as his father was an extensive sheep-farmer, he had plenty of opportunities for all the open-air exercise the most active and healthy boy could desire. If anything was wanted from the town, twenty miles away, or if anything was to be done at the farthest point of the sheep-range, Tom was the fellow to mount his horse and ride away to attend to the matter.

One day, he had had a very long ride, and coming back late in the afternoon, he thought he would try a short cut. To do this, he must ford a small river, which was bridged a few miles above. He knew that there was a fordable place in the stream, somewhere near where he was, and if he could find it, it would save him nearly all the distance to the bridge, and back again.

He thought that he could better explore the bank of the river on foot, and so he tied his horse to a tree, and made his way through the reeds to

the water. There were not many trees hereabout, and he could see better than in the woods where he had been riding, but he could find no place which looked as if it had been used as a ford. He walked quite a distance up the stream, and was about to give up his search, when he heard a

western plains. These savages were armed with spears, and were approaching the river. It is probable that they had had no idea that any white person was near by, until Tom so rashly raised his head above the weeds. Then a great shout gave token that they saw him, and instantly every



"HE DID NOT SEE THE RECKLESS FELLOW BEHIND HIM."

sound which startled him. It was like a footstep upon crackling twigs. He stopped and listened. He heard another—many of them!

He greatly wondered who could be stealing along in this way; but as he incautiously looked up over the reeds, he was amazed and frightened. It was a band of native blacks, or bushmen, as they are called, who are often as dangerous to meet as the hostile Indians of our

black rascal of them rushed toward him with brandished spear and fearful yells.

Poor Tom had not a moment to think what he should do. There was only one thing that he could do, and that was to jump into the river. He threw off his hat and sprang into the water, without hesitating a moment.

His first idea, which he formed as he gave his jump, was to swim under water to the opposite

bank, but he soon found that he could not do this. The river was too wide, and he could not hold his breath long enough. He soon would be obliged to show his head above water, and the moment he did this he might expect to have half a dozen spears hurled at him. So, before his breath gave out, he turned and swam back to the bank from which he started, coming up gently among some tall reeds growing in the water. Here he crouched, with only his head above the water, and watched the enemy.

The current had carried him some little distance down the river, but the blacks were not far from him, some on the bank and some standing in the water. By the attitude of the latter, whom he could plainly see, he supposed that they all were waiting with their spears poised, ready to hurl them at him the moment his head appeared above the surface.

But it did not appear, and, judging from their cries and movements, they seemed much astonished at this. They had seen him go down, why did n't he come up? Even if he had swum across under water, the opposite bank was in full sight, and they could have seen him when he reached it.

But as he did not appear, they must have concluded that he was capable of staying under water like a fish, or that he had struck a stone or sunken log when he dived, and had been stunned. Evidently, they thought he was somewhere at the bottom, for they all waded in up to their waists, and began thrusting their spears into the water.

Some went up the river, and some went down; they even crossed over, for the water was not higher than their chins, and wickedly jabbed their spears down to the bottom, at every step.

Poor Tom trembled. Had not the daylight been so nearly gone, they might have seen the reeds about him shake a little. At any moment they might thrust their spears into the very place where he was crouching!

But they seemed to fancy that he must be at some distance from the bank, from which he jumped in, for the water near shore was not very deep, and they had seen him leap far out; and so, for the greater part of the time, they kept near the middle, and toward the opposite side.

It was not long, however, before a number of them began to cluster together, very near Tom's hiding-place. He could see them very plainly, through the reeds. Some seemed to be infuriated by their failure and were thrusting about wildly, while others were talking and gesticulating as if they were advising some different plan of action. One man began to thrust his spear into the reeds, not ten feet from poor Tom!

At this moment one of the savages, who was blindly jabbing about in every direction, approached a man who was calling to some others, apparently directing them to go up stream. He did not see the reckless fellow behind him, who, in his turn, did not notice the other, and giving a fierce thrust downward, he struck the man who was speaking fair in the heel.

The moment he felt that his spear had caught in something, the man who had made the thrust threw up his weapon, by putting his left hand, in which he held a rude shield, under the spear, and giving it a powerful jerk into the air. As he did this, up came the foot he had speared, and down went the unfortunate owner of the foot, face foremost into the water!

There was a tremendous splash, and a great yell of triumph. Everybody hastened to the spot where the exulting spearman held up the foot of his victim. But the surrounding savages had barely time to see that it was a black foot and a naked one, and therefore could not be that of the white boy who had jumped into the river, before the foot, which was only held by its tough, thick skin, was jerked away from the spear, and the submerged savage arose from the bottom, dripping with water, but with flashing eyes and cries of rage. Raising his spear, which he had never dropped, he glared around for an instant, to see who had done this outrageous deed. It was scarcely possible to make a mistake. The man who had speared him stood there, with his weapon in almost the same position as when it held the unfortunate foot in the air.

Instantly the angry savage dashed at him, and as instantly the blundering spearman fled as fast as he could through the water.

The pursued man dived to escape the spear which was hurled at him by his assailant, and then, followed by the whole party, yelling and shouting, the two savages made their way toward the opposite shore. Bounding up the bank, the injured man only stopping for an instant to pick up his spear, the band of howling blacks disappeared in the woods.

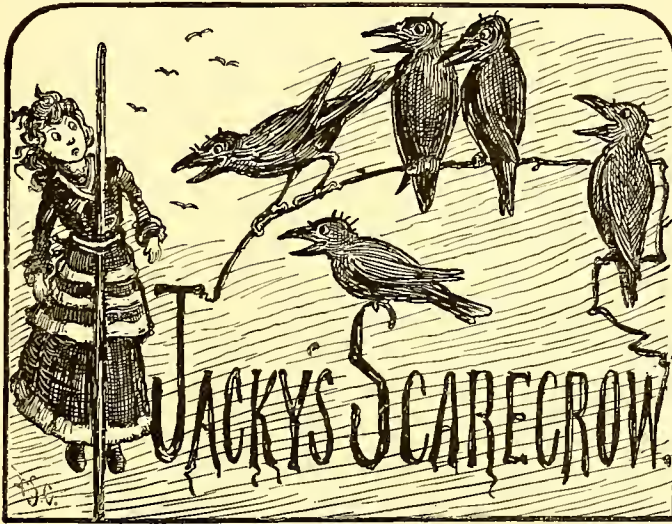
Tom waited until the sound of their harsh voices had died away, and then he crept out of his hiding-place, so chilled and stiff that at first he could scarcely walk, but with a heart full of joy and thankfulness for the great escape he had made. He pushed along down the river, about as far as he thought he had come up, and then turned inland to look for his horse. It was now so dark in the woods that he could not see for any considerable distance, and after wandering about for some time, he began to fear that the animal had broken away and that he might yet be left in these lonely woods, to fall a victim to his black pursuers,

who might return at any time, or to some other band of equally savage bushmen, who might come prowling in that direction.

But suddenly he heard a whinny, not far from him, and hurrying toward the joyful sound, he found his horse, tied just as he had left him, and leaping on his back, dripping, shivering, and without a hat, he rode away, at full gallop, for the bridge, the happiest boy in all Australia!

No more short cuts for him, after sundown, in that wild part of the country!

He never heard whether the fellow who had had his foot stuck succeeded in catching the fellow who stuck it, or whether the blacks ever came back to look for the white boy who had disappeared in the river; but he never ceased to believe that no one could have made a more lucky stroke for him than that made by the blundering Australian savage.



BY MRS. C. A. WYCKOFF

JACKY, Jacky, always naughty,
Said unto himself one day,
"Guess I'll make a jolly scarecrow
Of my sister's dolly,—May."

Down with eager steps he hurries
Out into the glowing morn,
Where the sun is brightly shining
On the fields of spring' corn.

Then he ties poor Dolly safely
To a pole in merry glee,—
Such a pretty little scarecrow
'T was a funny sight to see!—

Plants the pole down very firmly,
Gazes at the cloudless sky,

Laughs to think how it would frighten
Every crow that circled nigh.

Well content he is, and happy,
Though pursued by unseen wrath,
For behind comes uncle Arthur,
Softly walking down the path.



Uncle Arthur, shocked and awful!
Carried home the sister's pet.
Jack went, too, in anxious silence;—
And the crows are laughing yet.

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XV.

SAINT LUCY.

SATURDAY was a busy and a happy time to Jack, for in the morning Mr. Acton came to see him, having heard the story overnight, and promised to keep Bob's secret while giving Jack an acquittal as public as the reprimand had been. Then he asked for the report which Jack had bravely received the day before and put away without showing to anybody.

"There is one mistake here which we must rectify," said Mr. Acton, as he crossed out the low figures under the word "Behavior," and put the much desired 100 there.

"But I did break the rule, sir," said Jack, though his face glowed with pleasure, for Mamma was looking on.

"I overlook that as I should your breaking into my house if you saw it was on fire. You ran to save a friend, and I wish I could tell those fellows why you were there. It would do them good. I am not going to praise you, John, but I did believe you in spite of appearances, and I am glad to have for a pupil a boy who loves his neighbor better than himself."

Then, having shaken hands heartily, Mr. Acton went away, and Jack flew off to have rejoicings with Jill, who sat up on her sofa, without knowing it, so eager was she to hear all about the call.

In the afternoon, Jack drove his mother to the Captain's, confiding to her on the way what a hard time he had when he went before, and how nothing but the thought of cheering Bob kept him up when he slipped and hurt his knee, and his boot sprung a leak, and the wind came up very cold, and the hill seemed an endless mountain of mud and snow.

Mrs. Minot had such a gentle way of putting things that she would have won over a much harder man than the strict old Captain, who heard the story with interest, and was much pleased with the boys' efforts to keep Bob straight. That young person dodged away into the barn with Jack, and only appeared at the last minute to shove a bag of chestnuts into the chaise. But he got a few kind words that did him good, from Mrs. Minot and the Captain, and from that day felt himself under bonds to behave well if he would keep their confidence.

"I shall give Jill the nuts; and I wish I had something she wanted very, very much, for I do

think she ought to be rewarded for getting me out of the mess," said Jack, as they drove happily home again.

"I hope to have something in a day or two that *will* delight her very much. I will say no more now, but keep my little secret and let it be a surprise to all by and by," answered his mother, looking as if she had not much doubt about the matter.

"That will be jolly. You are welcome to your secret, Mamma. I've had enough of them for one while," and Jack shrugged his broad shoulders as if a burden had been taken off.

In the evening Ed came, and Jack was quite satisfied when he saw how pleased his friend was at what he had done.

"I never meant you should take so much trouble, only be kind to Bob," said Ed, who did not know how strong his influence was, nor what a sweet example of quiet well-doing his own life was to all his mates.

"I wished to be really useful; not just to talk about it and do nothing. That is n't your way, and I want to be like you," answered Jack, with such affectionate sincerity that Ed could not help believing him, though he modestly declined the compliment by saying, as he began to play softly, "Better than I am, I hope. I don't amount to much."

"Yes, you do! and if any one says you don't I'll shake him. I can't tell what it is, only you always look so happy and contented—sort of sweet and shiny," said Jack, as he stroked the smooth brown head, rather at a loss to describe the unusually fresh and sunny expression of Ed's face, which was always cheerful, yet had a certain thoughtfulness that made it very attractive to both young and old.

"Soap makes him shiny; I never saw such a fellow to wash and brush," put in Frank, as he came up with one of the pieces of music he and Ed were fond of practicing together.

"I don't mean that!" said Jack, indignantly. "I wash and brush till you call me a dandy, but I don't have the same look—it seems to come from the inside, somehow, as if he was always jolly and clean and good in his mind, you know."

"Born so," said Frank, rumbling away in the bass with a pair of hands that would have been the better for some of the above-mentioned soap, for he did not love to do much in the washing and brushing line.

"I suppose that's it. Well, I like it, and I shall keep on trying, for being loved by every one is about the nicest thing in the world. Is n't it, Ed?" asked Jack, with a gentle tweak of the ear as he put a question which he knew would get no answer, for Ed was so modest he could not see wherein he differed from other boys, nor believe that the sunshine he saw in other faces was only the reflection from his own.

Sunday evening Mrs. Minot sat by the fire, planning how she should tell some good news she had been saving up all day. Mrs. Pecq knew it, and seemed so delighted that she went about smiling as if she did not know what trouble meant, and could not do enough for the family. She was down-stairs now, seeing that the clothes were properly prepared for the wash, so there was no one in the Bird-Room but Mamma and the children. Frank was reading up all he could find about some biblical hero mentioned in the day's sermon; Jill lay where she had lain for nearly four long months, and though her face was pale and thin with the confinement, there was an expression on it now sweeter even than health. Jack sat on the rug beside her, looking at a white carnation through the magnifying glass, while she was enjoying the perfume of a red one as she talked to him.

"If you look at the white petals you'll see that they sparkle like marble, and go winding along way down to the middle of the flower where it grows sort of rosy; and in among the small, curly leaves, like fringed curtains, you can see the little green fairy sitting all alone. Your mother showed me that, and I think it is very pretty. I call it a 'fairy,' but it is really where the seeds are hidden and the sweet smell comes from."

Jill spoke softly lest she should disturb the others, and, as she turned to push up her pillow, she saw Mrs. Minot looking at her with a smile she did not understand.

"Did you speak, 'm?" she asked, smiling back again, without in the least knowing why.

"No, dear. I was listening and thinking what a pretty little story one could make out of your fairy living alone down there, and only known by her perfume."

"Tell it, Mamma. It is time for our story, and that would be a nice one, I guess," said Jack, who was as fond of stories as when he sat in his mother's lap and chuckled over the hero of the bean-stalk.

"We don't have fairy tales on Sunday, you know," began Jill, regretfully.

"Call it a parable, and have a moral to it, then it will be all right," put in Frank, as he shut his big book, having found what he wanted.

"I like stories about saints, and the good and wonderful things they did," said Jill, who enjoyed

the wise and interesting bits Mrs. Minot often found for her in grown-up books, for Jill had thoughtful times, and asked questions which showed that she was growing fast in mind if not in body.

"This is a true story; but I will disguise it a little, and call it 'The Miracle of St. Lucy,'" began Mrs. Minot, seeing a way to tell her good news and amuse the children likewise.

Frank retired to the easy chair, that he might sleep if the tale should prove too childish for him. Jill settled herself among her cushions, and Jack lay flat upon the rug, with his feet up, so that he could admire his red slippers and rest his knee, which ached.

"Once upon a time there was a queen who had two princes——"

"Was n't there a princess?" asked Jack, interested at once.

"No; and it was a great sorrow to the queen that she had no little daughter, for the sons were growing up, and she was often very lonely."

"Like Snowdrop's mother," whispered Jill.

"Now, don't keep interrupting, children, or we never shall get on," said Frank, more anxious to hear about the boys than the girl that was not.

"One day, when the princes were out,—ahem! —we'll say hunting,—they found a little damsel lying on the snow, half dead with cold, they thought. She was the child of a poor woman who lived in the forest,—a wild little thing, always dancing and singing about; as hard to catch as a squirrel, and so fearless she would climb the highest trees, leap broad brooks, or jump off the steep rocks to show her courage. The boys carried her home to the palace, and the queen was glad to have her. She had fallen and hurt herself, so she lay in bed week after week, with her mother to take care of her——"

"That's you," whispered Jack, throwing the white carnation at Jill, and she threw back the red one, with her finger on her lips, for the tale was *very* interesting now.

"She did not suffer much after a time, but she scolded and cried, and could not be resigned, because she was a prisoner. The queen tried to help her, but she could not do much; the princes were kind, but they had their books and plays, and were away a good deal. Some friends she had came often to see her, but still she beat her wings against the bars, like a wild bird in a cage, and soon her spirits were all gone, and it was sad to see her."

"Where was your St. Lucy? I thought it was about her," asked Jack, who did not like to have Jill's past troubles dwelt upon, since his were not.

"She is coming. Saints are not born—they are made after many trials and tribulations," answered his mother, looking at the fire as if it helped her to spin her little story. "Well, the poor child used to sing sometimes to while away the long hours—sad songs mostly, and one among them which the queen taught her was 'Sweet Patience, Come.'

"This she used to sing a great deal after a while, never dreaming that Patience was an angel who could hear and obey. But it was so; and one night, when the girl had lulled herself to sleep with that song, the angel came. Nobody saw the lovely spirit with tender eyes, and a voice that was like balm. No one heard the rustle of wings as she hovered over the little bed and touched the lips, the eyes, the hands of the sleeper, and then flew away, leaving three gifts behind. The girl did not know why, but after that night the songs grew gayer, there seemed to be more sunshine everywhere her eyes looked, and her hands were never tired of helping others in various pretty, useful or pleasant ways. Slowly the wild bird ceased to beat against the bars, but sat in its cage and made music for all in the palace, till the queen could not do without it, the poor mother cheered up, and the princes called the girl their nightingale."

"Was that the miracle?" asked Jack, forgetting all about his slippers, as he watched Jill's eyes brighten and the color come up in her white cheeks.

"That was the miracle, and Patience can work far greater ones if you will let her."

"And the girl's name was Lucy?"

"Yes; they did not call her a saint then, but she was trying to be as cheerful as a certain good woman she had heard of, and so the queen had that name for her, though she did not let her know it for a long time."

"That's not bad for a Sunday story, but there might have been more about the princes, seems to me," was Frank's criticism, as Jill lay very still, trying to hide her face behind the carnation, for she had no words to tell how touched and pleased she was to find that her little efforts to be good had been seen, remembered, and now rewarded in this way.

"There is more."

"Then the story is n't done?" cried Jack.

"Oh dear, no; the most interesting things are to come, if you can wait for them."

"Yes, I see, this is the moral part. Now keep still, and let us have the rest," commanded Frank, while the others composed themselves for the sequel, suspecting that it was rather nice, because Mamma's sober face changed, and her eyes laughed as they looked at the fire.

"The elder prince was very fond of driving

dragons, for the people of that country used these fiery monsters as horses."

"And got run away with, did n't he?" laughed Jack, adding, with great interest, "What did the other fellow do?"

"He went about fighting other people's battles, helping the poor, and trying to do good. But he lacked judgment, so he often got into trouble, and was in such a hurry that he did not always stop to find out the wisest way. As when he gave away his best coat to a beggar boy, instead of the old one which he intended to give."

"I say, that is n't fair, Mother! Neither of them was new, and the boy needed the best more than I did, and I wore the old one all winter, did n't I?" asked Jack, who had rather exulted over Frank, and was now taken down himself.

"Yes, you did, my dear; and it was not an easy thing for my dandiprat to do. Now listen, and I'll tell you how they both learned to be wiser. The elder prince soon found that the big dragons were too much for him, and set about training his own little one, who now and then ran away with him. Its name was Will, a good servant, but a bad master; so he learned to control it, and in time this gave him great power over himself, and fitted him to be a king over others."

"Thank you, Mother; I'll remember my part of the moral. Now give Jack his," said Frank, who liked the dragon episode, as he had been wrestling with his own of late, and found it hard to manage.

"He had a fine example before him in a friend, and he followed it more reasonably till he grew able to use wisely one of the best and noblest gifts of God—benevolence."

"Now tell about the girl. Was there more to that part of the story?" asked Jack, well pleased with his moral, as it took Ed in likewise.

"That is the best of all, but it seems as if I never should get to it. After Patience made Lucy sweet and cheerful, she began to have a curious power over those about her, and to work little miracles herself, though she did not know it. The queen learned to love her so dearly she could not let her go; she cheered up all her friends when they came with their small troubles; the princes found bright eyes, willing hands and a kind heart always at their service, and felt, without quite knowing why, that it was good for them to have a gentle little creature to care for; so they softened their rough manners, loud voices and careless ways, for her sake, and when it was proposed to take her away to her own home they could not give her up, but said she must stay longer, did n't they?"

"I'd like to see them saying anything else," said Frank, while Jack sat up to demand, fiercely:

"Who talks about taking Jill away?"

"Lucy's mother thought she ought to go, and said so, but the queen told her how much good it did them all to have her there, and begged the dear woman to let her little cottage and come and be housekeeper in the palace, for the queen was getting lazy, and liked to sit and read, and talk, and sew with Lucy, better than to look after things."

"And she said she would?" cried Jill, clasping her hands in her anxiety, for she had learned to love her cage now.

laughed more than ever as three astonished faces turned to her, and three voices cried out:

"Still more?"

"The very best of all. You must know that, while Lucy was busy for others, she was not forgotten, and when she was expecting to lie on her bed through the summer, plans were being made for all sorts of pleasant changes. First of all, she was to have a nice little brace to support the back which was growing better every day; then, as the warm weather came on, she was to go out, or



THE STORY OF ST. LUCY.

"Yes!" Mrs. Minot had no time to say more, for one of the red slippers flew up in the air, and Jack had to clap both hands over his mouth to suppress the "hurrah!" that nearly escaped. Frank said, "That's good!" and nodded with his most cordial smile at Jill, who pulled herself up with cheeks now as rosy as the red carnation, and a little catch in her breath as she said to herself:

"It's too lovely to be true."

"That's a first-rate end to a very good story," began Jack, with grave decision, as he put on his slipper and sat up to pat Jill's hand, wishing it was not quite so like a little claw.

"That's not the end," and Mamma's eyes

lie on the piazza; and by and by, when school was done, she was to go with the queen and the princes for a month or two down to the sea-side, where fresh air and salt water were to build her up in the most delightful way. There, now! is n't that the best ending of all?" and Mamma paused to read her answer in the bright faces of two of the listeners, for Jill hid hers in the pillow, and lay quite still, as if it was too much for her.

"That will be regularly splendid! I'll row you all about—boating is so much easier than riding, and I like it on salt water," said Frank, going to sit on the arm of the sofa, quite excited by the charms of the new plan.

"And I'll teach you to swim, and roll you over the beach, and get sea-weed and shells, and no end of nice things, and we'll all come home as strong as lions," added Jack, scrambling up as if about to set off at once.

"The doctor says you have been doing finely of late, and the brace will come to-morrow, and the first really mild day you are to have a breath of fresh air. Wont that be good?" asked Mrs. Minot, hoping her story had not been too interesting.

"Is she crying?" said Jack, much concerned, as he patted the pillow in his most soothing way, while Frank lifted one curl after another to see what was hidden underneath.

Not tears, for two eyes sparkled behind the fingers, then the hands came down like clouds from before the sun, and Jill's face shone out so bright and happy it did one's heart good to see it.

"I'm not crying," she said, with a laugh which was fuller of blithe music than any song she sung. "But it was so splendid, it sort of took my breath away for a minute. I thought I was n't any better, and never should be, and I made up my mind I would n't ask, it would be so hard for any one to tell me so. Now I see why the doctor made me stand up and told me to get my baskets ready to go a-Maying. I thought he was in fun; did he really mean I could go?" asked Jill, expecting too much, for a word of encouragement made her as hopeful as she had been despondent before.

"No, dear, not so soon as that. It will be months, probably, before you can walk and run, as you used to; but they will soon pass. You need n't mind about May-day; it is always too cold for flowers, and you will find more here among your own plants than on the hills, to fill your baskets," answered Mrs. Minot, hastening to suggest something pleasant to beguile the time of probation.

"I can wait. Months are not years, and if I'm truly getting well, everything will seem beautiful and easy to me," said Jill, laying herself down again, with the patient look she had learned to wear, and gathering up the scattered carnations to enjoy their spicy breath, as if the fairies hidden there had taught her some of their sweet secrets.

"Dear little girl, it has been a long, hard trial for you, but it is coming to an end, and I think you will find that it has not been time wasted. I don't want you to be a saint quite yet, but I am sure a gentler Jill will rise up from that sofa than the one who lay down there in December."

"How could I help growing better, when you were so good to me?" cried Jill, putting up both arms, as Mrs. Minot went to take Frank's place, and he retired to the fire, there to stand surveying the scene with calm approval.

"You have done quite as much for us; so we are even. I proved that to your mother, and she is going to let the little house and take care of the big one for me, while I borrow you to keep me happy and make the boys gentle and kind. That is the bargain, and we get the best of it," said Mrs. Minot, looking well pleased, while Jack added, "That 's so!" and Frank observed, with an air of conviction, "We could n't get on without Jill, possibly."

"Can I do all that? I did n't know I was of any use. I only tried to be good and grateful, for there did n't seem to be anything else I could do," said Jill, wondering why they were all so fond of her.

"No real trying is ever in vain. It is like the spring rain, and flowers are sure to follow in good time. The three gifts Patience gave St. Lucy were courage, cheerfulness and love, and with these one can work the sweetest miracles in the world, as you see," and Mrs. Minot pointed to the pretty room and its happy inmates.

"Am I really the least bit like that good Lucinda? I tried to be, but I did n't think I was," asked Jill, softly.

"You are very like her in all ways but one. *She* did not get well and *you* will."

A short answer, but it satisfied Jill to her heart's core, and that night, when she lay in bed, she thought to herself: "How curious it is that I've been a sort of missionary without knowing it! They all love and thank me, and wont let me go, so I suppose I must have done something, but I don't know what, except trying to be good and pleasant."

That was the secret, and Jill found it out just when it was most grateful as a reward for past efforts, most helpful as an encouragement toward the constant well-doing which can make even a little girl a joy and comfort to all who know and love her.

CHAPTER XVI.

UP AT MERRY'S.

"Now fly 'round, child, and get your sweeping done up smart and early."

"Yes, mother."

"I shall want you to help me about the baking, by and by."

"Yes, mother."

"Roxy is cleaning the cellar-closets, so you'll have to get the vegetables ready for dinner. Father wants a boiled dish, and I shall be so busy I can't see to it."

"Yes, mother."

A cheerful voice gave the three answers, but it

cost Merry an effort to keep it so, for she had certain little plans of her own which made the work before her unusually distasteful. Saturday always was a trying day, for, though she liked to see rooms in order, she hated to sweep, as no speck escaped Mrs. Grant's eye, and only the good old-fashioned broom, wielded by a pair of strong arms, was allowed. Baking was another trial: she loved good bread and delicate pastry, but did not enjoy burning her face over a hot stove, daubing her hands with dough, or spending hours rolling out cookies for the boys; while a "boiled dinner" was her especial horror, as it was not elegant, and the washing of vegetables was a job she always shirked when she could.

However, having made up her mind to do her work without complaint, she ran upstairs to put on her dust-cap, trying to look as if sweeping was the joy of her life.

"It is such a lovely day, I did want to rake my garden, and have a walk with Molly, and finish my book so I can get another," she said, with a sigh, as she leaned out of the open window for a breath of the unusually mild air.

Down in the ten-acre lot the boys were carting and spreading loam; out in the barn her father was getting his plows ready; over the hill rose the smoke of the distant factory, and the river that turned the wheels was gliding through the meadows, where soon the blackbirds would be singing. Old Bess pawed the ground, eager to be off; the gray hens were scratching busily all about the yard; even the green things in the garden were pushing through the brown earth, softened by April rains, and there was a shimmer of sunshine over the wide landscape that made every familiar object beautiful with hints of spring, and the activity it brings.

Something made the old nursery hymn come into Merry's head, and humming to herself—

"In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,"

she tied on her cap, shouldered her broom, and fell to work so energetically that she soon swept her way through the chambers, down the front stairs to the parlor door, leaving freshness and order behind her as she went.

She always groaned when she entered that apartment, and got out of it again as soon as possible, for it was, like most country parlors, a prim and chilly place, with little beauty and no comfort. Black horse-hair furniture, very slippery and hard, stood against the wall; the table had its gift-books, albums, worsted mat and ugly lamp; the mantel-piece its china vases, pink shells and clock that never went; the gay carpet was kept distressingly bright by closed shutters six days out of the seven,

and a general air of go-to-meeting solemnity pervaded the room. Merry longed to make it pretty and pleasant, but her mother would allow of no change there, so the girl gave up her dreams of rugs and hangings, fine pictures and tasteful ornaments, and dutifully aired, dusted and shut up this awful apartment once a week, privately resolving that, if she ever had a parlor of her own, it should not be as dismal as a tomb.



"OVER THE HILL ROSE THE SMOKE OF THE FACTORY."

The dining-room was a very different place, for here Merry had been allowed to do as she liked, yet so gradual had been the change, that she would have found it difficult to tell how it came about. It seemed to begin with the flowers, for her father kept his word about the "posy pots," and got enough to make quite a little conservatory in the bay-window, which was sufficiently large for three rows all round, and hanging baskets overhead. Being discouraged by her first failure, Merry gave up trying to have things nice everywhere, and contented herself with making that one nook so pretty that the boys called it her "bower." Even busy Mrs. Grant owned that plants were not so messy as she expected, and the farmer was never tired of watching "little daughter" as she sat at work there, with her low chair, and table full of books.

The lamp helped, also, for Merry set up her own, and kept it so well trimmed that it burned clear and bright, shining on the green arch of ivy overhead,

and on the nasturtium vines framing the old glass, and peeping at their gay little faces and at the pretty young girl, so pleasantly that first her father came to read his paper by it, then her mother slipped in to rest on the ugly lounge in the corner, and finally the boys hovered about the door as if the "settin'-room" had grown more attractive than the kitchen.

But the open fire did more than anything else to win and hold them all, as it seldom fails to do when the black demon of an air-tight stove is banished from the hearth. After the room was cleaned till it shone, Merry begged to have the brass andirons put in, and offered to keep them as bright as gold if her mother would consent. So the great logs were kindled, and the flames went dancing up the chimney as if glad to be set free from their prison. It changed the whole room like magic, and no one could resist the desire to enjoy its cheery comfort. The farmer's three-cornered leathern chair soon stood on one side, and mother's rocker on the other, as they toasted their feet and dozed or chatted in the pleasant warmth.

The boys' slippers were always ready on the hearth; and when the big boots were once off, they naturally settled down about the table, where the tall lamp, with its pretty shade of pressed autumn-leaves, burned brightly, and the books and papers lay ready to their hands instead of being tucked out of sight in the closet. They were beginning to see that "Merry's notions" had some sense in them, since they were made comfortable, and good-naturedly took some pains to please her in various ways. Tom brushed his hair and washed his hands nicely before he came to table. Dick tried to lower his boisterous laughter, and Harry never smoked in the sitting-room. Even Roxy expressed her pleasure in seeing "things kind of spruced up," and Merry's gentle treatment of the hard-working drudge won her heart entirely.

The girl was thinking of these changes as she watered her flowers, dusted the furniture, and laid the fire ready for kindling; and, when all was done, she stood a minute to enjoy the pleasant room, full of spring sunshine, fresh air and exquisite order. It seemed to give her heart for more distasteful labors, and she fell to work at the pies as cheerfully as if she liked it.

Mrs. Grant was flying about the kitchen, getting the loaves of brown and white bread ready for the big oven. Roxy's voice came up from the cellar singing "Bounding Billows," with a swashing and scrubbing accompaniment which suggested that she was actually enjoying a "life on the ocean wave." Merry, in her neat cap and apron, stood smiling over her work as she deftly rolled and clipped, filled and covered, finding a certain sort of pleasure in doing it well, and adding interest to

it by crimping the crust, making pretty devices with strips of paste and star-shaped prickings of the fork.

"Good will giveth skill," says the proverb, and even particular Mrs. Grant was satisfied when she paused to examine the pastry with her experienced eye.

"You are a handy child and a credit to your bringing up, though I do say it. Those are as pretty pies as I 'd wish to eat, if they bake well, and there 's no reason why they should n't."

"May I make some tarts or rabbits of these bits? The boys like them, and I enjoy modeling this sort of thing," said Merry, who was trying to mold a bird, as she had seen Ralph do with clay to amuse Jill while the bust was going on.

"No, dear; there 's no time for knickknacks today. The beets ought to be on this minute. Run and get 'em, and be sure you scrape the carrots well."

Poor Merry put away the delicate task she was just beginning to like, and taking a pan went down cellar, wishing vegetables could be grown without earth, for she hated to put her hands in dirty water. A word of praise to Roxy made that grateful scrubber leave her work to poke about in the root-cellar, choosing "sech as was pretty much of a muchness, else they would n't bile even"; so Merry was spared that part of the job, and went up to scrape and wash without complaint, since it was for father. She was repaid at noon by the relish with which he enjoyed his dinner, for Merry tried to make even a boiled dish pretty by arranging the beets, carrots, turnips and potatoes in contrasting colors, with the beef hidden under the cabbage leaves.

"Now, I 'll rest and read for an hour, then I 'll rake my garden, or run down town to see Molly and get some seeds," she thought to herself, as she put away the spoons and glasses, which she liked to wash, that they might always be clear and bright.

"If you 've done all your own mending, there 's a heap of socks to be looked over. Then I 'll show you about darning the table-cloths. I do hate to have a stitch of work left over till Monday," said Mrs. Grant, who never took naps, and prided herself on sitting down to her needle at three P. M. every day.

"Yes, mother," and Merry went slowly upstairs, feeling that a part of Saturday ought to be a holiday after books and work all the week. As she braided up her hair, her eye fell upon the reflection of her own face in the glass. Not a happy nor a pretty one just then, and Merry was so unaccustomed to seeing any other, that involuntarily the frown smoothed itself out, the eyes

lost their weary look, the drooping lips curved into a smile, and, leaning her elbows on the bureau, she shook her head at herself, saying, half aloud, as she glanced at Ivanhoe lying near.

"You need n't look so cross and ugly just because you can't have what you want. Sweeping, baking and darning are not so bad as being plagued with lovers and carried off and burnt at the stake, so I wont envy poor Rebecca her jewels and curls and romantic times, but make the best of my own."

Then she laughed, and the bright face came back into the mirror, looking like an old friend, and Merry went on dressing with care, for she took pleasure in her own little charms, and felt a sense of comfort in knowing that she could always have one pretty thing to look at if she kept her own face serene and sweet. It certainly looked so as it bent over the pile of big socks half an hour later, and brightened with each that was laid aside. Her mother saw it, and, guessing why such wistful glances went from clock to window, kindly shortened the task of table-cloth darning by doing a good bit herself, before putting it into Merry's hands.

She was a good and loving mother in spite of her strict ways, and knew that it was better for her romantic daughter to be learning all the housewifely lessons she could teach her, than to be reading novels, writing verses, or philandering about with her head full of girlish fancies, quite innocent in themselves, but not the stuff to live on. So she wisely taught the hands that preferred to pick flowers, trim up rooms and mold birds, to work well with needle, broom and rolling-pin; put a receipt-book before the eyes that loved to laugh and weep over tender tales, and kept the young head and heart safe and happy with wholesome duties, useful studies, and such harmless pleasures as girls should love, instead of letting them waste their freshness in vague longings, idle dreams and frivolous pastimes.

But it was often hard to thwart the docile child, and lately she had seemed to be growing up so fast that her mother began to feel a new sort of tenderness for this sweet daughter, who was almost ready to take upon herself the cares, as well as triumphs and delights, of maidenhood. Something in the droop of the brown head, and the quick motion of the busy hand with a little burn on it, made it difficult for Mrs. Grant to keep Merry at work that day, and her eye watched the clock almost as impatiently as the girl's, for she liked to see the young face brighten when the hour of release came.

"What next?" asked Merry, as the last stitch was set, and she stifled a sigh on hearing the clock

strike four, for the sun was getting low, and the lovely afternoon going fast.

"One more job, if you are not too tired for it. I want the receipt for diet drink Miss Dawes promised me; would you like to run down and get it for me, dear?"

"Yes, mother!" and that answer was as blithe as a robin's chirp, for that was just where Merry wanted to go.

Away went thimble and scissors, and in five minutes away went Merry, skipping down the hill without a care in the world, for a happy heart sat singing within, and everything seemed full of beauty.

She had a capital time with Molly, called on Jill, did her shopping in the village, and had just turned to walk up the hill, when Ralph Evans came tramping along behind her, looking so pleased and proud about something that she could not help asking what it was, for they were great friends, and Merry thought that to be an artist was the most glorious career a man could choose.

"I know you've got some good news," she said, looking up at him as he touched his hat and fell into step with her, seeming more contented than before.

"I have, and was just coming up to tell you, for I was sure you would be glad. It is only a hope, a chance, but it is so splendid I feel as if I must shout and dance, or fly over a fence or two, to let off steam."

"Do tell me, quick; have you got an order?" asked Merry, full of interest at once, for artistic vicissitudes were very romantic, and she liked to hear about them.

"I may go abroad in the autumn."

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Is n't it? David German is going to spend a year in Rome, to finish a statue, and wants me to go along. Grandma is willing, as cousin Maria wants her for a long visit, so everything looks promising and I really think I may go."

"Wont it cost a great deal?" asked Merry, who, in spite of her little elegancies, had a good deal of her thrifty mother's common sense.

"Yes; and I've got to earn it. But I can—I know I can, for I've saved some, and I shall work like ten beavers all summer. I wont borrow if I can help it, but I know some one who would lend me five hundred if I wanted it," and Ralph looked as eager and secure as if the earning of twice that sum was a mere trifle when all the longing of his life was put into his daily tasks.

"I wish I had it to give you. It must be so splendid to feel that you can do great things if you only have the chance. And to travel, and see all the lovely pictures and statues, and people and

places in Italy. How happy you must be!" and Merry's eyes had the wistful look they always wore when she dreamed dreams of the world she loved to live in.

"I am—so happy that I'm afraid it never will happen. If I do go, I'll write and tell you all about the fine sights, and how I get on. Would you like me to?" asked Ralph, beginning enthusiastically and ending rather bashfully, for he admired Merry very much, and was not quite sure how this proposal would be received.

"Indeed I should! I'd feel so grand to have letters from Paris and Rome, and you'd have so much to tell it would be almost as good as going myself," she said, looking off into the daffodil sky, as they paused a minute on the hill-top to get breath, for both had walked as fast as they talked.

"And will you answer the letters?" asked Ralph, watching the innocent face, which looked unusually kind and beautiful to him in that soft light.

"Why, yes; I'd love to, only I shall not have anything interesting to say. What can I write about?" and Merry smiled as she thought how flat her letters, would sound after the exciting details his would doubtless give.

"Write about yourself, and all the rest of the people I know. Grandma will be gone, and I shall want to hear how you get on." Ralph looked very anxious indeed to hear, and Merry promised she would tell all about the other people, adding, as she turned from the evening peace and loveliness to the house, whence came the clatter of milk-pans and the smell of cooking:

"I never should have anything very nice to tell about myself, for I don't do interesting things as you do, and you would n't care to hear about school, and sewing, and messing 'round at home."

Merry gave a disdainful little sniff at the savory perfume of ham which saluted them, and paused with her hand on the gate, as if she found it pleasanter out there than in the house. Ralph seemed to agree with her, for, leaning on the gate, he lingered to say, with real sympathy in his tone and something else in his face:

"Yes, I should; so you write and tell me all about it. I did n't know you had any worries, for you always seemed like one of the happiest people in the world, with so many to pet and care for you, and plenty of money, and nothing very hard or hateful to do. You'd think you were well off if you knew as much about poverty and work and never getting what you want, as I do."

"You bear your worries so well that nobody knows you have them. I ought not to complain, and I wont, for I do have all I need. I'm so glad you are going to get what you want at last," and Merry held out her hand to say good-night, with

so much pleasure in her face that Ralph could not make up his mind to go just yet.

"I shall have to scratch 'round in a lively way before I do get it, for David says a fellow can't live on less than four or five hundred a year, even living as poor artists have to, in garrets and on crusts. I don't mind as long as Grandma is all right. She is away to-night, or I should not be here," he added, as if some excuse was necessary.

Merry needed no hint, for her tender heart was touched by the vision of her friend in a garret, and she suddenly rejoiced that there was ham and eggs for supper, so that he might be well fed once, at least, before he went away to feed on artistic crusts.

"Being here, come in and spend the evening. The boys will like to hear the news, and so will father. Do, now."

It was impossible to refuse the invitation he had been longing for, and in they went, to the great delight of Roxy, who instantly retired to the pantry, smiling significantly, and brought out the most elaborate pie in honor of the occasion. Merry touched up the table, and put a little vase of flowers in the middle to redeem the vulgarity of doughnuts. Of course the boys upset it, but as there was company nothing was said, and Ralph devoured his supper with the appetite of a hungry boy, while watching Merry eat bread and cream out of an old-fashioned silver porringer, and thinking it the sweetest sight he ever beheld.

Then the young people gathered about the table, full of the new plans, and the elders listened as they rested after the week's work. A pleasant evening, for they all liked Ralph, but as the parents watched Merry sitting among the great lads like a little queen among her subjects, half unconscious as yet of the power in her hands, they nodded to one another, and then shook their heads as if they said:

"I'm afraid the time is coming, mother."

"No danger as long as she don't know it, father."

At nine the boys went off to the barn, the farmer to wind up the eight-day clock, and the housewife to see how the baked beans and Indian pudding for to-morrow were getting on in the oven. Ralph took up his hat to go, saying, as he looked at the shade on the tall student-lamp:

"What a good light that gives! I can see it as I go home every night, and it burns up here like a beacon. I always look for it, and it hardly ever fails to be burning. Sort of cheers up the way, you know, when I'm tired or low in my mind."

"Then I'm very glad I got it. I liked the shape, but the boys laughed at it as they did at my bulrushes in a ginger-jar over there. I'd been reading

about 'household art,' and I thought I'd try a little," answered Merry, laughing at her own whims.

"You've got a better sort of household art, I think, for you make people happy and places pretty, without fussing over it. This room is ever so much improved every time I come, though I hardly see what it is except the flowers," said Ralph, looking from the girl to the tall calla that bent its white cup above her as if to pour its dew upon her head.

"Is n't that lovely? I tried to draw it—the shape was so graceful I wanted to keep it. But I could n't. Is n't it a pity such beautiful things went last forever?" and Merry looked regretfully at the half-faded one that grew beside the fresh blossom.

"I can keep it for you. It would look well in plaster. May I?" asked Ralph.

"Thank you, I should like that very much. Take the real one as a model—please do; there are more coming, and this will brighten up your room for a day or two."

As she spoke, Merry cut the stem, and, adding two or three of the great green leaves, put the handsome flower in his hand with so much goodwill that he felt as if he had received a very precious gift. Then he said good-night, so gratefully that Merry's hand quite tingled with the grasp of his, and went away, often looking backward through the darkness to where the light burned brightly on the hill-top—the beacon kindled by an unconscious Hero, for a young Leander swimming gallantly against wind and tide toward the goal of his ambition.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER STORY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A BLUEBIRD met a butterfly,
 One lovely summer day,
 And sweetly lisped, "I like your dress,
 It's very bright and gay."
 There was n't any butterfly
 When bluebird flew away!

Our black cat met that shy bluebird
 When going for a walk,
 And mewed, "My charming, singing friend,
 Let's have a quiet talk."
 But there was n't any bluebird
 When puss resumed her walk!

A JAPANESE MILITARY NOBLE IN COURT DRESS.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

THE Japanese pay great attention to rank and etiquette. They have thirty-one grades of rank, and the ambition of every noble and gentleman is to get one step higher, and higher yet. Very few, indeed, ever reach as high as the third or second rank, and none reach the first till after their death.

They make a great fuss about their dress, for every rank has a special costume. A reception at the court of the emperor, called the Mikado, is a wonderful scene of rustling silk robes of every imaginable color and design of embroidery. A

Japanese dandy is prouder of his flowing sleeves and trails than a peacock of its feathers.

This exquisite in the picture is of the fifth rank, and is dressed all in hemp. The long silky fibers of this plant, in Japan, are the finest in the world, and when woven into cloth, and dyed blue or green, it resembles satin. A tremendous amount of starch is used to stiffen it. When ready to put on, it is like sheet-iron. You may imagine how the dandy in the picture feels in this strait-jacket. When he walks, it rustles like ten old ladies in black silk, or a breeze in a row of poplar-trees.

But he does n't walk. He waddles. A goose could go more gracefully. American ladies have one trail to their skirts; this dandy has two. In some cases his loose trousers trail two feet behind him.

the soft matting in their stocking-feet; the long trains covering the feet.

You can imagine how hard it is to waddle gracefully forward and then backward, without falling on your nose. I warrant, the nobleman in the picture had practiced well before he risked the disgrace of a tumble at court.

Out-of-doors, the Japanese gentlemen always wore two swords, one short, the other long. In-doors, or on ceremony, only the short one remained, and was stuck in the center of the girdle, with the gold and silk-wrapped hilt where it could show best. The wearer is more proud of a handsome and costly sword than a New York dandy is of watch and chain, or scarf-pin. The cap on his head, which looks like a trowel without a handle, or a triangular piece of pie-crust, or a brick-bat, is made of black, varnished paper. It is held on by his top-knot, and a white silk string 'round his neck. It also marks his rank. The middle of his scalp is shaved according to fashion. On his sleeve and breast the crest or coat-of-arms of his family is stamped.

He is not extreme in fashion. Nobles of higher rank wear a still longer trail from their coat, and I have seen Japanese high lords with ten feet of gold and silver laced satin dragging after them. This was in-doors, at court, of course. In the streets, I have seen them in gold-embroidered satin long and loose enough to cover a horse all over nearly to his knees. The horse and the rider looked like one animal,—a pyramid of silk on four legs, topped by a black brick. These fashions in dress and swords have now passed away. The Mikado and his nobles dress like gentlemen in Europe and America.



THE COURT DRESS OF A JAPANESE MILITARY NOBLE OF THE FIFTH RANK.

When he sits down—which he does on his knees and heels—he will need four feet square to spread himself upon.

The reason is this: In Europe, when you are presented to the king, or kiss the queen's hand, you must walk out backward, so as to show your face, not back, to royalty. So, in Japan, at the Mikado's court, it was not proper to let the feet be seen. The people take off their sandals, and tread

PEDRO.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

PEDRO is a dog, to begin with; so, if any reader thinks this story is to be about an emperor, or even a Portuguese grandee, and wishes to read that kind of a story, and is n't willing to read just an every-day kind of a dog-story, he had better pass by this article altogether.

Pedro began life under difficulties. His mother did not move in good society. It may have been on account of her color, for she was very black. It may have been on account of her education—for she had n't any worth speaking of. It may have been because her mother or her mother's mother or grandmother, or ever so many great-grandmothers, did n't go into good society. They were a very common family of dogs, who would lick the bones they ate, and make a noise with their mouths when they drank.

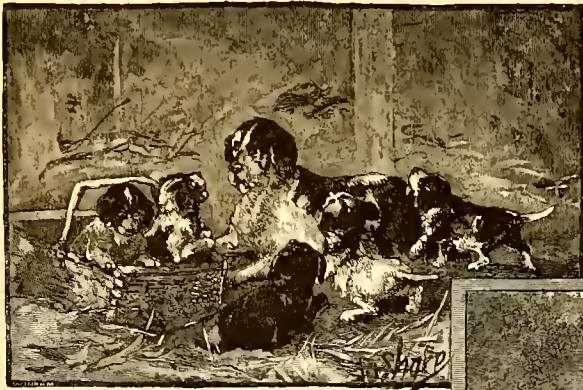
Pedro was born in a barn; that was against him. And it was a rag-dealer's barn at that, and his first bed was a pile of very smelly rags, and as his mother had five other little dogs of exactly his age to look after, she could n't wash and dress him properly, or tie his tail up in papers to make it curl gracefully,

that he thought that was what boys and stones and cords were for. But Pedro's mother, poor thing, she knew what it all meant. She knew that of all the diseases incident to puppyhood, boys and stones, complicated with cords, was the most fatal. Pedro's mother had lost seventeen of her darlings in a similar way. Talk about scarlet fever, or the croup, or diphtheria after that! She kissed her precious children, moaned over them a little, and when they were taken away in a basket, was so overcome that she had n't even strength enough to lift her drooping tail and wag them a good-bye.

The boy took the basket to a bridge, and lifting the puppies one by one, sent them over the parapet—down—down—to an anchorage at the bottom of the river. Pedro did n't like it. It made him dizzy going down; the weight of the stone made the cord cut his neck, and the water was cold. He went straight to the bottom, and would have drowned there like the rest if the cord had been stronger. But the cord broke. Pedro found out that he could swim—and he made for the shore.

He was very cold, very wet, very much discouraged. He did not like to go back where that speckled-faced boy was; besides, he did n't know the way. So he made up his mind that he would set up for a tramp;—and started at once on his travels.

He was a little fellow, but he grew—grew in spite of the kicks and cuffs that he met, in spite of the stonings that bad



or do any of those things that well-bred dog-mothers are in the habit of doing for their dog-babies.

Pedro opened his eyes one morning and looked about him. What do you think he saw? A big boy with a basket and six stones in it. The boy took a stone and began tying it to Pedro's neck with a piece of cord. He did the same thing to all of Pedro's brothers and sisters. Did Pedro think it strange? Not a bit of it—he was so young and ignorant

boys gave him, in spite of being only half fed. Grew to be a big, black, shaggy dog, with a kind eye, and one of the most friendly and wagiferous tails I ever knew. And could n't he swim? He just ploughed right along in the water, steering

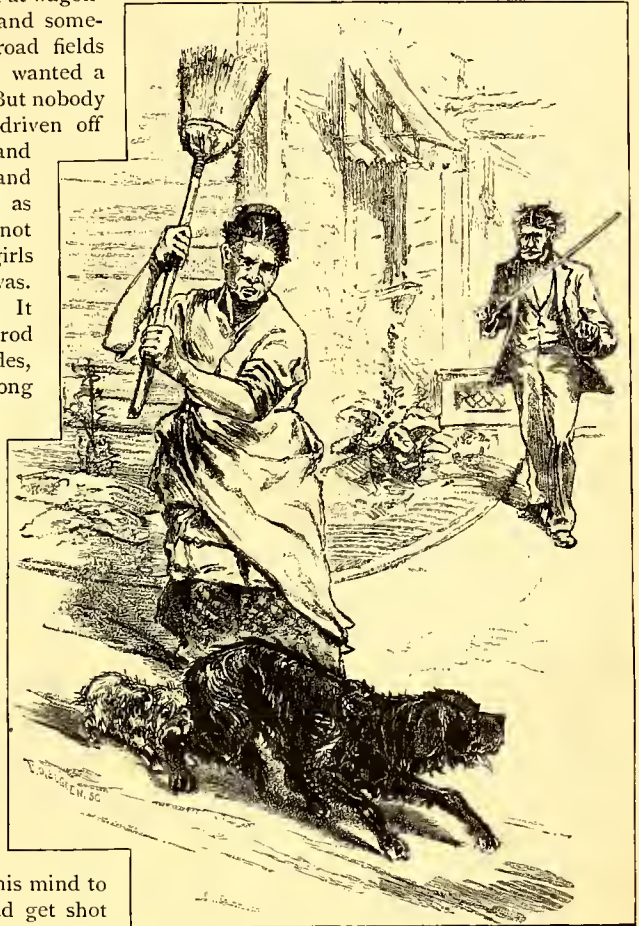
himself with his shaggy tail, and winking and blinking at the waves, that in the sunlight winked and blinked at him.

But he had no home—poor dog. He slept in the by-ways and hedges, and dropped in at wagon-sheds and crept under road-side carts, and sometimes he had to sleep in the great broad fields among the clover and the daisies. He wanted a home badly enough—every dog does. But nobody would take him in. He used to get driven off of premises with sticks and whips and stones. Nobody seemed to want him, and he would have looked upon this world as a very hard world on dogs had he not seen, now and then, some boys and girls that were treated quite as badly as he was.

So things went on for two years. It was the close of summer. The golden-rod had begun to blossom on the road-sides, and Pedro knew that frost would be along ere many weeks. He was in a sea-side town, for he loved the ocean, and he sat down on the beach to think himself over. He was getting to be shiftless. He would wear burrs in his shaggy coat for days and days, and when a dog gets to this point of shiftlessness he must either turn over a new leaf, or go to the bad pretty rapidly. He did not want to get into low-lived ways. He was a dog of excellent intentions regarding himself—but it somehow seemed to him that he had had no kind of a chance in life. He almost wished that the stone had n't slipped off his neck when he had been thrown over the bridge. He came very near being in despair. The horrid thought crossed his mind to go and bite somebody in the village and get shot for mad. It takes so little trouble for a dog to put himself out of misery in this way. I think he would have gone and thrown himself off the bridge, but that he knew what an excellent swimmer he was, and that it would be of no use.

He was getting almost miserable, when a gentleman passed by who seemed so well fed, so well contented with himself and the world, and so happy, that Pedro really cheered up, and wished that he had such a man for a master; and when a little behind him came a well-combed, well-kept little blue skye-terrier, whom this gentleman spoke gently to—even tenderly, Pedro yearned to get up and adopt the gentleman for a master at once. But he hardly dared to do it. He knew that that little blue skye-terrier would fiercely resent such a familiar proceeding. Perhaps, however, the gentle-

man might be willing to give him just a second-hand bone, and a far-off corner of a stable to sleep in for a night or two. That much he would try, at any rate. So he rose up, and followed the gentle-



“GET OUT WID YE!”

man and the blue skye-terrier at a little distance. Once the blue skye caught sight of him, and turned and gave him a fierce look, as if surmising his intentions, and then curled up his aristocratic little black nose and trotted on, as if, after all, such a matter was quite beneath his notice.

The gentleman at last walked home, and Pedro stood at the garden gate and saw them go in. They had such a welcome, especially the little blue skye-terrier. Two pretty children came out to meet him, one was a boy of ten years or so, and the other a young lady of fifteen. The young lady caught up the terrier and embraced him, and even kissed him, and talked softly to him, and carried him off at last into the house, where a

saucer of milk and dainty bits of cold chicken were awaiting him. That Pedro knew, for he heard the little boy tell him that much.

"My!" said Pedro, "if they give him chicken and milk, they surely can't grudge me a bone,"—and so saying, he pushed open a gate and trotted straight across an elegant flower-bed, and round the house to the kitchen door. There was a bone, to be sure, and a very meaty bone too. Of course the little dog inside would n't want it, and of course nobody would object to his having it—it was evident that it had been thrown away, and so Pedro first sniffed at it, by way of whetting his appetite, and then fell to, and began to gnaw blissfully: it was about as good a bone as Pedro had ever had. He had almost forgotten his misery, and was beginning to feel that the world was n't such a bad world after all, when the kitchen door was flung open by a red-faced Irish cook, who bounced out with a pan of dirty water and flung it into Pedro's face and eyes, saying angrily, as she did so:

"Go 'long wid ye, yer great black feller of a dawg. You 're a thavin' baste to come eating poor Blitzen's" (Blitzen was the skye's name, it seems) "bone. Get out wid ye!" and she seized a broomstick, and flew at Pedro like a fury.

Pedro was surprised; he hung his tail with mortification and shame and turned to leave, when out flew Blitzen, barking and yelling, and seized him by the heels. Pedro might have shaken the life out of Blitzen in a minute, but he always prided himself upon never turning upon a dog smaller than himself,—he only started to run, with Blitzen at his heels. He had nearly reached the gate, when out rushed the benign gentleman, with a thick cane, and said:

"Oh, you low-bred mongrel cur, I 'll teach you to run across my flower-beds! How came you out of the pound, you miserable scamp?" and coming up to Pedro he dealt him such a succession of blows as made him stagger, and left him half-blind with pain.

At last Pedro reached the gate, which fortunately had been left open, and, darting into the street, he freed himself from the yelping Blitzen, and ran as hard as he could toward the beach. He had a very bitter feeling in his heart. He was not conscious of having done any harm, and yet everybody and everything had turned against him. Surely it was a hard world.

He lay down on the beach, and began looking himself over. He was bruised from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. One of his eyes was half-closed. His heel was smarting where Blitzen had bitten him, and he was dripping with the cook's dirty water. He had n't energy enough to

wash himself and dress his wounds. He just lay there and moaned. What was he, anyway? An outcast from puppyhood, homeless, hungry, all his brothers and sisters drowned, and everybody, dog and man, beating him. He wondered how long it would take him to lie there and die. He made up his mind that he would never move on,—one place was as good as another. He could n't even solace himself by a swim, because the water was salt, and would give him pain where he was bitten and bruised. So he just stayed still, forlorn, and hating himself and everything and everybody. He had lain there for hours, and seen the tide come up, and people go walking along the beach. Nobody even noticed him, except one boy, who flung a pebble-stone at him, and then laughed because he gave a cry of pain.

It got to be afternoon, and, as the tide was high, people came out to bathe. Presently he saw the boy and the young lady from the house where he had been so badly treated. They had Blitzen with them, and a servant who brought towels and bathing suits, and a silk cushion. The first thing they all did was to see that Blitzen had his bath. How carefully they bathed him, and then dried him on fine towels, and then the servant put down the cushion in a warm nook, and spreading a soft towel over it, put Blitzen down for a nap. Then the children prepared to bathe. They came out of the bath-house all dressed for the sea, and a very lovely couple they looked as they dimpled the smooth sand of the beach with their pretty pink feet. They plunged into the surf, and had a glorious time of it. The boy could swim, and he was trying to teach his sister. Pedro almost enjoyed seeing them, in spite of himself. They had been in quite a good while, when the servant called them to come out.

"All right," shouted the boy; "Florence may go out, and I 'll take one more swim and then I 'll come." So he turned his face toward the horizon and struck out boldly, and made glorious headway against the waves. He was pretty far out, when there was a cry, he threw up his hands, and the golden head disappeared beneath the waves.

Pedro was on his feet in a moment, and had run half-way down the beach. The boy was drowning. He had heard that same kind of a cry once before. He would plunge in and save the boy. That was his first thought. Then he stopped. "No," he said, "I 'll have my revenge. That boy's father ill-treated me—his dog bit me; let the little cur save him—it is no business of mine," and he turned to go up the beach again.

"Help! help!" came from the water. The sister heard it, and ran out of the bathing-house, followed by the servant. They screamed, too, for

help, but no help was at hand. The pretty sunny head came in sight once more, and was gone. The women wrung their hands in agony. Pedro could not stand it—he turned, plunged down the beach, in through the surf, out on the rising and falling waves, battling them furiously, as he swam.

Now there are two heads side by side—a black, shaggy head, a sunny head and a pale face. There is no cry now, the poor little blanched lips are too weak for that. Pedro gives a little moan of desperation, seizes the bathing-jacket by the neck, and turns. Will

he have strength to get this heavy weight to the shore? He feels his strength is going fast. The father has heard the cry of his daughter, and is flying to the beach. Blitzcn has waked and stands staring, wondering what it all means.

One wave nearer shore, now on the crest of another, now in the surf, now on the white beach! Pedro drags the boy up on the sand, and lies down beside him. He is almost exhausted. They don't

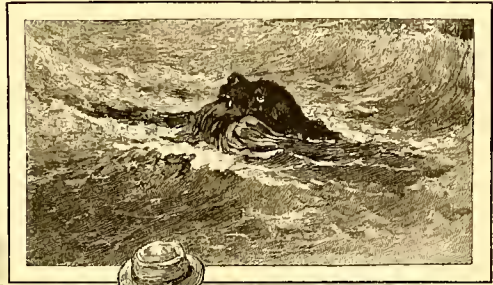
drive him away now. Perhaps they hardly notice him in this awful moment. They are working over the boy. Oh, the blanched face of the father, and the tearful face of the sister! The servant has run for blankets. They are rubbing the child and trying to detect some signs of life.

Now the mother comes—she sees her boy lying there stiff and pale—and gives a quick cry of pain, and then stoops over him and puts her hand anxiously on his heart. Yes—yes—it beats, but so feebly! In a minute it may stop. She clasps the little hands and prays—oh, how she prays!

Yes, he's alive; he's opening his eyes. Pedro is rested a little, and comes and looks on, while they wrap the boy in a blanket, and then he says to himself: "Well, I can't do anything more. I guess I'll be going;" and he goes and

touches the little hand with his tongue to be sure there is some life there, and turns to go away.

What is this we see? Yes; a strong man falling on this dog's neck and kissing his shaggy head,



"PEDRO IS AN OUTCAST NO LONGER!"

while the great tears roll down his cheeks;—a pair of fair young arms thrown about poor Pedro's black and dripping body, while a rare pale face buries itself in his shaggy fur and weeps for joy. Pedro is an outcast no longer! The sunshine is coming in upon his life now. It came through doing a simple duty, as most sunshine comes.

Pedro has a home now. No bed is too soft for him,—no food too choice! He might have the whole roast off the table any day he chose to ask for it. He wears a silver collar, and he sleeps in the family sitting-room, and they pet him, and talk to him, and sometimes the gentleman whom he followed that morning will lay his hand on his head, and tears will fall on the black fur, and the dog will hear him say, in a voice that trembles a good deal:

"God bless our Pedro, that saved my boy!"

ELIZABETH ELIZA WRITES A PAPER.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

ELIZABETH ELIZA joined the Circumambient Club with the idea that it would be a long time before she, a new member, would have to read a paper. She would have time to hear the other papers read, and to see how it was done, and she would find it easy when her turn came. By that time she would have some ideas; and long before she would be called upon, she would have leisure to sit down and write out something. But a year passed away, and the time was drawing near. She had, meanwhile, devoted herself to her studies, and had tried to inform herself on all subjects by way of preparation. She had consulted one of the old members of the club, as to the choice of a subject.

"Oh, write about anything," was the answer; "anything you have been thinking of."

Elizabeth Eliza was forced to say she had not been thinking lately. She had not had time. The family had moved, and there was always an excitement about something, that prevented her sitting down to think.

"Why not write out your family adventures?" asked the old member.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure her mother would think it made them too public, and most of the club papers she observed had some thought in them; she preferred to find an idea.

So she set herself to the occupation of thinking. She went out on the piazza to think; she stayed in the house to think. She tried a corner of the china-closet. She tried thinking in the cars, and lost her pocket-book; she tried it in the garden, and walked into the strawberry bed. In the house and out of the house, it seemed to be the same—she could not think of anything to think of. For many weeks she was seen sitting on the sofa or in the window, and nobody disturbed her. "She is thinking about her paper," the family would say, but she only knew that she could not think of anything.

Agamemnon told her that many writers waited till the last moment, when inspiration came, which was much finer than anything studied. Elizabeth Eliza thought it would be terrible to wait till the last moment, if the inspiration should not come! She might combine the two ways; wait till a few days before the last, and then sit down and write anyhow. This would give a chance for inspiration, while she would not run the risk of writing nothing.

She was much discouraged; perhaps she had better give it up. But no; everybody wrote a paper, if not now, she would have to do it some time!

And at last the idea of a subject came to her! But it was as hard to find a moment to write as to think. The morning was noisy, till the little boys had gone to school, for they had begun again upon their regular course, with the plan of taking up the study of cider in October. And after the little boys had gone to school, now it was one thing, now it was another; the china-closet to be cleaned, or one of the neighbors in to look at the sewing-machine. She tried after dinner, but would fall asleep. She felt that evening would be the true time, after the cares of day were over.

The Peterkins had wire mosquito-nets all over the house, at every door and every window. They were as eager to keep out the flies as the mosquitoes. The doors were all furnished with strong springs, that pulled the doors to as soon as they were opened. The little boys had practiced running in and out of each door, and slamming it after them. This made a good deal of noise, for they had gained great success in making one door slam directly after another, and at times would keep up a running volley of artillery, as they called it, with the slamming of the doors. Mr. Peterkin, however, preferred it to flies.

So Elizabeth Eliza felt she would venture to write of a summer evening with all the windows open.

She seated herself one evening in the library, between two large kerosene lamps, with paper, pen and ink before her. It was a beautiful night, with the smell of the roses coming in through the mosquito-nets, and just the faintest odor of kerosene by her side. She began upon her work. But what was her dismay! She found herself immediately surrounded with mosquitoes. They attacked her at every point. They fell upon her hand as she moved it to the inkstand; they hovered, buzzing, over her head; they planted themselves under the lace of her sleeve. If she moved her left hand to frighten them off from one point, another band fixed themselves upon her right hand. Not only did they flutter and sting, but they sang in a heathenish manner, distracting her attention as she tried to write, as she tried to waft them off. Nor was this all. Myriads of June-bugs and millers hovered round, flung themselves into the lamps, and made disagreeable funeral pyres of themselves, tumbling noisily on her paper in their last unpleasant agonies. Occasionally one darted with a rush toward Elizabeth Eliza's head.

If there was anything Elizabeth Eliza had a terror

of, it was a June-bug. She had heard that they had a tendency to get into the hair. One had been caught in the hair of a friend of hers, who had long, luxuriant hair. But the legs of the June-bug were caught in it like fish-hooks, and it had to be cut out, and the June-bug was only extricated by sacrificing large masses of the flowing locks.

Elizabeth Eliza flung her handkerchief over her head. Could she sacrifice what hair she had to the claims of literature? She gave a cry of dismay.

The little boys rushed in a moment to the rescue. They flapped newspapers, flung sofa-cushions, they offered to stand by her side with fly-whisks, that she might be free to write. But the struggle was too exciting for her, and the flying insects seemed to increase. Moths of every description, large brown moths, small, delicate white millers whirled about her, while the irritating hum of the mosquito kept on more than ever. Mr. Peterkin and the rest of the family came in, to inquire about the trouble. It was discovered that each of the little boys had been standing in the opening of a wire-door for some time, watching to see when Elizabeth Eliza would have made her preparations and would begin to write. Countless numbers of dor-bugs and winged creatures of every description had taken occasion to come in. It was found that they were in every part of the house.

"We might open all the blinds and screens," suggested Agamemnon, "and make a vigorous onslaught and drive them all out at once."

"I do believe there are more inside than out, now," said Solomon John.

"The wire-nets, of course," said Agamemnon, "keep them in now."

"We might go outside," proposed Solomon John, "and drive in all that are left. Then to-morrow morning, when they are all torpid, kill them, and make collections of them."

Agamemnon had a tent which he had provided in case he should ever go to the Adirondacks, and he proposed using it for the night. The little boys were wild for this.

Mrs. Peterkin thought she and Elizabeth Eliza would prefer trying to sleep in the house. But perhaps Elizabeth Eliza would go on with her paper with more comfort out of doors.

A student's lamp was carried out, and she was established on the steps of the back piazza, while screens were all carefully closed to prevent the mosquitoes and insects from flying out. But it was of no use. There were outside still swarms of winged creatures that plunged themselves about her, and she had not been there long before a huge miller flung himself into the lamp, and put it out. She gave up for the evening.

Still the paper went on. "How fortunate!"

exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza, "that I did not put it off till the last evening!" Having once begun, she persevered in it at every odd moment of the day. Agamemnon presented her with a volume of "Synonyms," which was of great service to her. She read her paper, in its various stages, to Agamemnon first, for his criticism, then to her father in the library, then to Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin together, next to Solomon John, and afterward to the whole family assembled. She was almost glad that the lady from Philadelphia was not in town, as she wished it to be her own unaided production. She declined all invitations for the week before the night of the club, and on the very day she kept her room, with *eau sucré*, that she might save her voice. Solomon John provided her with Brown's Bronchial Troches when the evening came, and Mrs. Peterkin advised a handkerchief over her head, in case of June-bugs. It was, however, a cool night. Agamemnon escorted her to the house.

The club met at Ann Maria Bromwich's. No gentlemen were admitted to the regular meetings. There were what Solomon John called "occasional annual meetings," to which they were invited, when all the choicest papers of the year were re-read.

Elizabeth Eliza was placed at the head of the room, at a small table, with a brilliant gas jet on one side. It was so cool the windows could be closed. Mrs. Peterkin, as a guest, sat in the front row.

This was her paper, as Elizabeth Eliza read it, for she frequently inserted fresh expressions:

"THE SUN.

"It is impossible that much can be known about it. This is why we have taken it up as a subject. We mean the sun, that lights us by day, and leaves us by night. In the first place, it is so far off. No measuring tapes could reach it, and both the earth and the sun are moving about so, that it would be difficult to adjust ladders to reach it, if we could. Of course, people have written about it, and there are those who have told us how many miles off it is. But it is a very large number, with a great many figures in it, and though it is taught in most, if not all, of our public schools, it is a chance if any one of the scholars remembers exactly how much it is.

"It is the same with its size. We cannot, as we have said, reach it by ladders to measure it, and if we did reach it, we should have no measuring tapes large enough, and those that shut up with springs are difficult to use in a high place. We are told, it is true, in a great many of the school-books, the size of the sun; but, again, very few of those who have learned the number have been able to remember it after they have recited it, even if they remembered it then. And almost all of the scholars have lost their school-books, or have neglected to

carry them home, and so they are not able to refer to them. I mean after leaving school. I must say that is the case with me, I should say with us, though it was different. The older ones gave their school-books to the younger ones, who took them back to school to lose them, or who have destroyed them when there were no younger ones to go to school. I should say there are such families. What I mean is, the fact that, in some families, there are no younger children to take off the school-books. But, even then, they are put away on upper shelves in closets or in attics, and seldom found if wanted—if then, dusty.

“Of course we all know of a class of persons called astronomers, who might be able to give us information on the subject in hand, and who probably do furnish what information is found in school-books. It should be observed, however, that these astronomers carry on their observations always in the night. Now, it is well known that the sun does not shine in the night. Indeed, that is one of the peculiarities of the night, that there is no sun to light us, so we have to go to bed as long as there is nothing else we can do without its light, unless we use lamps, gas or kerosene, which is very well for the evening, but would be expensive all night long; the same with candles. How, then, can we depend upon their statements, if not made from their own observation? I mean, if they never saw the sun.

“We cannot expect that astronomers should give us any valuable information with regard to the sun, which they never see, their occupation compelling them to be up at night. It is quite likely that they never see it. For we should not expect them to sit up all day as well as all night, as, under such circumstances, their lives would not last long.

“Indeed, we are told that their name is taken from the word *aster*, which means ‘star,’ the word is ‘aster—know—more.’ This, doubtless, means that they know more about the stars than other things. We see, therefore, that their knowledge is confined to the stars, and we cannot trust what they have to tell us of the sun.

“There are other asters which should not be mixed up with these,—we mean those growing by the way-side in the fall of the year. The astronomers, from their nocturnal habits, can scarcely be acquainted with them; but, as it does not come within our province, we will not inquire.

“We are left, then, to seek our own information about the sun. But we are met with a difficulty. To know a thing, we must look at it. How can we look at the sun? It is so very bright that our eyes are dazzled in gazing upon it. We have to turn away, or they would be put out,—the sight, I mean. It is true, we might use smoked glass, but that is apt to come off on the nose. How, then, if

we cannot look at it, can we find out about it? The noonday would seem to be the better hour, when it is the sunniest; but, besides injuring the eyes, it is painful to the neck to look up for a long time. It is easy to say that our examination of this heavenly body should take place at sunrise, when we could look at it more on a level, without having to endanger the spine. But how many people are up at sunrise? Those who get up early do it because they are compelled to, and have something else to do than look at the sun.

“The milk-man goes forth to carry the daily milk, the ice-man to leave the daily ice. But either of these would be afraid of exposing their vehicles to the heating orb of day,—the milk-man afraid of turning the milk, the ice-man timorous of melting his ice,—and they probably avoid those directions where they shall meet the sun’s rays. The student, who might inform us, has been burning the midnight oil. The student is not in the mood to consider the early sun.

“There remains to us the evening, also,—the leisure hour of the day. But, alas! our houses are not built with an adaptation to this subject. They are seldom made to look toward the sunset. A careful inquiry and close observation, such as have been called for in preparation of this paper, have developed the fact that not a single house in this town faces the sunset! There may be windows looking that way, but, in such a case, there is always a barn between. I can testify to this from personal observations, because, with my brothers, we have walked through the several streets of this town with note-books, carefully noting every house looking upon the sunset, and have found none from which the sunset could be studied. Sometimes it was the next house, sometimes a row of houses, or its own wood-house, that stood in the way.

“Of course, a study of the sun might be pursued out-of-doors. But, in summer, sun-stroke would be likely to follow; in winter, neuralgia and cold. And how could you consult your books, your dictionaries, your encyclopedias? There seems to be no hour of the day for studying the sun. You might go to the East to see it at its rising, or to the West to gaze upon its setting, but—you don’t.”

Here Elizabeth Eliza came to a pause. She had written five different endings, and had brought them all, thinking, when the moment came, she would choose one of them. She was pausing to select one, and inadvertently said, to close the phrase, “you don’t.” She had not meant to use the expression, which she would not have thought sufficiently imposing,—it dropped out unconsciously,—but it was received as a close with rapturous applause.

She had read slowly, and now that the audience applauded at such a length, she had time to feel she was much exhausted and glad of an end. Why not stop there, though there were some pages more? Applause, too, was heard from the outside. Some of the gentlemen had come,—Mr.

Peterkin, Agamemnon and Solomon John, with others,—and demanded admission.

“Since it is all over, let them in,” said Ann Maria Bromwich.

Elizabeth Eliza assented, and rose to shake hands with her applauding friends.

THE LITTLE MODELS.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.



[It is quite common in Europe for children to earn their living by serving as models to painters. They will sit or stand all day if allowed to have an occasional resting-time. Our older boys and girls will enjoy Mr. Francillon's suggestive verses; but the younger ones, perhaps, will be more interested in knowing that these two little Italians really acted as models for Mr. Sheppard, who drew their pictures for ST. NICHOLAS.—THE EDITOR.]

THIS is a painter's work-room. See
The sitters' throne of rushes,
The metal box behind, where he,
The painter, keeps his brushes.

The little pair of mortals here,
For Tuscan landscape fitting—
These are his models, not, I fear,
Of patience while they're sitting.

They've sat for hours—three weary whiles—
 With limbs for frolic aching,
 And naught but stolen, quick-sent smiles
 To ease such picture-making.

A French château, an English hall,
 A cataract from Norway—
 They'd rather see that water-fall
 Come tumbling through the door-way!



W.L.C.

What's Art to them? what's e'en its name
 To Tina, here, and Beppo?
 Though here's the Atlantic in a frame,
 A desert from Aleppo;

The painter does his utmost part
 To reach to glory's stature:
 These sit, 'mid all the strain of Art,
 Two little scraps of Nature:

And never heed, nor dream, nor care
That, when their picture made is,
They 'll be held worthy of the stare
Of critics, lords and ladies ;

Who now would pass them by, as if,
Till painted, nothing matters—
So much of glory Art can give
To Nature's rags and tatters !

Not less their picture's good to greet
Because 't is all so common :
He eats—she likes to see him eat,
Like grown-up man and woman.

Between their eyes, the colors blent
Around the walls grow fainter,
Till love, the pure and innocent,
Becomes their portrait-painter.

He sees but her : she sees but him :
And, though he 'll clean forget her
When Change and Growth her picture dim,
They 'll never paint a better.

Perhaps—who knows?—small Beppo there
Will catch from paint and plaster
The inspiration of the air,
And grow, himself, a master :

Perhaps—But who can read 'mayhap' ?
And who can fathom 'whether' ?
If I could buy a wishing-cap
I 'd wish them kept together,

As pure in heart, in thought, in eye,
As simple in their story,
As if there were no Art to try
To thrust them into glory.

I 'd wish this love to last them still,
Our grown-up hearts reproving—
To take all else that Heaven may will
So that it leaves them loving.

TOM'S ANTI-FIRE-CRACKER LEAGUE.

BY MARY WAGER FISHER.

"MOTHER, mother, why does Miss Scott wear those horrid green goggles?" asked twelve-year-old Tom Dixon one summer's day, after the departure of that lady from a visit to his mother.

"Because her eyes are very sensitive to the light. She is nearly blind, my child."

"And what made her so, mamma? Was she always so blind?"

"No; she had as bright and as good eyes as you have, Tommy, when she was six years old."

"But what put 'em out, mother?" pursued the eager boy.

"Fire-crackers."

"Fire-crackers? How funny!"

"Close your eyes, Tom, so that you can't see. There, do you find it 'funny'?" asked his mother.

"No; I—I did n't mean *funny*. May be I meant *queer*. Any way, how did fire-crackers do it, mother?"

"It was on a Fourth of July. A boy in the street wanted to 'frighten the little girl,'—so he said,—and he threw a lighted bunch of fire-crackers at her. They exploded in her face and eyes. And

now, the doctor says that at the end of another year she will be entirely blind, and can never, never again see the sunshine, nor anything."

Tom sat with a scared and solemn look on his little face. He could imagine nothing so terrible as to be blind.

"That was an awful, abominable thing to do; was it not, mamma?"

"Most abominable, indeed," she replied, smiling to herself at Tommy's large word.

"And what did they do to the boy, mamma?"

"I never knew, Tom, that anything was done to him. His father, I believe, paid quite a sum of money to Mr. Scott to pay doctors' bills, for the little girl was for a long time under the care of an oculist, which is a person who treats diseases of the eye. But the boy's family soon after moved away, and it was said to be on his account, for he was never happy after that. Every time that he saw Susy Scott, with her scarred face and her eyes shut in behind green glasses, and felt that he was the cause of it all, he could not bear it. Then, too, the boys and girls at school taunted him with it.

After he left the village I heard nothing more of him. I dare say that he never again wanted to see, or hear, a fire-cracker."

Now Tommy, only the day before, had been teasing his papa for a supply of fire-crackers for the coming "Fourth," which was little more than a week off, and this story of Susy Scott was making his busy brain think of what it had never thought of before. And when a boy thinks, he asks questions.

"Mamma, did you ever hear of fire-crackers hurting anybody else?" he asked.

"Yes; a great many people. A fine, large, beautiful city in the State of Maine was destroyed some years ago by a fire kindled by a fire-cracker, and hundreds of people had their homes and all they possessed burned up. Suppose, Tom, that we look at your papa's files of daily papers and see if we can find a list of the accidents caused by fire-crackers on the Fourth of July last year in the city," for the family lived in a little village not far from Philadelphia.

So upstairs went Tom and his mother, to the very top of the house, where the papa had a large room with books and great piles of newspapers and magazines. Finally, they found the *Philadelphia Daily Trumpet* for July, 1878.

"Now, we will look in the paper of July 5th," said the mother. "Here they are,—'Fourth of July Casualties,'" and Mrs. Dixon glanced down the long list of shot, burned, maimed, bruised persons with broken bones and broken heads, all resulting from Fourth of July powder. But as they were chiefly interested in fire-crackers,—those little red-coated, long-tailed powder-barrels that the Chinese so deftly make,—his mother said:

"I will make a skip, hop and jump down the line, Tommy, to read what the fire-crackers did, and you can follow me with your two ears. First:

"A boy had his hands badly burnt.

"A horse frightened, ran away—wagon broken—a man thrown out and his arm broken.

"Another runaway—driver's shoulder dislocated.

"A child frightened, and, while running excitedly across the street, was run over by a horse and wagon and horribly mangled.

"A girl's dress set on fire; girl badly burned.

"Another runaway. Lady thrown from her carriage—taken up for dead—carried to a hospital—life despaired of.

"Another boy burnt about the face—disfigured probably for life.

"A young woman burnt to death. A fire-cracker thrown at her feet set her light clothing on fire, and in a moment she was in flames. She died, two hours later, in great agony."

At this point Mrs. Dixon glanced at Tom. He sat with his face white as a sheet, his great black eyes shining wide with horror.

"I think I've read enough, Tommy," said his mother.

"And as much bad happened in all the other large cities as in Philadelphia?" asked the boy.

"Yes; and in some places much more. If all the accidents in the whole country from fire-crackers on the Fourth of July were put together, they would make a large book. Then, too, you must remember that many sick and nervous people are made worse by the noise and excitement, and sometimes die because of it. Don't you think it very strange, Tom, that boys are always wanting fire-crackers for the Fourth of July?"

"Did n't you ever hear of fire-crackers doing anybody good, mamma?" asked Tommy, not heeding his mother's question.

"Never, Tom."

Then Tom thought deeply for a moment.

"Do you s'pose, mamma, that anybody could have a regular Fourth of July without fire-crackers?"

"Certainly, Tommy, I think so. It seems to me a very stupid way for American boys to celebrate the independence of their country by touching off Chinese powder. They ought to have wit enough to invent something themselves,—something more American, and that will not be a nuisance. What would you think of using fire-crackers on Christmas?"

"That *would* be funny!" laughed the boy.

"But there are boys and girls," said his mother, "who would think Christmas a very poor Christmas without fire-crackers. At least, they did a few years ago, in some of the southern cities. But for a great many years after the Fourth of July was born, nobody celebrated the day with fire-crackers. They came into fashion because merchants could buy them very cheaply from the Chinese, and could make a great deal of money by bringing them to this country and selling them to American boys to make a noise with. And I'm afraid that some boys, if they could, would trade their heads for a noise machine. But you see, Tommy, that the Fourth of July lived a good many years without the fire-crackers, and the boys and girls had just as fine a time then as now, and nobody hurt with powder."

"I should n't think that children's fathers-es and mothers-es would let them have fire-crackers," observed Tommy, shrewdly.

"Neither should I," laughed his mother. "I wonder why they do? I wish you would ask the boys that you know, how it happens."

And Tom began that very day.

As he was going to the post-office for the mail, he met two of his schoolmates, Jack Thompson and Frank Jones, and they began at once to talk about the Fourth.

"Father's going to give me seventy-five cents to buy fire-crackers," said Jack, "and Frank's going to have a lot, and Jim Barnes and Kit Lawson's going to put their funds into torpedoes,"—and he said "funds" as though they had a million or two of dollars to spend. "And what'll you contribute, Tom? We're all going to meet in the square and make things zip. There'll be a regular swell time, you better believe."

"What makes your fathers-es give you money to buy fire-crackers?" asked Tom.

"Buy fire-crackers? And the Fourth o' July coming?" exclaimed Jack, in astonishment. "You don't know what you're talking about, Tom Dixon! Why, a Fourth o' July without fire-crackers would be like a—a—a—"

"Yes, it would," added Frank, gravely, but with a twinkle in his merry brown eyes. "We should never survive it!" at which the boys roared with laughter.

"But who ever heard of a Fourth o' July without crackers?" persisted Jack.

"I have," said Tom, a little proudly.

"And I, too," remarked a voice behind them. "If you'll come over with me to the square, boys, and sit awhile on the bench, I'll tell you all about it."

The speaker was good old Squire Lewis, who, the boys thought, was the oldest man in the world. He was eighty-six, and he remembered very well when the boys and girls he knew, who celebrated the Fourth of July, had never heard of fire-crackers. And after telling the boys about this, he went on to tell them how the day was celebrated when he was a boy—of the picnics in the woods—how the prettiest girl was dressed as a goddess of liberty, and the smartest boy delivered an oration; how they had flags and drums and a fife, and shouted and hurrahed until they were tired and hoarse, and glad enough, when night came, to tumble off into bed, and wait until next day to think what a jolly, jolly time they had had. And nobody was scared to death, nor burnt with powder. "We thought there had been enough people peppered with powder in the Revolutionary war; and why should we burn up any more in celebrating our victory?" concluded the Squire, looking at each of the three boys inquiringly.

"I'm down on fire-crackers and powder," said Tom, stoutly, rising to his feet and stuffing his hands in the side pockets of his linen coat. "That's the way Miss Scott got her eyes hurt," and he related how it happened.

This sad story, as Tom told it, seemed to make quite an impression upon the boys, although Jack contended that a boy must be a "born fool" to throw a bunch of lighted fire-crackers at a little girl in that way.

But Tom did not stop with the Scott story. He stood in front of the bench and repeated all he could remember of what his mother had told him and read to him out of the last year's newspaper in the morning, and then the boys remembered having heard of the young woman who was burned to death by her dress having been set in a blaze by a fire-cracker.

Then, for a long time for boys,—fully a quarter of a minute,—nobody said anything. At last, Tom said:

"Say, s'posin' we get up a Union League on the cracker question?"

"A new Declaration of Independence," observed Frank, with a laugh.

"Very good! very good!" said Squire Lewis, thumping with his cane on the bench for applause. "Independence from China, this time!" with more applause.

"But what'll we do with our funds?" asked Jack, financially.

"Put 'em into ice cream," said Frank, and then, as if catching at a brand-new idea, he hopped up and stood by Tom. "I'll tell you what! Let's say nothing to our folks about it, only make sure of our money—the money for the fire-crackers, you know. Then let's take that cash and give a Fourth of July ice-cream party and invite the—girls."

"But where'd we have it?" asked Jack, who was always seeing lions in the way.

"Let me fix that," said the old Squire. "You invite your girls and order your ice cream, and come around to my house on the morning of the Fourth,—say half a dozen of you. Trust me that you'll have the best Fourth of July that ever you had. And I'll keep your secret, boys."

"And where'll we get our half-dozen? All the other boys'll want to have fire-crackers. They'll never give them up. You'll see." Of course it was Doubting Jack who said that.

"Call a mass meeting of the boys!" said Tom. "That's the way big folks do. Get the boys together, say, to-morrow afternoon. We can meet behind papa's carriage house. Nobody'll hear us talk there."

"And we'll have Tom, here, to be our Daniel Webster of the meeting," said the ever-ready Frank. "He can tell 'em what he got off to-day to us about fire-crackers, and that we propose to strike out in a new line this year and use our fire-cracker and torpedo money for something else,

and that every boy who wants to join us can do so, by twisting our two thumbs and putting his Fourth of July money into our bag. Then we'll point a committee, and there's where we'll get our half-dozen. I know as many as eight boys who I'm pretty sure will join."

"Exactly," said Tom, as if feeling sure that Frank's argument was a "clinger." Then, after some further arrangements for the "mass meeting," and more encouraging words from old Squire Lewis, the boys separated, and Tom, remembering that he had left home to go to the post-office, ran off at full speed.

To tell the story of the next few days would take too long. The mass meeting was quite a success, and Tom's speech sounded better than ever. Most of the boys agreed to the new plan; they were willing to try it for once, at least, to see how it would go; for no boy, however full of life and fun, takes pleasure in doing what causes harm, and often great suffering. No really manly boy, I mean—only the cowards do that. A manly and truly brave boy always has a tender heart, and is thoughtful, too. Several of the boys who did not join the League that day, joined afterward in time for the "Fourth."

The "Fourth" was a lovely day, as it proved, and the "committee," with Squire Lewis, arranged chairs and tables under the wide-spreading apple trees in his garden. This "committee" proved to be a very wonderful committee, for, after it began to think, it thought of a great many things,—of begging bouquets from the ladies of the village, of wheedling mothers and sisters into baking sponge cakes for an affair that must be kept a profound secret, and Mrs. Dixon was waited upon to know if she would kindly train ten boys to

sing some patriotic pieces, for Tom could play the organ, you see. So, when the day came, the time had been so well improved that the committee had everything "just splendid," as the girls said—flowers and music and everything. Tom had his organ there, and the boys sang really very well; at all events, they made a respectable noise and were loudly cheered, and the cake and ice cream were all right.

The girls, who were invited to come to Squire Lewis's garden gate at four o'clock P. M., were half afraid of a hoax, and were "dying" to know what it all meant. But when the flag went up in the garden, the secret of the week began to leak out, and a very nice secret everybody thought it, too. The "fathers-es" and "mothers-es," as Tom respectfully called the parents, declared it was the most respectable "Fourth" they had ever known. And when they came to know about the Anti-Fire-cracker League, then every one declared that in future they would double the young folks' Fourth of July money as long as they put it to such a charming use.

And that was the way Tom's reform began. This coming "Fourth," the Anti-Fire-cracker-League-Fourth-of-July party is expected to be a great deal better than the one of last year.

It will be held in the large garden of the Dixons' house, for good old Squire Lewis is no longer alive to invite the boys to his garden. One of the last things he talked about was that Fourth of July party. He was glad that he had lived to see it, and by his will he gave a five-dollar gold piece each to Tom Dixon, Frank Jones and Jack Thompson.

But I don't think Jack deserved his so much as did the others. Do you?





BUTTONS AND FORTUNES.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

OH, turn about, turn about, whirly me jig!
 And what will my little one be when he's big?
 Now, how many buttons has baby to show?
 For this is the way baby's fortune to know.

A rich man—a poor man—a beggar—a thief—
 A doctor—a lawyer—a merchant—a chief;
 Oho! what a great one my baby might be
 If only he boasted *eight* buttons, you see!

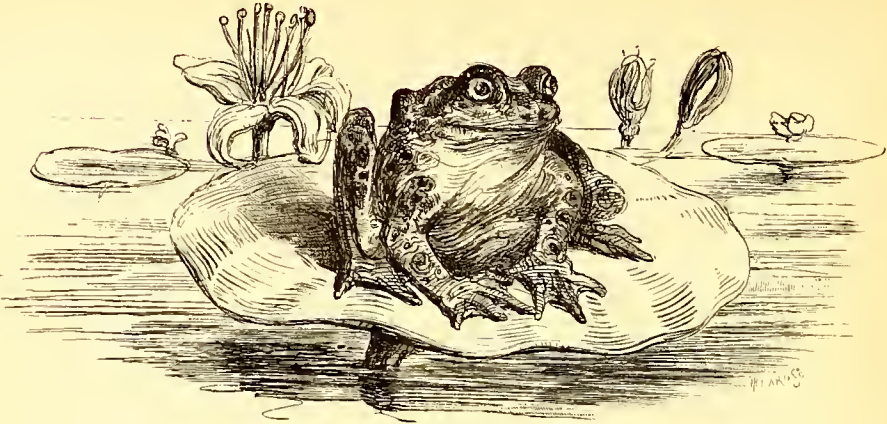
And seven would make him a merchant—but
 no!
 My baby has not *seven* buttons to show!

He'll not be a lawyer—I cannot find six,
 Nor five! Now I'm frightened. Four *would*
 be a fix!

Because, if it *should* be, he *could* be a thief,
 But no—he's not four, even. What a relief!
 And now if a beggar my baby should be,
 I'll count—but he wont, for he cannot show three!

A poor man? Well, well,—can it really be true?
 My poor pinned-in darling has not even two!
 A rich man, perhaps,—but the child has n't one,—
 Of fortunes and buttons my baby has none!

But baby and I,—why, we don't care a feather,
 The buttons and fortunes will all come together.



A COUNTRY-SEAT.

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTS IN 1775.

BY GEO. J. VARNEY.

THE river that forms the outlet of Lake Champlain has many names, taken from the towns through which it passes; and various book-makers have chosen different ones, so that confusion must often arise in the minds of hasty readers. For convenience, I will call it *Sorel*; and the readers of ST. NICHOLAS can readily find out from the map what must be the others.

In the parish of Chambly, which lies south-east of Montreal, the Sorel widens to a broad basin, with pleasant islands, and just above are rapids. Another point of interest at this place is the old fort, or castle, on the west bank of the river. It was built by the French, in 1711, when "Queen Anne's war" was raging between England and France. But the interest which my readers will find in it must come chiefly from the fact that, in the Revolution, the inhabitants of the parish of Chambly, joining our patriot forefathers, captured their own fort from its British garrison, and gave it into possession of the Federal government.

Some of these very Canadians were with our army when it took possession of Montreal, and accompanied the Federal forces down the St. Lawrence to join in the siege of Quebec. Had not our army received this aid, it must have rolled back in disaster from the strong position of the British at St. John's, and never have gained possession of the St. Lawrence, and the control of the lakes. It will be my pleasant duty to tell the story of

this brilliant campaign, and of the brief career of its hero, the noble young Irishman, General Montgomery.

Richard Montgomery was born in the north of Ireland, of respectable parents, in 1737, entering the army when he was fifteen years of age. As a youth, he was virtuous and studious; and these, with other good qualities, caused his early promotion. In 1757 he served, under the celebrated General Wolfe, against the French in Nova Scotia and Louisburg, and thus became acquainted with America. Being unjustly refused promotion, he sold the commission of captain which he held, and, in January, 1773, came to New York to make his home in the New World. Thus the unfriendliness of the government lost Great Britain a noble soldier, and what she lost America gained. In the following July he married the eldest daughter of Judge Robert R. Livingston, and, abandoning all purpose of a military life, he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. Fixing upon Rhinebeck as his residence, he built there a mill, stocked a farm, and laid the foundations of a new house.

With every prospect of happiness, his mind was ever tinged with melancholy; and he would often say: "My happiness is not lasting, but yet let us enjoy it as long as we may, and leave the rest to God."

Thus the Revolution found him. On receiving his appointment of brigadier-general, he reluct-

antly bade adieu to his "quiet life,"—"perhaps forever," he said; "but the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." Soothing the fears of his wife for his safety by cheerfulness and humor, he parted from her, finally, at Saratoga, with the words: "You will never have cause to blush for your Montgomery."

Joining his chief, Major-General Schuyler, at Ticonderoga, he never ceased to urge an advance. Having such a capable second, Schuyler, who was old and infirm, left to him the charge of the army, and, abandoning the camp, sought his needful ease at Saratoga.

Montgomery disliked this inaction, and desired of his superior instructions to advance. "Moving without your orders," says he in one of his messages, "I do not like; but the prevention of the enemy is of the utmost consequence; for if he gets his vessels into the lake, it is over with us for the present summer."

He therefore went forward down Lake Champlain with twelve hundred men; but, by reason of head winds and rain, it was the 4th of September when they reached *Isle aux Noix*, in the Sorel.

The next day, a declaration of friendship was circulated among the inhabitants; and, on the 6th, the army, under the lead of General Schuyler (who had now overtaken it), advanced against St. John's.

Alarmed by a slight attack which had been easily repulsed by Montgomery, Schuyler ordered a retreat; and without having made even a reconnoissance of the fort, he led his troops back to *Isle aux Noix*.

Here he was soon confined to his bed by illness, and everything went wrong. At length, Montgomery entreated permission to retrieve the late disasters; and Schuyler set out in a covered boat for Ticonderoga, "relinquishing with regret, but without envy, to the gallant young Irishman the conduct, the danger and the glory of the campaign."

The day after his departure, Montgomery moved the army against St. John's, arriving on the 17th of September. The next morning he led a corps of five hundred men to the north side of the fort, falling in with a detachment of the garrison, which, after a brief skirmish, retreated into the fort. He next established an intrenched camp of three hundred men at the junction of the roads to Montreal and Chambly, thus cutting off communications between St. John's and its supporting posts.

The bold and restless Ethan Allen, the captor of Ticonderoga, had attached himself to the army as a volunteer. To make his activity useful to the cause, Montgomery sent him with thirty men to La Prairie, a parish lying between St. John's and

Montreal, to associate with the inhabitants, in order to secure their friendship, and induce them to join the American standard. Having speedily obtained about fifty recruits, and, dazzled by vanity from his former success, without consulting his commander he attempted to surprise Montreal, but was himself defeated and captured by the British.

As the Americans had a very slight stock of ammunition, no assault upon St. John's could be attempted, and the hope of forcing the garrison to surrender from want of provisions was fading away. The weather was cold and rainy, and the ground in the camps became very wet, so that there was much sickness. The men were ill-tempered, and so rebellious that, when the general would have erected a battery nearer the fort, it was manifest his orders would not be obeyed.

"I did not consider," said he, "that I was at the head of troops who carried the spirit of freedom into the field, and think for themselves."

Yet the confidence of the men in their leader steadily grew. A little later, the battery was erected, and with the co-operation of those who had at first opposed it. The sick, the wounded, and even deserters, passing home, praised him at every halt upon their way.

But adversities and delays added greatly to his weariness and anxiety.

"The master of Hindostan," he writes, "could not recompense me for this summer's work; I have envied every wounded man who has so good an apology for retiring from a scene where no credit can be obtained. O fortunate husbandman! would I were at my plough again."

But difficulties only bring out the resources of a courageous mind. It was so with Montgomery.

One James Livingston, a native of New York, who had resided in Canada for some time, was very popular with the inhabitants; and, at the request of the general, he made use of his influence to raise a company of Canadian troops. General Carlton, the British governor of Canada, had hoped to succor St. John's by arming the rural population; but nearly the whole militia of the district refused to march at his command.

The inhabitants of the parish of Chambly soon gave in their adhesion to the American cause, and sent messengers into other parishes to induce them to do likewise. Livingston had soon recruited some hundreds of those, of whom he was made major; and the capture of the fort of Chambly was immediately planned by the Canadians, who were familiar with the place.*

Artillery was placed in bateaux, which, during a dark night, were run down the river past the fort at St. John's, and landed at the head of Chambly rapids, where it was mounted on wheels and taken to the

* Garneau's Hist. of Canada, vol. 2, p. 133.

point of attack. The force consisted of three hundred Canadians under Major Livingston, accompanied by fifty Federalists under Major Brown. The fort was firmly built of stone, was well supplied with cannon, and garrisoned by a detachment of the Royal Fusileers under Major Stopford. The Chambly villagers joined their countrymen under Livingston; and on the 18th of October, after a siege of a day and a half, the fort, with its walls unbroken and its stores unharmed, was surrendered to the patriots.

The prisoners, one hundred and sixty-eight in number, were marched to Connecticut, and the fort was garrisoned by the Americans. In it were found seventeen cannon, a hundred and twenty-four barrels of powder, with abundant other ammunition, and a great stock of provisions.

The powder and cannon enabled Montgomery to press the siege of St. John's with vigor. When General Carlton heard at Montreal of the success of the patriots, he perceived that the Sorel could be saved only by his taking the field against the Americans. He accordingly ordered Colonel McLean from Quebec to St. John's, with three hundred militia; and, on the 31st, he himself set out to join him with a force of eight hundred men. Colonel Seth Warner, with three hundred Green Mountain boys, met and defeated him on the shore of the St. Lawrence.

At the same time McLean, moving up the Sorel, found the bridges broken down, and the inhabitants preparing to resist him; and he retreated, perforce, to the mouth of the river. Towards evening of the day of Carlton's repulse, Colonel Warner reached St. John's with his prisoners. Montgomery immediately sent a flag of truce to the fort, informing the commandant of the defeat of his chief, and demanding the surrender of the fortress to prevent further effusion of blood. The commandant requested four days for consideration, but it was refused. There was no alternative; so, on the 3d of November, after a siege of six weeks, St. John's surrendered. According to terms granted out of respect to their bravery, the garrison, consisting of five hundred British regulars and one hundred Canadians, marched out with the honors of war, and stacked their arms on the neighboring plain.

The cold season was beginning, and the raw troops, weary of the privations of the field, and yearning for home, clamored to be dismissed, for the term of enlistment of many had already

expired. Having gained possession of the Sorel, they at first refused to go a step further; but the patriotic zeal, the kindness and the winning eloquence of Montgomery prevailed with them, and all but a small garrison left at St. John's pressed on to Montreal.

On the 12th of November, the patriot army took unopposed possession of the town, the people declaring themselves sympathizers in the American cause. McLean had already retreated toward Quebec, and Colonel Easton, of the Massachusetts militia, occupied a position at the mouth of the Sorel commanding the St. Lawrence; and the British fleet, consisting of eleven sail of vessels, with General Prescott and one hundred and twenty-six regulars, fell into the hands of Montgomery. General Carlton, disguised as a villager, got into a row-boat and dropped down the river in the night, and thus escaped.

In the midst of his successes, our hero, no less than his soldiers, longed to return to his family, his books, and the pleasant occupations of the farm. He earnestly entreated General Schuyler to pass the winter in Montreal, adding: "I am weary of power. I must go home this winter, if I walk by the side of the lake."

But Quebec was not in our hands, and, until that was accomplished, Canada remained unconquered from foreign rule. Men, money and artillery were wanting for the task, but honor forbade the leader to turn back without attempting the capture of the last post held by Great Britain in Canada. In the face of a Canadian winter, he set out with such force as he had to accomplish this desperate but glorious object.

Well-known histories narrate the siege of Quebec with sufficient clearness, and I need not attempt the repetition. There, against vast difficulties, and in great privation, with yet a good hope of success, the brave and noble Montgomery fell, in the full tide of assault, at the head of his troops. The single chance of success was lost at that moment; and our forces sustained a disastrous defeat.

In a few months all the ground we had gained in Canada was wrested from us, and the new nation seemed to have suffered a great misfortune. It certainly appeared very desirable that Canada should join the federation of American States, and become a sharer of their independence; but the God of Nations ruled otherwise; and many now believe that they see reasons for thinking that all happened for the best.



NOW, BUMBLE-BEE!

BY NELLIE WOOD.

Now, Bumble-bee, you just keep still,—you need n't jump and buzz;
 I've had such a time to catch you as never, never wuz.
 I've chased you round the garden, and, 'cause I did n't look,
 I almost fell right over into that drefful brook;
 And I'm going to put *you* in it, tho' I s'pose you think you're hid,
 For last week you stung my pussy,—you know very well you did.
 Yes, and you made us 'fraid that she was goin' to have a fit;
 She jumped up so, and tried to catch the place where you had bit.
 Yes! I shall surely drown you!—

But, p'raps you've got a home,
 And your little ones will wonder why you don't ever come;
 And I think, p'raps, you're sorry you went and acted so,—
 If you'll only wait till I run away,—I—b'lieve—I'll—let you go.

ONE-TREE ISLAND.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

NEAR the head of a small bay on the coast of South Carolina, there is a small, sandy island, which, at the time of this story, bore the name of One-tree Island, from the fact that a single tall palmetto was the only tree upon it. The island belonged to a family named Barclay, who had a house there, which was used as a summer residence; and although the island was not very shady, the air was pure and healthful, and there were broad piazzas around the house where shade and coolness could always be found.

The family consisted of a father and mother, a son of fourteen, named Charley, and two younger children, both girls. Besides these white people, there were generally a dozen or more colored servants; for this was long ago, in the days of slavery, when most Southern families had a great many house-servants.

Mr. Barclay was a lawyer, and in the winter he lived near the small town at the head of the bay, where he had a plantation.

One morning in August, the whole family had gone over to the town in a sail-boat. The weather had been cooler than usual for some days, and it was a pleasant sail from the island to the town. Mr. Barclay managed the boat, assisted by an old negro, called Daddy July, who sat in the bow and attended to the sail.

Mr. Barclay had business in the town, regarding the sale of some property in which he was concerned; but the rest of the family procured a carriage and rode out to the plantation, where Mrs. Barclay spent the day in attending to some domestic matters. In the evening, when they found themselves again at the wharf where the sail-boat—the “Anna”—was moored, they were met, not by Mr. Barclay, but by a messenger with a note. In this, Mr. Barclay stated that he had been obliged to go out of town to meet some important parties to the business in which he was engaged, and that Charley, with Daddy July’s help, would have to take them home.

Charley could sail a boat very well, as his father knew, and he was delighted at this chance of taking command of the “Anna,” and showing his mother and sisters how well he could manage her; for they had never been out with him alone before.

But Mrs. Barclay was not delighted. She had not her husband’s confidence in Charley’s seamanship,—indeed, she knew very little about such

things herself, and had an idea that no boy of fourteen should be trusted with a sail-boat in which there were ladies or children. As to Daddy July, she was sure he knew almost nothing about sailing, as she had heard Mr. Barclay say so.

But Charley was urging her not to be afraid, but to get into the boat, which would be just as safe with him at the helm as if his father were there; and the two little girls were very anxious to get on board and have another sail, and Daddy July was in the boat, arranging the cushions and making ready for a start. And then, too, she began to think that her husband ought to know whether Charley was to be trusted or not, and so, after a little more hesitation, she went down the steps at the end of the wharf, and Charley helped her on board.

The sail home was very pleasant, and devoid of any accident whatever. The wind was fresh, but not too strong, and Charley steered his little craft with steadiness and good judgment. When they ran up alongside of the landing platform, at the back of the house, Charley turned to his mother and said:

“There, mother! Have n’t I brought you over safely enough?”

“Indeed, you have, my boy,” said Mrs. Barclay. “I had no idea you were such a good sailor.”

“And wont you be willing to take a sail with me,—with me alone, I mean,—some other time?”

“That is another matter,” said Mrs. Barclay, laughing. “You know how afraid I am when I’m on the water. But we shall see.”

The little girls and their mother went into the house, which stood quite near the water’s edge, although it faced the other way, so that from the front piazza there was a view across the island and down the bay. This island might have been called, with truth, “one-house island,” for Mr. Barclay’s residence was the only house upon it, if we except the small buildings which were used as quarters for the servants, and for various domestic purposes. These were all clustered together on one side of the house, and not far from the solitary palmetto which gave its name to the island.

“Daddy July,” said Charley, before he went into the house, “be sure to anchor the boat a good way out from shore. Father always wishes that done, you know, or when the tide runs out it may leave her aground. You can take the little bateau out with you, and come back in her when

you 've anchored the sail-boat." And then Charley hurried in, for he was hungry and it was quite supper-time.

"Whar 's dat ar bateau?" said old Daddy July, looking on both sides of the platform.

"She 's done gone. Dat ar boy Clum 's been, an' come, an' done gone an' took her fur to go fishin', an' jist as like as not he 's lef' her at de udder end ob de islan'. Dat 's jist like dat boy, Clum,—knowin' we was all away. I wonder ef Mahs'r Chawles tinks I 'm a-gwine to take dat ar sail-boat out dar, an' den swim ashore! 'Cause I 's not a-gwine to do it. I 'll jist push her out as far as I kin wade, an' anchor her dar, an' tie her to de landin' with a good long rope, an' den, ef she 's lef' agroun', I 'll get up early in de mawnin' an' push her off."

And so Daddy July rolled up his trousers, and anchored the boat some thirty feet from the pier.

That night, about twelve o'clock, or perhaps a little later, Gracie, the younger of the little girls, fell out of bed. This was a favorite trick with her, as she was a great roller and tumbler, but she never before had had such a curious feeling when she had fallen out of bed. For this time she went plump into water half a foot deep!

As she struggled to her feet, dripping and floundering about in the water, her wild screams awoke her mother and sister; even Charley, who was a heavy sleeper, was aroused. Mrs. Barclay sprang out of bed, and when she found herself over ankle-deep in water she could not refrain from a scream, and this brought up Charley, who jumped on to the floor of his room with a tremendous splash.

"Hello!" cried Charley, and for a moment he thought he was dreaming. Then he heard his mother calling him, and he splashed over to the bureau for a match, and lighted his lamp. By its light he saw that the floor was covered with water. Hastily slipping on a few clothes, and without stopping to roll up his trousers, he ran into his mother's room.

"Oh, Charley!" cried his mother, holding the dripping Gracie in her arms. "There is a flood! We shall all be swept away."

Charley did not answer. He ran to the window. It was a moonlight night, although the sky was now cloudy, and he could see nothing but water spreading out around the house. The surface of the island had disappeared. The sea had certainly risen, and was sweeping up the bay. The water, which had come in under the doors, seemed higher out on the piazza than in the room where he was. It was evident that it had been rising for some time, or had risen very rapidly, for although the bedrooms were all on the first floor, the house stood

on piles which raised it five or six feet from the ground.

His mother again called to him:

"What are we to do?" she cried. "We shall certainly be washed away. Where are all the people? Why did n't they come and tell us? What shall we do?"

"I don't believe they know of it," said Charley, quickly. "The quarters are on higher ground than the house. Perhaps it has n't reached them." He then ran through the water to another room, where there was a window which looked out in the direction of the quarters. He could see that all the houses must be surrounded by water; but a building, which was used as a kitchen, stood between him and the quarters, and he could not see what was going on there. He put his head out of the window and shouted, but received no answer.

As he hurried back to his mother's room, he heard a knocking at the back of the house. He stopped to listen, and then quickly made his way to the dining-room, the windows of which looked out upon the back piazza. When he reached a window, the first thing that he saw was the sail-boat, bumping and rubbing against the outside of the piazza railings.

Charley was astounded! How did that boat get there? But there was no time to consider questions of this sort. He raised the window and sprang out on the piazza. The water was nearly up to his knees, but he waded to the railings, climbed over, and got into the boat. As he jumped in, it floated away from the house, but he seized an oar and drew it up again to the railings, where he made it fast at the bow. A rope ran out from the stern and went down under the water.

"Daddy July has tied her to the end of the platform," said Charley, "and she 's floated around."

This was true. As the water rose, the boat had pulled up the anchor, which was attached to a chain that the old man had made much too short, and then, being caught in an eddy which the waters had made in sweeping around the house, she had drifted back, still held by the long rope. This Charley quickly cut,—he found his knife in his pocket,—then he drew the stern also close to the piazza. He made it fast and hurried back into the house.

There he found the water much higher, and his mother almost frantic. She thought he must be lost, in some way, for he had not answered her calls, and yet she was afraid to leave the other children to go and look for him.

"Mother!" he cried. "We 're all right! The 'Anna' is right here, at the back of the house. Get ready and we 'll all be off. We must be quick. I will carry Dora."

"Stop one minute," said his mother, hurriedly; "I must get them some clothes," and she set Gracie on the bed.

"And yourself, too," cried Charley. "Can't I help?"

Mrs. Barclay quickly opened some bureau-drawers, which were luckily above the water, and seizing some of the children's frocks, she handed them to Charley. She then grasped some of her own clothes, which were hanging in the room, with a shawl or two, which hung by them. Picking up the wet little Gracie, she said she was ready to go. Charley took up Dora, and they all made their way to the dining-room. Being now better used to the dim moonlight that came through the windows, they did not need a lamp.

Charley put Dora and the clothes on the window-seat, and climbed out upon the piazza. Then, as quickly as he could, he placed the children and the clothes in the boat, and helped his mother out of the window, and over the railing. When she was safely seated with the children, Charley cast loose, stern and bow, and pushed the boat away from the house.

While Charley was at work hoisting the sail, Mrs. Barclay took the wet clothes from little Gracie and rubbed her dry with a towel she had brought. Then she slightly dressed both the children and wrapped them in shawls. When this was done, she put on a wrapper and a shawl and drew the little girls close to her, one on each side. Fortunately, it was a warm night, and although they all were so slightly dressed, and none of them had on any shoes or stockings, they did not feel cold.

The boat had been lying in the lee of the house, and they had not felt the wind, but when Charley put her about, so that her sail caught the strong but steady breeze that was coming up the bay, she quickly got under headway.

"Oh, Charley!" cried Mrs. Barclay, as they rapidly sailed away from the house, "what can have become of all the people? It seems dreadful to go away and leave them; and yet we could not take them all in this little boat. There are other boats, are there not?"

"Oh, yes!" said Charley; "there 's the big fishing-boat. I reckon they could all get into that. And the little bateau could carry three or four of them, if they crowded."

"But were the boats near at hand?" asked his mother.

"The big boat was," said Charley. "It was anchored close to the quarters."

"But why did not some of them come to us?" said Mrs. Barclay. "I cannot understand it."

"It must be as I said, mother," said Charley. "The quarters being higher than the house, they

may not have known of the flood until it was too late to come to us."

"Well, I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that they are all safe," said Mrs. Barclay. "I wish we could have sailed near the quarters, so that we could have found out something about them."

"Well, I 'll try and sail near enough to see the quarters when we come back," said Charley.

"Come back!" exclaimed his mother. "You don't mean to say we are going back?"

"Not exactly back," replied Charley, "but, you see, with this wind we have to tack across the bay so as to get up to town. I 'd be afraid to run before such a strong breeze as this, with you all on board. And when we go on the other tack, I can run down pretty near the quarters, and then if we can pick up anybody we 'll do it. It don't matter about losing time. We 're all right, now we 're safe aboard the 'Anna.'"

But Charley did not go near the quarters on his back-tack. When he put the boat about, and his mother and sisters had changed their seats to the other side of the vessel, it was not long before he saw ahead of him what he thought was a boat. So he steered straight for it, and soon saw that it was full of people, with two men rowing as hard as they could. When they came nearer, he knew it was his father's big fishing-boat. He ran up ahead of her, lay to, and hailed her.

As soon as the fishing-boat drew up, Mrs. Barclay called out to know if everybody was on board. Half a dozen darkies spoke at once, but she understood that all were on board,—men, women and children,—excepting Clum and two other boys, who were in the bateau.

"And dar 's the bateau!" called out a negro man at the bow. "See de bateau! Dar she cum, wid Clum a-scullin' her wid a rail."

And then another man explained that the reason why Clum was sculling with a rail, was because they could n't find the oars of the big boat, which had probably been lying on the sand and floated off, and so they had to take the bateau oars for the big boat, and give Clum a rail, which fortunately happened to be in one of the houses. And as Clum was supposed to be able to propel a boat with almost any kind of a stick, this was considered to be all right. And, sure enough, the bateau was coming along quite rapidly.

The negroes furthermore informed Mrs. Barclay that they had rowed to the house as soon as they had got the big boat started, but had seen the "Anna" sailing away, and were quite sure the family was on board of her; and they were mighty glad, too, for there was not room for another person in their boat.

Much relieved to find that everybody was safe, Charley brought the "Anna" around to the wind, and away she went on a long tack. It was daylight when she was gently run ashore, high up in a field in the outskirts of the town. The negroes, seeing where the sail-boat had landed, made for the same spot. Mrs. Barclay and the children were quickly conveyed to a neighboring house, and it was not long before they were joined there by Mr. Barclay, who had heard of the great flood in the bay, and had hurried into town, that he might go to the assistance of his family. But it would not be easy to describe his joy and thankful-

and Clum was sure he had not been in his bateau. The fishing-boat was searched, to see if he had crawled under anything and gone to sleep. But there was no sign of him. It was pretty evident that he had been left behind.

Mr. Barclay was greatly grieved. Daddy July was a favorite old servant, and he could not bear to think that he had been left to drown. The water had risen so high that the quarters must have been carried away, and the house had probably shared the same fate. But Mr. Barclay did not stop to conjecture in regard to these things. The flood had now ceased to increase, and there



"DADDY JULY WAS IN THE TOP OF THE OLD PALMETTO."

ness to find them all safe in the town, or his pride in his boy Charley, who had so manfully brought them away.

"But, after all, father," said Charley, "we ought to be particularly obliged to old Daddy July; for if he had anchored the 'Anna' where I told him to, she would have dragged her anchor and been blown far away from us. It was tying her to the platform that made her swing around to the house, where I got hold of her."

"Where is Daddy July?" asked Mr. Barclay; but this was a question not easily answered. The other negroes were all sitting about in the sun, outside; but the old man was not among them. No one could remember seeing him in the big boat, though all thought, of course, he was there,

might be a chance of doing some good by visiting the island, or the place where the island was submerged, and so the "Anna" was launched, and, with two trustworthy negro men and Charley (who, having had his breakfast, felt as lively as a lark and ready for anything), Mr. Barclay set sail. Long before they reached the spot where their happy summer home had stood, they saw that every building had been swept away. The house would probably be found, in pieces, along the shores of the bay. But one thing was standing to show the exact location of the island, and that was the solitary palmetto-tree, which, with its branching top and half its trunk out of water, still stood, gently waving over the island which bore its name.

Charley was sitting in the bow of the boat. As

it approached the tree, he sprang to his feet and gave a shout.

"Hello!" he cried. "Look there! There he is! There 's Daddy July, in the top of the old palmetto!"

Sure enough, there he was, snugly nestled among the branches at the top of the tree!

Everybody shouted at him, as the boat was brought around and made fast to the tree, and a happier old darkey never slowly slid down a palmetto trunk and dropped into a boat.

"How in the world, Daddy July," said Mr. Barclay, as the old man sat down in the stern of the boat, "did you ever come to climb that tree?"

"Why, you see, Mahs'r George," said the old negro, "dey was so long findin' de oars an' gittin' ready, dat I was jist afeard dey neber would git off at all, an' I jist clum' up dat tree, as quick as eber I could, for de water was a-gittin' wuss an' wuss; but I did n't b'lieve it would eber git ober de top ob dat tree. An' when Mahs'r Charley went off in de sail-boat, I hollered at him; but de wind took away de holler, an' when de fellers in de big boat sot out I hollered at dem, but dey did n't hear,

an' when Clum come along— Hello! what's dis?"

And he sprang to his feet, with his hand in his trousers-pocket.

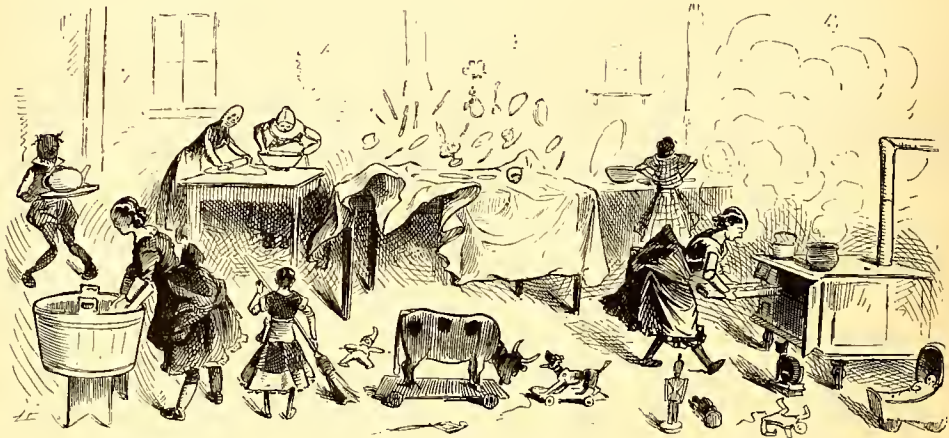
"Dar 's somethin' mighty soft an' warm in dar," he said, as he pulled out a big rat, which had been cuddled up in his pocket. He put his hand in again, and pulled out another. These he threw into the water, and putting his hand in the other pocket, pulled out three more.

The poor creatures were driven by the flood to the tree, and during the night had found the old man's pockets nice, warm places in which to nestle. Some were found even in the folds of his shirt.*

"Dar now! Mahs'r George," said Daddy July, as he threw away the last of them, "if you wants any more rats in de island, you got to fotch 'em over. I 'se done gone an' brung 'em all away, dis time, shuah."

Mr. Barclay did not build another house on "One-tree Island," but chose for his next summer residence a higher and a safer spot. And Mrs. Barclay was never again afraid to take a sail with only Charley to manage the boat.

* This incident is a fact.



HARK, hark! What 's that noise?
Something 's the matter with the toys.
Scrub, scrub! Swish, swash!
The biggest doll is trying to wash,

The other dolls are making cake.
The new cook-stove is beginning to bake;
The table is setting itself, you see;
They must be expecting friends to tea.

CHEERY ROBIN.

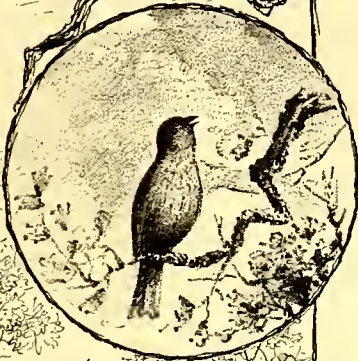
BY B. LANDER.

ROBIN in the April time
Blithely sings of summer prime,
Every mellow note outwelling
Sweetly telling of his glee ;
How his merry carol rings !
As he sings,
In the budding April time,—Cheerily !

Robin in the summer prime,
What cares he for autumn rime !
Present care and present pleasure
Fill the measure of each day ;
And his merry carol rings,
While he sings,
In the golden summer prime,—Cheerily !

Robin in the autumn rime
Singeth of a sunny clime,
Where the bowers glow with flowers,
Where the hours brim with glee.
Still his merry carol rings !
Still he sings,
In the chilly autumn rime,—Cheerily !

Robin to the aged Year
Sings a parting note of cheer ;
Happy heart of sunshine, Robin,
Ever throbbing merrily.
Sweet contentment Robin brings,
When he sings,
With a cadence loud and clear,—Cheerily !





PAPER BALLOONS.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

DID you ever watch a beautiful soap-bubble dance merrily through the air, and think how closely it resembled the immense silken bubble beneath which the daring aeronaut goes bounding among the clouds? When a school-boy, the writer used to attach one end of a small rubber tube to a gas-burner and the other to a clay pipe, and thus let the gas blow soap-bubbles, which would shoot up into the air with the greatest rapidity.

From these soap balloons, his ambition led him to make balloons of more lasting material, and, after numerous experiments and disasters, he succeeded in building paper balloons of a style which is comparatively safe from accident, and seldom the

cause of a mortifying failure. If you do not want to disappoint the spectators by having a fire instead of an ascension, avoid models with small mouth openings or narrow necks. Experience has also taught the writer that balloons of good, substantial, portly build, go up best and make their journey in a stately, dignified manner, while the slim, narrow balloon, on the contrary, even if it succeeds in getting a safe start, goes bobbing through the air, turning this way and that, until the flame from the fire-ball touches and lights the thin paper, leaving only a handful of ashes floating upon the summer breeze.

The reader can see here illustrated some of the objectionable shapes as well as some of the

safe styles. For large balloons, strong manilla paper is best; for smaller ones, use tissue paper.

When you build a balloon, decide first what height you want it, then make the side-pieces or



FIG. 1.—UNSAFE SHAPES FOR BALLOONS.

gores nearly a third longer; a balloon of thirteen gores, each six feet long and one foot greatest width, makes a balloon a little over four feet high. For such a balloon, first make a pattern of stiff brown paper by which to cut the gores. To make the pattern, take a strip of paper six feet long and a little over one foot wide; fold the paper in the center lengthwise, so that it will be only a little over a half foot from the edges to the fold. Along the bottom, measure two inches from the fold, and mark the point. At one foot from the bottom, at right angles from the folded edge, measure three inches and one-half, and mark the point; in the same manner, mark off five inches from two feet up the fold.

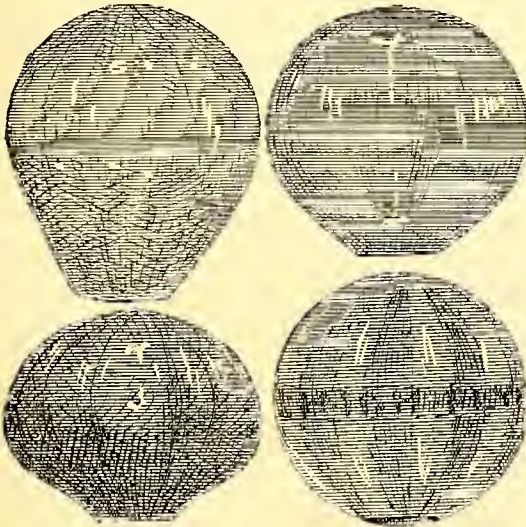


FIG. 2.—SOME SAFE SHAPES FOR BALLOONS.

From a point three feet four inches from the bottom, measure off six inches, and mark the point; from this place the width decreases. At the fourth foot, mark a point five inches and one-half from the

fold; about three inches and a third at the fifth foot; nothing, of course, at the sixth foot, or top, where the gore will come to a point. With chalk or pencil draw a curved line connecting these points, cut the paper along this line and unfold it.

You will have a pattern the shape of a cigar, four inches wide at the bottom, one foot greatest width, and six feet long.

After pasting your sheets of manilla or tissue paper together in strips of the required length, cut, by the pattern just made, thirteen gores; lay one of these gores flat upon the floor, as in the highest diagram in Fig. 3; fold it in the center as in the middle diagram, Fig. 3; over this lay another gore, leaving a margin of the under gore protruding from beneath as in the lowest diagram, Fig. 3. With a brush, cover the pro-

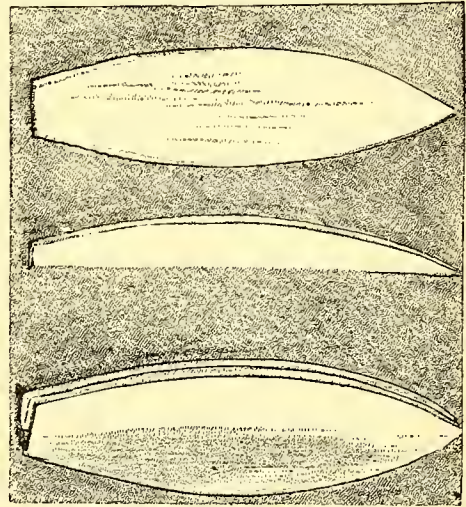


FIG. 3.—THE GORES, CUT AND FOLDED.

truding edge with paste, then turn it up and over upon the upper gore, and with a towel or rag press it down until the two edges adhere. Fold the upper gore in the center as you did the first one, and lay a third gore upon it; paste the protruding edge; and so on until all thirteen are pasted. It will be found that the bottom gore and top gore have each an edge unpasted; lay these two edges together, and paste them neatly.

Next, you must make a hoop of rattan or some light substance to fit the mouth opening, which will be about one foot and a half in diameter. Fasten the hoop in by pasting the edges of the mouth opening around it. In very large paper balloons it is well to place a piece of string along the edge of each gore and paste it in; letting the ends of the strings hang down below the mouth; fasten the hoop in with these ends before pasting the

paper over it. It will be found next to impossible to tear the hoop from a balloon strengthened in this manner.

Should you discover an opening at the top of your balloon, caused by the points not joining exactly, tie it up with a string if it be small, but, if it be a large hole, paste a piece of paper over it. When dry, take a fan and fan the balloon as full of air as you can, and while it is inflated make a thorough inspection of all sides to see that there are no accidental tears, holes or rips.

Fig. 4 shows the cross-wires that support the fire-ball. The latter is best made of old-fashioned lamp-wick, wound rather loosely in the form of a ball, the size depending upon the dimensions of the balloon. The sponge commonly used soon burns out and the balloon comes down in a very little while, but the wick-ball here described seldom fails to propel the little air-ship upward and onward out of sight. A short, fine wire should next be run quite

hooking the ends of this wire over the cross-wires at the mouth.

If you use a little care, you will have no difficulty in sending up the balloon. Place your wick-ball in a pan or dish, put the corked bottle of alcohol beside it, and about thirty feet away make a simple fire-place of bricks or stones, over which place an old stove-pipe. Fill the fire-place with shavings, twisted pieces of paper, or anything that will light readily and make a good blaze. In a loop of string fastened at the top of the balloon for that purpose

let one of the party put the end of a smooth stick, and, with the other end in his or her hand, mount some elevated position and hold the balloon over the fire-place. Before touching a match to the combustibles below, expand the balloon as much as possible by fanning it full of air; then light the fire. Be very careful, in all the process that follows, to hold the mouth of the balloon directly above and not too near the stove-pipe, to prevent the blaze from setting fire to the paper, which would easily catch. At this stage of the proceedings one person must take the bottle of alcohol, uncork it, and pour

the contents over the wick-ball in the basin, and the ball must be made to soak up all it will hold of the spirits. The balloon will become more and more buoyant as the air becomes heated inside, and at length, when distended to its utmost, it will begin pulling to free itself. Holding the hoop at the mouth, walk to one side of the fire and with all speed have the ball attached securely in place. Touch a light to it, and it will blaze up. At the words "All right," let go. At the same instant the stick must be slid from

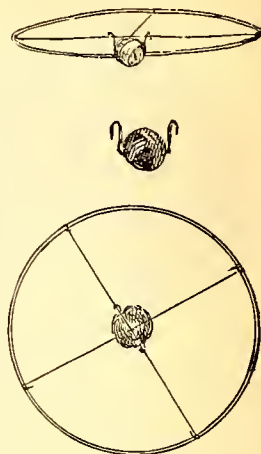
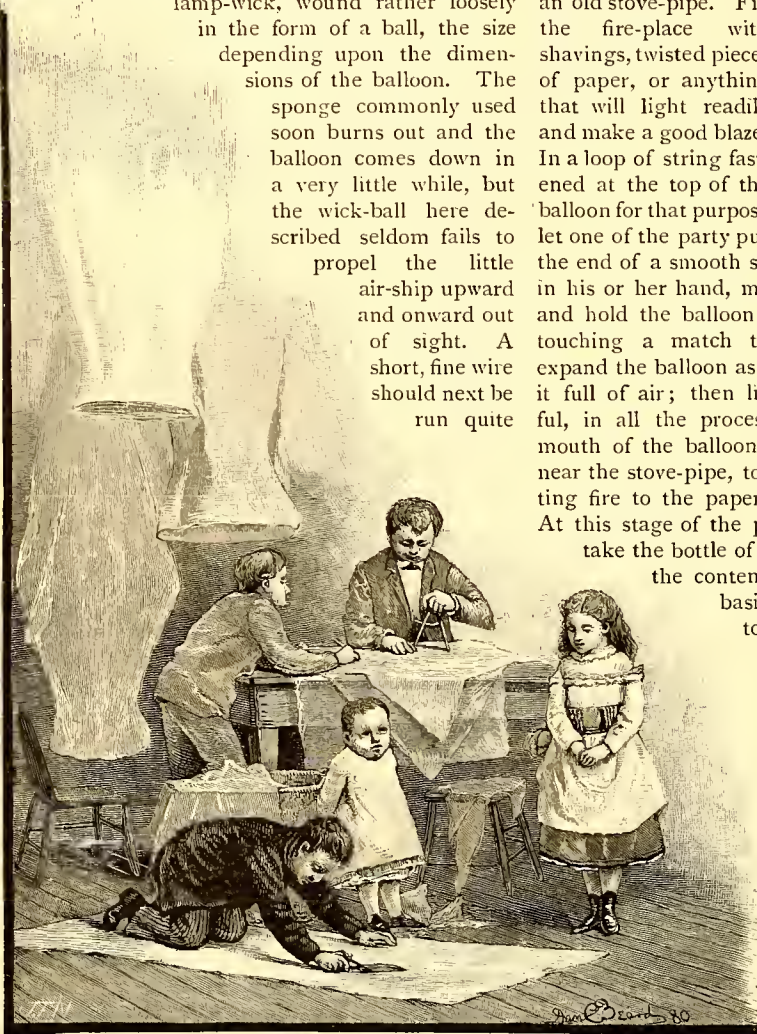


FIG. 4.—SHOWING THE FIRE-BALL AND THE MANNER OF ATTACHING IT.



MAKING THE BALLOON.

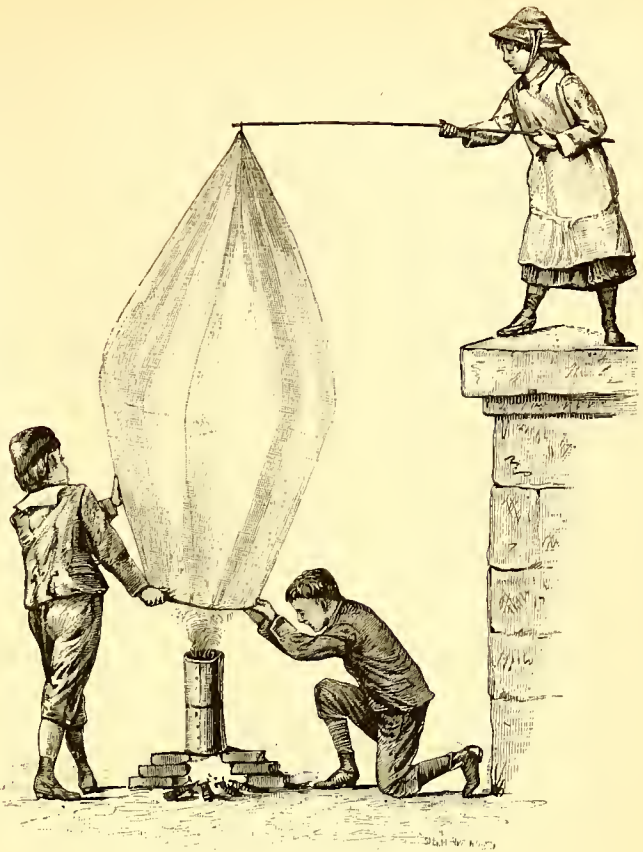
through the wick-ball, so that it can be attached to the mouth of the balloon in an instant by

the loop on top, so as not to tear the paper, and away will sail the balloon upon its airy voyage.

Never attempt to send up a balloon upon a windy day, for the wind will be sure, sooner or later, to blow the blaze aside and set the paper on fire, and, if once it catches, up in the air, there is not much use in trying to save it.

After you have made a balloon like the one just described, and sent it up successfully, you can try other shapes. A very good plan in experimenting is to make a small working model of light tissue-paper, fill it with cold air by means of an ordinary fan, and, when it is expanded, any defect in form or proportion can be readily detected and remedied. If it be too narrow, cut it open at one seam and put in another gore, or *vice versa*, until you are satisfied with the result; with this as a pattern, construct your larger balloon. Such a model, eighteen inches high, lies upon the writer's table. He has sent it up in the house several times, by holding it a few moments over a burning gas-jet. It rapidly fills with heated air and, when freed, soars up to the ceiling, where it rolls along until the air cools, then falls gently to the floor.

The parachute shown in Fig. 10 is simply a square piece of paper with a string at each of the four corners, meeting a short distance underneath, where a weight is attached. Fig. 5 shows how to make one that will not tear. It is made of two square pieces of paper. Two pieces of string are



FILLING THE BALLOON WITH HEATED AIR.

These parachutes are attached to a wire that hangs from the balloon, in this manner: From the center and top of the parachute is a string, we will say, a foot long; this is tied securely

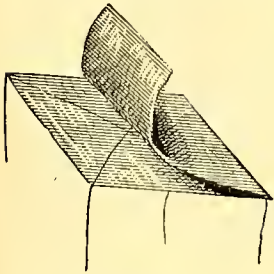


FIG. 5.—METHOD OF PASTING PAPER AND STRINGS FOR PARACHUTE.

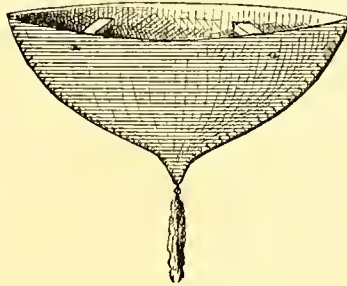


FIG. 6.—THE PASTEBOARD CAR.

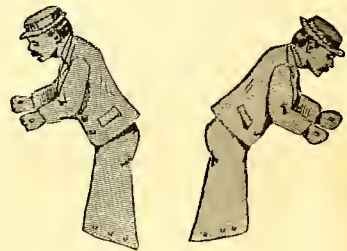


FIG. 7.—THE PASTEBOARD MEN.

laid diagonally across the first paper; on top of this the second piece of paper is pasted, inclosing the strings without disturbing them; the ends of the strings come out at the corners.

to one end of a fuse, from out of a pack of Chinese fire-crackers; a few inches from the other end of the fuse another string is tied and fastened to the wire. Just as the balloon starts, the free end of the



UP AND AWAY!

fuse is lighted; when it has burned itself away past the point where the upper string has been fastened, it of course severs the connection between the parachute and the balloon, and the parachute drops, but does not go far, for the air beneath spreads it out, the weight at the bottom balances it, and it floats away slowly (Fig. 13), settling lower and lower, but often traveling miles before finally reaching the earth.

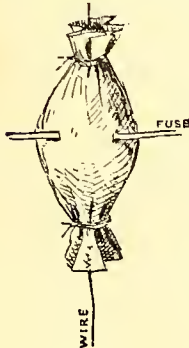


FIG. 8.

All manner of objects may be attached to a parachute,—notes addressed to possible finders, letters, or figures of

men or animals. The latter look very odd in the air.

A real passenger balloon may be pretty closely imitated by painting crossed black lines upon the

upper part of a paper balloon, to represent the net-work. A pasteboard balloon-car, made after the manner shown in Fig. 6, and holding two pasteboard men cut out as shown in Fig. 7, may be hung on by hooking the wires attached to the hoop at the mouth of the balloon.

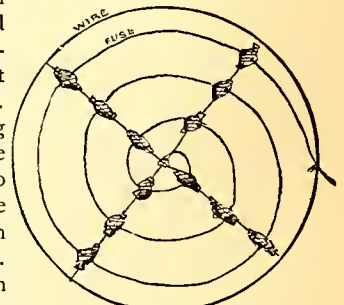


FIG. 9.

When the balloon and car are a little distance up in the air, it takes a sharp eye to detect the deception,

because distance in the air cannot be easily judged.

But, so far, we have dealt only with day balloons; for night, you must attach some luminous object.

A lantern made like the one described in "Kite-time," ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1880, may be fastened to the balloon by a long string and wire, and when it goes swinging after the larger light above, it has a curious appearance. In a similar manner, a long string of lanterns may be hung on to a large balloon, or packs of Chinese crackers may be exploded in mid-air by means of a fuse.

The writer has experimented in other fire-works, but found them very dangerous to handle. Mr. Stallknecht, of the *Hat, Cap and Fur Trade Review*, however, showed the author how to make a simple, safe and beautiful pyrotechnic out of a roman candle with colored balls, a piece of wire and a fuse. The fuse

from the center or side. (Fig. 9.) To the rim of the wire-wheel attach several wires of equal

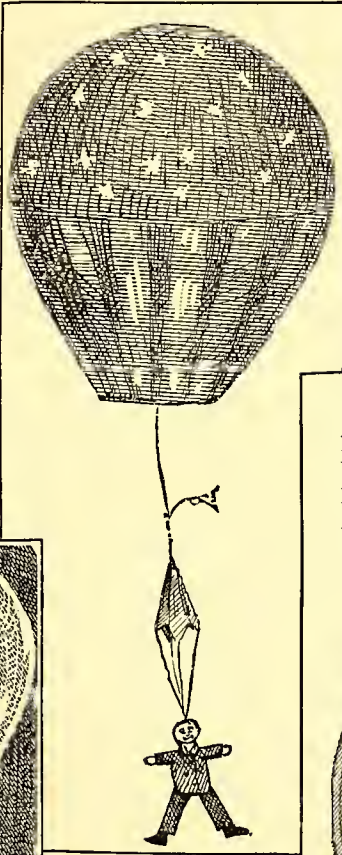


FIG. 10.—BALLOON WITH PARACHUTE.

used can be bought in almost any city or town ; it is sold to miners for setting off blasts. With the wire, make a sort of wheel, with two or three spokes ; cut open the

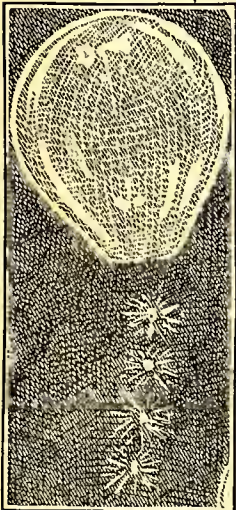


FIG. 11.—ILLUMINATED NIGHT-BALLOON.

roman candle and extract the powder and balls ; wrap up each ball with some of the powder loosely in a piece of tissue paper and tie the paper at the ends upon the spokes or cross-wires of the wheel, as shown in Fig. 8. Run the fuse spirally around, passing through each parcel containing a ball, and allow the long end of the fuse to trail down beneath

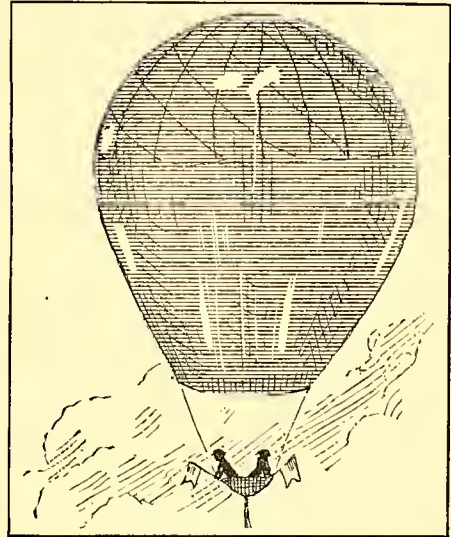


FIG. 12.—BALLOON WITH PASTEBOARD CAR AND MEN.

lengths, with hooked ends ; hook these on to the hoop at the mouth of the balloon, just before letting it go, and light the trailing end of the fuse. As the fire creeps slowly along, the balloon mounts

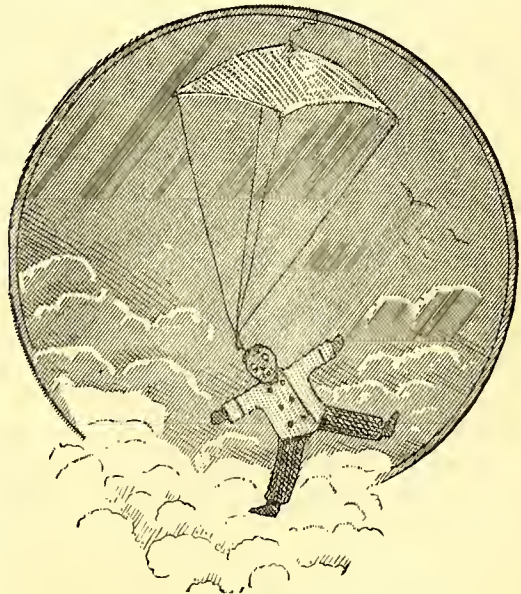


FIG. 13.—THE PARACHUTE FALLING.

higher and higher. Suddenly, the whole balloon glows with a ruddy, lurid glare ! The fire has reached the first ball. In another instant, you see a floating globe of pale-green light, then blue, and

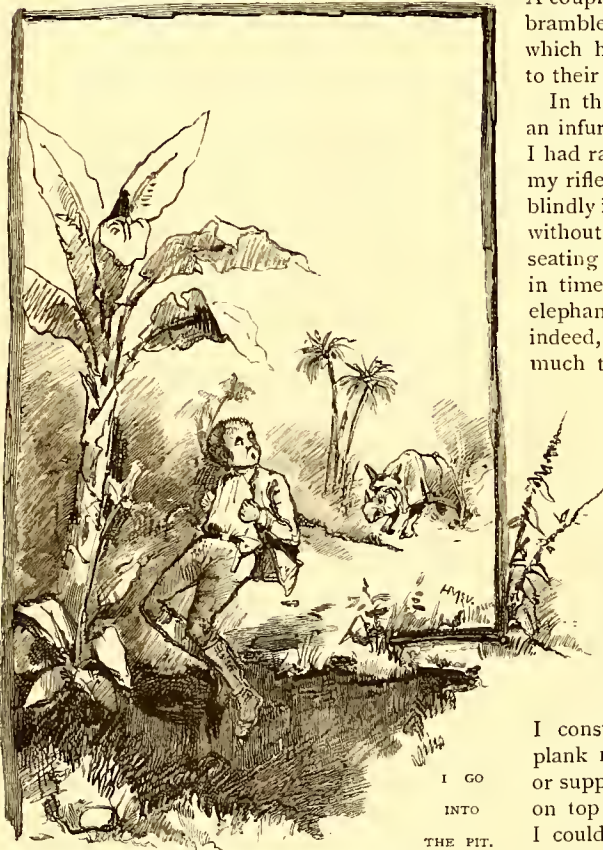
so on, until all the balls are consumed. Showers of pretty, jagged sparks are falling constantly during the illumination, caused by the burning powder. By the time all is over, the tiny light of the solitary ball in the balloon looks like a star in the sky above, traveling where the wind has a mind to

blow it. For the most experienced aeronaut has but very little more command over the actions of his immense silken air-ship than has the young amateur aeronaut, who builds his balloon of tissue paper, and sends it skyward, with a ball of fire for its motive power.

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. NO. IV.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

A SEE-SAW IN AN ELEPHANT PIT.



I GO
INTO
THE PIT.

SOME miles from the company's trading-post was a four-sided cut in the ground. It was thirty feet long, by twenty broad. In depth it was over twelve feet, and its sides were perpendicular. It had been an elephant pit when elephants were plenty and the ivory trade brisk in the district.

At the time I speak of, it was no longer in use. A couple of planks, covered with withered sods and brambles, were all that remained of the false roof which had served to lure unsuspecting elephants to their downfall.

In this cut I was once forced to take refuge by an infuriated keitloa, or black rhinoceros, at which I had rashly fired. I was obliged to throw away my rifle in my race, and had barely time to leap blindly into the pit, whose bottom I luckily reached without any injury beyond a slight shock. Here, seating myself on a pile of broken planks, which in times past had yielded beneath the weight of elephants, I began to reflect. I had enough time; indeed, I feared I might have a good deal too much time for reflection. A wounded rhinoceros is a stayer, and no mistake.

That I could climb out by piling up rubbish seemed likely; but I did n't want to climb out while the keitloa was on duty there. That he could jump in was certain; and I fancied I could tease him into risking a leap. But I was far from wishing him to do so, unless I could go up and out *at the same instant*; and this, I thought, was simply impossible.

At last I hit upon a scheme—a dangerous one to be sure, but not so dangerous as waiting to be starved to death. I constructed a see-saw. A strong, unbroken plank made my moving-beam; for a stationary, or supporting board, I put several broken planks on top of one another and bound them, as best I could, with bits of old rope. This rope had formerly served to bind the false roof, and now lay among its ruins at the bottom of the pit.

One end of the moving-beam was immediately under that side of the pit where the rhinoceros had taken his stand. Across the beam, from this end to where its center rested on the fixed support, I tied branches and covered them with withered

grass—knowing that a rhinoceros is never remarkable for smartness, and is especially easy to deceive when angry.

I then took my seat on the other end of the see-saw, thereby, of course, tipping up the extremity nearest the huge brute, at which I began popping with my revolver. I also, in imitation of the natives, called him various abusive names, and reflected in-

If he touched the see-saw with any part of his ponderous body, I should be shot up—where, I could not exactly tell; if he missed the see-saw, I should stay down, and it would be all up with me.

Bang! came his forefoot on the raised end of the beam, cutting short my reflections. Whiz! up went the lower end, and I with it, like a rocket. I fortunately alighted outside the pit, having been



THE RHINOCEROS
GOES INTO THE PIT.

sultingly upon his ancestry. At last he screamed, or perhaps I should say grunted, with rage (whether at the bullets or the abuse, I cannot say) and withdrew a few steps for a charge. Notwithstanding a slight sinking sensation, I fired my last cartridge and shouted out the name which I had heard was most offensive to a sensitive keitloa. Then I shut my eyes and nervously awaited his descent.

considerably above its brink at the height of my flight.

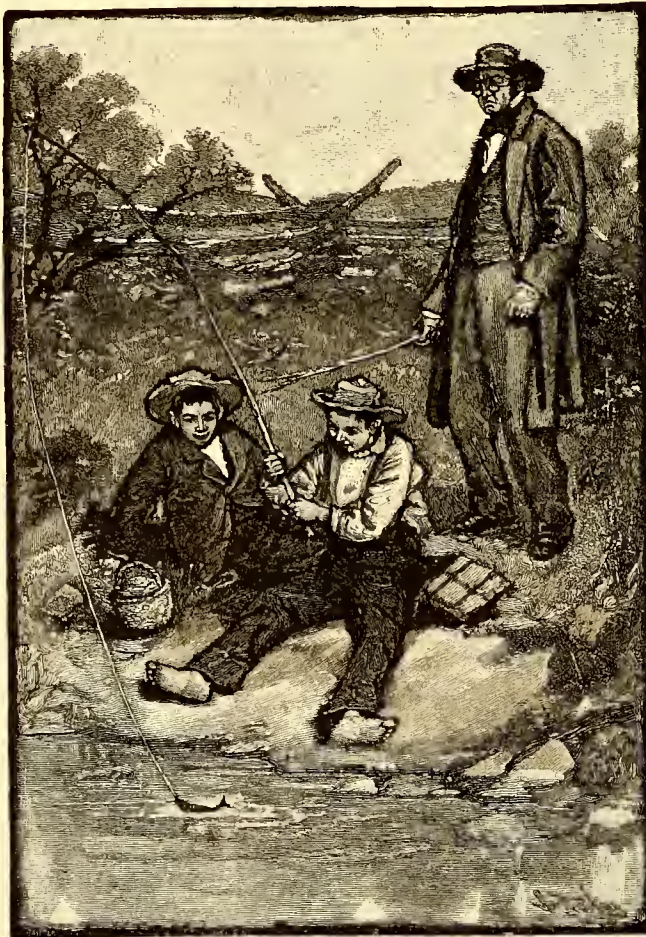
The rhinoceros' was now a captive himself. Indeed, I believe he continues one to this day, for an agent of Barnum's shortly afterward visited our station in search of new attractions for his menagerie, and I sold my prisoner for —, but I must not let out trade secrets.

ROSES.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

“It is summer,” says a fairy,
“Bring me tissue light and airy;
Bring me colors of the rarest,
Search the rainbow for the fairest—
Sea-shell pink and sunny yellow,
Kingly crimson, deep and mellow,
Faint red in Aurora beaming,
And the white in pure pearls gleaming;

“Bring me diamonds, shining brightly
Where the morning dew lies lightly;
Bring me gold dust, by divining
Where the humming-bird is mining;
Bring me sweets as rich as may be
From the kisses of a baby;—
With an art no fay discloses
I am going to make some roses.”



CAUGHT!

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER V.

THE NINE IN MARTIAL ARRAY.

"IF Jake Coombs goes to the mackerel grounds with Captain Kench, I s'pose Pel Snelgro will go too; he always does what Jake docs, and then we sha'n't have another hack at the White Bears until next fall, and that 's too bad." Sam Perkins said this as he lounged at full length on the hay-mow.

Jo Murch, who was emptying some hay-seed out of his shoe, looked down from his perch on the beam and said: "Say, fellows, I'll tell you what, —let 's start a military company." The other boys looked at Jo with amazement, as if unable to grasp his bold idea. Jo was famous for his bold ideas. But Sam Perkins sat up on the hay and cried: "The very thing; let 's organize a militia company and call it the Hancock Cadets." Now the name of the local military company was "The Hancock Guards."

"Where shall we get our guns?" asked Billy Hetherington, doubtfully. "A militia company without any guns would be of no account, and we could n't muster more than three altogether, even counting in my father's double-barreled shot-gun, and I am no way sure that he would let me have that."

"Say, fellows," said Sam Black, "I can fife, you know, and that will be some help, and there is George Bridges, he 's got a drum, or his father has, and that 's all the same, and George drums first-rate; so there 's the music, anyhow."

Jo Murch, with some little scorn in his face, replied: "Oh, yes, Blackie has got his place in the company all fixed, but he don't show the way to get the arms and 'couterments."

"What are 'couterments, anyhow," asked Billy.

"Ignorance!" sneered Jo. "Why 'couterments are the things a soldier is obliged to carry. Don't the militia call say, 'armed and equipped as the law directs, with musket, knapsack, priming-wire, brush,' and all that sort of thing? And the arms and equipments are the accouterments. Now, then, smarty, ask me another hard question, will you?"

Here Sam Perkins interposed in the interest of peace.

"I never saw such a disagreeable chap as you are, Jotham Murch; always trying to be too smart for anything. Why don't you invent something for the arms and 'couterments? Say," he

added, as a new thought struck him, "we might have wooden swords and guns, you know. I don't believe they would cost much. Charles Fitts is a great dabster in cutting and carving things, and perhaps he would get us up some for next to nothing."

"Pooh!" cried Jo, "who wants to train with wooden guns and broom-handles? Why, the White Bears would laugh at us, and I should n't blame them, either, if we were to turn out in a rig like that. And say," he said, turning upon Blackie, "you have a great deal of brass to say that George Bridges will be our drummer. Why, he is the White Bears's second base. A nice lot we should be with one of the best basemen of our hereditary foes beating the drum for us," and Jotham leaned over the edge of the hay-mow and jabbed at a stray hen with a pitchfork, in an absent-minded sort of way.

It was explained that George was the only boy in town who had a drum, or a chance at a drum, and that it was necessary that he be invited into the proposed company for his drum; besides, as Sam Perkins explained, George was a good fellow, and it was not his fault that he was a member of the White Bears's Nine. So it was agreed that he be asked to join the company, when it should be made up, and Sam Black, being a neighbor of the absent George, was instructed to give him a chance to come into the organization.

Jo, who had been striking at imaginary hereditary foes with the pitchfork, exclaimed:

"I have it! Lances are the thing! When I was in Boston, last summer, I saw the Boston Lancers, and they were just prime. Each man was mounted on a big horse, and he carried in his hand a long lance——"

"But we can't be mounted on horses," interrupted Sam Perkins, derisively. "Besides, where are you going to get your lances, any better than your guns?"

Sam Perkins did not, as a rule, approve of anything suggested by Jo, and Jo was apt to rebel at the petty tyranny which Captain Sam exercised over the rest of the Nine. And, more than all this, Jo was fond of saying, "When I was in Boston, last year," which was unbearable to boys who had not been in Boston; and most of the Fairport boys had not been so fortunate. So, when Jo proposed lances, and added insult to injury, so to speak, Sam was ready to quarrel with him. The good-natured,

rosy-cheeked "Lob" poured oil on the troubled waters, by remarking that lances could be made of long, round sticks, painted and varnished to look like the lances which he had seen in the pictures in Scott's novels.

"But what are you going to do for heads?" demanded Sam Perkins. "Make 'em of cast iron? That would be too costly, and there is no iron foundry in these parts."

"Make 'em of tin," explained Jo, who had recovered his good temper. "Make 'em of tin, and fasten them into the ends of the poles. Tin looks enough like steel to be a lance-head, anyhow, and we can put on some little strips of red bunting to look like the pennons that the Boston Lancers had on theirs."

This, it was agreed, was a feasible plan, and it was settled that the boys should talk the matter over among the members of the Nine, and that they should have a meeting in Hatch's barn, next Saturday afternoon, and at once organize.

The entire Nine, with George Bridges added, met as agreed upon, and it was further and formally agreed that the arms of the company should be lances made as suggested by Jo Murch and "the Lob." The question of the name was not so easily settled. Sam Perkins wanted the name to be "The Fairport Cadets," but Pat Adams said that that was the name of the militia company at Ellsworth. "Why not call it the Fairport Nine?" he cried manfully, mindful of the honor of the base-ball club.

"Why, there will be more than nine of us," said Hi Hatch. "I would n't belong to a company with only nine fellows in it, and we are ten now, counting George, and he is a member of the other Nine, besides. I vote for the name of 'The Hancock Cadets.' Ellsworth is a long way off, anyhow, even if the Captain of the Cadets did say, in his toast, when the Hancock Guards gave them a dinner on the common, last year, that it was no further from Fairport to Ellsworth than from Ellsworth to Fairport. By the way, fellows, that was a first-rate toast, was n't it?"

"All in favor of calling our company 'The Hancock Cadets,' hold up their hands till counted!" called out Captain Sam. Four hands went up, George's being one. "Contrary minds!" Six hands went up. "It aint a vote," said Sam, with some appearance of disappointment.

"Now, then, all you fellows who are in favor of calling it 'The Fairport Nine,' hold up your hands till you are counted." Six hands went up. "Oh, this is too ridiculous!" cried Sam.

"Call the contrary minds!" shouted George Bridges. "Declare the vote," said Jo Murch, who had voted for the name of the Nine, just to

spite Sam Perkins, as he afterward explained. So Sam declared the name adopted by the company was "The Fairport Nine"; and "a very ridiculous name it was, too," as he added, for the benefit of those who had voted against him.

The election of officers being next in order, Sam Perkins was naturally chosen captain, though Jo Murch whispered to "the Lob" that there was no sense in making the skipper of a schooner the captain of a full-rigged ship, which figure of speech "the Lob" understood to be a reflection on the policy of choosing the Captain of the Nine as captain of the militia company. "Silence in the ranks!" thundered Captain Sam, as well as his somewhat thin voice could thunder. "Don't begin to put on airs so soon," said Jo. "We're not in the ranks yet, and, when we are, there will be lots of time for you to put on frills."

Captain Sam wisely overlooked the impertinence, and the election of officers went on, Billy Hetherington being chosen standard-bearer, and Ned Martin first-lieutenant. It was voted not to have any second-lieutenant until the company was bigger. As it was, the rank and file of the company consisted of only five men, or boys, I should say,—the other five being the captain, first-lieutenant, standard-bearer, fifer and drummer.

"Billy Hetherington ought to have been the captain," said Jo Murch to Blackie, as the boys sauntered homeward, after the election was over. "His father is a judge, and his grandfather was a general," he added, by way of clinching the argument.

"And his mother makes the best doughnuts of anybody in town," added Blackie, with a merry grin. "Is n't that reason enough?"

The first parade of the Fairport Nine took place about two weeks after the organization of the company. It is needless to say that the appearance of the little band was hailed by those of the White Bears who were at home with shouts of derision.

If Captain Sam Perkins's appreciation of military discipline had not been very strong, he would have left the ranks and attacked Eph Mullett with his tin sword, as that unpleasant young man put his head out of the hearse-house door, shouted, "Goose egg!" and shut himself in again.

As it was, Ned Martin, who was not wrapped up in his dignity as he should have been, bawled out: "Nosey! nose!" to the mortification of the captain, who shouted: "Silence in the ranks!" until he was red in the face.

Drawn up on the Common, the "Nine" mustered fourteen in number, the original ten having been reinforced by four other boys, the smallest of whom was little Sam Murch, whose services in climbing the meeting-house lightning-rod, on the

night before the Fourth of July, seemed to deserve some such reward. The lances were resplendent in varnish, and the tin tops, cut out according to a pattern furnished from a picture in *Ivanhoe*, were as good as the best lance ever put in rest by any of the heroes of that delightful story,—at least, so Billy Hetherington thought, as he glanced proudly at the array. The little strips of red bunting fluttered in the breeze from the heads of the lances, and the general appearance of the troop, as Jo Murch remarked, was quite like that of the Boston Lancers. The manual of arms, to which the boys were somewhat accustomed, after having watched the militia company of the town at drill, was gone through very creditably, excepting that “the Lob,” when told to ground arms, would persist in throwing his weapon on the ground, instead of dropping the lower end to the ground, as was the customary fashion in the old-time drill. And Jo Murch, who was clearly in a mutinous spirit, kept his lance at the shoulder, when the order “Present arms!” was shouted by the captain. Captain Sam looked at the malcontent for a moment, as if in doubt what to do with him, and then good-naturedly said: “Well, it is n’t any matter, Jo.” Whereupon Jo immediately presented arms, having gained his point, which was to make the captain “take water,” as the boys were wont to say.

Another difficulty occurred when the company was marching to the house of Pat Adams, where the standard was to be presented to the company. George Bridges, so intent on beating his drum that he could not keep in line, was continually out of his place, to the confusion of the rest of the troop. Finally, when, absorbed by his own music, he strayed into the grass-grown gutter by the side of the road, Captain Sam came down upon him with his tin sword, and, drawing it from an imaginary scabbard, shrieked:

“If you don’t keep in line, I’ll assassinate you!”

To this terrific threat the young drummer, who had about as much idea of the meaning of the word used as Sam had, replied, with a drawl:

“If you ’sassinat me, I wont drum.”

The standard was a magnificent affair, made by the big sisters of several of the boys, assisted by Phœbe Noyes and some of the other girls, who, though they could not lay out the work, were glad to put a few stitches in the beautiful banner. It was made of white cotton cloth, with nine red stars in an oval line, emblematical of the illustrious Nine of Fairport, and in this oval was a cluster of four blue stars, the whole making the old thirteen, the number of the original States. A pair of bright-red curtain-tassels dangled from the top of the staff, which was surmounted by a tin spear-head, gilded, and the whole was a most gorgeous affair.

Flaxen-haired Alice Martin, Ned’s sister, had been selected to present the standard. So, with the company drawn up before the front door of the house, pretty Alice, with the flag in her hand, and surrounded by the big girls and the little girls who had had a hand in this business, delivered the following address:

“Soldiers of the illustrious Nine! I am commissioned by the ladies of Fairport to present to you this beautiful banner, whereon are sown the stars of the thirteen colonies of our beloved land. We know we could give it into no more honorable and safe keeping than yours. You are the first to form a company of soldiers among the youth of our beautiful village, and to you belongs the great honor of being the first to receive the flag of your country from those who, though they may not mingle in the fray where you are to win laurels imperishable, may, at least, look on from afar with the sincerest admiration for your prowess, and the most tender wishes for your success in the strife. Take this banner, and, in the words of the poet,—

“Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom’s soil beneath our feet
And freedom’s banner streaming o’er us.”

This beautiful and eloquent address, it should be said, was composed by Sam Perkins’s big sister Sarah; and the reply, by the same industrious young lady, was delivered by Billy Hetherington, who, advancing from the ranks, when Alice said “Take this banner,” thus delivered his speech:

“Accept my thanks, dear madam,—and here Alice blushed deeply,—“in behalf of myself and my fellow soldiers, for this elegant testimonial of the interest which the ladies of Fairport take in the welfare of the military service of the Republic. We receive it with pride; we shall bear it forth with a firm determination to die, if need be,”—and here Billy dropped a furtive tear and his voice quivered a little,—“in defense of the banner thus confidently intrusted to our keeping. When, on the field of battle, or in the lonely bivouac, we shall look upon its shining folds, shining with the stars of our beloved country, we shall think of this day, when we were reminded by you that, though you may not participate in the strife in which we must engage, you look at the carnage from a distance, and give us your fervent wishes for our success. And, whatever shall befall, we know that we may depend, in the words of the poet, on this:

“Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave;
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they sought to save.”

This address so touched the tender hearts of some of the smallest girls that they choked down a

little sob, while Captain Sam, turning to his gallant band, shouted: "Three cheers for the ladies!" The cheers were given with a will, the new banner being waved enthusiastically by the proud and happy standard-bearer.

"Three more for Miss Alice Martin!" shouted

command there was an immediate response, and Ned's anger at being reproved melted away.

There was a collation of cakes, pies, and berries and milk laid out in the wood-shed of the house on the hill, and, once more saluting the ladies with three shrill and hearty cheers, the martial Nine



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE LADIES!" SHOUTED CAPTAIN SAM."

the first-lieutenant, her brother. A disorderly and somewhat irregular cheer arose, when Captain Sam, brandishing his sword in air, cried: "Nobody has a right to give orders in this company but me; so, now. Now, then, fellow soldiers! three cheers for Miss Martin, the sister of your brave lieutenant, and the presenter of our flag, which she has done in a beautiful speech." To this long and elaborate

filed out into the street, and with fife and drum, colors flying, and lances glittering in the sunlight, they marched up the hill; an admiring throng of girls accompanying them on the sidewalk, they, too, being invited to the feast.

It was a great day for the Fairport Nine, and even Nance, who remained staunch to the prowess of the White Bears, with whom her sympathies.

naturally belonged, confessed, as she brought out plateful after plateful of Mrs. Hetherington's famous doughnuts, that she was having "an awful good time," the fact that "that black boy was in it all" being the only drawback to her complete enjoyment of the festivities.

CHAPTER VI.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

IT was necessary that the first experience of the new military company should be as much like that of real soldiers as possible. It was, accordingly, agreed that there should be what the boys knew as a "muster."

Now, a muster in New England, in these days, was like the annual trainings which are held in some other States. The annual muster in the region of Fairport was held at Orland, a small town a few miles from Fairport. To it resorted all the militia companies from far and near. They were drilled and put through the exercises of war, in the most approved fashion. As the muster lasted for three or four days, it was needful for the soldiers to camp out during their stay; and so it came to pass that many of the visitors also spent the nights in tents and booths rented for the time by enterprising Yankees of the neighborhood.

The muster was the great annual festival of the country, rivaling the annual circus in its attractions. There were traveling jugglers, peep-shows, blowing-machines, learned pigs, and various delights for the entertainment of the visitor; and the booths, at which pies, cakes, baked beans, cold roast pig, ginger-beer, and other delicious things to eat and drink were sold, were to the boys like a vision of fairy land. To go to muster was to have a treat excelled only by a visit to Boston.

Obviously, one lone company could not have a muster, any more than one bird can flock by himself. But the Fairport Nine did not care very much for the niceties of military phrase. They would have a muster, whether it was like the real thing or not. What does a name signify?

It was late in the summer, and the wild raspberries were ripe, when the boys held their first annual muster in the block-house pasture of Fairport. This pasture was on the hillside sloping down to the shore of Penobscot Bay. The highest point of land anywhere about that region was once crowned by a block-house, built by the British at the beginning of the Revolutionary war. From this eminence toward the shore, the land descended abruptly, and the edge overlooking the water was bluff and precipitous. But, here and there, among the spruce-covered hills, were clear spaces level

enough for the Nine (who were really fourteen) to form in line and in platoons of two and three; but it was not a good place to march in. The real business of the occasion, however, was the muster.

For several days the boys spent all their spare time in the woods, building the camp. It had been their custom to spend the Fourth of July in camping out, taking a picnic with them. This had been made impossible this year, on account of the playing of the great base-ball match. The muster, too, was to exceed anything of the kind ever before attempted, as the soldiers were to spend the night in camp.

The silent woods resounded with the shouts and calls of the busy boys, who worked harder, as Nance Grindle grimly said, at the building of a camp in the woods than they ever did at any of the home tasks, which they regarded with so much disgust and horror as the very hardest kind of work ever put upon any human being. From the shore was brought many a back-load of drift-wood—long strips of waste lumber and dry poles, to form the frame of the camp. And other back-loads of spruce and fir boughs were brought from the adjacent groves, to thatch the roof and weave into the sides of the structure.

Four or five small-sized trees, standing as nearly as possible in the form of a square, were selected as the corner-posts of the camp, and on these were nailed the strips of wood and the poles gathered on the shore, leaving a space for the open door-way. When the frame-work was all nailed in place, the affair looked like a big wooden cage. But when the fragrant boughs of the fir and spruce were woven into the frame, concealing the whiteness of the dry and bleached drift-wood, there was beheld an arbor of verdure which might well have been the green nest of some huge bird, so complete and trim was it.

Inside, the camp (for of course no Fairport boy could ever have called this an arbor) was lined with soft twigs of hemlock, and a rude bench of rocks and shore-worn planks was constructed for the convenience of the girls, who were to visit the camp late in the day. No boy was ever allowed to sit on these benches, as it was a tradition with the Fairport boys that this would have been effeminate.

Right merrily worked the boys, the chatter of their voices and the ringing of their hatchets making music in the depths of the forest. Occasionally, a red squirrel paused in his scamper among the trees to look down with wonder at the busy creatures who were making such a strange din in the midst of his haunts; or a garrulous blue jay perched itself at a safe distance and scolded violently at the intruders. And once, an inquisitive mink, one of the most timid of animals, stole up from the

rocky shore to discover the cause of all this commotion in the usually silent woods.

"A mink! a mink!" shouted Jo Murch, and away he flew after the beautiful little creature. The mink darted into the mossy crevices of a ledge near at hand, and was gone like a flash. Jo dug his hands into the rough cracks of the rock, as if he would tear them apart and dig out the animal.

"Ho! what a fool Jo Murch is to think that he can catch a mink after it has got into that ledge!" cried Pat Adams.

"You'd better come here and fix up that brace

"Ho!" sneered Jo, "who made you my master, I'd like to know? You can't play petty tyrant on me, now, so don't you try it."

The other boys were aghast at this direct defiance of the captain. As for Sam, he felt that his authority must be maintained at any cost, so he jumped down from the roof of the camp, where he had been arranging the covering of boughs, and clenching his brown and pitch-covered hands, he advanced toward Jo, stretched at ease on the bed of boughs, and before Jo knew what was coming, dealt him a smart blow under his left ear.



JO MURCH IS INSUBORDINATE.

you burst off when you started after that critter," said Captain Sam, angrily. Now, it must be confessed that Jo was more partial to running after birds and animals than he was to work, even when his labor was that of camp-building, so he replied surlily and threw himself at full length on a heap of spruce-boughs and yawned wearily:

"My! how my back aches!"

"That's nonsense," said Hi Hatch. "My father says that a boy's back never aches. He thinks it aches, but it does n't."

"Well, I don't care," grumbled Jo. "It feels just as bad to me as if it really did ache, and I am not going to work any more this afternoon, anyhow. That last back-load of lumber that I lugged up from the shore finished me for to-day!"

"If you don't do your share of work, you can't come to the muster," cried Sam Perkins, who was boiling with anger at this breach of discipline.

"Now, then, I'll give you another, if you call me 'petty tyrant' again."

Jo, recovering from his surprise, for it was very seldom that Sam resorted to violence in the maintenance of discipline, was on his feet in an instant. He gave Sam a blow between the eyes that made the sparks fly in his brain. But Sam, in an instant, got Jo Murch by the collar of his short jacket with his right hand, and his left arm was twisted about Jo's waist; his right foot was, meantime, busy with Jo's legs, trying to trip him to the ground. But Jo was wary and wiry, and it was several seconds before he fell heavily to the ground, Sam on top.

The other boys looked on admiringly, but with a certain sense of alarm, for this was a real fight, and their gallant commander was not always equal to Jo Murch, who was known as the best "wrestler" in the village.

There was more or less pummeling and scratching in the heap of spruce-boughs around which the rest of the boys gathered at a respectful distance. The two boys fought each other into the open ground and then into a clump of low-growing juniper, in which they struggled with each other in the midst of a cloud of dust which they raised from the dry mass of growth. When the combatants emerged from the confusion and obscurity of the juniper-bush, Sam had Jo's head under his arm, and was pelting the blows into the back of his neck. Presently, Jo, unable to endure this punishment any longer, cried: "I beg!" This was regarded among the Fairport boys as an equivalent for "I surrender," and it was not so difficult to say.

Sam unloosed his hold, and, with a farewell kick, swung loose of his late adversary and looked at him. Somehow, Jo had parted with the greater portion of his jacket, and the only part of his cotton shirt left on him was a stout neck-band of unbleached cloth which was buttoned about his neck. His aspect of sudden raggedness was surprising. But Sam had not come out of the encounter unscathed. He had been working without his jacket, but his shirt was now open behind as well as before, and his satinet waistcoat was a tattered ruin. Blackie picked up the fragments

and laid them on a convenient rock, while Sam cooled his flushed face at the spring.

"He's got a licking that he'll remember for the rest of this season," spluttered Sam, as he splashed the cold water into his face. And I'll give him another whenever he wants one."

"Oh, don't let 's fight any more," said Ned Martin, with a mingled feeling of awe and admiration for his gallant commander.

Jo Murch, gathering up the ragged wreck of his garments, after wiping the blood from his face,—for he had had a blow on his nose,—scrambled up the hillside from the camp, and, shaking his fist at the group below, cried: "You fellows may be bullied around by that petty tyrant of a captain of yours. I wont, and that's all I've got to say to him. You can fill my place in the Fairport Nine just as soon as you please! So, now!" And with that, and a big rock which he sent crashing through the trees, a moment afterward, Jotham Murch was out of the camping ground, and out of the Fairport Nine.

That night, when Sam had gone to bed in disgrace, and his mother had told the whole shameful story to his father, as she tried to put together the wreck of Sam's satinet waistcoat, 'Squire Perkins only said: "Boys are young animals, Polly. I s'pose they must fight the brutality out of them some time or another."

(To be continued.)

TWO GUNPOWDER STORIES.

By J. L. W.

THE readers of ST. NICHOLAS who were interested in the account of "The Coolest Man in Russia," printed in the number for January, 1878, may like to hear of another exploit which, for pluck and daring, fully equaled that of the young Russian officer. This incident occurred in 1847, during our war with Mexico, and the hero of it was a boyish Yankee sergeant, named Kenaday, then about nineteen years old.

In seeking to capture the City of Mexico, the American army was obliged to take first the town of Churubusco, about six miles from the city. After that, the main approach was by a large causeway, with a ditch on each side, and, at one place, a fortified bridge. So the American forces, under General Worth, had to gain the bridge and fight upon the causeway; and, at one point in the battle, the General found himself separated from a part of his troops, whom he wished to rejoin.

In the middle of the causeway, among other wreck, stood a baggage-wagon, on fire, and, as the General and his staff approached the blazing cart, they suddenly discovered that it was laden with gunpowder! They drew up with a start, and waited results very anxiously. In a moment, however, Sergeant A. M. Kenaday, then of the Third U. S. Dragoons, motioned to three of his comrades, and without a word the four brave men dashed on to the wagon.

Although they could not tell how soon one of the powder boxes might explode, these men determined to clear a passage for their chief. The gunny-bag covers of the boxes were smouldering, and some of them were already aflame, but Kenaday and another soldier mounted into the midst of the blazing boxes, and fell to work in dead earnest—quickly tossing them one by one to the two other troopers, who as quickly rolled them into the wet and muddy ditch. Each wooden case, moreover, weighed about

seventy pounds, so that to empty the cart was no light labor.

Within a few minutes, the cover of the wagon had burned entirely off, and the gallant four,

charge, led by General (then Captain) Philip Kearny, on the San Antonio gate of the City of Mexico. In this reckless onset, twenty resolute dragoons cut their way into the city through six thousand of



THE BURNING POWDER-WAGON.

almost exhausted with heat and exertion, were soon after stopped by General Worth, who rode up to the wagon and ordered them out. This command was instantly obeyed, and then the General and his staff spurred their horses and made a rush past the wagon at full gallop, while the sergeant and his comrades followed at a pace that soon put them out of danger.

But they had not yet caught up with the General's party when they heard a loud report behind, and looking back, saw no trace of the wagon, even when the smoke had cleared. It had been blown to atoms by the few cases of powder which they had left in it.

And this was not the only act of bravery performed that day by the young sergeant, for later in the same afternoon he joined in the famous

the enemy's panic-stricken soldiers. General Scott, the American commander-in-chief, said it was the bravest charge he had ever seen or read of, and a full account of it may be found in almost every history of the Mexican War.

Very different from the young sergeant's powder-exploit, but quite worthy to be ranked with it for courage and self-sacrifice, was the other deed I have to tell about, and which you will find illustrated in the frontispiece. This time, the act of bravery was performed by a girl instead of a boy, and the powder, instead of making the danger, was the very thing which she risked her life to save. And the heroine of this story belonged not to an invading party, but to a small garrison who were besieged and making a desperate defense.

This is the way it happened:

Among the important border outposts of the Americans, during the war of the Revolution, was Fort Henry, situated on a bank of the Ohio River, near Wheeling Creek. In 1777, it was suddenly attacked by a band of Indians, under the command of Simeon Girty, a white man and a Tory, noted for his cruel hatred toward the Americans. The Indians numbered nearly five hundred, but the garrison in the fort were only forty-two, and, soon after the siege began, some thirty of these were caught in an ambush outside of the fort and slain. Only twelve men were now left to Colonel Shepherd, the American commander; but all these were good marksmen, and knowing that surrender meant death for their wives and children as well as for themselves, they resolved to fight to the last.

But, alas! bravery availed them little, for it was not long before the small stock of powder in the fort was almost exhausted, and only a few charges remained to each man.

In despair, the Colonel called his brave little band together, and told them that at a house some sixty yards outside of the fort, which their enemies had not yet dared to approach, there was a keg of gunpowder. Whoever should try to bring it into the fort would be in peril of his life from the rifles of the Indians. He had not the heart to order any man to such a task, but the powder was their only hope, and, therefore, it was his duty to ask if any one of them was brave enough to volunteer the undertaking.

Instantly, three or four young men avowed themselves ready, but only one man could be spared. And while they were generously disputing among themselves for the perilous errand, Elizabeth Zane, a girl of seventeen, approached the Colonel and begged that *she* might be allowed to

go for the powder. Her request was promptly refused, but she persisted earnestly, even against the remonstrances and entreaties of her parents and friends. In vain, they pleaded and reasoned with her, urging more than once that a young man would be more likely to succeed, through his power of running swiftly. She replied that she knew the danger, but that, if she failed, her loss would not be felt, while not a single man ought to be spared from the little garrison. Finally, it was agreed that she should make the first trial.

When all was ready, the gate opened and Elizabeth walked rapidly across the open space toward the house where the powder was stored. Those inside the fort could plainly see that the eyes of the Indians were upon her, but, either from curiosity or mercy, they allowed her to pass safely and to enter the house.

Her friends drew a breath of relief, and, watching even more anxiously for her re-appearance, saw her come out soon, bearing the powder in a table-cloth tied around her waist. But this time the Indians suspected her burden, and in a moment more, as she was hastening toward the fort, they sent after her a shower of bullets and arrows. These all, however, whistled by her harmless, and with wild, startled eyes, but an undaunted heart, she sped on with her treasure through the deadly missiles, until at last she bore it in triumph inside the gate.

By the aid of the powder and the enthusiastic courage which Elizabeth's self-sacrifice inspired, the little garrison was enabled to hold out until relief came to them. And so this noble act of a young girl saved the lives of all within the fort, and vanquished its five hundred dusky assailants.

You will find a fuller account of the incident in Mrs. Ellet's *Women of the Revolution*, from which the main facts of this story are taken.

LUCK.

BY MARGARET B. HARVEY.

I DON'T know how it came about—
I put my sack on wrong side out;
I could n't change it back all day,
Because I 'd drive my luck away.

And when I went to school, the boys
Began to shout, and make a noise;
But while they plagued me, I sat still,
And studied spelling with a will;
So, when our class the lessons said,
I did n't miss, but went up head!

As I came home, I looked around
And soon—a four-leaved clover found!
I wished, and put it in my shoe,
And, don't you think? my wish came true!
It was that I might overtake
The team, and ride with Uncle Jake.

And so, you see, the livelong day,
That I was lucky, every way;
And Grandma said, without a doubt
'T was 'cause my sack was wrong side out.

HOW LITTLE PATTY SAVED HER MOTHER.

BY KATE BROWNLEE HORTON.

GRANDFATHER WARNE kept the little inn in Bakewell, and Patty lived with him. Of course, Grandmother Warne lived there, too, for nothing would have gone right if she had not been at hand to keep the maids busy, and to see that clean, fragrant beds, bright fires, and good, wholesome food were always ready for the travelers who came knocking at the little inn door at all hours of the day or night.

Dame Warne was a famous housekeeper. The inn fairly shone within and without, it was so clean; and oh! what beds! they really were fragrant. The pure white linen sheets and pillow-slips were kept in a great oaken "chest of drawers," where were always fresh bunches of lavender, rosemary and sweet-marjoram; and sleeping at the "Rutland Arms" seemed almost like sleeping on a bed of sweet flowers in some dainty old-time garden, only the great feather-beds and pillows of eider-down were softer than any flower-beds, and the fine rose-blankets warmer than rose leaves would be.

Summer nights in England are rarely too warm for a blanket, and sometimes—at the watering-places, or near the sea-coast when the night breezes blow cool—even a soft, down coverlid is needed, in addition.

Now, you all guess that Bakewell is in England. So it is: a quaint little town in Derbyshire, and very, very old. It is built partly on a hill sloping down to the left bank of the river Wye, one of the prettiest, most tranquil little rivers in all England. It never foams and tosses along, nor fusses about getting to the sea, but turns a laughing, sparkling face up to the sun, and ripples so softly and gently on its way that it makes one peaceful and happy just to wander beside it, as it slips quietly along, and watch it kiss the soft, grassy banks that hold it between them.

That is a wonderful hill, too, where the little town lies; there are so many things inside it. Black marble, and coal, and lead, and limestone,—all are quarried there; and at the foot of the hill are warm chalybeate (look in the dictionary for that big word) springs, whose waters cure many diseases.

On the opposite side of the river are the ruins of an old, old castle, built in A. D. 924 by Edward the Elder. Only think of it! More than five hundred years before our country was discovered, that old castle was built, and yet there are traces of it

still to be seen! I think workmen in those days wished their work to last.

In the very heart of the little town is a curious old church, built in Saxon times, hundreds of years ago, but as strong and perfect yet as if it intended to last forever. It is of dark stone, in the form of a cross, and in the niches and corners mosses and vines cling closely.

Within are many ancient and strange monuments; some like great stone chests, and lying on them, with clasped hands and upturned faces, are life-size stone figures of many noble people who died long years ago. Perhaps it would frighten a little American girl to go into such a church, but little Patty loved nothing better than to play among the old stone figures, as her mother had played when she, too, was a merry little maid.

There were two figures that Patty liked especially, and used to talk to as if they could know what she was saying.

These were pretty Dorothy Vernon and her lover husband, Sir John Manners, and they were not lying down, but kneeling near a little iron-barred window, through which the sunlight fell, making soft shadows and playing around them, touching their faces as if it, too, were whispering to them like Patty.

Beneath this window was a carved wooden desk, with a curious old book of stone lying open upon it. Patty said it always made her feel like saying her prayers, to go into this little corner, and sometimes she did say them there. Sometimes, too, she used to kneel on one corner of the stone chest, beside pretty Dorothy, and clasp her own little hands before her,—“just to see,” as she said, “how it must feel to stay there always.”

If I had time I would tell you how, when they were alive, pretty Dorothy and handsome Sir John dearly loved each other, but were cruelly kept apart; and how, one night—when there was a grand ball at Haddon Hall, where the Duke of Rutland lived—pretty Dorothy stole through one of the long windows out to the balcony, where her lover was waiting, and, all in her beautiful ball-dress of lace and satin, rode off with him to be married; how they never were forgiven, but even to this day their stone figures, instead of lying calmly sleeping, seem begging for forgiveness.

But it is too long a story to tell now; it is only because something very strange happened to little Patty, just beside them, that I tell you this much.

The little river Wye, and its neighbor, the Derwent, are capital fishing streams; so, between the anglers who went there to fish, and the patients who went to be cured at the springs, the little inn was not often empty. And what busy times there were when both kinds of visitors happened to be there together!

Grandmother was not quite so quick on her feet as she had been once upon a time, but her tongue was as nimble as ever, and her eyes were as bright. She seemed to see everything at once, and woe to the maid who left dust in the corners, or who lagged when the good dame said, "Hasten!"

There was always a blazing fire in the kitchen, and bacon and eggs, delicious fresh fish, and the dainty crumpets, for which the little inn was famous, were soon forthcoming, no matter how many hungry mouths were to be filled.

Little Patty used to like the "hurries," as she called them, for cook was always best-natured when she had the most to do, and was sure to bake her a crumpet all for herself as often as she sent a dishful in to the guests; and Patty loved crumpets dearly.

But you must not think she was a greedy little girl, who did nothing but eat. No, indeed! Grandmother used to call her her "little feet," she was always so ready to wait on her, and run quickly wherever she was sent. Her little scarlet cloak always hung handy on a peg behind the kitchen door, and when anything was wanted, Patty would put on this cloak, draw up its little hood over her curly head, and be off to the river bridge to buy fresh fish from the fishermen, or out to the barnyard to look for eggs. She loved to do errands for grandmother, and, no matter how short a time she was gone, on her return grandfather would always show her into the "home-room" as politely as if she were a little guest; then grandmother would kiss her, and hold her hand while she told her little story of where she had been and what she had seen.

Besides, she was the only one whom grandmother would trust to bring the silver spoons, cream jugs and sugar bowls from the great iron-bound chest in grandfather's room, where they were always kept locked up for safety.

Then, she could "lay" the table, as they say in Derbyshire, as neatly as the maid, and as quickly, too. She always liked to hear grandmother say, "Now, little feet, just run and tell Jane you are ready first." And grandfather would say, "Hasten, my Pit-a-pat." That was his pet name for her. Her real name, you must know, was Martha,—Martha Grey, her mother's name,—but grandfather used to declare that, when she first began to toddle after him, her little footsteps on the stone-flagged

hall and up and down the stone stairway always sounded like "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat"; so he called her little Pit-a-pat, and when that seemed too long to say, he shortened it to Patty, and that was her name ever afterward.

Perhaps you wonder where Patty's father and mother were all this time. Well, I must tell you of them. Her mother, who was grandfather Warne's only child, had married—against grandmother's earnest wishes—a sick gentleman named Mr. Grey, who had come to Bakewell to drink the spring waters, and when he had grown better she went to live in London with him. But he soon became ill again in the close, noisy city, and when Patty came, a tiny baby, to live with them, he just took one look at her dear little face, kissed his wife, and then closed his weary eyes forever. It almost seemed as if Patty were a little angel who had come from heaven to tell him God was ready for him, and, when he had gone, to stay and comfort the poor mother. And, oh! how this mother longed now for her happy, peaceful home in quiet Bakewell!—longed to lay her baby in grandmother's kind, sheltering arms, and her own tired head on grandfather's shoulder!

Was n't it strange that, when she was wishing this so earnestly, grandfather Warne should walk into her little room? Strange, but true, for he really did, and, seeming to read at one glance all the sad story, he kissed his daughter and bade her be comforted: he would do all that was needful, and then take her home to her mother.

He was true to his promise. Before very long the little home in London had been closed, the tiresome journey home was over, and late one summer day, when the sun was just kissing the hill-tops "good-night," and the little birds had sung themselves fast asleep, the one solitary Bakewell "fly" rattled up to the door of the little inn, and in a moment the poor, sad young mother, and the wee, sleepy, pink-faced baby were both held close to grandmother Warne's loving heart,—as closely as if she never meant to let them go.

For a while poor Mrs. Grey was contented, but then she grew restless and unhappy, and at last, one day, she said, "I must go back to London and work—*work*, or I shall die."

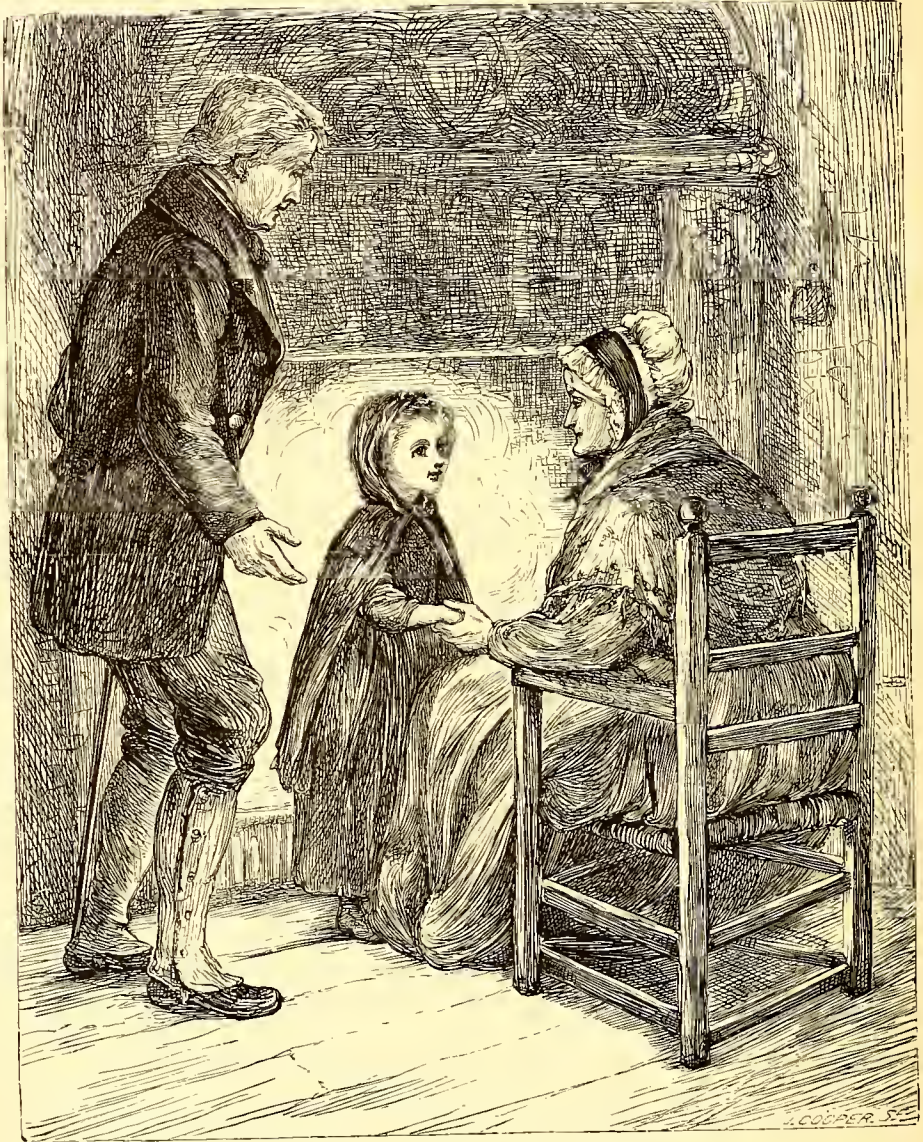
Grandmother, looking at her, knew she was right, so said, "Go, dear child; we will keep the baby and bring her up well for you; only remember this is home, and come back to it if the world is hard to you."

So Mrs. Grey went back to London; and the years rolled on. There were occasional letters, and one or two short, hurried visits, when little Pit-a-pat toddled after her mother, holding her gown and lisping pretty baby words to her. But the old rest-

lessness always came back, and even the loving baby hands could not hold their mother when an invisible cord seemed drawing her back to London, where, amid all the noise and turmoil, her dear husband was sleeping so peacefully.

when she was in pain the quaint country ballads and songs she had learned when she was a blithe little country maiden.

Grandmother was very glad to receive such good tidings; especially glad because there was a check



PATTY IN THE HOME-ROOM AT GRANDFATHER'S.

At last came a letter, saying she had found a good home as companion and nurse to a rich lady, whose riches could not make her happy, though, for she was always ill. But Patty's mother was a good nurse, and helped the poor lady, and sang to her

for five pounds in the letter, and now little Patty, who was growing out of all her clothes so fast, could have nice new ones.

"I'll make this dress long enough," said grandmother, who was very old-fashioned in her ideas;

and she did make the pretty new brown dress down to the very tops of the little low button-shoes; but that was nothing, for, as Patty said, her old one was so long that it did not matter whether she wore any stockings or not. But she did wear stockings always,—nice warm scarlet ones that grandmother knit for her.

Besides, she now had a new scarlet cloak, for the old one was entirely too short. I wish you could have seen her in that new cloak, with its pretty hood. She had a cunning little way of holding her head on one side and looking up out of her bright eyes, and of hopping along when she was in a hurry, that made one think of a robin red-breast, and if her name had not been Patty, it should certainly have been "little red-bird."

After the money-letter came, there was no news from Mrs. Grey for a long time. Grandmother began to grow worried, and grandfather would have gone at once to London to see what the matter was if he had not been so lame with the rheumatism that his knees were all swollen out of shape, and he could only just hobble around with the help of his cane.

At last, one day, some dreadful news came flying from London. It seemed that the rich lady with whom Mrs. Grey lived had missed a curious, old-fashioned bead purse, with ten guineas in one end and some silver half-crowns in the other; and, having no one especially to accuse, she declared that Patty's mother had taken it; and appearances were so much against her that poor Mrs. Grey was put in prison till the money should be paid back.

Of course she could not pay it, and although she was really and truly innocent, she could not prove it, and so was too heart-broken and ashamed to write to grandfather Warne and ask him to help her; and the news that came to Bakewell was that Patty's mother had stolen a great deal of money from her mistress, and was in jail for it.

"It happened ever so long ago," said the neighbor who brought the ill tidings; "she has been a weary while in the prison, poor lass."

What dreadful news to enter that happy little home! Grandmother was made so wretched by it that all that day she sat in her big chair in the chimney corner, moaning as if her heart would break, while grandfather wandered through the house in spite of his aching knees, and grieved because he was so helpless to aid Patty's poor mother. You see, they did not believe their child would do anything so wicked, but they were troubled because they could not help her.

As for little Patty, no one could bear to tell her what had happened: only cook caught her in her arms as she was running through the kitchen, gave her two fresh crumpets, and kissed her, saying:

"Ah, poor little one! Thy mother will be a sad

shame to thee now; she has done a dreadful thing."

"You naughty cook!" cried Patty, ablaze in a moment; "how dare you say bad things about my dear, far-away mother?" and she threw the crumpets down on the freshly sanded floor, and ran away sobbing to the old church, to tell her dear Dorothy all her trouble. Then she knelt by the old desk, and, folding her little hands, said:

"Dear God, please bring my mother home, so I may be like the little girls who have their mothers all the time."

That made her feel better, for she believed her prayer would be answered soon.

But she could not help sobbing a little as she thought how unhappy she would be if anything happened to her dear mother; and thought, too, that she never, never could forgive cook for speaking so; but, even as she was thinking, she fell fast asleep, with her head pillowed against her Dorothy, and in happy dreams forgot her sorrows.

When she awoke, the sun was taking his last look in at the little window, and Patty knew by the shadows in the corner that it must be past tea-time. She was rubbing her eyes wide enough open to see the way home, when the little door at the other end of the church opened, and some one entered softly. For a moment Patty was frightened, and her heart went pit-a-pat so loudly she almost thought some one was calling her, and she crouched down behind Dorothy's stone chest, trembling, as she heard footsteps approaching.

Looking out from her hiding-place, she saw a woman's figure! A large gray shawl completely covered her dress, and on her head was a silk hood that shaded her face so Patty could hardly see it. As she reached the little desk, she knelt, and, pushing back her hood impatiently, as if it choked her, she clasped her hands before her and sighed bitterly. Then Patty saw her face and oh! what a great jump her heart gave as she saw it was her mother! But how sad the face was! So pale and care-worn, and the eyes so wild that Patty was frightened and could not speak, but only looked, and wondered if that was really her own dear mother. Soon she knew, for the mother sobbed out: "Oh! for one look at my darling Patty's face! I want my little one just to hold and kiss, as I used to, long ago;" and she covered her face in her hands and cried bitterly.

Just then she felt two soft arms creep around her neck, while a warm little face was pressed close to hers, and a sweet voice whispered in her ear:

"Look up, dear mother! Here is your little Patty, waiting to kiss you!"

Then, you may be sure, the mother looked up, took Patty in her arms, and held her so close to

her heart it was almost painful, while she said, as she kissed the little upturned face: "My child, will you turn from me when you know I have been in prison? They know I am innocent now



"AT THE LITTLE DESK, SHE KNELT."

that the purse is found, those cruel people, but I can never be free from the taint of that dreadful prison till I wash it away in the river. I must go now, my baby,—the river is calling me; kiss father and mother for me; I *cannot* see them!"

Then she kissed her child again and again as if she could not part from her, while her eyes grew so wild that Patty trembled; but she clung to her mother, and said, bravely:

"Come, mother, we'll both go and see poor grandmother, who has cried all day."

So the sweet voice coaxed, and the little hands drew the almost frantic mother down the aisle, out through the church-door into the quiet street that led direct to the little inn.

"Look at me, mother," the child said, as they neared the foot-path that led down to the river. Her wise little head told her there was danger there; and her bright eyes looked up with all her loving heart shining out through them, and so held the mother's glance till the river lay behind them, and the little inn was close at hand. Just a few steps more and it was reached. Still holding her mother closely, Patty opened the door, and they stood before the poor old weeping couple.

Before any words could be spoken, Mrs. Grey fell, ill and fainting, at her mother's feet. Fortunately, there was a wise doctor from London staying at the little inn. Grandfather called him quickly, and the sick mother was well cared for. The doctor whispered "brain-fever" to grandmother, and shook his head as if it were very bad indeed. But he was wise and skillful, and after a time had his patient better, and up again, weak but in her right mind, which was the best of all.

Little Patty was a devoted nurse; her mother could not bear to miss her even for a few moments, so it was many weeks before she had a chance to run down to the old church and tell pretty Dorothy how happy she was now; how her dear mother was well again, and was never going away, but that they—four people, grandfather and grandmother Warne, little Patty and her mother—were going to live happily together forever in the little inn.

That was a good many years ago. Patty is grown up now—a pretty, sweet-faced maid of eighteen; and when I was at the "Rutland Arms," not so very long ago, I slept in one of the sweet, fragrant beds, and in the morning I had crumpets for breakfast that Patty herself had made. While she waited on me, she told me how happy they all were in the little inn, and what care her mother took of the two old people, who were too feeble to do anything but sit in their big chairs, one at each side of the fire-place, and talk and nod cheerfully to each other.

After breakfast, we went to the old church, and Patty showed me pretty Dorothy, and the desk where her mother had knelt that sad night.

"If I had not been there," said Patty, gravely, "I fear my mother really would have drowned herself. The doctor said she was wild with the fever then;" and she added, shyly, "I often come yet and talk to my Dorothy," and she looked lovingly at her stone friend.

Then I had to say "good-bye," and I have never seen her since; but I have no doubt that to this day Patty lives in the little inn, and still goes and tells her joys and sorrows to "pretty Dorothy."

FREDDY AND THE HAWK.

BY MARIA R. OAKLEY.

FRED-DY'S mam-ma oft-en read to him from his pict-ure-books, and in one there was a pict-ure of a hawk car-ry-ing off a lit-tle spar-row.

Fred-dy liked that pict-ure ver-y much, and he used to tell his mam-ma how he would shoot that wick-ed hawk and set the lit-tle spar-row free.

One day, when he was play-ing in the gar-den, the gar-den-er told him that he had a fine se-cret to tell him, and some-thing to show him, be-sides.

“Is it a ripe black-ber-ry?” said Fred-dy.

“No; it 's ev-er so much bet-ter than that,” said the gar-den-er.

Fred-dy could n't think of any-thing bet-ter, for he looked ev-er-y day at the black-ber-ries and it seemed as if they nev-er would get ripe, and he had prom-ised his mam-ma nev-er to eat a green one.

But the gar-den-er took Fred-dy to a great li-lac bush, and pulled aside the branch-es, and there, hid-den a-mong the leaves and flow-ers, was a lit-tle nest with young birds in it! Fred-dy could see each lit-tle feath-er-less bird with wide-o-open beak, when the gar-den-er lift-ed him up.

“Where 's the mam-ma bird?” said Fred-dy, look-ing all a-round the bush.

“There she is, on that tree,” said the gar-den-er. “She is watch-ing for her mate, who has gone to get the young birds' din-ner. See her now; here she comes fly-ing and cry-ing. We 've fright-ened her. We 'd bet-ter go a-way.”

“You go a-way,” said Fred-dy, “but let me stand here ver-y still by this tree and watch for the pa-pa bird. I want to see him, too.”

As Fred-dy was stand-ing watch-ing for the pa-pa bird, he heard a cry from the mam-ma bird, and, look-ing up, he saw a great hawk in the air and sweep-ing down to-ward the nest.

Fred-dy thought of the pict-ure in the book, and as he had n't any gun to shoot the hawk, he be-gan to scream and throw stones at it,



and at last fright-ened it a-way. The hawk kept com-ing back a-gain, but Fred-dy watched for it and al-ways drove it a-way; and by and by, I sup-pose the hawk thought that he should al-ways find that lit-tle gi-ant watch-ing the nest, and so he flew a-way to find some-thing else to eat. He did not e-ven come back the next day.

But Fred-dy used to watch the nest ev-er-y day, till the young birds were able to fly a-way, just as their pa-pa and mam-ma did.

At last, when the young birds were gone, the gar-den-er took the emp-ty nest out of the li-lac-bush and gave it to Fred-dy, who kept it in his nur-ser-y.

LITTLE POPPLE-DE-POLLY.



LIT-TLE Pop-ple-de-Pol-ly
Said: "See my new Dol-ly!
With her boo-ti-ful, pop-o-pen eyes;
But I can't make her speak,
Though I've tried for a week;
And when-ev-er I hug her, she cries!"

TABBY'S SUPPER.

TIM is on-ly sev-en years old, but he can help his fa-ther weed the gar-den and can do ma-ny use-ful things. One day, his moth-er sent him to the store to get a fish for sup-per, and he took her work-bas-ket to car-ry it in. When he came back he saw old Tab-by and her three kit-tens lap-ping some milk out of a pan on the step of the tool-house.

“Stop, Tab-by!” he cried. “You drink too fast! The kit-ties can’t get any.”



He set down his bas-ket, took the milk a-way from the old cat and gave it to the kit-tens. Tab-by did not care, for she smelt the fish. She tipped the bas-ket o-ver, rolled out the ap-ple which a man had giv-en to Tim, and took the fish in her teeth. She did not like the flow-ers which Tim had picked for his moth-er. She kept her eyes fixed on him, hop-ing to get a-way with the fish be-fore he saw her. But Tim caught her just in time.

When he told his moth-er, she said that Tab-by had a right to what she found on that step, for that was the cat’s sup-per-ta-ble. Then she gave him a fish-bas-ket for his own, and told him to try not to be so care-less again.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

VACATION 's begun! The good times are here, —times to let little heads rest from books and to give little hearts a freer chance to grow sweet and loving.

My meadow never was fresher nor brighter than now. By the way, the birds have made friends with the bumble-bees, I think. At any rate, here 's a message that I found on my pulpit this morning, from E. S. C., whose real name seems to be Sir Bumble-Bee. But what is this he says about growing smaller as he became older? Does n't Sir Bumble deceive himself?

Only listen now to this:

“ SIR BUMBLE-BEE'S STORY.

“Hum-m-m! I was far from home, good sir,—
Hum-m-m!—in some lilies busy working,
When I felt a sudden shock—
On my back an awful knock—
And my poor head went a-jerking!

“Hum-m-m! 'T was an upstart humming-bird,—
Hum-m-m!—who gave me that hard thumping,
With the great long lance, his bill.
But he 's only roused my will,
And soon I 'll set him jumping.

“Hum-m-m! When I 'm strong, some sunny day,—
Hum-m-m!—I 'll prick him quick as winking!
He shall have a chance to see
That a knightly Bumble-Bee
Can do some powerful thinking!

“Hum-m-m! Lady Bumble waits for me,—
Hum-m-m!—So now I 'm off—no moping—
Or my children, plump and tall,—
Since I 've grown so old and small—
May pue with anxious hoping.
Hum-m-m!
Good-day!”

HOW THE BECHUANAS SMOKE.

“THE Bechuanas of South Africa don't carry pipes and cigars about with them,” says Deacon Green; “but when they want to smoke, they make

a pipe on the spot, even if it be in the heart of a wilderness. A spot of earth is moistened and into it a green twig is stuck, bent into a half-circle, the bend being in the earth, and the two ends of the twig coming out. With their knuckles, the Bechuanas knead the moist earth down upon the twig, and the twig is worked back and forth till a clear hole is made. Then one end of the hole is enlarged for the tobacco-bowl, and the twig is withdrawn. The smoker gets on his knees and palms, lights the tobacco in the bowl, puts his lips to the small end of the hole, and draws in the smoke. When one man has smoked as much as he wishes, the bowl is refilled and another takes his place.

“I do not recommend the Bechuana plan to my unfortunate American friends who smoke tobacco,” adds the outspoken Deacon, in his dry manner; “and I am not sure that I know of an American method of smoking tobacco that can be recommended to the Bechuanas.”

INSECT RAG-PICKERS.

SOMEBODY once saw in Italy, on the ground, what looked like a little nest of spiders' eggs, moving along. A sharp glance, however, showed an untidy, fluffy ball, the size of a large pea, carried by some creature about a quarter of an inch long.

But, my dears, you need n't go away to Italy to find insect rag-pickers. Look in your raspberry patches, when the red-caps, black-caps and yellow-caps are ripening, and you will see some. They gather and carry scraps of fiber, gauze of fly-wings, dried flower-petals, and other ragged shreds, holding them on with the long hairs that grow upon their bodies.

Ordinary persons know these insects by the name “raspberry geometer,” but if you are particular about calling them by their book-name, you must say *Synchlora rubivorarica*.

Now, why do these little fellows go about disguised in that way? It surely cannot be because they think the rags and tatters will hide them from the birds who might eat them? Why, a bird from a tree-top will see a hair in the road-dust, and pick it up to fill some remembered chink in its nest!

May be, these rag-pickers bundle up so as to make themselves disagreeable morsels for birds to swallow? And may be they do it just to tease, and set everybody to asking questions about them.

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH.

DEAR MR. JACK: Once I cut out from a newspaper a little piece about keeping cut flowers fresh for a long time, and I followed the directions and succeeded beautifully, only the heliotrope did not keep well. But mignonette stayed fresh for ever and ever so long. I have the newspaper scrap yet, and I send it to you for other little girls to try.—Your true friend,
SADIE HUNTER.

“Pour water into a flat dish. Stand a vase of cut flowers in the dish, and over it put a bell-glass, so that its rim comes beneath the water and rests on the dish. The flowers will remain fresh for a long time, because the air about them, being shut in by the bell-glass, is kept moist by the vapor that rises from the water. The vapor turns to water again, and runs down the sides of the bell-glass

into the dish. The water in the dish must always be kept higher than the rim of the bell-glass."

GODDESS OF TATTERS.

INSECTS are not the only beings who do queer things with rags, it seems. A party of travelers passing along a road near the west coast of Ceylon, were surprised to see that the bushes beside the road for miles and miles had all kinds of rags hung upon them. The guides said that the rags had been hung there by native travelers, so as to keep the goddess Kali in a good humor, and persuade her to guard them from robbers and accidents while on the road.

surface of the tube is of perfectly smooth glass, but the outside looks like a shriveled vegetable-stalk.

Not long after this discovery, two men of science in Paris undertook to make similar tubes, but with man-made electricity instead of Nature's lightning. They took some finely powdered glass, passed through this the strongest current of electricity they could make, and produced a tube an inch long!

The traveler was told of this, and wrote :

"When we learn that the strongest electric battery in Paris was used, and that its power on a substance so easily melted as glass could only form a tube so small, we must feel greatly astonished at the force that must be in a shock of lightning, which, striking the sand, is able to form a tube thirty feet long, with a bore of an inch and a half,—and this in quartz-sand, a material very hard to melt."



* * "OH, DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT, I do love vacation ever so much. It is so nice to swing in the hammock and never have to think whether it's school-time or not. I often have real nice dreams in the hammock."—(Extract from a little girl's letter.)

LIGHTNING AS A TUBE-MAKER.

SINCE the telegraph wires were put up in our meadow, my friends the birds have brought me plenty of news about electricity.

Here, now, is a curious fact:

A man traveling in South America over some sand-hillocks came across a number of flint-like tubes buried in the loose quartz-sand. On inquiry, he learned that these tubes had been made by lightning, and that, if he cared to wait there long enough, he might possibly see the process. But, feeling uncertain whether he or the sand would be struck first, he was content to be told that the lightning falls upon and bores into the sand, melting it very suddenly, and leaving it so quickly that it soon sets, and cools into a flinty glass tube, seven or eight or even thirty feet long. The inner

A TREE STILL TALLER.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In your May number you state that you have heard of two big trees in Australia, one of them being four hundred and thirty-five feet high, the other four hundred and fifty. I have read of a tree still taller. A pamphlet published by the Agricultural Department here in Washington, speaks of a *Eucalyptus Amygdalina* of Australia as having reached the height of five hundred feet, which is one hundred and forty-six feet higher than the dome of the Invalides, in Paris, thirty-three feet higher than the arrow of the cathedral of Strasburg, twenty-eight feet higher than the spire of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, and twenty feet higher than the pyramid of Cheops, which, I have read somewhere, is the tallest structure in the world.

Now, it seems to me, this tremendous fellow must be the tallest tree that can be found,—a tree which will actually cast a shadow on the summit of the Great Pyramid!

Although the *Eucalyptus Amygdalina* may be the tallest tree in the world, it is not the biggest, as the trunk of the *Eucalyptus Globulus* is much thicker through. This big tree yields immense planks of fine timber.

One of these trees supplied a plank 165 feet long, and thick and wide in proportion, which Australia wished very much to send to the London Exhibition of 1862, but, as no ship could be found big enough to carry it, the plan was given up.—Yours truly, A READER.



IN THE CONTINENTAL SPIRIT WE APPROACH THEE, LIBERTY,
AND DESIRE TO PAY OUR HAPPY COMPLIMENTS;

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of July and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, contributors who wish to favor the magazine will please postpone sending their articles until after the last-named date.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you about the Indian arrow-heads which we find in this neighborhood. Sometimes they are from an inch to two or three inches in length. They are sometimes very narrow, thin and sharp, and sometimes broad and blunt. There is one place on our farm where I think the Indians made them, for we find stones that have had pieces chipped off them on all sides, and pieces and splinters or flakes of stone.

Generally, arrow-heads are made of the common white-flint rock, but sometimes of the black rock or iron-stone, as it is called.

The greater the number of points to a head the handsomer it is considered. It is not often that one finds one with more than three points. Not long ago, I found a perfect black one with five points.

I am fourteen years old. BERTIE L. GREEN.
P. S.—Papa says he thinks they are not made of flint rock, but of quartz.

Bertie, and others interested in stone arrow-heads, and similar curious relics of the former dwellers in America, will find an illustrated article on the subject in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1878; the title is, "How the Stone-Age Children Played."

CHARLEY AND PATTY.—In an article on school luncheons, in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1877, you probably will find just the information you need. It would be a good thing, perhaps, if your school would adopt the plan lately instituted by two of the best boys'-schools in New York. In these the boys are provided with a regular lunch every day at noon; not a fancy lunch, nor one to be eaten at a swallow and in some out-of-the-way corner, but a good, warm, substantial little meal, tempting but simple; and the happy fellows sit around a table where they may laugh without horrifying anybody, and where courtesy prevails as a matter of course. The expense to the pupils is very slight, and is much to be preferred to the paying of doctors' bills and the varied ills following wretched luncheons of pie, cake, candy and other unwholesome things too common among school children in these days.

February, 1880.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read about the Englishman and Frenchman in your March number, and how they disputed as to their

languages, and, as I wont allow that anything *English* is superior to French (I mean English, not American), I thought I 'd tell this story:

Two men, an Englishman and a Frenchman, each the greatest talker of his race, were shut up for a week together to see which would out-talk the other. At the end of the week the Englishman was dead on the floor, and the Frenchman was stooping down and whispering in his ear. I always did like the French better than the English, anyhow.

I have a cat and my sister has one, too, just like it, and they are awfully cunning. Papa and I have a little bossy; her name is Jersey Durham; I adore her, but mamma says she does n't see how I can love a bossy; but it's very easy to love this one. She likes papa and I best of any one. I go out every night to feed her, and sometimes in the morning. She has a real pretty face and is just as independent as she can be. Papa and I stand there as patiently as can be while she drinks a swallow of water, and looks around as leisurely as you please. We never think of asking her to hurry.

I think I wont write any longer.—From LILIAN GOLD.
Two months ago, or rather four, as it is now the first of May. Now, my little bossy is awful sick, and we are tending her carefully. The little thing ate a lot of paint and we gave her medicine. Then papa thought she took cold. The fellow that doctors her thinks she does n't need milk in her porridge, but papa insists on it, and I know it's good for her. I woke early this morning and thought: "I know Jersey is dead by this time," then I went to sleep again and dreamed she was getting well, and when I woke up again I was as sure she *was n't* dead as I was before that she was.

I think she is getting well, too.—Good-bye, LILL GOLD.
P. S.—I see in one part of this that I said "papa and I." Excuse it, please. I wont ask you to print such a long letter as this, only as I don't owe any one a letter, you are nice to write and tell things to.

C. A. S.—An item in the "Letter-Box" for January, 1879, will tell you how raisins are made.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is, in the south-west of our country, a giant, about which I want to tell your "Letter-Box" readers. Don't imagine an immense man with a wide mouth and great rolling eyes, carrying an enormous spear, like the pictures of the famous Goliath of Gath. This giant of which I write does not look at all like a man. It is one of the United States.

In order to gain an idea of size we must compare the object with some other familiar thing. If you look carefully at the picture of a mountain, you will generally discover somewhere in it the figure of a man, a house, or a deer, perhaps. The artist placed it there for you to compare the mountain with it, and so gain a better idea of the size of the mountain.

Suppose we compare this giant State with some other State. Try Pennsylvania. Why, it will take five Pennsylvanias to equal it! Indeed, this giant is bigger than all the Middle and Eastern States



AND OUR ANCESTORS WE HONOR THAT THEY FOUGHT AND BLED FOR THEE,
DOING CREDIT TO THEIR MANLY COMMON SENSE.

put together. It has pasture lots of twenty thousand acres, with miles and miles of fencing. Its flower gardens cover acres upon acres; all the gardens and yards in your town put together will not equal one of its verberna beds in size. Even the spiders in this great State are giant spiders, some of them being as large as a tea-cup or even a saucer. This giant is so rich that it has eighty-nine million acres of land to give away.

It is one of the United States; but it was not bought from somebody, nor was it ceded, that is, given by somebody, as were the other States, excepting the original thirteen. It came into the Union of its own free will.

Giants, you know, make long strides and accomplish great things in a short time. So this one builds cities as by magic. You may stand on one of its prairies and see nothing but waving grass, far to where the sky meets earth; returning in six months to the same spot, you will find a city, with stores, hotels, churches and schools; find busy people hurrying to and fro; merry children on their way to school, all looking as though their home had been there for years.

The name of this giant State signifies, according to some persons, "roof" or "roof-tiles"; according to others, "friends."

The name itself I have not mentioned, because I want to let your readers guess it.

MAB.

LILLIE (PHILADELPHIA), ANNA H. WIERUM, AND EVERYBODY ELSE.—Always send your full postal address when writing to ST. NICHOLAS;—not to be printed, but so that, if there should be no room in the "Letter-Box" for an answer, a written reply may be sent to you by mail.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading the April number of the magazine I was much interested by the account of "The dear little deer," and thought I would like to get one. Could you tell me if they can be got anywhere in New York, or if they are very expensive? I would not even mind the bork instead of white, if only I could get one of them for a pet. I suppose those men who sell curious birds and animals would not keep them?—Your very devoted reader,

RHITA HANDCOCK.

To this letter Mr. D. C. Beard, who owned the "Dear Little Deer" at the time of its death, replies:

There is not, I believe, a single live specimen of the pigmy musk or mouse-deer now in the United States. The one I had, a picture of which I made for ST. NICHOLAS, is the only living one I have ever seen. White ones are exceedingly rare, and one of them would cost a very great deal of money. There is now, or there was a few months since, a specimen of a larger species of this deer at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia. The captain of the ship "Janet Furgeson" has promised to bring me over some more of the mouse-deer upon his next trip from Singapore, though it is extremely doubtful whether or not they will live until the ship reaches America.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Alligators' eggs are a little larger than hens' eggs. Not long ago a newspaper said that a woman found

some in a field, and put them under a hen. The hen and the woman were both very much surprised when the little alligators hatched out! Your little friend,

WINNIE S. GIBBS.

W. H. P. sends word that the dog whose picture appeared in the April "Letter-Box" is a black Irish setter, called "Bobbie," the property of Mr. C. C. G., a gentleman in Eldora, Iowa, and the father of the boy referred to in the letter printed with the picture. The dog in the picture had on Mr. G's hat and ulster and the photographer's spectacles. W. H. P. adds: "Every one who knows 'Bobbie' recognized his portrait in the 'Letter-Box.'"

Galveston, Texas.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In answer to the question of Miss Carrie Sneed in the "Letter-Box" of your May number, I reply that the leaves of the trees in Australia do not expose their flat surfaces to the sun, because his rays are too burning, and the leaves would dry up very quickly if they were too bold.

C. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a wolf. The other day a man brought to a livery-stable in our city, Lincoln, Neb., a little baby prairie-wolf that did not have its eyes open. An old cat that had her kittens up in a hay-loft heard it crying, came down, picked it up, carried it in her mouth to the loft and put it with her kittens, and has nursed and taken care of it ever since. The baby wolf and kittens are living happily together, but I expect there will be trouble after a while; what do you think?

DAISY C.

L. M. P. AND OTHERS.—In answer to your letters about the June frontispiece, entitled "The Home of the Herons," we will tell you a little about the birds themselves.

The species represented in the picture is the largest of the heron family,—the Great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias*),—found in almost all parts of temperate North America.

The average height of the Great Blue Heron is about three and a half to four feet, and its expanded wings measure from tip to tip nearly six feet. The tail is comparatively short, and is almost hidden by the folded wings.

The Great Blue Heron is of rather darker colors than the other members of its group, of which the chief color is a steel-gray. The head is black, with a white spot at the base of the bill; and protruding several inches behind is a plume of long, slender feathers, two of which are much longer than the others. Grayish-white, slender feathers are also seen upon the lower neck, breast and shoulders. The long neck is covered with soft, light-brown feathers, and extending down its entire front is a pure white streak or stripe. The edges of the wings and the upper portions of the legs are of a beautiful rich brown, and the under parts are almost entirely black, with streakings

of white. The eyes and bill are yellowish, and the legs and soft integument at the base of the bill are of a grayish green.

The young of the Great Blue Heron never possess the head plumes, and the adults only have them during the breeding season.

These birds stalk about in search of food in the shallow water, or stand silently in one spot until some fish or lizard comes within reach of their long necks, when—with a sudden thrust of their spear-like beaks—they pierce the victim, which seldom eludes their aim. The Great Blue Heron sometimes eats the young of small water-birds, such as sandpipers and snipes, which have unluckily wandered too near them.

The Great Blue Heron's nest is simply a flattened heap of sticks and small twigs. This bird seldom lays more than three eggs, and these are of a uniform pale-bluish tint, somewhat larger than a hen's. The young do not learn to fly until nearly full grown; they differ from the adult birds, during the first year, in being much darker in plumage, and the females are always smaller than the males.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have lived out west for four years, and one summer we had twenty-one prairie-dogs. I have had seven sitting on my lap at once, all eating. I saw in "Jack" for February something about animals which do not drink water; it said that prairie-dogs do not, which is a mistake, for we had a ditch running through our yard, and I have often seen our Billy drink.

The prairie-dogs got to be a nuisance, so papa turned the water from the ditch into their burrow; it ran in for thirty-six hours without stopping, and we could hear it echoing nearly all the way down.

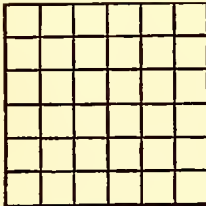
Billy would come into the house and drag things down his hole. Some dogs killed him last summer.

I am twelve years old, and I live at Cheyenne Depot. Your constant reader,
JULIA G.

P. S. It is supposed that the prairie-dogs dig these holes down to water.

WHO CAN SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Never having seen the inclosed puzzle printed, I send it to you.



The square contains thirty-six small squares. The object is to place six dots, one in a square, so that no two of them will be in the same line vertically, horizontally or diagonally.—Yours truly,
"CROW."

NETTIE STEVENS.—Celluloid is the name of a pale yellow, transparent substance resembling some kinds of gum. It is light, hard and elastic, and is insoluble in water. The method of making it was discovered about ten years ago, and it began to be manufactured about six years ago, and is now made in very great quantities both here and in Europe. It is made by treating a certain kind of soft tissue-paper in acids till it is reduced to a soft pulp. It is then treated with camphor by a chemical process, and the material when finished is the celluloid so much used in place of ivory. It may be colored to resemble coral, tortoise-shell, malachite and many other natural substances, and in the form of piano keys, billiard balls, handles of all kinds, cuffs and collars, jewelry, harness mountings and hundreds of other things, it may be seen in almost every store in the country. It was thought at one time to be explosive, but it is now said to be no more dangerous nor inflammable than the paper and camphor out of which it is made. Celluloid is one of the most remarkable triumphs of chemistry in imitating natural substances like shell and ivory.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the February article on automata, the author describes a wonderful clock made by a German; I want to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS of a still more wonderful clock, of which I have read. It was made by one Drez, of Geneva. "On it were seated a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached

and fawned upon him. The King of Spain saw this wonderful invention, and was delighted beyond measure. "The gentleness of my dog," said Drez, "is his least merit; if your majesty touch one of these apples in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity." The King took an apple; whereupon the dog flew at him, barking so loudly that a live dog, which was in the room, joined in the chorus. The King became frightened, and withdrew, only one courtier daring to stay. He, wanting to know what time it was, asked Drez, who referred him to the negro. He asked the negro in Spanish, but Drez remarked that perhaps he had not yet learned that language. Thereupon the courtier questioned him in French, and then the negro replied correctly. "This brave courtier then became frightened, and he, too, left." Yours truly,
X. Y. Z.

C. H. T., WHITE PLAINS.—Your card is interesting, but, of course, it cannot be printed until you have sent word to the "Letter-Box," describing exactly how the animal hanged itself, and giving your full name and postal address.

THE GAME OF FIFTEEN; WITH ONE SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE.

MR. AND MRS. HOSPITALITY sat in their comfortable parlor. Miss Despondent lay on the lounge, deeply interested in a small square box which she held in her hand. She lay in a listless attitude with her eyes half closed, occasionally giving the box a shake and uttering a sigh.

At last, she said: "I can't do it."

"Then," said Mrs. Hospitality, "do put it down, and don't bother about it any more."

"But I *must* do it. I cannot leave it this way! And yet," said poor Miss Despondent, "I do not know how."

It was the "Game of Fifteen."

Miss Despondent, in an evil moment, had bought one. She had now got it all right but the last line, which came 13—15—14. She had been at it for two hours without speaking, which was not polite in a guest, but then, one must make every allowance for the slaves of 13—14—15.

Mr. and Mrs. Hospitality lived in Boston, and Miss Dorothy Despondent was visiting them. It was six o'clock when Miss Despondent said she could n't do it,—half an hour before dinner,—and it was getting dark. The gas was then lighted, and Miss Despondent still went on shifting the little wooden blocks, but never seeming to get any nearer the end. She had just put the box down on the table, saying she would have nothing more to do with it, when in walked young Mr. Henry Hospitality, who took it up. In about ten minutes, he said: "I have done it. If you turn the 6 upside down, and the 9 upside down, thus making a 6 of the 9, and a 9 of the 6, you can do it."

Miss Despondent never has any trouble now with "The Game of Fifteen." She can always do it.

In a short time, she is to become Mrs. Henry Hospitality.

K. U.

W. H. BROWN.—The earliest date when chocolate was used, in England, as a drink, is 1657. A London newspaper of that year says: "In Bishopsgate street, in Queen's Head alley, at a Frenchman's house, is an excellent West India drink called 'chocolate' to be sold, where you may have it ready at any time, and also unmade, at reasonable rates."

ERNEST T. CAPEN AND J. W. J.—In this letter, from the author of the story of "The Tea-Kettle Light," you will find answers to your questions:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In response to Ernest T. Capen's inquiry as to how Joe kept his birch bark from burning, I can add but few particulars to the account given in March.

Joe himself, now a white-haired man, sitting by my side, tells me that the tea-kettle he used was packed full of the thick outer bark taken from the trunk of the *white* birch-tree. He did not use the thinner bark of the branches and twigs, for it would have consumed faster. He also says there are other sorts of birch, especially the black and gray birch with their spicy inner bark, neither of which would probably have answered his purpose. It was easy to keep his kettle just hot enough.

It hung on a crane in an old-fashioned fire-place, just as represented in the engraving which accompanied the story; and, by the way, I would like to thank Mr. Redwood and yourself, also, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for that same good illustration. So, of course, the draft carried all smoke and odor up the chimney.

Joe says, too, that of course the gas must be *lighted* when it begins to issue from the spout of the tea-kettle, just like any gas. There was no difficulty at all with his light, except that indicated in the story. To put out the light, he lifted the kettle off the crane, and when it became cool, the flame went out.

Wishing success to any future attempt to reproduce this old-time, home-made gas-light, I remain yours truly,
FLORA A. SANBORN.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

FOUR EASY SQUARE WORDS.

- I. 1. SOUND. 2. Parched. 3. Dainty. 4. A paradise.
- II. 1. To pursue. 2. One of the United States. 3. Part of the neck. 4. Muscle.
- III. 1. To puzzle. 2. A sign. 3. Part of a plant. 4. Terminates.
- IV. 1. A small particle. 2. An emblem. 3. A precious stone. 4. To dissolve. DYCIE.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

- I. 1. IN procrastination. 2. A large cask. 3. A sweet substance. 4. A small horse. 5. In predestination.
 - II. 1. In cowslip. 2. A beverage. 3. A kind of fruit. 4. A kind of ostrich. 5. In idiosyncrasy.
- Centrals Across: A kind of sweetmeat. D. W.

ENIGMATICAL FABLE.

THE problem is to name the tools.

Some shrubs and vines for years had grown
 In a stony, rocky place,
 And now their roots were sadly cramped:
 How should they get more space?

They called a council, and agreed
 A certain rock to split,
 With powder or with dynamite,
 Could they but manage it.

"But who will drill the holes?" was asked
 ("I fear we are but fools!");
 "The grape-vine will, of course," said one,—
 "It always has the tools." AUNT SUE.

CHARADE.

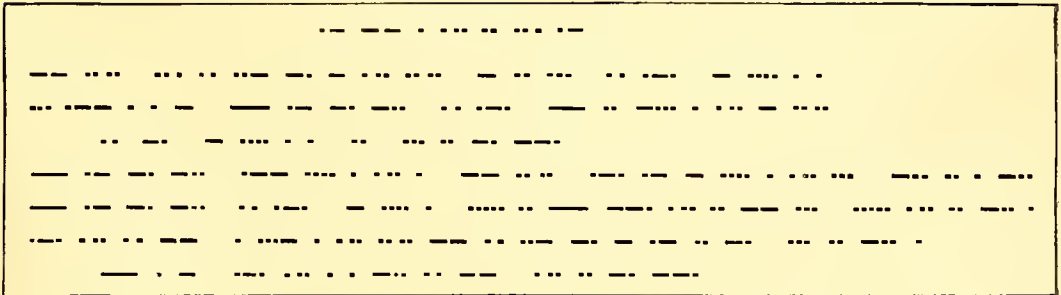
My first is a governor. My second a biped. My whole is a beautiful bird named in honor of a king who once reigned for his father.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty-three letters, and am the full name of a noted American artist and inventor.
 My 14, 20, 22, 11 is a flower. My 12, 2, 19 is a root used by man as food. My 3, 4, 10, 16 is a four-footed animal. My 7, 8, 13 is a falsehood. My 17, 5, 8, 9, 23 is a fish-net. My 18, 15, 6 is a fish. My 1, 23, 11, 21 is a prophet. MARGARET POTTER.

TELEGRAPHIC PATRIOTIC VERSE.

THE telegraphic characters arranged in the accompanying frame



represent the title and first stanza of a hymn well known to every American. The characters used are those of the Morse Telegraphic Alphabet.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE problem is to name the chief persons mentioned as having part in the scenes described.

I. An American noted for courage is captured and bound to a tree, while the battle still rages around him. His captors, forced to retreat, carry him with them and again bind him to a tree, intending to tor-

ture him to death. But the captive's life is saved by a Frenchman; and the American afterward fought at Bunker's Hill.

II. On the bank of a noble river, three men search a fourth, and find papers in his stockings.

III. A convention is in session. A tall, spare man is saying: "I know not what course others may take, but as for me —!"

IV. In South Carolina, a British and an American officer sit down to a dinner consisting of but one kind of vegetable. W.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

IN each of these puzzles, but one word is needed to fill the blanks properly, only the letters of the word must be arranged differently for each blank.

1. The — were well learned, the — rich and clear, but the — of a — thrown through the window took away from our enjoyment of the music.

2. Three —, lounging on the gunwale, were gazing at a — and teaching each other the various — of navigation; but there were holes in their books, gnawed by —; so the lesson was short.

3. I took — and — to buy a —. BERTIE JACKSON.

DIAMOND.

- 1. IN octoroon. 2. Part of an ape. 3. Found in temples. 4. A singing bird. 5. An inhabitant of a part of the East Indies. 6. A fish. 7. In octoroon. ISOLA.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC RIDDLE.

THIS puzzle is based on names found in those books of the Old Testament which are called "Joshua," "Chronicles," and "Kings." Each cross-word spells the same backward and forward, but the word formed by the initials of the cross-words in the given order is spelled downward only.

- 1. A pass, by which an enemy came
To fight with Judah, but met with shame,
Backward and forward spelling the same.
- 2. To rank with princes my next could claim;
With men of valor is classed his name,
Which backward and forward spells the same.
- 3. The father of one, of Scripture fame
(Of himself no record gives praise, or blame);
And backward and forward spelling the same.
- 4. To the sons of Elpaal we offer no blame
For rearing a temple whose musical name
Backward and forward reads ever the same.

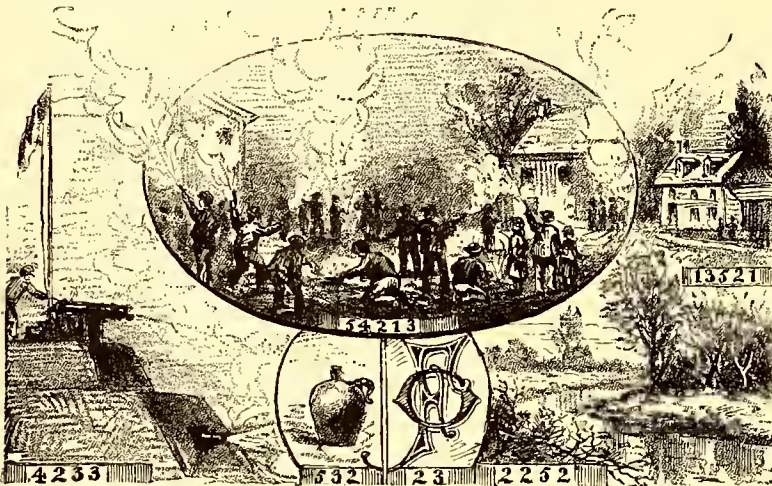
5. Of one who back to Jerusalem came
With Babylon captives my next is the name,
Backward and forward still spelling the same.

6. A town in Assyria next you may name
Where, brought by the king, Jewish captives once came,
And backward and forward it spells just the same.

The initials of these, in their order, will frame
Of a Jewish town, in a valley, the name,
And which backward and forward does not spell the same.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA.

The answer to the enigma contains five words. The pictures represent words spelled with just the same letters that are contained in the answer,—not one more nor less. The numerals refer to the five words of the answer, as they stand in the proper order of reading them.



To solve the puzzle: find words that describe the pictures properly, each word to have as many letters as there are numerals under its picture. When all the words have been found, write under each its own set of numerals; the first numeral under the first letter, the second numeral under the second letter, and so on. Now write down, some distance apart, the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Below figure 1 set down all the letters under which you have written that numeral; below figure 2, all the letters which have that numeral under it; and so on until all the letters have been distributed into groups.

On properly arranging the letters of each group into a word, and reading off the words in the order of their numbering, the answer will appear.

GEORGE CHINN.

A "REVOLUTIONARY PUZZLE."

(For Older Puzzlers.)

My whole, comprising seventy-five letters, is two lines of a popular patriotic song, written during the early part of our national history, by a Southern poet.

My revered 12, 7, 6, 11, 15, 48, 10, 1, 23, 3, 21 served in the patriot 17, 39, 28, 30. He carried a 16, 34, 30, 22, 18, 14, 5 fixed to his 53, 31, 52, 13, 20. He had also a large 9, 25, 33, 46, 36, 72-41, 47, 7, 19, on which were 38, 26, 27, 21, 29, 35, 42, 58, both his 9, 37, 7, 32, 53, 44, 31, 49 and his 45, 56, 64, 75 as well as the 15, 73, 68, 70 of the opening of the war. There were cut on it, besides, some lines expressing his 46, 51, 74, 66, 59, 31, 63, 59 to the cause of 67, 21, 54, 55, 58, 22, 64. He 43, 22, 35, 3, 15 the 48, 24, 6, 27 of his country, whether it were a tattered 61, 45, 8, 31, 12, 26 or a new 71, 44, 11, 57, 65, 39. He was a 2, 14, 7, 22 in 50, 36, 6, 53, 49, and, when victory came to the armies of Congress, his 60, 31, 12, 69, 55, 4, 5 and best 62, 22, 9, 3, 8 for his country were realized. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

TWO EASY SQUARE WORDS. I. 1. Ship. 2. Hide. 3. Idea. 4. Peak. II. 1. Save. 2. Area. 3. Veer. 4. Ears.

NUMERICAL DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Cab. 3. CaBul. 4. BUL. 5. L. — MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE. 1881.

CELEBRATED NAMESAKES. 1. St. John Chrysostom. 2. John of Procida. 3. John of Gaunt. 4. John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. 5. Don John of Austria, son of the Emperor Charles V. 6. John Knox. 7. John Eliot. 8. John Milton. 9. John Bunyan. 10. Jean Racine. 11. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. 12. John Howard. 13. Johann Mozart. 14. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. 15. Sir John Franklin.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE. 1. A pipe, smoking. 2. Adore; a gay belle. (A door, a gable.) 3. A miss (as good as a mile). 4. High C. 5. Small sales (sails). 6. Stand at your (ewer) post. 7. An L (ell) and a yard.

DWINDLES. I. 1. Reduce. 2. Cured. 3. Curd. 4. Cud. 5. Du. 6. D. II. 1. Decretal. 2. Declare. 3. Cradle. 4. Laced. 5. Dale. 6. Lad. 7. La. 8. L. III. 1. Meander. 2. Meander. 3. Demean. 4. Medea. 5. Deem. 6. Dec. 7. De. 8. D.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. R. 2. Rob. 3. Robin. 4. Big. 5. N. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. N. 2. Hat. 3. Names. 4. Sea. 5. S. Central Diamond: 1. N. 2. Gas. 3. Nails. 4. Sty. 5. S. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. N. 2. Yes. 3. Nests. 4. Sty. 5. S. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. S. 2. Yet. 3. Sever. 4. Ten. 5. R.

PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Sermons in stones, books in running brooks; and good in everything."

DROP-LETTER VERSE. Come ye into the summer woods; There entereth no annoy; All greenly wave the chestnut leaves, And the earth is full of joy.

MARY HOWITT, in *Summer Woods*.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. June-Rose. EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. In the Chicago fire.

EASY DIAMOND. I. 1. ATe. 3. ItAly. 4. ELm. 5. Y. METAMORPHOSES. I. Dusk: 1. Rusk. 2. Rust. 3. Rest. 4.

Nest. 5. Neat. 6. Seat. II. House: 1. Horse. 2. Corse. 3. Curse. 4. Crust. 5. Burst. 6. Burnt. 7. Burns. 8. Barns. 9. Bares. 10. Bores. 11. Cores. 12. Coves. 13. Cover. 14. Hover. 15. Hovel. III. Warm: 1. Worm or Ward. 2. Word. 3. Word or Cord. 4. Cold. IV. Cord: 1. Cord. 2. Corn. 3. Coin. 4. Chin. 5. Thin. 6. Then. 7. When or They. 8. Whcy. V. Dog: 1. Don. 2. Den. 3. Hen. VI. Cloth: 1. Clots. 2. Coots. 3. Copts. 4. Copes. 5. Capes. 6. Caper. 7. Paper. VII. Pond: 1. Pone. 2. Lone. 3. Lane. 4. Lake. VIII. Coal: 1. Cool. 2. Wool. 3. Wood. IX. Awake: 1. Aware. 2. Sware. 3. Swart. 4. Swapt. 5. Swept. 6. Sweet. 7. Sweep. 8. Sleep. X. Boy: 1. Toy. 2. Ton. 3. Tan. 4. Man. XI. Seas: 1. Leas. 2. Less. 3. Lest. 4. Lent. 5. Lend. 6. Land.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 20th from H. T., 1—M. M., 1—N. C., 9—E. M. S., 9—C. B., 3—I. H. W., 1—H. M. D., 1—"Aline," 1—V. E. G., 1—R. B. S., Jr., 3—G. A. L., Jr., 2—V. D'O. S. S., 10—N. W. L., 1—O. C., 3—A. C., 3—R. R., 1—A. W., 1—C. E., 1—C. T. R., 1—W. F. P., 1—N. D. S., 1—L. R. A., 1—J. R. B., 3—H. C. W., 1—N. L. Y., 1—"Eriettes," 9—H. B. E. and L. W. E., 9—A. L. O., 1—"Tottie," 1—H. S., 1 tangle—I. S. S., 1 tangle—L. H. D. St. V., 10—D. D., 1—E. and C., 13—B. T., 7—"Faith," 3 and 1 tangle—L. W., 2—V. C. H., 4—C. L. R., 11—J. and H. B., 5—M. L. H., 2 and 3 tangles—C. A. L., 8—A. H., 1—C. B. H., Jr., 7 and 2 tangles—L. V. L., 6—B. G., 3—J. and B. S., 4—"Blankes," 13 and 2 tangles—G. T. M., 12—B. B., 2—R. V. B., 2—G. and J. H., 13—K. E. M., 1—"Hope," 3—R. H. R., 8—L. M. S., 14 and 2 tangles—B. C., 1—G. H., 1—A. C. R., 13—J. W. T., 2—L. B. W. and K. C., 2—"The Children," 12—C. H. McB., 9—"B. and Cousin," 14 and 2 tangles—"High-diddle-diddle," 2—A. H. G., 9 and 2 tangles—H. W. D., 7—F. B., 1—"Trailing A," 1—"X. Y. Z.," 9—"3 Guessers," 9 and two tangles—"Dycie," 9—H. B. W., 2—J. E. C. W., 6—J. McK., 8—"2 Black Pts.," 11—F. L. K., 14 and 2 tangles—G. T. T., 7—E. M., 12—F. C. McD., 14 and 3 tangles—"Stowes," 13—"W. C. McL., 2—"T. D. & Co.," 5—R. A. G., 6—O. C. T., 13 and 2 tangles—M. and C. S., 8—Elise and J. B. P., 13—G. L., 3—"Carol," 7—L. S. A., 12—"2 Great Friends," 9—"Jonathan," 8—A. M. A., 15—B. C. B., 8—C. F. W. C., 4—L. C. F., 7. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



HOP O' MY THUMB.

FROM A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

[See page 836.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII.

AUGUST, 1880.

NO. 10.

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THE FOX AND THE STORK.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

IN ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1876, I saw an illustration, by Gustave Doré, of the well-known fable of the "Fox and the Stork," and it reminded me of something that happened less than one hundred years ago. You shall hear the story.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the red cock, youngest, handsomest, and earliest riser of all the cocks in the poultry-yard. His rival, the old yellow cock, had gone to roost overnight with the full determination to be first up the next morning. But age is sleepy, and his head was still under his wing when the challenge of his victorious foe rang out upon the air. Being second is next best to being first, however, so he, too, flapped his wings, crowed loudly, sprang from the perch, followed by his wives and children, and in five minutes, clucking and cackling, the poultry-yard was alive with motion, and the chicken-day had fairly begun.

Wasp, the red terrier, heard the noise through his slumbers, yawned, stretched himself, turned around once or twice as if to make sure that his tail was where he left it the night before; then, jumping against the side of the house, he barked lustily. Half a minute later a window above opened, and a red object was thrust out. This red object was Rufus Swift's head, shaggy from sleep and not yet combed and brushed for the day.

"Hurray!" he cried. "No rain after all! Wasp, stop barking! Do you hear me, sir? You'll wake mother and give her a headache, and I want her in good humor this day of all days."

Wasp understood the tone, if not the words, and changed his bark to a low whine. Rufus drew in his head, and proceeded to wash and dress as fast as possible. He had many plans on foot and much

to do, for this was the day on which his school-fellow, Leggy Beekman, was to make him a visit.

Leggy's real name was Leggett, but as a school-boy he was bound to have a nickname, and being of a tall, spare figure, "Leggy" struck the other boys as rather a happy allusion to facts. Rufus had been but a few months at the school, he and Leggett were almost strangers, but, finding that their homes were near each other, Rufus made the most of the acquaintance, and teased his mother for leave to ask Leggett to spend a day, till at last she consented.

Mrs. Swift was a timid old lady, who dreaded boys and noise and confusion generally. She regarded Leggett as a formidable person, for when she asked Rufus what he would like by way of an entertainment for his friend, he answered, without hesitation: "A rat-hunt, a sail on the lake, and tickets for the juggler."

"Oh, dear me!" cried poor Mrs. Swift. "I'll send you to see the juggler and welcome, Rufy, but a rat-hunt! How can boys like such things! Are you sure Master Beekman does?"

"Why, Mother, of course, all boys like 'em," replied Rufus, purposely vague, for in truth he knew little about Leggett's likings and dislikings. "Rat-hunts are prime fun. And this is a prime time to have one, for the south barn is just swarming. Wasp and Fury 'll pitch into 'em like sixty."

"Then that lake—I do dread it so much," went on Mrs. Swift; "it always seemed dangerous to me. Don't you think your friend would like something else just as well?"

"Fudge about danger," said disrespectful Rufus. "Now, Mother, don't forget, please. I wont have Beekman at all unless we can have a good time.

You said I might take my choice and do just what I wanted the day he came, and I choose the rat-hunt and the sail and the juggler."

Mrs. Swift sighed and submitted. After all, it was only kind in Rufus to plan to give his school-mate the things he enjoyed, she thought. She liked to have him unselfish and hospitable. But there was little hospitality in Rufus's thoughts, and no unselfishness. His plans were for his own benefit, not Leggett's, and he had no idea of consulting anybody's tastes but his own.

About eleven o'clock the visitor arrived. Mrs. Swift came down-stairs rather timidly: a boy who preferred sailing and rat-hunting to anything else must, she thought, be an alarming fellow. But Leggett did not look alarming in the least. He was a tall, loose-jointed, long-limbed boy, with a narrow, sallow face, hooked nose, and a pair of dark, short-sighted eyes. He had a way of putting his head close to things in order to see them, which gave him an odd, solemn appearance not at all boy-like. But, in spite of this and his awkward figure, he was a gentlemanly lad, and his bow and pleasant way of speaking made Mrs. Swift many degrees less afraid of him before he had been five minutes in the room.

Stout, active, freckled little Rufus danced about his guest, and would scarcely give him time to speak, so impatient was he to begin the day.

"Oh, come along, Leggy," he broke in, "you'll see my mother at dinner. Don't waste time talking now. Come out with me to the barn."

"The barn?" said Leggett, squinting up his eyes to make out the subject of a print which hung on the wall.

"Yes; we're going to have a rat-hunt, you know. My dogs, Wasp and Fury, are great on rats, and I've set Jack, our farm-boy, to poke out the holes, and it'll be prime fun. Come along."

Leggett hesitated, and Mrs. Swift detected a look which was not all of pleasure.

"Perhaps Master Beekman would rather do something else——" she began, but Rufus pulled at his guest's arm, and cried:

"Mother, what rubbish——" and Leggett, too polite to resist, followed to the barn.

Jack was in waiting with the terriers. The doors were closed, the dogs sniffed and whined, Jack poked and pried in the holes. Presently a rat sprang out, then another, and confusion dire set in. Squeaking wildly, the terrified rats ran to and fro, the dogs in full chase, Jack hallooing them on and "jabbing" with a stick, Rufus, wild with excitement, clattering after. Dust rose from the floor in clouds, the lofts above echoed the din, and so entirely was Rufus absorbed by the sport that it was not until half an hour had passed, and three

rats lay dead upon the ground, that he remembered the existence of his visitor, and only then because he happened to stumble over his legs. Leggett was sitting in the corner on an inverted corn-measure, looking rather pale.

"Hallo, Beekman, are you there? Why don't you pitch in?" remarked Rufus. "It's famous fun, is n't it? You don't mean to say you don't like it?"

"Not much," said Leggett. "I don't like to see things killed."

"Ho! That's a good one. Jack, hear this. Here's a boy who don't like to see things killed."

"As I don't," went on Leggett, "perhaps you'll excuse me if I leave you to finish the rats alone. I'll sit with your mother, or wait under the trees till you get through."

Leggett's manner was so polite that it reminded Rufus to be polite also.

"No, haug it," he said. "If you don't care for it, we'll put off the hunt till another day. What a queer chap you are!" he continued, as they went along; "you're not a bit like the rest of the fellows. Why don't you like to see rats killed?"

"I don't know. They are nuisances, of course, but it strikes me as a low sort of fun to enjoy seeing their fright and hearing them squeak."

"My eye! How mighty and genteel we are! What *does* your worship like, may I ask, if rats are too 'low' to suit?"

"It was rude of me to use the word," said Leggett, apologetically. "Excuse me, Rufus. What shall we do next?"

"Oh, we'll take a sail," said Rufus, whose programme had been exactly laid out beforehand. "There's the boat, under the trees. I'll take you up to the head of the lake."

"Sailing?" said Leggett. "I'm sorry, Rufus, but I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, you see, I'm under a promise not to go on the water."

"A promise! Stuff! What sort of a promise?" cried Rufus, who could not bear to be put out.

Leggett blushed painfully.

"The promise is to my mother," he said, speaking with an effort. "My father was drowned, you see, and she has a great fear of the water for me. I gave her my word that I would n't get into a sail-boat, and I must keep it."

"Oh, if that's all," said Rufus, "come along. My mother fidgets just so—all women do; but it's nonsense. There's old Tom hoisting the sail. You'll be as safe as if on dry land. And your mother'll never know—come on."

"I thought you heard me say that I had given my word," said Leggett, seating himself deliberately under a tree.

"Confound your promises!" exclaimed Rufus, angrily; "I'm not going to lose *my* sail, any way. I don't get leave often, and Tom is n't to be had every day, so if you want go I shall just go without you."

"Pray do," said Leggett. "I will sit here and watch you off."

Rufus was too hot and vexed to realize what an uncivil thing he was doing. Without another word

"Splendid," said Rufus. Leggett said nothing. "And a nice sail?" she continued, amiably desirous to be civil to Rufus's friend.

"First-rate," answered Rufus, and again Leggett was silent.

"And now you 're to see the jugglers," went on the old lady. "Rufy, you 'll find the tickets on the chimney-piece, baek of your pa's daguerreotype."

"All right, Mother," said Rufus, and Leggett looked pleased, for, as it happened, he had never seen a juggler.

But, alas! Jack wanted to speak to Rufus after dinner, and Rufus went off with him to the barn for half an hour, so, though the friends walked fast to the town, they reached the show so late that they had to take back seats. This did not matter to Rufus, but it mattered very much indeed to Leggett, whose short sight prevented him from seeing anything clearly.

"What is it? What did he do? I could not make it out," he would ask, while Rufus, jumping up and down with delight, ejaculated: "Famous! Capital! I never saw anything so good."

"Do try to tell me. What was it he did?"

"Oh, such a queer game! He stuck a handkerchief inside a bottle,

he bounded down the bank, sprang into the boat, and in five minutes her white sail was speeding up the lake. Leggett lay under the trees awhile, then walked to the house, and when, two hours later, Rufus sought for him, he was found bending his short-sighted eyes over a book, which he had taken from the shelf in the parlor.

"You 've had a dull time, I'm afraid," said Rufus, feeling some belated prieks of conscience.

"Oh, no," replied Leggett; "I've done very well. This is a book I was wishing to see."

"I'll lend it you if you like," said Rufus, generous enough in things which cost him nothing. Leggett accepted the offer amicably, and matters went smoothly till dinner-time.

"Have you had a pleasant morning?" asked old Mrs. Swift, as she carved the roast goose.

you see,"—but just then the conjuror proceeding to pound a lady's watch in a mortar, Rufus forgot his unfinished sentence, and poor Leggett never learned what became of the pocket-handkerchief. This fate followed him through the entire performance, which left him with a headache, a pair of smarting eyes, and a mind full of puzzles.

Tea, muffins, cakes and country sweetmeats of all sorts were awaiting them at the Red Farm, and kind old Mrs. Swift hoping they had enjoyed themselves, Rufus energetically declared that he had. After tea, Leggett's pony was brought around, and he said good-bye, asking Rufus to come over the next week and spend a day with him.

"I can't offer you any sailing; you know why," he said, good-humoredly. "But I shall be glad to see you."



LEGGETT'S TURN. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"All right," said Rufus. "I'll be sure to come. Thursday, you said?"

"Yes; Thursday."

The boys parted, and Leggett trotted away.

Leggett's mother listened to his account of the visit with a smile which was shrewd and a little malicious. She was, like her boy, thin of figure, long of face, with the same keen nose and short-sighted eyes.

"Hum! Rat-hunting, sailing, a juggler!" she said. "Master Swift fancies these things himself, I imagine. The little fox! Well, what will you do to amuse him when he returns your visit?"

"I'm not sure. What would be best, Mamma?"

"Let me see," and Mrs. Beekman's eyes twinkled wickedly. "There are your microscopic objects,—you could show him those, and your medals and your cabinet of shells. And—yes, the very thing! Professor Peters gives his chemical lecture in the afternoon. That will be sure to be interesting; you remember how much you liked the others."

"So I did!" cried Leggett. "That will be first-rate, wont it? Only," his face falling, "perhaps Rufus might think it dull. He's such an active fellow."

"Oh, he may like it," said his mother. "He ought to. If he knows nothing about chemistry, it will all be new to him. And there is a good deal of popping and exploding in the course of the experiments; all boys enjoy that. We'll settle it so, Leggett,—all your curiosities for the morning, and the lecture in the afternoon."

"Very well," said Leggett, unsuspectingly; while his mother, who had much ado not to laugh, kept her face perfectly serious, lest he should guess her mischievous intention.

Rufus, for once in his life, felt awkward, as he walked into Mrs. Beekman's parlor. His own home was comfortable and handsome, but here were all sorts of things which he was not used to see,—pictures, busts, globes, cabinets of fossils and stones, stuffed birds, and instruments of which he did not know the name or use. Leggett's father had been a man of science; his wife shared his tastes, and had carefully trained her son's mind in the same direction. Rufus glanced at these strange objects out of the corners of his eyes, and felt oddly sheepish as Mrs. Beekman, tall and dignified, came forward to shake hands with him.

"Leggett will be here in a moment," she said; "he was busy in arranging a fly's wing on one of his microscope glasses. Ah, here he is."

As she spoke, Leggett hurried into the room.

The boys shook hands. There was a little talk; then Mrs. Beekman said, graciously:

"Perhaps your friend would like to see your

room, Leggett, and your collections. Take him upstairs; but don't get so absorbed as to forget that to-day we dine early, in order to leave time for the lecture."

Leggett's room was a pleasant little study, fitted up with presses and book-shelves. It had a large, delightful window looking out into the tree-tops. His bed-chamber opened from it, and both were cozy and convenient as heart of boy could wish. Leggett was fond of his rooms, and proud to exhibit them to one of his school-fellows.

"See," he said. "Here are my books, and my shells, and my coins, and here I keep my plaster medals. And this is my mineral cabinet. Would you like to look over the minerals?"

"No, thank you; I don't care much for stones," said Rufus.

"Well, here 's my microscope," said Leggett, "and I've got some splendid slides! Take this chair, Rufus; it's just the right height for the glass."

Rufus rather unwillingly took the chair, and Leggett proceeded to exhibit and explain his beloved specimens, expatiating on chalk-shells, moth-wings and *infusoria*, till, suddenly, a great, noisy yawn on the part of Rufus made him desist with a jump.

"I'm afraid this is boring you," he said, in an embarrassed tone.

"Well, rather," confessed Rufus, with a dreadful frankness.

"Would you rather see my medals, then?" asked Leggett, pulling out a drawer. But Rufus could not be induced to show any interest in the medals beyond calling the Emperor Commodus "the old chap with a nose"; so Leggett, discomfited, shut the drawer again. Shells and coins were equally unsuccessful, and Leggett was at his wits' end to know what to do next, when the ringing of the dinner-bell relieved him of his perplexity.

Perhaps Mrs. Beekman had a guess as to how the morning had gone, Rufus came down-stairs looking so bored, and Leggett so tired and anxious; but she was very attentive and civil, gave large helps of everything, and as Rufus's appetite was not at all impaired by his sufferings, dinner passed off with great success, excepting in the case of a dainty little dish of frogs' legs, stewed delicately in a nice brown gravy. Leggett and his mother were foreign enough in their tastes to like this out-of-the-way dainty; but Rufus, who had never seen such before, was horrified.

"Frogs!" he cried. "I thought nobody but cranes, and birds like that, ate frogs. What would my mother say?"

"Cranes, and birds like that, show very good taste, then," remarked Mrs. Beekman, helping her-

self, composedly. But Rufus could not be persuaded to touch the frogs' legs.

The dessert was hurried a little, Mrs. Beekman remarking that they must make haste in order to miss none of the lecture, while Leggett eagerly explained what a delightful treat lay before them.

"Dr. Peters is a great gun, you know," he said. "Some of the experiments in the other lectures have been splendid. You'd like to go, Rufus? There's all sorts of fizzing and popping, and green-and-red flames, and interesting things."

"Ye—es," replied Rufus; but if ever a boy's face expressed dismay his did at that moment. The prospect of possible pops and fizzes alone enabled him to meet the proposal with common politeness.

Poor Rufus. It was indeed a black afternoon for him. As it turned out, none of the explosions which Leggett had described occurred in the experiments, and the lecture was full of technical terms and phrases which Leggett, having studied chemistry a good deal, understood, but which were unmeaning to Rufus, who found the whole thing inexpressibly dull. Disconsolate and de-

pressed, he sat swallowing his yawns, while Leggett, forgetting everything else, listened with bright-eyed interest, only turning now and then to his mother for a look of sympathy, quite unconscious of what his guest was enduring. Their seat was close to the lecturer, so that Leggett could see every step of the process, and his pleasure was thorough and complete.

"It has been interesting, has n't it?" said Mrs. Beekman, on the way home; "or was it a little over your head, Master Rufus? I feared it might be, as you did not hear the rest of the course."

Rufus muttered something indistinct, which nobody could hear, and walked on in sulky silence. In silence he ate his supper; then his horse was brought to the door, and he made ready to go.

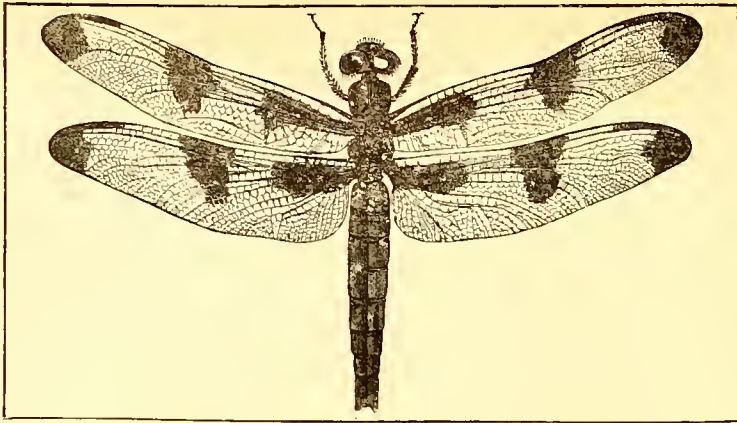
"Good-bye," said his hostess; "I hope you'll come again. Leggett was a little anxious as to how he should entertain you, but I told him he would better just *do as you did*, and let you share the things which he himself liked and enjoyed. A good way,—don't you think so? Good-bye."

And with these words Mamma Beekman dismissed Master Swift to his home.



A PLUMP little girl and a thin little bird
Were out in the meadow together.
"How cold that poor little bird must be
Without any clothes like mine," said she,
"Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he,
"But oh, how cold she must be! For, see,
She has n't a single feather!"—
So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
Although it was sunshiny weather.



THE "DARNING-NEEDLE."

BY E. C. N.



As you see by the picture, it is not the one-eyed "stocking doctor" that we are about to introduce to you. No, indeed; our aristocratic little acquaintance would own no connection with that unpretending but very useful member of society. And yet we are suspicious that our little aristocrat of the most wonderful vision, unsurpassed nimbleness and world-wide acquaintance is, after all, a sort of namesake of the stiff needle, whose only eye is "put out," and whose whole knowledge of the world is confined to the narrow limits of the stocking-basket. But you must not whisper to the dragon-fly what I have told you.

My Darning-needle has the wise family name *Libellulidæ*, the plain English of which is dragon-fly. It does n't object to either of these names, or even to the common name of darning-needle, if you only don't associate it with anything stiff or blind. It is really no clumsy affair. There is not a stiff joint in its body, and as for seeing things, why, bless your eyes! it is a perfect marvel. You never saw anything more wonderful. It would take your bright-eyed, smart little Johnny six hours—the longest, busiest hours he ever spent in his life

—just to count the eyes of the dragon-fly. Twenty-four thousand eyes! Just think of a little chap with twelve thousand eyes to your one. He can look to the right and to the left, down and up, backward and forward, toward all points of the compass at the same instant of time. Who can tell all that he sees? Would n't you like to borrow his eyes for about ten minutes?

The dragon-fly is not only marvelous on account of its vast number of eyes, but it is curious in many ways. There are about two hundred known species, some of which are very beautiful. The largest and most brilliant kinds are found on the Amazon River. "Some of them," says a traveler, "with green or crimson bodies seven inches long, and their elegant, lace-like wings tipped with white or yellow."

The dragon-fly is the most ferocious of all insects, and he has for this reason been called the "devil's darning-needle," but it is better to drop the big adjective and not call hard names. Yet he is truly the greatest cannibal of the insect world. He dines with keenest relish upon his many cousins, has a special appetite for tender young mosquitoes, and does not hesitate to devour the prettiest, loveliest butterflies or any of the family relatives that he is able to catch.

All the little fellows are afraid of him, but it is useless to try to escape him. Even the swift mosquito, with its three thousand vibrations of the wing a minute, cannot outfly this terrible, swift dragon.

He takes his meals while on the wing,—a whole insect at one swallow,—and you can hardly guess

how many victims are served up for a good "square meal." Quite a little swarm is needed for his dinner, and he is always ready to make way with all the scattering ones that he finds for lunch between meals.

The dragon-fly knows all the ways of the world. He can dart backward just as well as forward, and fly sideways just as well as any other way, and so there is no chance to get out of his way. When he once goes for his victim, it is all over with it.

Naturalists have been greatly interested in this insect, and have studied its habits closely from its babyhood up.

Mrs. Dragon is a firm believer in the use of plenty of water in bringing up her babies, so all her little ones begin life in an aquatic nursery. From the leaf of a water-plant, in which they are at first cuddled up, they come out with rough-looking, grub-like bodies, having six sprawling legs. They find themselves all alone in the world. Their mother has gone and left them, and they have no one to provide them with their "bread and dinner." They must stir themselves and "grub it for a living." But they have such a stupid, lubber-heel look, that no one would think they knew enough to take care of themselves. On their head is something that looks like a hood, and this is drawn over their faces as though they were ashamed.

But this hood is only their natural head-dress. These little water-nymphs don't really wear their hoods for bonnets to keep them from taking cold, but they are really masks, and very curious ones, too. This mask is made of hinges, slides and hooks, and it is their trap to get a living. When they see something which they would relish for dinner, the hinges spring open, the slides shove out, and the hooks cling in, and in one instant of time their prey is secured. And that is the way these dumpish-looking little chaps "go a-fishing."

You surely would never call them dull fellows if you

should once see the lively way they serve up refreshments. Quicker than we can tell it, they pack their lunch-baskets from capsized gnat and mosquito-boats, and they overtake the swift little tadpoles

and serve them up in "smacking good" meat-pies.

Perhaps you would like to know how these little fellows get about so fast. Neither fins nor paddles of any kind are used in chasing their prey, nor to help them handle it when caught. But to get about they have a way of their own, and, a few years ago, a British war-vessel was built to go by a method like theirs.

You may have read that Benjamin Franklin once had an idea that a boat could be made with a pump in the stern, by which water could be drawn in and pumped out with such force as to propel the boat along. But the ingenious Franklin, although he could coax lightning from the clouds and make it obey him, had to give up the idea of pumping boats about. And here is just where this little grub beats the great philosopher. In the stern of his little worm-skin boat, he has a pump that works like a charm. When the little nymph wants to go on an exploring voyage, his clever little muscles instantly set the pump at work, and away shoots the boat like a rocket, while at the prow of the boat is the masked pirate, always ready for his booty. He is very voracious, and banquets on multitudes of little creatures during the one year of his grub life.

At the end of the year, the little pump-boat that has served him so well is anchored to a water-plant, and in two hours Jack, the sailor-grub, starts out on another voyage.

But this is an aerial trip. He hoists sail, unfolding four lovely wings of gauze, and speeds away into the air, the rich-robed monarch of the insect world.

To every enemy of insects the dragon-fly is a friend, for what uncounted hosts of water-insects does the swift boat of this pirate overtake before it comes to shore, and what swarms and swarms of little animal life have been



THE HOME OF THE DARNING-NEEDLE.



buried in that one grave,—the voracious, never-satisfied, long stomach of the great insect dragon!

But only insects have reason to fear him; and he generally proves quite sociable with the boys and girls who cross his path, knowing himself well insured against capture by his swift-darting wings and myriad eyes. You will find him much more difficult to catch than his Cousin Butterfly, but when you go fishing he will flit along the bank in front of you as you wade through marshy places, or hover above the tangle of drift-wood near which you have dropped your line, as if he enjoyed your company. Now and then, perhaps, he will even poise gracefully for a

moment above your outstretched rod, or silently settle on the very same log on which you are seated, and almost within reach of your hand. Make the slightest motion to entrap him, and see how quickly he is gone! Yet he does not go far, returning sometimes to the very spot from which you drove him away. Be sure, then, that at least some hundreds of his thousand eyes are on you; but, though he is such a terror to his own tribe and kindred, he is at peace with all mankind, and you may become acquainted with this beautiful but fierce darning-needle with as much safety as with the homely, stupid one in grandmother's stocking-basket.

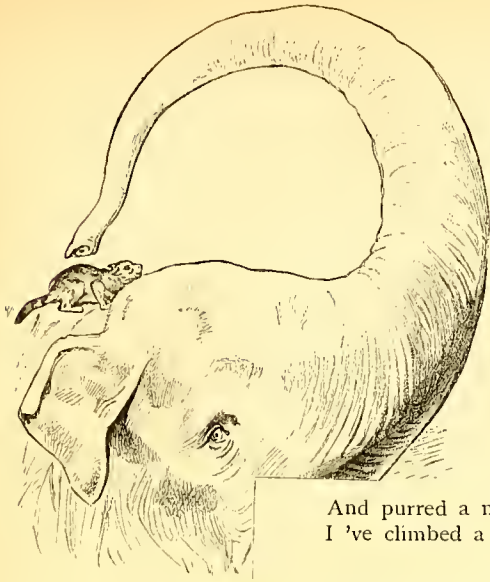
PUSSY AND HER ELEPHANT.

BY HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.



HAVE you heard of little Pussy, in that country o'er the sea,
How the dogs came out to chase her and she had to climb a tree?
You have n't? Then I'll tell you how gentle Pussy Gray
Went climbing up, hand over hand, and safely got away.

But then the strangest trouble came! The tree began to shake!
A tremendous giant something took Pussy by the neck



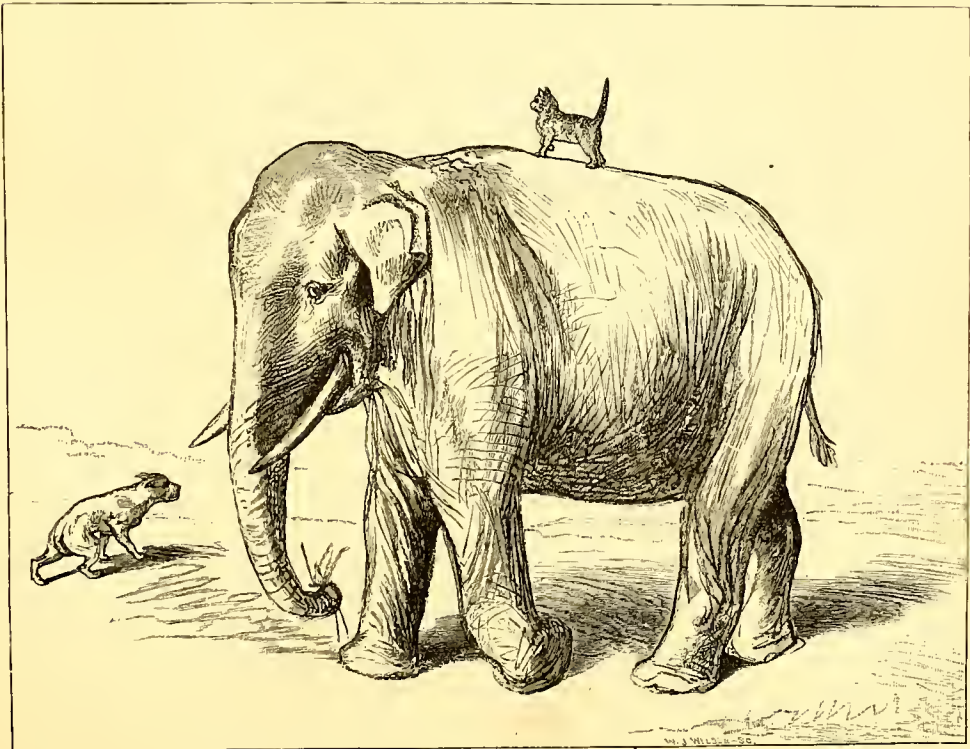
And tossed her off! And there again among
the dogs was she,
And what could frightened Pussy do, but climb
the same old tree?

But then the strange thing came again, and,
swinging high in air,
Pounced right on little Pussy, as she sat
trembling there;
But when it touched her fur it stopped; as
though its owner thought:
“It ’s nothing but a pussy-cat that trouble here
has brought.

“I ’ll let her make herself at home.”—And
Pussy, safe once more,
Folded her paws contentedly and viewed the
country o’er,

And purred a meek apology: “Excuse me, friend, I see
I ’ve climbed a broad-backed elephant; I meant to climb a tree!”

Whatever else she said or sung that you would like to hear
She must have whispered coaxingly into the giant ear;
For often afterward, ’t is said, Miss Pussy Gray was seen
To ride the broad-backed elephant as proud as any queen!





THE INVASION. (FROM A PAINTING BY F. B. MAYER.)

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOWN AT MOLLY'S.

"Now, my dears, I've something very curious to tell you, so listen quietly and then I'll give you your dinners," said Molly, addressing the nine cats who came trooping after her as she went into the shed chamber, with a bowl of milk and a plate of scraps in her hands. She had taught them to

behave well at meals, so, though their eyes glared and their tails quivered with impatience, they obeyed; and when she put the food on a high shelf and retired to the big basket, the four old cats sat demurely down before her, while the five kits scrambled after her and tumbled into her lap, as if hoping to hasten the desired feast by their innocent gambols.

Granny, Tobias, Mortification and Molasses were the elders. Granny, a gray old puss, was the

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mother and grandmother of all the rest. Tobias was her eldest son, and Mortification his brother, so named because he had lost his tail, which affliction depressed his spirits and cast a blight over his young life. Molasses was a yellow cat, the mamma of four of the kits, the fifth being Granny's latest darling. Toddlekins, the little aunt, was the image of her mother and very sedate, even at that early age; Miss Muffet, so called from her dread of spiders, was a timid black and white kit; Beauty, a pretty Maltese, with a serene little face and pink nose; Rag-bag, a funny thing, every color that a cat could be; and Scamp, who well deserved his name, for he was the plague of Miss Bat's life, and Molly's especial pet.

He was now perched on her shoulder, and, as she talked, kept peeping into her face or biting her ear in the most impertinent way, while the others sprawled in her lap or promenaded around the basket rim.

"My friends, something very remarkable has happened: Miss Bat is cleaning house!" and, having made this announcement, Molly leaned back to see how the cats received it, for she insisted that they understood all she said to them.

Tobias stared, Mortification lay down as if it was too much for him, Molasses beat her tail on the floor as if whipping a dusty carpet, and Granny began to purr approvingly. The giddy kits paid no attention, as they did not know what house-cleaning meant, happy little dears!

"I thought you'd like it, Granny, for you are a decent cat, and know what is proper," continued Molly, leaning down to stroke the old puss, who blinked affectionately at her. "I can't imagine what put it into Miss Bat's head. I never said a word, and gave up groaning over the clutter, as I could n't mend it. I just took care of Boo and myself, and left her to be as untidy as she pleased, and she is a regular old——"

Here Scamp put his paw on her lips, because he saw them moving, but it seemed as if it was to check the disrespectful word just coming out.

"Well, I won't call names; but what *shall* I do when I see everything in confusion, and she won't let me clear up?" asked Molly, looking around at Scamp, who promptly put the little paw on her eyelid, as if the roll of the blue ball underneath amused him.

"Shut my eyes to it, you mean? I do all I can, but it is hard, when I wish to be nice, and do try; don't I?" asked Molly. But Scamp was ready for her, and began to comb her hair with both paws as he stood on his hind legs to work so busily that Molly laughed and pulled him down, saying, as she cuddled the sly kit:

"You sharp little thing! I know my hair is not

neat now, for I've been chasing Boo round the garden to wash him for school. Then Miss Bat threw the parlor carpet out of the window, and I was so surprised I had to run and tell you. Now, what had we better do about it?"

The cats all winked at her, but no one had any advice to offer, except Tobias, who walked to the shelf, and, looking up, uttered a deep, suggestive yowl, which said, as plainly as words, "Dinner first and discussion afterward."

"Very well, don't scramble," said Molly, getting up to feed her pets. First the kits, who rushed at the bowl and thrust their heads in, lapping as if for a wager; then the cats, who each went to one of the four piles of scraps laid round at intervals and placidly ate their meat; while Molly retired to the basket, to ponder over the phenomena taking place in the house.

She could not imagine what had started the old lady. It was not the example of her neighbors, who had beaten carpets and scrubbed paint every spring for years without exciting her to any greater exertion than cleaning a few windows and having a man to clear away the rubbish displayed when the snow melted. Molly never guessed that her own efforts were at the bottom of the change, nor knew that a few words not meant for her ear had shamed Miss Bat into action. Coming home from prayer-meeting one dark night, she trotted along behind two old ladies who were gossiping in loud voices, as one was rather deaf, and Miss Bat was both pleased and troubled to hear herself unduly praised.

"I always said as Sister Dawes meant well; but she's getting into years, and the care of two children is a good deal for her, with her cooking and her rheumatiz. I don't deny she did neglect 'em for a spell, but she does well by 'em now, and I would n't wish to see better-appearing children."

"You've no idee how improved Molly is. She came in to see my girls, and brought her sewing-work, shirts for the boy, and done it as neat and capable as you'd wish to see. She always was a smart child, but dreadful careless," said the other old lady, evidently much impressed by the change in harum-scarum Molly Loo.

"Being over to Mis' Minot's so much has been good for her, and up to Mis' Grant's. Girls catch neat ways as quick as they do untidy ones, and them wild little tykes often turn out smart women."

"Sister Dawes *has* done well by them children, and I hope Mr. Bemis sees it. He ought to give her something comfortable to live on when she can't do for him any longer. He can well afford it."

"I have n't a doubt he will. He's a lavish man when he starts to do a thing, but dreadful unob-serving, else he'd have seen to matters long ago.

Them children was town-talk last fall, and I used to feel as if it was my bounden duty to speak to Mis' Dawes. But I ncvcr did, fearing I might speak too plain, and hurt her feelings."

"You've spoken plain enough now, and I'm beholden to you, though you'll never know it," said Miss Bat to herself, as she slipped into her own gate, while the gossips trudged on, quite unconscious of the listener behind them.

Miss Bat was a worthy old soul in the main, only, like so many of us, she needed rousing up to her duty. She had got the rousing now, and it did her good, for she could not bear to be praised when she had not deserved it. She had watched Molly's efforts with lazy interest, and when the girl gave up meddling with her affairs, as she called the housekeeping, Miss Bat ceased to oppose her, and let her scrub Boo, mend clothes, and brush her hair as much as she liked. So Molly had worked along without any help from her, running in to Mrs. Pecq for advice, to Merry for comfort, or to Mrs. Minot for the higher kind of help one often needs so much. Now Miss Bat found that she was getting the credit and the praise belonging to other people, and it stirred her up to try and deserve a part at least.

"Molly does n't want any help about her work or the boy: it's too late for that; but if this house does n't get a spring cleaning that will make it shine, my name aint Bathsheba Dawes," said the old lady, as she put away her bonnet that night, and laid energetic plans for a grand revolution, inspired thereto not only by shame, but by the hint that "Mr. Bemis was a lavish man," as no one knew better than she.

Molly's amazement next day at seeing carpets fly out of window, ancient cobwebs come down, and long-undisturbed closets routed out, to the great dismay of moths and mice, has been already confided to the cats, and as she sat there watching them lap and gnaw, she said to herself:

"I don't understand it, but as she never says much to me about my affairs, I wont take any notice till she gets through; then I'll admire everything all I can. It is so pleasant to be praised after you've been trying hard."

She might well say that, for she got very little herself, and her trials had been many, her efforts not always successful, and her reward seemed a long way off. Poor Boo could have sympathized with her, for he had suffered much persecution from his small school-mates, when he appeared with large gray patches on the little brown trousers, where he had worn them out coasting down those too fascinating steps. As he could not see the patches himself, he fancied them invisible, and came home much afflicted by the jeers of his friends. Then

Molly tried to make him new trousers from a sack of her own; but she cut both sides for the same leg, so one was wrong-side out. Fondly hoping no one would observe it, she sewed bright buttons wherever they could be put, and sent confiding Boo away in a pair of blue trousers which were absurdly hunchy behind and buttony before. He came home heart-broken and muddy, having been accidentally tipped into a mud-puddle by two bad boys, who felt that such tailoring was an insult to mankind. That roused Molly's spirit, and she



"THE NINE CATS CAME TROOPING AFTER HER."

begged her father to take the boy and have him properly fitted out, as he was old enough now to be well dressed, and she would n't have him tormented. His attention being called to the trousers, Mr. Bemis had a good laugh over them, and then got Boo a suit which caused him to be the admired of all observers, and to feel as proud as a little peacock.

Cheered by this success, Molly undertook a set of small shirts, and stitched away bravely, though her own summer clothes were in a sad state, and for the first time in her life she cared about what she should wear.

"I must ask Merry, and may be father will let

me go with her and her mother when they do their shopping, instead of leaving it to Miss Bat, who dresses me like an old woman. Merry knows what is pretty and becoming; I don't," thought Molly, meditating in the bushel basket, with her eyes on her snuff-colored gown and the dark purple bow at the end of the long braid Muffet had been playing with.

Molly was beginning to see that even so small a matter as the choice of colors made a difference in one's appearance, and to wonder why Merry always took such pains to have a blue tie for the gray dress, a rosy one for the brown, and gloves that matched her bonnet ribbons. Merry never wore a locket outside her sack, a gay bow in her hair and soiled cuffs, a smart hat and the braid worn off her skirts. She was exquisitely neat and simple, yet always looked well-dressed and pretty; for her love of beauty taught her what all girls should learn as soon as they begin to care for appearances, —that neatness and simplicity are their best ornaments, that good habits are better than fine clothes, and the most elegant manners are the kindest.

All these thoughts were dancing through Molly's head, and when she left her cats, after a general romp in which even decorous Granny allowed her family to play leap-frog over her respectable back, she had made up her mind not to have yellow ribbons on her summer hat if she got a pink muslin, as she had planned, but to finish off Boo's last shirt before she went shopping with Merry.

It rained that evening, and Mr. Bemis had a headache, so he threw himself down upon the lounge after tea, for a nap, with his silk handkerchief spread over his face. He did get a nap, and when he waked he lay for a time drowsily listening to the patter of the rain, and another sound which was even more soothing. Putting back a corner of the handkerchief to learn what it was, he saw Molly sitting by the fire with Boo in her lap, rocking and humming as she warmed his little bare feet, having learned to guard against croup by attending to the damp shoes and socks before going to bed. Boo lay with his round face turned up to hers, stroking her cheek, while the sleepy blue eyes blinked lovingly at her as she sang her lullaby with a motherly patience sweet to see. They made a pretty little picture, and Mr. Bemis looked at it with pleasure, having a leisure moment in which to discover, as all parents do, sooner or later, that his children were growing up.

"Molly is getting to be quite a woman, and very like her mother," thought papa, wiping the eye that peeped, for he had been fond of the pretty wife who died when Boo was born. "Sad loss to them, poor things! But Miss Bat seems to have

done well by them. Molly is much improved, and the boy looks finely. She 's a good soul after all;" and Mr. Bemis began to think he had been hasty when he half made up his mind to get a new housekeeper, feeling that burnt steak, weak coffee and ragged wristbands were sure signs that Miss Bat's days of usefulness were over.

Molly was singing the lullaby her mother used to sing to her, and her father listened to it silently, till Boo was carried away too sleepy for anything but bed. When she came back she sat down to her work, fancying her father still asleep. She had a crimson bow at her throat and one on the newly braided hair, her cuffs were clean, and a white apron hid the shabbiness of the old dress. She looked like a thrifty little housewife as she sat with her basket beside her, full of neat white rolls, her spools set forth, and a new pair of scissors shining on the table. There was a sort of charm in watching the busy needle flash to and fro, the anxious pucker of the forehead as she looked to see if the stitches were even, and the expression of intense relief upon her face as she surveyed the finished button-hole with girlish satisfaction. Her father was wide awake and looking at her, thinking, as he did so:

"Really the old lady has worked well to change my tomboy into that nice little girl: I wonder how she did it." Then he gave a yawn, pulled off the handkerchief, and said, aloud, "What are you making, Molly?" for it struck him that sewing was a new amusement.

"Shirts for Boo, sir. Four, and this is the last," she answered, with pardonable pride, as she held it up and nodded toward the pile in her basket.

"Is n't that a new notion? I thought Miss Bat did the sewing," said Mr. Bemis, as he smiled at the funny little garment, it looked so like Boo himself.

"No, sir; only yours. I do mine and Boo's. At least, I 'm learning how, and Mrs. Pecq says I get on nicely," answered Molly, threading her needle and making a knot in her most capable way.

"I suppose it is time you did learn, for you are getting to be a great girl, and all women should know how to make and mend. You must take a stitch for me now and then: Miss Bat's eyes are not what they were, I find;" and Mr. Bemis looked at his frayed wristband, as if he particularly felt the need of a stitch just then.

"I 'd love to, and I guess I could. I can mend gloves; Merry taught me, so I 'd better begin on them, if you have any," said Molly, much pleased at being able to do anything for her father, and still more so at being asked.

"There 's something to start with:" and he

threw her a pair, with nearly every one of the fingers ripped.

Molly shook her head over them, but got out her gray silk and fell to work, glad to show how well she could sew.

"What are you smiling about?" asked her father, after a little pause, for his head felt better, and it amused him to question Molly.

"I was thinking about my summer clothes. I must get them before long, and I'd like to go with Mrs. Grant and learn how to shop, if you are willing."

"I thought Miss Bat did that for you."

"She always has, but she buys ugly, cheap things that I don't like. I think I am old enough to choose for myself, if there is some one to tell me about prices and the goodness of the stuff. Merry does; and she is only a few months older than I am."

"How old are you, child?" asked her father, feeling as if he had lost his reckoning.

"Fifteen in August;" and Molly looked very proud of the fact.

"So you are! Bless my heart, how the time goes! Well, get what you please; if I'm to have a young lady here, I'd like to have her prettily dressed. It won't offend Miss Bat, will it?"

Molly's eyes sparkled, but she gave a little shrug as she answered, "She won't care. She never troubles herself about me if I let her alone."

"Hey? What? Not trouble herself? If *she* does n't, who does?" and Mr. Bemis sat up as if this discovery was more surprising than the other.

"I take care of myself and Boo, and she looks after you. The house goes any way."

"I should think so! I nearly broke my neck over the parlor sofa in the hall to-night. What is it there for?"

Molly laughed. "That's the joke, sir; Miss Bat is cleaning house, and I'm sure it needs cleaning, for it is years since it was properly done. I thought you might have told her to."

"I've said nothing. Don't like house-cleaning well enough to suggest it. I did think the hall was rather dirty when I dropped my coat, and took it up covered with lint. Is she going to upset the whole place?" asked Mr. Bemis, looking alarmed at the prospect.

"I hope so, for I really am ashamed, when people come, to have them see the dust and cobwebs, and old carpets and dirty windows," said Molly, with a sigh, though she never had cared a bit till lately.

"Why don't you dust around a little, then? No time to spare from the books and play?"

"I tried, father, but Miss Bat did n't like it, and it was too hard for me alone. If things were once

in nice order, I think I could keep them so; for I do want to be neat, and I'm learning as fast as I can."

"It is high time some one took hold, if matters are left as you say. I've just been thinking what a clever woman Miss Bat was, to make such a tidy little girl out of what I used to hear called the greatest tomboy in town, and wondering what I could give the old lady. Now I find *you* are the one to be thanked, and it is a very pleasant surprise to me."

"Give her the present, please; I'm satisfied, if you like what I've done. It is n't much, and I did n't know as you would ever observe any difference. But I did try, and now I guess I'm really getting on," said Molly, sewing away with a bright color in her cheeks, for she, too, found it a pleasant surprise to be praised, after many failures and few successes.

"You certainly are, my dear. I'll wait till the house-cleaning is over, and then, if we are all alive, I'll see about Miss Bat's reward. Meantime, you go with Mrs. Grant and get whatever you and the boy need, and send the bills to me;" and Mr. Bemis lighted a cigar, as if that matter was settled.

"Oh, thank you, sir! That will be splendid. Merry always has pretty things, and I know you will like me when I get fixed," said Molly, smoothing down her apron, with a little air.

"Seems to me you look very well as you are. Is n't that a pretty enough frock?" asked Mr. Bemis, quite unconscious that his own unusual interest in his daughter's affairs made her look so bright and winsome.

"This? Why, father, I've worn it all winter, and it's *frightfully* ugly, and almost in rags. I asked you for a new one a month ago, and you said you'd 'see about it'; but you did n't, so I patched this up as well as I could;" and Molly showed her elbows, feeling that such masculine blindness as this deserved a mild reproof.

"Too bad! Well, go and get half a dozen pretty muslin and gingham things, and be as gay as a butterfly, to make up for it," laughed her father, really touched by the patches and Molly's resignation to the uncertain "I'll see about it," which he recognized as a household word.

Molly clapped her hands, old gloves and all, exclaiming, with girlish delight, "How nice it will seem to have a plenty of new, neat dresses all at once, and be like other girls! Miss Bat always talks about economy, and has no more taste than a—caterpillar." Molly meant to say "cat," but, remembering her pets, spared them the insult.

"I think I can afford to dress my girl as well as Grant does his. Get a new hat and coat, child, and any little notions you fancy. Miss Bat's economy

isn't the sort I like;" and Mr. Bemis looked at his wristbands again, as if he could sympathize with Molly's elbows.

"At this rate, I shall have more clothes than I know what to do with, after being a rag-bag," thought the girl, in great glee, as she bravely stitched away at the worst glove, while her father smoked silently for a while, feeling that several little matters had escaped his eye which he really ought to "see about."

Presently he went to his desk, but not to bury himself in business papers, as usual, for, after rummaging in several drawers, he took out a small bunch of keys, and sat looking at them with an expression only seen on his face when he looked up at the portrait of a dark-eyed woman hanging in his room. He was a very busy man, but he had a tender place in his heart for his children; and when a look, a few words, a moment's reflection called his attention to the fact that his little girl was growing up, he found both pride and pleasure in the thought that this young daughter was trying to fill her mother's place, and be a comfort to him, if he would let her.

"Molly, my dear, here is something for you," he said; and, when she stood beside him, added, as he put the keys into her hand, keeping both in his own for a minute:

"Those are the keys to your mother's things. I always meant you to have them, when you were old enough to use or care for them. I think you'll fancy this better than any other present, for you are a good child, and very like her."

Something seemed to get into his throat there, and Molly put her arm around his neck, saying, with a little choke in her own voice, "Thank you, father; I'd rather have this than anything else in the world, and I'll try to be more like her every day, for your sake."

He kissed her, then said, as he began to stir his papers about, "I must write some letters. Run off to bed, child. Good-night, my dear,—good-night."

Seeing that he wanted to be alone, Molly slipped away, feeling that she had received a very precious gift; for she remembered the dear, dead mother, and had often longed to possess the relics laid away in the one room where order reigned and Miss Bat had no power to meddle. As she slowly undressed, she was not thinking of the pretty new gowns in which she was to be "as gay as a butterfly," but of the half-worn garments waiting for her hands to unfold with a tender touch; and when she fell asleep, with the keys under her pillow and her arms around Boo, a few happy tears on her cheeks seemed to show that, in trying to do the duty which lay nearest her, she had earned a very sweet reward.

So the little missionaries succeeded better in their second attempt than in their first; for, though still very far from being perfect girls, each was slowly learning, in her own way, one of the three lessons all are the better for knowing,—that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAY BASKETS.

SPRING was late that year, but to Jill it seemed the loveliest she had ever known, for hope was growing green and strong in her own little heart, and all the world looked beautiful. With the help of the brace she could sit up for a short time every day, and when the air was mild enough she was warmly wrapped and allowed to look out at the open window into the garden, where the gold and purple crocuses were coming bravely up, and the snowdrops nodded their delicate heads, as if calling to her:

"Good day, little sister; come out and play with us, for winter is over and spring is here."

"I wish I could!" thought Jill, as the soft wind kissed a tinge of color into her pale cheeks. "Never mind,—they have been shut up in a darker place than I for months, and had no fun at all; I won't fret, but think about July and the sea-shore while I work."

The job now in hand was May baskets, for it was the custom of the children to hang them on the doors of their friends the night before May-day; and the girls had agreed to supply baskets if the boys would hunt for flowers, much the harder task of the two. Jill had more leisure as well as taste and skill than the other girls, so she amused herself with making a goodly store of pretty baskets of all shapes, sizes and colors, quite confident that they would be filled, though not a flower had shown its head except a few hardy dandelions, and here and there a few small clusters of saxifrage.

The violets would not open their blue eyes till the sunshine was warmer, the columbines refused to dance with the boisterous east wind, the ferns kept themselves rolled up in their brown flannel jackets, and little Hepatica, with many another spring beauty, hid away in the woods, afraid to venture out, in spite of the eager welcome awaiting them. But the birds had come, punctual as ever, and the blue jays were screaming in the orchard, robins were perking up their heads and tails as they went house-hunting, purple thrushes in their little red hoods were feasting on the spruce-

buds, and the faithful "chip birds" chirped gayly on the grape-vine trellis where they had lived all winter, warming their little gray breasts against the southern side of the house when the sun shone, and hiding under the evergreen boughs when the snow fell.

"That tree is a sort of bird's hotel," said Jill, looking out at the tall spruce before her window, every spray now tipped with a soft green. "They all go there to sleep and eat, and it has room for every one. It is green when other trees die, the wind can't break it, and the snow only makes it look prettier. It sings to me, and nods as if it knew I loved it."

"We might call it 'The Holly-tree Inn,' as some of the cheap eating-houses for poor people are called in the city, as my holly-bush grows at its foot for a sign. You can be the landlady, and feed your feathery customers every day, till the hard times are over," said Mrs. Minot, glad to see the child's enjoyment of the outer world from which she had been shut so long.

Jill liked the fancy, and gladly strewed crumbs on the window-ledge for the chippies, who came confidently to eat almost from her hand. She threw out grain for the handsome jays, the jaunty robins, and the neighbors' doves, who came with soft flight to trip about on their pink feet, arching their shining necks as they cooed and pecked. Carrots and cabbage-leaves also flew out of the window for the marauding gray rabbit, last of all Jack's half-dozen, who led him a weary life of it because they would *not* stay in the Bunny-house, but undermined the garden with their burrows, ate the neighbors' plants, and refused to be caught, till all but one ran away, to Jack's great relief. This old fellow camped out for the winter, and seemed to get on very well among the cats and the hens, who shared their stores with him, and he might be seen at all hours of the day and night scampering about the place, or kicking up his heels by moonlight, for he was a desperate poacher.

Jill took great delight in her pretty pensioners, who soon learned to love "The Holly-tree Inn," and to feel that the Bird-Room held a caged comrade; for, when it was too cold or wet to open the windows, the doves came and tapped at the pane, the chippies sat on the ledge in plump little bunches as if she were their sunshine, the jays called her in their shrill voices to ring the dinner-bell, and the robins tilted on the spruce-boughs, where lunch was always to be had.

The first of May came on Sunday, so all the celebrating must be done on Saturday, which happily proved fair, though too chilly for muslin gowns, paper garlands, and picnics on damp grass. It being a holiday, the boys decided to devote the morning

to ball and the afternoon to the flower hunt, while the girls finished the baskets; and in the evening our particular seven were to meet at the Minots to fill them, ready for the closing frolic of hanging on door-handles, ringing bells, and running away.

"Now, I must do my Maying, for there will be no more sunshine, and I want to pick my flowers before it is dark. Come, mammy, you go too," said Jill, as the last sunbeams shone in at the western window, where her hyacinths stood that no fostering ray might be lost.

It was rather pathetic to see the once merry girl, who used to be the life of the wood-parties, now carefully lifting herself from the couch, and, leaning on her mother's strong arm, slowly take the half-dozen steps that made up her little expedition. But she was happy, and stood smiling out at old Bun skipping down the walk, the gold-edged clouds that drew apart so that a sunbeam might give her a good-night kiss as she gathered her long-cherished daisies, primroses and hyacinths to fill the pretty basket in her hand.

"Whom is it for, my dearie?" asked her mother, standing behind her as a prop, while the thin fingers did their work so willingly that not a flower was left.

"For My Lady, of course. Whom else would I give my posies to, when I love them so well?" answered Jill, who thought no name too fine for their best friend.

"I fancied it would be for Master Jack," said her mother, wishing the excursion to be a cheerful one.

"I've another for him, but *she* must have the prettiest. He is going to hang it for me, and ring and run away, and she won't know who it's from till she sees this. She will remember this, for I've been turning and tending it ever so long, to make it bloom to-day. Is n't it a beauty?" and Jill held up her finest hyacinth, which seemed to ring its pale pink bells as if glad to carry its sweet message from a grateful little heart.

"Indeed it is; and you are right to give your best to her. Come away, now—you must not stay any longer. Come and rest, while I fetch a dish to put the flowers in till you want them;" and Mrs. Pecq turned her round with her small Maying safely done.

"I did n't think I'd ever be able to do even so much, and here I am walking and sitting up, and going to drive some day. Is n't it nice that I'm not to be a poor Lucinda, after all?" and Jill drew a long sigh of relief that six months instead of twenty years would probably be the end of her captivity.

"Yes, thank Heaven! I don't think I *could* have borne that;" and the mother took Jill in her

arms as if she were a baby, holding her close for a minute, and laying her down with a tender kiss that made the arms cling about her neck as her little girl returned it heartily, for all sorts of new, sweet feelings seemed to be budding in both, born of great joy and thankfulness.

Then Mrs. Pecq hurried away to see about tea for the hungry boys, and Jill watched the pleasant



JILL'S MAYING.

twilight deepen as she lay singing to herself one of the songs her wise friend had taught her because it fitted her so well:

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there:
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

"Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing."

"Now we are ready for you, so bring on your flowers," said Molly to the boys, as she and Merry added their store of baskets to the gay show Jill had set forth on the long table, ready for the evening's work.

"They would n't let me see one, but I guess they have had good luck, they look so jolly,"

answered Jill, looking at Gus, Frank and Jack, who stood, laughing, each with a large basket in his hands.

"Fair to middling. Just look in and see;" with which cheerful remark Gus tipped up his basket and displayed a few bits of green at the bottom.

"I did better. Now, don't all scream at once over these beauties;" and Frank shook out some evergreen sprigs, half a dozen saxifrages, and two or three forlorn violets with hardly any stems.

"I don't brag, but here 's the best of all the three," chuckled Jack, producing a bunch of feathery carrot-tops, with a few half-shut dandelions trying to look brave and gay.

"Oh, boys! Is that all?"

"What *shall* we do?"

"We've only a few house-flowers, and all those baskets to fill!" cried the girls, in despair; for Merry's contribution had been small, and Molly had only a handful of artificial flowers, "to fill up," she said.

"It is n't our fault: it is the late spring. We can't make flowers, can we?" asked Frank, in a tone of calm resignation.

"Could n't you buy some, then?" said Molly, smoothing her crumpled morning-glories, with a sigh.

"Who ever heard of a fellow having any money left the last day of the month?" demanded Gus, severely.

"Or girls, either. I spent all mine in ribbon and paper for my baskets, and now they are of no use. It's a shame!" lamented Jill, while Merry began to thin out her full baskets to fill the empty ones.

"Hold on!" cried Frank, relenting. "Now, Jack, make their minds easy before they begin to weep and wail."

"Left the box outside. You tell while I go for it;" and Jack bolted, as if afraid the young ladies might be too demonstrative when the tale was told.

"Tell away," said Frank, modestly passing the story along to Gus, who made short work of it.

"We rampaged all over the country, and got only that small mess of greens. Knew you'd be disgusted, and sat down to see what we could do. Then Jack piped up, and said he'd show us a place where we could get a plenty. 'Come on,' said we, and, after leading us a nice tramp, he brought us out at Morse's greenhouse. So we got a few on tick, as we had but four cents among us, and there you are. Pretty clever of the little chap, was n't it?"

A chorus of delight greeted Jack as he popped his head in, was promptly seized by his elders and

walked up to the table, where the box was opened, displaying gay posies enough to fill most of the baskets, if distributed with great economy and much green.

"You are the dearest boy that ever was!" began Jill, with her nose luxuriously buried in the box, though the flowers were more remarkable for color than perfume.

"No, I 'm not; there 's a much dearer one coming upstairs now, and he 's got something that will make you howl for joy," said Jack, ignoring his own prowess as Ed came in with a bigger box, looking as if he had done nothing but go a-Maying all his days.

"Don't believe it!" cried Jill, hugging her own treasure jealously.

"It 's only another joke. I wont look," said Molly, still struggling to make her cambric roses bloom again.

"I know what it is! Oh, how sweet!" added Merry, sniffing, as Ed set the box before her, saying, pleasantly:

"You shall see first, because you had faith."

Up went the cover, and a whiff of the freshest fragrance regaled the seven eager noses bent to inhale it, as a general murmur of pleasure greeted the nest of great rosy May-flowers that lay before them.

"The dear things, how lovely they are!" and Merry looked as if greeting her cousins, so blooming and sweet was her own face.

Molly pushed her dingy garlands away, ashamed of such poor attempts beside these perfect works of Nature, while Jill stretched out her hand involuntarily, and said, forgetting her exotics, "Give me just one to smell—it is so woody and delicious."

"Here you are—plenty for all. Real Pilgrim Fathers, right from Plymouth. One of our fellows lives there, and I told him to bring me a good lot; so he did, and you can do what you like with them," explained Ed, passing around bunches, and shaking the rest in a mossy pile upon the table.

"Ed always gets ahead of us in doing the right thing at the right time. Hope you 've got some first-class baskets ready for him," said Gus, refreshing the Washingtonian nose with a pink blossom or two.

"Not much danger of *his* being forgotten," answered Molly; and every one laughed, for Ed was much beloved by all the girls, and his door-steps always bloomed like a flower-bed on May eve.

"Now we must fly around and fill up. Come, boys, sort out the green and hand us the flowers as we want them. Then we must direct them, and, by the time that is done, you can go and leave them," said Jill, setting all to work.

"Ed must choose his baskets first. These are ours; but any of those you can have;" and Molly pointed to a detachment of gay baskets, set aside from those already partly filled.

Ed chose a blue one, and Merry filled it with the rosiest May-flowers, knowing that it was to hang on Mabel's door-handle.

The others did the same, and the pretty work went on, with much fun, till all were filled, and ready for the names or notes.

"Let us have poetry, as we can't get wild flowers. That will be rather fine," proposed Jill, who liked jingles.

All had had some practice at the game parties, and pencils went briskly for a few minutes, while silence reigned, as the poets racked their brains for rhymes, and stared at the blooming array before them for inspiration.

"Oh, dear! I can't find a word to rhyme to 'geranium,'" sighed Molly, pulling her braid, as if to pump the well of her fancy dry.

"Cranium," said Frank, who was getting on bravely with "Annette" and "violet."

"That is elegant!" and Molly scribbled away in great glee, for her poems were always funny ones.

"How do you spell *anemoly*,—the wild flower, I mean?" asked Jill, who was trying to compose a very appropriate piece for her best basket, and found it easier to feel love and gratitude than to put them into verse.

"Anemone; do spell it properly, or you 'll get laughed at," answered Gus, wildly struggling to make his lines express great ardor, without being "too spooney," as he expressed it.

"No, I should n't. This person never laughs at other persons' mistakes, as some persons do," replied Jill, with dignity.

Jack was desperately chewing his pencil, for he could not get on at all; but Ed had evidently prepared his poem, for his paper was half full already, and Merry was smiling as she wrote a friendly line or two for Ralph's basket, for she feared he would be forgotten, and knew he loved kindness even more than beauty.

"Now let's read them," proposed Molly, who loved to laugh, even at herself.

The boys politely declined, and scrambled their notes into the chosen baskets in great haste; but the girls were less bashful. Jill was invited to begin, and gave her little piece, with the pink hyacinth basket before her, to illustrate her poem.

"TO MY LADY.

"There are no flowers in the fields,
No green leaves on the tree,
No columbines, no violets,
No sweet anemone.
So I have gathered from my pots

All that I have, to fill
The basket that I hang to-night,
With heaps of love from Jill."

"That 's perfectly sweet! Mine is n't; but I meant it to be funny," said Molly, as if there could be any doubt about the following ditty:

"Dear Grif,
Here is a whiff
Of beautiful spring flowers;
The big red rose
Is for your nose,
As toward the sky it towers.

"Oh, do not frown
Upon this crown
Of green pinks and blue geranium,
But think of me
When this you see,
And put it on your cranium."

"Oh, Molly, you 'll never hear the last of that, if Grif gets it," said Jill, as the applause subsided, for the boys pronounced it "tip-top."

"Don't care—he gets the worst of it, any way, for there is a pin in that rose, and if he goes to smell the May-flowers underneath he will find a thorn to pay for the tack he put in my rubber-boot. I know he will play me some joke to-night, and I mean to be first if I can," answered Molly, settling the artificial wreath around the orange-colored canoe which held her effusion.

"Now, Merry, read yours: you always have sweet poems;" and Jill folded her hands to listen with pleasure to something sentimental.

"I can't read the poems in some of mine, because they are for you; but this little verse you can hear, if you like: I 'm going to give that basket to Ralph. He said he should hang one for his grandmother, and I thought that was so nice of him, I 'd love to surprise him with one all to himself. He 's always so good to us;" and Merry looked so innocently earnest that no one smiled at her kind thought or the unconscious paraphrase she had made of a famous stanza in her own "little verse":

"To one who teaches me
The sweetness and the beauty
Of doing faithfully
And cheerfully my duty."

"He will like that, and know who sent it, for none of us has pretty pink paper but you, or writes such an elegant hand," said Molly, admiring the delicate white basket shaped like a lily, with the flowers inside and the note hidden among them, all daintily tied up with the palest blush-colored ribbon.

"Well, that 's no harm. He likes pretty things as much as I do, and I made my basket like a flower because I gave him one of my callas, he admired the shape so much;" and Merry smiled

as she remembered how pleased Ralph looked when he went away carrying the lovely thing.

"I think it would be a good plan to hang some baskets on the doors of other people who don't expect or often have any. I 'll do it if you can spare some of these—we have so many. Give me only one, and let the others go to old Mrs. Tucker, and the little Irish girl who has been sick so long, and lame Neddy, and Daddy Munson. It would please and surprise them so. Shall we?" asked Ed, in that persuasive voice of his.

All agreed at once, and several people were made very happy by a bit of spring left at their doors by the May elves who haunted the town that night, playing all sorts of pranks. Such a twanging of bells and rapping of knockers; such a scampering of feet in the dark; such droll collisions as boys came racing around corners, or girls flopped into one another's arms as they crept up and down steps on the sly; such laughing, whistling, flying about of flowers and friendly feeling,—it was almost a pity that May-day did not come oftener.

Molly got home late, and found that Grif had been before her, after all; for she stumbled over a market-basket at her door, and, on taking it in, found a mammoth nosegay of purple and white cabbages, her favorite vegetable. Even Miss Bat laughed at the funny sight, and Molly resolved to get Ralph to carve her a bouquet out of carrots, beets and turnips, for next time, as Grif would never think of that.

Merry ran up the garden-walk alone, for Frank left her at the gate, and she was fumbling for the latch when she felt something hanging there. Opening the door carefully, she found it gay with offerings from her mates; and among them was one long, quiver-shaped basket of birch-bark, with something heavy under the green leaves that lay at the top. Lifting these, a slender bass-relief of a calla in plaster appeared, with this couplet slipped into the blue cord by which it was to hang:

"That mercy you to others show
That Mercy Grant to me."

"How lovely! And this one will never fade, but always be a pleasure hanging there. Now, I really have something beautiful all my own," said Merry to herself as she ran up to hang the pretty thing on the dark wainscot of her room, where the graceful curve of its pointed leaves and the depth of its white cup would be a joy to her eyes as long as they lasted.

"I wonder what that means," and Merry read over the lines again, while a soft color came into her cheeks and a little smile of girlish pleasure began to dimple around her lips; for she was so romantic, this touch of sentiment showed her that

her friendship was more valued than she dreamed. But she only said: "How glad I am I remembered him, and how surprised he will be to see May-flowers in return for the calla."

He was, and he worked away more happily and bravely for the thought of the little friend whose eyes would daily fall on the white flower which always reminded him of her.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

"HI, there! Bell's rung! Get up, lazy-bones!" called Frank from his room, as the clock struck six one bright morning, and a great creaking and stamping proclaimed that he was astir.

"All right, I'm coming," responded a drowsy voice, and Jack turned over as if to obey; but there the effort ended, and he was off again, for growing lads are hard to rouse, as many a mother knows to her sorrow.

Frank made a beginning on his own toilet, and then took a look at his brother, for the stillness was suspicious.

"I thought so! He told me to wake him, and I guess this will do it;" and, filling his great sponge with water, Frank stalked into the next room and stood over the unconscious victim like a stern executioner, glad to unite business with pleasure in this agreeable manner.

A woman would have relented and tried some milder means, for when his broad shoulders and stout limbs were hidden, Jack looked very young and innocent in his sleep. Even Frank paused a moment to look at the round, rosy face, the curly eyelashes, half-open mouth, and the peaceful expression of a dreaming baby. "I *must* do it, or he won't be ready for breakfast," said the Spartan brother, and down came the sponge, cold, wet and choky, as it was briskly rubbed to and fro, regardless of every obstacle.

"Come, I say! That's not fair! Leave me alone!" sputtered Jack, hitting out so vigorously that the sponge flew across the room, and Frank fell back to laugh at the indignant sufferer.

"I promised to wake you, and you believe in keeping promises, so I'm doing my best to get you up."

"Well, you need n't pour a quart of water down a fellow's neck, and rub his nose off, need you? I'm awake, so take your old sponge and go along," growled Jack, with one eye open and a mighty gape.

"See that you keep so, then, or I'll come and give you another sort of a rouser," said Frank, retiring, well pleased with his success.

"I shall have one good stretch, if I like. It is strengthening to the muscles, and I'm as stiff as a board with all that foot-ball yesterday," murmured Jack, lying down for one delicious moment. He shut the open eye to enjoy it thoroughly, and forgot the stretch altogether, for the bed was warm, the pillow soft, and a half-finished dream still hung about his drowsy brain. Who does not know the fatal charm of that stolen moment—for once yield to it, and one is lost!

Jack was miles away "in the twinkling of a bed-post," and the pleasing dream seemed about to return, when a ruthless hand tore off the clothes, swept him out of bed, and he really did awake to find himself standing in the middle of his bath-pan, with both windows open, and Frank about to pour a pail of water over him.

"Hold on! Yah, how cold the water is! Why, I thought I *was* up;" and, hopping out, Jack rubbed his eyes and looked about with such a genuine surprise that Frank put down the pail, feeling that the deluge would not be needed this time.

"You are, now, and I'll see that you keep so," he said, as he stripped the bed and carried off the pillows.

"I don't care. What a jolly day!" and Jack took a little promenade to finish the rousing process.

"You'd better hurry up, or you won't get your chores done before breakfast. No time for a 'go as you please' now," said Frank; and both boys laughed, for it was an old joke of theirs, and rather funny.

Going up to bed one night expecting to find Jack asleep, Frank discovered him tramping round and round the room airily attired in a towel, and so dizzy with his brisk revolutions that, as his brother looked, he tumbled over and lay panting like a fallen gladiator.

"What on earth are you about?"

"Playing Rowell. Walking for the belt, and I've got it, too," laughed Jack, pointing to an old gilt chandelier-chain hanging on the bed-post.

"You little noodle! You'd better revolve into bed before you lose your head entirely. I never saw such a fellow for taking himself off his legs."

"Well, if I did n't exercise, do you suppose I should be able to do that—or that?" cried Jack, turning a somersault and striking a fine attitude as he came up, flattering himself that he was the model of a youthful athlete.

"You look more like a clothes-pin than a Hercules," was the crushing reply of this unsympathetic brother, and Jack meekly retired with a bad headache.

"I don't do such silly things now; I'm as

broad across the shoulders as you are, and twice as strong on my pins, thanks to my gymnastics. Bet you a cent I'll be dressed first, though you have got the start," said Jack, knowing that Frank always had a protracted wrestle with his collar-buttons, which gave his adversary a great advantage over him.

"Done!" answered Frank, and at it they went. A wild scramble was heard in Jack's room, and a steady tramp in the other, as Frank worked away at the stiff collar and the unaccommodating button till every finger ached. A clashing of boots followed, while Jack whistled "Polly Hopkins," and Frank declaimed, in his deepest voice :

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora."

Hair-brushes came next, and here Frank got ahead, for Jack's thick crop would stand straight up on the crown, and only a good wetting and a steady brush would make it lie down.

"Play away, No. 2," called out Frank, as he put on his vest, while Jack was still at it with a pair of the stiffest brushes procurable for money.

"Hold hard, No. 11, and don't forget your teeth," answered Jack, who had cleaned his.

Frank took a hasty rub and whisked on his coat, while Jack was picking up the various treasures which had flown out of his pockets as he caught up his roundabout.

"Ready! I'll trouble you for a cent, sonny;" and Frank held out his hand as he appeared equipped for the day.

"You have n't hung up your night-gown, nor aired the bed, nor opened the windows. That's part of the dressing—Mother said so. I've got you there, for you did all that for me, except this," and Jack threw his gown over a chair with a triumphant flourish as Frank turned back to leave his room in the order which they had been taught was one of the signs of a good bringing-up in boys as well as girls.

"Ready! I'll trouble *you* for a cent, old man," and Jack held out his hand, with a chuckle.

He got the money and a good clap beside; then they retired to the shed to black their boots, after which Frank filled the wood-boxes and Jack split kindlings, till the daily allowance was ready. Both went at their lessons for half an hour, Jack scowling over his algebra in the sofa corner, while Frank, with his elbows on and his legs around the little stand which held his books, seemed to be having a wrestling-match with Herodotus.

When the bell rang, they were glad to drop the lessons and fall upon their breakfast with the appetite of wolves, especially Jack, who sequestered oatmeal and milk with such rapidity that one would

have thought he had a leathern bag hidden somewhere to slip it into, like his famous namesake when he breakfasted with the giant.

"I declare, I don't see what he does with it! He really ought not to 'gobble' so, Mother," said Frank, who was eating with great deliberation and propriety.

"Never you mind, old quiddle. I'm so hungry I could tuck away a bushel," answered Jack, emptying a glass of milk and holding out his plate for more mush, regardless of his white moustache.

"Temperance in all things is wise, in speech as well as eating and drinking,—remember that, boys," said Mamma, from behind the urn.

"That reminds me! We promised to do the *Observer* this week, and here it is Tuesday and I have n't done a thing: have you?" asked Frank.

"Never thought of it. We must look up some bits at noon instead of playing. Dare say Jill has got some: she always saves all she finds for me."

"I have one or two good items, and can do any copying there may be. But I think if you undertake the paper you should give some time and labor to make it good," said Mamma, who was used to this state of affairs, and often edited the little sheet read every week at the Lodge. The boys seldom missed going, but the busy lady was often unable to be there, so helped with the paper as her share of the labor.

"Yes, we ought, but somehow we don't seem to get up much steam about it lately. If more people belonged, and we could have a grand time now and then, it would be jolly;" and Jack sighed at the lack of interest felt by outsiders in the loyal little Lodge, which went on year after year, kept up by the faithful few.

"I remember when, in this very town, we used to have a 'cold-water army,' and in the summer turn out with processions, banners, and bands of music to march about, and end with a picnic, songs and speeches in some grove or hall. Nearly all the children belonged to it, and the parents, also, and we had fine times here, twenty-five or thirty years ago."

"It did n't do much good, seems to me, for people still drink, and we have n't a decent hotel in the place," said Frank, as his mother sat looking out of the window, as if she saw again the pleasant sight of old and young working together against the great enemy of home peace and safety.

"Oh, yes, it did, my dear; for to this day many of those children are true to their pledge. One little girl was, I am sure, and now has two big boys to fight for the reform she has upheld all her life. The town is better than it was in those days, and if we each do our part faithfully, it will improve yet more. Every boy and girl who joins

is one gained, perhaps, and your example is the best temperance lecture you can give. Hold fast, and don't mind if it is n't 'jolly': it is *right*, and that should be enough for us."

Mamma spoke warmly, for she heartily believed in young people's guarding against the dangerous vice before it became a temptation, and hoped her boys would never break the pledge they had taken; for, young as they were, they were old enough to see its worth, feel its wisdom, and pride themselves on the promise which was fast growing into a principle. Jack's face brightened as he listened, and Frank said, with the steady look which made his face manly:

"It shall be. Now I'll tell you what I was going to keep as a surprise till to-night, for I wanted to have my secret as well as other folks. Ed and I went up to see Bob, Sunday, and he said he'd join the Lodge, if they'd have him. I'm going to propose him to-night."

"Good! good!" cried Jack, joyfully, and Mrs. Minot clapped her hands, for every new member was rejoiced over by the good people, who were not discouraged by ridicule, indifference nor opposition.

"We've got him now, for no one will object, and it is just the thing for him. He wants to belong somewhere, he says, and he'll enjoy the fun, and the good things will help him, and we will look after him. The Captain was so pleased, and you ought to have seen Ed's face when Bob said, 'I'm ready, if you'll have me.'"

Frank's own face was beaming, and Jack forgot to "gobble," he was so interested in the new convert, while Mamma said, as she threw down her napkin and took up the newspaper:

"We must not forget our *Observer*, but have a good one to-night in honor of the occasion. There may be something here. Come home early at noon, and I'll help you get your paper ready."

"I'll be here, but if you want Frank, you'd better tell him not to dawdle over Annette's gate half an hour," began Jack, who could not resist teasing his dignified brother about one of the few foolish things he was fond of doing.

"Do you want your nose pulled?" demanded Frank, who never would stand joking on that tender point from his brother.

"No, I don't; and if I did, you could n't do it;" with which taunt he was off and Frank after him, having made a futile dive at the impertinent little nose which was turned up at him and his sweet-heart.

"Boys, boys! Not through the parlor!" implored Mamma, resigned to skirmishes, but trembling for her piano-legs as the four stout boots pranced about the table and then went thundering down the hall,

through the kitchen where the fat cook cheered them on, and Mary, the maid, tried to head off Frank, as Jack rushed out into the garden. But the pursuer ducked under her arm and gave chase with all speed. Then there was a glorious race all over the place; for both were good runners, and, being as full of spring vigor as frisky calves, they did astonishing things in the way of leaping fences, dodging around corners, and making good time down the wide walks.

But Jack's leg was not quite strong yet, and he felt that his round nose was in danger of a vengeful tweak, as his breath began to give out and Frank's long arms drew nearer and nearer to the threatened feature. Just when he was about to give up and meet his fate like a man, old Bunny, who had been much excited by the race, came scampering across the path, with such a droll skip into the air and shake of the hind legs that Frank had to dodge to avoid stepping on him, and to laugh in spite of himself. This momentary check gave Jack a chance to bolt up the back stairs and take refuge in the Bird-Room, from the window of which Jill had been watching the race with great interest.

No romping was allowed there, so a truce was made by locking little fingers, and both sat down to get their breath.

"I am to go on the piazza for an hour, by and by, Doctor said. Would you mind carrying me down before you go to school? You do it so nicely, I'm not a bit afraid," said Jill, as eager for the little change as if it had been a long and varied journey.

"Yes, indeed! Come on, Princess," answered Jack, glad to see her so well and happy.

The boys made an arm-chair, and away she went, for a pleasant day down-stairs. She thanked Frank with a posy for his button-hole, well knowing that it would soon pass into other hands, and he departed to join Annette. Having told Jill about Bob, and set her to work on the *Observer*, Jack kissed his mother and went whistling down the street, a gay little bachelor, with a nod and a smile for all he met, and no turned-up hat or jaunty turban bobbing along beside him to delay his steps or trouble his peace of mind.

At noon they worked on their paper, which was a collection of items concerning temperance, cut from newspapers, a few anecdotes, a bit of poetry, a story, and, if possible, an original article by the editor. Many hands made light work, and nothing remained but a little copying, which Jill promised to do before night. So the boys had time for a game of foot-ball after school in the afternoon, which they much enjoyed. As they sat resting on the posts, Gus said:

"Uncle Fred says he will give us a hay-cart

ride to-night, as it is moony, and after it you are all to come to our house and have games."

"Can't do it," answered Frank, sadly.

"Lodge," groaned Jack, for both considered a drive in the cart, where they all sat in a merry bunch among the hay, one of the joys of life, and much regretted that a prior engagement would prevent their sharing in it.

"That's a pity! I forgot it was Tuesday, and can't put it off, as I've asked all the rest. Give up your old Lodge and come along," said Gus, who had not joined yet.

want to be Good Templars, and we must n't shirk," added Jack, following his brother.

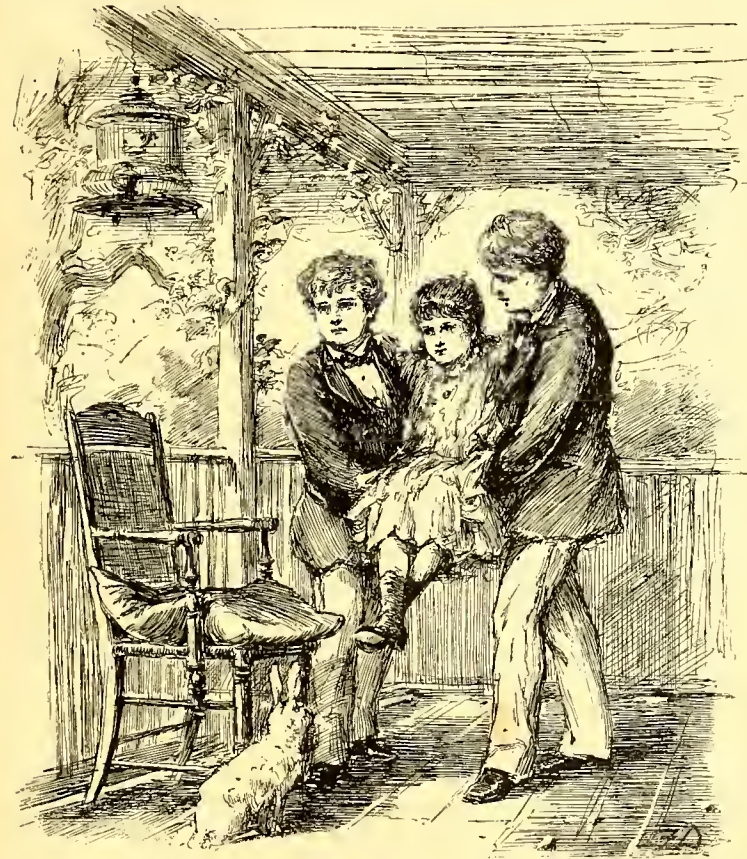
"Better come. Can't put it off. Lots of fun," called Gus, disappointed at losing two of his favorite mates.

But the boys did not turn back, and as they went steadily away they felt that they *were* doing their little part in the good work, and making their small sacrifices, like faithful members.

They got their reward, however, for at home they found Mr. Chauncey, a good and great man, from England, who had known their grandfather,

and was an honored friend of the family. The boys loved to hear him talk, and all tea-time listened with interest to the conversation, for Mr. Chauncey was a reformer as well as a famous clergyman, and it was like inspiring music to hear him tell about the world's work, and the brave men and women who were carrying it on. Eager to show that they had, at least, begun, the boys told him about their Lodge, and were immensely pleased when their guest took from his pocket-book a worn paper, proving that he, too, was a Good Templar, and belonged to the same army as they did. Nor was that all, for when they reluctantly excused themselves, Mr. Chauncey gave each a hearty "grip," and said, holding their hands in his, as he smiled at the young faces looking up at him with so much love and honor in them:

"Tell the brothers and sisters that, if I can serve them in any way while here, to command me. I will



JILL TAKES A RIDE IN THE OPEN AIR.

"We might for once, perhaps, but I don't like to"—began Jack, hesitating.

"I won't. Who's to propose Bob, if we don't? I want to go, awfully; but I would n't disappoint Bob for a good deal, now he is willing to come." And Frank sprang off his post as if anxious to flee temptation, for it *was* very pleasant to go singing up hill and down dale, in the spring moonlight, with—well, the fellows of his set.

"Nor Ed; I forgot that. No; we can't go. We

give them a lecture at their Lodge or in public, whichever they like; and I wish you God-speed, dear boys."

Two prouder lads never walked the streets than Frank and Jack, as they hurried away, nearly forgetting the poor little paper in their haste to tell the good news; for it was seldom that such an offer was made the Lodge, and they felt the honor done them as bearers of it.

As the secrets of the association cannot be

divulged to the uninitiated, we can only say that there was great rejoicing over the new member, for Bob was unanimously welcomed, and much gratitude both felt and expressed for Mr. Chauncey's interest in this small division of the grand army; for these good folk met with little sympathy from the great people of the town, and it was very cheering to have a well-known and much-beloved man say a word for them. All agreed that the lecture should be public, that others might share the pleasure with them, and perhaps be converted by a higher eloquence than any they possessed.

So the services that night were unusually full of spirit and good cheer; for all felt the influence of a friendly word, the beauty of a fine example. The paper was much applauded, the songs were very hearty, and when Frank, whose turn it was to be chaplain, read the closing prayer, every one felt that they had much to give thanks for, since one more had joined them, and the work was slowly getting on with unexpected helpers sent to lend a hand. The lights shone out from the little hall across the street, the music reached the ears of passers-by, and the busy hum of voices up there told how faithfully some, at least, of the villagers tried to make the town a safer place for their boys to grow up in, though the tavern still had its private bar and the saloon-door stood open to invite them in.

There are many such quiet Lodges, and in them many young people learning, as these lads were learning, something of the duty they owe their neighbors as well as themselves, and being fitted to become good men and sober citizens by practicing and preaching the law and gospel of temperance.

The next night, Mr. Chauncey lectured, and the town turned out to hear the distinguished man,

who not only told them of the crime and misery produced by the terrible vice, which afflicted both England and America, but of the great crusade against it going on everywhere, and the need of courage, patience, hard work and much faith, that in time it might be overcome. Strong and cheerful words that all liked to hear and many heartily believed, especially the young Templars, whose boyish fancies were won by the idea of fighting, as knights of old fought, in the famous crusades they read about in their splendid new young folks' edition of Froissart.

"We can't pitch into people as the Red Cross fellows did, but we can smash rum-jugs when we get the chance, and stand by our flag as our men did in the war," said Frank, with sparkling eyes, as they went home in the moonlight arm in arm, keeping step behind Mr. Chauncey, who led the way with their mother on his arm, a martial figure though a minister, and a good captain to follow, as the boys felt after hearing his stirring words.

"Let's try and get up a company of boys like those Mother told us about, and show people that we mean what we say. I'll be color-bearer, and you may drill us as much as you like. A real 'Cold-Water Army,' with flags flying, and drums, and all sorts of larks," said Jack, much excited, and taking a dramatic view of the matter.

"We'll see about it. Something ought to be done, and perhaps we shall be the men to do it when the time comes," answered Frank, feeling ready to shoulder a musket or be a minute-man in good earnest.

Boyish talk and enthusiasm, but it was of the right sort; and when time and training should have fitted them to bear arms, these high-spirited young knights would be worthy to put on the red cross and ride away to help right the wrongs and slay the dragons that afflict the world.

(To be continued.)

THE MAKING OF THE HUMMING-BIRD.

(An Indian Legend.)

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A BIRD and a bee, in the fresh April weather,
Sailed blithely to meet the first summer together.

'T was a very small bird, and a very large bee,
And they talked as they flew, and they could n't agree

As to which of the two should first greet the sweet
summer,

The bright-plumaged bird or the busy young
hummer.

All at once a black wind-storm dropped down
from the skies,

And it took this small, quarreling pair by surprise.
It whirled them about, until, drenched and half-dead,
They both tumbled into a violet-bed.

When the sun shone again—(this is what I have
heard)—

That bird was a bee, and that bee was a bird;
And only one creature went humming away,
Dipping into the flower-cups, that fresh April day.

THE CORAL CASTLE.

BY E. T. DISOSWAY.



THE WHALE SMILES. [SEE PAGE 788.]

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, some tiny creatures began to build a castle, down deep beneath the waves of the ocean. A rock just rising from the white sand was its foundation, in a quiet spot where big and little fishes loved to swim.

Silently and noiselessly the polyps went to work, and kept at it day and night, unheeded by the crowds that frisked and dived about the rocks. But one morning a skate, taking a little exercise, bumped his head against something rough and hard.

"My eyes!" he exclaimed, with a grimace. "If the rock is n't growing bigger!"

A flounder, who happened to be passing at the

moment, paused to find out what was the matter, and a curious perch hovering near, seeing the two putting their heads together, very naturally lingered to hear the news.

"Bah!" said the flounder, as the indignant skate rolled his goggle-eyes toward the offending wall. "It is only the work of those insignificant polyps. Such small creatures can't injure us!"

"It must be stopped! It shall be stopped!" cried the skate. "It is an impertinent invasion of our rights. I'll report it to my armed friends!"

Away darted the perch, eager to tell what he had overheard, and it was not long before the shark, sword-fish, dolphin, and a host of large and small

dry knew that the polyps were erecting a castle for themselves under the very noses of the aristocratic inhabitants of the deep. The news spread here and there and everywhere, and very soon shoals upon shoals were hurrying to the spot to see what was going on, and enjoy their share of the gossip.

"I'll soon settle this!" snapped the shark.

"Pshaw!" puffed the porpoise. "One breath may blow it away."

"Give me but a fair chance!" boasted the sword-fish.

And they hurried on to defend their rights.

After reaching the place, the shark begged leave to be allowed to make the first attack. He opened wide his mouth and showed his teeth so that all the sprats, her-ring, mackerel, and other defenseless fish drew back in consternation, and trembled at a respectful distance.

"Do you dare defy me? Scum of the ocean!"

So saying, the shark advanced and fastened his teeth upon the castle's lower story, while all the spectators gurgled encouragement and approval of his spirited mode of attack.

But the wall stood firm. It was not shaken in the least, and, maddened with rage and disappointment, the shark retreated, too proud to confess that he had left a broken tooth behind.

"Of course, any one could have seen it was not to be destroyed in that fashion," said the sword-fish, preparing for action. "It should be attacked from the top."

He made a fearful thrust at the fortress—no well-armed, valiant soldier-fish could have done better. There was a great splashing and noise, and it was believed that the castle was being leveled with the ocean bed. In the general confusion the shark seized the opportunity to devour unobserved a number of frightened fish within his reach, and an unlucky pearl-oyster who was looking on, his mouth wide

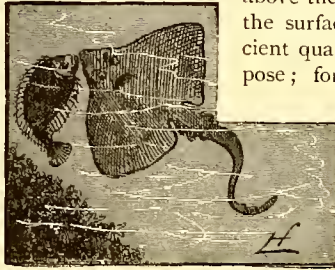
open, was dragged away from his shell by a frisky star-fish, who retired with him and made a hearty luncheon.

Presently the waters calmed down, and lo! there stood the castle, unmoved and unharmed.

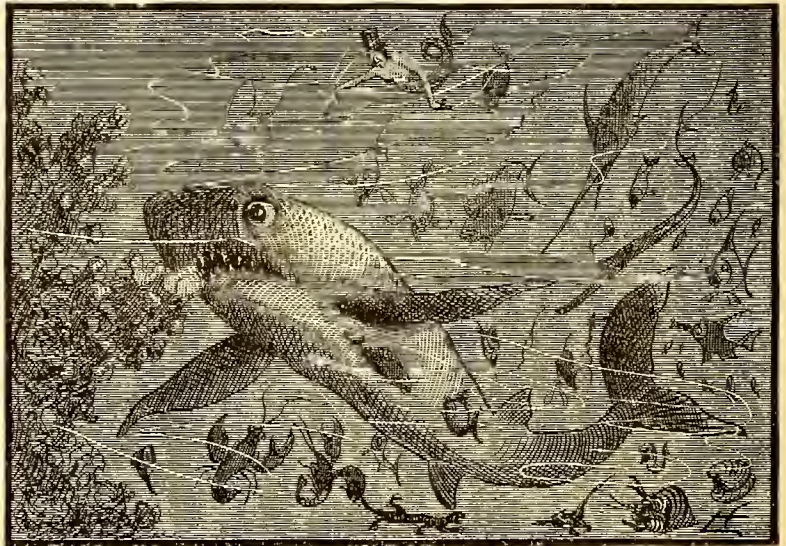
"My friends," said the porpoise, gruffly, looking first at the castle and then at the crowd of dismayed fishes, "it is true that I breathe freely only above the water, but if you will allow me to rise to the surface, I will, if possible, return with a sufficient quantity of condensed air to serve our purpose; for I am convinced that this castle can be destroyed only by blowing it up. My brave comrades meant well, but it is clear that they did not go to work in the right way."

"Of course the porpoise is right," assented the listeners. "Of course it should be blown up. Wait until he brings back his explosive."

"Meantime, I will lay my plan before you," said an electric eel, with a bow and wriggle, when the porpoise had disappeared. "As some of you know, nature has provided me with a galvanic battery. I propose to test it in razing yonder edifice to its very foundation. Polyps, as you all are aware, must have something to build upon. By communicating a heavy shock to the rock, it will be demolished, and the work of the impudent builders will be stopped."



THE SKATE AND FLOUNDER PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



THE SHARK TRIES.

The hearers looked askance at the eel, for he was an odd fish, with queer manners and slippery ways, and they never thoroughly understood him.

"Why hesitate to avail yourselves of this scientific method?" added the eel, with another wriggle. "It is true, I am not blessed with an armor of



THE SWORD-FISH TRIES.

shell. My fins and scales are not so shining nor attractive as yours, yet many a fish has but one tool—its mouth—and that weapon is of limited capacity in such an emergency as this. My beloved friends, give me a fair show."

"Go at it, then," grinned the shark.

"May your efforts be crowned with success!" exclaimed the sword-fish.

"Only hurry up, for the porpoise is coming," added a pilot-fish.

The eel lost not an instant. He approached the rock and tapped it gently with his tail, once—twice—thrice. The lookers-on blinked hard, hoping that the foe's quarters would be shattered into small bits. But no change was visible.

"Every polyp is now as dead as a door-nail, depend upon it," said the eel. "I've settled them!"

"But the castle! The castle is still standing," murmured the dissatisfied fishes.

"Ha! ha!" laughed a ten-foot conger eel, who had been silently looking on. "Don't believe a word he tells you; I must say he is the most shockingly treacherous fellow in the water, if he is my cousin!"

"Take that for your impudence," said the cousin, giving the conger a tremendous shock from his battery.

He then retreated, and the attention of all was turned to the porpoise, who was so full of air that he had hard work to sink himself and looked very uncomfortable.

Putting himself in position, the porpoise gave

three terrific blasts, and then—his wind gave out. But he made a great commotion. It was difficult to know if this was caused by his contortions, or by the wind he had blown out.

At last, quite worn out by his extraordinary exertions, he sank, flabby and helpless, upon the white sand.

"It must have been demolished," whispered the credulous little fishes, not daring yet to go too near; but soon a little scallop tumbled from the rock, his row of bright blue eyes staring wide, and he reported that the castle was as good as ever, and that, instead of being alarmed or disturbed by all the unusual pounding and battering, the polyps were building away as if nothing had happened.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish, to be sure!

Some sea-anemones had been torn away by the porpoise, and their gay, fringed coats much injured. A few staid sponges had been sadly damaged; some mussels had been ousted from comfortable quarters. A little sea-weed more or less tangled, a shaky leg broken off a paralytic crab, and the cracked shell of a nautilus, completed the list of disasters. In fact, there had been "great cry and little wool."

What was to be done?

The defeated parties rolled their eyes at each other in despair, and shook their tails in a show of defiance at the insolent enemy.

In the midst of their perplexity, down dropped a flying-fish and announced that President Whale, having caught wind of the tumult, was hurrying to



THE PORPOISE TRIES.

the scene, in order to give them the benefit of long years of experience. This news was received with great delight.

"You'd better keep around the corner," said the conger eel to his shocking relative. "President Whale knows what kind of an eel you are. He'll finish you!"

"Who's afraid?" answered the electric eel; but he kept out of sight, nevertheless.

"Oh, wont they catch it, now, though!" said the lamed crab, scrabbling over an oyster in his hurry to get out of danger. The oyster winked, but dared not open his mouth; for he had just seen a friend of his disappear in a startling manner.

"One swing of his magnificent tail will brush away the work of these paltry millions," remarked a huge surgeon.

"Dear me! I hope it wont hurt us," murmured a little fish, "or tear away our fins, or break off our tails. Poor Nautilus is disabled for a long time to come."

"The wind is taken out of his sails, at last," grumbled an envious lobster. "What business had that dandy with a pleasure boat, anyhow?"

Meantime, the flying-fish busied himself in putting everything in proper order for the great occasion, and scarcely had this been done, when the rising and falling waves rebounded with the thundering floppings of President Whale's tremendous flukes. Soon His Excellency loomed into view.

"Ahoy!" cried the assembled fishes.

He greeted them all with a kindly gesture of his broad fins, but his eyes expressed mild reproach, as one after another began to tell the story of their

"We will not stand it!"

"It is a barrier illegally raised in these waters."

Such were the complaints of the aggrieved fishes. The whale smiled again, and a great bubbling, frisking, whirling, diving and retreating followed this second sign of friendliness.

"This is folly," he began. "But I must bear in mind your youth and inexperience. Nay, Shark, do not grind your teeth in useless rage. Keep your weapon for other purposes, Sword-fish; and, dear cousin Porpoise, you seem weary. Your efforts are vain. Everything is vain but a policy of reconciliation. Yonder wall will rise higher and higher; you may dash your bodies against it and suffer—but the castle will remain. Although built by the smallest and weakest creatures in the ocean, it will stand when your bones and those of your families are lying bare and white upon the sands. The work will creep up steadily toward the light and air, until, rising far above these tranquil lower waters, it will defy the currents that disturb the higher levels. But they cannot sweep it away, for the creatures you despise only build faster and stronger where the tides rush with violence. Who can tell," concluded he, "but that one day your own bones may be washed from their resting place, and find a lodgment on the coral reef! And now, excuse me—I must renew my supply of air. Farewell."

So saying, the whale departed, and the multitude of fishes immediately held a council of war, and numerous private indignation meetings. But it was of no use. The sea-anemones cast about for a permanent home on the castle, and sponges, sea-weed, mussels, oysters and scallops took possession of quiet spots, for a life-long lease.

The skate revenged himself by making horrible faces and rolling his eyes at the offending fortress, but in time the predictions of the whale came true. The walls continued to rise toward the light and air. Finally, there was a great heaving beneath the coral castle, and it was raised bodily, until its top appeared above the waters. Then, tangled bits of sea-weed and chips of wood attached themselves to the coral rock, and, as the sagacious whale had said, some of the bleached bones and shells of the old enemies were washed, with the sand, from the ocean's bed, and helped to form a sub-soil above the waves, upon the summit of the coral castle. Seeds, carried by the winds or brought by birds, fell on this soil, and plants sprang up fresh, green and beautiful, and a little island, pleasant to look at, shone like an emerald in the lap of Ocean,—a great end gained by dauntless toil.



THE EEL TRIES.

wrongs. Then he opened his mouth. He smiled. So awful was that smile, although meant to be full of gentle condescension, that the little fishes quivered and went further to the rear.

"One at a time, if you please," said His Excellency.

"They are building a castle!"

"They are invading our ancestral rights!"



SUPERFINE ARTICLE. TERMS: CASH, ON DELIVERY.

CHEWINK.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I PAUSE at the curtained door of the woods,
 So breathless a quiet around me broods;
 The breeze at the threshold has died—
 Shall I venture a step inside?
 But listen! a startled call
 Breaks over the ivied wall,
 A sound like a musical latch's clink,—
 "Chewink!"

Me, then, were you watching and waiting for,
 Sharp-eyed little forest janitor?
 Can I guess where you hide your nest?
 If I could, would I spoil its rest?

Your family need not stir,
 For I am no plunderer.
 He chirps back alarm at the thoughts I think:—
 "Chewink!"

Ho! whistle "chewink!" but I know you can sing
 When you fancy that no one is listening.
 Do you think, O mistaken bird,
 Your music I never heard?
 But you rustle a "Tell-tale, hush!"
 As you flit through the underbrush,
 And into the dusk of the thicket sink,
 "Chewink!"

PLACER AND GULCH MINING FOR GOLD.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE person who travels through many parts of the Rocky Mountains, and of the Sierra Nevada, will observe along the banks of the streams vast piles of bare gravel. Through the midst of these heaps of pebbles, among which, now and then, there towers up the round back of a boulder, or rises a little grassy island bearing some charred stump, one may often see remains of wooden machinery, and the ruins of abandoned huts; or he may even meet with men at work, and learn how the hasty little stream is made to pause and pay toll in service as it rushes downward from the snow-fields where it was born.

All these appearances are signs of gold-mining by the method known as "placer-washing" or "gulch-digging." It is the simplest, and, in some respects, the most interesting of all the processes by which the precious metal is got out of the earth. It has been practiced for a very long period. History does not go back far enough to tell us when gold first began to be used, but it is supposed that all the gold the ancients had was procured in this way. Wherever that mysterious country Ophir may have been, no doubt it was a placer district.

When gold has been discovered in any region (and this usually happens through some lucky accident), adventurous men rush to the spot in crowds, and at once look for more signs of it. This search is called "prospecting," and it is done by parties of two or three, who go along the creeks flowing down from the hills, and test the gravel in the banks until they find what they seek. The prospector's outfit consists of as much provision as he can carry on his back or pack on a donkey, a couple of blankets, guns and ammunition, a few cooking-utensils, a shovel and pick, and a gold-pan. The last is the most important of all these, excepting food. It is made of sheet-iron, and is shaped much like an extra large milk-pan. The prospectors, who call each other partner, or "pard" for short, agreeing to divide all they find, trudge along all day beside their Mexican donkey, keeping their eyes keenly upon the lookout, and slowly climbing toward the head of the ravine or gulch down which the creek plunges. Finally they come to a point where the gulch widens out a little, or perhaps where a rivulet flows down from a side-hill, and a high bank of gravel has collected. Then they let their donkeys feed upon the short, crisp

grass, or nibble the white sage, while they climb a little way up the bank and dig a pit a few feet deep.

You may see these "prospect-holes" all over the mountains, for many times nothing has been found at the bottom of them to justify further operations there; and a man who is unlucky enough to dig many of these fruitless pits gets the reputation of being a "gopher," and finds himself laughed at a good deal.

Their prospect-hole dug down to where the gravel is firm, they scoop up a panful of dirt and carry it down to the margin of the stream. First having picked out the large pieces of stone, one of the prospectors then takes the pan in both hands, dips up a little water and, gently shaking the pan, allows the water to flow over the edge and run away, carrying with it the lightest portions of the soil. This is done repeatedly, but as less and less of the heaviest dirt is left behind, greater care must be used. It requires much dexterity and practice to keep the bottom of the pan always lower than the edge and at the same time dip up and pour out the water without throwing away more earth than you wish to. Tender management for eight or ten minutes, however, gets rid of everything except a spoonful of black sand, and among this (if you have been successful) gleam yellow particles of gold, which have settled to the bottom, and have been left behind in the incessant agitation and washing away of the earth, because they were heavier than anything else in the pan.

This operation is called "washing" or "panning-out"; but it is not quite done yet, for the "colors" or particles of gold must be separated from the black grains, which are mainly of iron or lead, and by passing a magnet back and forth through them, these will be dragged out, sticking to it. The gold is then weighed and the value estimated. Nowadays, if a prospector finds he can count on three cents in every panful of dirt, he knows he can make money by the help of machinery; but if he is to do his work wholly by hand he must collect at least ten cents from each pan, and in the early days this would have been thought very moderate pay. There used to be mines in Colorado known as "pound-diggings," because it was said that a pound weight of gold a day could be saved by every man who worked there.

After testing here and there, our prospectors decide upon the best part of the gravel-bank (which

they would call a "bar"), and take possession of a small tract or "claim," the amount of which is regulated by law, and this "claim" they mark by driving stakes down and writing their names and the boundaries upon them.

Our miners, let us suppose, prefer not to get their gold by the slow method of panning. They therefore procure some pieces of board and hammer together a "rocker" or "cradle." This machine takes its name from its resemblance to an old-fashioned baby's cradle. It is mounted upon two rockers, and its head-board is high enough to serve as a handle to rock it by. Inside is ranged a series of three or four sieves, upon inclined supports, one

The cradle is an old contrivance and many forms of it are in use, some having only a single perforated partition to screen off the largest stones. It can be carried about wherever the miner finds it convenient to work, and does not require a vast amount of water. Lastly, it calls for much less skill than most other methods. Nevertheless, the day of the cradle is nearly gone by, except where a single poor man goes off by himself to some retired spot, and works not so much for wealth as merely with the hope of getting a living. In its place the "sluice-box" has come to be the great instrument for gathering gold out of a placer-bar.

In order to operate a sluice to advantage, there-



"PANNING-OUT."

above the other, the coarsest sieves being uppermost. There is no foot-board, and in its place projects a long spout, out of which the waste water runs, and where there are cleats or "riffles" like those I shall explain further on when I speak of the sluice. Into this cradle one man shovels the dirt and gravel, while his partner rocks it and pours in the water, which he dips out of the stream with a long-handled dipper. The big stones all shoot off from the surface of the cradle, but the dirt and small pebbles fall through on to the second sieve, through which, in turn, the finer half goes, and so on until the bottom and the spout catch the gold and retain it alone, while the water drifts the worthless stuff away.

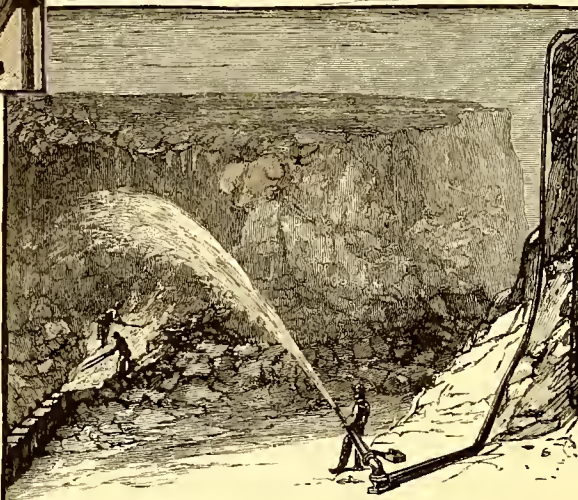
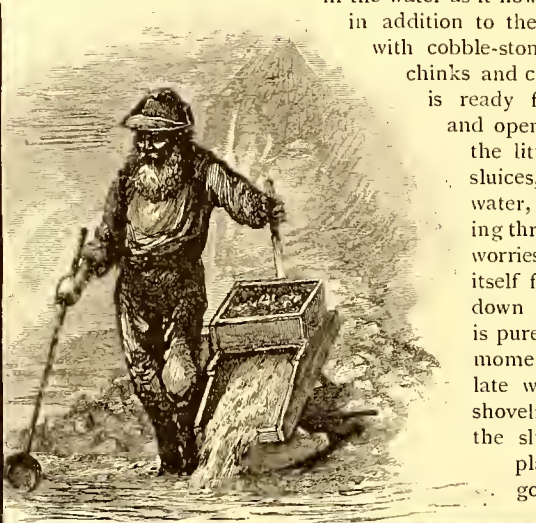
must be plenty of material to be handled and plenty of water. It is upon a sure supply of water that placer-mining depends, and it often happens that a bar that is worth very little might be worth a great deal if only a stream could be turned through it. Sometimes the gravels are in the very bed of the creek, or on a level with it, and the poor stream, tortured out of its course, is sent in a dozen new channels, while the old beds are rocked through the creaking cradles, or go rattling down the hollow lengths of the stretching sluices. But, as a rule, it is necessary to bring the water in a ditch from some lofty point in the mountains down to the highest part of the placers. Sometimes all the miners stop work and unite in making the

ditch, which they then own in common; at other times one or two men will pay for the construction of the ditch, which they then own and from which they lease water to the miners. You may see these little canals curving under the brows and along the retreating slopes of the hills, seeking in and out of all the windings a slant by which the water will steadily run downward. Now and then a rocky headland must be skirted, or a deep gully crossed, and here the water is carried in a wooden "flume," supported upon a trestle-work of poles and props. These aqueducts become a striking addition to

flows gurgling and sparkling through the canal, bright and limpid as a natural mountain torrent.

Meanwhile, each miner has built his sluices. These consist of long, narrow boxes made of planking,—one plank high on each side and two planks broad at the bottom. Sometimes only two or three of these boxes or troughs are placed end to end, sometimes a long line of them; but all along on the bottom, particularly down toward the lower end, are nailed, crosswise, strips of wood like cleats, which are known as "riffles,"—I suppose because they make a series of little waves or riffles in the water as it flows over them. Usually, also, in addition to the cleats, the bottom is paved with cobble-stones, so as to offer as many chinks and crannies as possible. Now all is ready for extensive placer-mining, and opening the gate which admits to the little channel that leads to the sluices, down comes the clear blue water, and goes dashing and foaming through the confined trough and worries past the riffles, until it finds itself free, at the "tail," to run on down the valley whither it will. It is pure and sparkling now, but in a moment it becomes brown as chocolate with mud, for the miners are shoveling the earth and gravel into the sluice-boxes, and the rivulet's play-day is over,—its work of gold-washing is begun.

After my description of the cradle, I need hardly trouble you to read an explanation of sluicing. It is perfectly plain to you that, when the gravel is shoveled into the sluices, the swift current sweeps away all the light stuff, and rolls the round stones out at the end, while the heavy grains of gold sink rapidly to the bottom, and are caught behind the cleats, or between some of the paving-stones. Usually the men help this process along by continually stirring up the bottom of the sluice-box with a shovel, so that too much besides the gold shall



1. THE FLUME. 2. MINER AND CRADLE. 3. HYDRAULIC MINING.

the naturally strange scenery, in their rough outlines, as they straggle, all mossy, rude and dripping, over and around great bronze-brown cliffs and along the green, velvety hill-sides.

Now, let us see how the ditch is made useful. When it is completed, as many gates are made as there are mines to be supplied; through these, water can be drawn off, and then the water is let on, and

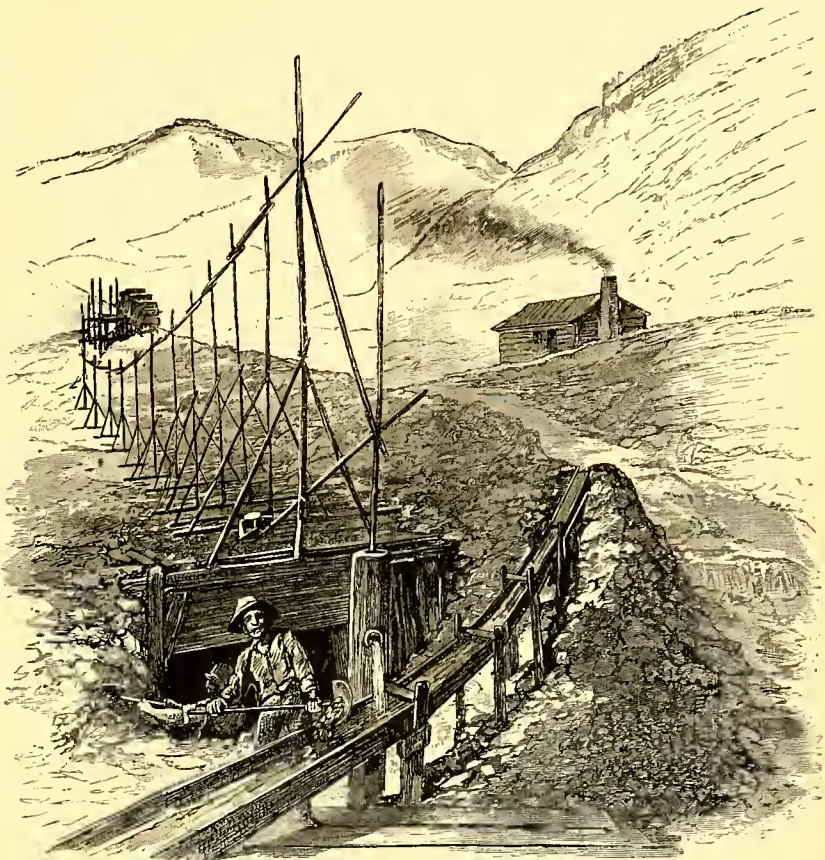
not stay behind; and frequently some quicksilver is sprinkled in the bottom to attract and hold the gold more surely. This seems a very rude and

clumsy contrivance in working after so precious a prize; indeed, it never seems quite right to dig and toss and treat so carelessly the rich soil of these mines; but experience has shown that gold is so sure to sink through all this agitation and mass of waste rock, and that it is so indestructible, that these rough methods are good enough for this kind of mining.

The proof comes at night, or at the end of the week, when the "clean-up" is made. Then the water is shut off, the sluice is drained dry, and all the big stones are thrown out. The black iron-sand and other sediment in the bottom is scraped out of all the corners and crevices, and carefully washed. A rich panful of gold remains,—perhaps hundreds of dollars' worth,—which is separated from the iron by the use of the magnet, as before, and poured into the little buckskin bag which forms the miner's wallet. Then it is weighed and divided between the various partners who are working the claim together.

By the amount of the "clean-up," they judge of the worth of the claim if anybody proposes to buy it of them. The general supposition is that a claim will average the same yield of gold all through, but this does not always hold true. The gold occurs in "pay-streaks," and two claims side by side may be of very unequal value. The effort of every miner is to get to "bed-rock" as soon as possible,—that is, to the rocky floor upon which the gravel has been drifted and piled, for the reason that in the process of that drifting the gold has a chance to fall through the bowlders and sit down to the bed-rock. He will *tell* you that it is paved with a sheet of solid gold; but often he finds hardly more than he met with on the way.

Sometimes it is only a certain layer in the bank which is "pay-dirt" and profitable to work. Then he pushes a tunnel into the side of a hill, and



THE SLUICE AND PUMP.

brings his gravel out on a wheelbarrow to wash at the opening. Men will work all day in these tunnels, sometimes lying almost at full length on their sides, and accidents frequently occur by the roof falling in, and so forth. In digging down to bed-rock, it frequently happens that the hole or shaft becomes so full of water that no more work can be done. It would cost too much to have a man to pump it out, and likely enough one man, or half a dozen, would be unable to do it; but here is the water in the neighboring creek, or, if that is wanting, the stream from their big ditch, waiting to be harnessed to do the work. So the blacksmith is consulted, an axle-tree, trunnions, and one or two other bolts of iron-work are forged; then a framework is raised, a small water-wheel knocked together and hung in it, a flume laid which pours a stream of water upon the wheel, and a rough gearing of poles so arranged that every time the

wheel goes around the plunger of the pump is raised, and the water is pulled out. Sometimes the connecting-rod between the water-wheel and the pump is a line of aspen-poles, a hundred or two hundred feet long. This is supported every dozen feet or so, upon standards which are fastened on pivots to firm blocks on the ground, so as to move backward and forward with each lifting and sinking of the pump.

When a company of men find a new gold-gulch and begin to work it, they call the village which grows up there a camp, and give it some name which is just as likely to be absurd as it is to be appropriate. Dutch Flat, Red Dog, Bough Town, Buckskin, and dozens of other comical names are examples. The miners hastily throw up little log cabins, six or eight logs high, covered with a roof of poles and dirt, and having nothing better than the hard-tramped earth for a floor. In one end is the fire-place (the chimney is outside, like that of a negro's hut in the South) and at the other end are rough bunks, where the owner stuffs in some long grass, or spruce-boughs, or straw, and spreads his bed or blankets. These rude little cabins are packed close together up and down the sides of the gulch, so as to be as near as possible to, and yet out of the way of, the mining, and they give a very pretty look to the wild scenery of these mountains. As the camp grows larger, merchants go there with goods to sell; stage-coaches begin to run to and from older settlements; shops, hotels, restaurants and churches are built, and the camp becomes a town. I have known of such a gulch-mining settlement converting in a single year an utter wilderness in the mountains, long miles away from anywhere, into a city of ten thousand people or more. Then suddenly it is found that all the gold in the gravel-bar has been washed out; and people begin to leave so rapidly that, in a few months, the once busy and populous camp is almost utterly deserted, and hundreds of houses are left empty. Not all the camps have so fleeting a life. Almost all the large cities and towns of California and the Rocky Mountains began as placer-camps. But it usually happens that, about this time, some shrewd rich man, or company of rich men, buys out several claims, until they have a considerable area of the gravel-bank in their possession. Then they erect machinery, and pursue the work of what is known as hydraulic mining, for they can make money by this means out of gravel too poor in gold to pay for panning or cradling, according to the gold-digger's high ideas of profit.

In hydraulic mining a stream of water is brought into the mine through iron pipes, from so high a source as to give immense force to it when it leaps

out of the nozzle. The fall must be from 150 to 200 feet, usually, to furnish the necessary "head," and upon the power which the water has depends the success of the enterprise. The pipe consists of stout iron, and is a foot or so in diameter. It is made up of sections about twelve feet long, and therefore can be lengthened or shortened, bent or moved about, as required. Into its upper end, away up on the steep hill-side, flows the water of the high-line ditch, or perhaps the current of a mountain snow-fed torrent. At the lower end of the pipe is arranged a very strong iron mouth-piece, like the nozzle of a steam fire-engine, only three times as big, which swings upon compound joints in its attachment to the pipe, so that it can be moved in any direction,—upward, downward or sideways. So much for the water-power machinery, for that is what *hydraulic* means. Now, observe how they employ it.

Down at the edge of the creek there is room enough to lay their pipes and set up the "Little Giant," as they call their nozzle. Down the creek-bed a little distance already has been built a great sluice-box, sometimes a hundred yards or more long, and much more capacious than the sluices used in hand-work. Leading down to this, a steep channel is arranged from the gravel-bank, and all is ready. The flood-gates are opened, the big nozzle is pointed straight at the bank, the water resounds through the humming pipes and rushes forth from the nozzle in a solid, straight, ice-white beam, which bores its way into the bank and tumbles the bowlders out very much as a steady stream of cannon balls would do it. It is great sport to watch this fierce attack of so much water, remembering that it is only its weight, and the force it accumulates in its eagerness to escape from the close pipes, which is hurrying it on at this fearful speed. The bank crumbles, and bits of hard clay, small stones and fragments of petrified wood are tossed high in the broad fountain which flies backward from the point where the water strikes, and falls with a constant roar and rattle. The white, mist-hidden beam of water bores its way deeper and deeper, the mass of foam and broken earth changes and grows as the face of the cliff and the direction of the nozzle are changed, and so the Little Giant rapidly eats his way into the gravel, and at the same time sweeps away the loose material into the sluices by the very flood which his energy creates.

Meanwhile, down in the channel stand men aiding the separation of the gold. They are picking the large, worthless stones out of the stream, and piling them in an out-of-the-way place; they are walking about knee-deep in the raging, mud-laden flood, continually stirring up the bottom with

shovels, in order that no gold may settle there, and poking out the heavier rocks. Through the stout sluice leaps a swift and noisy current, bearing in its thick waters thousands of minute flakes of gold, with now and then a nugget. These quickly sink to the bottom, and are caught by the riffles, so that the clean-up of a hydraulic sluice ought to be, and usually is, very rich; for a hundred times more earth is sent through it each day, under the tearing strength of the Little Giant, than ever shovels alone could handle; moreover, it often happens that there are five or six pipes and nozzles firing at the same bank. Then the destruction is very rapid, great masses of gravel being undermined and falling with a noise like a clap of thunder.

The gold is collected from the sluice by shutting off the water, taking out the riffles, and scraping the bottom. Some quicksilver has usually been sprinkled in the sluice previously, and more is now added, the better to collect the gold, for which it has a strong attraction. The union of the two metals forms what is known as an amalgam, and there are two ways of separating them again. If the miners do not care to save the quicksilver (which is the same thing as the mercury of our thermometers), they put the amalgam in a bag, and strain out the quicksilver by squeezing, just as you press the juice out of grapes when jelly is to be made. Then the gold and the trifle of quicksilver remaining is placed upon a shovel and held over the fire, until all the white metal passes off in vapor. This does not require a long time or much heat. It is because mercury is so easily affected by heat that it is used in barometers and thermometers.

If, however, it is desired to save the mercury, the amalgam, as soon as it is cleaned out of the sluice, is put into a chemist's retort and heated. The mercury turns to vapor, which rises through a tube passing at a short distance through a box of ice or cold water, and is there condensed or turned back to liquid again, when it runs into a jar and is ready to be used a second time. In this way, the same mercury may be used over and over again, with but little loss.

Sometimes several thousand dollars are the profit of a single week of hydraulic mining, but several hundreds would be a more ordinary estimate.

Conducted on whatever system, gold mining is not always so profitable a business as it seems at first glance. After all, an ounce of gold is worth only so much, and a pound only twelve times as much. To get a pound of gold requires much hard work, and a considerable outlay of money for food, for wear and tear of clothes, for rent of water, for purchase of machinery, etc., etc. Sometimes the

gains are enormous, but it is only a few who have become rich in gold-digging, out of thousands who have struggled and failed. Nor, exciting and romantic as it seems to live in this wild, outdoor, picnic style, and to dig the shining, precious mineral, that we all hold in such high and almost poetic esteem, out of the ignoble gravel where it has lain neglected so long, is it altogether enjoyable work. You must be almost continually wet, and the water in the mountains is cold; you must handle all day long rough stones, heave huge bowlders and shovel heavy dirt; you must swing the pick till your back aches, and waggle that rusty gold-pan till your arms grow lame and your fingers are sore, while the sun beats down straight and hot, or the chill wind cuts through your wet garments. You must work early and late, hard and fast, and often defend your property by a little war, if you would equal your neighbors or hold your claim.

Then, see how the gold-miner lives. His cabin is low and dark and dirty. The climate is too severe and the ground too rocky for him to raise a garden, if he cared to, and he has no time for such pleasantries. His work is too hard to allow him to wear any but the roughest of leather and woolen clothes, and his fare is of the plainest kind, which he can cook himself,—bacon, ham, bread (baked in a Dutch oven, or by propping it upon sticks before an open fire), coffee, dried apples, beans, and sometimes canned fruit and vegetables. I have known a placer camp to be without a potato or a drink of milk or a bit of butter for nine months at a time; but nowadays miners live somewhat better than they used to, because grocers have learned how to pack food in such a shape that it will keep well and can be carried far into the mountains on mule-back.

The amusements of a mining-camp are not such as young people would find much fun in. Until the "camp" changes to a town there are no women or children there; and often they never *do* come. The miners are wicked men, as a rule, and I am sorry to say their amusements are almost all connected with liquor and gambling. It is in such dissipation that they spend nearly all the great wealth they get, so that often gold-miners will make and lose a dozen large fortunes in as many years. There are those, of course, who save, hiding away their little buckskin bags of gold-dust; but they are careful not to let any one know of it, for if they did, they would be very likely to be robbed and perhaps shot by some of the desperadoes who infest those localities, or robbed on the way out to civilization by highwaymen. Gold-digging is hard and dangerous and life-wearing work, yet is always fascinating and sometimes very profitable.

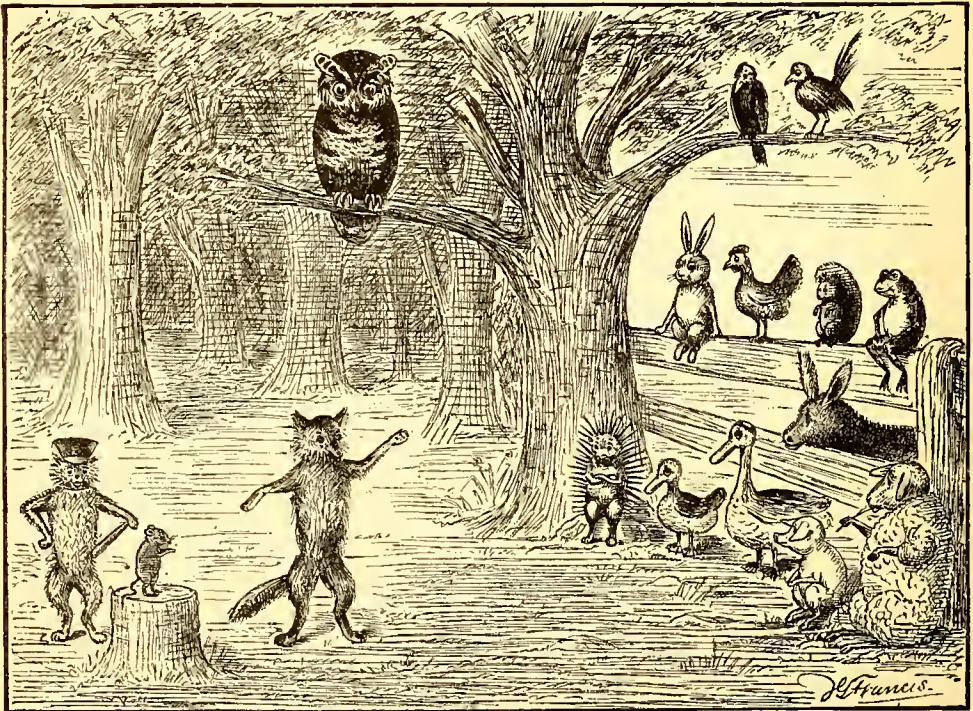
Did it ever occur to you to ask how the gold got

mixed up in the gravel? Perhaps I can give you a hint as to how to study the matter out fully.

The gravel-banks were piled in the places where they are now found either by the streams, which formerly were vastly larger than they now are, or else by great moving masses of ice, called glaciers. If you should read Professor Tyndall's little book, "Forms of Water," you would get a very good idea of this ice-power, and much entertainment besides. Whatever the way, the broken fragments of the mountain, which the action of the atmosphere and trickling water had undermined, frost had cracked off, and lightning had splintered to pieces, through thousands of years, became rolled down the bed of the ancient river and rounded into pebbles and cobble-stones, just as yet is being done in the bed of every rapid stream.

Now, scattered all through the granite rock of which these towering Rocky Mountains are built up, are veins or streaks of quartz—a white, crystalline rock in which the gold is found, though it by no means follows that every quartz-vein carries

the royal metal. When, by the action of frost, rain, and lightning, and ice, the rocks are shattered and rolled down the bed of the stream, the quartz goes along with the granite, and of course, if there is any gold there, it, too, is torn out and grinds along with the rest, until it finds a chance to settle and help build up the bar that, ages afterward, our prospectors find and dig into. Placer-gold is therefore sometimes known as "floated" gold, and high in the range, at the head of a gulch which contains good gravel, are to be found quartz-veins, whence the riches below have come, and where the undisturbed gold may be dug out and separated from the mother-rock by the various processes known under the head of quartz-mining, which are far more expensive and complicated than anything done in working the placers. It is the general belief that in the United States the placers have been pretty well exhausted, and that most of the gold in the future is to be expected from the quartz lodes, and sought for deep in the heart of the mountains, hundreds of feet under-ground.



JOHNNY'S POCKETS.

BY ANNA B. AVERILL.

"NOT a pocket, sir; not a pocket in that whole suit!"

Johnny's face was the picture of dismay.

"Why, Aunt Jane, what shall I do without them?" he said, in a slow, bewildered way.

"You won't be likely to raise toads about your person, or be caught walking into church looking as though you had a pumpkin on each hip."

"But, my handkerchiefs, Aunt Jane?"

Aunt Jane smiled grimly.

"Handkerchiefs, indeed! How long did you ever keep one before it was lost, and when were you ever known to use one? No; I came to the conclusion, before I decided to make this suit up without pockets, that a handkerchief with you was—a *supernumerary*."

This silenced him. Aunt Jane was in the habit of quenching with long words his small attempts at argument. He was carrying several at the present moment undigested in his busy little brain, a burden and a perplexity. So he walked away quite dejectedly in his new clothes, and Aunt Jane returned to her clear-starching with a triumphant smile.

"Hullo, Johnny!" called Willie Brent from the middle of the street, as Johnny was passing through the gate. "Lend me your knife, please; see, I have broken mine."

Johnny's hands instinctively sought the outer seams of his trousers. Then he blushed, stammered, and the hands fell despairingly beside him.

"I—I left it in my other clothes," he said, in a low voice.

This was true, but Willie regarded him with a slight expression of wonder in his handsome face.

"Your clothes *are* new, are n't they?" he said, pleasantly, noticing them for the first time. "You look fine, Johnny."

Johnny's heart sank. What if Willie knew the hollow cheat they were! He glanced down guiltily at the miserable sham pocket-flaps on the jacket and vest. How could he bear to have the boys discover his condition? How long could he conceal it? Who would be the first to find it out, and what would the boys think, and say, and do, if they knew? These were a few of the questions that began to torment him. He would beg Aunt Jane to let him wear his old mended suit—but she would not consent to this, for she had sat up nights lately hurrying to finish these clothes, and he had heard

her say that she was "ashamed of her life" to have him seen going to school in those shabby garments.

Will went on up the street, and he wandered away aimlessly by himself. The further he went, and the longer he mused, the more sharply he realized his disagreeable plight.

He clasped his hands above his head and walked, he crossed them behind his back and walked, he folded them over his breast and walked, and tried to forget—and could n't! Then he tried to comfort himself with useless arguments.

Might not a boy live and even enjoy himself tolerably well without pockets? Aunt Jane was right about the handkerchiefs. He never needed one. His slate-pencil was tied to his slate in his drawer at school, where he kept his lead-pencil, his pens and his rubber, that he might have room in his pockets for more precious things.

But alas, and alas! After long and serious debate with himself, he remained unreconciled.

A week passed away. The scholars at school all noticed the change that had come over little Johnny Blake, and wondered at it.

"Don't you see, Amy," asked Will Brent of his sister, "how different he is? He has n't played ball once this week; he would n't go fishing yesterday; he mopes by himself half of the time, and he says he is n't sick, either."

Amy Brent, a motherly girl of fourteen, opened wide her blue eyes and regarded her brother thoughtfully.

"But he was always quiet, Willie," she said.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Will, somewhat impatiently. "But I know Johnny Blake well enough. You watch him, and you'll see what I mean."

And Amy watched—and saw—more than Willie had seen, more than Johnny would ever have told; for she discovered his secret.

At the close of another week, she drew her brother aside one evening at home.

"Can you keep a secret, Will?" she asked him, earnestly.

"Yes," he answered, without hesitation, much impressed by her manner. And then and there she unfolded a well-matured plan in which he was to assist—a plan requiring no small coolness and skill, and considerable daring, but which immediately met with his full and hearty approval.

Meanwhile, Johnny Blake had declined perceptibly in flesh and spirits. From a rosy, happy

boy, never noisy and obtrusive, but busy and healthy in mind and body, he became a listless solitary.

In school he was still faithful and patient at his studies, but out of school he avoided his playmates all that was possible, and one wish became uppermost in his heart—to conceal his disgrace, for as such he had come to regard it,—from the world.

To Aunt Jane the change was not yet apparent. If he was a trifle quieter than usual, she congratulated herself upon his improvement. She gave him full credit for being better than the average boy, and if he could have been kept out of all kinds of dirt and play, and mischief of even the most harmless sort, if he could have been so "improved" as never to forget, nor blunder, nor "bother," he would have been a boy after her own heart. Johnny stood very much in awe of Aunt Jane. He performed the small duties she required of him quietly and obediently, never thought of confiding a trouble to her, and regarded her smallest word as unchangeable. What he thought of her largest one it would be hard to tell.

And now two weeks had passed away. It was ten o'clock of a pleasant moonlit night. Johnny had lain awake long after retiring for the night, gazing through his open chamber-window at the clear, soft sky. Aunt Jane had frequently cautioned him against leaving this window up, for it was just over the low roof of the wood-shed, and once, in the middle of the night, when Will Brent had slept with him, two strange cats had bounced in, tearing and fighting each other, and awakened the whole house. But this was one of the many injunctions that Johnny sometimes "forgot." To-night he had been thinking over a great many things, and at last he fell to wondering if it were quite right to let the affair of the pockets acquire the proportions it had assumed. It had all come over him afresh, how entirely his life at school and among his friends was changing, and he tried to resolve that he would rise above it. But how? He tried to imagine how Will Brent would have laughed off such a calamity and made the best of it. But Will was two years older than he, and then such a thing could never have happened to Will, for he had a mother; and mothers never made their boys' clothes without pockets. Such a thing was never heard of before, nor read of, in all the annals of boyhood. Johnny's heart was very sad. He fell asleep, at last, still unreconciled.

He was awakened by some one's pronouncing his name, in a loud, squeaky whisper. He opened his eyes in slow bewilderment. The moon was still shining brightly, and there, close beside his bed, was the queerest figure! A little, bent and humped old woman, in a peaked and ruffled cap,

looking at him through great, shining spectacles, and smiling in a calm, superior way.

"Johnny," she said, in a curious whisper, "I am your fairy godmother, and I will take your clothes away, and put some pockets in them, and bring them back long before morning, if you will be still, and say nothing to-night. Promise, with a nod, quick; if you speak, the charm will break!"

Johnny had read a great deal about fairy godmothers, and believed in them. He gave the nod, and watched the strange creature disappear noiselessly through the window with his clothes. He seemed to be still in some enchanted land of sleep. It did not seem strange to him that this thing should be, with the moon shining on the floor, and his dreams thick about him. He had not stirred in bed, nor moved his head on the pillow, and he remembered no more until the morning sun was shining in his eyes, and Aunt Jane was calling him to breakfast.

He jumped out of bed. There were his clothes hanging upon a chair, exactly as he had left them.

He took them up with a puzzled, incredulous smile, at the thought of his strangely vivid dream; but he could not resist peering under the pocket-flaps of his jacket.

He sat down suddenly on the side of the bed, rubbed his eyes, winked hard, and looked again.

There were pockets under the flaps!

He sat as if stunned. He looked through the window into the bright, glad sky. The swallows were darting and twittering, the robins were singing aloud for joy; and a pure, deep and blessed thankfulness began to well up in his heart. He examined the garments over one by one. There were *seven* pockets in all; two side-pockets and a breast-pocket in the jacket, two in the vest, and two in the trousers!

He could hardly keep the tears back, or refrain from singing aloud with the gay robins; but he dressed and went down to breakfast with a new light in his eyes, which Aunt Jane did not see. How could he tell Aunt Jane? And nobody else in the world had ever known! So he kept this new joy to himself, as he had kept his trouble, regaining his lost rosiness and growing happier every hour, until, at last, he came home from school one day in such a state of bulge, that Aunt Jane, who had beheld him from afar, pounced upon him with wonder passing description, and he felt that concealment was no longer possible.

Then he told her the whole, straightforward story, as it had taken form in his simple, believing heart, and she knew that he spoke the truth. She had learned long ago to put absolute trust in his word.

She held him off at arm's length, and looked

into his eyes a full minute, in utter, dumb astonishment.

"To whom have you been complaining about your not having pockets?" she demanded, when she could speak.

"To nobody, Aunt Jane. I never let a soul know. I—was ashamed."

And she knew that this, too, was true.

After taking a long time in which to become composed, and to think the matter over, she found herself so far from any possible solution of

the matter that she was half-disposed to accept Johnny's explanation as the only one.

"At any rate, it's no use to make a fuss over anything you can't locate," she said, one evening, half to herself, as she was re-examining the mysterious pockets. "These pockets are good drilling, and they're put in strong and neat enough, but this work is no tailor's manipulation!"

"If—if a fairy godmother did it, it would be *womanipulation*, would n't it, Aunt Jane?" said Johnny. "And that's a longer word still."



MOTHER'S HIRED MAN.

BY F. M. BAKER.

THERE out by the sand-heap, his barrow fast filling,
Working away just as hard as he can,
Working for wages,—a sweet sugar shilling
Or bright Yankee sixpence,—is Mother's hired man.

He is making a mole-hill, but calls it a mountain,—
Not a very rare thing since this world first began,—
"Guess I'll call it a cake, and then pebbles I'll count in,
One, two, six, nine plums, all for Mother's hired man.

"Oh, no, it's a nest, now, and these are my eggies;
I'm a bird, and I'll hatch 'em all out if I can;
I'll try,—no, I wont,—for it tires my poor leggies,
An' I can't be a bird, 'cause I'm Mother's hired man.

"Hired men take a rest, when they're tired, where it's shady:
I guesses I'm tired, so I'll rest just like Dan."
When Mother called "Willie," and searched, anxious lady,
Fast asleep near his sand-heap she found her hired man.

A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR STREET CHILDREN.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

ONCE upon a time, at exactly the right moment, a happy thought came into the head of a man. A visitor of this sort is always a pleasant guest, but the man was not satisfied to regard it as a mere thought, so he set his brains the task of working it out into a plan of the most practical sort.

Like the heroes of fairy stories, he had three things to do before he could succeed, each one harder than the last.

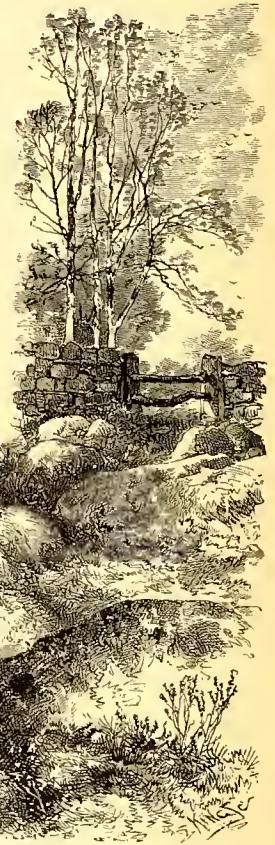
First; to get money.

This was not very hard, because he found a newspaper to help, and wisely selected one of the best in our country, which proved to be a splendid helper, and collected all the money that he needed.

Second; to find numbers of country people who would do their share of the work.

This was harder; he had to take journeys into the country, and to make little speeches to the people, when they were gathered in churches. From town to town he hurried, talked, persuaded, and took down the names of the willing. So he worked for weeks, at great expense and trouble, and at last, with a long list of names in his book, and the second difficulty

fight against like being helped—really helped, I mean—to something that is truly good for them. But he was not going to give up at the last trial; he fought it out and won, as good fighters always do, and the happy thought has become an accomplished fact.



A HILL-SIDE PASTURE.

vanquished, he went back to the city to work as eagerly for the

Third; the consent of the people whom alone the plan was to benefit.

This was hardest of all, for it's a queer thing—but it's true—that there is nothing most people will

The thought was to help the street children of New York to the fresh air and pure influences of the country, and the result is the "Fresh Air Excursions" of which you have perhaps heard.

Every spring this untiring workman goes to the country, and talks; tells of the wretched homes and the suffering children of the tenement-houses, and persuades the farmers to invite one, or two, or three of the unhappy creatures to spend two weeks at their homes. The generous farmers and the mother-hearted farmers' wives respond heartily; he fills his book with invitations, and then returns to the city.

After the first hard fight with the ignorance and suspicion of the poor parents, he had no trouble with them. The battle—though severe—was never

revived. When they found that their children were invited, not to work but to play, not to be stolen but to be safely returned, not to be hurt but to be wonderfully benefited by the trip, they were only too glad to let them go. He sends to the mission-schools, and to charitable people who know the poor, and gets the names of those who need the fresh air, the *Evening Post* calls for gifts of money from the happier classes, and on the first of July the excursions begin.

Twice a week, through July and August, a large party goes out of the hot city to some station in a delightful country neighborhood, usually in New York State, where the children are scattered among their kind hosts, and two weeks later they are safely returned to the same station, and delivered well and sound to their parents at home.

It is a strange procession that starts out on one of these excursions; children, from babies to twelve-year-olds, but no laughing and talking, no bright eyes and dancing feet. Life has been hard to these youngsters, and it is a silent, unchildish crowd, blindly obeying every word of authority, questioning nothing, hoping nothing.

Every child has, evidently, been treated to a severe course of soap and water, and provided by mission ladies with clean clothes, and every child has a bundle to which it clings for dear life; some done up in handkerchiefs, in old shawls, and in newspapers; some in worn-out valises, some in satchels that will not hold together, and all in a straggling, coming-to-pieces condition. They are

shrieking across green fields, and trees begin to appear, and pretty white houses, a change comes



SUNSET BY THE RIVER.

on. Faces brighten, eyes look interested, tongues loosen, and every window is full of heads; though some look dubious, as if they feared, after all, the shrieking engine might prove a dreadful ogre



THE COUNTRY FORD.

packed—bundles and all—into a car, oftenest in the Erie Railroad station, and the train starts.

As it leaves the dingy town behind, and goes

to drag them away from home and mother, while others are plainly awed by the size of the strange world they have come into.

Not all the passengers are children : here 's a girl of eighteen, who went out last summer, in almost the last stages of consumption (as was supposed), sent by her father, who with difficulty scraped together ten dollars, and begged to have her taken, though he supposed she would die. She was left

Here, also, is a mother with four small children, who was found starving a few days ago, and is now going out to get strong again, and another,—a worn-out sewing-woman who never rode in cars before, and who is in deadly terror of “falling to pieces” when the train starts. She crouches in a heap on the floor till placed in a seat, where she holds on for her life, clutching the window-sill on one side, and the hand of a friend on the other. These grown-ups are taken at the expense of some of the mission-schools; only children partake of the Fresh Air Fund.

Many stories might be told of restored health and renewed life; and every one of that sad car-load could tell of want, of cold and hunger, of sickness and sorrow. But they have left all this behind in the city.

By the time the roll is called, and every child found to answer to a name in the book, and the bundles are all done up and properly secured, and

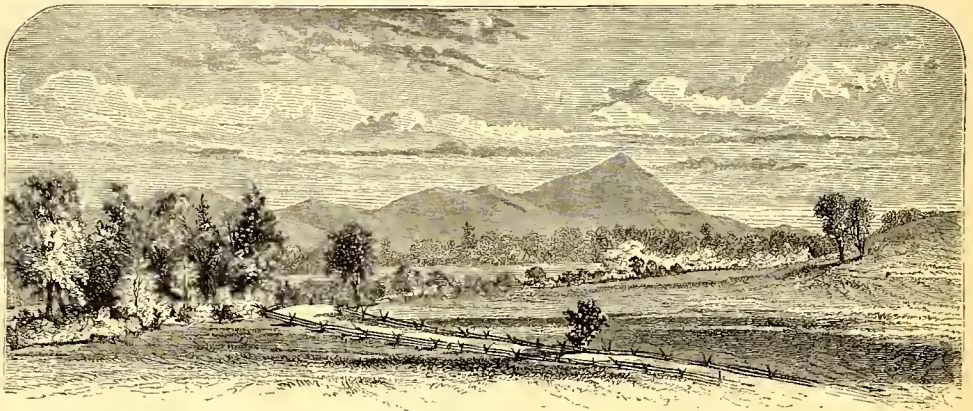


THE BROOK.

with a family, to be kept as long as the money would pay her board, but they became interested, invited her to stay till Christmas, and sent her home well



A GLIMPSE OVER THE VALLEY.



THE VALLEY.

and strong. Now she is going again, with her little sister, by their invitation, to spend the summer.

the last crumb devoured of the lunch they brought from home,—queer food, too: black bread, tough

chunks of cake, and (would you believe it?) candy, —they reach a pleasant station, where a curious crowd fills the platform, each person provided with a large basket.

The train stops and the strangers board the car, fill the aisle, and open their baskets. A delighted "O-o-oh!" goes up from two hundred small lips at the sight: sandwiches,—honest ones, too; gingerbread and cake,—light and sweet; fruit,—fresh and delicious; everything nice that a child can desire. Every little hand and mouth is filled, and

poor street-child for flowers is truly pathetic, and well known to the ladies of the Flower Mission. Bread and meat were good, and heartily welcome, but the flowers are the first sweetness of the country,—the flowers go to the heart.

The hours pass on, the station is reached; rows of country vehicles stand outside, and crowds of waiting people on the platform. Bundles are gathered up, hats put on, shoes fastened, pins adjusted, strings tied, and the motley procession forms. They march out of the car, and then begins a curious scene. A sort of friendly scramble takes place, and the manager has a raging fury of business. Children are hastily picked out, the worst-looking ones first, and packed into wagons or led away by the hand, and in a short time he stands alone, his stock in trade

all disposed of, driven away or led away by happy-looking country people.

As for the children, for them begins a new life.

THE BOY IS LUCKY WHO VISITS HERE.

Fresh air, plenty of food of the sweet country sort, green grass, trees, fruits, milk, and flowers everywhere. Hear what they say; read these extracts from their letters home (spelling and all).

This one, you see, is having a nice time:

"DEAR MAMA:—We are having a nice time, we have to rabbits here, and we play with them every day, and we have a nice time, and once we went carriage riding and picked choke cherries, and we had a nice time, and we 're having a real nice time."

Another one says, in mild surprise:

"I do not need to work. I only have to play. We go out with a carriage and a horse on it."

Another little innocent says:

"They have such pretty weeds here, they look like nice flowers. I love the country, the long grass is so nice and cool for my feet."

many pinched stomachs are comforted before the baskets are empty and the train goes on its way.

A few miles further, and another

kind-hearted party boards the train. This time it is flowers, and each child is made absolutely blessed by a bouquet,—a real, sweet-smelling bunch of country flowers,—something which they have all their lives wanted, and perhaps never before possessed. The intense love of a





"WE CAN ACCOMMODATE ONE OR TWO."

Says a third,—an open-eyed little observer,—

"We went to church in a carriage, but the horses stayed outside."

"We have Christmas trees all around the house,"

says an overjoyed youngster.

"I love the country, and I have enough to eat,"

is the burden of many of the letters. Perhaps the gem of all, for its simple statement of the whole case, is this :

"It is beautiful, it is splendid, it is delightful, it is refreshing, it is grand, it is clean, and it is not cold, and the people seem very nice, and you will have plenty good milk for the children. There is no rough people, no scum of the city."

Meanwhile they are out romping in the fields, they go after berries, they gather fruit, they sleep soundly; they drive cows, they learn to milk, and they eat all they want. They are so busy with the new things and the new life around them, that they have no temptation to be mischievous; being only one or two together, they do not carry their city life with them, but are absorbed into country life, and learn country ways, which is one of the benefits of this charity. The influences around them are good, and pure, and sweet, and they grow better in conduct, as well as in health, every hour.

Leave them to their delights; another crowd waits at the next station to return. Ah! these are *like* children; merry, chattering, laughing, shouting, red cheeks, bright eyes, plump limbs—are these the limp, stolid youngsters of two weeks ago—these cheerful boys and girls, in new clothes, loaded down with country kindness?

The parting with their hosts is touching to see. It is "Pa" and "Ma," and "my boy," and "my

girl," between most of them; there are kind messages, as "My boy has n't been a bit of trouble," and "I got really attached to my girl, and wish I could afford to keep her always. Please bring her to me next year." "It rained the first day the girls came," says one pleasant farmer's wife, "but they would n't stay in the house a minute; they ran out and gathered green leaves to press, and they've got about a bushel to take home. They acted as if they were crazy, and you'd laugh to see them walk in the grass, lifting their feet high at every step. They never saw any before, I guess."

Here comes a kind-faced woman with a basket of flowers, tied up in little bunches; sweet country blossoms, bachelor's-button, sweet-peas, phlox, mignonette. Each eager hand, though already full, is held out for one, and at last the basket is empty.

Now comes the train, Conductor Jim—the children's kind friend—waves his hand, and away they go.

How different from the silent crowd that went out! They laugh, they eat apples, they display presents of dimes which "he gave," and trinkets which "she had when she was a little girl"; they show in every word and look that they have received something besides fresh air and food and gifts—some of the sweetness of country life has come into their hearts; they are better, morally as well as physically; they can never be quite the same as before.

"Wont you be glad to get home?" you ask of one.

"Well, kinder; I'd like to go home just one day, and then go back for always."

We thought the children were loaded on coming out, but returning, the bundles were more than doubled; big bags of apples, boxes with pigeons, bundles of new clothes, bunches of mint and "garden stuff," baskets of food, boxes with hens, flour-bags full of treasures, plants in pots and boxes, and every pocket and every corner stuffed with apples. They speak of the good beds and the fun they had, the rides, the berrying, and one and all announce their intention to go back to stay.

After a long ride the train comes into the New York station. Children are aroused from the hundred positions in which they were sleeping; packages are gathered together, and the procession is formed once more. They march to the place where parents have been told to be ready to take their children home.

How many do you suppose appreciate the kindness enough to spare the benefactor the task of getting them home at half-past ten at night?

Alas for them! *Not one!*

At that hour, the worn-out, patient gentleman finds himself with one hundred and ten children, living in nearly a hundred and ten different parts of the city and of Brooklyn, and all too young to go alone.

But the work is before him; he does it,—as he has worked from the first. Every child, with all its

bundles, boxes, bags and dead flowers, is delivered safely at the wretched place it calls home, richer, happier, better than in its life before.

In 1879, nearly twenty-five hundred children enjoyed these excursions, and five thousand dollars were given—mostly in small sums—to pay fares, which, by the generosity of railroad and steamer companies, were greatly reduced.

The success has been wonderful, but the whole thing nearly failed because of one little thing,—the children would "brag." Would you believe that a youngster, whose father drove a street-car, would talk of "father's carriage, and stable full of horses?" or that another, living in the attic of a dreadful tenement-house, would say that she lived in a bigger house than her entertainer's, "a four-story brick, with water on every floor?"

Well, they did. Kind farmers, working for charity, were offended, and made complaint. The matter was explained, the children lectured on the sin of bragging, and that rock was happily passed.

How can they thank the man who has done all this, better than in the words of Christian to Mr. Greatheart: "You have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, you have been so hearty in counseling of us, that we shall never forget your favor toward us."



A VIEW WHICH CITY CHILDREN WOULD REMEMBER.

THE PET NAME.

THERE was an old farmer of Squarm
 Who called his wife nothing but Marm.
 She said, "It sounds queer,
 But if you like it, dear,
 I like it; so where is the harm?"

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. NOS. V. & VI.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

THE BYE-BYE.

I DARE SAY you have never heard of the bye-bye, or rope-tailed ape. I never believed in it myself until my third expedition inland. You must know that, as general agent of the Metropolitan Feather Company for North-western Africa, I was often obliged to travel into the interior.

We were over a hundred miles away from the Company's trading-post, when one day what seemed to be a lame monkey, pursued by a panther, crossed our path a good way in advance. The monkey was trailing a long

twenty feet from the ground. Halting there, it faced its pursuer with a look of mild despair.

This appeared to please the panther. At least, he quickened his pace, and was soon within a few rods of his prey, when the rope before alluded to began to rise rapidly from the ground. "Excelsior" seemed to be the motto of the erectile rope, which, I now perceived, was really the monkey's tail. Up and up it went, like Jack's bean-stalk; higher and higher it mounted up the trunk. In a few seconds its end was twenty feet in the air, and was coiling around the first branch of the palm!

Then the ape began ascending its own tail, hand over hand, with great agility, until it reached the branch. Safely seated there, it gazed forgivingly at its baffled enemy, only muttering now and then the strange ejaculation to which it owes its name: "Bye-bye! Bye-bye! Bye-bye!"

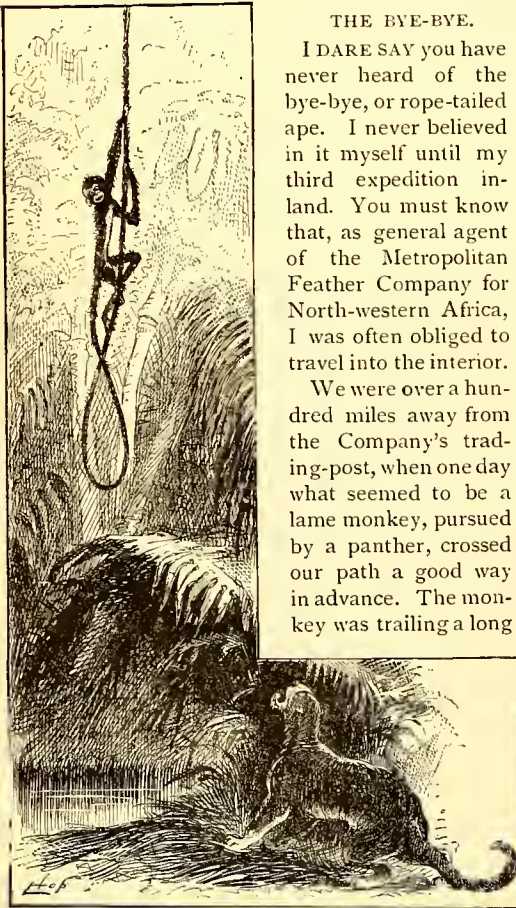
NO. VI.

THE "HOWIS DATFORHI."

THE second time I was at Goalonga, a lovely oasis not marked on any map (I fancy no white man's foot had ever rested there before), —

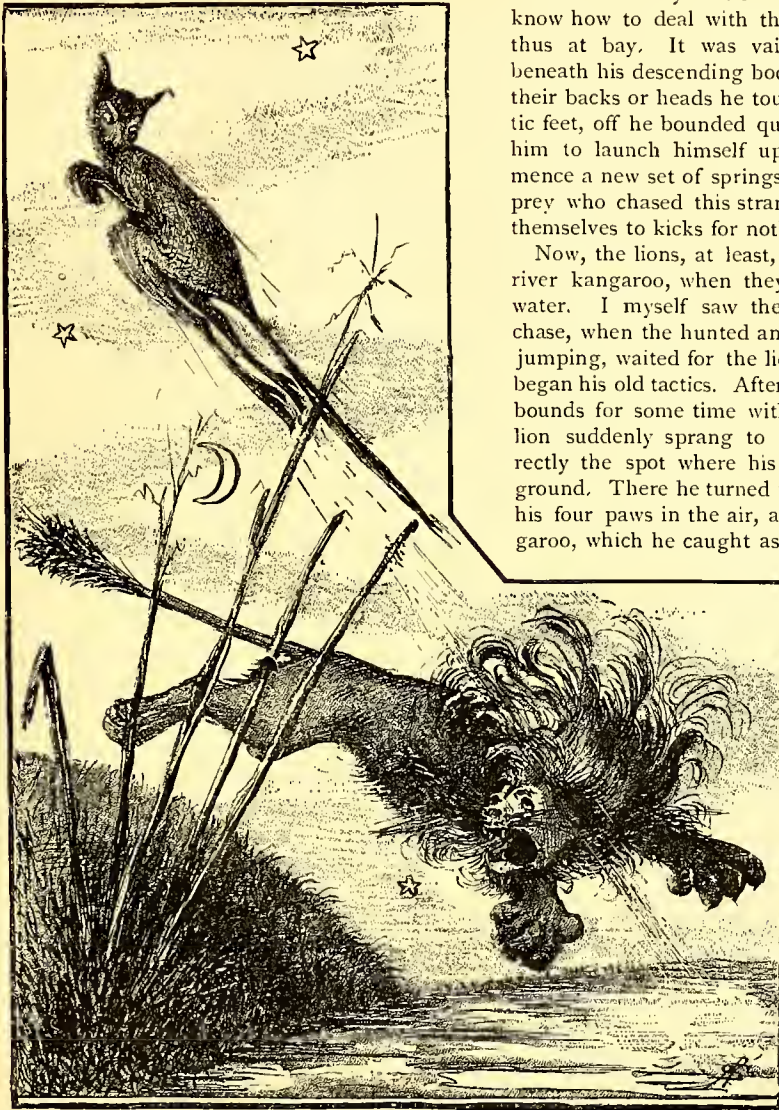
"Were n't you a white man the first time you were there?" you may ask.

Perhaps so, but I did n't happen to get out of my balloon on that occasion, I must reply. And, to resume, the second time I was at Goalonga, I saw the Howis Datforhi, as the natives call it, or River Kangaroo (*Macropus Fluviensis*). The forte of the river kangaroo, as of his tribe generally, is leaping. He can beat the great kangaroo of Australia at long jumps, while at high jumps he can lick any living thing except the cow that jumped over the moon, and Macbeth, who was prepared to



chain or rope behind it, and hobbled on with seeming difficulty till it reached a tall, smooth-trunked palm, with not a branch lower than

"jump the life to come." But the animal soon tires, and, when overtaken by a beast of prey away from a stream, he speedily falls a victim nowadays.



But the lions and panthers are more knowing than they used to be. When the river kangaroo is tired out and overtaken, he tries to baffle his pursuer by a series of springs, about a hundred feet high. These give him less labor than long jumps, for the balls of his feet are more elastic and rebound better than the liveliest India-rubber ball. He is obliged to exert his muscles afresh only once in about twenty ascents: the other nineteen are nothing but rebounds. The twentieth jump is, of

course, the highest, and it is then that he utters a curious cry, very much resembling his native name, "Howis Datforhi."

The blacks say that carnivorous animals did not know how to deal with the river kangaroo, when thus at bay. It was vain to place themselves beneath his descending body, for, whatever part of their backs or heads he touched first with his elastic feet, off he bounded quite far enough to enable him to launch himself upward again, and commence a new set of springs. In fact, the beasts of prey who chased this strange animal only exposed themselves to kicks for nothing.

Now, the lions, at least, know how to catch the river kangaroo, when they surprise him far from water. I myself saw the finish of an exciting chase, when the hunted animal, wearied of forward jumping, waited for the lion to come up and then began his old tactics. After watching his wonderful bounds for some time with apparent interest, the lion suddenly sprang to one side, guessing correctly the spot where his victim would reach the ground. There he turned upon his back, and, with his four paws in the air, awaited the doomed kangaroo, which he caught as neatly as if he were the

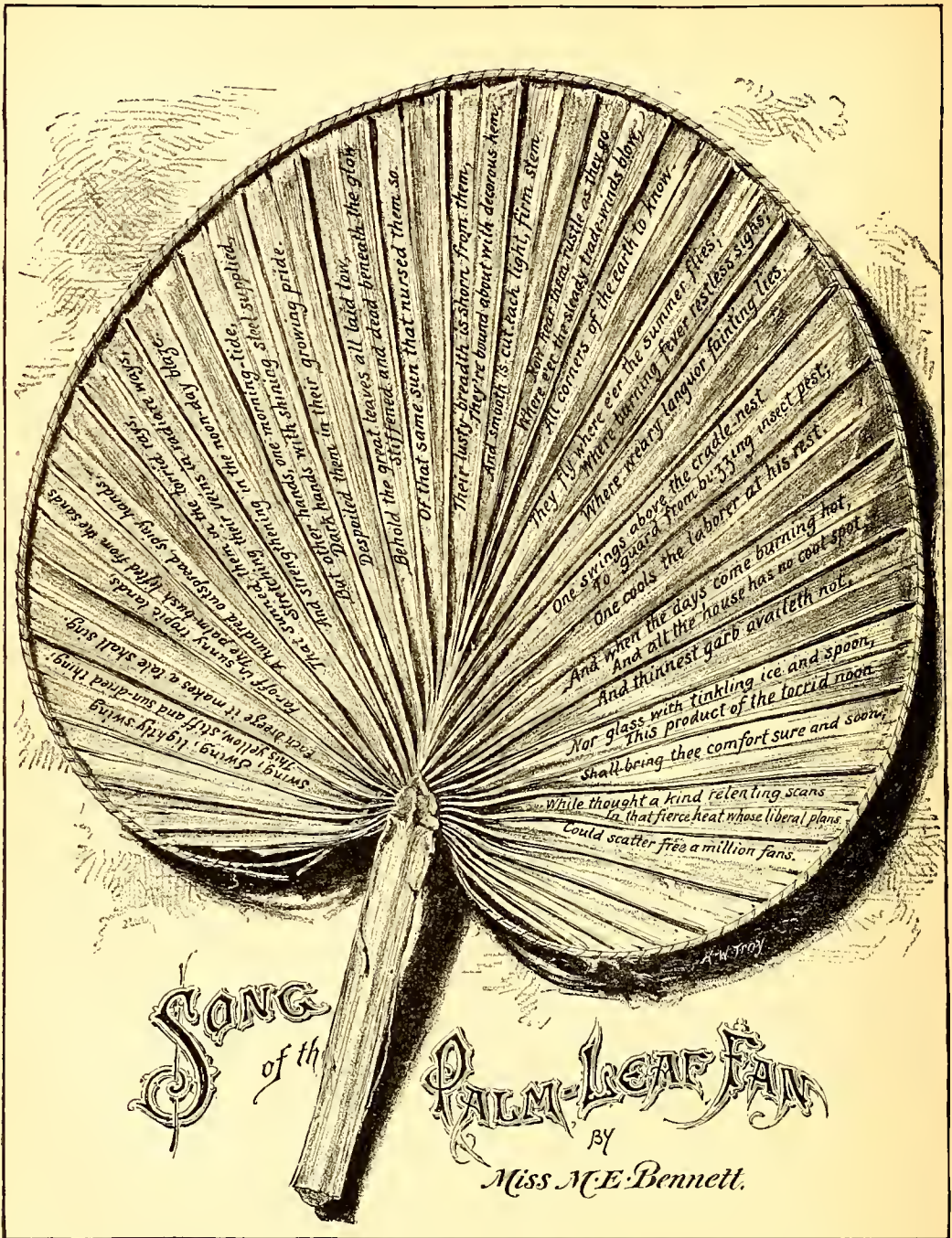
catcher of a champion Nine. There was no rebounding from that grip!

"But how is the river kangaroo better off beside water?" you may ask.

Why, he jumps across the river, to be sure, and has lots of time to rest while his enemy is swimming it. Then he jumps back again. He can keep this game up all day, and seems rather to enjoy it. In fact, young and adventurous Howis Datforhis go a little away from the banks

to try and tempt some ferocious animal to chase them, just for the fun of disappointing it.

But, perhaps you may remark that you never heard of kangaroos out of Australia. And it *does* puzzle me how the beast can have got into Africa. The blacks have a ridiculous fable that, ages ago, two gigantic Howis Datforhis leaped across the sea from some foreign land. But, of course, such bounds as these are beyond the bounds of human faith. I can only vouch for what I saw myself.



SONG
 of the
 PALM-LEAF FAN
 BY
 Miss M.E. Bennett.

MANY of our girls and boys may like to copy neatly, in black or colored ink, on the smooth spaces of a palm-leaf fan, the beautiful poem by Miss Bennett, as here given. The gift of such a fan would be a pretty souvenir of the summer. An album-fan could be made by inducing friends to copy each a stanza, and sign their initials.

WHY THE BLACK CAT WINKED.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"It do be a bitther night, Micky, wid the thay-nometer down that far they'll have to pry it up wid a crow-bar. Misther Jinnings, in the company's store beyant, is jist afther tellin' me. An' it's betther have all the pipe-lines in Clarion county freeze than ye! An' up on the top o' that high hill, where the wind makes a clane swape, it'll be afther cruddlin' the blood in your veins! Sure, Micky darlint, I'd not go at all, at all."

"I'm afther promisin' the masher that I'd help kape the fires the night, an' it's not that manspirited I'd be to back out o' me worrd for a thrifle o' cowl'd."

And Micky, who was only a little fellow in spite of his fifteen years, drew himself up to his full height, and looked as manly as possible.

"Sure, I'd think Misther Ludlow 'd have more compashin than til ask ye, whin it's not shtrong ye are, an' the only bye iv a poor, lone widdy," Mrs. McGlinty went on.

"I do be as shtrong an' hairy as anny o' the byes, an' I wish ye'd not always be sayin' it's wakely I am, an' sham'in' me," said Micky, with much feeling.

"If ye were but that big an' hairy as Biddy, now!"

And Mrs. McGlinty looked with affectionate pride at her eldest daughter, who was tramping vigorously through the yard with a heavy bucket in each hand, carrying their evening meal to two "foine pigs," whose expectant gruntings sounded from afar.

"Hear the vice in her now—that shtrong an' musical! It's only a wake little whisper ye have beside it, Micky," pursued Mrs. McGlinty, as Biddy, evidently irritated at the persistent clamor of her charges, called out:

"Whist, now, ye bastes! Howld your tongues, will ye?—an' me com'n' til ye as fast as iver I can."

Biddy had a thin calico dress on, her sleeves were rolled up above her elbows, and her head was bare, but she did not seem to feel the cold in the least.

"Now, if 't was Biddy goin' to kape watch o' the fires I'd not be afraid she'd be afther freezin'," said Mrs. McGlinty.

"It's not afther hiri' girrls they are," said Micky, scornfully. "An' it's nobody but ye thinks me wakely. An' may be it's as good as a girrl ye'll think I am, some day." And Micky buttoned his coat, and tied his scarf on with great dignity.

"Och, now, Micky, me darlint, it's not gittin' vexed ye are wid the owld mother that would give the two eyes out iv her head for ye? Sure, do ye s'pose I don't know that there don't be so smairt a bye in the country, let alone quit an' dacent? An' do ye s'pose I'm not afther remimberin' whin the sthrike was, two years ago agin April, how ye stud up, an' ye a little felly, amongst all the men, that was that mad they threatened to shoot ye, an' spoke a good word for the master? An' don't I mind whin the bridge tuk ye off, wid itself, in the big freshet, an' ye bringin' the three foine little pigs from Danny Casey, how everybody said ye were that brave and smairt 't was a wondther, an' ye afther bringin' wan foine little pig home all safe and sound, let alone yourself?—an' by the same token it's the descindants o' that same foine little pig that's now atin' their supper in the pin beyant. An' don't I mind —"

"I'll be go'n now, mother," said Micky, who looked more shame-faced, now, at hearing his heroic deeds recounted, than when he was called "wakely." "An' sure you need n't be frettin', for the fires 'll be afther kapin' me warm."

And with a motherly hug, and a repetition of the plaint that she was "a poor, lone widdy, and he her only bye," Mrs. McGlinty was forced to let him go.

The pipe-lines, as they were called, were pipes extending sometimes for many miles over hill and dale, transporting the oil from the wells, where it was "struck," to the great tanks, near the railroad. In extremely cold weather, fires were built beside the pipe, at intervals, to keep the oil from freezing; and the fires had to be watched and fed all through the night. Mr. Ludlow, the superintendent of the iron-mills where Micky worked, was interested in the oil business, also; and he, knowing Micky to be faithful, had hired him to take the place of a man who was prevented by illness from serving. And Micky felt flattered, as all the other watchers were men, and thought it would be only good fun to tend the fires all night, though the weather was cold.

Biddy came in with her empty buckets, her hands and arms the color of a boiled lobster.

"The tips o' me ears an' the tip o' me nose feels frosty-like, but it don't be that cold as they says!" said she. "Sure, it'll no do harm to Micky, but toughen him, like."

"I hope it's not the onfalin' hairt ye have, Bid-

dy, but ye 're that strong and hairty yerself, that ye don't seem to ondtherstand how wakely Micky do be, an' how the murtherin' cowl'd 'll take howld iv him!" said her mother.

"It 's not a chick or a young gosling he is, to be kilt wid a thrifle o' cowl'd like this," said Bidly, as she proceeded to feed Tam, the great black cat, who was only second to the pigs in her regards.

But after her mother had thrown her apron over her head, and run into Honora Cassidy's, next door, to ease her mind with a bit of gossip, Bidly kept going to the window and scraping away the frost, with which it was thickly covered, though there was a hot fire in the little room, looking out with an expression of anxiety which did not seem at all at home on her fat, round face, with its turn-up nose and merry blue eyes. She seemed to be trying to *see* how cold it was.

"It do be orrifle cowl'd! Though I 'd not let on to the mother, that 's frettin' the hairt out iv her a'ready. I wish it 's me they 'd take to mind fires, in place o' Micky."

Meantime, "wakely" Micky was trudging cheerfully along on his way to Sugar Hill, where his fires were to be built and taken care of. There was a new moon, and the stars were beginning to shine brightly out through the far-away darkness overhead. Micky had had a good, hot supper, he was warmly clothed, he walked fast, he whistled "St. Patrick's Day," and did n't care a fig for the cold. Already fires were blazing like beacons from the hills around, looking as if they were trying to rival the flames that went up from the great chimneys of the iron-mills, and made all the landscape as light as day. This was the first time that fires had been lighted along the pipe-line for the winter, and it was now late in January, but Jack Frost seemed determined to make up now for the long mildness of his reign. Micky hurried. It seemed to him that it grew colder every moment, and he was afraid the oil would freeze in the pipes on Sugar Hill before he got his fires built.

The wood was there, ready for use, and in a twinkling Micky had a fire which could hold its own with any along the line. And oh, how good it was to warm his stiffened fingers by it! On Beech Knoll, a quarter of a mile away, he had to build another fire, and he was to keep those two fires burning until daylight.

"An aisy job it do be, an' a dollar an' a quarther for it!" said Micky to himself, with great delight.

Ah, Micky! It is only a little past six o'clock now, and it will not be daylight until after six to-morrow morning. Micky sat down beside his Sugar Hill fire, and thought how comfortable and warm it was. But before he had sat there long he

began to be conscious that, although his face and hands were warm, there was a keen, cold wind at his back; beside that roaring fire he was becoming chilled and stiffened with the cold! He got up and ran, as fast as he could, over to the brow of another hill, where Gottlieb Meisel, a jolly old German fiddler, was tending a fire. Gottlieb was highly valued as a fire-tender, because, being accustomed to sitting up all night at balls and parties, he never fell asleep at his post. He had his fiddle with him now, and was scraping away at it; but the cold seemed to have affected the strings,—a dismal screeching sounded through all the merry jigs.

"She has vun very bad catarrh, and her heart is also mit de cold broken! Dance ve, or ve vill be frozen, too!" said the old German. So they spun away nimbly around the fire, Gottlieb still scraping away at his fiddle; and a very funny sight it must have been, if there had been anybody to see! The dance warmed Micky and revived his spirits, which had begun to droop a little.

About midnight Gottlieb returned Micky's call, but then poor Micky was thoroughly chilled, and was having a desperate struggle to keep himself awake; and Gottlieb did not seem to have sufficient spirit to dance, but he solaced himself with his pipe, and told Micky funny stories, which helped to keep him awake.

But after Gottlieb went back, then came Micky's tug of war. He did not dare to sit still for ten minutes, because he knew he should fall fast asleep if he did. He had to walk, backward and forward, between his two fires,—he was too numb and stiff to run,—and oh, how slowly the minutes dragged by! He had never been awake all night before in his life. "Why did nobody iver tell me that it 's a whole wake long the nights is!" he said to himself, over and over again.

And the cold was like nothing he had ever known before. He began to think his mother was right: the blood was almost "cruddled in his veins."

The moon was wading through masses of white clouds, that Micky thought looked exactly like snow-drifts, and the stars sparkled like little points of ice.

"The whole worl'd an' the sky do be freez'n'," thought Micky. And then he thought nothing more, until a violent shaking aroused him, and there was old Gottlieb standing over him, and telling him to hurry home, or he would die of cold and want of sleep; that it was almost five o'clock, and he would take care of his fires until daylight.

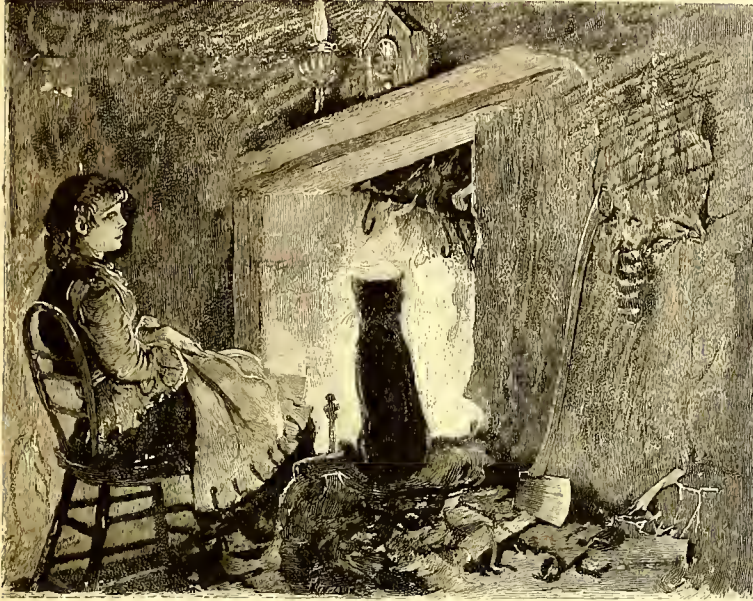
Micky, feeling terribly ashamed that he had gone to sleep and let his fire go almost out, declared that he was not so "wake-haired" as to leave his post

for the cold and "a thrifle o' slape in his eyes," but when Gottlieb insisted, he had not strength to refuse. He started for home, Gottlieb trying to thoroughly awaken him and arouse his spirits by coaxing from his "heart-broken" fiddle the lively strains of "The Campbells are coming."

from the sound sleep which he was enjoying after his long night-watch, he told Biddy that he had sent Micky home before five o'clock, and had seen him start off in a very cold and sleepy condition.

"Wheriver in the wide worl'd did the poor bye go, an' him kilt wid the cowl'd an' the slape in his eyes!" cried Biddy. "May be it 's in at Patrick Casey's or Danny Reardon's he stopped, an' him not able to get home."

And away ran Biddy to continue her search. Very soon a dozen of the neighbors had joined in it; but though they sought far and near, not a trace of Micky was to be found. By nightfall most of them had settled down to the belief that Micky had run away. To be sure, that did not seem in the least like Micky, who was a "qui't, dacent, hard-workin' bye," and a great favorite in the mill with both master and men. But what other possible solution was



THE CAT WINKS AT BIDDY.

But even that was of no avail. Micky stumbled as he walked, and felt a strange, dreadful stupor creeping over him which he could not resist.

"I 'll niver get home, niver!" he cried.

Mrs. McGlincy slept but little that night, her thoughts being with her "bye" out on the bleak hill-top, in the freezing night; and she and Biddy were up betimes in the morning, making a "rousing" fire, and getting a nice hot breakfast—crisp sausages and mealy, baked potatoes, and the "cup o' tay" that Micky liked as well as his mother. But six o'clock came; seven, eight o'clock, and no Micky! By that time Mrs. McGlincy was running around the neighborhood with only her apron over her head, asking everybody if they had heard or seen anything of Micky. Nobody had. Biddy ran every step of the two miles to Sugar Hill, but there was nobody there to give her any tidings of Micky. The sun was shining brightly, the weather was growing warmer, and the fires had all been allowed to go out. Then she went to Gottlieb Meisel's house. She knew that he was one of the fire-tenders, and he and Micky were always great friends. When Gottlieb was thoroughly awakened

there of the mystery of his strange disappearance?

It was only when the darkness of night came down upon them that Mrs. McGlincy and Biddy returned home. The small McGlintys—Patsy and Johnny, Katie and little Bartholomew—had been left to their own devices all day, and had enjoyed unlimited dirt, quarreling and general mischief. Biddy seized them, scrubbed them vigorously, combed their hair, and gave them their supper. It was not Biddy's way to sit down and weep, however heavy her heart might be. Mrs. McGlincy swallowed a "cup o' tay," and then went off again, to seek consolation by talking her woes over with the neighbors. The house seemed "that dark and lonesome that she could na 'bide it." Biddy, having sent all the children to bed, sat down before the fire, and studied the blazing coals, as if she could get them to tell her what had become of Micky.

Tam, the great black cat, sat on the wood-box, with Micky's old coat under him for a cushion. Tam liked something soft under his old bones, and seemed to have a particular fondness for anything that was Micky's. He had been Micky's especial pet and property ever since the cold winter

night, seven years before, when he had come to the door, a very small, stray kitten, lean, and lank, and shrill-voiced, and Micky had taken him into his own bed, and shared his supper with him. He seemed, then, a very subdued and serious-minded kitten, but it soon proved that that appearance was only the effect of early hardships. Under the genial influences of warmth and good living, he developed into a round, black, fluffy ball of a kitten, which seemed to be the embodied spirit of mischief. He dipped into every milk-pan in the neighborhood, ate out the middle of all the squash pies, and helped himself to steaks and chops out of the butcher's wagon. He killed all the chickens in the little town, and the widow Casey's canary-bird. He tore up everything that came in his way, with his sharp little white teeth, like a dog. He whipped dogs twice as large as himself, so that they dropped their tails between their legs and slunk away when they saw him coming. Dick Ludlow, the superintendent's son, named him Tam o' Shanter, and as Tam he was known all over the neighborhood. Every day his life was threatened, either by Mrs. McGlincy, who declared he was "Owld Nick himself," or by some angry neighbor on whom he had played his pranks; but Micky was never off his guard. Nothing should happen to Tam while he could help it; upon that he was resolved. He took all his savings to pay for the chickens that Tam caught, and more than once he protected Tam's life at the risk of bodily injury to himself. Now "cathood, with careful mind," had come to Tam; he had forgotten his kittenish pranks; he had grown to an enormous size, and acquired great dignity of manner. But the neighbors still shook their heads over him, declaring that he had "quare ways for a cat," and there were some who did not scruple to assert their belief that he was "a witch." Mrs. McGlincy herself said that he was "wiser than a Christian, an' could tell forchins if he chose."

Certain it is that Tam knew enough to be grateful, so perhaps he was wiser than some Christians.

On this night, while Bidly looked into the fire, Tam sat on Micky's coat, staring straight at her.

"Oh, Tam, ye're that wise, an' some o' them says ye're a witch! Can't ye be afther tellin' where Micky do be?"

Tam looked straight at her with his great yellow eyes, and uttered a piteous howl.

"He don't be thrownd in the river, for the ice is that thick the teams is go'n' over. He don't be anny place in the mill, nor in annybody's house. Micky 'd niver run away!—that do be foolishness. It's dead he must be, or he 'd come home til us."

Tam got off the wood-box, and sat down at Bidly's feet and looked up in her face.

"He do act quare," said Bidly to herself. "But he do be lonesome after Micky. O Micky! Wheriver are ye? It's not gone to see an oil-well he is; there don't be anny new one. It's not in the mines he is, for sure he 'd come home from there. There do be the owld mine at the fut of Sugar Hill; sure, it's in there he might have gone to get warm."

Tam winked his right eye,—winked eagerly, yet with a sort of deliberation.

"The saints be good til us! If iver I seen a cat wink!" cried Bidly. "Tam, *is* it a witch ye are, an' are ye manin' that Micky do be in the owld mine? But what would kape him from comin' home?"

Tam jumped into Bidly's lap, looked her straight in the eyes, and winked again, solemnly! Bidly crossed herself, devoutly.

"If it's a witch he is, he 'll fly out through the windy, now," she said.

But, instead of "flying through the windy," Tam winked again, three times with the same eye.

"I can't stand it any longer!" cried Bidly, jumping up. "Sure it 'll do no harm to go up til the owld mine!" And, hastily throwing on her shawl and hood, Bidly started, on the run, for the old mine, which ran into the heart of Sugar Hill. "It do be always warm in the mines, an' him kilt wid the cowl'd, poor bye, an' he 'd not mind that it don't be safe, wid the props broke an' it likely to cave in anny place. He don't niver be afraid of annythin', Micky don't!"

And Bidly's heart stood still with fear, as she remembered that everybody had been warned not to go into the old mine, and that it would be like Micky to go, if he wanted to, in spite of the warning.

The weather was much warmer, and there were no fires along the pipe-line. The sky was overcast, and only the fires from the iron-mills showed Bidly her way. She reached the little hollow scooped out between the hills, where the entrance to the old mine was. The hearts of all the hills held treasures of iron or coal, and the mines were only long tunnels leading straight into their hearts. Bidly knew the old mine well. She stepped inside the little square entrance, and lighted the little miner's lamp which had been her father's, and which she had, fortunately, not forgotten to bring.

The air inside the mine seemed warm and damp, like that of a hot-house. The timbers over Bidly's head seemed, many of them, on the point of falling, and, where they had fallen, masses of loosened rock and earth seemed only kept from crashing down by some invisible hand. A track was laid in the mine, just wide enough for the little drays, drawn by donkeys, which carried out the ore; and

along the narrow rails Biddy had to pick her way, the mud and water were so deep on either side.

She called, "Micky! Micky!" as loud as she could; and only the echoes answered.

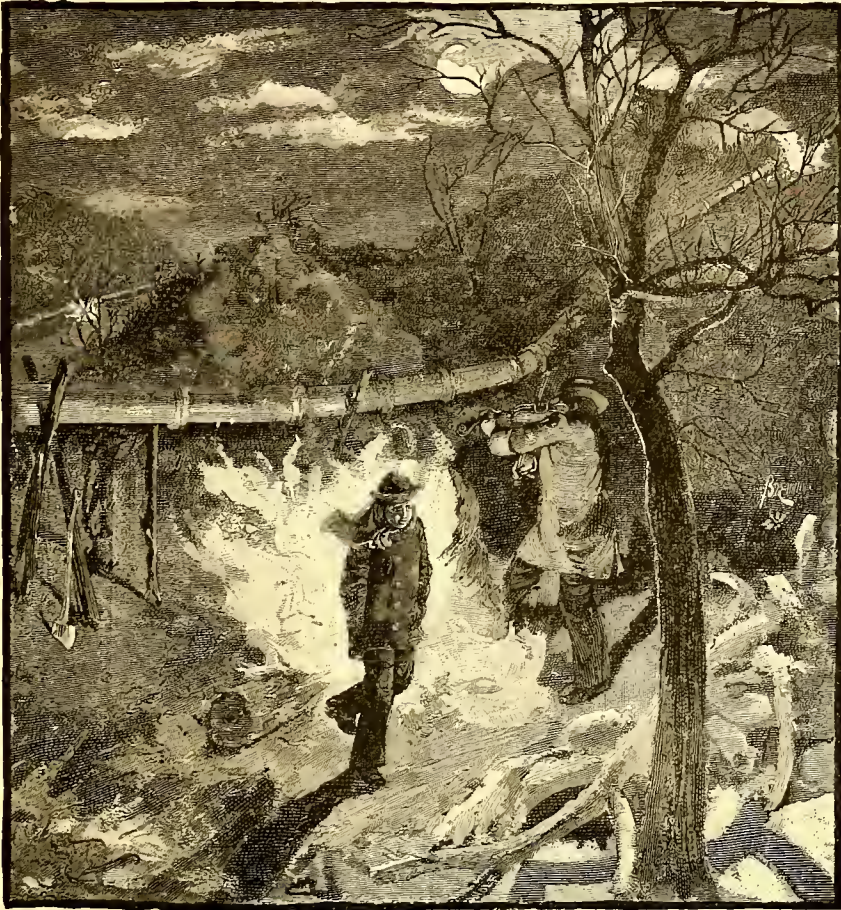
"Micky'd niver come in this dthirty place, an' it's the fool I am to come, all along iv a cat's winkin'—but, indade, it's that knowin' the baste looked! I'll be afther goin' a thrifle farther," she said to herself. But a few steps farther brought Biddy to a sudden stop. There had been a fall of stones and earth, and the passage was completely

She called again. Her lungs were sound, and this shout would have awakened every one of the Seven Sleepers.

"Here! Here! Help! O help!" answered a voice from beyond the barrier—Micky's voice.

"Kape up yer hairt, Micky darlint!" Biddy uttered that one shout, every word of which must have reached Micky's ears, and then she started to run for help.

No picking her way now! Biddy dashed and splashed through water and mire, scarcely conscious



DANCING WARMS YOU UP BETTER THAN SHIVERING. [PAGE 810.]

filled! Biddy's experienced eye told her that it was a recent fall, and she remembered that the miners said such accidents were more common in cold weather. Was Micky buried under it? The thought made poor Biddy sick and faint, but she had strength for one despairing cry: "Micky! O Micky!"

Did a faint, far-away voice answer her? Or was it only an echo from the tunnel behind her?

that she was wet to the knees. Not far off lived Patrick Casey and Danny Reardon, good friends of the McGlintys—as, indeed, was everybody in the town. In a very short space of time their strong arms were digging a passage-way to Micky's prison. They had to work carefully, lest any jarring should bring another avalanche down upon them. A small opening was enough for Micky to crawl through, and he was soon free. Haggard and

worn, as if with months of illness, his face looked, as the light of Biddy's lamp fell upon it. He had gone in to get warm, and had dropped down and fallen asleep on the first dry spot of ground. The mine had "caved in" only a few feet from where he lay, and the crash had awakened him. He had spent but one day in his awful prison; it seemed to him a week.

Great were the rejoicings at the "Widdy McGlinty's." And Tam sat, in deep content, on Micky's knee, and Biddy told the neighbors about his winking when she had mentioned the old mine, and that she should never have gone but for that. And they all looked with great awe at Tam, and the Widow Lannigan shook her head solemnly, and called upon the whole company to witness that she had always said Tam was a witch.

And while they were all talking about him, Tam looked up into Micky's face, and winked again,

solemnly. Then up spoke Patsy McGlinty, a red-haired little Irishman of nine years, who had crawled out of bed to grace the festive scene.

"He do be wink'n', an' wink'n', all day, iver since Katie poured the bucket o' slack over him!"

Now, "slack" is coal-dust, and could not have been a grateful shower-bath to poor Tam.

"It's a big piece o' coal do be in his eye!" cried Micky. And with "as much sinse as a Christian," Tam let Micky get the coal out.

"Av coorse it was the bit o' coal made him wink, the poor baste," said one of the men; and the witch theory seemed to be generally abandoned. But not by the Widow Lannigan. She said, with many solemn head-shakings: "Yez can say what yez plaze, he was niver a right cat."

And Biddy, too, always had a doubt whether or not it was only the bit of coal that made Tam wink.



COMBINING PLEASURE WITH DUTY.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOY ALLISON.

A WOODMAN lived in a forest wild;

He was poor as poor could be—

His only treasure a maiden child.

Bonny and brave was she,

And she kept his hearth all warm and bright,

And welcomed him home with a kiss at night.

Three robbers passed through the lonely wood,
They stopped at the cottage door.

“My fair little maid, now give us food.”

Said she, “I have no more

Than a cup of tea and an oaten cake,

And Father his supper of that must make.”

“Go, bring us quickly the oaten cake,

And bring us the cup of tea.

We're weary and hungry,” the robbers spake,—

“'T will be little enough for three.”

“But Father,” she said, “has toiled all day;

I cannot give his supper away.”

The robbers laughed both loud and long;

“A plucky lass!” they said.

“But give us a kiss, and we'll be gone,

And leave you the oaten bread.”

“Nay! That,” she said, “I cannot do:

I keep my kisses for Father, too!”

“We could swoop you up, my little maid,—

You and your oaten cake,

And carry you off!—Are you not afraid?—

Where none could overtake.”

Her cheek grew white with a hidden fear:

“I know,” she said,—“but God is here!”

The father came, with the set of sun,

Home to his cottage door.

“I am hungry and tired, my little one;

What hast thou for me in store?”

“Supper is ready! Give thanks!” said she;

“We have oaten bread, and a cup of tea.”

A LITTLE WAVE'S HISTORY.

BY T. C. H.

“TELL us a story about what you've seen this summer!”

Five little folk grouped about me before an open wood-fire, at the close of an October day of wind and snow, and I, the victim of the above demand, was lying on the rug, ready to be amused and entertained.

“Must I tell the story after all? Well, what shall it be? Shall I tell you about my travels, and the funny little Swiss children, or shall I tell you what a little wave told me one day, as I sat on the rocks and watched it playing in the great ocean?”

“The wave! The wave!” cried one and all. And so I began:

“My home was in a mountain in Switzerland,” the little wave said, “near an old hut, amidst mosses and ferns. I was very small; so small you could scarcely see me, except when the sun shone on my face, and made little dimples in my cheeks.

I was very merry, and the boy who lived in the hut near by used to throw me pebbles and bright red berries, and sometimes gave me his yellow curls to play with. You might think I was afraid of the great mountains that towered up at my back, and I used to hear people say, as they passed, ‘The mountains are frowning.’ But I could never understand what they meant, for the great, strong things were always friendly to me, and the one in which I lived was very grateful when I would trickle down its side, and give the thirsty ferns and berries water to drink. Well, I was a happy little thing, with meadows before me, the music of cow-bells day and evening, and the smiling heavens over my head. But, just as little children grow larger and eager to see more of the world, so I grew larger and less patient, and began to dream about the big ocean, which the boy was always talking about, where, he said, his father sailed big ships, and the moon and stars

best loved to shine. To be sure, the sun coaxed me to forget such things through the day, but every night, when the sun and world had gone to sleep, I would look straight up at the stars, and beg them to tell me all about it. You see, I was only a very tiny mountain-brook, after all, and had never seen the great ocean, so far away.

"One day the wind came in a flurry, and whispered strange things to me; the thunder-clouds began to cover the mountain-peaks; the lightning broke the clouds into pieces, and down came a flood of pouring rain. The earth about me was scattered everywhere, and down I came, bursting my prison-bars, tumbling, rollicking, half in terror, half in delight, and unconscious of what was coming. Other streams ran by me, as joyous and eager as I, and, joining them, I found out that I was really on my longed-for journey to the ocean!

"'O joy!' I cried aloud, and hurried on, with wonderful visions in my brain. I should soon be part of a great river, they told me, and flow into a lake. And I did, and a pretty blue lake it was, and a happy child was I for many days.

"But still, the lake was not the ocean, and though I made friends with the leaves and little islands scattered everywhere, yet I secretly resolved to tell the lady of the lake all about it, and ask her to let me go. She came in the night, gliding along in a silver boat, with two swans at its head, up to where I was, near the sandy shore, and told me of an outlet far off. To this she led me, and, with a wave of her wand, she bade me be free!

"Oh, how wild I grew and how vain I was, and how proud of my strength! I would show the people in the castle, far off there, what I could do! Four days the wind raged, and I raged, too, tumbling the rocks about in my bed with so furious a noise that people afterward said it was louder than the roar of breakers on the beach. I tore up trees, banks, grasses, stones and great rocks. I let dams loose, threw pine-trees across wood-paths, laying bare to the world their snake-like roots. On, on in my fury, winding in and out, behind mountains, by great castles, anywhere where I could astonish and frighten! But when I came to the valley which the clouds were bathing in golden glory, little flecks of pink and blue floating in their midst; where, over the tops of the mountains, a rainbow was arching itself, each end resting in the valley below; and where, sweetest of all, I could hear children's voices chanting at vespers, I began

to grow ashamed of my wildness, to flow more and more slowly, and to be sorry that I should be so impatient and restless. I was truly sorry for my naughtiness, and when I looked at the beautiful rainbow and thought of Him who put it there just for me, perhaps, I said softly to myself: 'If God will only let me be a little wave in the great sea, I will go leagues and leagues, never be fretful again, and wait just as long as He wants me to.'

"And I did grow patient, and, though I never thought I was pretty, children called me beautiful, trees and foliage looked down into my heart, and the willows hung their waving tresses over me. Birds came, too, and made me almost delirious with their sweet carolings. All the world of nature smiled and nodded at me, and I never asked myself where I was going, but flowed on, with my secret longing locked up in my bosom,—God only holding the key.

"Do you wonder, then, when the boundless ocean burst upon my sight, and I knew that in one short hour I should be a part of it, that, not with the old wildness and dash, but quietly and singing praises, I went along, sometimes losing sight of my love, but always knowing it was awaiting me with open arms? And now, here I am, one of its own children, a real little wave of the great sea, and I beat against the rocks where people sit and dream, and tell my life to all who will listen. The moon and stars and the warm sunshine are my constant friends: the world beneath is far more beautiful than I can tell you,—coral islands, stately castles, and beautiful maidens who shimmer the ocean with wondrous colors,—blue, emerald, amethyst and gold. Sometimes, when the ocean is so radiant with color, I dream of the Swiss valley and mountains, and of the rainbow that taught me patience and trust, and wonder if God has reflected its beauty here for my sake. So I sing and splash against the rocks with constant rejoicings for my happiness."

"That is the end, children," I said, after a long silence had followed, and hopeful eyes were gazing deep into the dying embers. "And now you must scamper off to bed. Don't forget to think of the wave and its history when you are impatient, and feel you cannot wait longer for what you want."

And I kissed the upturned faces, with a blessing in my heart for the little wave singing and tumbling about the rocks in the dark night.

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GRAND MUSTER.

THE camp was finished, and, before dawn on Saturday morning, the Nine, otherwise the martial fourteen, assembled at the old fort as a rendezvous. They came in stragglingly, Captain Sam fretting at the delay. Sam Murch was late, having over-

the muster field, and they were to spend one night in camp, although the smaller boys looked forward to a night in the woods with secret dread.

It was not a cheerful time of day to begin operations. The air was chilly, although it was mid-summer; and the darkness of the hour, relieved only by a gray twilight in the east, was somewhat depressing to the lads, unaccustomed as they were to being abroad at that time of day. Hi Hatch



THE NINE IN CAMP.

slept himself, and there had been rumors that his wicked brother had tied him to the bed-post so that he should not join the Nine in their celebration.

Finally, however, the company started, not in military array, for each soldier was encumbered with a share of camp equipage. No muster could be complete without a genuine camping out, and the valiant Nine had resolved to do everything that should reflect credit on them as real soldiers. They were to start before daylight, as that was the way that the Hancock Guards had to start to go to the muster at Orland. They were to get breakfast in camp, as that, too, was the manner of life on

confided to his chum, Bill Watson, his belief that his mother would miss him awfully at breakfast.

At this, Bill, who had a hankering for his usual comfortable breakfast at home, shivered, and said: "This is n't half so good fun as I thought it was a-going to be." Bill was loaded with a frying-pan, a basket of provisions, and a lance and cartridge-box. These latter accouterments were part of his military outfit, although there was no real reason for carrying the empty cartridge-box in a company of lancers, except for show.

The exercise of walking warmed up the soldiers to a healthy glow, and when they reached the

stone wall which separated the fort-pasture from "Perkins's Back," as the place of their camping-ground was called, each boy sturdily declined Captain Sam's invitation and permission to sit down and take a rest. They all pressed on to the camp; but no boy confided to any other boy his secret fear that Jo Murch, or some of "The White Bears," had destroyed their camp in the night. Until the safety of that structure was assured to them, each boy of the party had a sinking feeling right under the middle button of his jacket-front; and it was with a wild hurrah of relief that, having hurried through the last spruce thickets, they came in full view of the camp, which was safe and untouched, in the twilight of the woods.

"It's all right, fellows!" shouted Sam Perkins, with a gust of joy.

"Of course it's all right," replied Pat Adams. "Who said it would n't be?"

No boy was willing to confess that he had had any fears on the subject, though each one of them was surprised that the enemy had not destroyed their work, long ago.

"Now, then, my hearties, we'll have a rousing fire and a hot breakfast, quicker'n a cat can lick her ear, as my grandpa says!" cried Captain Sam. "Hi Hatch, Sam Black and Billy Hetherington will get up some drift-wood from the shore, Ned Martin and I will build the fire and unpack the grub, and George Bridges and the rest of the fellows will do the cooking. George is boss cook anyhow."

The boys cheerfully agreed to this last statement, because George, besides being a good-natured fellow, had been to sea, one voyage, and had had some experience in the galley of a coasting schooner.

But there were signs of mutiny at the peremptory orders of Captain Sam.

"Pears to me," muttered Billy Hetherington, as the three boys scrambled down the bank to the shore, "that Sam Perkins is putting on a sight of airs. I aint a-going to be ordered about by him all day; now you just mind."

"Oh, well, Billy," said Blackie, "you know he is captain and we are in camp. What's to become of military discipline, if we don't obey orders? You know the old saying: 'Obey orders, if you break owners,' and I s'pose that that is just as good for soldiers as for sailors."

"Besides," broke in Sam Murch, "I'd sooner lug wood than cook. I hate cooking."

The idea that little Sam had ever done enough cooking to have any opinion about it so tickled the other two boys that they burst into a hearty laugh and went to picking up the drift-wood cheerily, and soon clambered back to the dewy hill-side above,

where their comrades had already started a fire with the dry litter from the camp-making.

"Sun-up! Sun-up!" shouted "the Lob," and the yellow rays of the August sun were sifted down among the tree tops, and the distant shore of Long Island was all aflame with the golden light. The sun cheered the boys, who watched the cooking of ham and eggs, and coffee, with great interest. Ned Martin buried potatoes in the ashes, and burned his hands in getting at them to see if they were baked.

"Look out, old sorrel-top!" cried Captain Sam, good-humoredly; "you'll burn your head off, if you don't take care."

Ned did not like being called sorrel-top, although his hair was red, but he said nothing more unpleasant in retort than "Drat the fire! It's the hottest fire I ever did see."

"Ned would n't stand that from anybody but Sam," said Billy Hetherington.

Fortunately, nobody was disposed to discuss this subject, and breakfast went on right merrily. It is true that the coffee was "riley," as the boys said, not to say muddy, and that some of the ham was burned to a crisp, and some was nearly raw; and there were bits of cinders sprinkled all over the fried eggs. But when did a healthy boy's appetite rebel at such trifles as these? Then there were thick and well-buttered slices of white bread,—the best bread that any boy's mother ever made,—and brought to the camp by the different boys who each had a mother who made the best bread in the world.

It was even voted that this breakfast was the noblest meal that any of them had ever eaten in their lives. Hi Hatch sighed no more for the fried hasty-pudding and hot coffee which he knew his sisters at home were, at that moment, eating at his mother's breakfast-table. It was the golden hour of a day in the woods. Such hours do not come to us when we are grown-up men and women.

"I should think we might have just one pie," grumbled "the Lob," who dearly loved pie.

"For shame! John Kidder Hale!" said Captain Sam, with all the sternness he could command. "Aint you a nice fellow to invite a lot of girls to come down here and see our sham-fight, and then go and eat up the pies before they come. Who says pie?" demanded the captain, looking around on the company, most of whom were lazily basking in the sun. "Who says pie?" There was no response, although "the Lob" looked about him to see if some other fellow would not help him out with a vote. "Nobody says pie," cried Sam, disdainfully, "and the motion is lost, so now." And that settled it.

Later in the morning, when the camp had been

put in order, and the boys had each taken a refreshing dip in the salt sea waves, the lookout in the top of a tall lone pine, Sam Murch, cried: "The girls are in sight, on the top of the hill, back of the fort!"

Instantly everything was in a tumult of preparation. It was one of the events of the day when the girls came to camp.

The company was formed in line, rather a straggling one, to be sure, as the ground was hilly and broken; but it was with great pride and satisfaction that the illustrious and martial Nine, otherwise fourteen, marched up through the thickets, in single file, drum beating and fife shrilly playing, to escort the young ladies to camp. There was the flag at the head of the column, proudly borne by Billy Hetherington, standard-bearer, and there marched Captain Sam, brave in all the glory of a red plume in his cap and a red sash around his waist. He brandished his glittering tin sword, crying, as he did so, "Come on, my brave lads,—the path of duty is the way to glory!" Nobody knew exactly what that meant; even Sam was not sure in his own mind where he had read it, but it sounded very fine, for all that.

The girls, approaching from the old fort, saw the valiant band issue from the woods in bright array, or in as bright array as the circumstances would permit. With beaming looks, the fair guests drew near and stood in a little half-frightened huddle as Captain Sam shouted, "Attention, company! Three cheers for the ladies!" The cheers were given with a will, and the echoing woods repeated the shrill hurrahs.

"Present arms!" was the next command, and the old soldiers presented their lances in quite exact order, each man holding his weapon perpendicularly in front of his body.

"Now, then, come on, girls," said Sam, wheeling his company about so as to lead the way.

"Well, I should think!" cried Alice Martin. "Why don't you let us go ahead? I don't believe it's good manners for a military company to go before the girls like that. Do you, Phœbe?"

Phœbe Noyes was not sure, but she thought that there ought to be a clear understanding as to what was right before they went any farther. Sarah Judkins, a tall and freckle-faced girl, whose elder brother was the ensign of the Hancock Guards, and who, for that reason, was an authority in military matters, thought that the soldiers ought to divide and one-half march on each side of the ladies, as they were the guests of the military.

"Just like pall-bearers!" shouted her small brother, Tobias, who was one of the new recruits of the Fairport Nine. "Shut up, sauce-box!" cried Captain Sam. "We'll divide the company, and

half shall go before and half behind the girls—ladies, I mean, and that'll be about right." To this Sarah assented, and the procession moved on to the camp.

It was not a very orderly march, as the ground was rough and it was often necessary for the standard-bearer to lower his flag, in order to pass under the trees. Besides, the girls would talk with the boys in the ranks, and it was in vain that Captain Sam, looking straight ahead into the woods, cried: "Silence in the ranks!" It seemed to the boys almost a week since they had been away from their own homes, and they were anxious to hear what was going on in the village while they had been camping out in the woods.

"That mean Jo Murch says he is coming down to burn down your camp, to-night," said Sarah Judkins, to soothe the feelings of the boy nearest her, who had been saying that the camp was the best ever built in "Perkins's Back."

"I'd like to catch him at it!" cried Sam Perkins, forgetting discipline in his rage.

"Silence in the ranks!" screamed Sarah, who had never agreed with Sam since he had given his maple sugar to another girl, right before her face, although it was very well known that he had been going home with Sarah from singing-school nearly all the winter before.

"So I say. Silence in the ranks!" answered Sam, without a blush. Then everybody laughed, and the procession entered the camping-ground, and the military escort was dismissed "for temporary," as the captain graciously explained.

CHAPTER VIII.

HISTORY WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

THE chief event of the day was to be the sham-fight. The regular militia always had a sham-fight, and the Nine could not possibly think of going through a muster without one. Indeed, the camp had been selected with a view to this very purpose. It was on a tolerably level piece of ground, just above that part of the rocky shore on which the American forces landed, in 1779, when the British held the town and all the rest of the peninsula. From the camp-ground to the shore the land shelved steeply downward; and it was up this high and rugged bluff that the patriot troops clambered and displaced the British.

Billy Hetherington, who had a personal interest in this fight, as one of his ancestors was engaged in it, was of the opinion that it was not much to be proud of. "They got licked like everything, afterward, when they might have taken Fort George, and did n't do it," explained Billy. "And as for

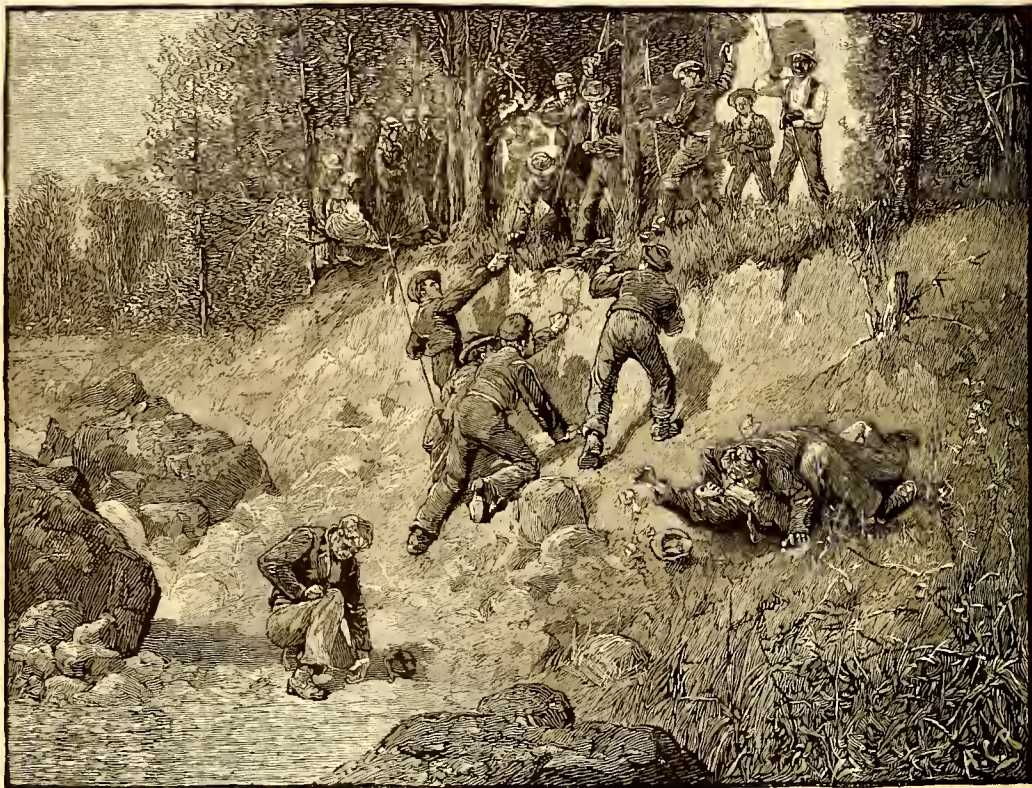
me, I'd rather be one of the British soldiers, to-day, because if we ever have another sham-fight on the old fort, I shall be on hand and drive you fellows off, just as the British drove Saltonstall, in the war."

This was felt to be almost treasonable. No boy had ever dared to say a word in favor of the British, whose name was detested in Fairport, although the Revolutionary War was now a great way behind in the history of the town. But, as Billy came of Revolutionary stock, his patriotism was not to be made light of, and the other boys wondered at the amount of his knowledge of those distant events.

talk!" and Sarah swung her bonnet vigorously by the strings, as was her manner when she was excited.

"I don't care," broke in Captain Sam, "whether the Americans were defeated afterward or not. They fought like tigers right here, and if they did have to take to their ships and scud off, when they might have captured the fort and taken the town, it was a brave thing to do, anyhow."

"That's what I say, Sam," said Alice Martin, her blue eyes glistening. "And it was a wicked, wicked thing for those horrid British to chase the



THE SHAM BATTLE.

It was supposed that he had, somehow, inherited it from the famous general whose name he bore. Sarah Judkins, who probably knew more than any other girl in town, was also able to throw some light on the matter.

"Land sakes alive!" she cried; "it was not the fault of the Americans that they did not whip the British. It was Saltonstall's fault. Did n't his men all want to be led against the British in the fort, after they had captured this point? And did n't Commodore Saltonstall refuse, because he had been bought with British gold? Law me! How you

Americans in their ships, and drive 'em ashore and wreck 'em all to pieces, as they did, all up and down the Penobscot River."

Here one of the girls reminded the party that Paul Revere, the hero of Longfellow's poem, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," was in command of the ordnance of the ill-fated expedition from Massachusetts Bay, which landed at this place.

"Well, for that matter," said Sarah, who knew everything, "Longfellow's great-grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, was second in command, and if he had been first, I just believe he would have

got into the fort before the next day, instead of waiting, as Lovell and he had to, until Saltonstall, the coward, gave the word."

She might have added, though every boy in Fairport knew it, that another famous character in that memorable siege was a Lieutenant Moore, of the British 82d Foot, afterward known as Sir John Moore, who was killed at Corunna, Spain, in 1809. When the school-boys of Fairport recited, as each one of them did as often as permitted, the lines beginning

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,"

they felt as if they had had an intimate acquaintance with the brave and unfortunate man who once did subaltern duty in the colonial town, so many years ago.

There was some difficulty in getting members of the company to play the part of British troops, as almost every boy preferred being a patriot soldier on this particular occasion. Sarah volunteered to lead a British column, if none of the boys were willing to serve. This offer so shamed George Bridges that he agreed to be a British soldier for this time only, and Billy Hetherington had already said he preferred that service, having an eye to a victory at some future time.

Blackie naturally joined the company of his chum; and as there were only fourteen boys, seven on a side, this left but four more to be provided. Sarah Judkins commanded her brother Tobias to fight for the British, which he consented to do, though with a very ill grace. Captain Sam then boldly "conscripted," as he called it, little Sam Murch, Charlie Mead and Tom Tilden to be British defenders.

There was some murmuring in the ranks of the American troops that the newest recruits—Tobias, Charlie, Sam Murch and Tom Tilden—should be selected to fight as British. It was felt to be an intentional slight on these latest additions to the military nine, which was now fourteen. "Never mind," whispered Tom, who was a gifted fighter; "we'll lick 'em, anyhow."

The attacking party, consisting of Captain Sam, his trusty lieutenant, Ned Martin, "the Lob," Hi Hatch, Pat Adams, Bill Watson, and one new recruit, Ralph Jackson, were stationed at Trask's rock, for at this point the American patriots were said to have landed. Tradition says that a fifer boy, by the name of Trask, was put behind this big boulder to play his fife while the attacking party made the ascent of the bluff.

Unhappily, Sam Black, the only boy in the Nine who could play the fife, was in the British service at the top of the bluff, and could not be induced to come down and fife for the patriots. And then the British forces suddenly discovered

that they had all the music to themselves. George Bridges, at a hint from Sarah Judkins, began to beat his drum, before the American forces were ready to begin the attack, and Sam Black blew his fife as well as he could for laughing—it was so funny to think that the besieged party should have all the music.

When Saltonstall's forces, numbering about four hundred men, landed on this point, in July, 1779, the marines were on the left of the attack. Captain Sam represented the marines, supported by "the Lob." Ned Martin, in the center, kept up an incessant fire of musketry to distract the attention of the enemy (see Williamson's *History of Maine*), while the right, consisting of the rest of the party, and commanded by Hi Hatch, stormed the British position, held by Billy Hetherington.

It was a gallant fight!

The British, being posted on the brow of the steep bluff, had a tremendous advantage. They poured a galling fire of shouts and cries, occasionally mingled with clumps of wet moss, upon the heads of the besiegers. The young ladies, who seemed to sympathize with the British, encouraged the besieged with remarks upon the slowness with which the rebels got up the hill.

In the original fight, the right of the attacking force pressed hard upon the British left and captured a small battery, represented on this occasion by the standard of the Nine. Hiram, cheered on by Captain Sam from the left, made a bold dash for the battery, and was on the point of seizing it, when Sam Black, indignant at this desecration of the Nine's standard, snatched it and ran.

"Here! Here! That's no fair play!" shouted Captain Sam. But Blackie paid no heed to his commander's warning, and Hiram, pursuing the standard-bearer, was stopped by Billy Hetherington, who covered the retreat of his friend with a big wad of wet moss, which struck Hiram full in the face. Hi was too good-natured to resent this, but sat down on the bank and laughed until the tears flowed.

"You're a nice lot of fellows to play American patriots!" exclaimed Captain Sam, angrily. "Why don't you put the invaders to flight? Down with the tyrants!"

But it was in vain. Tom Tilden, at this critical moment, let fly a ball of soft, wet clay, which, taking Captain Sam in the eye, closed that organ for the time being.

Tom shouted, in triumph, "Out on the first base!"

At this, Ned Martin, who had kept up his incessant firing, according to orders, by continually bawling "Bang! Bang!" now dropped that branch of the service, and flew up the bluff as well as its

shelving surface would permit. He was met at the top by Charlie Mead, who belabored the enemy over the head with a huge bough of spruce. The rough sprays scratched the face of the lieutenant, who made a grab for that weapon and pulled his enemy off the bank, and both rolled together to the bottom, amid the cries of the young lady spectators, who exclaimed:

"Why, they 're fighting!"

But the two combatants amicably went to Captain Sam's assistance, as he was trying to wash the blue clay out of his eye.

Meantime, the contest raged above them, on the bluff. Pat Adams, who saw nothing but a shameful defeat for the American troops, to the great confusion of all history, boldly charged into a group of girls at the top of the bluff, crying, after the manner of Major Pitcairn at Bunker Hill, "Disperse, ye rebels! Lay down your arms and disperse!"

But the girls, forgetting that they were not American rebels, nor even British regulars, but peaceful non-combatants, closed around Pat and made him a willing prisoner. Sarah Judkins tied his hands behind him with a handkerchief, and thus exhibited her captive at the edge of the bluff to Captain Sam, who fairly howled at the sight.

Tobias Judkins, having waited for a good opportunity, and assisted by Sam Murch, now loosened a big piece of the projecting bluff, and, in an instant, turf, stones and earth were sliding down the steep bank in a great cloud of dust. The attacking party saw it coming, and fled precipitately down to the shore, dodging the flying rubbish as they ran.

"Oh, I say," cried Captain Sam, "this is no way to fight! We have got to do it according to the original, and in the original, as you ought to know, the British were thrashed."

"Well, if the British were thrashed, why don't you come up and thrash us?" retorted Billy Hetherington, from the top of the bluff.

"Yes; why don't you come up and drive them out of their battery, just as Lovell's men did?" cried Alice Martin, brightly laughing, for she thought it was a great joke that the American patriots should be asking the British to run away from the threatened battery without making any defense.

"If I could get hold of the fellow that fired that lump of blue clay at me, I'd make him run," retorted Captain Sam, valiantly.

But Ned Martin, not to be defeated in this way, had made a circuit to the extreme right, though not according to the original plan for which the captain was such a stickler. Before anybody knew where he was, and in the midst of the parley, he appeared behind the party on the bluff, waving the standard, which he had found in the bushes, and exclaiming, "I've captured the battery!"

There was a rush of boys in his direction, and the whole party fought their way to the edge of the bluff. "The Lob," supported by Ralph Jackson, who was a big boy, climbed up to aid their struggling lieutenant.

They were all tangled together on the dangerous edge of the bank, when the captain from below yelled, "Look out! The bank is caving!"

His warning was too late. In another second, the edge of the bank gave way, and amid dust and dirt, the shrieks of the girls and the cries of the boy-besiegers below, the entire force of British and Americans slid down to the rocky shore beneath. There were bruised heads and shins, and Pat Adams's nose was bleeding when he picked himself up. Most serious disaster of all, however, the pole of the standard was broken into two pieces, at sight of which the girls came hurrying down, with various exclamations.

"It is too awful mean for anything," pouted Phoebe Noyes, who, having done much sewing on the banner, felt as if she were personally wounded in its disaster.

"It's all your fault, Billy!" cried Ned, fiercely.

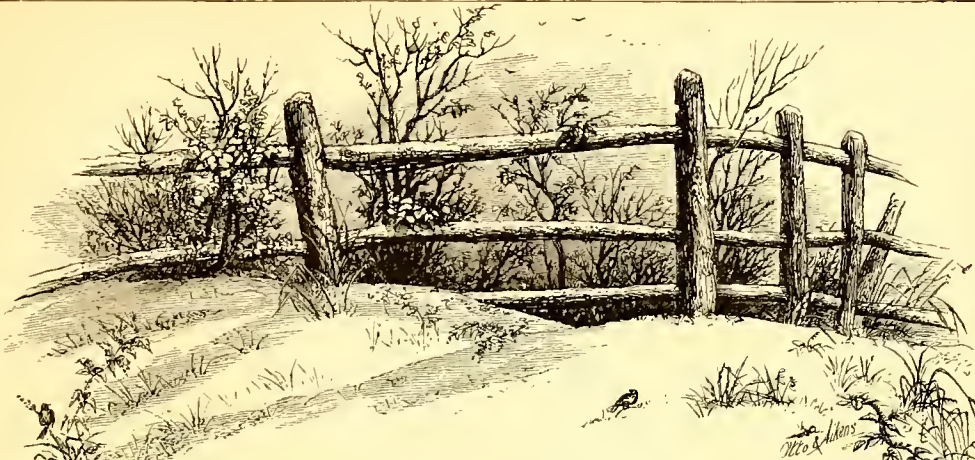
"'Tis n't my fault, either," retorted Billy. "Do you s'pose I was a-going to let you carry off that flag?"

"Why, that's the way the fight was fit in 1779," answered Captain Sam. "What are you thinking about?"

"Well," remarked Sarah Judkins, gravely, "the fight is over and the Americans have got the worst of it."

"That's so," gallantly assented Sam. "It's not according to the original, but the enemy being assisted by the ladies, the patriot forces are beaten."

(To be continued.)



BEFORE AND AFTER FLOW-
ERING.

(A Flower-drama of Spring-time.)

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

BEFORE.

First Violet.

LO HERE! How warm and dark and still it is;
Sister, lean close to me that we may kiss.
Here we go rising, rising, but to where?

Second Violet.

Indeed, I cannot tell, nor do I care,
It is so warm and pleasant here. But hark!
What strangest sound was that above the dark?

First Violet.

As if our sisters all together sang—
Seemed it not so?

Second Violet.

More loud than that, it rang,
And louder still it rings, and seems more near;
Oh! I am shaken through and through with fear—
Now in some deadly grip I seem confined!
Farewell, my sister! Rise and follow and find.

First Violet.

From how far off those last words seem to fall!
Gone where she will not answer when I call.
How lost? How gone? Alas! This sound above me,—
“Poor little violet left with none to love thee!”
And now it seems I break against that sound!
What bitter pain is this that binds me round,
This pain I press into! Where have I come?

AFTER.

A Crocus.

Welcome, dear sisters, to our fairy home!
 They call this Garden, and the time is spring.
 Like you I have felt the pain of flowering,
 But oh! the wonder and the deep delight
 It was to stand here, in the broad sun-sight,
 And feel the wind flow 'round me, cool and
 kind;
 To hear the singing of the leaves the wind
 Goes hurrying through; to see the mighty
 trees,
 Where every day the blossoming buds increase.
 At evening, when the shining sun goes in,
 The gentler lights we see, and dews begin,
 And all is silent under the quiet sky,
 Save sometimes for the wind's low lullaby.

First Tree.

Poor little flowers!

Second Tree.

What would you prate of now?

First Tree.

They have not heard; I will keep still.

First Violet.

See how the trees bend to each other lovingly.

Crocus.

Daily they talk of fairer things to be.
 Great talk they make about the coming Rose,
 The very fairest flower, they say, that blows;
 Such scent she hath; her leaves are red, they
 say,
 And fold her 'round in some divine, sweet way.

First Violet.

Would she were come, that for ourselves we
 might
 Have pleasure in this wonder of delight!

Crocus.

Here comes the laughing, dancing, hurrying
 rain;
 How all the trees laugh at the wind's light
 strain!

First Violet.

We are so near the earth, the wind goes by
 And hurts us not; but if we stood up high,
 Like trees, then should we soon be blown
 away.

Second Violet.

Nay, were it so, we should be strong as they.

Crocus.

I often think how nice to be a tree;
 Why, sometimes in their boughs the stars I see.

First Violet.

Have you seen that?

Crocus.

I have, and so shall you.
 But, hush! I feel the coming of the dew.

NIGHT.

Second Violet.

How bright it is! The trees how still they
 are!

Crocus.

I never saw before so bright a star,
 As that which stands and shines just over us.

First Violet (after a pause).

My leaves feel strange and very tremulous.

Crocus and Second Violet together.

And mine. And mine.

First Violet.

Oh, warm, kind sun, appear!

Crocus.

I would the stars were gone and day were
 here!

JUST BEFORE DAWN.

First Violet.

Sisters! No answer, sisters? Why so still?

One Tree to another.

Poor little violet, calling through the chill
 Of this new frost which did her sisters slay,
 In which she must herself, too, pass away.
 Nay, pretty violet, be not so dismayed:
 Sleep, only, on your sisters sweet is laid.

First Violet.

No pleasant Wind about the garden goes;
 Perchance the Wind has gone to bring the
 Rose.

O sisters! surely now your sleep is done.
 I would we had not looked upon the sun.
 My leaves are stiff with pain. Oh! cruel
 Night!
 And through my root some sharp thing seems
 to bite.
 Ah me! What pain, what coming change is
 this?
 (*She dies.*)

First Tree.

So endeth many a violet's dream of bliss.

MARJORIE'S PERIL.

A True Story of the Bush of Tamashaki

BY MARY LOCKWOOD.

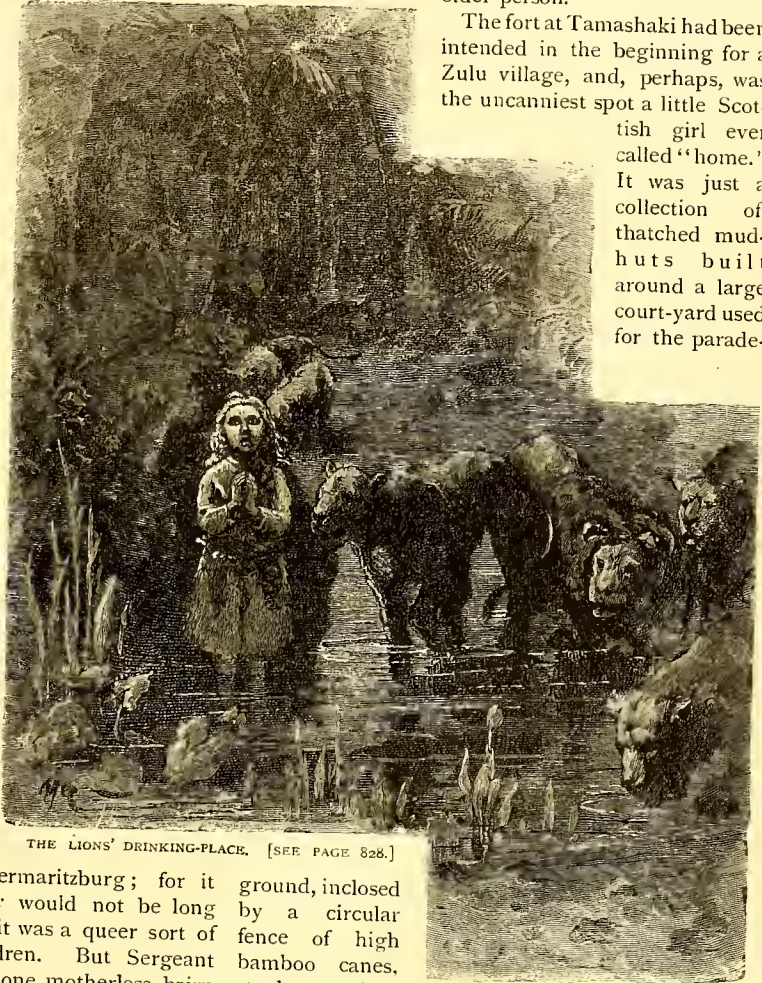
THIS happened a few years ago, before the name of a certain Zulu king called Cetewayo—pronounced T-Ketch-way-o—had become either feared or famous. At that time, the newspapers, which have made such a talk about him since, had never even heard of his existence, and people still were far more afraid of wild beasts than of wild men in Queen Victoria's South African colonies.

In the latter part of August, one of Her Majesty's brave Highland regiments, fresh from England by sea, landed at Durban, the flourishing sea-port of the Province of Natal, on the south-east coast of the African continent, and several companies were immediately ordered up country to a frontier post, a little fort at Tamashaki, upon the confines of the Transvaal and Zululand.

The soldiers first went by rail and coach to Pietermaritzburg, the pretty little capital of Natal, fifty-five miles from Durban, and so far the journey was very pleasant; but the rest of the way, over bad roads, in wagons or afoot, was so rough and wearisome that many of the men left their wives and children at Pietermaritzburg; for it was rumored that their stay would not be long at Tamashaki, and, besides, it was a queer sort of place for women and children. But Sergeant McLeod would not leave his one motherless bairn behind, for he never felt easy when Marjorie was away from him. His men were not sorry to have her come, either, the bonnie little Scottish lassie; for she was a great pet with them all, because she *was* so Scottish, and wholesome, and blithe, with her dimples and auburn curls, and merry gray eyes,

and winsome ways. Then, too, she was a useful little lass, though only eight years old, and could darn the hose and sew buttons on, and sweep the room, and boil the porridge, as well as many an older person.

The fort at Tamashaki had been intended in the beginning for a Zulu village, and, perhaps, was the uncanniest spot a little Scottish girl ever called "home." It was just a collection of thatched mud-huts built around a large court-yard used for the parade-



THE LIONS' DRINKING-PLACE. [SEE PAGE 828.]

ground, inclosed by a circular fence of high bamboo canes, stuck upright into the ground very close to one another, and bound together with withes. There was no gate, but the circle was brought round so that the ends of the fence overlapped at the entrance, in such a way as to prevent passers-by from seeing into the court. There was a sentinel stationed at the

first entrance, who paced the ground where the gate should have been, day and night, and Captain Knobel meant to have a gate made just as soon as he could procure the necessary material from the nearest Dutch settlement in the Transvaal.

For several days, Marjorie was too busy, helping her father and the others to make their funny little huts look a bit home-like, with the few traps they had brought with them, to think much about the country that lay outside their bamboo fence; in fact, she had never done more than peer around the corner of the last bamboo post, across the sandy stretch on which the fort was built, and catch a glimpse of the green trees of the bush. A South African bush is a sort of forest jungle, abounding in luxuriant vegetation, and apt to be the lurking-place of savage beasts, whose growls and roars could be heard at night sometimes by the sentinel at the fort, though the terrible creatures never ventured into the open country; or so rarely, that no one at the station thought of being afraid of a savage visitor in the night-time.

Four or five days after the arrival of the new troops at Tamashaki, Sergeant McLeod was ordered off with his men on an expedition to buy food, and lumber for the necessary repairs. This would take him one whole day, so he left his Maidie, as he called her, in the charge of Private Brown's wife. She was very kind to the child, and kept her close by her all the morning. But after dinner Mrs. Brown was summoned to see a sick woman, and Maidie, left to her own devices, got tired of darning her father's socks, and thought she would go look for Victoria Albertina, the solemn white cat one of the soldiers had given her at Durban. So she strayed into the parade-ground, before the hut, but the Queen's namesake had gone on a scout after some African mouse, and was nowhere to be seen. The inclosure was very quiet; the hot afternoon sun had driven every one under shelter, except the man on guard, who, in his white havelock, was cuddling the shade, and just creeping along up and down the narrow passage between the fences. But Marjorie did not mind the sun; children seldom do.

"Robbie Bell looks half-asleep," she remarked to herself; "I've a mind to pinch him awake and make him tell me the rest of the lion and tiger story Mr. Ramsay would na let him finish last night." For the night before, when "bonnie Maidie," as the men called her, had been sitting on her father's knee in the midst of a group of soldiers on the parade-ground, listening to Private Robbie's marvelous tales of "rivers runnin' wi' gowd, and diamonds to be had for the pickin' up" in this country to which they had come, "to say nothin' o' parrots an' mon-monkeys that could talk," young

Lieutenant Ramsay, sauntering by with his cigar, had silenced the man when he began telling about the beasts of the bush, as "na fit talk for the bairnie's ears."

But before Marjorie reached Robbie's retreating form, a new and brilliant idea occurred to her: Why should not she go out for a walk? She had not taken one since her father went with her to hear the band play in the public garden at Pietermaritzburg; and, strange to say, Sergeant McLeod had never thought to forbid her venturing beyond the post alone, the possibility of her doing it probably never having occurred to him.

"I'll jist gang fetch my hat," she quickly decided, "and try to find a pretty brook, and some floors for my daddy, to gie him the nicht. An' wha knaws, I'll na doubt find gowd an' di'mon's, like Robbie talked about. He said there's lots and heaps in the brooks, an' I'll buy a giftie for the men, every ane. the time we gang back to the toon."*

Then, full of her fine plans, she skipped into McLeod's hut, and reached her brown hat down from its peg, and tied it over her tawny curls, when it suddenly occurred to her that her daddy might be home before her, so, like the thoughtful little housewife that she was, she spread the table and set out the tankard of beer and bowl of "parritch," in readiness for him, with great care, then danced out past the sleepy Robbie—who happened to be at the far end of his beat.

He was drowsily conscious, as he turned in his slow and steady tramp, of a clear, small voice, piping the pathetic air of "Land o' the Leal," away off somewhere. But how remorsefully he remembered afterward that he did not take the trouble to do more than blink around to see where the song came from.

"It sounds for a' the warld like bonnie Maidie! Where can she ha' hid hersel'?" he wondered; but thinking was too much exertion that hot afternoon, so he gave it up.

The shrill, sweet young voice died away, and silence fell on the little post. After a while the guard was changed, and Rob went off to his supper and forgot all about Marjorie, who, meantime, had made her way as fast as her little feet could carry her across the stretch of scorching sand that lay between the fort and the inviting shade of the bush. The afternoon sun still rode high in the cloudless heavens, and not a sound was heard but the whirring of insects in the sand, as Maidie sprang with a cry of delight into an opening in the thicket of acacia, or white thorn trees, which bordered the arid plain. She already spied some lovely little flowers growing close to the ground not far off. They were gloxinias, pale blue,

* *Gang, go—nicht, night—knaws, knows—gowd, gold—toon, town.*

pink and white, and she soon gathered her apron full of them.

"What a beautiful posy I'll mak' my daddy!" she thought, delightedly. But, as she penetrated deeper into the Bush, she forgot the pale gloxinias in her excitement over the treasures that opened to her view, and dropped half of them as she made her way along, marking her path through the wood by flowers, as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did by pebbles in the nursery tale. Presently she came to a gorge with fantastic rocks on either side, rising like towers and castles and church-spires. There was the bed of a river in this gorge, but the river was not flowing; all the water seemed to have run off somewhere else; though the bed was moist and all overgrown with lovely creepers and grasses and the wax-like ice-plant. All along the banks were great reeds as tall as giants, of all sorts of lovely colors. Bright scarlet flowers grew on some of the rocks, and blue and yellow and crimson flowers bloomed on the trees. Maidie had never in her life seen such lovely woods.

"They must be fairy-tale woods," she thought, and she was quite bewildered to know what to gather first of the pretty things about her. She took off her hat and made a basket of it for carrying delicate lilies and ferns; she tied some green moss up in her little handkerchief "to mak' a garden wi' outside our door"; and she wound long tendrils of clematis and asparagus-vine around her waist, and stuck geraniums and fragrant jessamine and the yellow mimosa-blossom in this clustering girde, until she looked like a walking posy herself; and ever and anon some fresh beauty or wonder tempted her farther and farther into the bewitching, dangerous woods, until she forgot the gold and diamonds she had come to seek, and forgot the mysterious hints about the savage dwellers in these wilds, that seemed to the fearless child as safe and beautiful a play-ground as her grandfather's garden at home. She felt so happy in the woods, it seemed to her as if she could do anything, as she sprang from stone to stone or pressed her rosy cheek against the soft, thick moss, or buried her eager little nose in the white corolla of a lily.

On and on she strayed, playing she was a fairy and singing, loudly: "Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen," until she fairly set a monkey, far above her in an ebony-tree, chattering back; but she was too busy to hear him. Presently, she came to a rock, some few hundred paces from the river, projecting over a pool of clear, but very dark-looking water. On the rock grew some beautiful air-plants with scarlet flowers, the inside of their gay cups lined with lemon-color. In the soft sand, near this pool, were many great foot-prints, —the lions had been there to drink at night.

Maidie, in reaching over to get one of the brilliant flowers, dropped her hat in the pool, and, do what she might, could not reach it again. She could have cried to see her pretty brown basket, piled full of lilies and ferns, floating off from her; for she suddenly became conscious that it was growing darker in the woods, and that she ought to be finding her way home, as Daddy would be scared about her. So she grasped the remainder of her treasures more firmly, and turned her resolute little face homeward, or in what she thought to be the homeward direction. Somehow, it was a great deal harder picking her way over the stones as she went back; there were so many slippery places and so many vines and thorny bushes in the way, and Marjorie wondered why the woods seemed so much darker almost immediately. She did not know how long she had been out, nor that the early night was falling very fast, nor, worse still, that she was going in quite the wrong direction; coming to no opening in the hopeless maze of trees, no landmark that she had noticed before; it seemed to her she had come but a little, little way from the edge of the bush.

At last it grew so dark, and the way seemed so strange, that she just sat down to think. How tired she was; how glad she would be to get home again! At last she determined to go straight back to the pool and wait there for her daddy. She was so sure in her perfect faith that he would, of course, come for her, and he would see her more easily in that open place. She was not afraid. Her father had told her that God's good angels watch over children who try to do right, and she had never meant to be naughty. So she bravely turned, and painfully picked her way along until, presently, she came right to the edge of a sheet of black water: it seemed to her the same she had left, but it was, in reality, quite a different pool. There was the rock close to her; she would climb up and sit on the ledge, it was all so wet where she was standing. After trying to step over the stones, unsuccessfully, she finally pulled off her shoes and waded in the pool to the rock, but found the sides were so high and slippery that she could not climb them, neither could she see to get back; all that was left for her to do was to plant her little shoeless feet in the water and brace herself firmly against the steep, rough rock and wait patiently for Daddy. The shoes were gone,—dropped in trying to climb the rock,—the pinafore was torn and soiled, and the gay vines and flowers draggled and drooped.

"It 's verra dark; I 'll say my prayers, any how, whiles I 'm waitin'," said Maidie. "I 'll be too sleepy when I get hame; only I canna kneel doon verra weel, but God will na mind that." So the dear little lass clasped her hands, and said

“Our Father” and “Now I lay me,” and did not know, herself, how pathetic it was, as she stood bolt upright in the dark water that covered the small feet and ankles. While she prayed, the moon came out overhead, and its faint light struggled through the trees and touched the rock and the child’s bright hair; and, after a while, something beside the moonlight visited the pool,—something that came with heavy tread over the sand,—and stooped and drank of the water, and slunk back again into its lair of darkness. Another and another of these visitors came, as the night hours went on, and drank, and glowered at the little child, with red, fierce eyes, and even rubbed their noses against her face and hands; then shook their yellow manes as they went muttering and growling away. Not one of them so much as touched a hair of her innocent head. “Who was it,” said Lieutenant Ramsay, afterward, “shut the mouths of the great hungry creatures, but He who gives His angels charge over His little ones to keep them in all their ways?”

A couple of hours after Marjorie’s departure, the scouting party came into the fort and was piped off to supper. Of course, Sergeant McLeod expected to find his little lass waiting for him at his own door, and was rather disappointed not to see her there. “She’s fixed my parritch, bless her heart,” he remarked, seating himself to the enjoyment of his meal, for which he had a pretty good appetite, thanks to his long tramp; “she’ll be back anon.” But Maidie did not appear, even after he had drained his beer tankard and lighted his pipe, so, with a slight feeling of uneasiness in spite of himself, he put his pipe in his mouth, and stepped, rather briskly, over to Mrs. Brown’s.

“Maidie not home?” repeated that good soul, aghast, “why, I left her here, it’s a couple of hours or so, to go see Freeman’s sick wife. She was darnin’ your sock like a lamb, and was fixin’ to get your supper ready in time. She’s off visitin’ the neebors, likely.”

Further inquiry was made, but no one had seen the child for hours. Then it occurred to the Sergeant, with a pang of terror, that she might have strayed outside the gateless inclosure, and he hunted up the man who had been on guard that afternoon, to question him. Poor, slow-witted Robbie could at first recall nothing, but, after cudgeling his brains awhile, he recalled the song which had come to him as in a dream, and exclaimed, contritely, that he must have let the bonnie bairn run out under his nose, the blockhead that he was.

Beside himself with anxiety, the father peered about until he detected in the fine sand of the court two or three tiny foot-prints that pointed outward. Stepping outside he saw some others, faint and

light, to be sure, but undoubtedly his Maidie’s; such tracks could have been made by no one else in the garrison.

Restraining his wild impulse to follow the dear child’s footsteps immediately, McLeod turned back hastily to beat up recruits to go with him. If she had strayed down to the bush, he might need assistance to find her, and he trembled as he thought of the hidden horrors of that fair and deceitful wilderness.

A number of the men volunteered willingly enough, when the news of the loss of the Sergeant’s Maidie spread through the post, for the child’s pretty, bright, obliging ways had made her such a darling that nearly all the rough, simple fellows would have done anything for her.

They tracked her easily down to the bush, but among the stones and mosses and tangled ways the traces soon became confused and undecided, and at length were hopelessly lost. True, they tracked her for a distance by means of some of the flowers she had dropped, which McLeod picked up and kissed and put in the breast of his jacket, so sure he felt that she had gathered them. Long hours they searched and shouted, and climbed trees and cut down bushes and vines, going everywhere but in the right direction. As the night darkened among those gloomy shades, they shuddered to hear the growls and roars of the beasts of prey coming forth from their dens and lairs to seek what they might devour. Some of the men grew discouraged and wearied out, and returned to the fort. It did not seem possible that the poor bairnie could ever be found, alive or dead, but the father would not give up the search for a moment; he would have stayed there in the bush if every man had left him. At midnight, Lieutenant Ramsay came out with some fresh men to aid in the search, and joined the others just as they struck the riverbed where Marjorie had gone wild with delight over the beautiful and brilliant flowers a few hours before. They followed it painfully by the light of their torches and of the watery moonshine, until they gained the pool near the gorge, dark and dismal enough as the shadows lay upon it, shallow as it was.

“One of the lions’ drinking-places,” said Mr. Ramsay, and stopped to pick up something that floated to his feet. They all knew it—Maidie’s little brown hat, with one or two soaked lilies and ferns fastened to it yet.

Robbie Bell fell on his knees and sobbed like a child. “Lord keep the puir bairnie frae the jaws o’ the lion!” he cried, and more than one man added an Amen.

The poor father groaned, “Gie Thy angels charge o’er her,” then, presently, in a cheerier voice,

he said: "She's a brave lassie, an' a fearless; she 'd win her way better 'n maist. We 'll fin' her so lang as the wild beasts dinna."

It seemed a forlorn hope, but on they trudged, compelled at times to stop and rest, strong men as they were, and at last their lurid torches flickered and grew faint in the gray dawn, when the damp mists rose up from the moist ground, and the growlings of the lions who had been kept off by the torch-glare grew fainter and less frequent, and at length died away altogether.

McLeod was ahead of the others, with the young lieutenant; they had flung away their torches, and pushing through a thicket came suddenly upon the sandy shore of another lion-pool, the sand all trodden down and covered with fresh marks of lion-paws. A black rock loomed up out of the water just opposite them, and hardly had they emerged from the thicket when McLeod gave a gasping cry, and dashed through the water.

Malcolm Ramsay could not make out the reason of this movement at first, but in another instant he caught sight of a little shoe floating slowly on the pool, and next he saw a wee form standing in the water braced against the rock, bareheaded, her bright curls falling all about the tired little face, blue and ghastly in the weird light, the eyes round and wide and strained, with a pitiful, watching look in them, the two small hands tightly clasped together and dropped before her.

But instantly a look of joy came into the sweet eyes, an angel smile made the little face radiant—she had seen her father—he gained her side, and, with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped his baby, his treasure, in his arms.

One by one all came up through the thicket, as though an electric message had brought them. McLeod strode through the water bearing her in his strong arms, crying himself like a baby, while she raised a trembling little hand and stroked his brown face and kissed his rough cheek. The men all gathered about dear Maidie, kissing her hands and dress, and even her little, stained foot. Some

of them pointed to the countless lion-tracks all about; some fell on their knees and hid their faces. It seemed difficult to believe that this was really their Maidie, and that she was alive, for, by all tokens, she must have been the very center of a host of lions, throughout the dreadful night.

"Maidie, darling," said Lieutenant Ramsay, in a choked voice, "were not you afraid?"

"Na," said the innocent lassie, turning her eyes on him, "not a bit afcard. I knew Daddy wad luik for me, and God wad tak' care o' me till he cam'; but I was weary waitin', and a bit lonesome, too, till some dogs cam' to drink the watter, and they seemed company, like."

"Dogs?" echoed the young man.

"Aye. Big, yallow dogs; I never seed sic grand big anes. They rubbed their noses on my face and glowered at me; but I didna min' them, not a bit."

Oh, the child! How the men looked at each other! To think of her safe among the lions all night,—the fearsome beasts seeking their prey, and not a hair of her head harmed!

Then the tired head sank on her father's shoulder, and safe in his tender hold, the watching and waiting, the irksomeness and pain all past, the child's eyes closed and she dropped dead asleep,—the sleep of utter exhaustion,—which asserted itself, now that the brave spirit had no need to bear up the frail little body any longer.

And so he carried her home. They all wanted to carry her, but the father would give her up to no one else; not even to Mr. Ramsay. Good news flies fast. When Marjorie and her body-guard arrived at the fort, her rescue was already known, somehow, and all hands had turned out in the early morning sunshine to rejoice over her, and the Highland pipes played their sweetest and cheeriest to welcome the dear lamb who had been lost and was found, and who did not know until they all marched away forever from Tamashaki, three months later, how great had been her peril, and how wonderful her deliverance.



TED AND KATE.

BY JOEL STACY.

ONCE there was a lit-tle boy named Ted, who had a sis-ter named Kate. He was a good boy and she was a good girl if you would do just as they asked; but if you would not do as they asked they were very bad in-deed. One time Kate asked for a star out of the sky, and be-cause they could not give it to her she cried and screamed for an hour. Now, if they had giv-en it to her she would have been quiet e-nough. Do you like that kind of a good girl?

One day Ted wished to play with his Pa-pa's ra-zor. When his Pa-pa said "No," Ted screamed and kicked; and when they told him not to do so, he said: "I will be good if I can have the ra-zor." But who likes that kind of a good boy? I don't. One day, Ted was so nice and qui-et that his Mam-ma kissed him, and then she found that he had a big lump of sug-ar in his mouth. As soon as it was gone, he cried for more. Then they put in an-oth-er lump, and he was "just as good as pie," nurse said. But they could not al-ways keep Ted's mouth full of sug-ar; and it was so hard to do all that was need-ed to make him good, that one day his Pa-pa and Mam-ma made up a great se-cret.

What do you think this se-cret was?

Why, it was this. They said to each oth-er: "Let us try to cure Ted and Kate of their way of be-ing good. It is time they had a new way."

The lit-tle boy and girl were out-of-doors just then. Ted was be-hind the house, look-ing for the cat, and Kate was play-ing in a boat on the riv-er that ran in front of the house. The boat was tied to the shore, and the nurse watched Kate to see that she did not fall in-to the wa-ter.

Kate had want-ed Ted to come and play with her in the boat; and Ted had begged Kate to come and play with him be-hind the house, but nei-ther would give up to the oth-er's wish-es.

"My, my! What ob-strep-er-ous chil-dren!" said nurse. "Al-ways want-ing their own ways!"

"Would you be-lieve it, ma'am," she said to Mam-ma, "they wont ei-ther play to-geth-er or come in to their sup-pers. But they 're quiet as can be if they 're let to have their ways; so where 's the harm?"

"A great deal of harm," thought Mam-ma, "in *that* way of be-ing good." So she called out:

"Come in to your sup-per, Ted and Kate. It is near-ly bed-time." Then they both said "No! No!" and be-gan to cry.

"Don't cry, pets," coaxed nurse. "How long do you want to stay out?"

"Oh, we don't want to go in at all," answered Ted. "Let us stay here al-ways, and we will be good."

"Oh, yes. But I don't want to get out of the boat," said Kate.



TED WILL NOT GO IN TO HIS SUPPER.

"Ver-y well," said Mam-ma. "Now we shall do as you say."

So Pa-pa told Ted he could stay in the grass, be-hind the house, and told Kate she could stay in the boat. And they both said: "Oh, yes! now we will be good."

For a while Ted and Kate thought it was fine fun to stay out. Ted found in the grass a tur-tle that pleased him ver-y much; and Kate sat in the boat and sang her dol-ly to sleep while the sun went down.

It be-gan to grow dark-er, but Ted and Kate knew they must o-bey their Pa-pa. They could not e-ven see each oth-er. The sun was gone; the day was gone; and now the night was com-ing.

"I wish I could go in and get my sup-per," thought Kate, and Ted pushed a-way the tur-tle and looked a-bout him. Then they both be-gan to cry.

Pa-pa put his head out of the win-dow and told them to keep qui-et,



"SHUT YOUR EYES, YOU NAUGHTY MOON!" SCREAMED KATE."

as he and Mam-ma wished to go to sleep. But they screamed and cried loud-er than be-fore. It grew dark-er and dark-er, and they cried loud-er and loud-er. The moon came out and sailed a-mong the clouds; but she seemed like a great round eye look-ing down at them from the sky.

"Shut your eyes, you naught-y moon!" screamed Kate; but the moon just stared at her.

"Pa-pa!" called Ted. "Mam-ma!" cried Kate. There was no an-swer.

"Pa-pa, I will be good if you will let me go to bed!" shout-ed Ted.

"So will I!" screamed Kate. Still there was no an-swer.

Then Ted be-gan to think. He knew his Pa-pa and Mam-ma had told him that real-ly good boys would be just as good if they did *not*

have what they want-ed as if they had all they asked for. And he said to him-self, "It's bet-ter to try to be good that way, if I can." So he stood up straight in the grass, and rubbed his eyes dry. Then he tried to look pleas-ant. The moon stared at him ver-y hard, but there were no more tears on his face.

At last he called out to his Pa-pa a-gain. But this time he said: "Pa-pa! Pa-pa! I'll be good in the right way,—wheth-er you let me in or not!"

O-pen flew the blinds, and Pa-pa and Mam-ma both looked out.

Mam-ma asked: "Will you try to be that kind of a good boy all the time?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ted-dy.

"Ver-y well," and the blinds were shut once more. Pa-pa and Mam-ma were gone. At first, Ted was go-ing to cry a-gain. Then he thought, "Oh, no; I must try right off to be good. I said I would."

So he kept just as still as a mouse, and watched the win-dow.

Now, Kate had heard all that had hap-pened. And she thought: "I'll be just as good as Ted, al-ways." Ver-y soon her eyes were dry, and she was hug-ging the dol-ly ver-y tight and tell-ing her that they were all go-ing to be good the new way, and Dol-ly must try, too.

Now the lamps were light-ed again in the house. Up went the win-dows!

"Come in, chil-dren!" called out Pa-pa and Mam-ma.

Then a ver-y strange thing hap-pened. Nurse stood right be-fore them!—she had been watch-ing Kate all the time from be-hind a bush. She gave her right hand to Ted and her left hand to Kate, and they all three went to the door, and knocked.

"Who's there?" called out Pa-pa's voice, from in-side.

"Two good lit-tle chil-dren," said the nurse.

"Which kind of good?" asked the voice.

"Oh, the *new* kind of good!" shout-ed both the chil-dren.

O-pen went the door! and there stood Pa-pa and Mañ-ma. Such a kiss-ing time as there was!

Ted and Kate each had some sup-per; then, when they were un-dressed, they knelt down side by side in their long, white night-gowns, and then they kissed Pa-pa and Mam-ma a-gain, and jumped in-to their lit-tle white beds.

In a few mo-ments they were sound a-sleep, and the moon stared at them near-ly all night, through the win-dow.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

STILL hard at it, eh, my young vacationists? Hard at play, I mean.

Phew! The sun is so hot to-day, and you, my hearers, are so scattered over this great summer-resort land, that we'll dispense with introductory remarks on this august occasion, and proceed at once to consider

SALAMANDERS.

A LIZARD whisked past me a while ago, and lay basking for hours in the summer sunshine that beat upon a bank not far from my pulpit.

It reminded me of salamanders, which are rather like big lizards, I believe. I've heard a good deal about them.

Perhaps those of you who are made uncomfortable by hot weather are inclined to envy the lizard's ability to enjoy the heat of the sun. But that's nothing! Why, if you had the power which the ancient Greeks supposed the salamander to possess, you could sit in a blazing fire with comfort!

There's no telling now where the idea started, but it spread and grew until it was said that the fiercest fire could be put out by throwing a salamander into it! And pictures painted in the old days represent the patient creature taking things quite coolly, with live coals piled on its back.

The facts seem to have become twisted in some way, for a person who knows all about them sends word that salamanders are not fire-proof but ice-proof, and that they have been found alive in solid blocks of ice which had formed around them in the ditches. There they seemed to be very much at their ease, and, when the ice melted, they woke up, and walked away without a shiver.

TO HOT-HOUSE PLANTS AND OTHERS.

DEAR JACK: Tell the hot-house plants that a traveler in Siberia found a ravine, filled with snow and ice, where large poplars were growing, with only their tops above the icy mass. The branches were in full leaf, although the trunks were imbedded in snow and ice to

the depth of twenty-five feet. There was a space around the stem nine inches wide, and this was filled with water.

And then tell the cool-breathed crocus, and the frost-loving chrysanthemum, that the plants about the hot springs of Venezuela seem to rejoice in a heat which will boil eggs in less than four minutes. In the same place, the mimosa and fig trees spread their branches far over the hot water, and even push their roots into it. W. S.

AN ELECTRIC MAIL-CARRIER.

YOU all remember the story of the kind old lady who was in a great hurry to send her soldier son a pair of new boots, and could not be persuaded that it was impossible to send them along the telegraph wire. And surely some one has told you of the little boarding-school boy, who wrote a letter to his father asking for more pocket-money, and expected to have the letter carried by electricity and to get the money at once in the same way?

If you ever heard those stories, of course you smiled at the old lady and at the little boy. But it will not do to smile at such persons any longer. For, actually, letter messages, little packets, and even messengers themselves, can now be carried by electricity!

The letters are packed into small boxes on wheels, and these run on tracks inside a tube, which is laid under-ground from place to place. A train of the boxes is made up, an electrical locomotive is attached and started, and away go the cars with the messages to the other end of the tube. For carrying men and women the engines and cars are larger, of course, and at present the tracks are laid only on the ground, but, by and by, these also may come to be sunk in big tubes beneath the surface of land and water.

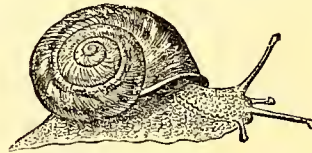
UNDER GROUND THINGS.

WHAT contrary things are found deep under-ground! Cold water, hot water, oil, old cities, traces of animals that lived thousands of years ago, and, not very far down, a heat so great that men scarcely can bear it! And I'm told that, if they were to dig far enough, men would come to a part of the globe which is actually molten hot, and boils and bubbles under the rocky crust.

It would be odd, now, if these volcanoes that the dear Little School-ma'am talks about were caused by this boiling stuff, bursting out here and there through the earth's surface!

AN EGYPTIAN "RIP VAN WINKLE."

RIP VAN WINKLE, as almost everybody knows, was a man who is said to have drunk goblin wine when out on the hills one night; and the wine put him to sleep for twenty years, so that, when he awoke a gray old man and went tot-



tering about his former haunts, and among his once familiar friends, only his dog knew him again.

But the "Rip van Winkle" your Jack now has to tell you of, was a snail. Here is his portrait. He was picked up in Egypt, and, being a good specimen of his kind, was preserved and sent to

the British Museum in London. On his arrival, March 25, 1846, he was gummed upon a paper-covered tablet bearing his name, and left to himself. On March 7, 1850, a person observed that the paper near the snail was discolored, just as if the drowsy little fellow had come out of his shell and tried to escape with it, but, finding this impossible, had gone in again to have another doze. Soon after, the snail was put into tepid water, to try if he were still alive; this woke him up completely. But those were long naps—for a snail!

FIVE PET FIELD MICE.

THE little field-mouse in the picture is one of a family of six tiny little fellows that were found



THE PET FIELD-MOUSE.

cozily snuggled in a deserted bird's-nest, while yet they were too young for their eyes to be open. One of them unluckily fell to the ground, and was killed by a dog; but the five others were carried into a house, and reared upon cow's milk.

The man who acted as their nurse used to take them about with him in his coat-pocket, to show to his friends. One day, he was at a base-ball match, and, forgetting that he had his little nurse-lings with him, he hung his coat in a tree. When he went to look, he found that the mice had climbed out and run away—sensible little fellows!

[The Little School-ma'am asks me to remind you of two articles on field-mice which were printed in ST. NICHOLAS for June and July, 1877.]

DECORATIVE CRABS.

MY DEAR MR. JACK: I have been having a splendid time by the sea-side, and I must tell you how, among other things to amuse me, I have been learning from some crabs what is the prevailing fashion of decorative art among their kindred under water. At first, I found the crabs a little unpleasant to handle—they have so many squirmy legs, and their nippers hurt if you let them pinch you; but after a while I became used to them.

We took a crab and gently scoured the back of his shell until it was smooth and clean, and then we put him into a tank where sea-weeds of beautiful forms and colors were growing. As soon as the crab had taken a good look around, he picked off little bits from the sea-weeds, and, reaching up, stuck them by their ends upon his bald back! Then, of course, when lying still, he looked like a weed-covered rock; and, when he was crawling about, it was as if the weeds were swaying in a current of water.

But this was not all, for the sea-weeds actually began to grow where the crab had stuck them; and I suppose that, when they have become too long and heavy for comfort, he will reach up with his nippers and trim them down,—thus acting as his own barber.

A learned gentleman with us explained that the sensible fellow thinks less of the decorative effect of the beautiful weeds, than of the safe concealment they afford against his great enemy, the shark.—
Yours truly, ALICE M. B.

ONE CROWDED DAY.

A SOLDIER named Sutcliffe landed one morning in Chili, just in time to witness the revolution which put down the Dictator, Don Bernardo O'Higgins.

In the evening of the same day, the soldier attended a grand ball given in their own honor by the successful revolutionists; and, before morning, he was rolled out of bed, his lodging-house was shaken to pieces, and he himself was obliged to flee for his life, chased by a tearing earthquake!

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask you a question in history. Has that chest been opened which Michael Angelo, the great sculptor, directed not to be opened till 400 years after his death? If so, what did it contain? "Bob."

The Little School-ma'am answers that she never heard of this box of which Bob speaks. "After the death of Michael Angelo," she says, "a sealed box was found in his studio, and opened in the presence of witnesses. It contained 8,000 scudi (about \$8,000),—nothing more of importance. Then one of the Counts Buonarrotti bequeathed the family archives to the city of Florence, not to be opened at all. But upon the 400th anniversary of the birth of the sculptor, all these archives were opened. Mr. Heath Wilson had access to them, and with their aid wrote a new life of Michael Angelo. If such a box as Bob speaks of exists (and I have never read of it), the time has not yet come for its opening. Michael Angelo left no written will."

Esther was quite unharmed, and seemed to feel as though nothing particular had occurred. With the medal sent to her came also an account of how she had earned it, written out very beautifully on parchment.—Yours truly,
M. B. T.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POST OAK STREET SCHOOL ask: "Are there any leafless plants? If so, what are they like? Are there any leafless South-American creepers?" Who can answer?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little friend of mine here in California brought me to-day two leaves of a violet-plant, which I measured, and I'm sure you would never guess their size. They were just alike; three and a half inches across, and three and a half inches from the tip to where the leaf joins the stem. The little finder told me that the blossom is large in proportion to the leaf.

I thought such a large violet-leaf as this was worth telling about.
C. M. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of the Little Schoolma'am Jack-in-the-Pulpit mentions, and also of the children. Please ask him to give them my love, when they come through his field again, and tell them they not only can make daisy grandmas out of the daisies, as shown in the June number (page 629), but daisy-donkeys also. Pull off all the white leaves excepting two long ones at the top, some distance apart, and make the eyes and other features as much like a donkey's as possible.—Your ever attentive reader,
NANCY M. STERETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a hen who wanted very much to set, and we have little bits of kittens, too. And the big hen went and sat on the kittens one day, for she wished for something to take care of, and had no little chicks of her own; and she went on sitting on them until the kitties got to be big enough to walk. One day I went out to see her, and I tried to take her off, but she pecked at me; and then our George, who takes care of the cows, went to take her away, but she pecked at him, too. But by and by we got her off. When she was sitting on the kittens, the old cat used to go and sit beside her. Now the kittens have grown to be quite big, and the hen only sits on them at night when she takes them under her wing.
KATIE SAVAGE (6½ years).

M. F. R., also, sends an account of this motherly old hen.

ST. NICHOLAS is indebted to the publishers of *Harris's Book of Insects* for the use of the picture at the top of page 766 of the present number.

MY DARLING ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Alaska, but have come to New York on a visit, and I like it very much. I will now tell you about my home. I live in a low, brick house with a large chimney, where, in winter, we are afraid that wolves will climb down, for I must tell you that the chimneys have little steps, where anybody could walk down. One night Mamma and Papa had gone to a hall, five miles away. Of the two servants, old Maggie and Katie, Maggie had gone away, and Katie had gone with Mamma. I was sitting alone with my little brother Willie, when we heard an awful noise. Willie began to cry and tremble. I knew what it must be, and we waited in breathless silence until I could bear it no longer, and screamed. At last, I saw a wolf's paw slowly descending the chimney. Then I took Willie and rushed into the next room, where we remained until the family returned; then Papa made an end of the wolf.—Your true reader,
E. P., and U. M., my cousin.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your little maids may be glad to hear how an English girl, eight years old, earned the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which is given for heroism in saving life.

It was in Devonshire, England, last November, and the little girl's name was Esther Mary Cornish-Bowden. She was returning from Sunday-school with her governess and a younger sister. The governess became giddy and fell into a pond, where the water was six feet deep. Esther at once sent her little sister to the nearest house for help, while she herself tried to grasp the drowning lady's dress. She caught it, but reached too far, fell into the water, and sank. She still kept hold of the dress, however, and, when she rose to the top of the water, she managed to clutch some overhanging branches. For some time she remained in this position, calling for help, and trying to keep the governess's head above water. At last, a man passing near heard her cries and came to the rescue. The lady soon recovered.

We already have told you a little about Gustave Doré, the great French artist, who made the picture from which our frontispiece for this month is taken. He has drawn hosts of fine pictures and of a great many kinds. His illustrations of the Bible, and of Milton's "Paradise Lost," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," The Legend of the Wandering Jew, Dante's poems and other works, have made him famous in all countries. In many of these illustrations, however, he has represented such startling and terrible scenes that they would frighten some of our young ST. NICHOLAS folk.

But Doré does not care to draw grand or terrible pictures only. He likes to work for the children sometimes, and he has succeeded so admirably that boys and girls who have never seen his weird illustrations admire him just as much as their elders do. His drawings for La Fontaine's Fables, and for the Nursery Stories, are as well known as any of his works.

You will not need to be told about the picture which is shown you for our frontispiece. You all know why Hop-o'-my-Thumb is the last one in the odd procession, and why he lags behind, and what his outstretched hand means. And you know why the father and mother are *not* looking back, but are resolutely trudging on. Doré very wisely did not turn their faces toward us, for he knew the story, and he is as skillful in drawing an ugly, horrible face as a beautiful, fresh one, and you can imagine what he would have done with such a father and mother as Hop-o'-my-Thumb's. They must have had hard, cruel faces,—don't you think so? Certainly, even the most beautifully formed features could not have made such a pair lovely.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about our new servant-girl. She came from Norway, where (she tells us) they cook enough in spring to last them all summer; and washing-day comes only twice a year. The snow is so high that it covers the windows so they cannot see outside.

While our girl lived there, she used to knit all the short winter days, and make the house inside as cheery as possible.

Our girl has a picture of a farm in her trunk; she brought it from

Norway. It don't look like our own dear farms, with fields of wheat, corn and other grains. It has a few stubby trees, and a small but strongly built house of logs. I had to tell her it was beautiful, as she thinks a good deal of her native land. Of course, she has a right to. But, ST. NICHOLAS, don't you think we had better stay in our own dear native land, and let the people of Norway stay in theirs?

I like our girl very much, and hope I shall love her before she leaves us.—Your loving reader,
S.

P. S.—The reason why our girl left Norway was because her step-mother made her step around too lively.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl ten years old, and live in Texas. I read a long piece in your May number about ants, how they live. I am more anxious to know how they die. There are two beds of them in our yard. They sting us very often, which is very painful. They stung my little brother, who is two years old, so that it was two or three hours before he got any relief.—Your friend,
MAY W. COLE.

THESE verses come to us from a little girl:

PUPPY.

BY VIOLET VEARY.

I KNEW a little puppy,
The sweetest ever seen,
He had two lovely, lovely eyes,
The loveliest shade of green.

His hair it was long and curly,
And as white as the flakes of snow,
It was as soft as could be,
Even as soft as dough.

He never would horrow,
And he never would lend,
And he is dead now,
So this is the end.

Will the authors of the poems beginning "A little boy went out to shoot one day," and "Birdie! Birdie! where 's your nest!" and of the verses entitled "One of Mamma's Jingles," please send their full names and addresses to the Editor?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We went on a fishing excursion not long ago, out here in Texas. My brother and I soon got tired of fishing, and we amused ourselves by burning wood-rats' nests. You might think it cruel to burn their nests, but it is not, for the rats are very destructive to the farmers' grain. The nests are made in the middle of very prickly cactus which has thorns of all sizes, some large and some small, the small being the worst, as they bury themselves in the flesh, for they are as fine as a hair and give great pain. The wood-rats' nests are made of the trash which they drag from the woods and pile in the middle of the cactus; then they burrow underneath; they gnaw the roots of the cactus so as to make it die, but even when it is dead the thorns are still a protection to the rats.

The wood-rat is of a grayish color and is of the size of a new-born kitten; its tail is three inches long, and it has very small ears. We set six nests on fire; we could have burnt more, but we were called to dinner. In one place, where the cactus arched over, there was a nice little bed; the bottom was covered with moss, and on top of the moss there was fresh grass.—Yours truly,
CONSTANCE T.

W. E. B. asked in the May "Letter-Box" what was the only green flower in the world. To this, Margaret Evershed, writing from Guildford, England, replies: "The 'Daphne Laureola' has light-green flowers; it is a small shrub, which grows in English woods. There are also the 'Stinging Nettle,' 'Wild Mignonette,' 'Mercury,' 'Man-Orchis,' 'Tway-Blade,' 'Wild Clematis,' and 'Briony.'" "Bessie and her cousin" answer: "'Veratrum Viride,' which grows in the woods near Wrentham, Mass., has a green flower."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps persons trying to train cats will like to know that I have succeeded in teaching my Maltese pussy to perform a variety of funny tricks. In 1876 I was very ill; and, when I was recovering, my uncle sent me a two-months-old Maltese kitten,

very pretty and graceful. It being the year of the Exposition, I named my little pet "Centennial," which was soon shortened to Tenney. Tenney was a remarkably intelligent kitten, and though he often worried me dreadfully, yet I generally enjoyed teaching him. Tenney's first lesson was to ask for his dinner by sitting up on his hind-legs, and crying. This he learned in two months.

Another trick I saw in "Old-Fashioned Girl." I sat down before the piano with Tenney in my lap, and a small stick, with which I pointed to the keys. By a practice of three months, Tenney would strike each key that I pointed to, and, as I pointed fast, it sounded quite prettily.

There is one trick which Tenney will *not* learn. That is, to hold a piece of meat on his nose till I count ten, and then eat it. I lay the meat on his nose and begin, "One, two—" but it is of no use to count further, for the meat has disappeared down Tenney's throat at one gulp.—Your true friend,
MAUDE ADDISON.

LIZZIE BROWN.—The verses entitled "Our School," signed "A Scholar," and with no address but "Washington," are held until the full postal address is made known to the Editor

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Tallahassee, my home, is twenty miles from the coast, a thousand feet above the sea-level. It is a very pretty place, with its large live-oaks, magnolias, and gardens with roses and japonicas. Near the city is old fort St. Louis, on a hill of surpassing beauty. The tradition is, the Spaniards held a strong fort here, the Indians surrounded the fort, and shot at it with their arrows. The Spaniards became short of food. They set to work to dig a subterranean passage, through which they safely passed. Four stakes mark the place where they came out. Arrow-heads have been found sticking in the trees. A crucifix, a gold spoon, and three matchlock-guns were found there. I am just ten years old, and have never been to school.
WILLIE L. BETTON.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your answer about soap-bubbles to Perlic Waterhouse, in a "Letter-Box" of several months ago, reminds me of another, and very curious, instance of air getting into water. I mean the cone-shaped jets that rise from the mist-shrouded whirl-pool just beneath the Falls at Niagara, and reach sometimes above the level of the top of the precipice. Most observers would think these are jets of water only, but I believe they really are filled with air, which, becoming pent in the vast sheets of water as they fall, strikes the rocks beneath, and rebounds with a great noise high up into the air, carrying with it a coating or thick film of water.

No doubt many of the readers of the "Letter-Box" have seen these jets, and will be glad to have this explanation of them.

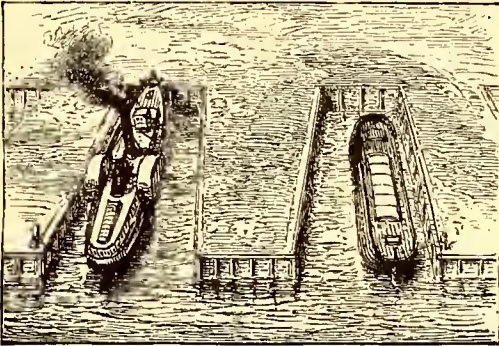
B. R. W.

MATERIALS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Here is part of a timely communication from E. A. E.: "Please remind the children that the gifts most pleasant to receive are those which have been made by the hands of the givers, especially Christmas gifts. And tell them that gourds are excellent material for home-made presents, and that now is the season to plant them. The vines will hide an unsightly trellis, wall or fence, and, after the early frosts, there will be plenty of dry gourds of all shapes and sizes. Any boy or girl who has the knack and taste for making quaint and dainty things can turn these gourds into all kinds of work-baskets, card-receivers, vessels in which to stand flower-bowls, imitation antique vases (made with mated bottle-gourds), ring-stands, jewel-cases, ink-bottle holders, toilet-boxes, match-safes and scores of other useful and ornamental articles.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago, while in school, our little school-ma'am asked one of her brightest scholars how many nints there were in a ship. She answered and said it depended upon how large the ship was. I want to ask you what you think about it.—Your constant reader,
CLYDE M. ARNOLD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My auntie in Vienna has a beautiful cat, a striped Angora, with long hair and a bushy tail, and a very pretty face. One day she left the cat in the house with Frau Weingarten, who loved the cat, Pretzel, very much. She was dusting a room four stories up, and opened a window. Pretzel saw a dove fly by and jumped out of the window, never thinking how high it was. When Frau Weingarten got down to the street, she found Pretzel lying stretched out on the sidewalk, and more than a hundred people looking at him. She took him up and carried him in, and the next day Pretzel was as well as ever; but Frau Weingarten went to bed and was sick for two days?
A. C. B.

This picture was contributed by F. L. P., a twelve-year-old boy, who drew it and used it in a little manuscript "paper," which he edited by himself. The picture is a rebus, and the solution is the answer to this question: "Why is this a seeming impossibility?"



FOR RAINY VACATION DAYS.—Make a two-letter square-word like those given in this month's "Riddle-Box," but with four places instead of three. The best one received shall be printed in the "Riddle-Box," with the maker's name.

AN old friend of ST. NICHOLAS writes, among other things: Please warn your young readers always to write plainly, or they may put their friends into a predicament like that in which the sisters of the great Lord Clive once found themselves. While he was in India, these good ladies sent him a very handsome present from England. They read in his reply that he returned them "an elephant." This annoyed them very much, and put them to great inconvenience, in trying to arrange what should be done with the huge animal on its arrival. At length, when they were at their wits' end, they found they had misread the letter. Their brother had written very badly, saying he returned "an equivalent,"—something equal in value,—not an elephant!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a paper dated Saturday, January 4, 1800. Did the Fourth of January, 1800, come on a Saturday? Please ask the "Letter-Box" readers to let me know.—Yours truly,
JIMMY C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a small but true story about a little sea-gull, which I think will interest some of your contributors:

My father went down to Long Island on an excursion, and he found several sea-gulls' nests, and out of some of them he took a few eggs, and put them carelessly in his pocket and brought them home to me, and said, "Here is something for you," and gave them to me. I thanked him, and took them in my hand, when, suddenly, "Squeak! squeak!" came from one of the eggs. So I examined all of them till I found the right one; and, when I found it, I kept it warm.

In the morning the bird had hatched without feathers, and in the afternoon you could not see the skin because of the down, which was half an inch long. As soon as I could, I fed it on fish mashed up with bread and boiled milk. The bird had to be fed every half-hour. It was a good deal of trouble, but I kept it alive for four days before it died. I tried to have it stuffed, but the taxidermist said that the skin was too thin.

I think most all who read this will think it very queer, and so do I.
S. V., 13 years.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about Jack, a little black-and-tan terrier that belongs to my grandfather. Grandpa lives about sixty miles up the Hudson River, and two or three years ago I was spending the summer with him when the locusts were very plentiful in that part of the country. Jack was very fond of locusts, and would eat them with great relish; but he would not touch a dead one. He was also very fond of grasshoppers, and after he had finished eating one, he would look up at you and wag his tail, as if asking for more. He used to walk all over the piazza and eat all the ants that happened to be upon it. One morning I was sitting on the piazza when I heard a yelp from Jack, and on going to him to see what was the matter, I found him engaged in a fight with a wasp, whose nest he had ventured to attack. The wasp had stung him in the

mouth; but at last Jack struck him with his paw, and then ate him, and seemed to like him very much. Don't you think this is a very queer taste for a dog to have? I think a society for the prevention of cruelty to insects would be a very good thing; but I am afraid Jack would not be enrolled as one of its members.—I remain, your faithful reader,
M. DU B. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your story of "Why Patty spoke in Church," in the February number, reminds me of something that happened in our church. It was right in the middle of the sermon, and I knew the noise came from Tommy's pocket. Everybody in the church, even the clergyman, was looking straight at Tommy. The noise sounded just like a kitten's squeak, anyway. There was Tommy's sister Bessie sitting next to him, and before her Mamma could prevent it, Bessie had climbed up to him, and stood straight up. Then, looking right at the minister, she said:

"That 's my woolly pussy-cat's squeak. Tommy, he took the squeak out of her to play with!"

Did you ever in all your life hear of a little girl doing such a thing as that in church? Many of the people laughed, but the sermon soon went on again. Only Tommy had to give the "squeaker" to Mamma.—Yours truly,
G. H.

THE following little poem was translated, from the German of the poet Uhland, by Lillian Gesner, a girl of thirteen years:

THE INN

I put up at an inn to dine,
Mine host was trusty, stanch;
A golden apple was his sign
Upon a bending branch.

It was a good old apple-tree
In whose house I put up,
Delicious food he offered me,
With nectar filled my cup.

And shelter 'neath his green roof sought
Full many a light-winged guest;
They feasted, danced, and cared for naught,
But sang and danced their best.

I found a bed for soft repose,
The soft, green, grassy glade;
Mine host, himself, around me throws
His curtain's cooling shade.

I asked him what I had to pay,—
He shook his verdant crown;
May blessings, till the latest day,
Be o'er him showered down.

Plattsburgh, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This fable in French, which I send, was written all by myself. I hope you will print it in the magazine. I am sixteen years old.—Yours truly,
A. J. McN.

"LA VIGNE ET LA TRUELLE."

UNE Truelle s'appuyait contre une treille par laquelle une petite Vigne grimpaît.

"Pourquoi," dit la Truelle mécontente, "faut-il que je travaille pendant que vous ne travaillez pas? Pour ma part, je désirerais que vous fassiez comme moi."

"En vérité," répondit la petite Vigne, "je ne crois pas être paresseuse. J'essaie de monter à la plus haute partie de la treille cet été, car je pense que cela plaira au Jardinier."

Un Pommier voisin, aimant faire la morale, conclut ainsi: "De vous-même, Truelle, vous ne pouvez nouvoir d'un ponce. Outre cela, nous sommes tous presque comme des outils dans la main de notre Créateur, et, sans son aide, nous ne pouvons nouvoir pas plus que la Truelle."

Soyez semblables à la Vigne, croissant en grâce et en pureté de cœur; grimpaat par la treille de la vertu; étant contents de faire l'ouvrage que le bon Dieu nous à donné.

A. J. McN. sends also an English version of her fable, but other ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls, who are studying French, may wish to make their own translations of the fable into English. If so, and if they send them to Editorial Rooms, ST. NICHOLAS, 743 Broadway, New York, before August 20, the best one shall be printed in the "Letter-Box."

The translations are to be written on only one side of the paper, marked with the ages, full names and addresses of their writers.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer has five words spelled with twenty-one letters, and is a common saying to a person who falls suddenly into a brown study. The saying had its origin in Old England.

The 7, 17, 4, 5, 6 is comical. The 21, 8, 9, 13, 10 is grieved. The 14, 16, 12, 18, 19 is hard to snap. The 15, 11, 20 is raised to a great heat. The 1, 2, 3 is an animal. GILBERT FORREST.

RIDDLE.

SUPPLY a different word at the end of each stanza.

I walked in the garden one sunny day;
There were roses, fair lilies and dusty-miller,
And many sweet flowers in bright array;
There, too, on a leaf, was a *****.

To capture the stranger was easy quite;
Though a glass-covered prison was not amiss.
I fed him and left him in safety at night;
At morn, I found only his *****.

I've waited in patience full many a day,
Still hoping my captive might flutter by
On wings like the rainbow, so
brilliant and gay.
Behold him! My beautiful
*****!

LILIAN PAYSON.

TREE PUZZLE.

How would you arrange twenty-nine trees so that there should be twenty-two straight rows of them, and five trees in each row? CHARLES F. BROWN.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

B
R R
M M M
E E E E

RE-ARRANGE the letters of this pyramid so as to form a familiar phrase of two words. N.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE STORY.

A GENTLEMAN named river in Virginia (1) mountains in New Hampshire (2) sent a river in Brazil (3) to the store of the mountains in Washington Territory (4), to order some islands in the Pacific Ocean (5) for the wedding of his city in France (6).

The groom was lake in New York (7) peak in British America (8), and the bride was named city in Italy (9) city in Texas (10), although the bridegroom said he'd rather city in Cuba (11), or city in North Carolina (12) than city in France (13) as she was so islands near England (14). It was this same man who went hunting one day and brought home a cape of South America (15), which he had taken from a lake in Maine (16).

As he wanted a river in Michigan (17) wedding, he had ordered such quantities of bay on coast of Long Island, (18) town in New Jersey (19), islands in Malaysia (20), river in Idaho (21), and country in Europe (22), that people thought he could not be river in France (23).

The bride had a dress of city in France (24), a city of Italy (25) hat, a handsome mountain in Oregon (26), and one of her gifts was a islands in the Atlantic (27). It was sea on coast of Asia (28).

On their tour the pair met with a great cape south of Australia (29). The day was lake north of Minnesota (30) and the air very mountains in North Carolina (31), and the path along which they strolled was island south of Connecticut (32) and lake in New York (33), so they were in constant cape of North Carolina (34). Once they forgot to cape of North Carolina (35) and met city in France (36). In their hurry to escape, the bride fell over the capital of one of the United States (37), and raised a mountain in North Carolina (38) and mountains in the eastern part of the United States (39) on her forehead, and her sea east of Australia (40) jewelry was broken to pieces.

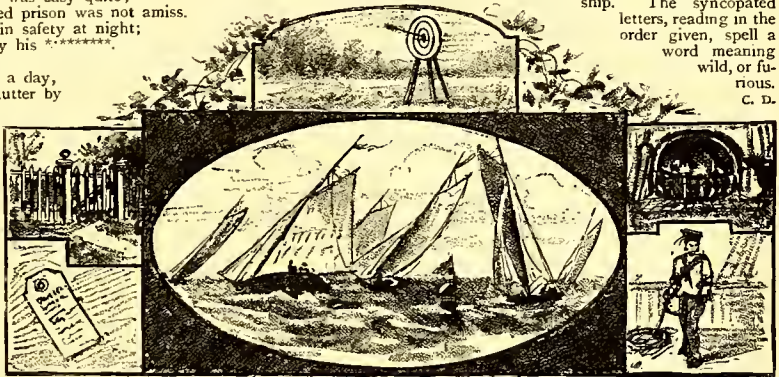
While she was getting well, the bridegroom dug some city in Germany (41) and tried to catch cape of Massachusetts (42), but slipped from the cape in the south of England (43), and had an unexpected

city in Maine (44). The water was very deep and he was in point on coast of Australia (45) of being swallowed by country in Europe (46). He wished Noah could be there to rescue him in a city of New Jersey (47). At last he reached the shore, mounted a horse, and, holding by its one of the United States (48), was soon snug in a sea in the south of Europe (49).

This happened in cape of New Jersey (50) during some cape on Pacific coast of United States (51). H. R. W.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

1. SYNCOPATE images, and leave whips. 2. Syncopate part of every house that has an upper floor, and leave to move about. 3. Syncopate to disjoin and leave a prophet. 4. Syncopate a measure of weight, and leave the most lasting feature of a Cheshire cat. 5. Syncopate an animal with a beautiful skin, and leave one row of many rows. 6. Syncopate a weapon of war, and leave part of a ship. The syncopated letters, reading in the order given, spell a word meaning wild, or furious. C. D.



EASY PICTURE ENIGMA.

THE answer is one word of seven letters, and is indicated by the largest picture in the illustration. Each of the small pictures represents an object, the name of which may be spelled from the letters of the answer. GEORGE CHINN.

TWO-LETTER WORD-SQUARES.

THESE puzzles are like ordinary, one-letter word-squares, excepting that in each place where there is but one letter in the simple squares the new squares have two, thus:

Table with 3 rows and 3 columns of letters: FL, OR, IN; OR, IO, LE; IN, LE, TS.

No heed is paid to breaking the words into proper syllables, but each couple of letters is kept together and used as if it were only one letter. The coupled letters form the same words whether read straight across or downward.

The following puzzles are made in the same way as the example shown:

- I. 1. A large wood. 2. To make a person sit down again. 3. An image. II. 1. A person whose word has great weight. 2. Admittance. 3. To become less. III. 1. Neither beside nor after, nor above nor below. 2. To wander in search of food. 3. A ruler. IV. 1. A part of the year. 2. A Parsee. 3. A current. V. 1. Hoards. 2. Adorned. 3. Regard. VI. 1. Where Alexander won a victory over Darius. 2. To suit. 3. To sorrow. VII. 1. A living American artist. 2. Not I! 3. A grain-eating insect. Y. Z. Z.

**DOUBLE DOUBLE DIAG-
ONAL PUZZLE.**

For Older Puzzlers.

In this puzzle, the cross-words have each seven letters, and form two squares, one above the other, there being seven lines to each square. The diagonals of the upper square, reading the letters downward, are used for the diagonals of the lower square, but with a slight change in the spelling.

UPPER SQUARE.—The diagonals from left to right, and the diagonals from right to left, reading both downward, form all that is visible in any coin or medal. To find the cross-words: Fill the blanks in the following sentence with words to make sense. Place them under each other in the order given, and the diagonals will appear:

“By being too ready an — of others, he became, himself, financially involved. But, being — in mind than most debtors are, he needed to have the sense of — obligations continually —. Though himself a bankrupt, he still, more than once, rashly put his name to the notes and bills of pleasant-spoken sharpers. His intimate — tried their best to — the heinousness of his fault, and to show him that business men would have good cause to — his character if he should continue to — for others while a hopeless debtor himself.”

LOWER SQUARE. — The diagonal from left to right is an anagram upon the left-to-right diagonal of the upper square. The diagonal from right to left is an anagram upon the right-to-left diagonal of the upper square. In finding the cross-words, the sentence must be completed as in the preceding instance, excepting that, in this one, the first blank is to be filled with the word which forms the diagonal running from right to left;

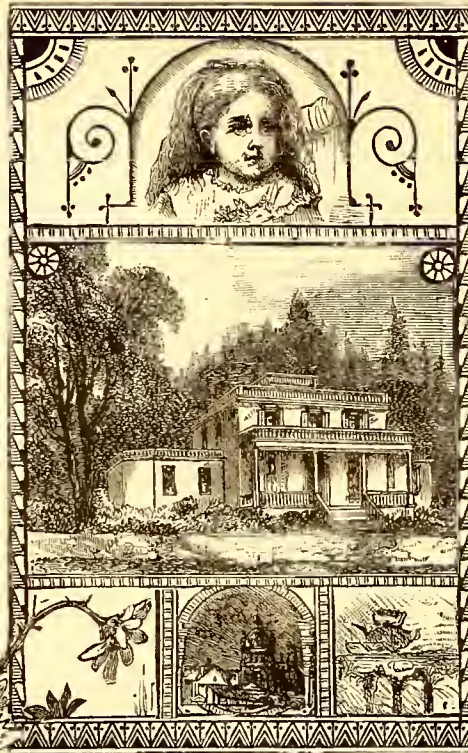


ILLUSTRATION FOR PICTORIAL METAGRAM.

the second with the left-to-right diagonal, reading both downward. The words follow in the order given:

“He was self-absorbed, and, as regards the expression of feeling, a man of great —. So little was he used to — nature, that he might have seen a robin or a crocus in — without surprise. He was severe, an — of mirthfulness, thinking all time — which was passed in recreation. While praising — he was himself bound by mental bands as hard and unyielding as fetters of —. In argument or conversation he was subtle, fussy and —, so that an agreeable discussion would have formed a rare — in his history.” J. P. B.

PICTORIAL METAGRAM.

DESCRIBE one of the five pictures in the accompanying illustration, by one word of nine letters; from those letters make—one at a time—the words needed to describe the four other pictures.

AUNT SUE.

EASY SQUARE WORD.

1. A FRUIT. 2. A volcano. 3. Wise insects. 4. Grate.

**DOUBLE CENTRAL
ACROSTIC.**

In this puzzle, the third and fourth letters of the cross-words, read in the usual manner downward, form the two acrostic words. Each cross-word has six letters.

Cross-words: 1. Fright. 2. Coverings. 3. Wild. 4. Stupid, or unremoved. 5. Part of a suit of armor. 6. A short name for a girl with a long name.

Acrostic words: 1. Formed by reading downward the third letters of the cross-words,—An uprising. 2. Formed by reading downward the fourth letters of the cross-words,—Dominions. CYRIL DEANE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

FOUR EASY SQUARE WORDS. I. 1. Sanc. 2. Arid. 3. Nice. 4. Eden. II. 1. Hunt. 2. Utah. 3. Nape. 4. Thew. III. 1. Pose. 2. Omen. 3. Seed. 4. Ends. IV. 1. Atom. 2. Type. 3. Opal. 4. Melt. — **CHARADE.** Regent-bird.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

S P
T U N A L E
S U G A R P L U M S
N A G E M U
R S

ENIGMATICAL FABLE. The vine has *tendrils* (ten drills)

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. Samuel Finley Breesee Morse.

TRANSPPOSITIONS. I. Notes, tones, onset, stone. II. Tars, star, arts, rats. III. Amy, May, yam.

DIAMOND. 1. O. 2. ARM. 3. AlTar. 4. OrtOlan. 5. MaLay. 6. RAY. 7. N.

TELEGRAPHIC PATRIOTIC VERSE. Hymn “America.” First stanza. — **PICTORIAL ENIGMA.** The Glorious Fourth of July.

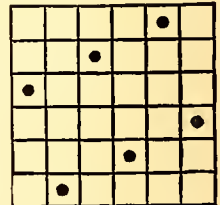
DIAGRAM. The accompanying diagram shows the solution of “Crow’s” puzzle in July “Letter-Box”:

REVOLUTIONARY PUZZLE.
“The star spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!”

Francis Scott Key.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. I. Israel Putnam. II. John André. III. Patrick Henry. IV. Francis Marion.

BIBLICAL ACROSTIC RIDDLE. Zanoah (Joshua 5, 34). 1. Ziz (2 Chr., 20, 16). 2. Ara (1 Chr., 7, 38). 3. Non (1 Chr., 7, 27). 4. Ono (1 Chr., 8, 12). 5. Ava (2 Kings, 17, 24). 6. Halah (2 Kings, 18, 11).



ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in June number, from: “Two little bees,” of Avon, France, 3—F. C. H. and M. H. H., of Wimbledon Common, England, 4— and E. E. S., 12.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES in the June number were received, before June 20th, from R. N. B., 1—J. E. B., 1—E. S. T., 1—L. H. D. St. V., 5—E. B., 1—A. N. B., 5—F. C., 1—M. B. C., 6—C. H. B., 1—D. M., 1—B. T., 7—“Bessie & Cousin,” 8—G. A. H., 9—L. C. F., 7—A. P. R., 1—M. B., 1—“Rex,” Cadiz, 3—E. and A., 4—R. B. C., 1—C. F. and H. L. B. Jr., 8—“Helen’s Babies,” 7—W. O. J., Jr., 4—“Konny,” 6—J. V. L. P., 9—B. W., 6—S. W. P., 6—G. and H. R., 6—“Two Cousins,” 7—C. H., Jr., 4—L. L. V. L., 7—E. and R. P., 4—T. S. V. P., 8—A. H. and G. F. L., 5—R. R., 1—S. F. C., 4—L. E. L., 7—A. W., 2—L. H. P., 7—C. and M. F. S., 4—B. R. H., 9—C. H. H., 1—K. F., 7—Robin Hood, 3—A. K. P., 12—P. S. C., Beverly, 9—C. R. McM., 1—R. A. G., 4—Stowe Family, 11—F. L. K., 10—W. A. and H. B. H., 8—L. G. C., 4—O. C. T., 11—Pansy, 9—“Two Little Bees,” 5—P. S. C., 6—J. McK., 9.

Numerals denote number of puzzles solved.



FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF SAN MARCO

[See page 891.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

NO. II.

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A DAY OFF BARNEGAT.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"YOU need n't tell me," said Paul, decidedly. "Don't you suppose I know well enough that there is n't any such thing as a cedar *mine*? Why, you stupid, mines are for iron and stone and such things. Just as if trees ever grew down in the ground! I thought you had more sense. You don't know what you are talking about, when you talk about cedar *mines*."

"Come, now," said Jack, who, sitting on a clam-basket, had been digging his heels into the sand and watching Paul with a twinkle in his honest gray eyes. "Who's lived here the longest? There were cedar mines off Barnegat when you and I were n't anywhere and our fathers were babies. Come along with us, and you'll see."

"Where is it you're going? Where are the cedar mines?" cried Lotty and Polly, running up from their little benches in the rock-house near by.

"You can't go unless you hem three new sails for my brig," said Jack's small brother, Jimmy.

"I'll help," Lotty said, as Polly's face fell. "If you'll only take us. Where is it?"

"To the cedar mines, to be sure," said Jack. "And to stay all night, too. Cap'n Barlow is going to have a new surf-boat, just like mine, and he's going for just the right kind of log, an' he said as long as he had n't any freight, he'd as soon take some passengers. So I told your grandfather, and we're all going to-morrow; all except Paul, and he won't want to, I suppose, 'cause there is n't any such thing as cedar mines, he says, and it would n't be worth while to start for nowhere. Now, mind you, Polly Ben,—three sails to hem, and that pays your passage. I wish I could earn mine as easy."

"I guess you would n't think it so easy if you had to prick your fingers as many times as I do," said

Polly, looking very melancholy. "It does seem as if you might have one boat without hemming the sails. Why can't they be raw edges?"

"Can't be done," said Jimmy. "You never saw a ship's sails left with raw edges. That's what girls are for—to hem, and all such things."

"Fudge!" said Polly, indignantly. "I guess a girl knows better what she's for than a boy does. Now, boys always think they know so much, and try to make girls think they don't know anything."

"Oh, it's because they are boys," said Lotty, soothingly. "Men would n't ever act like that. My father does n't. Jimmy and Nathan went when they're big. Now, let's hem as fast as we can, for I've got to go home to dinner pretty soon."

"Well, but," said Polly, still exercised in her mind, "I think it's mean to be always throwing it up to you that you aint a boy. Just as if you could help it. I would n't be one, any way,—hollering so loud, and knocking down everything and bursting all their buttons off. Now, if I was married and had thirteen boys, Lotty,—like Cap'n Brown; they've got thirteen, and not even a single girl,—why, one of 'em would *have* to learn to sew. I would n't sew buttons on for thirteen every day. No; I would n't."

"For the land's sake, Polly Ben!" said a voice, and Polly looked up, rather guiltily, to see her mother, who stood in the door-way. "I guess you'll never hurt yourself with buttons, nor anything else. I want you to shell the peas, Polly. You come along, Lotty, if you want to."

"No; it's 'most dinner-time, and I must go," Lotty said; "but I'm coming down this afternoon to finish the sail. See the boat dance! I believe Nathan is shaking it."

The children stood still a moment, watching the boys, who were in a boat near the red buoy. Then Lotty climbed the bluff and walked on through the grove to Grandfather Green's, where she found him busy baking all sorts of good things for the next day. In the parlor was a tall gentleman with very long beard and very bald head, who, she found, was to go with them, and who looked at her over his spectacles, and said:

"How do you do, little girl?"

Lotty watched him carefully, confiding to Polly that afternoon that she believed he tied on his beard every morning, because, how could he have so much hair on his face and not a speck on his head except a little fringe at the back? Polly agreed to find out, if possible, whether Mr. Cross tied on his beard or not; and when, next morning, they all met on board Captain Barlow's pretty schooner, she examined the gentleman so sharply that he felt quite uncomfortable.

"You must n't stare so," Jack whispered, as the anchor came up and the sails filled. "What 's the matter?"

"Why, I just wanted to find out if he did tie it on," Polly answered.

"Tie what on?"

"His whiskers, you know. Lotty thought he did, 'cause you see he has n't got any hair on his head."

Jack laughed uproariously, and then stroked his own smooth chin with a reflective air.

"Just think," said Lotty, suddenly, "how the mosquitoes will bite him."

"Then he can tie his beard all around his head," said Polly. "He 'll have to do something when we get to the swamp. Don't you know, when we went for salt hay last year, how we tied on our handkerchiefs and everything? My! How they did bite! Oh, see how we're going! Is n't this a nice schooner?"

"I reckon," said Captain Barlow, who stood by, looking with calm pride at the pretty vessel. "There is n't one in New York Bay can beat her. Mind the boom there! Look out!"

The strange gentleman, quite unused to boats, sat near the boom talking earnestly with Squire Green, who moved away and said, "Take care!" but not soon enough for Mr. Cross, who, rising in surprise that his audience should walk away quietly, had his hat sent flying, and was pushed down by one of the sailors as the heavy spar swung over.

"I ax your pardon," the man said, smiling, "but you 'll lose your head, too, if you don't look out for that jib."

"Is it loose? Why don't you fasten it?" asked Mr. Cross, looking forlornly after his hat, which danced up and down in the water, while Paul

and the other boys rushed to the cabin, where they could laugh as much as they liked.

When they came out, Mr. Cross's head was tied up in a red silk handkerchief, and he was talking earnestly, as before, about cretaceous and triassic formations, while Paul's father and mother looked a little as if they would rather enjoy the clear air and bounding motion through the blue water than listen to any lecture on geology.

"He 's a geologist," said Paul, who had concluded to come, as all the boys and girls knew he would. "He knows everything there is in the earth and out of it. It 's all he thinks about, and he 's been at Father and Grandfather every minute since noon yesterday. It does me good to think Father has to listen just the way we boys do to a teacher."

"Just the way you boys don't," Polly said. "You 'd know a heap if you listened half as hard as your father. You would n't listen about the cedar mines."

"They're in sight now," said Captain Barlow, pointing south. "Now, you would n't believe it, but there 's Barnegat Inlet, where you see that long beach. Well, forty years ago,—an' I remember it well,—there was what they called the Great Swamp, quarter of a mile long; yes, more 'n that. Now, you can't find hide nor hair of it, except at low water; an' then you jest see the stumps sticking up near two hundred yards from the beach. That 's the way the sea is doing to Jarsey,—crawlin' up, crawlin' up, an' there 's no knowin' where it 'll stop. In 1824, our folks had six acres o' land along there, an' now there aint one inch of it to be seen nowhere. There were salt-works at Absecon, and now there aint a thing but Absecon Inlet. Four hundred yards swallowed whole."

"That 's the way these cedar-swamps are made," said Squire Green, who had brought his camp-stool near the children. "Great forests, generations ago, came down to the very edge of the shore, and the sea crept up, gradually swallowing tree by tree, till now, at low water, you can see the trunks far out from shore. All along this coast are marshes where thousands of white and red cedar-trees are buried. Sometimes, roots or branches stick up and show the spot, but oftener you must sound for them with a long rod; for they are covered over with sod smooth as a meadow."

"I should n't think they 'd be good for anything," said Paul. "They ought to be all soft and spongy, under water so."

"That 's the singular part of it," Grandfather went on, warming with his subject. "There is some quality in the soil which helps to keep them, for when it 's dry it burns like peat,—the Irish peat, you know,—about the only fuel they use. These

fellows who make the shingles can tell by the sound, when the rod strikes a log, whether it's good or not."

"That 's so," said Captain Barlow, who had come near again. "They 're as keen as wood-peckers after a hollow tree. It beats me. There 's Seth Chapin, always been around in them swamps till I believe he knows every log in 'em. He 's a heap more dried up than they be. That 's his ground over there. We 'll anchor about here, and send you over in the boat."

In another hour the party were on shore, where only curiosity could have made them stay at all. Dead tree-trunks were all about, some bleached by

one where the shingle-makers worked on rainy days.

Some distance on, three or four men were gathered about one spot, and Seth Chapin piloted the party toward them.

"Easy, now," he said, as Mr. Cross, in his eagerness, suddenly went up to his knees in water. "It don't do to walk around here very lively, unless you know the ropes. Now you watch that fellow."

A man in high boots was sounding with a long iron rod, pushing it down into the mud; and, presently, seeming to have found what he wanted, he took a spade and began digging.

"It was all standing water here ten years ago,"



SOUNDING FOR THE CEDAR LOGS.

long exposure, standing white and ghost-like; others black and grim. Sluggish creeks wound through them to the sea, and far inland stretched the Great Swamp, with treacherous green spots where one sank unawares, and a wild mass of fallen and twisted trunks. Now and then, in the waste, one saw the deep green of a cedar, and the strong salt grass pushed its way everywhere, while over all danced clouds of mosquitoes, rejoicing in these fresh and succulent arrivals. Near the shore was a sort of camp; a hut, where cooking was done; another, where the men slept, and a larger

Mr. Chapin went on as they watched. "But we cut off all the live timber, and it 's drying off considerable."

"Look at him! He 's smelling of a chip!" cried Harry. "What 's that for?"

"So 's to know if it 's a *windfall* or a *break-down*," said Mr. Chapin. "Now, you need n't laugh, Squire. Could n't tell you *how* he knows, but I know, and he does, too, the minute we smell. A *windfall* was sound when the wind laid it, but a *break-down* came from old age, and they 're of no 'count. What is it, Jim?"

"*Windfall*," the man said, shortly, proceeding to cut away the matted roots and earth and saw off the ends, aided by a boy, who suddenly appeared. Two red-faced men came with crow-bars, with which they pried underneath; and as the water, always near the surface here, filled up the hole they had made, the log rose to the top with as much buoyancy as if it had been a fresh one.

"Now, that's a thumper!" said Mr. Chapin, as they all bent forward; and Mr. Cross, forgetting mud and mosquitoes, scated himself on a stump, and began counting the rings which showed the age of the tree.

"That's the biggest one we've had in a long while," Mr. Chapin went on, eyeing it critically. "Mostly, they're from two to three feet through; but this one, I should say, was — I'll see."

Mr. Chapin took out a foot-rule and bent over the trunk.

"Five feet eleven inches. Might as well call it six. That's an old one. Generally, now, we get 'em—well—about a hundred; but there's been trees cut down that was seven hundred years old, and out of the swamp we've had 'em a thousand and more."

"You've got such an one now," said Mr. Cross, rising up with a flushed but beaming face, and waving aside a cloud of mosquitoes. "That log has nine hundred and thirty-six rings! It's an infant, though, to some that you'll never get, for this swamp has been thousands of years in forming. Now, you see here first the common blue mud of the marshes. Looking at my boots gives you a clear idea of its character. Two feet or so of that, and then we have the peaty, cedar-swamp earth; cedar-stumps bedded in it first; below, gum and magnolia, and finally hard bottom, the original earth. I see it with my mind's eye;" and Mr. Cross shut his visible eyes tight, while Seth Chapin looked at him with a surprised expression. "You'll find a very good idea of it in 'Lyell,' volume first, thirty-fourth page. Very good idea, indeed. Borrowed, like other good ideas. Borrowed from Dr. Beasely, who knew the swamps like his A B C, and took him through them. He is conclusive as to the age of these bogs."

"Well, I'm not," said Mr. Chapin. "I don't go ag'in' creation, no how nor way, and 't aint likely these shingles is any older 'n Genesis. That's old enough for me; and I'm glad to get 'em any age. That log, Cap'n? You want to trade for that log? We'll talk about it."

Captain Barlow lighted his pipe and sat down, knowing the talk would take some time, and the children scattered, some watching the neat, quick splitting of the lengths into shingles, and the boys who made them into bundles, while Polly and

Lotty, growing tired of this, went down to the shore and watched some sea-spiders which had been left in a pool of water by the last tide. Captain Barlow concluded his bargain in time; a one-eyed and skinny horse drew the log to shore, and it was towed behind them as they rowed back to the schooner,—Jack rolling up his trousers and sitting astride of it.

Once on deck again, Mr. Cross made notes in a thick, green book of all he had seen, while the children ran about examining everything, and trying to wait patiently for supper, the savory smell of which filled the cabin.

The moon rose early, and the dead tree-trunks about the inlet looked more ghostly than ever. The sailors gathered on the deck and told stories of strange sights seen about these shores, till the children shivered, and were glad that they were not to go to bed alone that night. Even Mr. Cross joined the circle, and gave some learned reasons as to the great improbability that any of Captain Kidd's money would ever be found, while the boys, remembering their private search for it the year before, looked at one another consciously.

At nine o'clock, one of the men brought up two or three mattresses, and laid them on the deck.

"Oh, Captain Barlow! Am I going to sleep here?" Lotty said.

"No, ma'am, you're not," the Captain answered. "They're for the men folks. You ladies have my cabin, and your ma's there now."

"Oh, do let me sleep here," Lotty begged, thinking how wonderful it would seem to have those tall masts for bed-posts.

"No place for gals. They're not tough enough for outdoors."

"I'm tough," Lotty urged, but was called before she had time for more begging, and, tired out with the long day, she and Polly were soon asleep.

Mr. Cross tried one of the mattresses for a time, but, not liking it altogether, climbed presently to a place he had seen one of the sailors occupy that day—the loose folds of the foresail, which had been hauled in, and made a bed comfortable as a hammock. Here he lay, serenely looking up at the stars, and at last he fell asleep to dream of new geological formations; and there he was still when morning dawned, and Captain Barlow ordered all sail set for home. Quicker than I can write, the ropes were loosened, and, as the sails flew out, Mr. Cross flew too, sprawling wildly in the air, and then going down in the clear water.

For a moment, the sailors stood bewildered at the apparition. Then the cry, "Man overboard!" was heard, and as every one rushed on deck, Captain Barlow jumped overboard, caught the struggling man as he came to the surface, and in a

minute more the two were hauled in by the sailors, who had thrown ropes to them.

"You've saved my life," Mr. Cross said, coughing and choking. "What can I do to reward you?"

"Get some dry clothes and keep away from the boom," was all the Captain said, as he took him down to the cabin; and ten minutes later the two

appeared, Mr. Cross looking more eccentric than ever in a sailor's shirt and wide trousers. The ducking had done him no harm. In fact, the geology seemed to have been washed out for the time, and quite a different man showed himself, who told stories and made sport generally, till the boys shouted, and Polly said it was too bad he could n't have been ducked the day before.

THE SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT."

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



"AMONG the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking-trumpet, 'Praise the Lord God!'

"As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring huntsmen, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime, it has become quite dark.

"'Good-night!' at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the huntsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest."

Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy-crowned summits lift far overhead!

'T is the sweet "Alpine hour," when the night is descending
To brood o'er the homes where the cottagers dwell;

And the sweet *Ranz des Vaches* no longer is blending
With silence—'t is evening, the time of farewell.

And yet once again the huntsman is taking
His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the door.
Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking—
"Praise the Lord God, evermore!—evermore!"

Clear, sharp and distinct, down the mountains repeating,
In solemn succession voice answereth voice,
Till e'en the lost chamois will hush his wild bleating,
And the heart of the forest awake and rejoice.

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing,
It rolls like a pæan of triumph above,
Till ev'ry grand summit and tall peak is singing,
While bathed in the smile and the halo of love!

O magical hour! O soul-offered
duty!

So solemn, instructive, its noble refrain;

What an exquisite scene, when
God's rainbow of beauty
Speaks the language of promise to mortals again!

And when all the glory of sunset has faded

From cloud-piercing heights,
and the stars twinkle out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-night," repeated
To ev'ry lone dwelling with musical shout!



The chain of affection to God and each other
So perfectly linking and welding aight:
When fondly the accents—"Hail, neighbor and brother!"
Melt in the broad air with—"Good-night, friend, g-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t!"

ROLL'S RUNAWAY.

BY H. L. S. AND M. W., JR.

It was a bright, crisp morning, and although the air felt like September, it was really July; one of those days which it seems ought to belong to the autumn, but which, by some mistake of the weather-clerk, has been misplaced. The cool "off-shore" wind, coming from far away up in the meadows, scarcely paused as it swept over the little sand island and rushed boisterously out to sea, with the force of "half a gale."

Any one who was on the alert that morning might have seen two boys walking along the beach, one holding a ball of stout cord, part of which was wound around the body of the other. From the motions of both the boys and the evident straining and surging of the line, the observer might have supposed that they had hooked a large fish, and, not being able to land it, were content merely to prevent its escaping. But the principal fact contradictory to this theory was that the line, instead of leading downward into the ocean, stretched upward far above their heads.

If, now, the spectator had continued his search for the unknown cause of the boys' singular movements, he would have discovered, away up in the air, a monster kite, now rising, now falling, as the gusts struck it, and continually surging and swaying on the kite-string, seemingly trying either to snap the cord or drag the boys into the water.

"Whew! Does n't it pull, though!" exclaimed the younger of the two, who held the ball of twine.

"I should say it did," answered the other, as he felt the quivering line. "Is n't it a pity, Tom, that we can't make use of that power in some way or other? It tugs as hard as a young horse. Why could n't we make it haul a wagon, or a—boat?" he added, as his eyes fell upon the little dory that lay beside the dock, off which his younger brother Rollin was just plunging.

The idea once in his head, Ernest was not the boy to give it up without, at least, a trial; so, having explained his plan at some length to Tom (who always eagerly agreed with him), the two hurried out to the end of the dock, and Ernest, jumping down into the dory, tied the kite-string to a ring in the bow; he then proceeded to make the stern of the boat fast to the pier with a rope.

Meanwhile, Roll had arrived at the surface of the water with many sputterings, and, seeing what was going on, immediately clambered into the dory. He was a bright, athletic-looking boy of eleven, but at present his aquatic gambols had tired him

somewhat; so, instead of assisting his brothers vigorously, as was his wont, he simply sat down on one of the seats and asked questions.

The preparations for the trial trip were very simple, so in the course of a few minutes Ernest said:

"Now everything's ready, excepting the oars. Run up to the house and get them, wont you, Tom? Do; there's a good fellow!"

"All right," replied Tom, although, it must be confessed, somewhat reluctantly, and he started off, but in a moment turned back again, with:

"I say, Ernest, you've forgotten the rudder, and I can't carry everything, you know."

"Hold up a second, and I'll come, too, then," responded Ernest, adding, as he swung himself up on the dock, "Now, Roll, you sit in the boat and watch the kite while we're gone. Mind, and don't let it get loose or tangled in anything."

"I'll keep an eye on it," answered Roll, as the two others trudged off through the long, salt grass, on their way to the house. Arrived there, at first the oars could not be found, but after a search they were discovered under the cherry-tree, one broken short off at the blade by the children in their efforts to knock the fruit off the branches. Calling for string, Ernest sat down on the back porch and patiently began the tedious task of splicing the two pieces together.

At last, after the rudder had been secured and they were just ready to start, it was too provoking to have their mother call them in to take some lunch, for, as she expressed it:

"There's no telling when you'll get back from your kite-sailing."

Reluctantly the boys threw down the things they were carrying and went in-doors, resolved to eat as little and as quickly as possible; and while they are thus engaged, let us leave them and go back to Roll.

As soon as his brothers disappeared among the sage-bushes, he lay down in the stern of the dory, resolved to make himself comfortable until they returned.

It was very cozy in the boat, and as the wind blew through his tangled hair and on his wet body, it felt cool and refreshing in the extreme.

Roll lay thus for several minutes, watching the kite struggle to free itself, and speculating as to why the boys did not come back. From observing the kite he began to wonder how it would seem to

be up there where it was, swaying to and fro, and soaring among the sea-birds.

Thus Roll's fancy soared, and unfortunately for him, as there was quite a glare in the sky, he shut his eyes for a few moments, and, as is generally the case when people wonder with their eyes closed, he softly and quietly fell into a slumber, as deep as tired boys of eleven usually enjoy. It was a sleep gentle though not dreamless, for in Roll's imagination he was himself a kite, flying among the clouds, rushing through space toward an approaching storm.

Nearer and nearer it came, and now he could hear its roar, when, just as he felt the first splash of rain in his face, he awoke with a start.

Where was he? What had happened? Poor Roll, stupefied, instinctively put his hand up to his cheek. It was wet, not with rain, but merely with a dash of spray, which the bow of the boat, half-buried in foam, had thrown up in her reeling, staggering course.

Roll looked around him, but there was naught to be seen save sky and water, and over the waves, far to windward, a blue cloud lying low on the horizon, the fast-disappearing land.

And still the dory plunged on, quivering in every timber, as she fairly leapt from one billow to another. Far above him was the great kite, rushing through the air and dragging the boat through the water with almost the speed of a locomotive, while from the stern hung a little end of that fatal rope, which, truth to tell, was an old one Tom had found on the shore.

Only for a moment or so was Roll bewildered. Quickly regaining his presence of mind, he realized his situation, and comprehended that the first thing to be done was to untie the kite-string. But this he soon saw was impossible, as the strain on the line had drawn the knot too tight. Roll felt for his pocket to get out his jack-knife, but alas! since he had started on this singular voyage in his bathing-suit, he was disappointed in finding either. To break such stout cord was far beyond his strength, and at last the poor boy sat down again almost in despair, while horrible thoughts of shipwreck, sharks and starvation kept thronging through his mind.

Thus he was carried along for some distance, until, when he again got up and looked about him, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

The low, blue cloud, instead of being astern as before, was now directly ahead.

Had the wind changed, and thus turned the boat around? No; for he would have noticed it instantly. Roll eagerly peered forward till he was able to discern, far out at sea on his left hand, a large ocean steamer inward bound.

Here, then, was a chance of being rescued, if the

people on board could only see him; so Roll excitedly set to work to find something with which to attract attention to himself. He was fortunate enough to discover under one of the seats a large bunch of dry sea-weed, and, armed with this very poor excuse for a flag of distress, he stationed himself in the bow and patiently waited until the steamer should draw near.

This vessel was none other than the "Antarctic," bound from Queenstown to New York, and now on her last day out. The passengers were lounging about the deck in the half-hour before dinner, when the lookout suddenly reported a sail on the star-board bow, whereupon everybody busied himself in trying to make her out.

"Hello, it's no sail at all; it's a huge kite!"

This announcement, coming from a young Englishman who had been looking through a telescope almost as long as himself, naturally created quite a sensation; and when, shortly afterward, it was discovered that not only was there a boat attached to the kite, but that in the boat was a boy, wildly gesticulating, the greatest excitement prevailed. The strange combination of boy, boat and kite was flying along at quite a fair rate of speed, and coming directly toward the steamer.

"Lower a boat!" was the order from the bridge, after a short consultation among the officers, and the next instant the ship's engines ceased to move.

"Give way!" shouted the second mate, as soon as the keel of the life-boat touched the water, and the sailors bent to their oars with a will, while their progress toward the dory was watched with breathless interest from the steamer, although there was now no doubt as to their overtaking it, since the wind, which had lately blown with much force, was going down with the sun.

The iron monster rolled lazily from side to side in the long, easy swells of the midsummer sea, and an uncommon silence prevailed along the decks, which at length was broken by a cheer, as the life-boat came up to the dory and succeeded in taking its occupant on board.

The runaway "kite-boat" was left drifting on the waves.

"Why, the boy's got nothing on but a bathing-suit!" exclaimed the short young man with the long telescope, as the rescuers approached the steamer.

"And what a mere child! How ever came he in such a position?"

"Do run, Walter, and get something for him to put on."

"Poor fellow! He must be nearly dead with cold and hunger."

Such and many more similar expressions were heard on the "Antarctic's" deck, as the boat came

alongside and was hoisted up to its place on the davits.

Roll—for it was no other—looked about him with a dazed expression, as if he were still asleep in the dory and this was but one of his dreams. The passengers were crowding around him, and asking all sorts of questions, as to who he was, where he hailed from, and even as to what was the

details of Roll's curious runaway, which, while the latter was dressing, Walter hastened to recount to the other passengers, from among whom he had a large and appreciative audience.

After dinner, Roll, in company with his young guardian, explored the "Antarctic" from stem to stern, and when the two came on deck again, at eight o'clock, the Highland Lights were visible.



A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

latest American news. But here the Captain interposed, and handed Roll over to the care of Master Walter Lansing, who at that instant appeared on deck with the suit of clothes for which his mother had sent him.

This young gentleman, feeling greatly honored by the trust reposed in him, lost no time in conducting the hero of the hour to his own state-room. Here he was speedily made acquainted with the

Soon after, the steamer dropped anchor off Quarantine, and lay there till early next morning, when she proceeded up the harbor to her pier in New York city.

At nine o'clock Roll walked into his father's office, with his bathing-suit under his arm, and an hour later he was being kissed, and cried and laughed over, by mother and sisters, Tom and Ernest, in the country-house at Mackerel Cove.



SHELL-SCREENS FROM ENOSHIMA.

By B. D.

ON going to Japan, one generally lands at Yokohama, and before the ground seems steady, his friends make up an excursion to show him the country, and send him off in a big baby-carriage, pulled at a trot by a man who can run all day. This very thing happened to Tom and me. Before we had been two days ashore, we were sent off to see the famous little island, Enoshima. With the easily opened purses of strangers fresh from the sea, we hired two men for each carriage, making light work and a lively run down to the southern coast. We stopped on the way at Kamakura, for a noon rest, and looked at the famous shrines and idols there; and later at Katasé, a little village near the shore, where a very pagan temple stands on a hill-side terrace. From the knoll above it, a broad view of land and ocean is spread out to the west, where the Hakone Mountains make a rugged horizon; and over this, great Fujiyama—the sacred mountain of Japan—lifts his snowy cone. No wonder that the artists there like so well to draw and lacquer pictures of his pure white summit and smoothly sloping sides.

Near at hand, the thatched roofs of the village

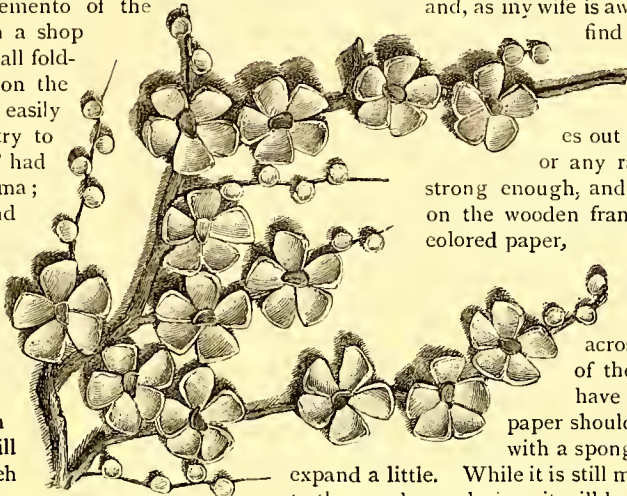
lie under shady pines; beyond, a river runs to the sea between rice-fields; boats are floating down with its current and sailing out into the quiet ocean; and, away off on the blue horizon, a volcano is smoking languidly this pleasant afternoon. Enoshima is opposite us, a short distance from shore—a little rocky island, with steep cliffs toward the sea; but on the side toward us is a village in a sloping hollow, that reaches down to the water's edge, and from there a strip of sand, that lies bare at low tide, makes an isthmus to the mainland. It was by this sandy strip that we walked across, but as the tide was rising, we had to go part of the way on a narrow bamboo bridge, where a few bits of brass were paid for toll. The single street of Enoshima comes down to meet the bridge, and just where they join stands a bronze *torii*,—a gate of two posts, with double cross-bars above, showing holy ground beyond. All the island is considered holy, and many pilgrims visit it. We had a most amusing evening at our tea-house, struggling with a large dictionary to translate our wants: for we were without guide or interpreter. It was very surprising to find that we could pick

out real Japanese words and make real Japanese people understand us.

The next morning, we took the half-mile walk around the path over the cliffs. What should we choose as a memento of the charming little island? In a shop open to the street, some small folding-screens, with shell-work on the panels, seemed fitting and easily carried, and we decided to try to buy them. "How much?" had been taught us in Yokohama; but we could not understand a word of the answer. Judging by its length, the price must have been very high. There was nothing to do but pay the old woman more and more till she seemed satisfied, and for this it took so much that Tom and I swore secrecy; we will never, never tell how much those screens cost us. They were carefully tied up, protected by a thin board on each side, and now they have traveled safely through a long voyage half around the world, and stand open on the piano in the parlor here at home.

light wooden frame nine inches high and three broad. These are hinged by strips of—of—something woven of thread, but whether to call it linen or muslin, or cotton or cloth, I cannot tell, and, as my wife is away, I cannot

find out. Never mind; you might cut such hinges out of linen tape or any rags that are strong enough, and paste them on the wooden frames. Bright colored paper, the same for all the panels, smoothly extends across the back of the frames; to have this neat, the paper should be damped with a sponge to make it expand a little. While it is still moist, paste it to the wood; on drying, it will be smooth and tight. The shells are to be glued to this paper, and strong, stiff white glue should be used; but first it would be well to draw an outline of the figure they are to make.



CHERRY BLOSSOMS MADE OF SHELLS.

Cherry blossoms will be easiest to begin on; pieces of dried sea-weed will serve for the branches and twigs; small shells make buds, and five little shells around a tiny one in the center make a blossom; those shown in this picture are enough for two panels.

Figures of men are more difficult, and the shells for them will be harder to find. Here is a beggar hobbling along with a staff—a lame old beggar, bending over as he walks, or perhaps he is blind, feeling his way with a stick. His legs and the stick and the stem of the peculiar plant in front of him may be made of sea-weed, and several kinds of shells make his hat and clothes and the "foliage"; he is about two inches and a half high. The ground and the grass are made by marking out the lines with glue, and sifting black sand over the paper; it will stick wherever the glue is. Clouds and mountains can be made at the top of the frame in the same way, using different colored sands, and, of course, noble Fujiyama must rise over all.

Now for the curious shell procession shown on the preceding page: First comes a tall man who must be very rich, judging by the number and beauty of his cloaks, and by the elegance of his hat; and very great, since he is so much taller than his body-guard; then comes his particular private and confidential valet, with a splendid, far-reaching sun-shade; next, two strong soldiers bearing flag



THE SHELL BEGGAR.

Would you not like to make some while you are at the sea-shore this summer?

There are six panels in our screens, each one a

and banner; and, finally, the entire remaining force with a battle-axe on his shoulder. The shells for the banners may be stained with carmine ink; seaweed makes the flag-staff and umbrella-handle; and the swords, of which you see each retainer carries

two, must be made of the sharpest sea-urchin spines you can find. And, now, you have several pretty panels, that cost little besides painstaking.

But no one, excepting Tom and me, shall ever know how much we paid for our screens.

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XX.

A SWEET MEMORY.

NOW the lovely June days had come; everything began to look really summer-like; school would soon be over, and the young people were joyfully preparing for the long vacation.

"We are all going up to Bethlehem. We take the sea-shore one year and the mountains the next. Better come along," said Gus, as the boys lay on the grass after beating the "Lincolns" at one of the first matches of the season.

"Can't; we are off to Pebbly Beach the second week in July. Our invalids need sea air. That one looks delicate, does n't he?" asked Frank, giving Jack a slight rap with his bat, as that young gentleman lay in his usual attitude, admiring the blue hose and russet shoes which adorned his sturdy limbs.

"Stop that, Captain! You need n't talk about invalids, when you know Mother says you are not to look at a book for a month, because you have studied yourself thin and headachy. I'm all right!" and Jack gave himself a sounding slap on the chest, where shone the white star of the H. B. B. C.

"Hear the little cockerel crow! You just wait till you get into the college class, and see if you don't have to study like fun," said Gus, with unruffled composure, for he was going to Harvard next year, and felt himself already a Senior.

"Never shall; I don't want any of your old colleges. I'm going into business as soon as I can. Ed says I may be his book-keeper, if I am ready when he starts for himself. That is much jollier than grinding away for four years, and then having to grind ever so many more at a profession," said Jack, examining with interest the various knocks and bruises with which much ball-playing had adorned his hands.

"Much you know about it. Just as well you don't mean to try, for it would take a mighty long

pull and strong pull to get you in. Business would suit you better, and you and Ed would make a capital partnership. Devlin, Minot & Co.,—sounds well; hey, Gus?"

"Very, but they are such good-natured chaps, they'd never get rich. By the way, Ed came home at noon to-day, sick. I met him, and he looked regularly beaten out," answered Gus, in a sober tone.

"I told him he'd better not go down Monday, for he was n't well Saturday, and could n't come to sing Sunday evening, you remember. I must go right around and see what the matter is;" and Jack jumped up, with an anxious face.

"Let him alone till to-morrow. He wont want any one fussing over him now. We are going for a pull; come along and steer," said Frank, for the sunset promised to be fine, and the boys liked a brisk row in their newly painted boat, the "Rhodora."

"Go ahead and get ready,—I'll just cut around and ask at the door. It will seem kind, and I must know how Ed is. Wont be long;" and Jack was off at his best pace.

The others were waiting impatiently, when he came back with slower steps and a more anxious face.

"How is the old fellow?" called Frank from the boat, while Gus stood leaning on an oar in a nautical attitude.

"Pretty sick. Had the doctor. May have a fever. I did n't go in, but Ed sent his love, and wanted to know who beat," answered Jack, stepping to his place, glad to rest and cool himself.

"Guess he'll be all right in a day or two," and Gus pushed off, leaving all care behind.

"Hope he wont have typhoid; that's no joke, I tell you," said Frank, who knew all about it, and did not care to repeat the experience.

"He's worked too hard. He's so faithful, he does more than his share and gets tired out. Mother asked him to come down and see us when he has his vacation; we are going to have high old

times fishing and boating. Up or down?" asked Jack, as they glided out into the river.

Gus looked both ways, and seeing another boat with a glimpse of red in it just going around the bend, answered, with decision, "Up, of course. Don't we always pull to the bridge?"

"Not when the girls are going down," laughed Jack, who had recognized Juliet's scarlet boating-suit as he glanced over his shoulder.

"Mind what you are about, and don't gabble," commanded Captain Frank, as the crew bent to their oars and the slender boat cut through the water, leaving a long furrow trembling behind.

"Oh, ah! I see! There is a blue jacket as well as a red one, so it's all right.

"Lady Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As white as a lily, as brown as a bun,"

sang Jack, recovering his spirits, and wishing Jill was there too.

"Do you want a ducking?" sternly demanded Gus, anxious to preserve discipline.

"Should n't mind, it's so warm."

But Jack said no more, and soon the "Rhodora" was alongside the "Water Witch," exchanging greetings in the most amiable manner.

"Pity this boat wont hold four. We'd put Jack in yours, and take you girls a nice spin up to the Hemlocks," said Frank, whose idea of bliss was floating down the river with Annette as coxswain.

"You'd better come in here; this will hold four, and we are tired of rowing," returned the "Water Witch," so invitingly that Gus could not resist.

"I don't think it is safe to put four in there. You'd better change places with Annette, Gus, and then we shall be ship-shape," said Frank, answering a telegram from the eyes that matched the blue jacket.

"Would n't it be *more* ship-shape still, if you put me ashore at Grif's landing? I can take his boat, or wait till you come back. Don't care what I do," said Jack, feeling himself sadly in the way.

The good-natured offer being accepted with thanks, the changes were made, and, leaving him behind, the two boats went gayly up the river. He really did not care what he did, so sat in Grif's boat awhile watching the red sky, the shining stream, and the low green meadows, where the blackbirds were singing as if they, too, had met their little sweethearts and were happy.

Jack remembered that quiet half-hour long afterward, because what followed seemed to impress it on his memory. As he sat enjoying the scene, he very naturally thought about Ed, for the face of the sister whom he had seen was very anxious, and the

word "fever" recalled the hard times when Frank was ill, particularly the night it was thought the boy would not live till dawn, and Jack cried himself to sleep, wondering how he ever could get on without his brother. Ed was almost as dear to him, and the thought that he was suffering destroyed Jack's pleasure for a little while. But, fortunately, young people do not know how to be anxious very long, so our boy soon cheered up, thinking about the late match between the "Stars" and the "Lincolns," and after a good rest went whistling home, with a handful of mint for Mrs. Pecq, and played games with Jill as merrily as if there was no such thing as care in the world.

Next day Ed was worse, and for a week the answer was the same, when Jack crept to the back door with his eager question. Others came also, for the dear boy lying upstairs had friends everywhere, and older neighbors thought of him even more anxiously and tenderly than his mates. It was not fever, but some swifter trouble, for when Saturday night came, Ed had gone home to a longer and more peaceful Sabbath than any he had ever known in this world.

Jack had been there in the afternoon, and a kind message had come down to him that his friend was not suffering so much, and he had gone away, hoping, in his boyish ignorance, that all danger was over. An hour later, he was reading in the parlor, having no heart for play, when Frank came in with a look upon his face which would have prepared Jack for the news if he had seen it. But he did not look up, and Frank found it so hard to speak, that he lingered a moment at the piano, as he often did when he came home. It stood open, and on the rack was the "Jolly Brothers' Galop," which he had been learning to play with Ed. Big boy as he was, the sudden thought that never again would they sit shoulder to shoulder, thundering the marches or singing the songs both liked so well, made his eyes fill as he laid away the music and shut the instrument, feeling as if he never wanted to touch it again. Then he went and sat down beside Jack, with an arm around his neck, trying to steady his voice by a natural question before he told the heavy news.

"What are you reading, Jacky?"

The unusual caress, the very gentle tone, made Jack look up, and the minute he saw Frank's face he knew the truth,

"Is Ed——?" He could not say the hard word, and Frank could only answer by a nod as he winked fast, for the tears would come. Jack said no more, but as the book dropped from his knee he hid his face in the sofa-pillow and lay quite still, not crying, but trying to make it seem true that his dear Ed had gone away forever. He could not do it, and

presently turned his head a little to say, in a despairing tone :

"I don't see what I *shall* do without him!"

"I know it 's hard for you. It is for all of us."

"You've got Gus, but now I have n't anybody. Ed was always *so* good to me!" and with the name so many tender recollections came, that poor Jack broke down in spite of his manful attempts to smother the sobs in the red pillow.

There was an unconscious reproach in the words, Frank thought; for he was not as gentle as Ed, and he did not wonder that Jack loved and mourned for the lost friend like a brother.

"You've got me. I'll be good to you; cry if you want to—I don't mind."

There was such a sympathetic choke in Frank's voice that Jack felt comforted at once, and when he had had his cry out, which was very soon, he let Frank pull him up with a bear-like but affectionate hug, and sat leaning on him as they talked about their loss, both feeling that there might have been a greater one, and resolving to love one another very much hereafter.

Mrs. Minot often called Frank the "father-boy," because he was now the head of the house, and a sober, reliable fellow for his years. Usually he did not show much affection except to her, for, as he once said, "I shall never be too old to kiss my mother," and she often wished that he had a little sister, to bring out the softer side of his character. He domineered over Jack and laughed at his affectionate little ways, but now, when trouble came, he was as kind and patient as a girl; and when Mamma came in, having heard the news, she found her "father-boy" comforting his brother so well that she slipped away without a word, leaving them to learn one of the sweet lessons sorrow teaches,—to lean on one another, and let each trial bring them closer together.

It is often said that there should be no death nor grief in children's stories. It is not wise to dwell on the dark and sad side of these things; but they have also a bright and lovely side, and since even the youngest, dearest and most guarded child cannot escape some knowledge of the great mystery, is it not well to teach them in simple, cheerful ways that affection sweetens sorrow, and a lovely life can make death beautiful? I think so, therefore try to tell the last scene in the history of a boy who really lived and really left behind him a memory so precious that it will not be soon forgotten by those who knew and loved him. For the influence of this short life was felt by many, and even this brief record of it may do for other children what the reality did for those who still lay flowers on his grave, and try to be "as good as Elly."

Few would have thought that the death of a quiet

lad of seventeen would have been so widely felt, so sincerely mourned; but virtue, like sunshine, works its own sweet miracles, and when it was known that never again would the bright face be seen in the village streets, the cheery voice heard, the loving heart felt in any of the little acts which so endeared Ed Devlin to those about him, it seemed as if young and old grieved alike for so much promise cut off in its spring-tide. This was proved at the funeral, for, though it took place at the busy hour of a busy day, men left their affairs, women their households, young people their studies and their play, and gave an hour to show their affection, respect and sympathy for those who had lost so much.

The girls had trimmed the church with all the sweetest flowers they could find, and garlands of lilies of the valley robbed the casket of its mournful look. The boys had brought fresh boughs to make the bed a green bed for their comrade's last sleep. Now they were all gathered together, and it was a touching sight to see the rows of young faces sobered and saddened by their first look at sorrow. The girls sobbed, and the boys set their lips tightly as their glances fell upon the lilies under which the familiar face lay, full of solemn peace. Tears dimmed older eyes when the hymn the dead boy loved was sung, and the pastor told with how much pride and pleasure he had watched the gracious growth of this young parishioner since he first met the lad of twelve and was attracted by the shining face, the pleasant manners. Dutiful and loving; ready to help; patient to bear and forbear; eager to excel; faithful to the smallest task, yet full of high ambitions; and, better still, possessing the childlike piety that can trust and believe, wait and hope. Good and happy,—the two things we all long for and so few of us truly are. This he was, and this single fact was the best eulogy his pastor could pronounce over the beloved youth gone to a nobler manhood, whose promise left so sweet a memory behind.

As the young people looked, listened, and took in the scene, they felt as if some mysterious power had changed their playmate from a creature like themselves into a saint or hero for them to look up to, and imitate if they could. "What has he done, to be so loved, praised and mourned?" they thought, with a tender sort of wonder; and the answer seemed to come to them as never before, for never had they been brought so near the solemn truth of life and death. "It was not what he did but what he was that made him so beloved. All that was sweet and noble in him still lives; for goodness is the only thing we can take with us when we die—the only thing that can comfort those we leave behind, and help us to meet again hereafter."

This feeling was in many hearts when they went away to lay him, with prayer and music, under the budding oak that leaned over his grave, a fit emblem of the young life just beginning its new spring. As the children did their part, the beauty of the summer day soothed their sorrow, and something of the soft brightness of the June sunshine seemed to gild their thoughts, as it gilded the flower-strewn mound they left behind. The true and touching words spoken cheered as well as impressed them, and made them feel that their friend was not lost, but gone on into a higher class of the great school whose Master is eternal Love and Wisdom. So the tears soon dried, and the young faces looked up like flowers after rain. But the heaven-sent shower sank into the earth, and they were the stronger, sweeter for it, more eager to make life brave and beautiful, because death had gently shown them what it should be.

When the boys came home they found their mother already returned, and Jill upon the parlor sofa, listening to her account of the funeral with the same quiet, hopeful look which their own faces wore; for somehow the sadness seemed to have gone, and a sort of Sunday peace remained.

"I'm glad it was all so sweet and pleasant. Come and rest—you look so tired;" and Jill held out her hands to greet them,—a crumpled handkerchief in one and a little bunch of fading lilies in the other.

Jack sat down in the low chair beside her and leaned his head against the arm of the sofa, for he was tired. But Frank walked slowly up and down the long rooms, with a serious yet serene look on his face, for he felt as if he had learned something that day, and would always be the better for it. Presently he said, stopping before his mother, who leaned in the easy-chair looking up at the picture of her boy's father:

"I should like to have just such things said about me when I die."

"So should I, if I deserved them as Ed did!" cried Jack, earnestly.

"You may if you try. I should be proud to hear them, and, if they were true, they would comfort me more than anything else. I am glad you see the lovely side of sorrow, and are learning the lesson such losses teach us," answered their mother, who believed in teaching young people to face trouble bravely, and find the silver lining in the clouds that come to all of us.

"I never thought much about it before, but now dying does n't seem dreadful at all,—only solemn and beautiful. Somehow, everybody seems to love everybody else more for it, and try to be kind and good and pious. I can't say what I mean, but you know, Mother;" and Frank went pacing on again

with the bright look his eyes always wore when he listened to music or read of some noble action.

"That's what Mary said when she and Molly came in on their way home. But Molly felt dreadfully, and so did Mabel. She brought me these flowers to press, for we are all going to keep some to remember dear Ed by," said Jill, carefully smoothing out the little bells as she laid the lilies in her hymn-book, for she, too, had had a thoughtful hour while she lay alone, imagining all that went on in the church, and shedding a few tender tears over the friend who was always so kind to her.

"I don't want anything to remember him by. I was so fond of him, I couldn't forget if I tried. I know I ought not to say it, but I *don't* see why God let him die," said Jack, with a quiver in his voice, for his loving heart could not help aching still.

"No, dear; we cannot see nor know many things that grieve us very much, but we *can* trust that it is right, and try to believe that all is meant for our good. That is what faith means, and without it we are miserable. When you were little, you were afraid of the dark, but if I spoke or touched you, then you were sure all was well, and fell asleep holding my hand. God is wiser and stronger than any father or mother, so hold fast to Him, and you will have no doubt nor fear, however dark it seems."

"As you do," said Jack, going to sit on the arm of Mamma's chair, with his cheek to hers, willing to trust as she bade him, but glad to hold fast the living hand that had led and comforted him all his life.

"Ed used to say to me, when I fretted about getting well, and thought nobody cared for me, which was very naughty, 'Don't be troubled.—God wont forget you; and if you must be lame, He will make you able to bear it,'" said Jill, softly, her quick little mind all alive with new thoughts and feelings.

"He believed it, and that's why he liked that hymn so much. I'm glad they sung it to-day," said Frank, bringing his heavy dictionary to lay on the book where the flowers were pressing.

"Oh, thank you! Could you play that tune for me? I did n't hear it, and I'd love to, if you are willing," asked Jill.

"I did n't think I ever should want to play again, but I do. Will you sing it for her, Mother? I'm afraid I shall break down if I try alone."

"We will all sing; music is good for us now," said Mamma; and in rather broken voices they did sing Ed's favorite words:

"Not a sparrow falleth but its God doth know,
Just as when His mandate lays a monarch low;
Not a leaflet moveth but its God doth see,—
Think not, then, O mortal, God forgetteth thee.
Far more precious, surely, than the birds that fly
Is a Father's image to a Father's eye.
E'en thy hairs are numbered; trust Him full and free,

Cast thy cares before Him—He will comfort thee;
 For the God that planted in thy breast a soul
 On His sacred tables doth thy name enroll.
 Cheer thine heart, then, mortal, never faithless be:
 He that marks the sparrows will remember thee."

CHAPTER XXI.

PEBBLY BEACH.

"NOW, Mr. Jack, it is a moral impossibility to get all those things into one trunk, and you must n't ask it of me," said Mrs. Pecq, in a tone of despair, as she surveyed the heap of treasures she was expected to pack for the boys.

"Never mind the clothes—we only want a boating-suit apiece. Mamma can put a few collars in her trunk for us; but these necessary things *must* go," answered Jack, adding his target and air-pistol to the pile of bats, fishing-tackle, games, and a choice collection of shabby balls.

"Those are the necessaries and clothes the luxuries, are they? Why don't you add a velocipede, wheelbarrow and printing-press, my dear?" asked Mrs. Pecq, while Jill turned up her nose at "boys' rubbish."

"Wish I could. Dare say we shall want them. Women don't know what fellows need, and always must put in a lot of stiff shirts, and clean handkerchiefs, and clothes-brushes, and pots of cold cream. We are going to rough it, and don't want any fuss and feathers," said Jack, beginning to pack the precious balls in his rubber boots, and strap them up with the umbrellas, rods and bats, seeing that there was no hope of a place in the trunk.

Here Frank came in with two big books, saying, calmly, "Just slip these in somewhere; we shall need them."

"But you are not to study at all, so you won't want those great dictionaries," cried Jill, busily packing her new traveling-basket with all sorts of little rolls, bags and boxes.

"They are not 'dics,' but my encyclopedia. We shall want to know heaps of things, and this tells about everything. With those books, and a microscope and a telescope, you could travel around the world, and learn all you wanted to. Can't possibly get on without them," said Frank, fondly patting his favorite work.

"My patience! What queer cattle boys are!" exclaimed Mrs. Pecq, while they all laughed. "It can't be done, Mr. Frank; all the boxes are brim full, and you'll have to leave those fat books behind, for there's no place anywhere."

"Then I'll carry them myself;" and Frank tucked one under each arm, with a determined air, which settled the matter.

"I suppose you'll study cockleology instead of

boating, and read up on polliwigs while we play tennis, or go poking around with your old spy-glass instead of having a jolly good time," said Jack, hauling away on the strap till all was taut and ship-shape with the bundle.

"Tadpoles don't live in salt water, my son, and if you mean conchology, you'd better say so. I shall play as much as I wish, and when I want to know about any new or curious thing, I shall consult my 'cyclo,' instead of bothering other people with questions, or giving it up like a dunce;" with which crushing reply Frank departed, leaving Jill to pack and unpack her treasures a dozen times, and Jack to dance jigs on the lids of the trunks till they would shut.

A very happy party set off the next day, leaving Mrs. Pecq waving her apron on the steps. Mrs. Minot carried the lunch, Jack his precious bundle with trifles dropping out by the way, and Jill felt very elegant bearing her new basket, with red worsted cherries bobbing on the outside. Frank actually did take the encyclopedia, done up in the roll of shawls, and whenever the others wondered about anything,—tides, light-houses, towns or natural productions,—he brought forth one of the books and triumphantly read therefrom, to the great merriment, if not edification, of his party.

A very short trip by rail and the rest of the journey by boat, to Jill's great contentment, for she hated to be shut up; and, while the lads roved here and there, she sat under the awning, too happy to talk. But Mrs. Minot watched, with real satisfaction, how the fresh wind blew the color back into the pale cheeks, how the eyes shone and the heart filled with delight at seeing the lovely world again, and being able to take a share in its active pleasures.

The Willows was a long, low house close to the beach, and as full as a bee-hive of pleasant people, all intent on having a good time. A great many children were swarming about, and Jill found it impossible to sleep after her journey,—there was such a lively clatter of tongues on the piazzas, and so many feet were going to and fro in the halls. She lay down obediently, while Mrs. Minot settled matters in the two airy rooms and gave her some dinner, but she kept popping up her head to look out of the window to see what she could see. Just opposite stood an artist's cottage and studio, with all manner of charming galleries, towers, steps, and even a sort of draw-bridge to pull up when the painter wished to be left in peace. He was absent now, and the visitors took possession of this fine play-place. Children were racing up and down the galleries, ladies sitting in the tower, boys disporting themselves on the roof, and young gentlemen preparing for theatricals in the large studio.

"What fun I 'll have over there!" thought Jill, watching the merry scene with intense interest, and wondering if the little girls she saw were as nice as Molly and Merry.

Then there were glimpses of the sea beyond the green bank, where a path wound along to the beach, whence came the cool dash of waves, and now and then the glimmer of a passing sail.

tired, and I do want to be like other folks right off," said Jill, who had been improving rapidly of late, and felt much elated at being able to drive out nearly every day, to walk a little, and sit up some hours without any pain or fatiguc.

To gratify her, the blue flannel suit, with its white trimming, was put on, and Mamma was just buttoning the stout boots when Jack thundered at



JILL'S RETREAT.

"Oh, when can I go out? It looks so lovely, I can't wait long," she said, looking as eager as a little gull shut up in a cage and pining for its home on the wide ocean.

"As soon as it is a little cooler, dear. I'm getting ready for our trip, but we must be careful and not do too much at once. 'Slow and sure' is our motto," answered Mrs. Minot, busily collecting the camp-stools, the shawls, the air-cushions and the big parasols.

"I'll be good, only do let me have my sailor-hat to wear, and my new suit. I'm not a bit

the door, and burst in with all sorts of glorious news.

"Do come out, Mother; it's perfectly splendid on the beach! I've found a nice place for Jill to sit, and it's only a step. Lots of capital fellows here; one has a bicycle, and is going to teach us to ride. No end of fun up at the hotel, and every one seems glad to see us. Two ladies asked about Jill, and one of the girls has got some shells all ready for her,—Gerty Somebody,—and her mother is so pretty and jolly, I like her ever so much. They sit at our table, and Wally is the boy,

younger than I am, but very pleasant. Bacon is the fellow in knickerbockers; just wish you could see what stout legs he 's got! Cox is the chap for me, though; we are going fishing to-morrow. He has a sweet-looking mother, and a sister for you, Jill. Now, then, *do* come on; I 'll take the traps."

Off they went, and Jill thought that very short walk to the shore the most delightful she ever took; for people smiled at the little invalid as she went slowly by, leaning on Mrs. Minot's arm, while Jack pranced in front, doing the honors as if he owned the whole Atlantic. A new world opened to her eyes as they came out upon the pebbly beach, full of people enjoying their afternoon promenade. Jill gave one rapturous "Oh!" and then sat on her stool, forgetting everything but the beautiful blue ocean rolling away to meet the sky, with nothing to break the wide expanse but a sail here and there, a point of rocks on one hand, the little pier on the other, and white gulls skimming by on their wide wings.

While she sat enjoying herself, Jack showed his mother the place he had found, and a very nice one it was. Just under the green bank lay an old boat, propped up with some big stones. A willow drooped over it, the tide rippled up within a few yards of it, and a fine view of the waves could be seen as they dashed over the rocks at the point.

"Is n't it a good cubby-house? Ben Cox and I fixed it for Jill, and she can have it for hers. Put her cushions and things there on the sand the children have thrown in,—that will make it soft; then these seats will do for tables; and, up in the bow, I 'm going to have that old rusty tin boiler full of salt water, so she can put sea-weed and crabs and all sorts of chaps in it for an aquarium, you know," explained Jack, greatly interested in establishing his family comfortably before he left them.

"There could n't be a nicer place, and it is very kind of you to get it ready. Spread the shawls and settle Jill, then you need n't think of us any more, but go and scramble with Frank. I see him over there with his spy-glass and some pleasant-looking boys," said Mamma, bustling about in great spirits.

So the red cushions were placed, the plaids laid, and the little work-basket set upon the seat, all ready for Jill, who was charmed with her nest, and cuddled down under the big parasol, declaring she would keep house there every day.

Even the old boiler pleased her, and Jack raced over the beach to begin his search for inhabitants for the new aquarium, leaving Jill to make friends with some pretty babies digging in the sand, while Mamma sat on the camp-stool and talked with a friend from Harmony Village.

It seemed as if there could not be anything more delightful than to lie there, lulled by the sound of the sea, watching the sunset and listening to the pleasant babble of little voices close by. But when they went to tea in the great hall, with six tables full of merry people, and half a dozen maids flying about, Jill thought that was even better, because it was so new to her. Gerty and Wally nodded to her, and their pretty mamma was so kind and so gay that Jill could not feel bashful after the first few minutes, and soon looked about her, sure of seeing friendly faces everywhere. Frank and Jack ate as if the salt air had already improved their appetites, and talked about Bacon and Cox as if they had been bosom friends for years. Mamma was as happy as they, for her friend, Mrs. Hammond, sat close by; and this rosy lady, who had practiced medicine, cheered her up by predicting that Jill would soon be running about as well as ever.

But the best of all was in the evening, when the elder people gathered in the parlors and played Twenty Questions, while the children looked on for an hour before going to bed, much amused at the sight of grown people laughing, squabbling, dodging and joking as if they had all become young again; for, as every one knows, it is impossible to help lively skirmishes when that game is played. Jill lay in the sofa corner, enjoying it all immensely; for she never saw anything so droll, and found it capital fun to help guess the thing, or try to puzzle the opposite side. Her quick wits and bright face attracted people, and in the pauses of the sport she held quite a levee, for everybody was interested in the little invalid. The girls shyly made friends in their own way, the mammas told thrilling tales of the accidents their darlings had survived, several gentlemen kindly offered their boats, and the boys, with the best intentions in life, suggested strolls of two or three miles to Rafe's Chasm and Norman's Woe, or invited her to tennis and archery, as if violent exercise was the cure for all human ills. She was very grateful, and reluctantly went away to bed, declaring, when she got upstairs, that these new friends were the dearest people she ever met, and The Willows the most delightful place in the whole world.

Next day, a new life began for the young folks,—a very healthy, happy life; and all threw themselves into it so heartily that it was impossible to help getting great good from it, for these summer weeks, if well spent, work miracles in tired bodies and souls. Frank took a fancy to the bicycle boy, and, being able to hire one of the break-neck articles, soon learned to ride it; and the two might be seen wildly working their long legs on certain smooth stretches of road, or getting up their muscle

rowing about the bay, till they were almost as brown and nautical in appearance and language as the fishermen who lived in nooks and corners along the shore.

Jack struck up a great friendship with the sturdy Bacon and the agreeable Cox: the latter, being about his own age, was his especial favorite; and they soon were called Box and Cox by the other fellows, which did not annoy them a bit, as both had played parts in that immortal farce. They had capital times fishing, scrambling over the rocks, playing ball and tennis, and rainy days they took possession of the studio opposite, drew up the portcullis, and gallantly defended the castle, which some of the others besieged, with old umbrellas for shields, bats for battering-rams, and bunches of burs for cannon-balls. Great larks went on over there, while the girls applauded from the piazza or chamber-windows, and made a gay flag for the victors to display from the tower when the fight was over.

But Jill had the best time of all, for each day brought increasing strength and spirits, and she improved so fast it was hard to believe that she was the same girl who lay so long almost helpless in the Bird-Room at home. Such lively letters as she sent her mother, all about her new friends, her fine sails, drives and little walks; the good times she had in the evening, the lovely things people gave her and she was learning to make with shells and sea-weed, and what splendid fun it was to keep house in a boat.

This last amusement soon grew quite absorbing, and her "cubby," as she called it, rapidly became a pretty grotto, where she lived like a little mermaid, daily loving more and more the beauty of the wonderful sea. Finding the boat too sunny at times, the boys cut long willow-boughs and arched them over the seats, laying hemlock branches across till a green roof made it cool and shady inside. There Jill sat or lay among her cushions reading, trying to sketch, sorting shells, drying gay sea-weeds, or watching her crabs, jelly-fish and anemones in the old boiler, now buried in sand and edged about with moss from the woods.

Nobody disturbed her treasures, but kindly added to them, and often when she went to her nest she found fruit or flowers, books or *bon-bons*, laid ready for her. Every one pitied and liked the bright little girl who could not run and frisk with the rest, who was so patient and cheerful after her long confinement, ready to help others, and so grateful for any small favor. She found now that the weary months had not been wasted, and was very happy to discover in herself a new sort of strength and sweetness that was not only a comfort to her, but made those about her love and trust

her. The songs she had learned attracted the babies, who would leave their play to peep at her and listen when she sang over her work. Passers-by paused to hear the blithe voice of the bird in the green cage, and other invalids, strolling on the beach, would take heart when they saw the child so happy in spite of her great trial.

The boys kept all their marine curiosities for her, and were always ready to take her a row or a sail, as the bay was safe and that sort of traveling suited her better than driving. But the girls had capital times together, and it did Jill good to see another sort from those she knew at home. She had been so much petted of late that she was getting rather vain of her small accomplishments, and being with strangers richer, better bred and better educated than herself made her humble in some things, while it showed her the worth of such virtues as she could honestly claim. Mamie Cox took her to drive in the fine carriage of her mamma, and Jill was much impressed by the fact that Mamie was not a bit proud about it, and did not put on any airs, though she had a maid to take care of her. Gerty wore pretty costumes, and came down with pink and blue ribbons in her hair that Jill envied very much; yet Gerty liked her curls, and longed to have some, while her mother, "the lady from Philadelphia," as they called her, was so kind and gay that Jill quite adored her, and always felt as if sunshine had come into the room when she entered. Two little sisters were very interesting to her, and made her long for one of her own when she saw them going about together and heard them talk of their pleasant home, where the great silk factories were. But they invited her to come and see the wonderful cocoons, and taught her to knot pretty gray fringe on a cushion, which delighted her, being so new and easy. There were several other nice little lasses, and they all gathered about Jill with the sweet sympathy children are so quick to show toward those in pain or misfortune. She thought they would not care for a poor little girl like herself, yet here she was the queen of the troupe, and this discovery touched and pleased her very much.

In the morning they camped around the boat on the stones, with books, gay work and merry chatter, till bathing-time. Then the beach was full of life and fun, for every one looked so droll in the flannel suits, it was hard to believe that the neat ladies and respectable gentlemen who went into the little houses could be the same persons as the queer, short-skirted women with old hats tied down, and bare-headed, barefooted men in old suits, who came skipping over the sand to disport themselves in the sea in the most undignified ways. The boys raced about, looking like circus-tumblers, and the

babies were regular little cupids, running away from the waves that tried to kiss their flying feet.

Some of the young ladies and girls were famous swimmers, and looked very pretty in their bright red and blue costumes, with loose hair and gay stockings, as they danced into the water and floated away as fearlessly as real mermaids. Jill had her quiet dip and good rubbing each fine day, and then lay upon the warm sand watching the pranks of the others, and longing to run and dive and shout and tumble with the rest. Now that she was among the well and active, it seemed harder to be patient than when shut up and unable to stir. She felt so much better, and had so little pain to remind her of past troubles, it was almost impossible to help forgetting the poor back and letting her recovered spirits run away with her. If Mrs. Minot had not kept good watch, she would have been off more than once, so eager was she to be "like other girls" again, so difficult was it to keep the restless feet quietly folded among the red cushions.

One day she did yield to temptation, and took a little voyage which might have been her last, owing to the carelessness of those whom she trusted. It was a good lesson, and made her as meek as a lamb during the rest of her stay. Mrs. Minot drove to Gloucester one afternoon, leaving Jill safely established after her nap in the boat, with Gerty and Mamie making lace beside her.

"Don't try to walk or run about, my dear. Sit on the piazza if you get tired of this, and amuse yourself quietly till I come back. I'll not forget the worsted and the canvas," said Mamma, peeping over the bank for a last word as she waited for the omnibus to come along.

"Oh, *don't* forget the Gibralters!" cried Jill, popping her head out of the green roof.

"Nor the bananas, please," added Gerty, looking around one end.

"Nor the pink and blue ribbon to tie our shell-baskets," called Mamie, nearly tumbling into the aquarium at the other end.

Mrs. Minot laughed and promised, and rumbled away, leaving Jill to an experience which she never forgot.

For half an hour the little girls worked busily; then the boys came for Gerty and Mamie to go to the Chasm with a party of friends who were to leave next day. Off they went, and Jill felt very lonely as the gay voices died away. Every one had gone somewhere, and only little Harry Hammond and his maid were on the beach. Two or three sand-pipers ran about among the pebbles, and Jill envied them their nimble legs so much, that she could not resist getting up to take a few steps. She longed to run straight away over the

firm, smooth sand, and feel again the delight of swift motion; but she dared not try it, and stood leaning on her tall parasol, with her book in her hand, when Frank, Jack and the bicycle boy came rowing lazily along and hailed her.

"Come for a sail, Jill? Take you anywhere you like," called Jack, touched by the lonely figure on the beach.

"I'd love to go, if you will row. Mamma made me promise not to go sailing without a man to take care of me. Would it spoil your fun to have me?" answered Jill, eagerly.

"Not a bit; come out on the big stones and we'll take you aboard," said Frank, as they steered to the place where she could embark the easiest.

"All the rest are gone to the Chasm. I wanted to go, because I've never seen it; but, of course, I had to give it up, as I do most of the fun," and Jill sat down with an impatient sigh.

"We'll row you around there. Can't land, but you can see the place and shout to the others, if that will be any comfort to you," proposed Frank, as they pulled away around the pier.

"Oh, yes, that would be lovely!" and Jill smiled at Jack, who was steering, for she found it impossible to be dismal now, with the fresh wind blowing in her face, the blue waves slapping against the boat, and three good-natured lads ready to gratify her wishes.

Away they went, laughing and talking gayly till they came to Goodwin's Rocks, where an unusual number of people were to be seen, though the tide was going out, and no white spray was dashing high into the air to make a sight worth seeing.

"What do you suppose they are about? Never saw such a lot of folks at this time. Should n't wonder if something had happened. I say, put me ashore, and I'll cut up and see," said the bicycle boy, who was of an inquiring turn.

"I'll go with you," said Frank; "it won't take but a minute, and I'd like to discover what it is. May be something we ought to know about."

So the boys pulled around into a quiet nook, and the two elder ones scrambled up the rocks, to disappear in the crowd. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and they did not return. Jack grew impatient, so did Jill, and bade him run up and bring them back. Glad to know what kept them, Jack departed, to be swallowed up in his turn, for not a sign of a boy did she see after that; and, having vainly strained her eyes to discover the attraction which held them, she gave it up, lay down on their jackets, and began to read.

Then the treacherous tide, as it ebbed lower and lower down the beach, began to lure the boat away; for it was not fastened, and when lightened of its load was an easy prize to the hungry sea,

always ready to steal all it can. Jill felt nothing of this, for her story was dull, the gentle motion proved soothing, and before she knew it she was asleep. Little by little the runaway boat slid further from the shore, and presently was floating out to sea with its drowsy freight, while the careless boys, unconscious of the time they were wasting, lingered to see group after group photographed by the enterprising man who had trundled his camera to the rocks.

In the midst of a dream about home, Jill was aroused by a loud shout, and, starting up so suddenly that the sun-umbrella went overboard, she found herself floating off alone, while the distracted lads roared and beckoned vainly from the cove. The oars lay at their feet, where they had left them; and the poor child was quite helpless, for she could not manage the sail, and even the parasol, with which she might have paddled a little, had gone down with all sail set. For a minute, Jill was so frightened that she could only look about her with a scared face, and wonder if drowning was a very disagreeable thing. Then the sight of the bicycle boy struggling with Jack, who seemed inclined to swim after her, and Frank shouting wildly, "Hold on! Come back!" made her laugh in spite of her fear—it was so comical, and their distress so much greater than hers, since it was their own carelessness which caused the trouble.

"I can't come back! There's nothing to hold on to! You did n't fasten me, and now I don't know where I'm going!" cried Jill, looking away from the shore to the treacherous sea that was gently carrying her away.

"Keep cool! We'll get a boat and come after you!" roared Frank, before he followed Jack, who had collected his wits and was tearing up the rocks like a chamois hunter.

The bicycle boy calmly sat down to keep his eye on the runaway, calling out from time to time such cheering remarks as "All aboard for Liverpool! Give my love to Victoria! Luff and bear away when you come to Halifax! If you are hard up for provisions, you'll find an apple and some bait in my coat pocket!" and other directions for a comfortable voyage, till his voice was lost in the distance, as a stronger current bore her swiftly away, and the big waves began to tumble and splash.

At first, Jill had laughed at his efforts to keep up her spirits, but when the boat floated around a point of rock that shut in the cove, she felt all alone, and sat quite still, wondering what would become of her. She turned her back to the sea and looked at the dear, safe land, which never had seemed so green and beautiful before. Up on the hill rustled the wood through which the happy party were wandering to the Chasm. On the

rocks she still saw the crowd, all busy with their own affairs, unconscious of her danger. Here and there, artists were sketching in picturesque spots, and in one place an old gentleman sat fishing peacefully. Jill called and waved her handkerchief, but he never looked up, and an ugly little dog barked at her in what seemed to her a most cruel way.

"Nobody sees or hears or cares, and those horrid boys will never catch up!" she cried in despair, as the boat began to rock more and more, and the loud swash of water dashing in and out of the Chasm drew nearer and nearer. Holding on now with both hands, she turned and looked straight before her, pale and shivering, while her eyes tried to see some sign of hope among the steep cliffs that rose up on the left. No one was there, though usually at this hour they were full of visitors, and it was time for the walkers to have arrived.

"I wonder if Gerty and Mamie will be sorry if I'm drowned," thought Jill, remembering the poor girl who had been lost in the Chasm not long ago. Her lively fancy pictured the grief of her friends at her loss; but that did not help nor comfort her now, and as her anxious gaze wandered along the shore, she said aloud, in a pensive tone:

"Perhaps I shall be wrecked on Norman's Woe, and somebody will make poetry about me. It would be pretty to read, but I don't want to die that way. Oh, why did I come! Why did n't I stay safe and comfortable in my own boat?"

At the thought a sob rose, and poor Jill laid her head down on her lap to cry with all her heart, feeling very helpless, small and forsaken, alone there on the great sea. In the midst of her tears came the thought, "When people are in danger, they ask God to save them;" and, slipping down upon her knees, she said her prayer as she had never said it before, for when human help seems gone we turn to Him as naturally as lost children cry to their father, and feel sure that he will hear and answer them.

After that, she felt better, and wiped away the drops that blinded her, to look out again like a shipwrecked mariner watching for a sail. And there it was! close by, coming swiftly on with a man behind it,—a sturdy brown fisher, busy with his lobster-pots, and quite unconscious how like an angel he looked to the helpless little girl in the oarless boat.

"Hi! hi! Oh, please do stop and get me! I'm lost! No oars, nobody to fix the sail! Oh! oh! Please come!" screamed Jill, waving her hat frantically, while the other boat skimmed past and the man stared at her as if she really was a mermaid with a fish-like tail.

"Keep still! I'll come about and fetch you!" he called out; and Jill obeyed, sitting like a little image of faith till, with a good deal of shifting and flapping of the sail, the other boat came alongside and took her in tow.

A few words told the story, and in five minutes she was sitting snugly tucked up, watching an unpleasant mass of lobsters flap about dangerously near her toes, while the boat bounded over the waves with a delightful motion, and every instant brought her nearer home. She did not say much, but felt a good deal; and when they met two boats coming to meet her, manned by very anxious crews of men and boys, she was so pale and quiet that Jack was quite bowed down with remorse, and Frank nearly pitched the bicycle boy overboard because he gayly asked Jill how she'd left her friends in England. There was great rejoicing over her, for the people on the rocks had heard of her loss, and ran about like ants when their hill is disturbed. Of course, half a dozen amiable souls posted off to The Willows to tell the family that the little girl was drowned, so that when the rescuers appeared quite a crowd was assembled on the beach to welcome her. But Jill felt so used up with her own share of the excitement that she was glad to be carried to the house by Frank and Jack, and laid upon her bed, where Mrs. Hammond soon restored her with sugar-coated pills, and words even sweeter and more soothing.

Other people, busied with their own pleasures, forgot all about it by the next day; but Jill remembered that hour long afterward, both awake and asleep, for her dreams were troubled, and she often started up imploring some one to save her. Then she would recall the moment when, feeling most helpless, she had asked for help, and it had come as quickly as if that tearful little cry had been heard and answered, though her voice had been drowned by the dash of the waves that seemed ready to devour her. This made a deep impression on her, and a sense of child-like faith in the Father of all began to grow up within her; for in that lonely voyage, short as it was, she had found a very precious treasure to keep forever, to lean on, and to love during the longer voyage which all must take before we reach our home.

CHAPTER XXII.

A HAPPY DAY.

"OH dear! Only a week more, and then we must go back. Don't you hate the thoughts of it?" said Jack, as he was giving Jill her early walk on the beach one August morning.

"Yes; it will be dreadful to leave Gerty and Mamie and all the nice people. But I'm so much

better I won't have to be shut up again, even if I don't go to school. How I long to see Merry and Molly. Dear things! If it was n't for them I should hate going home more than you do," answered Jill, stepping along quite briskly, and finding it very hard to resist breaking into a skip or a run, she felt so well and gay.

"Wish they could be here to-day to see the fun," said Jack, for it was the anniversary of the founding of the place, and the people celebrated it by all sorts of festivity.

"I did want to ask Molly, but your mother is so good to me I could n't find courage to do it. Mammy told me not to ask for a thing, and I'm sure I don't get a chance. I feel just as if I was your truly born sister, Jack."

"That's all right; I'm glad you do," answered Jack, comfortably, though his mind seemed a little absent and his eyes twinkled when she spoke of Molly. "Now, you sit in the cubby-house, and keep quiet till the boat comes in. Then the fun will begin, and you must be fresh and ready to enjoy it. Don't run off, now,—I shall want to know where to find you by and by."

"No more running off, thank you. I'll stay here till you come, and finish this box for Molly; she has a birthday this week, and I've written to ask what day, so I can send it right up and surprise her."

Jack's eyes twinkled more than ever as he helped Jill settle herself in the boat, and then with a whoop he tore over the beach, as if practicing for the race which was to come off in the afternoon.

Jill was so busy with her work that time went quickly, and the early boat came in just as the last pink shell was stuck in its place. Putting the box in the sun to dry, she leaned out of her nook to watch the gay parties land, and go streaming up the pier along the road that went behind the bank which sheltered her. Flocks of children were running about on the sand, and presently strangers appeared, eager to see and enjoy all the delights of this gala-day.

"There's a fat little boy who looks ever so much like Boo," said Jill to herself, watching the people and hoping they would not come and find her, since she had promised to stay till Jack returned.

The fat little boy was staring about him in a blissful sort of maze, holding a wooden shovel in one hand and the skirts of a young girl with the other. Her back was turned to Jill, but something in the long brown braid with a fly-away blue bow hanging down her back looked very familiar to Jill. So did the gray suit and the Japanese umbrella; but the hat was strange, and while she was thinking how natural the boots looked, the girl suddenly turned around.

"Why, how much she looks like Molly! It can't be—yes, it might—I do believe it *is*!" cried Jill, starting up, and hardly daring to trust her own eyes.

As she came out of her nest and showed herself, there could be no doubt about the other girl, for she gave one shout and came racing over the beach with both arms out, while her hat blew off unheeded, and the gay umbrella flew away, to the great delight of all the little people except Boo, who was upset by his sister's impetuous rush, and lay upon his back, howling. Molly did not do all the running, though, and Jill got her wish, for, never stopping to think of herself, she was off at once, and met her friend half-way with an answering cry. It was a pretty sight to see them run into one another's arms, and hug and kiss and talk and skip in such a state of girlish joy they never cared who saw or laughed at their innocent raptures.

"You darling dear! Where did you come from?" cried Jill, holding Molly by both shoulders, and shaking her a little to be sure she was real.

"Mrs. Minot sent for us to spend a week. You look so well, I can't believe my eyes!" answered Molly, patting Jill's cheeks and kissing them over and over, as if to make sure the bright color would not come off.

"A week? How splendid! Oh, I've such heaps to tell and show you; come right over to my cubby and see how lovely it is," said Jill, forgetting everybody else in her delight at getting Molly.

"I must get poor Boo, and my hat and umbrella. I left them all behind me when I saw you," laughed Molly, looking back.

But Mrs. Minot and Jack had consoled Boo and collected the scattered property, so the girls went on arm in arm, and had a fine time before any one had the heart to disturb them. Molly was charmed with the boat, and Jill very glad the box was done in season. Both had so much to tell and hear and plan, that they would have sat there forever if bathing-time had not come, and the beach suddenly looked like a bed of red and yellow tulips, for every one took a dip, and the strangers added much to the fun.

Molly could swim like a duck, and quite covered herself with glory by diving off the pier. Jack undertook to teach Boo, who was a promising pupil, being so plump that he could not sink if he tried. Jill was soon through, and lay on the sand enjoying the antics of the bathers till she was so faint with laughter she was glad to hear the dinner-horn, and do the honors of The Willows to Molly, whose room was next hers.

Boat-races came first in the afternoon, and the girls watched them, sitting luxuriously in the nest, with the ladies and children close by. The sail-

ing matches were very pretty to see; but Molly and Jill were more interested in the rowing, for Frank and the bicycle boy pulled one boat, and the friends felt that this one must win. It did, though the race was not very exciting nor the prize of great worth; but the boys and girls were satisfied and Jack was much exalted, for he always told Frank he could do great things if he would only drop books and "go in on his muscle."

Foot-races followed, and, burning to distinguish himself also, Jack insisted on trying, though his mother warned him that the weak leg might be harmed, and he had his own doubts about it, as he was all out of practice. However, he took his place with a handkerchief tied around his head, red shirt and stockings, and his sleeves rolled up as if he meant business. Jill and Molly could not sit still during this race, and stood on the bank quite trembling with excitement as the half-dozen runners stood in a line at the starting-post, waiting for the word "Go!"

Off they went at last, over the smooth beach to the pole with the flag at the further end, and every one watched them with mingled interest and merriment, for they were a droll set, and the running not at all scientific with most of them. One young fisherman with big boots over his trousers started off at a great pace, pounding along in the most dogged way, while a little chap in a tight bathing-suit with very thin legs skimmed by him, looking so like a sand-piper it was impossible to help laughing at both. Jack's former training stood him in good stead now; for he went to work in professional style, and kept a steady trot till the flag-pole had been passed; then he put on his speed and shot ahead of all the rest, several of whom broke down and gave up. But Cox and Bacon held on gallantly; and soon it was evident that the sturdy legs in the knickerbockers were gaining fast, for Jack gave his ankle an ugly wrench on a round pebble, and the weak knee began to fail. He did his best, however, and quite a breeze of enthusiasm stirred the spectators as the three boys came down the course like mettlesome horses, panting, pale or purple, but each bound to win at any cost.

"Now, Bacon!" "Go it, Minot!" "Hit him up, Cox!" "Jack's ahead!" "No, he is n't!" "Here they come!" "Bacon's done it!" shouted the other boys, and they were right: Bacon had won, for the gray legs came in just half a yard ahead of the red ones, and Minot tumbled into his brother's arms with hardly breath enough left to gasp out, good-humoredly, "All right; I'm glad he beat!"

Then the victor was congratulated and borne off by his friends to refresh himself, while the

lookers-on scattered to see a game of tennis and the shooting of the archery club up at the hotel. Jack was soon rested, and, making light of his defeat, insisted on taking the girls to see the fun. So they drove up in the old omnibus, and enjoyed the pretty sight very much; for the young ladies were in uniform, and the broad green ribbons over the white dresses, the gay quivers, long bows and big targets made a lively scene. The shooting was good; a handsome damsel got the prize of a dozen arrows, and every one clapped in the most enthusiastic manner.

Molly and Jill did not care about tennis, so they went home to rest and dress for the evening, because to their minds the dancing, the illumination and the fire-works were the best fun of all. Jill's white bunting with cherry ribbons was very becoming, and the lively feet in the new slippers patted the floor impatiently as the sound of dance music came down to The Willows after tea, and the other girls waltzed on the wide piazza, because they could not keep still.

"No dancing for me, but Molly must have a good time. You'll see that she does, wont you, boys?" said Jill, who knew that her share of the fun would be lying on a settee and watching the rest enjoy her favorite pastime.

Frank and Jack promised, and kept their word handsomely; for there was plenty of room in the great dancing-hall at the hotel, and the band in the pavilion played such inspiring music that, as the bicycle boy said, "Every one who had a leg could n't help shaking it." Molly was twirled about to her heart's content, and flew hither and thither like a blue butterfly; for all the lads liked her, and she kept running up to tell Jill the funny things they said and did.

As night darkened, from all the houses in the valley, on the cliffs and along the shore, lights shone and sparkled; for every one decorated with gay lanterns, and several yachts in the bay strung colored lamps about the little vessels, making a pretty picture on the quiet sea. Jill thought she had never seen anything so like fairy-land, and felt very like one in a dream as she drove slowly up and down with Mamie, Gerty, Molly and Mrs. Cox in the carriage, so that she might see it all without too much fatigue. It was very lovely; and when rockets began to whiz, filling the air with golden rain, a shower of colored stars, fiery dragons or glittering wheels, the girls could only shriek with delight, and beg to stay a little longer each time the prudent lady proposed going home.

It had to be at last; but Molly and Jill comforted themselves by a long talk in bed, for it was impossible to sleep with glares of light coming every few minutes, flocks of people talking and tramping by

in the road, and bursts of music floating down to them as the older but not wiser revelers kept up the merriment till a late hour. They dropped off to sleep at last; but Jill had the nightmare, and Molly was waked up by a violent jerking of her braid as Jill tried to tow her along, dreaming she was a boat.

They were too sleepy to laugh much then, but next morning they made merry over it, and went to breakfast with such happy faces that all the young folks pronounced Jill's friend a most delightful girl. What a good time Molly did have that week! Other people were going to leave also, and therefore much picnicking, boating and driving was crowded into the last days. Clam-bakes on the shore, charades in the studio, sewing-parties at the boat, evening frolics in the big dining-room, farewell calls, gifts and invitations, all sorts of plans for next summer, and vows of eternal friendship exchanged between people who would soon forget each other. It was very pleasant, till poor Boo innocently added to the excitement by poisoning a few of his neighbors with a bad lobster.

The ambitious little soul pined to catch one of these mysterious but lovely red creatures, and spent days fishing on the beach, investigating holes and corners, and tagging after the old man who supplied the house. One day after a high wind he found several "lobs" washed up on the beach, and, though disappointed at their color, he picked out a big one, and set off to show his prize to Molly. Half-way home he overtook the old man on his way with a basket of fish, and, being tired of lugging his contribution, laid it with the others, meaning to explain later. No one saw him do it, as the old man was busy with his pipe; and Boo ran back to get more dear lobbs, leaving his treasure to go into the kettle and appear at supper, by which time he had forgotten all about it.

Fortunately none of the children ate any, but several older people were made ill, and quite a panic prevailed that night as one after the other called up the doctor, who was boarding close by; and good Mrs. Grey, the hostess, ran about with hot flannels, bottles of medicine and distracted messages from room to room. All were comfortable by morning, but the friends of the sufferers lay in wait for the old fisherman, and gave him a good scolding for his carelessness. The poor man was protesting his innocence when Boo, who was passing by, looked into the basket, and asked what had become of *his* lob. A few questions brought the truth to light, and a general laugh put every one in good humor, when poor Boo mildly said, by way of explanation:

"I fought I was helpin' Mrs. Dray, and I did want to see the dreen lob come out all red when

she boiled him. But I fordot, and I don't fink I'll ever find such a nice big one any more."

"For our sakes, I hope you wont, my dear," said Mrs. Hammond, who had been nursing one of the sufferers.

"It's lucky we are going home to-morrow, or that child would be the death of himself and everybody else. He is perfectly crazy about fish, and I've pulled him out of that old lobster-pot on the beach a dozen times," groaned Molly, much afflicted by the mishaps of her young charge.

"I always wanted to tatch a whale, and this is a baby one, I fink. A boy said, when they wanted to die they comed on the sand and did it, and we saw this one go dead just now. Aint he pretty?" asked Boo, displaying the immense mouth with fond pride, while his friend flapped the tail.

"What are you going to do with him?" said Mrs. Hammond, regarding her infant as if she had often asked herself the same question about her boy.

"Wap him up in a paper and tate him home to



BOO FINDS A PRIZE.

There was a great breaking up next day, and the old omnibus went off to the station with Bacon hanging on behind, the bicycle boy and his iron whirligig atop, and heads popping out of all the windows for last good-byes. Our party and the Hammonds were going by boat, and were all ready to start for the pier when Boo and little Harry were missing. Molly, the maid, and both boys ran different ways to find them, and all sorts of dreadful suggestions were being made, when shouts of laughter were heard from the beach, and the truants appeared, proudly dragging in Harry's little wagon a dead devil-fish, as the natives call that ugly thing which looks like a magnified tadpole,—all head and no body.

"We've dot him!" called the innocents, tugging up their prize with such solemn satisfaction it was impossible to help laughing.

pay wid," answered Harry, with such confidence in his big blue eyes that it was very hard to disappoint his hopes and tell him the treasure must be left behind.

Wails of despair burst from both children as the hard-hearted boys tipped out the little whale, and hustled the indignant fishermen on board the boat, which had been whistling for them impatiently. Boo recovered his spirits first, and, gulping down a sob that nearly shook his hat off, consoled his companion in affliction and convulsed his friends by taking from his pocket several little crabs, the remains of a jelly-fish, and such a collection of pebbles that Frank understood why he found the fat boy such a burden when he shouldered him, kicking and howling, in the late run to the boat. These delicate toys healed the wounds of Boo and Harry, and they were soon happily walking the

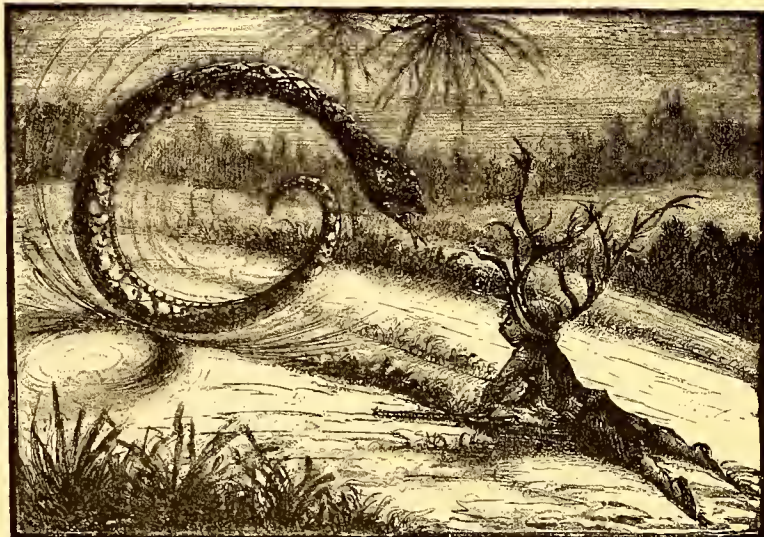
little "trabs" about inside a stone wall of their own building, while the others rested after their exertions, and laid plans for coming to The Willows

another year, as people usually did who had once tasted the wholesome delights and cordial hospitality of this charming place.

(To be continued.)

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. No. VII.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.



CHASED BY A HOOP-SNAKE.

IN the Yelgree forest, near our trading-post, there was a big snake that had adopted rapid transit. I saw him when he first learned it. He was chasing a small hoop-snake, when the little one put his tail in his mouth, after the manner of his kind, and rolled clean out of sight. Well, what did his big snakeship do but put his own tail into his mouth, and begin practicing! After a few turns he grew accustomed to the thing, and in half an hour could beat the best bicycle time on record.

A few days after this I shot a deer, and was carrying its horns home. As I was passing a few hundred yards from the Yelgree forest, I saw what seemed to be a loose wheel coming out of the wood. It was the biggest wheel I ever saw. I felt almost as if the polar circle had got loose from its fixings and was making for me.

"Hoop la!" I cried, and then I shut up, for I saw it was the big revolving python.

'T was no use shooting at his head, for he was revolving at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and no

use trying to escape, unless I could hire an express engine on the spot. So I just lay down to make it harder for the reptile to swallow me.

When the snake came up and noticed the deer's horns, he shivered, just as a Christian would if he saw a horned man! As I lay, they must have seemed to be growing out of my head, and the python may have mistaken me for the Old Serpent himself. Whatever his idea may have been, he had not ceased shivering before he made tracks for the forest and let me go in peace.

On my way home I reflected that horned animals are bad for the health of serpents, which swallow their prey whole, and that, time and again, imprudent pythons and boas have been found dead with deer all swallowed but the antlers.

"A snake," I said to myself, "that is smart enough to take a hint in the way of locomotion is smart enough to take a hint in the way of feeding."

Anyhow, his prudence or his fears lost him a good meal, for I was fat then. A little learning is a dangerous thing for snakes.

WONDER-LAND.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I WONDER what makes the sky so blue ;
 I wonder what makes the moon so bright,
 And whether the lovely stars are born,
 Like brand-new babies, each summer night.

And why do they hide when daylight comes ?
 I wonder where in the world they go !
 Perhaps, when the great, hot sun gets up,
 They dry like dew, or they melt like snow.

I wonder what makes the flowers so sweet ;
 And where do they get their splendid dyes ?
 And why should some be as red as blood,
 And others blue as the summer skies ?

I wonder, too,—but so much there is
 To puzzle my little head !—and oh,
 I doubt if ever I 'll find out half
 The wonderful things that I want to know !

A DAY AMONG THE WELSH CASTLES.

BY NETTIE B. WILCOX.

I BELIEVE, of all stories written for boys, none interest them more than those of old castles ; and American boys long for the privilege granted to their English cousins of roaming over ivy-covered ruins, climbing lofty towers, and endangering their necks in all manner of dangerous places. And so my strong sympathy with this trait in boys leads me to tell the story of my explorings in two old castles, whose names ought to be familiar to all school-boys. But I must first give you a little early English and Welsh history, that you may know why these castles were built.

When England became a settled kingdom, with a number of divisions whose princes were under the English king, and whose people paid dues to him, Wales was one of these divisions, and at times the Welsh were very troublesome, refusing to pay dues, or submit to the will of the king. Castles were built and given to English nobles, to whom was allowed all the land they could seize from the Welsh, and the people were oppressed in various ways, till Llewellyn became Prince of North Wales. When Henry III., a boy only nine years old, was crowned, Llewellyn acknowledged him as king, and for fifty-six years rendered obedience to him as superior sovereign ; but when Edward I. became king, Llewellyn at last threw off the yoke, and resisted sturdily. He was finally forced to submit ; but falling in an encounter with an English knight, his brother David, claiming to be legal sovereign of North Wales, summoned a council of Welsh chieftains at Denbigh, a little town in the north of Wales. They determined to commence

hostilities against the English, but were not successful. David was imprisoned, and this was the end of Welsh independence.

Wales was united to England, and Edward I. determined to secure the submission and willing obedience of its people. It is said he promised them a prince who could not speak a word of English. Now, he had a baby-boy who was afterward Edward II. ; he presented him as the promised prince, and, ever since, the oldest son of the English king is called the Prince of Wales.

This little prince lived in Carnarvon, the largest of the one hundred and forty-three castles in North Wales, and it is of the beautiful ruin of this castle that I will first tell you.

It is on a high hill in the western part of Wales ; climbing the hill you come upon a huge mass of gray stone, with immense towers ; on two sides surrounded by a river, while a moat or ditch protects the other two. Originally there were thirteen towers ; five have fallen, and the stones have been carried away by the inhabitants of the town to build their quaint little houses.

The castle has only narrow openings for windows on the outside ; these are not more than four inches wide, but the walls are ten feet thick, and these windows are five or six feet wide on the inside, the sides slanting close together through the thickness of the wall as they get near the outside, thus forming a kind of room in each window.

In those days, battles were fought and castles defended principally with cross-bows and arrows, and these window-niches furnished standing room

for six or eight men, who in turn discharged their arrows at the enemy.

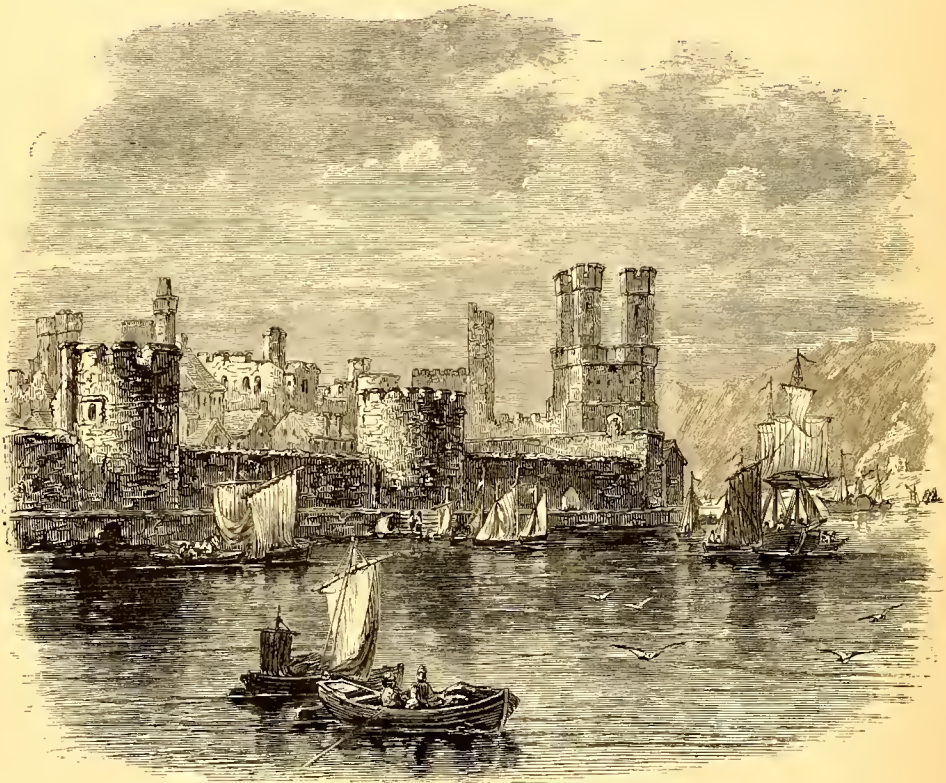
It was very easy for them, close to the narrow openings, to aim carefully at the enemy, but almost impossible for the outsiders to send their arrows where they would take effect.

The towers are full of crooked passages and narrow, stone staircases, with rooms of all sizes and shapes. Entering the door at the end of the path and passing up the worn and broken stone steps, I almost lost my way in dark galleries, where the chattering of the birds which have appropriated the deep windows for their nests, and the sound of my own footsteps re-echoed till I had hardly courage to complete the ascent. At last it grew lighter, and I found myself in the open space between the two smaller towers.

In the center of the main tower, in the good old

and staircases only wide enough for one person to pass. At the end of each staircase is a door, so that, granting the enemy succeeded in forcing passage to the court,—a large oblong square in the center of the castle,—a single soldier could defend such a narrow staircase and yet be safe himself.

I suppose boys would climb to the top of the small tower where the flag-staff stands. I did not care to, so I went down and began a search for Prince Edward's room. The old histories say he was born in the tower, but there are always people who like to spoil a good story, and these say he was three years old when brought here. I like the old story, so I asked a guide to show me where the prince was born. Entering the same door, we climbed the steps till we reached the room in the second story, lighted by the narrow window to the left of the door. The little square



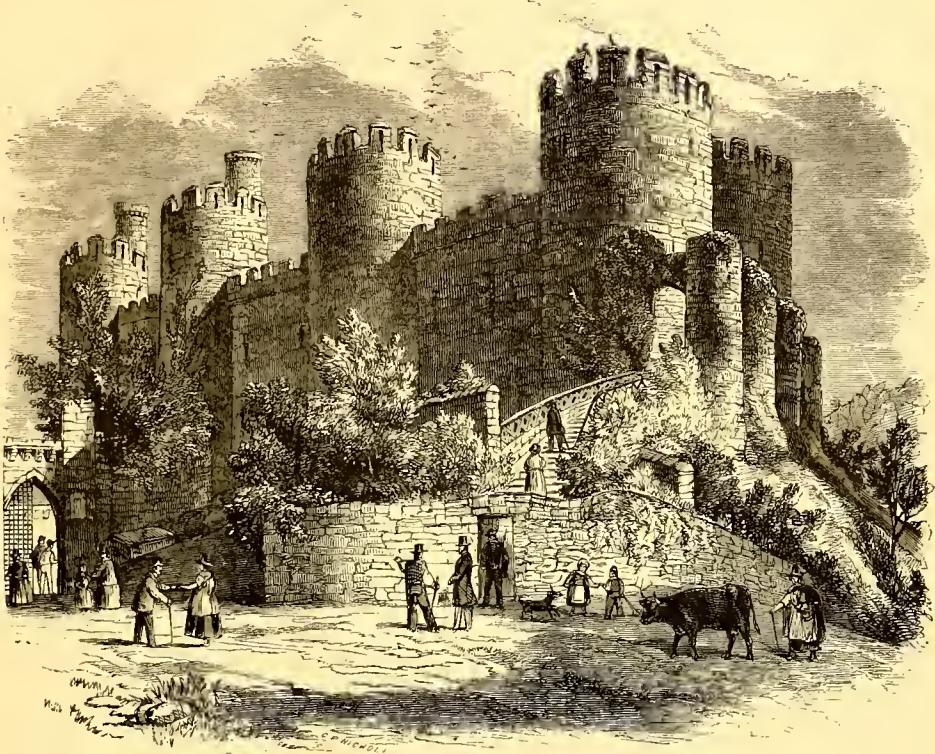
CARNARVON CASTLE.

times, there were five rooms, one above another. The floors have fallen, and, looking over the inner wall, I could see only the holes where floor-beams had rested, and a heap of ruins at the bottom. Around these central halls, which must have been lighted by artificial means, were smaller rooms,

window just above it lighted the "confessional," a little niche in the wall still holding the receptacle for holy water. This room passed, we went clear around the tower, till we came through the narrowest of all passages to a room only ten feet by twelve. This was certainly the room of Queen

Eleanor and the first Prince of Wales, whether he was born there, or brought when a very small boy. Back of the window is a narrow door which opens upon a walk upon the walls, called Queen Eleanor's

are still to be seen, as is also the end of the leaden water pipe away back in the walls; trophy hunters have carried away as much of it as their arms could reach. The castle, was entered by two gates; the



CONWAY CASTLE.

walk. She could not go outside the castle walls, and it would not be pleasant for her in the court with soldiers passing to and fro, and her only exercise out-of-doors had to be taken on this narrow path. When the walls were in repair she could walk from this tower to the next, through that to another wall, and so on around the castle, entering back of the confessional. I followed the walk a little way, and was glad enough that I was not compelled, like the poor queen, to take all my fresh air on a path two feet wide on castle walls. This tower, called Eagle Tower, was the strongest of the thirteen, and for this reason the queen was placed in it; the next, to the left, was the Royal Tower, and the enemy would naturally go there to look for the baby prince. The banqueting hall occupied the space between the Eagle and Royal towers, indicated now only by a line of stones left for the purpose. The kitchens were directly opposite, and the places which years ago held the boilers

king's gate, or general entrance, and one smaller, but more beautiful, through which Queen Eleanor first entered Carnarvon. This gate is the most picturesque part of the castle, being partially in ruins and covered with ivy and wall-flowers.

Around the whole were high walls with towers at intervals, a part of the town of Carnarvon being now built within them.

If Carnarvon is the grandest old castle ruin, Conway is certainly the most beautiful. At the former there is one large oblong court; the latter has two square ones, surrounded by lofty rooms with arched roofs; the entire castle is covered with a mass of ivy. The grand hall is 130 feet in length, the roof formerly being supported by eight arches. The roof and four of the arches have fallen, but ivy has covered the remaining ones so luxuriantly that, looking up from the floor, one can only see a leafy mass above, with here and there a speck of blue sky. It is built on a rock, and can be entered by

steps cut into the rock, or by a draw-bridge over the moat, and up a rambling path. Back of the castle is a pleasant yard, so that the lady of Conway was more fortunate than poor Queen Eleanor.

Conway was built by King Edward I. also, and he was at one time besieged in it, during a revolt of the Welsh; he was nearly reduced by famine to surrender, but at the last moment a fleet arrived with supplies and reinforcements.

Many of the castles were dismantled by the Parliamentarians in the time of Oliver Cromwell, but for some reason this was spared,—it is claimed, on account of its peculiar beauty.

Denbigh has a ruined castle, but it is hardly safe to explore it, as it was not left for time to destroy, but was blown up by gunpowder in the time of Charles II.

But I think boys care less for the history of these old ruins than for the pleasure of climbing around them. It is possible that the account of Carnarvon at least may lead some of you to study enough of English history so that, when you cross the Atlantic and have the opportunity to see what now you read of, you will not have to depend upon poor guides, or spend half your time in hunting up why and by whom these grand old castles were built.

HOW TOM COLE CARRIED OUT HIS PLAN.*

(Suggested by an incident in the life of the late William Morris Hunt.)

BY M. A. HOPKINS.

WITHOUT, it was wild and stormy: the freshly fallen snow covered everything with its soft white garment—the wind howled and roared, as though, itself uneasy, it intended no one else should rest.

Within, seated before a bright fire, were three children. Sue was the eldest, very pretty, "but prim," her brother Tom said. Sally, ten years old, was the youngest of the three, and was full of fun, but inclined to be a tom-boy. Tom was fourteen, and is the hero of this little story. If one were to hunt the wide world over, he would scarcely find a more generous, manly boy than this same Tom Cole. The children had no parents, and at the time of this story they were living with their grandfather on Beacon street, in the city of Boston. As I said, on this particular evening they were in their sitting-room, talking around the fire—planning some very mysterious thing, and waiting for their governess to come in, that she might help them out of their trouble. When she opened the door, the children all rushed toward her, talking and exclaiming all together.

"We thought you never would come," said Tom, at last, as poor besieged Miss Margaret seated herself in the large arm-chair they brought for her, and stretched her white hands toward the burning logs.

"But, dear me, if you all talk at once how can I understand what you are trying to tell? Girls, let us hear first what Tom has to say" said she.

So Tom began: "Well, you know, Marnie,

we've all had lots of fun this winter watching the poor little Italian who used to grind the organ on the edge of the Common opposite. I'm afraid you won't like it when I tell you what I did; but one day I went out and spoke to him. I asked him where he lived, and how he taught his monkey to play on the violin—for I thought I'd like to teach our 'Charcoal' how to do some of the funny tricks his monkey did. He said he would show me if I would go to his house. So, one afternoon, I ran off and followed him. Marnie, I was awfully scared when I saw where he was taking me—it was away down on North street, where there were drunken Italians and swearing women. Ugh! It was dreadful! I won't tell you about it—it's too horrid. I did not go far, it was so bad; so I gave Beppo my last nickel and came home as fast as I could; and, girls, I think you were regular bricks not to tell Grandpa of me. Yesterday, Beppo came grinding under the window again, and as I parted the curtains to look at him, he beckoned to me. I went out to see what he wanted. He said he was awfully sick, and that he could hardly move, he ached so; said he had crawled out of bed hoping to make enough to get some dinner, but it had been a bad day; no one had given him a penny, and so he had come to me for a car ticket. Of course I gave him one, and walked with him to a car, but when it came along the horrid old driver would not let us put the organ on the platform, and so —"

Here Tom stopped, and blushed fiery red.

* See "Letter-Box," page 916.

"Well, what did you do?" said the children and Marnie in one breath.

"Well,—I—I carried the organ myself," said Tom, stammering with shame. He had not meant to tell this part of the story.

"Hurrah for you!" said Sally, jumping up and swinging her handkerchief around her head.

"Did Beppo wait for you after he left the car?" said Sue. "And what did you do down in that horrid street, where the drunken people were? Did n't they laugh at you?"

"I did n't mind it much if they did," said Tom. "They saw Beppo was sick, but they laughed at my good clothes. I did n't care, though,—for I think I felt more like a man, with Beppo's organ on my back, than I did when I went before, for then I only carried the idea of learning to train a monkey. At last we reached Beppo's room. Bah! It's such a beastly place!" he said, shuddering; "up five flights of rickety stairs, and there is no light nor sunshine in the house; in the court-yard were piles of half-naked children, playing and fighting and yelling. Well, Beppo lay down on a pile of potato sacks, which he called a bed. I covered him with my overcoat, and left him.

"Now, Marnie, what can we do to help the poor boy? He has n't any one to do a thing for him, and he will die if he is left there much longer. He's awfully sick. I know he is. We have not had much time to talk it over; this morning you had us at our lessons, and, since lunch, Grandpa's been making me read to him such a lot of stupid stuff!"

Then followed much talking. Many plans were proposed, but some reason was found why each one would not work. At last, Marnie said:

"Tom, dear, why don't you take him to the hospital, and let the city care for him?"

"Oh! did n't I tell you," said Tom, "that all the way down he kept asking me not to take him there? He said he was in one once, where they treated him like a brute. He trembled and cried when I told him he would have to go there, and said he would rather die first," he went on, his perplexity making his sentences rather jerky.

"There's the dinner-bell," said Sue, "and we have not decided on any plan yet. We shan't be together again until to-morrow, at noon, what with prayers, and practicings, and lessons."

"But we can each be thinking of some way out of it," interrupted Sally, "and when we do meet we will each tell the rest, and then we'll vote which plan to take." So they left the fireside for the dinner-table.

That night the children scarcely slept, so busy were they trying to find a way out of their trouble, and when at length sleep did kiss their pillows, it

brought only dreams of doctors and monkeys, hand-organs and hospitals.

At noon the three met in the sitting-room, as they had agreed. Tom was brimming over with fun, and had all he could do to compose himself and listen to the girls' ideas.

"I've the best plan of all," he said, "only I'm going to carry it out first, and tell you about it afterward," looking very mysterious and important, while the girls questioned him closely.

"You'll be meaner than dog-pie if you do, Tom Cole!" said Sally, angrily, "and I think you are very unkind to snub our plan about sending for a doctor, and then refuse to tell us yours! I don't think it's a bit fair; do you, Sue?"

"If my plan raises any money, you'll think I'm fair enough," said Tom, not wishing to quarrel with his angry little sister.

That afternoon, immediately after lunch, Tom left the house and fairly ran to Beppo's room. He found the little Italian in a raging fever; by his side was an Irish woman, the mother of many of the fighting children who were in the court-yard.

Hastily making her understand that he was Beppo's friend, and wanted to be of some assistance, the enthusiastic boy began his preparations. He stripped off his coat, vest, collar and cravat, displaying to the eyes of the woman, who closely watched him, an old blue calico shirt, torn, faded and starchless. He quickly got into the shabby jacket Beppo had taken off, and taking from the pockets of his own coat a brimless hat and two odd boots, he put them on, and then strapped Beppo's organ on his back. Nodding to the old woman, he went down the rickety stairs as fast as he could,—the monkey following unwillingly,—through the dirty court with its swarms of dirtier children, and into the street beyond.

Tom turned his steps toward Beacon street, making up his mind as he walked that he would play before every house on the street. "If they only give me three cents at every house, I'll have quite a fortune by the time I reach home," he thought, trying to count the number of houses on the street.

So, plucking up his courage, he slung the organ around on to its one leg and began to grind out, in a very jerky way, "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," utterly unconscious that this tune was hardly appropriate to the season. The monkey stood shivering on the curb-stone, and dumbly refused to obey the strange voice which bade him dance or clap the bones. Perplexed at the animal, Tom became aware that the children had left the window, that the monkey would not show off, that he had been grinding out the same tune over and over again, and that the snow was falling fast.

He began to feel a little discouraged, but, saying bravely to himself, "Brace up, old fellow," he began to look for the knob which he knew he must turn in order to change his tune. He found it at length, but that did not do him any good, for now he discovered that he did not know how to use it. Turn and twist as he would, the organ would play nothing but "Spring, spring, beautiful spring." Provoked and disheartened, Tom at last sat down on the curb-stone; his feet were in the gutter, and his head was buried in his hands; on his back was the organ, and on it crouched the monkey, as sorrowful as poor Tom himself, who was ready to cry with vexation. What should he do? He could not go home and tell the girls he had failed in carrying out his plan; they would laugh at him, and, worse than all, Beppo would get no relief, and so the poor boy was very unhappy.

Soon the jingle of sleigh-bells attracted him, and past him went a sleigh, with two men in it. They looked hard at him, and Tom fairly trembled lest they should be friends who might recognize him, and go to his grandfather with some exaggerated tale of his plan to help the poor organ-grinder. While Tom was watching the men, the sleigh turned and stopped opposite him. A gray-bearded man jumped out and said, almost rudely, to Tom:

"Give me your jacket; now your organ; now your hat;" and, taking off his own coat, he threw it over Tom's shivering shoulder. A passer-by would have seen a queer sight there at that minute: The gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, with the organ on his back, and the ragged jacket thrown over his shoulders, while Tom, clothed in an ulster that touched the ground, stood rubbing his hands together and looking with wonder at the queer actions of the gentleman. The gentleman had taken the organ and monkey under the windows of a neighboring house, and had begun to play the same old tune, "Spring, spring, beautiful spring." The frightened monkey stood shivering by, resolved not to dance for any one but his own master. When the tune was finished, the pretended organ-grinder went up the steps and rang the bell.

"Tell Mr. B—— that Mr. H—— would like to see him," he said.

The butler at once recognized the familiar face of the visitor, and hesitatingly said:

"But, Mr. H——, there is an afternoon reception, and your clothes ——"

Then, fearing he had gone too far, he did not finish his sentence.

"So much the better," said Mr. H——, who

was a great painter and an intimate friend of the family. "I will enter the parlors and pass around the hat." So, hauling the reluctant monkey after him, he crossed the halls and parlors, grinding as he went the everlasting tune, "Spring, spring, beautiful spring," and presented himself at the side of his astonished host. The eyes of the whole assembly were upon him, and wondering whisperings went around as to what new freak their queer friend had taken.

Then Mr. H—— said, "Well, you see, B——, I want some money to help a poor organ-grinder, who is crying in the cold under your very windows," and pulling off the brimless hat, he inverted it and said, "How much will you put in my hat to start with?" then, in a most grinder-like way, he limped and stumbled around the room, presenting his hat to each one present. The whole party appreciated the joke, and, humoring the man's queer freak, as they called it, filled his old hat with crisp notes.

Leaving the room as suddenly as he had entered, amid the applause of the guests, Mr. H—— descended the steps, gave the boy the money, and, hastily putting on his own coat and hat, jumped into his sleigh and drove off, and Tom never saw him again.

Tom was too happy for words, and, unconscious of the eyes which were peering at him from the windows of the B—— house, he counted the money as quickly as his stiff fingers would allow. He fairly ran to Beppo's room, and flung on his own clothes in place of those he had worn during his masquerade, and then started for home.

"Thirty-five whole dollars!" he exclaimed, as he entered the sitting-room and tossed the notes into Marnie's lap.

"Tom Cole, I believe you stole it!" said Sally.

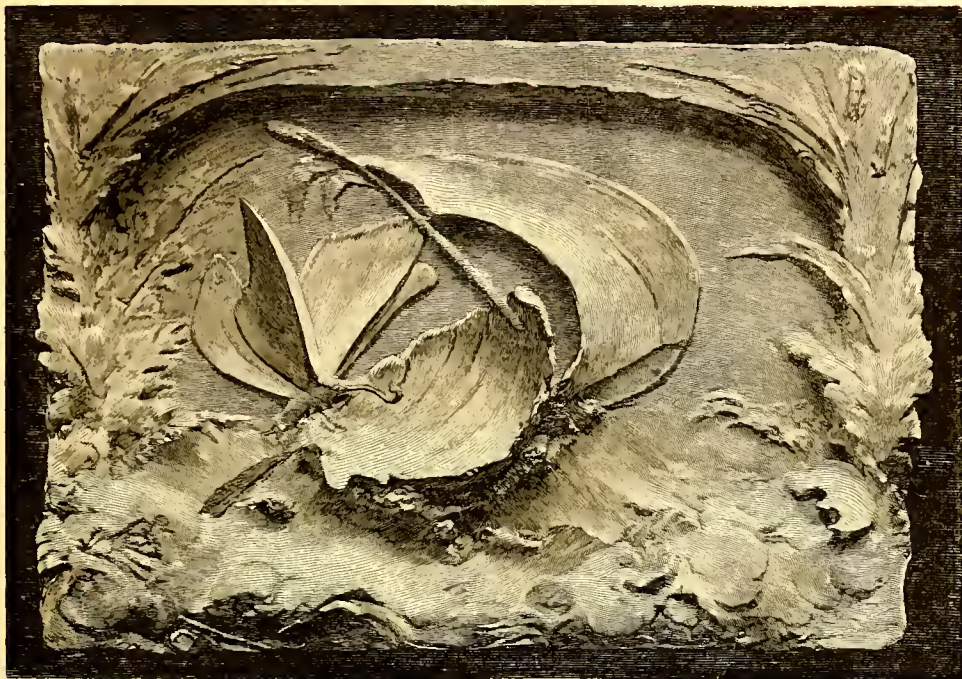
"Guess I did n't. If you 'll give a fellow a chance to get his breath, I 'll tell you about it," he gasped, as he stretched himself in his favorite position on the hearth-rug.

With many interruptions from the girls, he told his story. It was decided then and there that the thirty-five dollars should be given to their old nurse, who had left them when Marnie came, and that she should take Beppo to her home and nurse him till he got well.

After this was settled, a silence fell on them all. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Exactly what they were thinking, I cannot tell; but certain am I that firelight never danced over four happier young folk than those who sat on the hearth-rug that evening enjoying pleasant warmth and home-cheer.

CAPTAIN BUTTERFLY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.



HE was tired of the farm, this butterfly gay,
 And wanted to go to sea,
 So he rigged him a boat and sailed away,—
 Oh, as proud as a king was he, was he,
 As proud as a king was he!

The butterfly's boat was a scallop-shell
 Which he found upon the shore,
 And he thought the craft would do very well,
 For he 'd never been out before, before,
 For he 'd never been out before.

A spider spun him a web for a sail,
 'T was as fine as fine could be,
 And the helm was a quill from an eagle's tail,
 And a captain gay was he, was he,
 And a captain gay was he.

The heavens were blue, and the sea was calm,
 The wind blew fresh from the south,
 And he thought of the butterflies on the farm
 With a smile about his mouth, his mouth,
 With a smile about his mouth.

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“Oh! how lovely this is!” again and again
 To himself he laughingly said.
 “Why, to flutter all day in a country lane,
 'T were just as well to be dead, be dead,
 'T were just as well to be dead.”

In his haste he had never once thought of food,
 And now he was out to sea.
 No pollen was near, nor anything good,
 “I am starving to death!” said he, said he,
 “I am starving to death,” said he.

He began to be ill, as the sea, so calm,
 Was lashed by a gale from the south;
 And his smile, as he thought of the woods and
 farm,
 Was the other side of his mouth, his mouth,
 Was the other side of his mouth.

“Oh! what shall I do?” he cried, in despair.
 “No captain should leave his ship!
 But if I could see the shore anywhere,
 I would give this craft the slip, the slip,
 I would give this craft the slip.”

The butterfly's wings of scarlet and gold,
 Were as wet as wet could be;
 And the butterfly's spirit, once so bold,
 Had become quite cowardly,—'ardly,
 Had become quite cowardly.

The wind at last, with a terrible roar,
 Ran off with the scallop-shell,
 And landed the captain high on the shore,
 Then blew him safe to the dell, the dell,
 Then blew him safe to the dell.

The butterflies crowded around their mate,
 And laughed aloud in their glee.
 "If you've got to come back," they said, "in this state,
 We'll none of us go to sea, to sea,
 We'll none of us go to sea."

THE LESSON OF WALNUT CREEK.

BY M. E. EDWARDS.

MATTIE and Helen Talbot were spending a whole, long summer at Walnut Farm. Their Aunt Helen lived there. She was Mrs. Morrison, and her two daughters, Grace and Anna, were a little older than Mattie and Helen; but not so much older that they felt above playing with their cousins from the city. The four girls were almost inseparable during the visits that were exchanged between the families; the Morrisons going to the city for a month in the winter, and the Talbots going to the country for a month in the summer. But this summer Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were in Europe; and Mattie and Helen had the privilege of being with their cousins during all the long vacation. They were delighted, for they enjoyed country life, and Walnut Farm was a beautiful place among the green hills, and very near Walnut Creek, a clear and sparkling stream, on whose picturesque banks the four girls passed much of their time.

In all enterprises Mattie was the foremost spirit, and was recognized as a leader, though she was the youngest of the party except Helen. Mattie was an enterprising and ambitious girl, and a brave one, too; but she had such overweening confidence in herself that it seldom entered her mind to take any precautions in case of danger. She had an idea that courage would carry a person through all difficulties. A great many young people have this idea. It is by no means peculiar to Mattie. And then prudence implied painstaking, and Mattie did not like painstaking. She did not care to do anything she had to learn how to do. She preferred to do things "off-hand," as she expressed it. She often laughed at her sister Helen, who was so timid, she did not even pretend to any bravery.

And Helen did not in the least object to being taught useful things, and especially things that would help her in taking care of herself.

"I am going to learn to swim," she said one day, to Mattie, when they were in their own room. "Grace and Anna can both swim, and they have offered to teach me, and there is a perfectly safe place down by the big willows on the creek, where I can take my lessons."

"Of course," said Mattie, with a laugh, "you will choose a *safe* place; but people don't need to know how to swim if they are never in unsafe places."

"The safe place is only for the beginning," said Helen, turning very red, for she was sensitive to ridicule. "After I know how to swim, I will venture into deeper water."

"And what good will it do you to know how to swim?" asked Mattie.

"It is a good thing to know how to swim," said Helen. "It gives one confidence when in the water."

"I have confidence enough already," said Mattie, loftily.

"And then," continued Helen, "you know Uncle John often takes us out in the boat, and I might fall overboard some time, and then think what a splendid thing to know how to swim!"

"You will never fall out of the boat," said Mattie; "you are too careful of yourself for that. You won't even paddle in the water with both hands."

"No," said Helen; "I have to lean over too much to do that; and, if I should lose my balance, I should have no hand to steady myself with. One hand is all I dare put in the water at a time."

"There is not a particle of use in your learning to swim," said Mattie, with a scornful laugh.

But Helen, though she shrank from ridicule, did not easily give up a point, and she did learn to swim.

When Mattie saw that Helen was in earnest, she took a few lessons herself, partly because she thought there might be some fun in it, and partly to give Helen more confidence. But she soon grew tired of it. It seemed to her to be tame sport, as the Morrison girls taught it, for they were not at all reckless,—they themselves had been too carefully trained for that,—and she found she had to take a good deal of trouble to learn to swim properly. And so she contented herself with "taking care of Helen while swimming," as she said.

As all that Mattie did on these occasions was to



"TAKING CARE OF HELEN."

sit on the shaded bank of the stream, and watch Helen put on her bathing-dress, and look at her as she plunged into some deep hole for a swim, and as Mattie could not swim, it was difficult to see what help she could possibly be to her sister. But Mattie firmly believed that she was taking excellent care of Helen. She was accustomed to feel that she ought to lead and take care of people.

One day, when the four girls were rambling through the woods along the bank of the creek, Grace said:

"Mattie, I don't believe you and Helen have ever been to the cave."

"What cave?" cried both girls, in a breath.

"The cave at Bear Spring, on the other side of the creek," said Grace.

"I hope there are no bears there!" exclaimed Helen.

The other girls laughed.

"There have been no bears there for at least a hundred years," said Anna.

"I only wish we could see one," said Mattie; "it would be a splendid sight. A bear in his native woods!"

"I should like to be sure," said Grace, "that he could not get at me, or I should not enjoy the sight."

"I should n't like it, any way," said Helen. "I am afraid to look at wild beasts in cages; I can't help thinking, What if they should get out?"

"Poor child!" said Mattie, pityingly, laying her hand on Helen's shoulder. "How unhappy it must make you to be forever afraid of everything!"

"I have often wished I was brave like you," said Helen, looking up at her sister with admiring eyes.

"But Helen is not unhappy," interposed Grace. "I think she is the merriest one of our party."

"And she is not afraid of everything, by any means," added Anna, kindly.

"I am not at all unhappy," said Helen, "but I *am* timid. There is no doubt about that, for everybody says so. I am not brave, but then, you know, hardly ever anything happens to be afraid of. But what is this cave? I never heard of it before."

"It is a deep hole that runs 'way back into a rock," explained Anna. "It makes a sort of room that a tall man can't stand up straight in; but we can. It is cold and horrid in there, and people say bears used to live in it. But the most beautiful mosses grow around that cave you ever saw in your life."

"Oh, we *must* go there!" cried Helen in a rapture.

"Of course we will go!" said Mattie, with her usual decision.

"I don't know about that," said the prudent Anna. "It is a very hot day, and the bridge is a mile down the creek, and, part of the way, there is no shade. We had better wait for a cooler day."

"We can ford the creek," said Mattie. "There is not the least use in walking away down to the bridge."

"Ford the creek!" cried Grace. "I never did that in my life. I have waded along the banks many a time, but I never dared to wade across it."

"It is easy enough," said Mattie, carelessly.

"There is a place I know well, not a quarter of a mile down, where I can see the bottom clear across to the other side."

"Brother Tom and Joe Briggs wade across," said Anna; "but I don't know just where."

"Of course, *they* do," said Grace; "but they

The four girls were soon in the stream, tripping gayly along, Mattie, of course, leading the way. They arrived, without any adventure, at the pine-tree, where another consultation was held. Here was one of the narrowest parts of the creek; but the statement Mattie had made, that she could



"MATTIE LED THE WAY."

are boys, and, besides, they know the dangerous places, and we don't."

"I don't believe there are any dangerous places," said Mattie, deciding the question very promptly.

"Don't let us go, if there is the least danger," pleaded Helen, seeing that Mattie was proceeding to take off her shoes and stockings.

"Don't be silly, Helen," said Mattie. "Can't you trust me? I know the exact spot, I tell you, where we can cross safely, and if you will just follow me, you will be all right."

"I am very much afraid it is not safe fording, Mattie," said Grace, who, as the eldest of the party, felt in a measure responsible for the others.

"But I tell you it *is* safe!" persisted Mattie.

"Are you *sure*?" asked Anna.

"I am *sure*!" said Mattie, emphatically. "You are not afraid to wade, near the bank, from this place to the old pine-tree, are you?"

All agreed there could be no danger.

"Very well," said Mattie. "We will all wade down to the old pine. It will be cool and pleasant to go through the water under the trees. Then we can decide upon crossing the creek, for the shallow place runs right across from that old pine."

"see the bottom clear across to the other side," was found not to be correct. She had not intended to tell anything that was not true; but when people make such very positive assertions about matters that they have not very carefully studied, they are not apt to hit the exact truth. However, though the girls could not "see the bottom clear across," a number of rocks and stones showed above the surface, scattered along the whole distance. This appeared to indicate shallow water.

Grace and Anna hesitated. They acknowledged that there were places where the boys waded across, and this looked as if it might be one of those places. Helen alone gave it as her decided opinion that they had better stay where they were.

"What a coward you are, Helen!" said Mattie, impatiently. "If you are so timid, you can stay here. And if you are all afraid, I will go alone. I am so thankful I am not a coward!"

So saying, she turned her face toward the opposite bank, and stepped boldly out into the stream. Helen followed, at a little distance, as she was almost sure to do when Mattie had fully determined upon carrying out any adventure. Grace and Anna also followed, some distance behind Helen.

Mattie picked her way along with very little difficulty, and splashed through the water, which was not half up to her knees, quite proud of her bold and adventurous spirit. When she had waded about a third of the way across, she turned, and taking off her hat waded it to her companions as a signal of triumph.

Then she turned to proceed on her way; but, just at that place, the bottom of the creek suddenly shelved down to a considerable depth. In her excitement she did not perceive this; her feet slipped, and down she went into the current, which swept her irresistibly along.

For an instant, Helen was terror-stricken at this catastrophe. She seemed to have neither thought nor feeling. Then there rushed into her mind the awful thought that there was no help near; and then another awful thought, that Mattie could not swim. In another instant she was dashing down the stream, through the shallow water in which she was standing when Mattie fell. She succeeded in reaching a point below the drifting form of Mattie; and springing into the deep water, and swimming out to her sister, was able to seize her, and, with great exertion, to push and pull her along until they were in such shallow water that Mattie could struggle upon her feet. Then she was safe.

This had passed so quickly that Grace and Anna had scarcely time to be frightened at Mattie's being swept into the stream when they saw Helen plunge

in to the rescue; and, directly after, were relieved to see them in the shallow water.

When the girls had started to cross the creek, they had tied their stockings and shoes around their necks, so that they could have the use of both hands, and when Mattie and Helen reached the bank the shoes were still swinging at the ends of the long, wet stockings. The shoes were very wet, too, but they managed to get them on their feet; and then Grace and Anna would not let them rest another minute, but hurried them home as fast as they could go, for fear that, all dripping as they were, they would take cold and be sick.

Their aunt made them go to bed, and gave them hot drinks. After the excitement was over, and the two girls had been lying quiet for some time, Mattie said: "Helen, are you asleep?"

"No," said Helen.

"I am very thankful that you learned to swim."

"It was a good thing," said Helen, sleepily.

"Helen!" called Mattie again, after a while.

"Well?" said Helen.

"I will never call you a coward again. You are a brave girl."

This was all Mattie said, but she was thinking deeply for some time after Helen was fast asleep. It is probable that she had learned the lesson that bravery without knowledge is not worth much; and that true confidence in one's self should come from proper training and study.



A QUIET CHAT.

SMALL BOATS: HOW TO RIG AND SAIL THEM.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.



EVERY many persons seem to ignore the fact that a boy who knows how to manage a gun is, upon the whole, less likely to be shot than one who is a bungler through ignorance, or that a good swimmer is less likely to be drowned than a poor one. Such, however, is the truth beyond question.

If a skilled sportsman is now and then shot, or an expert swimmer drowned, the fault is not apt to be his own, and if the one who is really to blame had received proper training, it is not likely that the accident would have occurred at all. The same argument holds good with regard to the management of boats, and the author is confident that he merits the thanks of mothers, whether he receives them or not, for giving their boys a few hints as to practical rigging and sailing.

In general, there are three ways of learning how to sail boats. First, from the light of nature, which is a poor way. Second, from books, which is better; and third, from another fellow who knows how, which is best of all. I will try to make this article as much like the other fellow and as little bookish as possible.

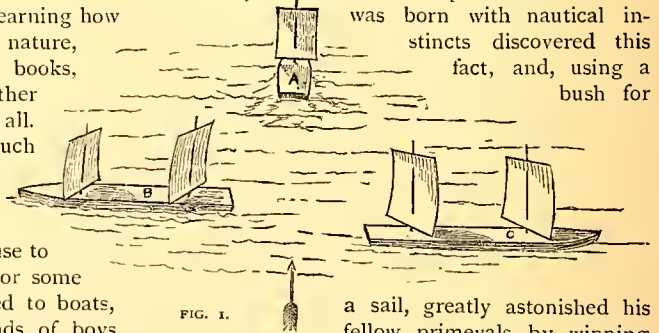
Of course, what I shall say in these few paragraphs will be of small use to those who live within reach of the sea or some big lake, and have always been used to boats, but there are thousands and thousands of boys and men who never saw the sea, nor even set eyes on a sail, and who have not the least idea how to make the wind take them where they want to go. I once knew some young men from the interior who went down to the sea-side and hired a boat, with the idea that they had nothing to do but hoist the sail and be blown wherever they liked. The result was that they performed a remarkable set of maneuvers within sight of the boat-house, and at last went helplessly out to sea, and had to be sent after and brought back, when they were well laughed at for their performances,

and had reason to consider themselves lucky for having gotten off so cheaply.

The general principles of sailing are as simple as the national game of "one ole cat." That is to say, if the wind always blew moderately and steadily, it would be as easy and as safe to sail a boat as it is to drive a steady old family horse of good and regular habits. The fact, however, is that winds and currents are variable in their moods, and as capable of unexpected freaks as the most fiery of unbroken colts, but when properly watched and humored they are tractable and fascinating playmates and servants.

Now, let us come right down to first principles. Take a bit of pine board, sharpen it at one end, set up a mast about a quarter of the length of the whole piece from the bow, fit on a square piece of stiff paper or card for a sail, and you are ready for action. Put this in the water, with the sail set squarely across (A, Fig. 1), and she will run off before the wind,—which is supposed to be blowing as shown by the arrow,—at a good rate of speed. If she does not steer herself, put a small weight near the stern, or square end; or, if you like, arrange a thin bit of wood for a rudder.

Probably the first primeval man who was born with nautical instincts discovered this fact, and, using a bush for



a sail, greatly astonished his fellow primevals by winning some prehistoric regatta. But that was all he could do. He was as helpless as a balloonist is in mid-air. He could go, but he could not get back, and we may be sure that ages passed away before the possibility of sailing to windward was discovered.

Now, put up, or "step," another mast and sail like the first, about as far from the stern as the first is from the bow. Turn the two sails at an angle of forty-five degrees across the boat (B or C, Fig. 1), and set her adrift. She will make considerable progress across the course of the wind, although she will at the same time drift with it. If she

wholly refuses to go in the right direction, place a light weight on her bow, so that she will be a little "down by the head," or move the aftermost mast and sail a little nearer to the stern.

It will be seen, then, that the science of sailing lies in being able to manage a boat with her head pointing at any possible angle to or from the wind. Nothing but experience can teach one all the

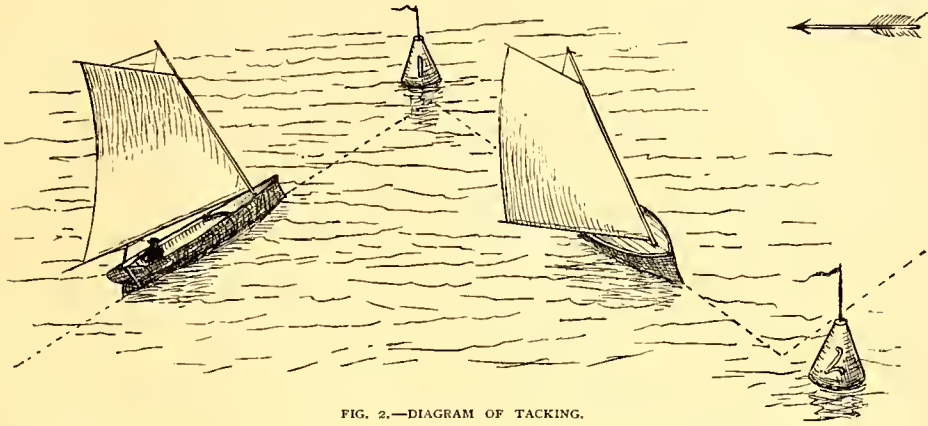


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM OF TACKING.

The little rude affair, thus used for experiment, will not actually make any progress to windward, because she is so light that she moves sidewise almost as easily as she does forward. With a larger, deeper boat, and with sails which can be set at any angle, the effect will be different. So long as the wind presses against the after side of the sail, the boat will move through the water in the direction of the least resistance, which is forward. A square sail, having the mast in the middle, was easiest to begin with for purposes of explanation; but now we will change to a "fore-and-aft" rig,—that is, one with the mast at the forward edge or "luff" of the sail, as in Fig. 2. Suppose the sail to be set at the angle shown, and the wind blowing as the arrow points. The boat cannot readily move sidewise, because of the broad-side resistance; she does not want to move backward, because the wind is pressing on the aftermost side of the sail. So she very naturally moves forward. When she nears buoy No. 1, the helmsman moves the "tiller," or handle of the rudder, toward the sail. This causes the boat to turn her head toward buoy No. 2, the sail swings across to the other side of the boat and fills on the other side, which now in turn becomes the aftermost, and she moves toward buoy No. 2, nearly at right angles to her former course. Thus, through a series of zig-zags, the wind is made to work against itself.

niceties of the art, but a little aptitude and address will do to start with, keeping near shore and carrying little sail.

I will suppose that the reader has the use of a broad flat-bottomed boat, without any rudder. (See Fig. 3.) She cannot be made to work like a racing yacht under canvas, but lots of fun can be had out of her.

Do not go to any considerable expense at the outset. Procure an old sheet, or an old hay-cover, six or eight feet square, and experiment with that before spending your money on new material. If it is a sheet, and somewhat weakly in its texture, turn all the edges in and sew them, so that it shall

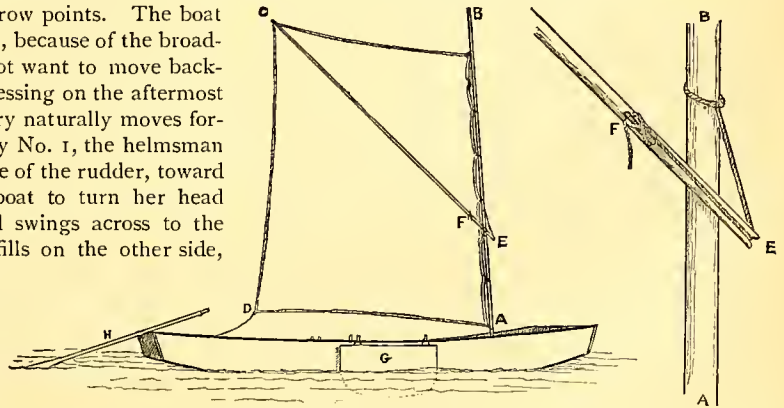


FIG. 3.—A SIMPLE RIG.

This operation is called "tacking," or "working to windward," and the act of turning, as at the buoys No. 1 and No. 2, is called "going about."

not give way at the hems. At each corner, sew on a few inches of strong twine, forming loops at the angles. Sew on, also, eyelets or small loops

along the edge which is intended for the luff of the sail, so that it can be laced to the mast.

You are now ready for your spars, namely, a

we may turn our attention to more elegant and elaborate, but not always preferable outfits.

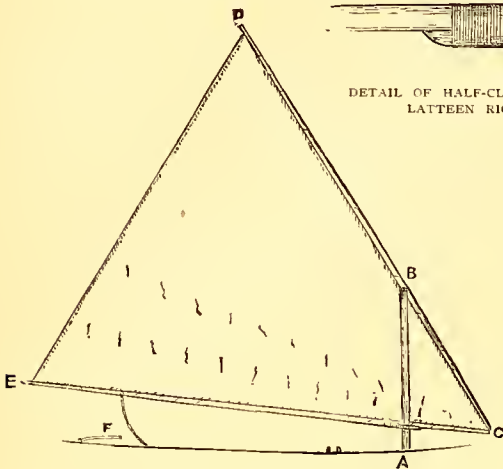
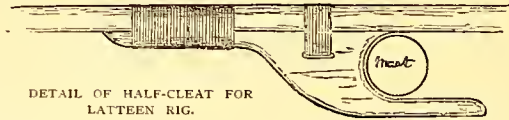


FIG. 6.—THE LATTEEN RIG.



DETAIL OF HALF-CLEAT FOR LATTEEN RIG.

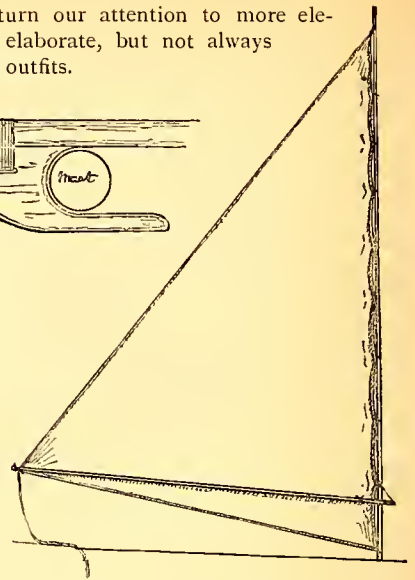


FIG. 4.—LEG-OF-MUTTON RIG.

mast and a "sprit," the former a couple of feet longer than the luff of the sail, and the latter to be cut off when you find how long you want it. Let these spars be of pine, or spruce, or bamboo, as light as possible, especially the sprit. An inch and a half diameter will do for the mast, and an inch and a quarter for the sprit, tapering to an inch at the top. To "step" the mast, bore a hole through one of the thwarts (seats) near the bow, and make a socket, or step, on the bottom of the boat, just under the aforesaid hole,—or if anything a trifle farther forward,—to receive the foot of the mast. This will hold the mast upright, or with a slight "rake" aft.

Lace the luff of the sail to the mast so that its lower edge will swing clear by a foot or so of the boat's sides. Make fast to the loop at D a stout line, ten or twelve feet long. This is called the "sheet," and gives control of the sail. The upper end of the sprit, C E, is trimmed so that the loop at C will fit over it but not slip down. The lower end is simply notched to receive a short line called a "snotter," as shown in the detailed drawing at the right of the cut. It will be readily understood that, when the sprit is pushed upward in the direction of C, the sail will stand spread out. The line is placed in the notch at E and pulled up until the sail sits properly, when it is made fast to a cleat, or to a cross-piece at F. This device is in common use and has its advantages; but a simple loop for the foot of the sprit to rest in is more easily made and will do nearly as well. H is an oar for steering. Having thus described the simplest rig possible,

One of the prettiest and most convenient rigs for a small boat is known as the "leg-of-mutton sharpie rig" (Fig. 4). The sail is triangular, and the sprit, instead of reaching to its upper corner, stands nearly at right angles to the mast. It is held in position at the mast by the devices already described. This rig has the advantage of keeping the whole sail flatter than any other, for the end of the sprit cannot "kick up," as the phrase goes, and so the sail holds all the wind it receives.

Fig. 5 shows a device, here published for the first time, which enables the sailor to step and un-step his mast, and hoist or lower his sail without leaving his seat—a matter of great importance when the boat is light and tottlish, as in the case of that most beautiful of small craft, the modern canoe, where the navigator sits habitually amidships. The lower mast (A B, Fig. 5) stands about two and a half feet above the deck. It is fitted at the head with a metal ferrule and pin, and just above the deck with two half-cleats or other similar devices (A). The topmast (C D) is fitted at F with a stout ring, and has double halyards (E) rove through, or around its foot. The lower mast being in position (see upper part of cut), the canoeist desiring to make sail brings the boat's head to the wind, takes the topmast with the sail loosely furled in one hand, and the halyards in the other. It is easy for him by raising this mast, without leaving his seat, to pass the halyards one on each side of the lower mast and let them fall into place close to the deck, under the half-cleats at A. Then, holding the halyards taut enough to keep them in position, he

will hook the topmast ring over the pin in the lower mast-head, and haul away (see lower part of cut). The mast will rise into place, where it is made fast. A collar of leather, or a knob of some kind, placed on the topmast just below the ring, will act as a fulcrum when the halyards are hauled taut, and keep the mast from working to and fro.

The advantages of the rig are obvious. The mast can be raised without standing up, and in case of necessity the halyards can be let go and the mast and sail unshipped and stowed below with the greatest ease and expedition, leaving only the short lower mast standing. A leg-of-mutton sail with a common boom along the foot is shown in the cut as the most easily illustrated application of the device, but there is no reason why it may not be applied to a sail of different shape, with a sprit instead of a boom, and a square instead of a pointed head.

The "latteen rig" is recommended only for boats which are "stiff"—not tottlish, that is. The fact that a considerable portion of the sail projects forward of the mast renders it awkward in case of a sudden shift of wind. Its most convenient form is shown in Fig. 6. The arrangement for shipping and unshipping the yard is precisely like that shown in Fig. 5—a short lower mast with a pin at the top and a ring fitted to the yard. It has a boom at the foot, which is joined to the yard at C by means of a hook or a simple lashing having sufficient play to allow the two spars to shut up together like a pair of dividers. The boom (C E) has, where it meets the short lower mast, a half-cleat or jaw, shown in detail at the top of the cut—the circle representing a cross section of the mast.

This should be lashed to the boom, as screws or bolts would weaken it. To take in sail, the boatman brings the boat to the wind, seizes the boom and

This disengages it from the mast. He then shoves it forward, when the yard (C D) falls of its own weight into his hands, and can be at once lifted clear of the lower mast. To keep the sail flat, it is possible to arrange a collar on the lower mast so that the boom, when once in position, cannot slip upward and suffer the sail to bag.

The "balance-lug" (shown in Fig. 7) is deservedly popular with canoeists. It has a yard at the head and a boom at the foot, and is hoisted and lowered by means of halyards rove through a block near the head of the mast. These halyards should be so adjusted to the yard that, when hauled

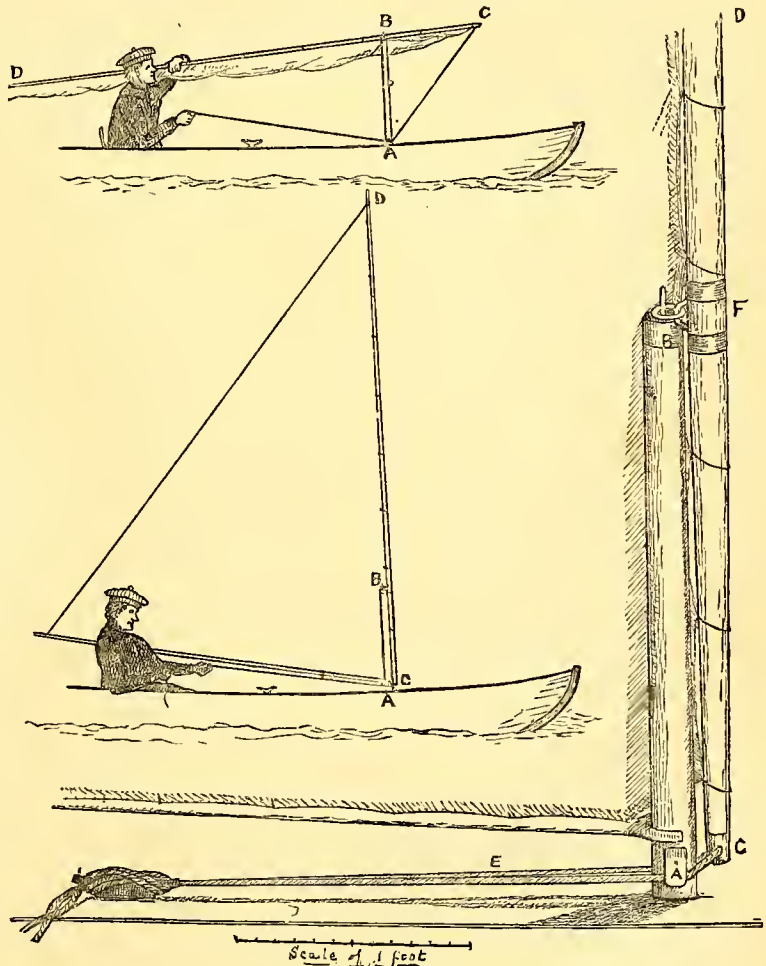


FIG. 5.—A NEW DEVICE.

taut, the sail will be stretched smoothly between the two spars. The yard and the boom are held closely to the mast by means of "parrels," shown by the black lines crossing the mast near A and B.

These are simply short bits of line, or straps, fastened to the spars and passing on the other side of the mast. They hold the spars closely enough to the mast for practical purposes, and yet suffer the yard to slide readily up and down. The halyard is sometimes made fast to the yard-parrel, so that it acts in hoisting on both parts of the yard at once. The boom must be fastened near the foot

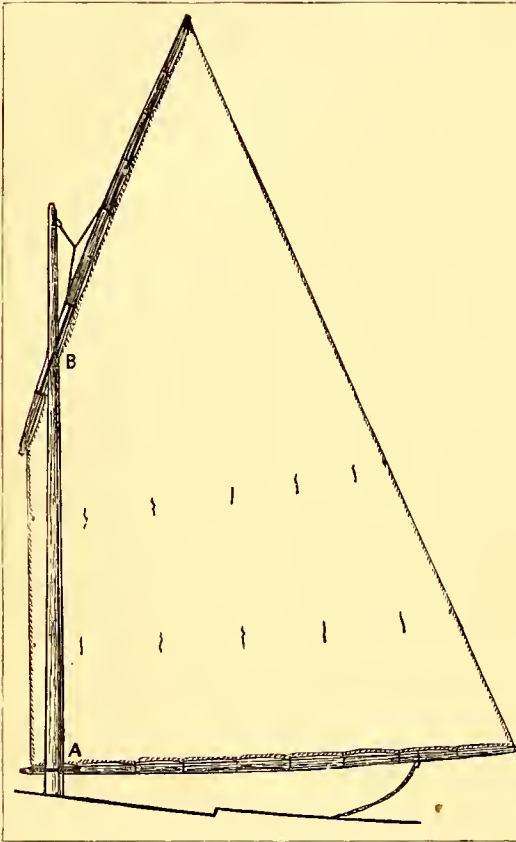


FIG. 7.—THE BALANCE-LUG.

of the mast, so that it can swing freely, but cannot be hoisted higher than is desired, and will not let the sail bulge too much.

The "cat-rig," so popular on the North-Atlantic coast, is indicated in Fig. 2. The spar at the head of the sail is called a "gaff," and, like the boom, it fits the mast with semicircular jaws. The sail is hoisted and lowered by means of halyards rove through a block near the mast-head. The mast is set in the bows,—“chock up in the eyes of her,” as a sailor would say. A single leg-of-mutton sail will not work in this position, because the greater part of its area is too far forward of amid-

ships. No rig is handier or safer than this in working to windward; but off the wind,—running before, or nearly before it, that is,—the weight of mast and sail, and the pressure of the wind at one side and far forward, make the boat very difficult and dangerous to steer. Prudent boatmen often avoid doing so by keeping the wind on the quarter and, as it were, tacking to leeward.

This suggests the question of "jibing," an operation always to be avoided if possible. Suppose the wind to be astern, and the boat running nearly before it. It becomes necessary to change your course toward the side on which the sail is drawing. The safest way is to turn at first in the opposite direction, put the helm "down" (toward the sail), bring the boat up into the wind, turn her entirely around, and stand off on the new tack. This, however, is not always possible. Hauling in the sheet until the sail fills on the other side is "jibing"; but when this happens, it goes over with a rush that sometimes carries away mast and sheet, or upsets the boat; hence the operation should be first undertaken in a light wind. It is necessary to know how to do it, for sometimes a sail insists upon jibing very unexpectedly, and it is best to be prepared for such emergencies.

For the sails of such boats as are considered in this paper, there is no better material than unbleached, twilled cotton sheeting. It is to be had two and a half or even three yards wide. In cutting out your sail, let the selvedge be at the "leech," or aftermost edge. This, of course, makes it necessary to cut the luff and foot "bias," and they are very likely to stretch in the making, so that the sail will assume a different shape from what was intended. To avoid this, baste the hem carefully before sewing, and "hold in" a little to prevent fulling. It is a good plan to tack the material on the floor before cutting, and mark the outline of the sail with pencil. Stout tape stitched along the bias edges will make a sure thing of it, and the material can be cut, making due allowance for the hem. Better take feminine advice on this process. The hems should be half an inch deep all around, selvedge and all, and it will do no harm to re-enforce them with cord if you wish to make a thoroughly good piece of work.

For running-rigging, nothing is better than laid or braided cotton cord, such as is used for awnings and sash-cords. If this is not easily procured, any stout twine will answer. It can be doubled and twisted as often as necessary. The smallest manilla rope is rather stiff and unmanageable for such light sails as ours.

In fitting out a boat of any kind, iron, unless galvanized, is to be avoided as much as possible, on account of its liability to rust. Use brass or copper instead.

Nothing has been said about reefing thus far, because small boats under the management of beginners should not be afloat in a "reefing breeze." Reefing is the operation of reducing the spread of sail when the wind becomes too fresh. If you will look at Figs. 6 and 7 you will see rows of short marks on the sail above the boom. These are "reef-points"—bits of line about a foot long passing through holes in the sail, and knotted so that they will not slip. In reefing, the sail is lowered and that portion of it between the boom and the reef points is gathered together, and the points are tied around both it and the boom. When the lower row of points is used it is a single reef. Both rows together are a double reef.

Make your first practical experiment *with a small sail and with the wind blowing toward the shore*. Row out a little way, and then sail in any direction in which you can make the boat go, straight back to shore if you can, with the sail out nearly at right angles with the boat. Then try running along shore with the sheet hauled in a little, and the sail on the side nearest the shore. You will soon learn what your craft can do, and will probably find that she will make very little, if any, headway to windward. This is partly because she slides sidewise over the water. To prevent it you may use a "lee-board"—namely, a broad board hung over the side of the boat (G, Fig. 3). This must be held by stout lines, as the strain upon it is very heavy. It should be placed a little forward of the middle of the boat. It must be on the side away from the wind,—the lee side,—and must be shifted when you go about. Keels and center-boards are permanent contrivances for the same purpose, but a lee-board answers very well as a make-shift, and is even used habitually by some canoeists and other boatmen.

In small boats it is sometimes desirable to sit amidships, because sitting in the stern raises the bow too high out of water; steering may be done with an oar over the lee side or with "yoke-lines" attached to a cross-piece on the rudder-head, or even to the tiller. In this last case, the lines must be rove through rings or pulleys at the sides of the boat opposite the end of the tiller. When the handle of the oar (H, Fig. 3)—or the tiller (F, Fig. 6), if a rudder is used—is pushed to the right, the boat will turn to the left, and *vice versa*. The science of steering consists in knowing when to push and how much to push—very simple, you see, in the statement, but not always so easy in practice.

The sail should be so adjusted in relation to the

rest of the boat that, when the sheet is hauled close in and made fast, the boat, if left to herself, will point her head to the wind like a weather-cock, and drift slowly astern. If it is found that the sail is so far forward that she will not do this, the fault may be remedied by stepping the mast farther aft, or by rigging a small sail near the stern. This is called a "dandy" or "steering-sail," and is especially convenient in a boat whose size or arrangement necessitates sitting amidships. It may be rigged like the mainsail, and when its sheet is once made fast will ordinarily take care of itself in tacking.

Remember that, if the wind freshens or a squall strikes you, the position of safety is with the boat's head to the wind. When in doubt what to do, push the helm down (toward the sail), and haul in the slack of the sheet as the boat comes up into the wind. If she is moving astern, or will not mind her helm,—and of course she will not if she is not moving,—pull her head around to the wind with an oar, and experiment cautiously until you find which way you can make her go.

In making a landing, always calculate to have the boat's head as near the wind as possible when she ceases to move. This, whether you lower your sail or not.

Thus, if the wind is off shore, as shown at A, Fig. 8, land at F or G with the bow toward the shore. If the wind is from the direction of B, land at E with the bow toward B, or at F; if at the latter, the boom will swing away from the wharf and permit you to lie alongside. If the wind is from D,

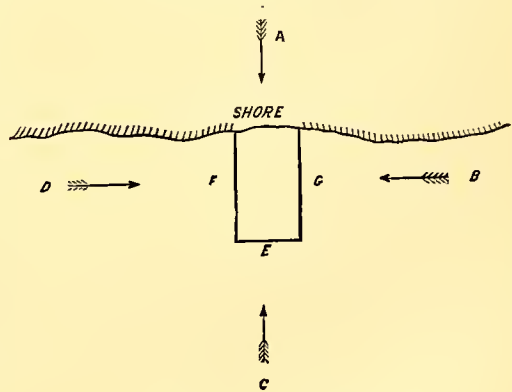


FIG. 8—MAKING A LANDING.

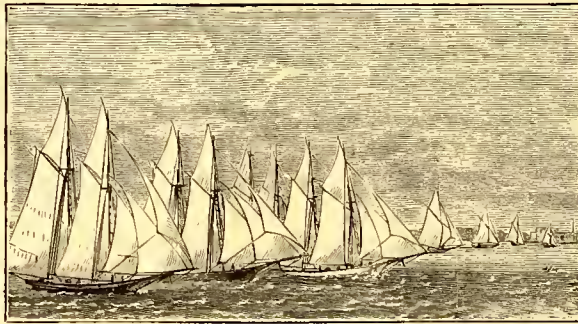
reverse these positions. If the wind comes from the direction of C, land either at F or G, with the bow pointing off shore.

If you have no one to tell you what to do, you will have to feel your way slowly and learn by experience; but, if you have nautical instincts, you

will soon make your boat do what you wish her to do, as far as she is able. *But first learn to swim before you try to sail a boat.**

Volumes have been written on the subject which

is treated in these few pages, and it is not yet exhausted. The hints here given are safe ones to follow, and will, it is hoped, be of service to many a young sailor in many a corner of the world.



THE NEW ENGINEER OF THE VALLEY RAILROAD.

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

ALONG the single track of the Valley Railroad trudged a merry, brown-faced Italian, singing as he went. In one hand he carried a stout stick to which was fastened a platform about a foot and a half square, while with the other he held the end of a tiny chain attached to the collar of a small South-American monkey, perched upon his shoulder. In spite of his gay scarlet jacket, with its tarnished gilt military trimmings, Jocko looked very sad. Perhaps he was thinking of the good times he used to have scampering about with troops of merry playmates in his native Brazilian forests, or jabbering with his neighbors the toucans, the parrots and the long-tailed macaws.

Just then his master came in sight of the car-house at the end of the road. The engine, with its steam up, was standing ready to back down the track to the station, and quite a crowd of small boys and road hands were lounging around, waiting for the starting.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the Italian aloud, hurrying with all his might. "Now, Jocko, perhaps we haf a schance to make a leetle penny!"

In a moment more he had planted his staff firmly in the ground, and, pulling a parcel from under his ragged coat, took out a soldier's cap, which he clapped on Jocko's head, and a tiny toy gun, which he placed in the monkey's brown paw, and then stood him on the platform, ready to show off the clever tricks which he had taught him.

"Shoulder arms! Present arms! Carry arms! Load! Fire! Scharge baynet!" shouted the merry Italian, at short intervals, holding up a stick threateningly.

Jocko obeyed, with the most soldier-like air possible. The small boys screamed with delight, and made up faces and capered about, acting a great deal more monkey-like than did Jocko, who stood up as stiff as a poker and as dignified as a Roman senator.

Jocko hated small boys. In the first place, he thought if it were not for them he might live in peace, and not have to go through with those odious tricks, for if all the people in the world were grown up, they would have neither the time nor the taste for such nonsense. And, in the second place, small boys seemed born without mercy, for when he had played soldier again and again, until his back and limbs were sore and stiff, the greedy creatures never failed to ask for more.

The Italian pulled off Jocko's military coat and cap, and opening the bundle a second time, took out a short brown petticoat and red waist, and white cap with a big frill around the front of it, and put them on the monkey, who scolded and jabbered away as if he was utterly disgusted at such folly. Then a little broom was given him, and he had to go through the motions of sweeping over and over again. But when he passed the hat around and heard the chink of the pennies, he felt better-

* See Dr. Hunt's article, "A Talk about Swimming," *ST. NICHOLAS* for June, 1877.

natured, for he knew that so much money meant a good supper for that night.

"Jump in here," said the engineer, beckoning to the monkey's master. "I'll take you down to the station. Perhaps you'll have a chance to pick up a few pennies there."

The Italian clambered up the side of the engine, and Jocko sat perched on his shoulder, watching with his inquisitive, sharp little eyes the pulling out of the throttle-valve, and every movement made by the engineer.

At the station, the Italian had just fixed the stand to the platform, ready to show off Jocko's accomplishments, when a tremendous clatter was heard, and a horse with a pony phaeton, in which were a lady and two little children, dashed up the street at a furious pace. The engineer and fireman left their places, and all the men about the station ran toward the road, hoping to stop the horse as he came along. Even the Italian, in the excitement of the moment, forgot Jocko and darted off like a deer.

Finding himself alone, Jocko jumped down from the stand and scrambled up the side of the engine, and, hopping on one of the seats of the cab, sat looking about him as wise as an owl or a college professor. Then his keen, mischievous eyes espied the throttle-valve, and reaching up his brown paw he gave the handle a violent pull.

"Pish! Pish!" The engine made a sudden plunge which nearly jerked the passengers' heads off, and caused two stout old gentlemen, who were standing in the aisle talking politics, to bump their noses together in a very painful manner.

"Pish-pish, pish-pish, pish-pish, pish-pish," faster and faster turned the wheels, and faster and faster came the great white clouds from the smoke-stack!

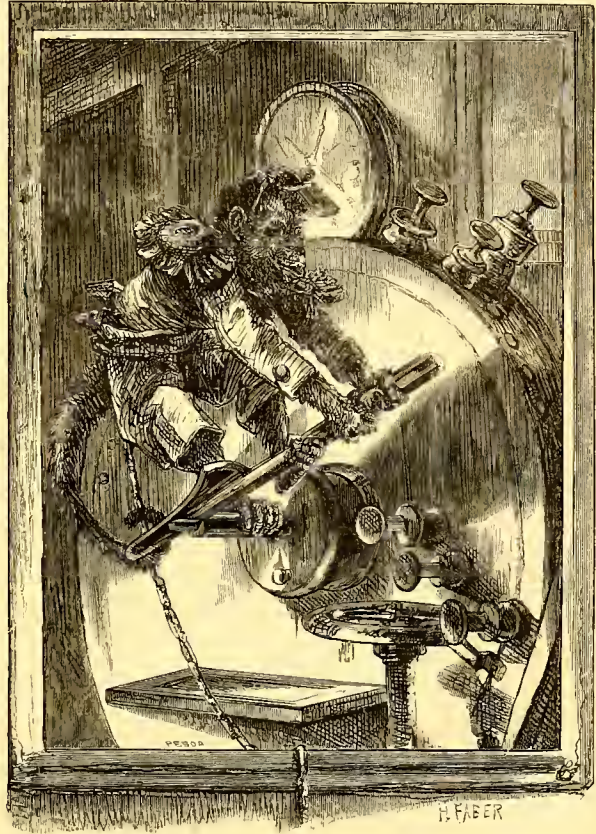
The train was already far beyond the switch, and Jocko, looking out of the window, saw that the runaway horse had been stopped and the lady and children were safe, and all the people were running after the iron horse as if they thought they could stop that as easily as they had brought the real horse to a stand-still.

"It's some rascally boy," said the fireman, hopping up and down in his anger, while the engineer shook his brawny fist toward the train and shouted until he was hoarse: "Stop! Stop! You young scamp. If ever I catch you I'll take your head off close to your shoulders." The long-legged conductor, however, gave chase to the engine, and ran

as far as the car-house after it, followed by a stout old lady, who kept waving her parasol and screaming: "Wait a bit, wait a bit!" until she puffed almost as much as the locomotive.

The track for some distance was a steep downgrade, and Jocko, delighted at the tremendous speed at which he was going, felt himself of considerable importance, and jabbered and grinned with joy. The people in the car thought it was all right until they reached the first way-station, and the train thundered by without so much as a warning whistle. Then they began to put their heads out of the windows and wonder at the unusual rate of speed.

"Can we be late?" asked one of the stout old



THE NEW ENGINEER AT HIS POST.

gentlemen, rubbing the bump on his red nose, and looking rather anxiously at his neighbor.

"Perhaps the engineer has a fit," remarked a fidgety old lady, as the cars gave a sudden lurch.

"What does it mean, Patrick?" asked a lady of the coachman who had brought her to the third way-station in time to take the train.

"Howly saints!" exclaimed Patrick, with a white face and big, round eyes. "Shure, ma'am, and it's the devil himself let loose and a dhiving the ingine. Be me sowl, I saw his tail!"

The locomotive slackened its furious speed as it puffed its way up the steep ascent just before the long level stretch which lay between the branch railroad and its junction with the main line. Then, Jocko suddenly remembered that he had seen the engineer push in the throttle-valve, and he did likewise, and the train gradually came to a stand-still. But just as the passengers were starting anxiously for the door to find out what was the matter, the mischievous monkey pulled out the handle again, and the locomotive nearly leaped from the track, throwing the passengers violently against the seats. A few rods beyond, in went the valve again, and two or three times these strange maneuvers were repeated, while the passengers, with white, terror-stricken faces, sat holding on to the seats, expecting every instant some awful accident. Just as the train was nearing the junction, Jocko pushed in the handle of the throttle-valve for the last time, and in a moment more two of the station men, who had been watching in utter surprise the queer movements of the engine, sprang into the cab and backed the train down to the side track, just in time to get out of the way of the lightning express which

whizzed by on the main track, leaving a thick cloud of dust behind it.

"There's a new engineer on the Valley Road, your honor," said one of the men to the superintendent, who came to see what the trouble was. "And he's rayther a green hand at it," and he pointed to the monkey, who sat there as solemn as a judge.

A telegram was at once sent to the Valley Station, explaining matters, and the superintendent, delighted with the monkey's smartness, bought him for his two boys, paying the Italian a good round price for him. The engineer and fireman came very near losing their places for leaving their engine, but when the superintendent found out that the runaway horse which the engineer's strong hand had seized was his own, and that the lady and two little girls in the phaeton were his wife and youngest children, he let the men off with a mild rebuke and some good advice.

Jocko led a happy and peaceful life, becoming a great favorite with the railroad hands, who petted him, and took him by turns to ride on the engines, and always spoke of him as the "new engineer of the Valley Railroad."

But the smart little fellow was never after allowed to be alone on the engine, as on the day when he made his first trial-trip.

SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY L. W. BACKUS.

A SMALL brown thing
I flit and sing
Thro' the golden globes o' the orange-trees,
And I mock, and mock
The birds that flock
To the North, like clouds in a southern breeze.

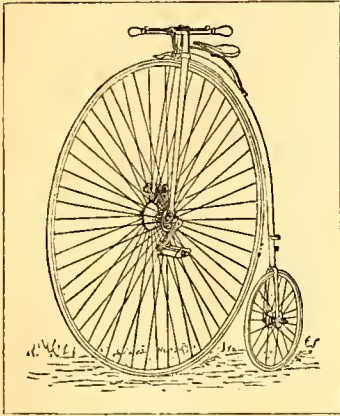
The cat-bird's cry,
The small wren's sigh,
The swallow and the whip-poor-will,
The screaming jay,
All day, all day,
Find in my notes their echo still.

With eye askance
And wicked glance,
I mock them all; and e'en at night
Give back "tu whoo"
To th' owl's "halloo,"
When the moon floods all my haunts with light.

And every sound
That haunts the ground,
The locust's chirp, the hum—half-heard—
Of bee and fly,
I mock,—and cry:
"O listen, Earth, to the Mocking-bird!"

A TALK ABOUT THE BICYCLE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



THE BICYCLE.

and a good kitchen, will furnish enough good times to last through the long vacation.

Country boys and girls have a great deal of fun. There are berrying parties, nutting parties and hunting parties, husking-bees in the big barn, and candy-pullings in the kitchen, and picnics in the shady grove.



THE BICYCLE CALL.

City children have their good times, too. They have scores of household games and toys; and there are visits to the Beach, where the gay

wooden-horse careers around in the most exciting manner, and Mr. and Mrs. Punch show what a lovely time they had together,—to say nothing of surf-bathing and steam-boat rides. Then there is the great city Park, with wonderful donkeys and the most delicious goat carriages, with a free sight at the bears and lions, and pleasant walks where the Guinea-hens chatter so sweetly and the beautiful peacocks sing.

Now, it is a solemn fact that men like fun. Big, grown-up fellows sometimes leave their work and have a real good time at base-ball, or cricket, or in sailing or riding. They don't say much about it, but they really and truly like fun as much as boys. No boy nor girl would ever think of such a thing as sitting down at a table and playing whist. Perhaps there is n't any such thing as fun in it, after all. People are so solemn over the game it is quite clear they do not know what fun means. Some kinds of fun enjoyed by men and women are good for boys and girls, particularly the new styles, like archery and tennis. Sometimes men invent a new sport or a new kind of fun, and then all the boys want to know what it is, and ask if it is good for boys to play at, too.

About sixty years ago, a man invented a new kind of fun.

He took two small carriage-wheels and placed one behind the other, with a wooden frame to hold them together;

put a seat on the frame between the wheels, and, sitting on it, his toes touching the ground, he pushed himself along at a jolly pace. He steered the machine by a handle in front that controlled the forward wheel, and, in going down hill, he had only to lift up his feet and have a coast on wheels. Everybody thought it was quite a splendid machine, and a great many were made, both for men and boys. But it had a habit of tipping over sideways, and it would not go much faster than a boy could run. Then they tried to make various improvements on



LEFT BEHIND.

the machine. They put on another wheel, so that it would stand alone, and then they took it off again, for they found it would go better with two wheels. At last, about ten years ago, they made improved machines called velocipedes, with cranks on one wheel so that it could be moved by turning the cranks with the feet. But even these machines did not last long, and they all went out of fashion. It was of no consequence, for they were very poor things.

Velocipedes of all kinds are plentiful enough now, and boys and girls know all about them. They make pretty good fun, but not real tip-top fun, only a kind of half fun, like rowing a heavy boat with oars a mile too big. It is far too much

think it would be great fun to fly. It is a pity we have n't the right style of wings, so that we could take a good fly now and then, but with a bicycle you can skim along the ground, if not over it. Riding a wheel is next to flying, and ten times better than coasting or skating.

There are two kinds of fun: fun with the hands or feet, such as running, swimming or skating, playing ball, or any other simple games, and fun in thinking, as in solving puzzles or riddles. The best fun is found where the two are combined, as in playing tennis or at archery, in driving a horse or sailing a boat, and all the sports

work to drive a velocipede, and it does shake a fellow up fearfully. So, no wonder they used to

where you use your mind as well as your hands. In driving a horse or boat, you must guide the horse or boat as well as use your hands—you must think for the horse and pick out a path for the boat. So it is with this new kind of fun. You have to choose a road for the wheel, to think where you are going, and use your feet and hands to make the wheel move.

Of all the different kinds of sport, the best are those that take a boy or girl out-of-doors, under the blue sky, in the open air, on land or water. Nothing gives so



call them "bone-shakers." About three years ago, somebody made a better kind of velocipede, and called it a "bicycle," and now boys, and men, too, have a machine that it is really some fun to use. Lately they have begun to call it "the wheel," which is a better name than bicycle.

Talk about coasting down hill at ten miles an hour! There's the sled to be dragged up the hill again. Talk about skating! It's cold fun, sometimes, particularly when the ice flies up and hits a fellow on the back of the head. Some boys

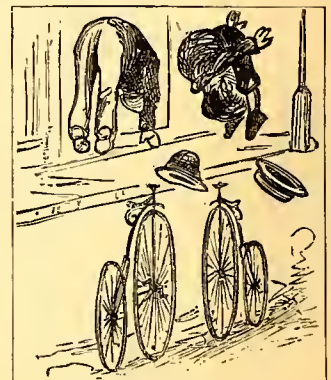
much pleasure as to move from village to village, to travel along a road or



HOPELESS!



COASTING.



river, to see new scenes and new faces. To ride a horse, or sail a boat, gives a sense of freedom and movement that is delightful. Birds must enjoy life. They have such splendid freedom of movement, they fly so fast and so far, it is plain they have a far better time than animals that only walk or run. At any rate, they are the only creatures that sing, and singing springs from a happy heart.

It must have been these things that led man to invent the bicycle. Think of a machine that will enable him to go a mile in two minutes and twenty-seven seconds, or almost as fast as a train, and without oars or an engine of any kind! Think of a wheel that will enable him to ride a hundred miles in seven hours. that will carry him fifty miles a day without exerting more

force than it would take to walk twenty! A man on a wheel can outrun a horse, go as fast as a dog, and have all the fun of a bird. You may be sure there was never anything invented equal to a good bicycle for real manly out-of-door sport.

Well! This is all very fine for a man. Will it do for boys? All manly, out-of-door sports are good for boys, and the use of the "wheel" will make a lad brave, self-reliant, wide-awake and active, and he may well mount it and feel sure it is the right thing to do.

A bicycle is a two-wheeled carriage. The front wheel is quite large, the rear wheel is much smaller and runs close behind it. The two wheels are

joined together by a backbone, or perch, that carries a saddle, on which the rider sits, over the forward wheel, and with his feet hanging down on either side. A bicycle for boys will have a front wheel thirty-six inches in diameter, a rear wheel of sixteen inches, and it will weigh about thirty-eight pounds and cost fifty dollars. Some boys may require a slightly larger wheel, as the machine must fit the boy, or he cannot use it. Let us have a look at the machine, name the parts, see how they are made,



and see how a fellow is to use such a queer piece of machinery. The first things are the two wheels. These are of steel, very light and strong, and bound with thick rubber tires. The hollow rim that holds the tire is joined to the hub by fine steel wires, firmly screwed into place. Securely fastened to the hub are cranks for moving the large wheel, placed so that one is moving up while the other is moving down, or in opposite directions. A steel axle is placed in the center of the wheel, and, as this is quite long, all the spokes flare, or spread out in the center. On each crank is a treadle, or foot-rest, which is partly covered with rubber. These treadles turn around freely on the crank, so that the feet resting on them are always flat and in an easy position. From the hub over the top of the wheel is a piece of steel in two branches called the "fork," and at the top it joins the "backbone," or perch, that carries the seat and joins the two wheels together. The fork above this has a standard or head fixed to it, but free to turn around on the backbone, and having handles at the top, so that

the front wheel may be turned to the right or left in guiding the machine. In front of the handles is a second handle by which to control a brake for checking the speed when the rider wishes to go slow. These are the principal parts of this steel horse, and, if the rider wishes, he can have a saddle-bag for holding an oil-can and tools for repairs, and a bell and lantern to warn people on the road of the approach of the swift and silent steed. All parts of the machine are of steel or rubber, except the saddle, and the whole is very light and graceful, moving easily and quickly, with very little effort.

In riding the wheel, the boy sits on the saddle, with the ball of each foot resting lightly on one of the treadles. A slight downward push with the foot on one treadle sends the wheel forward, and the treadle is allowed to come up easily and thus turn completely around. The other foot alternates with this, and, while the cranks turn once and the rider makes two steps, the large wheel turns around once, and the whole machine, rider and all, moves forward over the ground. If the wheel is thirty-six inches in diameter, one revolution will take it three times as far along the ground, or 108 inches, which is equal to nine feet. A boy in walking moves about one foot eight inches in taking a full step. The boy on the wheel, in making two motions, or steps, moves nine feet. Looked at in another way, riding a bicycle may be thus compared with walking: In walking a mile a boy will spend fifteen minutes, on the wheel five minutes, and with very much less work, because, while making two steps on the cranks he moves very much farther than in walking two steps. In walking a mile, a boy has to lift his weight every time he steps, and must carry his weight the whole distance; on the wheel he rides quite comfortably, and the machine carries his weight, or the difference between his weight and the force, or weight, he puts on each treadle. In other words, you can wheel three times the distance in the same time as walking, and with one-half the trouble. A man can walk thirty miles a day; on the wheel he can ride fifty with less trouble. Boys with bicycles think nothing of a five-mile run after tea, or twenty miles of an afternoon, while a ten-mile walk would give more work than fun.

It seems very queer that a boy can ride on two wheels, one behind the other. The machine will not even stand alone, and it certainly looks as if a boy on top would easily tip over sideways. A boy on skates looks quite as queer, and it is equally strange he does not fall. He does fall, until he learns to balance himself. So the bicyclist mounts his wheel and rides all day securely, because, like the boy on skates, or the rope-walker at the circus, he learns to balance himself on his wheel.

Suppose a boy has a machine and he wishes to

learn to ride. There are riding-schools in some places; but a far better way is to go out-of-doors, on some quiet road or path, with a friend to hold the machine till you learn to balance yourself. First learn to hold and lift the machine. Stand on the left side of the wheel and hold it with the right hand on the saddle. To lift it, grasp the fork with the left hand just above the hub, and put the right hand under the backbone just above the small wheel. To roll it along, stand on the left side, hold the saddle with the right hand and push it forward, and steer it with the left on the handle.

Now, to learn to ride, get your friend to hold the machine upright and keep it steady while you mount and ride. Put the toe of the left foot on the little step, just above the rear wheel, and then hop a few times on the right foot till the machine is started, and then gently rise on the left foot and slide into the saddle. For a little while, the friend must walk beside the machine and keep it steady till you learn to balance yourself. Rest the ball of one foot on each treadle, and let them turn around easily till you get accustomed to the motion. Now! Go ahead! Hands on the handles and looking straight forward. If you feel yourself falling to the right, turn the wheel gently and slowly to the right, and the balance will be restored. If going to the left, turn the wheel that way. Always steer in the direction you are inclined to fall. Another way is to press down on the crank at the side opposite that on which you are falling. Either or both of these movements will prevent a fall, and you will soon learn to hold yourself and the wheel upright without the slightest trouble, and in a short time it becomes a habit to balance yourself, and you think no more about it than in balancing yourself on your feet in walking or skating.

In dismounting, the most simple way is to slide back on the saddle while the machine is going, lift the left foot off the crank and slide it down the backbone till it reaches the step. Then, resting the weight gently on the handles, lift the right foot from the crank and spring lightly to the ground, still keeping hold of the handles. There are other ways of mounting and dismounting, just as there are several fancy styles of riding, but these are the most simple and easy.

Once the machine is mastered, then the fun begins. Here is a steed that will outrun a horse, that will not shy at the cars, nor run away if the harness breaks. To be sure, he has his tricks. Some boys say he will kick, and throw a fellow over his head or spill him on the road; but on asking the winged horse how this is, he says it is generally the rider's own fault. Sometimes, he will run away down hill at forty miles an hour, but you must look out for the brake, and, if you must

fall, it's a good plan to choose a soft place in the road—if there is one at hand.

Some doctors go on this wonderful horse to see their patients, and postmen take their letters about on him. Thousands of men, and boys, too, already ride the wheel; and, a few months ago, a company of nearly two hundred "American wheelmen" met at Newport, Rhode Island, where they gave a bicycle parade. Altogether, it seems as if bicycling might

be the best kind of fun for boys. It will teach them to be quick of eye and hand, brave to endure long runs, and bring a sense of freedom and life in the open air, such as no other sport can give. In fact, some boys say it is the best kind of fun ever invented. And the doctors say, too, that riding the bicycle will not injure you, as the strain of the bicycle-exercise is not the same as that of the velocipede, which many doctors believe to be harmful.

"THE QUEEN OF THE SEA."

BY H. G. GRAY.

THE city of Venice, often called "the Queen of the Sea," is one of the most beautiful cities in Italy, and is built on a number of small islands in the Adriatic Sea.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Venice was at the height of its power and splendor. Its chief magistrate was called a Doge, and though the government was republican, there was very much more splendor and pomp than in our day.

The palace of the Doge still stands as one of the monuments of that time, very interesting to travelers, and the famous "Bridge of Sighs," spanning the canal, joins the palace with the prisons.

Some of you may have read Byron's lines,—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,"—

and in the picture on the next page you can see both buildings plainly. Persons accused of crimes against the state were tried in the palace before the Doge, and after they were sentenced, the criminals were taken across the "Bridge of Sighs" to the dungeons, where they remained until their execution. So this bridge was indeed well named.

You already have been told in ST. NICHOLAS* about the church of San Marco, or St. Mark. It was built at a very early date, and was improved and enlarged at intervals during several centuries. Its gigantic clock has been the wonder of many ages, and its beautiful steeple or "campanile," as the Italians call it, can be seen for miles against the clear sky, with an angel's figure poised on its summit. The church and the buildings connected with it occupy a whole square.

On the roofs of these lives a colony of doves or pigeons, who build their nests and rear their young undisturbed. Pigeons have for centuries been protected by the keepers of the church. It was an

ancient custom, dating as far back as A. D. 877, for the sacristans or sextons, after the service on Palm Sunday, to let loose a number of pigeons, fettered with strips of paper. The people were allowed to catch as many of these birds as they could, and fatten them to eat on Easter Sunday. As many pigeons as escaped and took refuge on the roof of the church were protected, as belonging to the sacred edifice, and were fed at the expense of the republic. During all the wars and troubles, and until the downfall of this government in May, A. D. 1797, these little birds were cared for, and lived their happy lives, unconscious of the confusion around them. They were very tame, and would feed from the hands of those accustomed to throw them their daily portion of grain. After the republic was done away with, and the palace of the Doges was unoccupied, a pious lady left a bequest to continue the supply to the pigeons. This lady was of the Cornaro family, once high in esteem in Venice. As there were a number of sacristans of San Marco, the feeding of the pigeons was intrusted to some members of their families, their wives or daughters, and the frontispiece will give some idea of the pretty scene when these little feathered pensioners came down to receive their portions from the hands of a bright-eyed Venetian girl, whose charge they were.

One of the most interesting features of Venetian life were the festivals which occurred every year, and served to keep in remembrance certain events in the history of the city. Among these was one kept annually for centuries called "La Festa della Marie," and this is the incident it commemorates: In very old times, it was the custom in Venice to have all the marriages among the nobles and chief citizens celebrated on the same day, and in the same church in the eastern part of

* See ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1877.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

the city, on a little island called Olivolo, where the bishop lived. On the day of the *fête*, elegant gondolas were seen on the waters, carrying people dressed in holiday attire to the appointed place, and the young couples landed to the sound of sweet and joyous music. The jewels and other presents given to the brides were carried in the procession,

and a long train of friends, relatives and attendants came after.

In A. D. 933, an event happened at this ceremony which came very near ending tragically for the happy lovers. The pirates of Istria, a neighboring country, were in the habit of scouring the Adriatic, and were the terror of all the cities on the coast.

Always alert for plunder, they decided that the time of the Venetian wedding feast would be a favorable one to enrich themselves very easily. Near to Olivolo was a small island, at that time uninhabited, and here, the day before the *fête*, the wily Istriotes concealed themselves and their light vessels.

The next day, the gay companies passed slowly along to the church, unconscious of danger. The services began, and the espoused couples stood before the altar. Then suddenly the Istriote pirates, swift as arrows, rowed their boats into the harbor where the gay procession had just disembarked. In the midst of the solemn service, the doors of the church were thrown open and the dark-bearded pirates rushed in. With their drawn swords in their hands, they made their way to the altar, and, snatching up the terrified brides, they rushed to their boats, not forgetting to secure the caskets with the bridal gifts. Before the horrified bridegrooms and guests could realize what had happened, the robbers were carrying their prize, with swift and steady strokes, toward the shores of Istria. The Doge was assisting at the ceremony; but, rushing from the church, he called on all to follow, till the number of citizens soon swelled to hundreds, as they ran to the wharf, shouting for vengeance.

There were several ships in the harbor, and they hastily embarked. Every sail was unfurled, and they started in pursuit of the pirates and their precious booty. The wind being favorable, they overtook them in the lagoons, or low water near the shore. It was not to be expected that any quarter would be given to the robbers. The girls were restored unhurt to their lovers, and all the jewels were recovered. It is said that every pirate was fettered and thrown headlong into the sea, not one escaping to tell the story to his countrymen.

Another gorgeous festival at Venice was the marriage of the city to the Adriatic Sea. It was celebrated every year on Ascension Day, and this, too, had its origin in an historical event. In A. D. 1170, Pope Alexander III. was driven from Rome by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, or Red-beard, and he took refuge in Venice, where he was received with great respect and affection. The emperor demanded that the republic should give him up; but the request was refused.

Barbarossa then sent a fleet of seventy-five galleys, under the command of his son, Otho, with orders to destroy all that came in their way. The Doge had only forty galleys; but he was an expert seaman, and drove the emperor's fleet off the coast and took Otho prisoner. After this battle, peace

was made, and Frederick consented to come to Venice to be reconciled with the Pope.

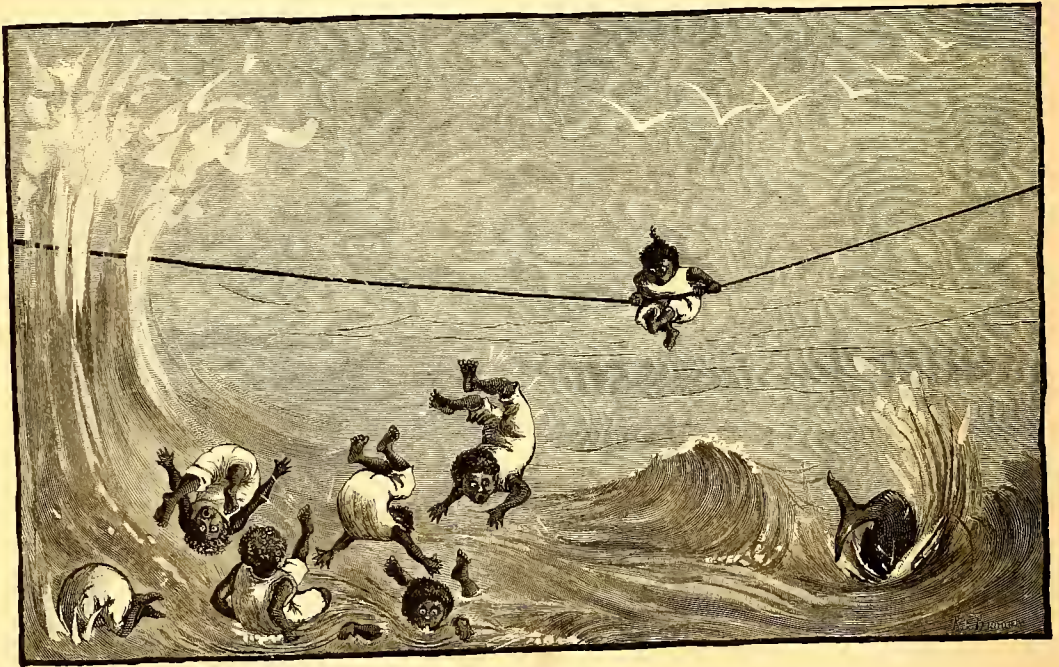
To reward the Venetians for their services, the Pope bestowed on them the sovereignty of the Adriatic Sea, and presented the Doge with a ring, saying, "Receive this as a symbol of your sovereignty, and celebrate your espousals with the sea every year."

This *fête* on Ascension Day was a universal holiday. The poor and the rich put on their gayest dresses and went to witness the marriage of the Doge with the sea. The bells of the city rang from daybreak their most joyful chimes, the canals were thronged with gondolas ornamented with banners. In one of the largest harbors, called La Piazzetta, was anchored a large vessel, called the "Bucentaur," which belonged to the Doge. The crew were chosen from among the strongest and handsomest of the Venetian seamen. The prow of the ship was gilded and ornamented with figures, and in the center was a crimson-velvet tent embroidered with gold, above which floated the flag of San Marco. When the hour of noon sounded, the door of the church was thrown open and a grand procession moved forth. First came eight standard-bearers with the flags of the republic in red, blue, white and violet, and six men with silver trumpets; then came the officers in the service of the Doge, dressed in their state robes. Next followed the musicians, and a deacon carrying a large wax taper sent by the Pope, and men bearing the throne and cushions of the Doge. The city magistrates made part of the procession, and, lastly, the Doge himself, in his ducal robes, his mantle of ermine fastened with gold buttons, his robes of blue and cloth of gold; his head covered with the ducal cap of Venice, over which was a crown of gold sparkling with precious stones. The procession advanced slowly up the quay and embarked on the "Bucentaur," with the admiral of the Venetian fleet at the helm. As they drew up the anchors, all the bells in the city poured forth their most joyful sounds. The large vessel went slowly on, surrounded by numerous smaller barges and gondolas, all filled with people gayly dressed. After the fleet had advanced some distance into the Adriatic, the Doge rose from his throne, walked to the prow of the vessel on a raised gallery, and threw into the blue waves a gold ring, saying, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of real and perpetual sovereignty." Then the Doge and his suite attended service in the church of San Nicolas on another island, called Lido, and the fleet returned to Venice, where the grand personages attended a sumptuous repast at the ducal palace.

THE SEA-URCHINS AND THE WAVE.



BEFORE.



AFTER.

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER IX.

A MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

THAT night, when the feast was over, and the girls had gone home, and the darkness of the wood was only dimly lighted by the flickering flames of the bonfire, the old soldiers were not only tired and sleepy, but somewhat lonely. To be sure, there were fourteen sturdy boys of them, and as they began to select their sleeping-places for the night, they had a feeling of being very much more numerous than they were. Every boy wanted to sleep in the best place, and, as there were not many best places, it was difficult for so many to be accommodated. But this nice question having been adjusted by Captain Sam, who solved all difficulties by taking the best berth for himself, the boys lingered around the fire, loath to go, and yet reluctant to sit up longer.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows," said Blackie, "this would be a first-rate chance to go money-digging. None of our folks would know a word about it, and we might go over to the fort-pasture, where that ring is made in the turf, and try our luck."

"Pshaw!" cried Captain Sam, scornfully. "What's the use of going after old De la Tour's money on a night like this? See, there is n't a cloud in the sky. You can't dig for money on a clear night. It's got to be cloudy, but with the moon at the full, and the wind must blow a ten-knot breeze at the very least."

"Besides," added Billy Hetherington, "we have n't got any tools."

"But there is a spade and shovel, and then we have two hatchets in the camp. And that's all we want."

"But," explained Billy, "we want money-digging tools. We must have a divining-rod, and the seven white feathers from a field-sparrow's tail, and lots of things besides." There was a general laugh at this, as most of the boys, although they had heard of the magical tricks and tools supposed by the ignorant and superstitious to be necessary for money-digging, were ready to ridicule all such notions when they were seriously discussed. Billy reddened at the laughter which he had raised by his earnest remark, but, as he screened his cheeks from the hot glare of the fire, he said, a little petulantly, "Well, you may laugh, but I have heard

old Ma'am Heath tell how old Kench found that treasure over on the Doshen shore with a divining-rod and other things."

"And she told how a big, black dog, with red, fiery eyes, came and barked at old Kench, as he was digging, and how the old man said: 'What's that?' And then the lights all went out, and how the chest, which he could just feel with the end of his shovel, went down, down." This was Hi Hatch's contribution to the learning of the money-diggers. And, as he told his tale,—told so many times before,—the boys looked suspiciously around them into the gloomy depths of the wood.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Ned Martin, "what's the use of talking such rubbish? You'll scare these little fellows so that they won't dare to go to bed to-night. There is little Sam Murch, now, so scared that his eyes are sticking out so that you can hang your cap on them."

Sam stoutly denied that he was frightened the least bit, but his teeth chattered as he spoke, and some of the other small boys declared that it was growing cold. So, with many protests that they were not sleepy, the party curled up in twos and threes on the layers of fragrant spruce and cedar boughs with which they had covered the uneven floor of their camp.

Billy Hetherington and Blackie nestled close to each other, and whispered for a while about the money-digging project which was so dear to Billy's heart. But Blackie soon dropped off to sleep, and all the camp was still, to Billy's wakeful ear, save when some little chap, turning uneasily, muttered in his dreams.

The fire snapped and flickered outside the camp. The white rays of the moon began to sift down through the tree-tops, and afar off on the bay could be heard the rude music of sailors singing as they hove up anchor, a sound which was comforting to Billy, who lay still and thought of the ship which had anchored there in the afternoon, waiting for the turn of the tide to take her up to the port. Then the cheery "Yo-heave-ho" of the sailors died away, and the listening boy heard only the snapping of the hemlock in the fire, and the distant and mournful cry of a loon on the bay. Occasionally, too, a night-hawk gave a shrill call as he whirred over the forest, or the hoot of an owl sounded and resounded dismally from the Block-house Hill.

"Why can't I get to sleep?" moaned Billy,

impatently to himself. "There 's Sam actually snoring. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why can't I get to sleep? I wonder what the folks are doing at home? It 's after nine o'clock. We heard the meeting-house bell ring ever so long ago. I s'pose Old Fitts is sound asleep by this time. Oh, dear me! Why can't I get to sleep?"

The boy raised himself up and looked enviously around on his sleeping comrades. Little Sam Murch was lying where a ray of white moonlight fell across his face, and Billy mused:

"He 's a nice boy, Sam. I wonder why he is such a good chap, and his brother is such a slouch? I wonder if Jo will join the White Bears? I wonder if we wont lick the White Bears, the next time we have a match game with them? That was an awful good catch that dear old Blackie made, last game. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why don't I go to sleep? There! The moon is shining right spang in Sam's face. I wonder if it will strike him blind? That 's what old Tumble says. I wonder if old Tumble would know how to dig for money? I wonder if the White Bears would come down and break up our camp to-night, if they knew we did not stand guard, as they do up to Orland when they have muster there?"

And here Billy, in sheer desperation, lay down and went to sleep. At least, he thought he had gone to sleep, when he heard a soft tread outside. Instantly, he was alert and listening. Again he heard it. Was it old De la Tour coming back for his money? But the old captain did not haunt this part of the peninsula; besides, he did not usually come at this time of year. There were whispers in the darkness, and Billy felt cold chills running down his back, and a goose-fleshy feeling all over him. There was a tight band around his head, and he felt that his hair was standing on end. Scared though he was, he had enough presence of mind to wonder to himself if his hair was really standing up, or if it only felt so. Then he poked Blackie in the back, and, as the lad turned sleepily, he whispered in his ear:

"There 's somebody outside of the camp!"

"White Bears," suggested Blackie.

"I guess so," replied Billy. "Listen!"

And Blackie listened. Just then, a big stone came crashing through the side of the camp, and struck Tom Tilden in the back. That warrior awoke with a tremendous howl of rage and pain. With that, the cry of "Firebrand! Firebrand!" rang through the woods, and the Fairport Nine knew that the Philistines were upon them. The battle-cry of the White Bears was "Firebrand!" Why, nobody knew, but when the sleeping camp was aroused by that ominous yell, they knew who were their assailants. Even in the dark,

it is a good thing to know with whom you are fighting.

"The enemy are upon us!" shouted Captain Sam, not forgetting his position as commander, even in the midst of alarms. "The enemy are upon us! Charge bayonets!"

There were no bayonets to charge with, and, even if the Nine had had them, the enemy were not to be seen. When the boys rushed out into the open, where the fire was dying down into embers, nobody was to be seen. There was not a sound of the enemy.

"Come out of your hiding-place, you cowards!" shouted Captain Sam, valiantly. They waited for a moment to see if anybody would break cover. Then a voice in the darkness replied:

"Oh, hush up, you petty tyrant!"

Then everybody knew that Jo Murch had gone over to the White Bears.

This insult to the captain was more than he could bear. He rushed into the shadow of the wood from which the voice had come, and, belaboring the thicket with a thick stick, he presently uttered a loud yell and rushed back to camp with a bleeding nose.

"First blood for the White Bears!" shouted a voice, derisively, from behind a clump of spruce-trees.

Billy Hetherington, flying in the direction of the sound, saw Joe Fitts, the center-fielder of the White Bears, sneaking around to get into the camp. Without thinking of the bigness of Joe, who was twice as tall as Billy, the boy threw himself on him, crying: "A spy in the camp! A spy in the camp!" In another moment the two boys were wrestling on the ground, Billy underneath. But Blackie was not far off, and, before Joe Fitts could turn his head to see what had happened, the agile black boy was on his back, pummeling him with a very fair-sized fist. Joe roared for mercy, and, in the midst of the tumult, Tom Tilden came up and Joe was made a prisoner.

"First prisoner for the Fairports!" now shouted Captain Sam, in derision, to the hidden White Bears. His only answer was a big stone that came whirling out of the bushes and fell, without any injury to anybody, into the fire, which was now heaped up with fuel.

Joe Fitts, the prisoner, contentedly sitting by the cheerful blaze, refused to give any account of the numbers and purposes of the White Bears. "You know, fellows," he explained, "it would n't be the fair thing for me to tell on my own crowd, and you had n't ought to ask me, now, and you know it."

Billy suggested that their prisoner might be put to torture, as once was the custom in warfare.

"Tie him to a tree and stick splinters into him," suggested Hi Hatch, who was a deeply learned reader of Indian massacres and Indian fights. Tom Tilden, who had great admiration of his own fighting prowess, invited the captive to a rough-and-tumble wrestle, no tripping, underhold, and no biting nor pulling hair. This contest was sternly forbidden by the captain, and Joe was tied to a birch-sapling to wait for developments.

It was now past midnight, and the moon had begun to sink in the west. The air was chill, and the excited boys were cooling off, as the attack had, somehow, ceased. The besieged party were

Suddenly, from the darkest portion of the wood opposite the door of the camp, emerged a solitary figure. It was that of an old man dressed all in black, with a cocked, or three-cornered, hat on his head, and with white hair hanging down on his shoulders. His face was covered by a full black beard, and everything about him was black, except his hair and a red feather in his hat. Bright buckles glistened at the knees of his small-clothes, and in his hand he carried a gigantic cutlass. This strange figure, emerging from the darkness of the wood, stopped short when it had reached the open space, farthest from the fire. Then it waved the



THE GHOSTLY VISITOR.

uncertain what to do. "Let 's make a charge into the woods and rout them out," said "the Lob," who was too clumsy to fight, although he was the champion catcher of the Nine.

Just then, a strange thing happened.

The camp was built with one side toward the shore, which was below, at the base of the rocky and wooded bluff. In front of the camp was a cleared space, in which burned the camp-fire, and all around, and beyond, where the broken ground finally rose to a considerable height, were thickets of spruce, hemlock, fir and pine, with a few tall and thick beeches and birches mingled in between.

cutlass three times in the air, and remained motionless.

Breaking the painful silence, Joe Fitts, tied to the sapling, ejaculated: "The Black Stover, as I'm alive!"

At this the figure waved its cutlass three times again, as if to say this was correct. The boys gazed spell-bound for a moment, when Captain Sam, with a perceptible quaver in his voice, shouted "Who are you?" The figure made no other reply than to point downward to the ground with its cutlass, as if digging, and then, turning, it was about to vanish into the woods, when Ned

Martin and Tom Tilden rushed forward swiftly and silently and, without a word of warning, grabbed the specter by the legs and brought him to the ground with a tremendous thud. That ghost must have weighed at least one hundred and ten pounds. Instantly, as it fell, a crowd of White Bears plunged from the wood and threw themselves on Tilden and Martin, who manfully resisted every effort of the ghost to get away, helped though it was by its comrades. A re-enforcement from the camp now rushed up, and Captain Sam, throwing himself into the struggling heap of boys, tore from the head of the apparition a wig of hemp and a massive set of whiskers made of black moss. He was proceeding to insult the ghost of the Black Stover still further, when that discomfited specter cried, in the unmistakable language of a White Bear and a Mullett: "I surrender, fellers! Le' me up!" So the ghost got up, with his nose bleeding profusely, and disclosing the familiar form of Eph Mullett, otherwise "Nosey." It was Ephraim's habit to talk through his nose.

"Second blood for the Fairport Nine," observed Pat Adams, gravely. The White Bears acknowledged themselves defeated, "for once," they said, with an unpleasant attempt at sarcasm. So a truce was sounded, and the late combatants sat down around the fire, and discussed the battle with great friendliness.

"Oh, were n't you fellers just scared out of your wits, though!" said Peletiah Snelgro.

"No, we were not," answered little Sam Murch, who had stood guard over the prisoner while the rest of the force went to the attack on the ghost. At this, everybody laughed good-humoredly, except Jo Murch, who kept at a distance from Captain Sam, and who did not think that his small brother had any business in the camp of the Nine, anyhow.

"Well," said Billy, "I'll own up that I was scared when I heard the whisperings and the treads about in the darkness and the night, when all the rest of the fellows were sound asleep and snoring."

"Snoring! Come now, I like that!" cried Hi Hatch. "I never snore. No fellow ever snores. Leastways, I never knew anybody who owned up that they did."

"It was n't the snoring that frightened you," said Dan Morey, the left-fielder of the White Bears. "It was the ghost of the Black Stover a-coming after his buried treasure."

"Just as though anybody could n't tell that that was a real fellow!" sneered Ned Martin, who was not a little proud of the courage and presence of mind with which he had assaulted the ghost.

"Well," yawned the specter, "I don't know how it is with you chaps, but I am clean beat out,

and have n't been so sleepy since the wreck of the 'Royal Tar.'" The "Royal Tar" was a steamship which had been burned on the bay, at a date when some of the smaller boys were too young to know much about it, although they had been told, in later years, of the horrible sight of the wild beasts of a menagerie which was on board, leaping from the burning cages and plunging into the waters of the bay to perish. So, when Eph said that he had not been so sleepy since the wreck of the "Royal Tar," and it was known that he had sat up all night to see the wonderful and tragical fire, they felt for him an immense respect.

"Well, I was only four years old when the 'Royal Tar' was burned," said Hi Hatch, "but I can lick any fellow who says I am not sleepy." So saying, he looked around and met no answer but a general chorus of yawns.

Even the sound of the night-birds was hushed, and the white streaks of the dawn were paling the eastern sky, as besiegers and besieged, friends and foes, White Bears and Fairports, lay down together and slept peacefully around the smoldering fire.

CHAPTER X.

THE MONEY-DIGGERS.

A FEW days after the great muster and camping-out of the Nine, Billy and Blackie lounged into the village apothecary's shop. It was a curious old place, highly attractive to the boys on account of its being the only shop in town where stick licorice, snake-root, gamboge, and other things necessary to a boy's happiness, were sold. On the shelves, too, were ranged glass jars, known as "specie jars," filled with sticks of peppermint and sassafras candy, and in the back shop, aromatic and pungent with strange odors, were produced divers sweet and palatable syrups recommended for coughs and colds, and so greatly relished by the children of the village that they sometimes aggravated their slight disorders for the sake of having a dose of one of these honeyed mixtures.

"Now that 's a mighty cur'ous coin," said the apothecary, a tall, spare and bald man, wearing a pair of tremendous spectacles on his nose. It was a silver coin, about as large as a quarter of a dollar, but much thinner. On one side was a rude representation of a pine-tree, with an illegible inscription about the rim. On its other side was the inscription "New England—An—Dom," and in the center of this the date, "1652," under which were the numerals, "XII."

"Yes; a mighty cur'ous coin," repeated Mr. Redman, slowly. "How did you ever come across that, Abel?"

Now Abel Grindle was a close-fisted and close-mouthed old farmer who lived "off the Neck," as that portion of the main-land immediately adjoining the peninsula of Fairport was called. And to Redman's question he replied, "I don't know that it makes the leastest mite of difference to you where I got it from. Duz it? It 's good

of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts had n't set up for herself."

Billy paused, with his face flushed at his boldness, as well as with excitement over the discovery of a Pine-Tree shilling being offered "in trade" for rat-poison.

"Smart boy," said the apothecary, looking approvingly at Billy over his spectacles.

"Too pesky smart for anything," muttered the farmer.

"If you know so much, youngster, perhaps you can tell me what this is," and the old man displayed on the palm of his dingy, seamed and horny hand an irregularly shaped lump of silver which looked as though it had been hammered out flat and then stamped. It was thick in the middle, and thinner at the edges. On one face was stamped something which looked like a Greek cross, in two angles of which were two queer-looking creatures, rearing on their hind legs, and probably meant for rampant lions. In the other two angles of the cross were castles, and scattered over the piece were letters, but so worn that they could hardly be read. The other face of the strange coin bore a complicated design, and the only parts of it which could be made out were two upright pillars, bearing something like leaves on their tops.

"That's the Spanish pillars, fast enough," said the apothecary, musingly. "And that 'Hisp' must mean Spanish, I cal'late. Put your sharp eyes onto it, Billy."

"I'm afraid I don't know what this is," said Billy, modestly, "but those are the Spanish pillars, sure enough, and oh! here's the date! 1667! Why, what an old fellow it is!"

Now Blackie, taking the coin into his hand, cried:

"Aha! I know what this is! It's what we read about in *The Pirate's Own Book*. Don't you remember, Billy, those 'pieces of eight'? I don't know why they were called 'pieces of eight,' though; there is a big 8, and a 'P' and an 'E'



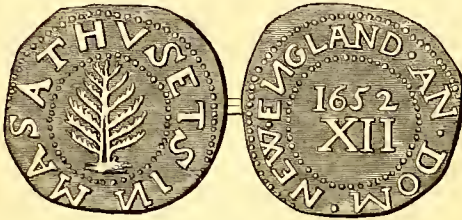
EXAMINING THE PIECE OF EIGHT.

money. Wuth a shilling, ain't it? Looks to me as if 't was, and I cal'late I know good money when I see it. It's wuth a half a pound of rat-p'ison, anyways, and that 's all I want to-day. Rat-p'ison haint riz, has it, Mr. Redman?"

"Why, it's a Pine-Tree shilling!" exclaimed Billy, who had managed to get a sight of the coin which the druggist was turning to the light. "My father has got one of them, which his grandfather had. That was coined by the Province of Massachusetts, ever so long ago, when Maine was a part

right up there between those pillars. Some folks call them cob dollars, I don't know why, unless Gen. Cobb first dug 'em up, for they are mostly dug up."

"The nigger is a smarter boy than the other one," said Abel Grindle, with a sour smile.



THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

"They were dug up, every one on 'em, on my farm off the Neck."

The eyes of both boys fairly shone with amazement at this tale. But the apothecary only put his spectacles on top of his bald head and said: "Land sakes alive! You don't say so." In New England, at least in those days, it was not the custom of the people to be surprised by anything.

Before night, the entire population of Fairport knew that Abel Grindle had found on his farm several thousand pieces of silver money. Some said that there were two thousand dollars, and some said that he had found ten thousand dollars in gold and silver. The truth was that he had found about two thousand pieces, but many of them were very small, scarcely as large as the fourpence ha'penny, or six-and-a-quarter-cents coin, which circulated then. But in the treasure were many of the big thick "pieces of eight" which Sam Black had described; and then there were Pine-Tree shillings and sixpences, French crowns, half-crowns and quarter-crowns, besides numerous coins of Spanish and Portuguese origin, the original value of which nobody knew.

Abel Grindle had been picking up the rocks and stones which plentifully covered his fields, when, turning over a flat rock, "about as big as a bake-kettle cover," as he expressed it, his astonished eyes fell on a heap of coins, tarnished and dusty, but showing that they were once good, honest money. Nobody could tell who had put them there, but public opinion, after the excitement had somewhat subsided, settled down to the belief that this was some of the "Black Stover's" ill-gotten gains. And more than one ancient gossip, shaking her head wisely, said that "it was master

strange that Mrs. Hetherington's son should be the first to have a good square look at the money which her grandfather had hid away in the ground."

As for Billy, his imagination was fired anew by this wonderful discovery. In their secret talks, he and his black chum discussed the matter so earnestly that they finally resolved to try their luck at money-digging. Many an expedition through the pastures did the youngsters have before they could make up their minds where to dig. There was scarcely a spot on the entire peninsula which did not have a history to it. All around the old Fort George were marks and scars of the battles of the Revolution; and in the fort-field, as it was called, the plow of the farmer often turned up a brass button with a big "82" on its rusty surface, showing that it belonged to the uniform of some poor soldier of His Britannic Majesty's 82d Foot.

Down by the shore, below the town, were the ruins of the old French fort, built by the exiled baron, who, in 1667, established himself here, and married an Indian wife from the tribe of the Tar-ratines. Near by, too, was the very spot on which the pirate, Gibbs, was said to have landed to hide in the earth the rich booty which he had taken from the traders of the Spanish Main and the West Indies. Near the light-house, farther down the shore, and toward the entrance of the bay, were mysterious caves and fissures in the rocky precipices of the bluffs, in which dark deeds were said to have been done in ancient times. And on the top of Block-house Hill were the remnants of an old foundation, under which it was said and believed that the British had hidden the plunder of rich prizes captured along the coast, and which



THE PIECE OF EIGHT.

they had left behind them in the hurry of their flight, when they finally left this part of the country.

All over the pastures were low rings of earth, usually about fifteen feet in diameter, where once had been what seemed miniature forts. But these

were too small for any warlike purpose. Besides, they were scattered about without any reference to the forts and batteries which had been built in the old times by the fighting races that, one after another, had occupied the peninsula. Nobody could guess why these mysterious rings on the surface of the earth had been made. Billy and Sam, after much debate and hard thinking, came to the conclusion that they marked spots where money was buried.

At some time in his life, every Fairport boy had tried his hand at money-digging. Blackie and Billy, when they resolved to try theirs, came to the sensible conclusion that it was not worth while to bother with incantations and spells. Here was old Abel Grindle, who, while Ma'am Heath and the rest of the wise ghost-seers were trying magic spells and hunting for buried treasure with divining-rods, had actually turned up a heap of money, in broad daylight, and while he was engaged in the particularly hard and commonplace work of picking up rocks on his farm.

Nevertheless, it was thought safest, almost necessary, to dig for money at night, and as near midnight as possible; so, with much secrecy, the two boys smuggled into the orchard behind the Hetherington house a pickax, two shovels and a crowbar. To these were added several tallow candles, a ball of twine, and a meal-bag in which the treasure was to be carried home.

Now it chanced that on the very night which Billy and Sam had chosen for their secret expedition, Captain Sam Perkins and his trusty lieutenant, Ned Martin, had resolved to carry out a long-cherished piece of mischief. In front of the old fort above the town lay an ancient gun, a twenty-four-pounder, which had been left to rust and decay ever since the fort was dismantled. Children played about its black muzzle, and the birds of the field billed and flirted with each other at the vent where once flashed the ill-omened fire. On one Fourth of July, some of the patriotic citizens lifted the mouth of the cannon from the grass and put a big stone under its muzzle, and fired it in honor of the day. So there it lay, and the two boys, furtively hoarding their powder, and hiding it in the hay-loft for weeks and weeks, finally got together enough to load the old piece once.

It was a dark night when Sam and Ned, who had slept together at Ned's house, as being nearest the fort, slipped out of bed, down the water-conductor, and off to the fort. As they crept by Deacon Adams's house, they heard the tall old clock in his front entry strike twelve. They shivered. The night was not very cold. Quickly was the cannon loaded with grass, wet moss, and anything that would "make the old thing speak." A

slow match was slipped into the touch-hole, and back to the house, up the conductor, and into bed, went the young artillerymen. Then they lay and waited in breathless silence for the report which did not come.

Meanwhile, the two money-diggers, meeting at the appointed apple-tree in the Hetherington orchard, gathered up their tools, and swiftly and silently sped across the fields to the old fort. At the south of the fort was the earth-ring which the boys had selected for their operations. It was fourteen feet across, and not more than nine inches above the level of the ground. Stretching two lengths of string across from four points opposite each other on the outer rim of the circle, they found the middle of the ring at the place where these crossed each other. It had been decided that it was necessary to dig for money in the middle.

"Now you go it with the pick, and I will handle the shovel," whispered Sam. "And when I make motions with my hand, so, you take the shovel for a spell." For it had also been decided that it was absolutely necessary that not a word should be said while the digging was going on.

It was hard work, and the boys, who had been shivering in the cold, moist air, were soon in a glow of perspiration. They stopped to breathe, peering down into the hole, already nearly two feet deep, when off in the darkness somewhere they heard a muffled thud, as of somebody ramming down a cannon. Sam shivered and shook perceptibly. Billy put his finger warningly on his lips. Then they exchanged glances, for they knew that that was only a trick of the ghostly guardian of the buried treasure to make them speak. But, as they bent to their work again, each boy felt a chilly sensation glide down his backbone.

A few minutes later, Sam and Ned, turning un-easily in Ned's bed, wondered why that cannon did not go off. It seemed to them that it had been an hour since they left the fort. Really, it was not fifteen minutes.

"We might as well go up and see what 's the matter, Ned. It 'll never do to let the load stay in until to-morrow."

Sam's right leg was already out of the window when a prodigious explosion took place. It seemed as if the town were blown up by a mine underneath. Then there was a sound of jingling glass from windows broken by the concussion. Then other windows were heard opening in the darkness. Anxious female voices called across the street to village neighbors, asking "what the land-a-massy's sake had happened." Then there were the patterings of many feet on the wooden sidewalks. But nobody knew where to look for the cause of the

frightful explosion. Probably, thought some of the timid folks, it was an earthquake.

Blackie and Billy were hard at work, Blackie digging and Billy shoveling. They had a good-sized hole made in the earth, and no goblin had come to disturb them. Awkwardly handling his shovel, Billy smote his chum a hard blow on his toe. Sam, smarting with pain, dropped his pick, and, grasping his wounded toe in his hand, cried: "Ouch!" In an instant, the air was red with flame, and a tremendous peal of thunder, louder than any cannon, burst in the direction of the front of the old fort. There was a rattle of something jingling, and then all was still. The only sound in that part

of the fort-pasture was the swift brushing of bare feet through the dewy grass, as two badly scared boys darted across the hill, flew over the stone wall, scudded through the orchard, and finally buried themselves deep down in the hay in Judge Hetherington's barn. So deep did they bury themselves that they did not hear the voice of the Judge calling, "William, my son, where are you?"

So deep did they bury themselves that when, next morning, Reuben Gray, the hired man, trampling over the hay, felt something lumpy underfoot, dragged cut first a black boy, then a white one, both of these, sitting up, said, as in a chorus, "Was it an earthquake?"

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS' SWIMMING BATH.

BY FLORENCE WYMAN.



HE visitor among the lower parts of New York city, far from all the pretty shops, and toward the river-side east and west, finds only narrow, crowded streets, gas factories, buzzing mills, and big-chimneyed iron-works. As he comes

nearer the shore, he sees piles of rope and chain. Masts of vessels loom up before him, and everything looks unclean, busy and disagreeable.

But here live more families to each block than are in a quarter of a mile of houses in clean, up-town districts. Grimy-faced children flock in the streets and play tag under the horses' noses. Sometimes a ten-years-old boy will be seen trundling his little brother in a baby-wagon, and perhaps smoking, at the same time, the end of a cigar which he doubtless had begged from some passing stranger. Lively little fellows they are, too. They are knowing in street sights, and quick to find out where they can "have some fun"; for a boy who never had a good pair of shoes nor a whole jacket in his life will somehow manage to get his fun, and plenty of it, though not always of a good sort.

There is one thing, however, that may be said of these poor boys and girls. They are energetic, and skillful to make the most of what they have. It would be well if all happier boys and girls would only keep their wits bright, and try as zealously to

understand all they see in town and country, as do these street-urchins. Many little fellows, who do not have even proper food and clothing, yet become active and strong by taking plenty of exercise and living so much in the open air.

The way these rollicking children appreciate the free baths shows that they know a good thing when they find it.

You ought to see how these floating houses look, and try to imagine the noise made by 200 children jumping, splashing and screaming with all their might. From five o'clock in the morning until nine at night the great tank is never empty. Sometimes, on a very warm day, the bathers are enjoying themselves so much that the superintendent cannot get them out when it comes time to close. They hide away in dark corners and under the platforms, so that the gas has to be turned down in order to scare them into coming away.

One day, a merry party of ladies went down to see all this, and report it for ST. NICHOLAS. There was one to sketch, you may be sure, and one to write, and the rest were like the "three pretty maids" in the nursery song,— "One could dance and one could sing, and one could play on the violin." They all left the street-cars at Gouverneur street, and walked across a block or two to the river-side. There they saw, close to the shore, a pretty little flat-roofed house, right in the water, and looking for all the world like a "Noah's Ark." It was neatly painted, and there was a noise coming from it something like what is heard in a school-yard at recess time. I think you all know

how that sounds! But there was no way to get in. The bath-house stood about ten feet away from the wharf, with deep water between. At last we espied a sort of bridge across the chasm; and so, pretending that the bath-house was an old medieval castle, and we an attacking party, we made our way boldly over this draw-bridge. It was defended by only one policeman, after all; and what could he do against five determined ladies? He did not try to make any resistance, but surrendered at once. When we inquired for the superintendent, he showed us the way with much politeness. We went upstairs, and came out on the gravel roof. The bath-house is built in the shape which you older young-folk will know as a hollow square. In the big open space which the house incloses we saw a delicious bath of clear green river-water, only four feet deep, with the bright sun shining down through it, making one long to become a mermaid at once.

And what are these darting little figures, shooting out across the water with such agility? Surely they are not frogs? But can any merely human creatures be so lively and so perfectly at home in the briny deep, as the poets call it? They are children, after all,—only girls to-day,—screaming, laughing and racing across the tank. They are having a game of tag while they swim. Of course, they must not touch the floor, but can dodge right and left, and dive right under the pursuer. Ah! *rac fun* is "tag" in the water!

Many of these little girls have work to do at home, and cannot get away easily; but almost all of them have some baby-tending to do, and when they go out with their little brothers and sisters, they take an old night-dress, or garment of some sort, to bathe in, and they club together to secure a swim for each. One girl takes care of three or four babies, while her companions are in the water. After a while, she has her chance to go in. When they come out, they are clean and fresh and

The baby-tender is very likely to be standing at the side of the bath, looking on while she awaits her turn. I must tell you of a woeful accident



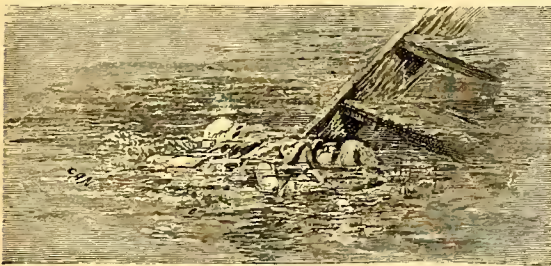
READY TO JUMP.

that once befell one of these amateur nurse-girls. There was an exciting race going on, and the girl pressed close to the railing, eager not to lose a bit of the spectacle. Presently, she quite forgot the poor ragamuffin of a baby that she was holding in her arms, and relaxed her grasp. The child, too, was just old enough to take an interest in things, and at last he became so excited that he jumped right out of the girl's arms into the water. Of course, there was a great shout from all the children.

"Miss Bennett! Miss Bennett!" they cried. "There is a baby fallen in!"

Miss Bennett heard, and prepared immediately to jump down from the roof of the bath-house, where she was watching things from a high position, always

ready for an accident. Meanwhile, the girl who dropped the child was so paralyzed by fear that she positively could not move; so she kept still



A BABY OVERBOARD.

glowing, and much the better "mentally, morally and physically," as an old gentleman I know is fond of saying, for their dip in the salt water.

and said not a word. And, as the baby was such a forlorn bundle of rags any way, the next thing they all thought was that he was only a play-



FLOATING.

baby, thrown in for a joke. So they all laughed and went on with the game, and Miss Bennett took no further trouble, and the poor girl had not even yet found the use of her tongue. By this time, several minutes had passed. And did the poor baby drown? Not a bit of it! All in his rags, he just floated about hither and thither as the waves sent him, and crowed with joy to find himself in the fresh, cool water. He kicked about his little legs and moved his arms just enough to keep himself afloat and straight, and was none the worse for his adventure, until a big ship passed by outside and sent in a wave that doused the little object and made him scream.

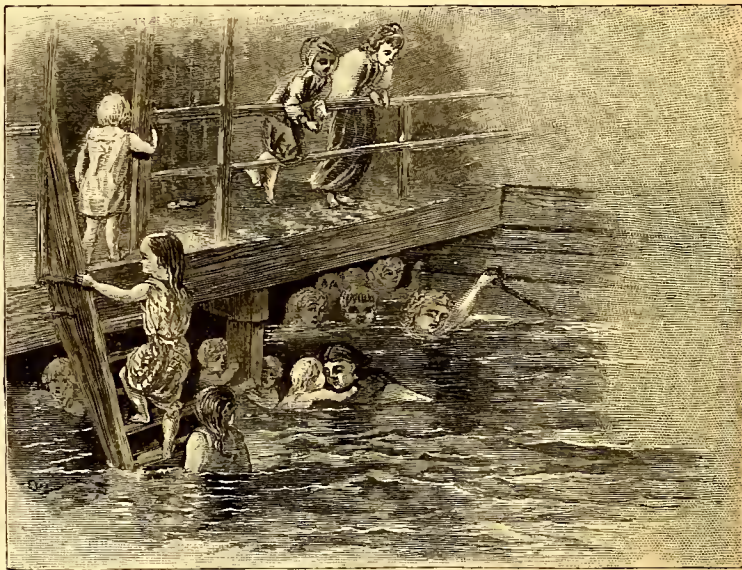
Then, you may be sure, there was a sensation! Twenty girls ran to pick up the poor baby Moses, and he was taken home and petted and cuddled to his heart's content.

Swimming is almost what Dogberry said of reading and writing,—“It comes by nature.” Hardly anything is so easy to learn, if only you are not afraid. The younger you begin, the better; but “it is never too late to mend.” If you have the courage to throw yourself flat on the water and kick, you will have no further

trouble. But that is precisely the first step which costs. A good swimming-teacher makes it an easy lesson, even to the weak and nervous, generally the very ones who most need to know how to swim.

When a child, or indeed a grown person, finds that he can actually float and swim, he feels a swelling pride that only personal accomplishments can give. It is nearly as wonderful to him as if he had learned to fly. He thinks he can never be afraid of any danger or difficulty again. Sometimes, one lesson is enough to teach the proper motions, and the rest is mere practice. Soon one acquires the strength to go from one end of the bath to the other,

and then he tries to see how many times he can do it without stopping. What fine deep breaths he takes! How his chest rounds and fills out! How determined he becomes never to give up till he can do his mile without stopping! Then he sees the other boys diving, and he will never be happy till he can do as much. Floating,



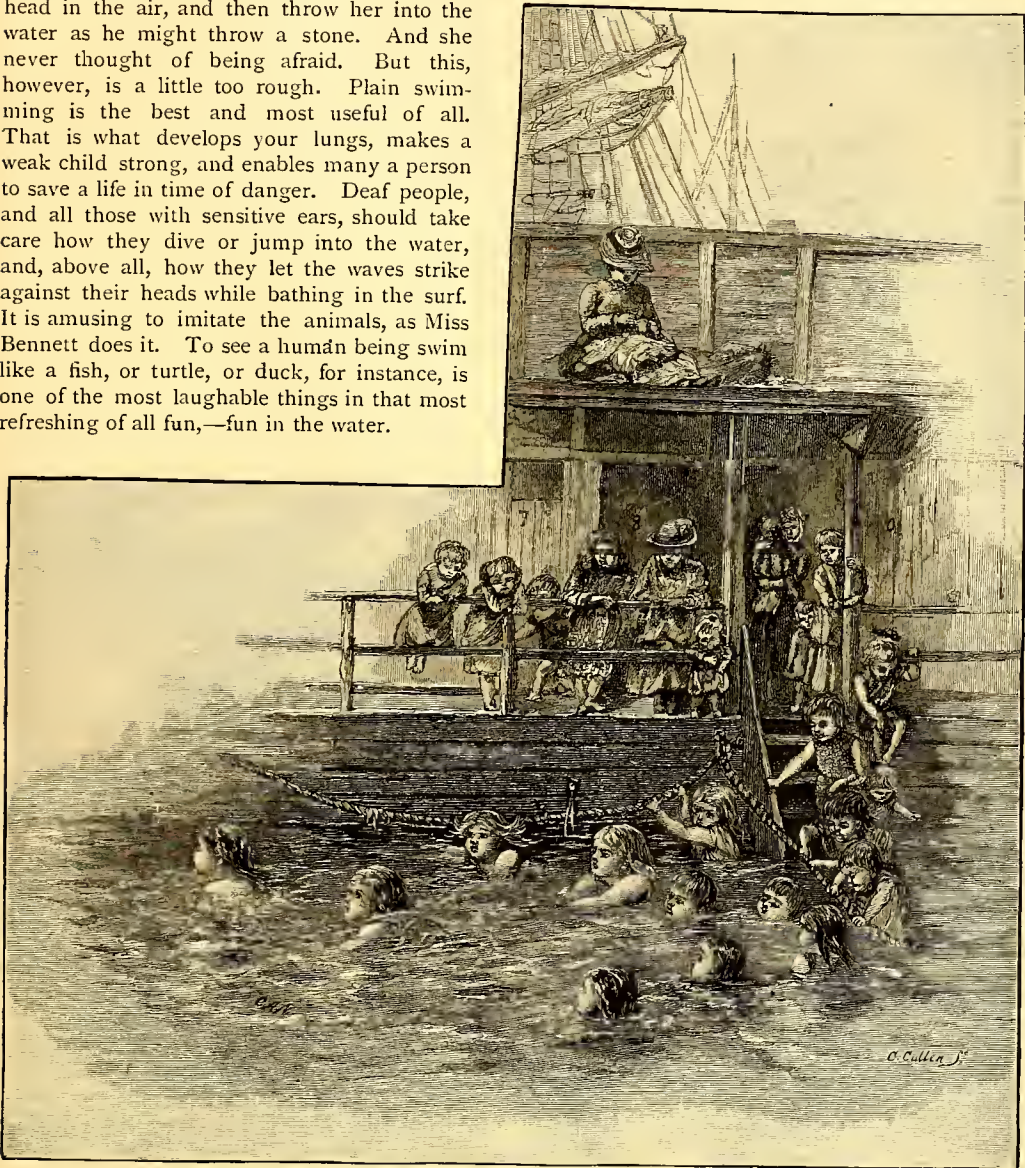
HIDING UNDER THE BATH-HOUSE.

swimming on the side or back, “going to sleep,” using only the arms as propellers, or only the legs,—all the “fancy steps,” in short,—must be acquired before he can ever be satisfied. And soon he

becomes almost amphibious. He becomes so skillful that he is equally at home on land and water.

I have seen a row of young people take hold of hands and jump down twenty feet into the river, swim off under water awhile, and then, coming to the surface to take breath, strike out for a race, and have a general scramble at the winning-post. All this is without wanting to touch ground, of course. And I have known a swimming-teacher in Germany to take a little girl by the arms, and swing her around his head in the air, and then throw her into the water as he might throw a stone. And she never thought of being afraid. But this, however, is a little too rough. Plain swimming is the best and most useful of all. That is what develops your lungs, makes a weak child strong, and enables many a person to save a life in time of danger. Deaf people, and all those with sensitive ears, should take care how they dive or jump into the water, and, above all, how they let the waves strike against their heads while bathing in the surf. It is amusing to imitate the animals, as Miss Bennett does it. To see a human being swim like a fish, or turtle, or duck, for instance, is one of the most laughable things in that most refreshing of all fun,—fun in the water.

You cannot imagine what a useful as well as pleasure-giving institution the free swimming bath is, unless you yourself have been to the place and seen the happy change in the appearance of the little bathers, and in the expression of their faces. And, when once you have seen this sight, you will realize what stores of health must come to these poor little folk from even a week's regular exercise of this kind in the cool water, and from the joyful times they have together.



THE RACE.

THE NAUGHTIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By H. H.

PART FIRST.

I BEGAN to be naughty very early that day. I began immediately after breakfast; and breakfast was over before eight o'clock.

It was a beautiful bright warm morning in April; one of those days when children always carry their bonnets and hats and outside jackets swinging on their arms, and beg their mothers to let them put on thinner clothes. I don't doubt that I said to my mother that morning: "Oh, don't make me wear my cloak! I shall roast alive in it! It's as hot as summer, out-doors." I do not recollect saying this, but I have no doubt I did, and that my good and wise mother replied:

"Helen, these spring days are very deceitful. They are warm for a few minutes, and then they change suddenly and become very cold, and people who have gone out in thin clothes get dreadful colds. You must wear your cloak, my little daughter."

At any rate I recollect that I wore my cloak, and I felt very cross because I had to wear it, and this was the beginning of my naughtiness. That cloak cost me a great deal of suffering, first and last. It was made out of very bright plaid, red and green, and I felt as conspicuous as a scarecrow in it. Do you wonder? There was not a child, nor a grown person, either, in our whole town, who was seen wearing bright red and green plaid, excepting my sister and me, and when the boys at our school wanted to tease us, they used to make fun of our plaid cloaks. The way we happened to have them was this:

At the time my papa and mamma were married, bright red and green plaids were all the fashion for ladies' cloaks; and my mamma had two of them of different-sized plaids. The cloth was very nice indeed, and cost a great deal of money, so that it would not wear out in one person's life-time, which is anything but a recommendation to a cloth, in my opinion, especially when it leads to its being handed down in a family from mothers to children, as this red and green plaid was in our family.

By the time my sister and I were big enough to have these cloaks made over for us, people had almost forgotten that there had ever been such a thing worn as these bright plaids. However, the cloth was too good to be wasted; it was fine and

warm and soft; and so it was made up into two school-cloaks for my sister Annie and me. On rainy Sundays we had to wear them to church also, to save our best ones. And that was the worst of all. Many a time I have cried with shame and mortification at the thought of walking up the aisle in my plaid cloak. I felt as if everybody in the church were thinking, "What a queer cloak that child has on." But probably not a single person in the church remarked it, nor thought anything about it. I was very silly. It is strange that small things can seem so important to us when we are small ourselves. We must be sure to out-grow such smallnesses as fast as our bodies out-grow their baby-clothes.

But I must not talk too long about that old cloak. We have a long day before us.

As I said, I began to be naughty at eight o'clock; that was the crossness about the cloak.

Mamma had told us that we might go over into "Baker's woods" and play till school-time, and I knew I could have twice as good a time without that old cloak on as with it. It was horribly in the way in climbing fences, and we had to climb three going the shortest way to "Baker's woods." However, we set off, and stopped on the way to get a little playmate of ours to go with us. Her name was Mary. She was a little younger than I was. The chief thing I recollect about her is that she had beautiful blue eyes and very dark hair, and as my own hair was very much the color of tow, and my eyes were light-green, like a cat's, I used to look at blue eyes and black hair with envy.

"Baker's woods" was a small pine-grove. The trees were very large and high and far apart. The ground was covered with the fallen pine-needles, piled up so thick that when you walked it felt as if you were walking on a hair mattress. At the lower end of the grove the trees were closer together, and there was some underbrush; here we sometimes found little clumps of the Indian-pipe, and just outside this part of the grove, in a field full of stumps, checker-berries grew.

Our school did not begin until nine o'clock, and it was not more than ten minutes' walk from the grove. So we had plenty of time to get back after the academy bell rang, at a quarter before nine, and we promised our mother we would set out to come back the minute we heard that bell ring.

It did not seem as if we had been in the woods five minutes before it rang.

"Oh dear!" cried Mary, "there 's that hateful old bell!"

At first I pretended not to hear it; but it was of no use. It rang harder and faster; it could be heard from one end of the town to the other.

"Come," said Mary, "we must go."

"Let 's stay here," said I.

"We 'll get marked," replied Mary, timidly.

"I don't care if we do," I replied.

This was a big fib, for I did care very much:



"THE TOWN LOOKED LIKE A PICTURE."

but just at that minute I cared a great deal more for something else, something which was always a pleasure to me, and that was to stay on in the beautiful, green, fragrant woods.

Little Ann looked from one to the other. She understood that it was a very naughty thing we were proposing to do, and she began to cry. But we hushed her, and told her we would go in a few minutes, and then we sat down and began to eat our checker-berries. It seemed to me that academy bell never would stop ringing. "Ding, ding, ding," it kept on, and every "ding" seemed louder than the last one.

"Oh, Helen, let 's go back!" said Mary.

"No," said I. "You may go, if you 're such a 'fraid-cat.' But I 'm going to stay in the woods all day. You stay, too! We 'll have a splendid time. I know a place in another grove—the next one to this—where there are lots of little snails."

"What! Real, live snails?" exclaimed Mary. "Do they stick their horns out?"

"Yes," said I. "They crawl around on the under side of dead leaves. We 've seen hundreds of them there."

This decided Mary, and she was in great haste to be off to the wood in search of the snails. But I was thinking of something else. You know I told you this was the naughtiest day of my life. I was thinking about little Ann, and what a trouble she would be in a long day in the woods. I was wondering if I could help her over the fences, and then make her go back to the house alone. But, naughty as I was, I did not quite dare to do that. I loved my little sister very much, and I was afraid she would get hurt. So I sat still, in some perplexity, looking at her and idly chewing a tough old wintergreen-leaf. The academy bell had stopped ringing, and the grove was as still as if every living creature had gone to sleep. Suddenly there came a sharp voice, calling:

"Children! Children!" and, looking up, we saw Mrs. Smith, our cook, leaning over the fence, a few rods off.

"Come right home this minute, you naughty girls," she said. "Did n't you hear that bell? I know very well who 's at the bottom of this, and I just hope your mother 'll give you a good whipping, Helen Maria!" (I was always called Helen Maria when I was naughty, a thing over which I puzzled my brains a good many years.)

"You get up off that damp ground this minute, and come home; do you hear?" she continued, getting redder in the face as she spoke. She was very angry, for it was washing-day, and she hated to lose her time looking up runaway children.

Little Ann ran as fast as she could toward the fence, and Mrs. Smith lifted her up and set her down on the other side.

Mary and I did not stir, and I am ashamed to say that I made up the worst face I could at Mrs. Smith, and called out: "Why don't you come and get us!" and then, springing to my feet, I ran farther back into the woods, and Mary after me, as fast as our feet could carry us.

Mrs. Smith called, but we could not hear the words she said, and, presently, we could not hear her voice, nor see her when we looked back. Then we stopped, out of breath, and sat down.

"Good enough for the old thing," said I. "If she had n't been so hateful, I 'd have gone back."

"You said we would stay all day," said Mary.

"Well, I did n't mean to, really," I answered. "It's all her fault for being so cross. Mamma does n't allow her to speak to us like that. I heard her giving her a real scolding one day, when she had been snapping us up. She's the crossdest old patch we ever had in our house."

"Do you suppose you'll get whipped?" said Mary, who was anything but an exhilarating comrade for a runaway tripe.

"I dare say," cried I, as nonchalantly as if that were the least of my concerns; "so we might as well have a good time now. Come on!" and we plunged into the thickest part of the woods, through them, and across a field into the other wood, where the snails were. Here there were no pines, only maples, and you could see very little sky, the tops were so close together. I had never been in this wood but once, and then it was mid-summer. Now it looked quite different: the ground was matted with wet, brown, dead leaves, and we could not find any snails.

"I guess they only come with the leaves in summer," I said to Mary, who was much disappointed. She would never have come except for the snails. But we found the little red blossoms of the maples lying on the ground everywhere, and they looked like little bits of red coral.

We roamed on and on till we came to the end of this wood, and then across fields and into more woods; and then out into fields again, till we got so far away from the town that it looked like a picture away up on the hill. The farther we went, the happier I felt. It seemed to me that I should like to go on walking from grove to grove and field to field as long as I lived. I never once thought about school nor my teacher, nor my poor father and mother; all I thought of was the blue sky and the sunshine, and the great world of fields and woods stretching away as far as we could see.

"Mary!" I exclaimed, "I mean to go into every single wood we can see—into those away out against the sky—all there are in sight!"

"Oh, Helen, we could n't," replied Mary, who was not borne up by any such wild delight as I felt. "We could n't! It would be miles and miles, and, besides, we'd get hungry."

"Hungry!" I had not once thought of that; but I made light of it. "Oh, we shall find some house where they'll give us something to eat."

"I'd be ashamed to beg," said Mary, stoutly.

"I would n't," retorted I. "Lots of folks come to our house begging for something to eat, and Mrs. Smith always gives it to them."

"I know," said Mary; "but it's begging."

"Well, I'm not one bit hungry," I replied, "and I don't believe I shall be, all day."

"No; I'm not, either," said the wise Mary; "it's only a little while since breakfast; but you see if we're not awfully hungry by noon."

And so we were. Dear me, how well I remember that hunger; it seemed actually to gnaw at my stomach. We had roamed on from wood to wood, from field to field, crossing and recrossing the roads to which we came; now climbing a hill; now diving down into swampy places; we had found cones, and fungi, and moss, and acorns, and a few snail-shells. Our aprons were so full we had to take all the things out, and lay them on the ground close to the bottom of every fence we climbed; and then reach through and pick them all up again, after we had climbed over. Our ankles were wet, and our India-rubber overshoes were so coated with mud, they felt as heavy as lead on our feet. I think we must have been a very funny-looking little pair of vagabonds; we were very tired and a little cross, and Mary, who all the time had not more than half wanted to come, was almost ready to cry, when suddenly, as we came to the top of a sandy hill, we saw a village lying below it.

"Oh, goody!" I exclaimed. "Here's Hadley! I've been here often. I know it's Hadley."

So, indeed, it was. We were four miles from home; but counting our ramblings in and out of the woods, we had walked double that distance.

With the prospect of food my spirits rose. The proud unwillingness to beg which Mary had felt was all gone. We both ran down the hill as fast as we could, and knocked at the door of a mean little house, which stood near the road. A black woman opened the door.

"Will you please give us something to eat?" we both said at once.

"Well, now, that's queer," she said. "I jest happen to be out of everything. I haint got nothing in the house but a little butter. But the folks next door, they'll give ye suthin';" and she eyed us very curiously. "Where'd ye come from, anyhow?" she added.

But I did not choose to tell, and seizing Mary by the hand, I ran away. At the next house the woman had her bonnet and cloak on, and her husband, who was with her, had his overcoat and hat on; they were just that minute going out.

"Why, dear me!" she said, kindly, "hungry be ye? Dear me! You'd like some bread and milk, would n't ye?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" we both exclaimed. "Indeed we would."

She looked at her husband. "We can't wait," she said; "we're late now. How'll we manage it? We must lock the house up."

"Oh, give it to 'em, and let 'em sit on the doorstep and eat it. They can leave the things under

the bushes," he replied; so she hurried into her pantry to get the bread and milk, and the man, turning to us, said: "Look here, youngsters, I reckon you 're honest. You just hide the bowls and spoons under the lilac-bushes, when you 're done, and we 'll find 'em when we come home. They 'll be safe. We 're goin' to the funeral. Whose little gals be ye?" he added, looking at us as closely as the negro woman had looked.

We hung our heads and did not reply.

"Well, well," he said kindly; "look out and get home before dark, whoever ye be. You 're not used to roamin' 'round country this way, I reckon," and he patted Mary on the head in a fatherly way,

wolves. How good it did taste; we drank every drop of the milk and ate more than half the bread; then we hid the bowls, as she had told us to, under the lilac-bushes, and then we went out of the yard and stood looking up and down the street, and wondering what we should do next.

"Let 's go home," said Mary. "Do you suppose you can find the way, Helen?"

"Find the way!" I replied, contemptuously. "What a goose you are; the road 's as straight as an arrow, all the way there. It is n't far. Let 's go into the village and see where the funeral is. I think it 's in the meetin'-house. See the horses and wagons tied there, just as they are Sundays."



FISHING IT OUT.

and called out to his wife: "Be sry, Hannah, the bell 's 'most done tollin'; we 'll be late."

She came running with two big yellow bowls full of delicious milk—one in each hand; and under her arm she had a loaf of brown bread.

"There," she said, giving each of us a bowl, and putting the bread down on the broad stone doorstep. "Now, you just make yourselves comfortable, and eat all you can; and when you 're done you push the bowls in among them lilac-bushes, and nobody 'll get 'em." Then she locked the door, and put the key in her pocket, and walked away with her arm in her husband's. They both looked back at us and smiled kindly to see us devouring our bread and milk like ravenous little

So we ran on till we came to the meeting-house. The big outside doors stood wide open, and we saw, standing close by one of the inside doors, a bier, such as coffins stand on in a hearse.

"Yes," we whispered to each other, "the coffin must be inside, in front of the pulpit; that 's the way they do sometimes."

Then the choir began to sing a sad, slow hymn.

"The funeral 's begun," said Mary, in a low whisper. "We can't go in now."

"No," said I, "but we can sit down out here."

So we sat down on the bier, with our feet between the slats; we felt very solemn, and sat very still.

Presently the sexton came out on tiptoes, and when he saw us, he came up to us softly and said:

"Did you want to go in, children? Are your father and mother in there? I'll take you in."

But we only shook our heads, and did not say anything, and he went back again and left us.

After the singing was done, there came a sound of a voice talking, but we could not hear any words; so pretty soon we grew tired of sitting there on the bier, and went out again into the street.

It was muddier than anything you ever saw in your lives, unless you have been in some town on the low banks of a river, where the river-water comes up into the streets of the town every spring.

The town of Hadley is on the Connecticut river. You can see it on your map of Massachusetts. Every spring the snows melting in the mountains make all the little brooks very full, and they empty into the rivers, and make the water so high that it overflows the banks. Sometimes it carries away the bridges, and sometimes houses, also, if they are built too near the edge of the river. Once the water came up so high into the streets of this town of Hadley, that people went about in boats, and then there came a cold snap and froze it hard, and all the men and boys in Hadley got out skates and went skating up and down, so as to say they had skated on the Connecticut River, in Hadley's streets. Such a big freshet as this had happened only once, I believe, since the town was settled, but every spring a large part of the meadows of the town was flooded with water, and as for the mud,—well!—I told you you had never seen anything like it, unless you had been in Hadley or some other town, lying, as it does, low on a river bank. And this is what happened to us next, all by reason of that Connecticut River, and the mud it made every spring: As we were picking our way across the street, after we left the meeting-house, Mary suddenly gave a scream, "Oh! I've lost my shoe off!" and there she stood on one foot, holding the other up in the air. Sure enough, the mud was so deep and sticky it had actually sucked her India-rubber and her shoe inside of it, off her foot. She began to cry: "Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

"Hop! Hop!" I said. "Hop on one foot; I'll get your shoe out!"

But hopping with one's whole weight on one foot, in such mud, was not a good thing, nor an easy thing to do. At the first hop poor Mary gave, down she went, so deep that the mud and water poured into her other shoe, and she had to put her shoeless foot down at once, to save herself from falling.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said I. "Never mind, walk right along, now. We'll go into a house and dry your stockings. I'll get a stick and fish out your other shoe."

Such a time as I had to find a stick, and then,

when I got back with the stick, Mary had crawled along out of the mud, and stood on the grassy edge of the road, and we could not see exactly where the shoe had gone in. However, at last I found it, and drew it out on the end of the stick. It was dripping full of mud and water, and I had to carry it as far off from me as I could. It makes me laugh to this' day, to think of the figure we must have cut; poor Mary limping along with her muddy stocking, and the tears rolling down her cheeks, and I following after, with her shoe and India-rubber on a long stick, and my feet also dripping wet with mud. We did not dare go to anybody's front door, in such a plight, so we crept round to the back door of a nice-looking white house. The door stood open, and the servant-woman was washing the floor. It was Monday, and she was just getting her kitchen in order after the washing. As soon as she saw us, she screamed out:

"Mercy on us! Don't you come in on my clean floor! What's happened to you! Who are you! Don't you dare to set foot in here!"

Then she put down her mop and came to the door and began to laugh, and to pity us, too, as soon as she saw the tears on Mary's face. I told her what had happened, and that I thought perhaps some kind lady would let us wash Mary's stockings and dry them by the kitchen fire.

The girl laughed harder and harder the longer she looked at us, but in the bottom of her heart she was very sorry for us, for she helped us to take off our wet shoes and stockings on the door-step, and then she sat us in chairs by the kitchen stove, with our feet on other chairs, to warm and dry them.

"There. You just sit still," she said, "till I get my floor dried off, and then I'll sozzle out your stockings for you."

(This was a great many years ago, but I never have forgotten that word "sozzle.")

In a few minutes she had our stockings hanging on the back of the chair, to dry them. She scraped the mud off our shoes, and washed the inside of Mary's shoe clean with a wet cloth, and set them all under the stove. Then she went about her work again, and took no more notice of us.

I kept pinching the stockings to see if they were dry. I was very impatient to be off again.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and in came the mistress of the house. As soon as she saw us she gave an exclamation, and came very quickly toward us.

"Why, good gracious, I do believe these are the very children! What's your name? Did n't you come from Amherst?" she said, looking at Mary, who was crying as hard as she could cry. I whispered to Mary not to tell, but it was of no use; she sobbed out: "Yes, ma'am."

And then I knew all was over for us. We were caught. Before Mary had half finished her "Yes, ma'am," the lady had run back to the door, opened it, and called in an excited voice:

"Here they are! Here are the runaways!"

Exclamations followed, instantly, and the sound of feet, and two gentlemen came hurrying into the kitchen, saying:

"Where are they? What good luck! You naughty children! I expect you're the one responsible for all this, Miss Helen Maria?"

And they gathered around the stove, and all looked at us and talked about us till I wished we could sink through the floor, or be dead, or anything to get away from their eyes. These gentlemen were two professors from Amherst College, who had come over to the funeral which we had seen in the meeting-house. They were friends of my father, and of Mary's, and I knew there was no escape for us now.

They said that a great many people were out looking for us; that recitations in the College had been given up, and the students were out searching, too; that everybody feared we had wandered away into some thick woods, where we would never be found, and that our fathers and mothers were frantic with distress. I cried a little when I heard all these things, but still it did not diminish a desire I had to go back to that pine-grove and sleep. I think a sort of insanity had taken possession of me, from my delight in the freedom and the outdoor life. I love it well enough now to understand how I must have felt then.

These gentlemen had driven over in a buggy, so they could take only one of us. I heard them discussing which it should be, and I felt very angry when they said, "Well, we'll make sure of Helen, she's the ringleader."

I did not know then what "ringleader" meant, and I thought it was much worse than it really is.

My shoes had been so shrunk up, by drying at the hot stove, that it was hard to get them on, and they hurt my feet terribly. But I said nothing. I ate my supper in silence, and waited to see what would happen. By this time I had wrought myself up to a pitch of wild determination not to be "captured," as I called it; but I saw no loop-hole of escape; somebody's eye was on me all the time.

Tea was over. I had been wrapped up in my cloak, taken out, and put into the buggy. Then the kind lady, who was standing in the door-way talking with one of the gentlemen, called:

"I'm afraid that child is not wrapped up enough. It will be very cold before you reach

Amherst. Come back and I'll give you a warm shawl to wrap around her."

The professor ran back to the house to get it.

"Now's my chance," thought I. In less than a twinkling of an eye, I jumped out of the buggy and ran at the top of my speed down the road which led out of the village. It was dusk; it took several minutes for them to get the shawl, bid the lady good-bye and return to their buggy; and when they got there, lo! no child was to be seen! I have often wished I could have seen their faces at that minute. However, they whipped up the horse and drove furiously after me. I doubt if any human being, running for his life, ever strained his every muscle more thoroughly than I did when I heard those wheels coming behind me. I very nearly escaped. I had reached the fence; if I had succeeded in climbing it before I was overtaken, I should have easily eluded my pursuers, and no doubt perished of cold and fright before morning. But, luckily for me, I was overtaken. From the very top rail of the fence I was dragged down, none too gently it must be confessed, and lifted again into that buggy. As my captor put me on the seat, he shook me back and forth very hard, several times, and said:

"You deserve a horse-whipping."

I don't wonder he was angry. He was quite out of breath, and had come very near letting me slip through his fingers. I sat very still till we came to the pine-grove where our treasures were. Then I begged piteously to be allowed to jump down and get them; but all my entreaties were in vain. This seems to me a grief even to-day.

About half-way between Amherst and Hadley, we met a carriage driving furiously; it stopped, and my grandfather's voice called: "Heard anything?"

"Got one of them here," was the reply. "Got Helen. You'll find Mary at Mrs. Seymour's."

"Thank God!" said my grandfather, in a tone which I recollect thinking at that time sounded more like a growl than like a thanksgiving.

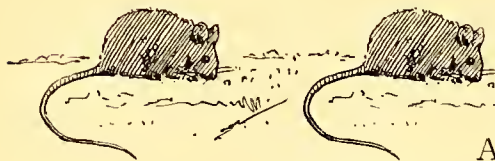
It was very dark when we reached my father's house. I recollect very distinctly how his face looked when I went into the room, where he was lying on the sofa, utterly exhausted from anxiety and fatigue. I do not remember anything about my mother at that moment; but I think the best account of the scene is in her own words, which I read, years after her death, in a letter which she had written to a friend, giving an account of the affair:

"Helen walked in," she said, "at a quarter before ten o'clock at night, as rosy and smiling as possible, and saying, in her brightest tone:

"Oh, mother! I've had a perfectly splendid time!"

(To be concluded.)

AN OLD RAT'S TALE.



HE was a rat, and she was a rat,
And down in one hole they did dwell;
And both were as black as a witch's cat,
And they loved one an-oth-er well.

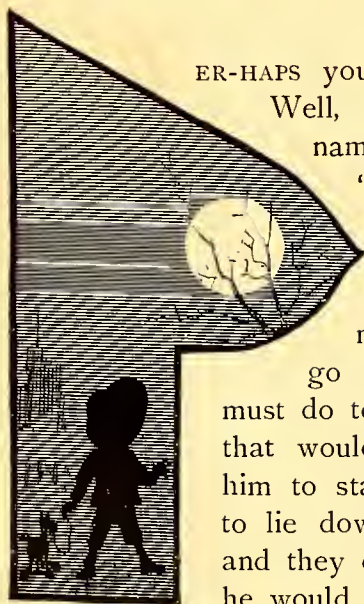
He had a tail, and she had a tail,
Both long and curl-ing and fine;
And each said, "Yours is the fin-est tail
In the world, ex-cept-ing mine."

He smelt the cheese, and she smelt the cheese,
And they both pro-nounced it good;
And both re-marked it would great-ly add
To the charms of their dai-ly food.
So he vent-ured out, and she vent-ured out,
And I saw them go with pain;
But what be-fell them I nev-er can tell,
For they nev-er came back a-gain.



COOK'S STORY.

PER-HAPS you 'd like to hear a bit of a sto-ry, my dears?
Well, once up-on a time there was a lit-tle boy,
named Pe-ter, who could not wait to be a man.
"I want to be big," he said; "I want to reach
as high as the moon. I want to be the big,
big, big-gest man that ev-er lived." But still
he could n't be an-y-thing but a lit-tle boy,
nev-er mind how much he wished. He would
go a-round ask-ing ev-er-y one he met what he
must do to grow. One told him to eat green corn and
that would make him shoot up in-to the air; one told
him to stand in the wa-ter all day, and one told him
to lie down in the sun. Well, he tried all these things,
and they did no good. At last, a queer man told him if
he would fill his pa-pa's shoes full of yeast, and stand in



them till the sun went down, he would reach the moon be-fore morn-
ing; and what did he do but try it! He took his pa-pa's shoes, aft-er
din-ner, and filled them with yeast, and stood in them and kept say-ing
to him-self: "Now, Pe-ter, up! Up! Up!" And what *do* you think?
Aft-er a long while, the yeast took ef-fect. He be-gan to rise; and he
rose and rose and rose till he could touch the moon. It was cold and
bright, and it flashed at him ev-er-y time he touched it. Well,
he soon got tired of this, and then he want-ed to
get down a-gain. But he could n't. He tried
and tried, and said: "Down,



Pe-ter! Down!
it was of no use. Then
the moon say-ing, as an-gri-
your shoes, you stu-pid boy!"

then what *do* you think hap-pened? Why, he be-gan to—to—to—

Down!" But
he heard the man in
ly as could be: "Kick off
He kicked them off, and

She wakes up.

Bless me! Here I 've been sit-tin' fast a-sleep in my kitch-en, ev-er
since the chil-dren went up to bed, and here 's the bread a-wait-ing to be
knead-ed, and I a-dream-ing the sil-li-est, fool-ish-est dream that ever was!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"Do we know the children?" piped my birds, indignantly, when I asked them the question. "We should think we did! They are monstrous things without feathers, that flounder about and stick to the grass or the trees and fences all the time. Their eyes are like bright lakes, and their open mouths are as big as our houses. Then they have strange, broad, clattering voices that shake the very air. Yes, indeed. We know them a great sight better than they know us."

"Prove it," said I, solemnly.

"Why, only the other day," they retorted, with a merry bird-laugh, "we heard the beautiful thing with cheeks like nearly ripe peaches (you call it the Little School-ma'am)—well, we heard it ask them whether a little bird moved its upper or lower bill, or both, when eating, and not one of them could tell!"

"Away with you!" I cried, enraged. "How dare you slander my youngsters in that manner?"

Then I cooled down, and said, quietly and sarcastically: "Of course, my friends, *you* know how *they* eat? You know perfectly well that their upper jaw is movable, and their lower jaw is set so firmly in their head that it will not move at all?"

The little mites looked at one another with their bright little bead-eyes, and changed the subject.

"Would you like a song, Jack, dear?"

And, without waiting for an answer, they trilled and caroled their way up into the blue sky, till I lost sight of them altogether.

A "TALKING BOOK."

NOW, here is news that *is* news!

A wise and happy man in Germany—none but a wise man could have done it, and it must make him happy to know he has done it—has contrived what he calls a "talking book."

On opening the volume, there appears upon one

page the picture of some animal, perhaps a sheep. The opposite page has some reading matter, and near the bottom is a string. Pull this string, and a voice from the book cries "Ba-a-a!" just like a sheep. The rooster picture crows, the cat sheet mews, the duck page says "Quack!" and so on.

Your Jack could tell you more about this clever invention, but what would be the use? The book can speak for itself.

KITTY'S LAST CHANCE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is a true incident which your young readers may find interesting. It was told me by the owner of the kitten.

The janitor of the Butter Exchange (a large building with about 100 rooms, on Westminster street, Providence) has a kitten, which was in the habit of following him about as he cleaned out some of the offices after business hours. To some of these rooms he had a key, but the kitten followed him one evening into a room to which he had no key, and which he soon left, the door closing with a spring catch.

He thought no more about the matter until nearly an hour later, when, on passing the door, he heard the kitten crying inside. The ventilator over the door was open, and, taking a step-ladder, he found he could look inside, but could not get inside to open the door, nor did he see how he could help the prisoner to get out. At last the plan struck him of taking off his coat, and letting it down inside for the kitten to catch hold of, and thus be drawn up. But, although the kitten seemed to catch his meaning directly, and made frantic efforts to reach the coat by springing for it, yet the garment still hung just too high. After several trials, he gave it up, and began to draw the coat away. The kitten howled as the coat went up. "Well," said the janitor, "one more trial, kitty, and this is your last chance." And, sure enough, she caught her claws in the coat this time, and was drawn up safely—Yours, very truly,

W. E. F.

A BABY-PLANT.

DID ever you hear of the Japanese baby-plant? It does not grow real Japanese babies, but the birds tell me that it bears a blossom which is wonderfully like a plump little baby, stretching out its arms as if it wished somebody to take it. Even its dimpled feet can be seen. A young girl writes to the Little School-ma'am that the San Francisco newspapers tell of a lady there who had just bought one of these plants for three hundred dollars. This seems a pretty big price, but if the plant should bear about three hundred babies, it would soon pay for itself.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM ON INSECTS.

MY DEAR JACK: Thank you for forwarding the letters from your young people in respect to the hearts of animals and the true classification of spiders. One of these letters,—and a good one, too,—reads like a page out of a book. Here it is:

"DEAR JACK: In reply to the Little School-ma'am's April question, I should like to say that the most approved classification does not, I believe, place spiders in the same class with the true insects. Spiders differ from true insects (class *Insecta*) in having four pairs of legs, in having the head and thorax united in one segment, and in having from six to eight simple eyes.

"The Little School-ma'am's statement that all animals have hearts differs from the teachings of modern zoology. In the sub-kingdoms Protozoa, Coelenterata and Annuloida, no organ is found which can properly be called a heart. I think that the Little School-ma'am would find it pretty hard to see the heart, or any other organ, in those specks of protoplasm which scientists call monera.—Yours,

"D. E. M."

Well, Jack, your correspondents are right; and that fine distinction between spiders and true insects is precisely what I wanted to bring out. At the same time, when one is speaking in a general way of articulated animals which are not worms and not crustaceans, it is proper enough to call them insects, without referring to the closely drawn lines of strict entomology. There is danger of becoming pedantic in constantly bringing forward in ordinary talk all the finest points; still, one ought to *know* them all the same.

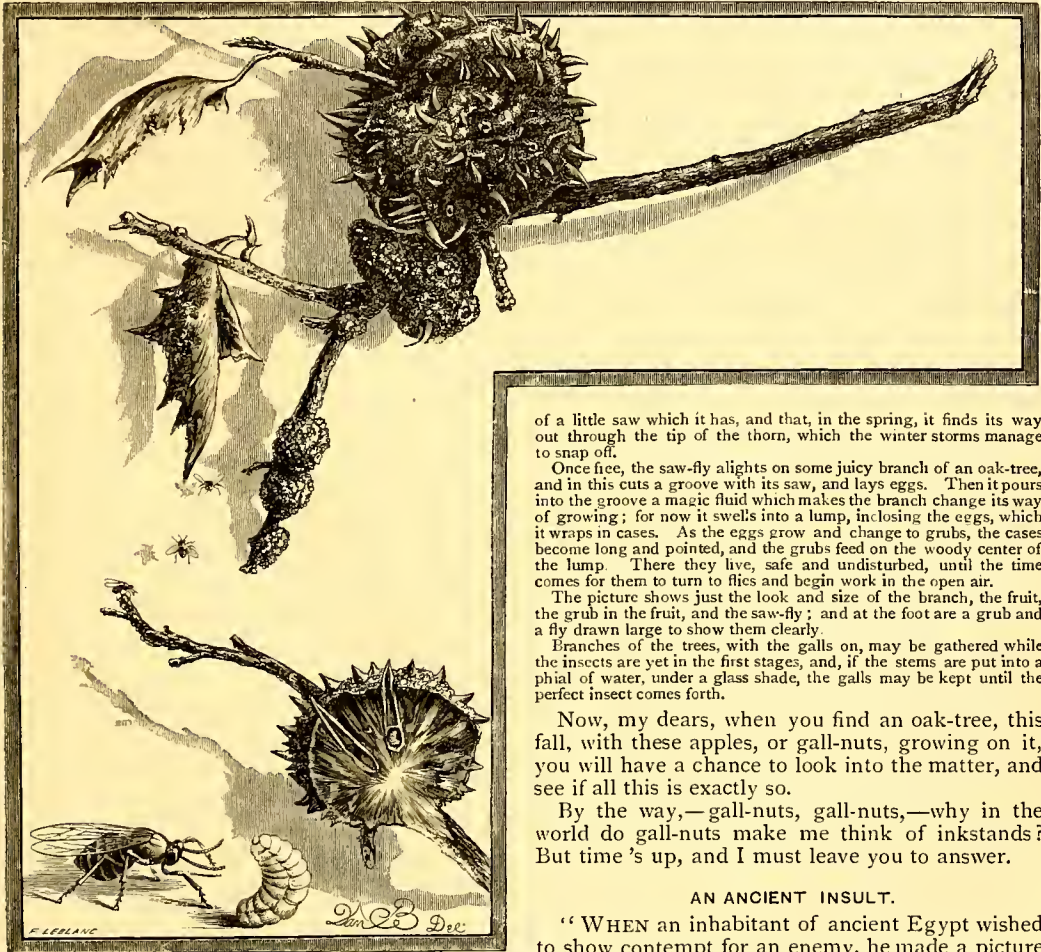
As to the matter of the heart, I confess I overlooked those almost or quite formless dots of jelly called monera, and those larger clots known as amœbæ, and all the rest of the vague border-life between recognized animals and unmistakable plants. They have no circulation, because they have no blood; no mouth, because no digestive organs; no feelings, because no nervous system; and so on. They are nothing but bits of material such as that out of which the tissues of our own complicated bodies are formed, and it is hardly certain yet that many of them are not plants, nor even that they are living matter at all.

QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

ONE of your Jack's friends has brought in this curious picture, which I turn over to you with his remarks:

Last autumn, I saw an oak-tree bearing what seemed to be small brown apples. I picked one of these, split it, and found that it was a woody ball, with hollow thorns which reached to its center and stuck out their points beyond the rind. In each thorn was a grub, or else a small fly.

Afterward, I found out that the fly is called "Saw-fly," because



QUEER FRUIT OF AN OAK.

When dealing with life of a higher order—with jelly-fishes, for instance, which D. E. M. mentions,—whether there is a heart or not becomes almost a question of definition, for they have a kind of circulation kept up by the aid of the sea-water, and this circulation has a sort of heart-center. But, of course, if you say that only that is a heart which has auricles and ventricles to regulate and promote the circulation of the white or red blood, then, when mentioning creatures with hearts, you must leave out nearly everything beneath the mollusks in the naturalist's scale of animal life. That dim region of the Protozoa did not loom into my mental view when I used the word "animals"; and I might well have doubted whether any of your hearers had ever heard of it,—but, you see, some had. So, I thank D. E. M. and the rest for their letters, and I am glad they are interested in the subject.—Yours truly, THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

of a little saw which it has, and that, in the spring, it finds its way out through the tip of the thorn, which the winter storms manage to snap off.

Once free, the saw-fly alights on some juicy branch of an oak-tree, and in this cuts a groove with its saw, and lays eggs. Then it pours into the groove a magic fluid which makes the branch change its way of growing; for now it swells into a lump, inclosing the eggs, which it wraps in cases. As the eggs grow and change to grubs, the cases become long and pointed, and the grubs feed on the woody center of the lump. There they live, safe and undisturbed, until the time comes for them to turn to flies and begin work in the open air.

The picture shows just the look and size of the branch, the fruit, the grub in the fruit, and the saw-fly; and at the foot are a grub and a fly drawn large to show them clearly.

Branches of the trees, with the galls on, may be gathered while the insects are yet in the first stages, and, if the stems are put into a phial of water, under a glass shade, the galls may be kept until the perfect insect comes forth.

Now, my dears, when you find an oak-tree, this fall, with these apples, or gall-nuts, growing on it, you will have a chance to look into the matter, and see if all this is exactly so.

By the way,—gall-nuts, gall-nuts,—why in the world do gall-nuts make me think of inkstands? But time's up, and I must leave you to answer.

AN ANCIENT INSULT.

"WHEN an inhabitant of ancient Egypt wished to show contempt for an enemy, he made a picture of him on the sole of his sandal, and thus was able to tread his foe under foot at every step."

Deacon Green sends the above extract from a book about Ancient Egypt, and says: "Perhaps this may prove a good hint for some of your very fiery youngsters; but the charm of it is that the plan also forces you to give your enemy a lift at every step."

A FRIENDLY WARNING.

DEAR JACK: If you have any friends among the fishes, tell them to keep clear of the telegraph cables in the deep sea. A whale dashed blindly against one of them off the coast of South America some time ago, and, although he managed to divide it, yet he so tangled himself up in the broken end that he was unable to rise to the surface to breathe, and so was drowned. Truly yours, S. G.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE BICYCLE BOYS.

BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

"Out of the way there! Clear the track! O-h-h-h!" shouted Raymond Brown, as he shot quickly over the asphalt pavement on the pride of his heart, his new Columbia bicycle.

But it was too late; the man he intended to warn was only confused by his cries, and turning, received Ray's arms with startling suddenness about his neck, in an affectionate embrace which overthrew both man and boy, with the machine on top of them.

The street, a quiet up-town one in New York, was much frequented by the youthful bicyclers of the neighborhood, and four of these now hastened to the assistance of their fallen comrade.

Fortunately, nobody was hurt, as the two had helped each other to "come down easy"; but the man was angry, and scolded while picking his beaver out of the road and dusting his coat.

"No; I'll accept no apologies," he concluded, as Ray attempted to explain, "and I'm only sorry you were n't on the sidewalk when the thing happened, so that I could have you arrested, you reckless fellow," and he walked off.

"Much ado about nothing," quoth Dick Ranssee, the eldest of "our set," and the owner of the finest bicycle on the block, a "regular tip-top one" from England.

"Guess he never was a boy himself," said Jack Fent, somewhat contemptuously, as he helped Ray examine his fallen charger, in search of injuries.

"But they did n't have bicycles when he was a boy, you know," said Willie Francis.

Ray had by this time mounted again, and now the five were all in motion once more.

"I say, fellows," proposed Ned Arthing, suddenly, after a period of silence, "let's get up a bicycle club. I've been thinking it over for two or three days."

"I'll tell you what," suggested Dick; "let's run into the 'home station' and organize at once. What do you say?"

The proposal was immediately put into effect.

Now, the "home station" referred to was nothing more nor less than the front basement of the Ranssees' house, which had been reserved for Dick's exclusive use ever since he had been in his teens. It was the rallying point for all his friends, and had been fitted up at different periods as a play-room, a circus, a gymnasium, a ship, an aquarium, and latterly as the home of his three-wheeled "velocipede," his Columbia "bicycle," and his English "machine." Each of these was provided with suitable and ample quarters, huge illustrated circulars from the Boston and Coventry manufacturing companies adorned the walls, and copies of the *Bicycling World* were scattered everywhere.

To this retreat, then, the club-inclined five turned their wheels, and the machines having been piled in the lower entry, their owners perched one upon the table, another on a chair-arm, two on the window-sill and a fifth on the sofa-back, and so proceeded to business.

The preliminaries did not occupy much time, as all were of one mind in regard to the objects of the organization, as well as the proper person for its captain, which could be none other than Dick Ranssee. The new captain gracefully acknowledged the honor, accepted the position, and submitted the question as to what name they should take.

"The Wheelers" was at first proposed, but was rejected as being too commonplace, and a compromise was effected by determining upon that of "Wheeling," which was in turn given up, as tending to locate the members in West Virginia. Many names more or less high-sounding were suggested, but at last the lads decided to call themselves simply the "Bicycle Boys."

Having been thus successfully inaugurated, the club prospered finely, uniform caps and leggins were purchased, rules and regulations adopted, and the members furnished with note paper stamped with the name and insignia of the society.

And now, of course, they must have a "run."

"But how far?" inquired Willie Francis, somewhat anxiously, when this was mentioned.

"Oh, anywhere into the country," replied Dick, who was always ready to go to the ends of the earth when once in the saddle.

"Hurrah for the Bicycle Boys' Parade!" cried the enthusiastic Jack. "When shall we have it?"

"Next Saturday!" was the unanimous response.

"Meet, 7 A. M. sharp, at the Home Station, wet or shine," added Captain Ranssee; and during the remainder of the week the five could talk of nothing else.

Saturday came at last, and the autumn morning dawned,—not bright and clear, but cool and cloudy, "just the sort of weather for a good long run," as Ned declared.

All were on hand at the appointed hour, with the exception of Francis, who finally appeared at the sixty-fifth minute after six, rub-

bing his eyes with one hand, while he tried to steer with the other. However, Dick's call of "boots and saddles" with the shining new bugle waked him up, and the five "B. B.'s" rolled off in fine style, to the admiration of early small boys peeping through windows.

Dick, of course, led the way, and quickly they passed up the avenue, on by the Park, and so into the country.

They had been running for some time over a quiet stretch of road, and everything was working beautifully; Willie Francis had n't fallen off once, while all the five were in high spirits and enjoying themselves immensely; when all at once, Dick noticed that a pony phaeton, which had been coming toward them, suddenly stopped. A little girl got out of it, and came running up, waving her arms wildly and with a look of horror and alarm on her face.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried, as she drew near the "B. B.'s." And, in some wonderment, Captain Ranssee gave the signal to halt.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as the little girl came up, quite out of breath with her hurry.

"Oh, please," she said, as soon as she could speak, "our horse is awfully frightened at 'v'locipedes, and sister Clara's afraid he'll run off if you come any closer."

"All right, then," replied the gallant Dick; "we'll stay quiet here by the side of the road till you go past. Wont that do?"

"Oh, goodness, no! Why, Peter—he's the horse—most jumps outside of himself at the very sight of a 'v'locipede," and the child eyed the five machines ascant.

"Then what do you want us to do?" pursued Captain Ranssee, patiently preserving his good humor.

"Can't you turn round and ride back till we come to Aunt Isabella's? We're going there to spend the day, and if you would only keep on a good deal ahead till we come to the gate, I don't think Peter'd mind."

"How far is it to your aunt Isabella's?" asked Dick.

"About four miles," was the calm response, upon which the "B. B.'s" began to lose patience.

"Oh, bother take Peter!" muttered Ned.

"Suppose we blindfold him with a handkerchief and then rush past," suggested Ray.

"Don't let's fool here all the morning," growled Jack, reminded by unmistakable feelings that the party was to lunch in a village still some miles distant.

Dick was puzzled for an instant as to how he should proceed. He did not like to be rude to ladies, and at the same time felt very disinclined to do as the young ambassador proposed. The country at this point was flat and open, with no clumps of trees or bushes behind which the objectionable "v'locipedes" might be concealed. The situation was annoying. There was Miss Clara in the phaeton, waiting patiently for the retreat, and here was her little sister, looking up at tall Dick in the most confiding manner, while grouped around, in various attitudes of amusement and disgust, were the noble members of the club.

Suddenly, a happy idea occurred to the captain.

"No, we should n't care to go back so far," he said, "as we've already ordered lunch to be prepared for us by a certain time; but I'll tell you what we can do. You and your sister walk past us, and I'll lead the horse, or the five of us will, if you think one is n't enough."

"I'll run and ask Clara," replied she, and flew back to the phaeton.

She had a hurried conversation with her sister, and then rushed out into the middle of the road and beckoned frantically. Dick gave his machine to Ray, and hastened to present himself before Miss Clara, who proved to be a rather over-dressed young lady of some eighteen years. She had already got out of the carriage when he reached it, and, without further ado, Dick grasped the bridle of the nervous Peter, and started off at a slow pace, the sisters following.

Nearer and nearer to the "v'locipedes" they approached, and still the troublesome steed's ears were not pricked up, nor had his sensitive nose scented bicycles in the air.

According to their captain's instructions, the "B. B.'s" remained as quiet as mice, striving to conceal their machines as much as possible with their bodies.

And now Dick and the horse were directly in front of them, and still no sign from Peter that he was meditating anything more serious than what quality of oats he would be likely to get at "Aunt Isabella's."

Then the boys began to smile, and, as the little girl and her big sister hurried past, the smile had increased to a broad grin, and when the five sat down to their lunch fifteen minutes behind time, they were all much merrier, not to say hungrier, by reason of the delay.

"Why in the world did n't some of us think of turning down a cross-road or a lane?" wondered Jack aloud, as he helped himself to a third sweet potato.

And nobody could tell why they had n't.

The run home was brisk and uneventful, and Captain Dick kept a sharp lookout for the nervous Peter, the energetic little girl, her fine sister and the phaeton.

But they never met again.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: So much pleasure and instruction have been derived from the article, "A Knotty Subject," in the February ST. NICHOLAS, that I am sure a great many subscribers would be glad if you would induce Mr. Norton to give some information about splices.—Respectfully yours,
HARRY ROBINSON.

SPICES? Certainly, Master Harry Robinson. Take two ends of three-stranded rope or large cord. Unlay—separate, that is—the strands of each, far enough to handle them easily, and "crotch" the two sets of strands together so that each strand of each set will be between two strands of the other set.

For convenience, we will call the set belonging to the right-hand rope's end "No. 1," and that belonging to the left-hand rope's end, "No. 2." Crowd the crotches pretty closely together, and lay the strands of No. 1 flat along the solid line of No. 2. Better tie them there with a bit of twine, to begin with. Now take a strand of No. 2 and pass it *over* that strand of No. 1 which touches it on the side farthest from you, and *under* the one next beyond. Pull it through as far as it will go. Now turn the whole splice *over* toward you, and take the next strand of No. 2. Pass it in turn *over* the strand of No. 1 which lies next to it and *under* the one beyond. Turn the whole *over* toward you again, and do as before with the third and only remaining strand of No. 2. When you have in this way passed each strand of each set under two strands of the opposite set, you may stop. If you have made no mistakes, the end of each strand will come out by itself between two strands of the opposite line. Of course, before beginning to work with No. 1 you will remove the piece of twine with which it was fastened.

The loose ends may now be cut off, or untwisted and tucked in between the solid strands near them. Roll the splice between your hands, or under your foot, to get everything in place. The spliced part ought to look as if it were evenly braided, but you will hardly make it look so the first time. A spliced line is about one-eighth weaker than a whole one. A sharp instrument like an awl will help to raise the solid strands so that the loose ones can be passed under them. I have thus described a "short splice," and would tell you about a "long" one, but ST. NICHOLAS says my letter is long enough already, so I must cut it short.
C. L. NORTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been presented with the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, and, to my surprise and delight, the front-piece is a picture of my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Zane. I have heard the story often from my father, of how she carried the powder. I am fourteen years old. Just opposite Wheeling, where the old fort stood, is Martin's Ferry, where I was born and lived until six years of age; and it is the place where Betty Zane lived, died, and was buried.—Yours, very respectfully,
JESSIE B. MARTIN.

THE story of "How Tom Cole carried out his Plan," printed in the present number, is founded on an incident in the life of the late William Morris Hunt, the artist. The author of our story says: "The anecdote, which went the rounds of Boston art-circles, ran thus: Hunt was one day out sleighing in a severe snow-storm, when, seeing a forlorn organ grinder turning out his tunes for the benefit of a row of empty windows, he jumped from his sleigh, took the man's coat and hat, put them on himself, and rang the bell of the nearest house. The door opened, and the disguised artist asked for the master, who happened to be a friend of his. The master came to the door, and to him Hunt described himself as a beggar in need of help. How much money the artist received I do not know, but whatever it was, he gave it to the organ-grinder, and went his way. This was told to me by an artist friend, a pupil of Mr. Hunt.—Yours,
"M. A. HOPKINS."

C. F. A.—The present Khedive of Egypt is named Mehemed-Tewfik; he is the son of Ex-Khedive Ismail, who abdicated August 8, 1879. Mehemed-Tewfik was born in 1852.

A CORRESPONDENT, in mentioning a sentence in ST. NICHOLAS for June, very properly finds fault with the expression "a ruddy lurid light." If any of our young readers fail to detect the poor editing that suffered such a combination of adjectives to be put in type, they may consult both Worcester and Webster as to the meaning of the two opposed adjectives.

COMMODORE WHITING sends the following interesting communication to ST. NICHOLAS:

The following lines were written by a little girl (now dead), aged about ten years, and her younger brother, aged eight; the first verse being written by one, and the second by the other. W. B. W.

ON A SOAP-BUBBLE.

I saw a bubble, bright and fair,
Blown by a child at play;
'T was but a bubble, light as air,
Like a bubble it passed away.

It was a thing too frail to last
When touch'd by the wintry wind,
'T was bright as hope,—like hope it pass'd,
And left but a tear behind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The article in your July number, entitled "Paper Balloons," I have read with pleasure. I trust you will let me suggest one little idea, that, in my experience in "balloon building," I have found useful in "finishing off." It is this: In cutting the gores leave a small oblong tab at the upper end of each.

The tabs, when the gores are pasted together, can be drawn up and tied, rendering the top of the "air-ship" perfectly air-tight. Without such tabs the tops of the gores are often obstinate about coming together.—Yours very truly,
Y. V. A.

T. C.—You will find an article about "Philately," or "Postage-stamp collecting," in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1875; it describes a good plan for sticking stamps in an album.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had dry times around my home this summer. One old neighbor, who owns scarcely anything but a spring and a small pond, has made heaps of money selling water at so much a barrel. We had to send twice a day for enough for our house.

One of our visitors says that the queerest plan of which she knows, for supplying a place with fresh water, is the method followed in Venice,—where the very streets are water, but salt water, not fresh. She says there are large cisterns all about the city, and people draw the water in big copper kettles at eight o'clock in the morning, for until that hour the cisterns are kept locked. Then they carry home their kettles, slung, one at each side, from the ends of wooden yokes that rest upon the shoulders. The water comes from distant hills on the main-land, and is carried from the sea-shore to the city in barges. From these it is pumped by steam machinery into the cisterns, which are filled every night.

The water is very good, my friend says; but it seems to me to be carried around a good deal before it reaches the people who use it. I thought the other "Letter-Box" readers might like to know about this.—Yours truly,
EDITH C. L.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—A good piece for recitation may be found on page 873 of the present number, entitled "Captain Butterfly," and another capital piece would be "The Woodman's Daughter," on page 815 of our August number. You will find very good pieces scattered throughout the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS; such as: "That Dropped Stitch," page 8; "A Boy's Remonstrance," page 43; "The Little Runaway," page 62; "The Knight and the Page" (sing the Page's song), page 99; and "The Four Sunbeams," page 117;—of the December number, 1879. "The Three Copecks," page 214; and "Sow, Sew and So," page 246;—of the January number, 1880. "Quite a History" (Dialogue), page 348, February, 1880. "St. George and the Dragon," page 494, April, 1880. "Elizabeth Eliza's Paper" (to be read), page 709, July, 1880.

INQUIRER.—In answer to your question as to where the flies stay during the winter, Mr. S. F. Clarke says:

"The common house-fly, or *Musca domestica*, as scientific people call him, stops his active life when cold weather comes on in the Fall, and, having found a dark, well-protected spot,—such as a quiet corner in an old shed, or in the barn, or up in the garret, or perhaps under some dry leaves in an angle of a fence,—he goes to sleep until the warmth of the spring wakes him up again. I sometimes wish, when the flies are keeping me awake in the summer mornings, that

the tormenting little black fellows had never waked up in the spring, but slept all the year through. However, they are useful in many ways, as 'Inquirer' may see by reading the article on 'The Frolicsome Fly' in *ST. NICHOLAS* for September, 1879."

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: About the first of last April, there was brought me from the hen-house a little chicken, who was the first of a nest full of eggs, and I was to take care of him. Mamie and I made a nest of cotton for him in a covered basket and put him to bed. I petted him so much that he would not let Mamie put him to bed for a long time, but cried and chirped till I came. At first, it was all I could do to keep my cat from eating him; but, as he grew older, he thought he would give the cat as good as he received from her; so, whenever he saw the cat going to get something to eat, he would run and guard the dish, and although he might not want any, poor kitty had to wait till he went away. Whenever he went near the cat, she would run away from him. If the chicken saw my brother in the yard, he would run at him and peck his heels.—Your constant reader,
EVELYN L. STRONG.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: In reading the June number I saw a letter about rabbits in California, by "A. B. F." I once had two rabbits, when living in Brooklyn, and I can assure you they would never touch water. I never was so careful as to wipe the moisture off the cabbage-leaves with which I fed them, though.

My brother had 200 rabbits when at boarding-school,—not all at once, of course,—and it was he who told me I must give them no water. So, you see, other rabbits besides those which live in California must not have water.—Yours truly,
BESSIE.

WALTER F. WOOD's question about feeding a pet alligator is thus answered:

H. B. says,—“If you want to keep your alligator alive, and he will not eat, throw some dead flies into the water, so that he can get at them, and leave him alone for six or eight hours. Then, if he will not eat, take him in one hand and open his mouth, and drop a fly in (if he is a big fellow drop in three or four), shut his mouth and put him back.”

Bell C. Pennell says,—“I feed my alligator on fish-worms.” May Wickham says,—“You must not have any of the water deeper than half the way up the alligator's back, and it must not cover his back or he will drown. He eats from June to September, and then from September to June he does not eat at all. When he eats, you must give him a very small piece of raw meat, about half an inch long, and feed it to him on a stick, so that he will not bite you. One thing you must not do, and that is, handle him, or he may have a fit and die. I hope your alligator will live to be very old, and I will tell you one more thing, and that is, that they grow about an inch every three years.”

BERTHOLD W. MANVILLE.—Please read again what 'Jack-in-the-Pulpit' said about "Cows' Upper Teeth" in *ST. NICHOLAS* for October, 1875, and you will see how to answer your own question.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I read to my sister, who is a school-ma'am. M. A. G. C.'s letter in the May "Letter-Box" about when the decade of the eighteen hundred and seventies ends and when the next decade begins. Next day, sister showed me in her educational magazine this little piece, copied from Sir John Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy": "In the historical dating of events, there is no year: A. D. α . The year immediately previous to A. D. 1 is always called B. C. 1."

So, please tell M. A. G. C. that she is right; the decade of the eighteen hundred and eighties does not begin until next New Year's day.—Yours truly,
B. E. M.

A GOOD friend of *ST. NICHOLAS* has forwarded for the "Letter-Box" several interesting letters written by children of the Omaha tribe of Indians. We cannot make room for the whole of every one of the letters, but the parts we print are just what the little Indians themselves wrote.

The writer of the first letter, Susette La Flesche, is better known to many of our readers by her Indian name, "Bright Eyes."

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I do not know whether you allow "savages" in your "Letter-Box," but my two younger sisters seeming to have no doubt whatever on the subject, Rosalie and I have concluded not to let them get ahead of us; besides, nothing is ever complete unless "we four" are all "in it." As my little brother Mitchell (who, by the way, considers himself the most important member of the family) is unable to write for himself, I will attempt to do it for him. He is six years old,—so old that he constitutes himself our protector on all occasions.

He tries to re-assure mother by telling her that he will keep all the

Sioux and Winnebagoes away from us. He can speak only a few sentences in English, although he chatters fast enough in Omaha, our own language. He admires the white people immensely. He said to me once:

"Sister, don't you like the white people? I do."

"I don't know," said I; "why should I?"

"Oh, because they know how to do everything."

He is rather afraid of them, though, when he sees a good many of them together. The members of the "Joint Indian Commission" were out here a short time ago visiting the different tribes, and they called on us for a few minutes. While we were all busy entertaining and being entertained by them, we forgot Mitchell entirely. A gentleman—one of the employés of the Indian Reserve—came to the kitchen where Mitchell was and asked him if the Major (the agent of a Reserve is often called "Major" by Reserve people) was in the front room.

"No," said Mitchell.

"Then please go and tell the Major that I want to see him," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no," said Mitchell, "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Oh! I can't; there are too many white men in there for me."

When our visitors had gone away, we found Mitchell standing by the dining-room window, with the tears rolling down his face, while he shook from head to foot with fright. I never knew him to be afraid of anything except white men, when he saw a good many of them together.

When he was three years old, he began riding horseback. When he was four years old, he rode alone to a neighbor's, nearly a mile off, although the road led over steep bluffs near the Missouri River. Now, he can get off and on a horse without any help whatever. We often see little Indian boys younger than he riding out alone on the prairie, hunting horses with perhaps an older brother. Mitchell can go in among a number of horses standing close together, and bring out any one of them without making any confusion or getting hurt.
SUSETTE LA FLESCHÉ.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am an Indian girl fifteen years old. I have three sisters and two brothers. Two of my sisters are older than I am. We four girls are keeping house by ourselves at the Omaha Agency. It is three miles from our own home, where our father and mother live. We are living on a Reserve, where nothing but Indians, called Omahas, live, except the employés of the Reserve.

Sometimes I am sorry that the white people ever came to America. What nice times we used to have before we were old enough to go to school, for then father used to take us on the buffalo hunt. How glad we used to be when the men were bringing in the buffaloes they had killed! I do wish we could go again. Whatever the white men take away from us, they cannot take away the love of roaming. I cannot write anything exciting, as nothing hardly ever happens, unless a number of Senators and Congressmen happen to come along and stir us up. All of us girls, and brother Frank, are very fond of reading and like you very much.—Your reader,
MARGUERITE LA FLESCHÉ.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am a little Indian girl twelve years old. I go to school at the Omaha Agency. I study geography, history, grammar, arithmetic and spelling. I read in the Fifth Reader. I have three older sisters and two brothers. Sometimes father, mother and grandmother come to see us. My father was a chief for fifteen years. My brother Frank once killed a deer, right by our house. Some Senators and Congressmen came to see the Omahas. They all came to our house and sang "Hold the Fort" with us. My oldest sister played baggambon with one of the Congressmen and beat him.—Yours truly,
SUSAN LA FLESCHÉ.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I am one of four Indian girls who read you and like you very much. We live at the Agency, where we go to school with about sixty other Indian girls and boys. Perhaps you would like to know how we go on the hunt. Sometimes the whole tribe go, leaving at home the folks who are too old to go. When we were too young to go to school, father used to take us every time they went; but when we got old enough, we used to stay at the Omaha Mission, a boarding-school kept for the Indian children. One year they were going out on the buffalo hunt, and, as we were not going to school that year, father took us girls. We were so glad to go, as we had not gone for a long time. Sometimes they would travel almost all day, and I used to be so glad when they all stopped to camp, for I would get tired of riding. In a few minutes all the tents would be up, and the women would be getting dinner, while the men were out hunting. As soon as we girls were off our horses, we used to run down to the creek, or out into the woods, and get poles to make ourselves little tents. When the men came home with a lot of meat everybody was glad. As soon as the men got home they used to roast the buffalo ribs, while the women were getting the meat ready to dry. Mother used to let me have all the little pieces of meat to dry for my old grandmother, who had to stay at home. As soon as they had all the meat and skins they wanted, they would start for home.—Yours truly,
ROSALIE LA FLESCHÉ.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY TRANSPOSITIONS.

To solve each of the following puzzles, take the last letter of the first word described, place it at the beginning of the rest of the word, and the letters in their new places will spell the second word described. For example: Change COLORS to LIMIT. *Answer:* Tints, stint.

1. Change languishes to part of the body.
2. Change havens to pleasure.
3. Change notes to a hard substance.
4. Change heaps to a pin for a cask.
5. Change troubles to a fright.
6. Change parks to little.
7. Change weeds to a fixed look.

KNIGHT'S-MOVE PUZZLE.

on	heav	per	o	seek	te	is	to
a	ex	the	ous	nish	let	to	beau
en	fume	of	cess	vi	the	smooth	waste
lous	throw	the	gar	eye	light	gild	ice
rain	to	cu	gold	to	the	ful	per
to	to	li	o	with	ed	or	re
the	bow	hue	di	to	an	ta	and
un	ly	paint	or	ther	ri	fin	add

THE above puzzle consists of a six-line quotation from Shakspeare. Each syllable occupies a square, and follows in succession according to the Knight's move on the chess-board.

RHYMING RIDDLES.

For Young Puzzlers.

TAKE away the first and the last letter of the word described in the first line of each couplet, and it will leave the word described in the second line.

- I. We light up your faces as bright as the sun.
A measure of distance you scarcely could run.
- II. A sweet little blossom you oft pull apart.
The most precious thing you can keep in your heart.
- III. Bright flowers, in whose fragrance you well may delight.
Look for me on your fingers when letters you write.
- IV. A light, graceful trimming,—you often have worn it.
A bright little burden,—your finger has borne it.
- V. I form a part of every book you read.
A funny animal I am, indeed.
- VI. A little fruit, I'm sweet and juicy, too.
Something I hope you will not often do.

B.

SHAKSPEAREAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

VACATION was over. The (1) 12, 33, 15, 30, 65 struck (2) 68, 21, 47, 32 on the first morning of the Fall term, and the (3) 17, 66, 90, 71 had ceased (4) 46, 39, 35, 10, 6, 61, 62.
"It is (5) 20, 8, 44, 58," said the school-ma'am, "that we should return to our books and lessons after our long holiday." Then she gave the very (6) 82, 88, 72, 49, 43 pupils some easy examples to do, and they soon were busy with (7) 11, 63, 28, 22, 54, 85 and (8) 59, 3, 40, 55, 78, 76, 67.
The way (9) 41, 79 (10) 74, 38, 25, 86, 23 she imparted knowledge,

made study so easy and pleasant to all the (11) 27, 53, 87, 45, 16, 34, 56, 26 that time passed quickly, and twelve o'clock struck before any were well aware of it.

"It is now (12) 9, 14, 18, 42," said the teacher; "and, as you had no lessons prepared for to-day, we will take a (13) 2, 69, 77, 51 (14) 5, 84, 81, 60, 36, 52, 19."

Thereupon, most of the scholars flew (15) 48, 7, 83, 89 the open air, as if on (16) 4, 64, 73, 80, 37. After a chat with two or three of the girls, the teacher turned to get her hat from a (17) 24, 70, 50, 31 peg, and found that some audacious youngster had written in large (18) 20, 13, 75, 1, 57 letters upon the blackboard, this quotation from Shakspeare:

"1-2-3 4-5-6-7-8-9-10 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19
20-21-22-23 24-25-26 27-28-29-30-31-32-33
34-35-36 37-38-39-40-41-42-43 44-45-46-47-48-49-50
51-52-53-54 55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62, 63-64-65-66
67-68-69-70-71,
72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82 83-84 85-86-87-88-89-90"

VERY EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirteen letters, and am the name of a household help. My 4, 9, 2, is very cold. My 1, 10, 4, 5, 11, 12, 6, is bright. My 7, 2, 5, 8, 9, 13, is a threat. My 3, 8, 1, 10, 11, 5, 6, is a weekly tribulation. CLARA J. FRV.

PUZZLE BIRDS.

EACH of the following stanzas is to be completed by adding, at the end of the fourth line, the name of the bird described in the preceding three lines. The stars show the number of letters in the name, which must rhyme with the second line.

1. Now soaring high, while gazing at the sun,
Now perched upon some cliff, with aspect regal,
Far, far above the range of hunter's gun.
What bird is that? The ****.
2. A Bible tale oft runneth in my head,—
For on my memory 't is deep engraven.
'T is of a prophet who by birds was fed.
What bird is that? The ****.
3. Wise birds are they who "to the moon complain"
Of wolves and foxes which by night do prow,
Yet rats and mice flee from this bird in vain.
What bird is this? The ***.
4. Black vest, white coat, and collar huff or yellow!
What bird is this, dear children, can you think?
His song is cheery, bright and gay, but mellow.
This is the *****.
5. What bird so loved, we could not do without him?
To build his nest, he seizes cord or bobbin.
With whistling notes he fills the air about him.
You can't mistake the ****.

LILIAN PAYSON.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

PRIMALS: Majestic. Finals: A pleasant period. Cross-words: 1. A famous Greek. 2. The name given in its native land, Brazil, to the two-toed sloth. 3. A garden flower. 4. A town of Wurtemberg. 5. A river of Prussia. 6. A river of Italy.

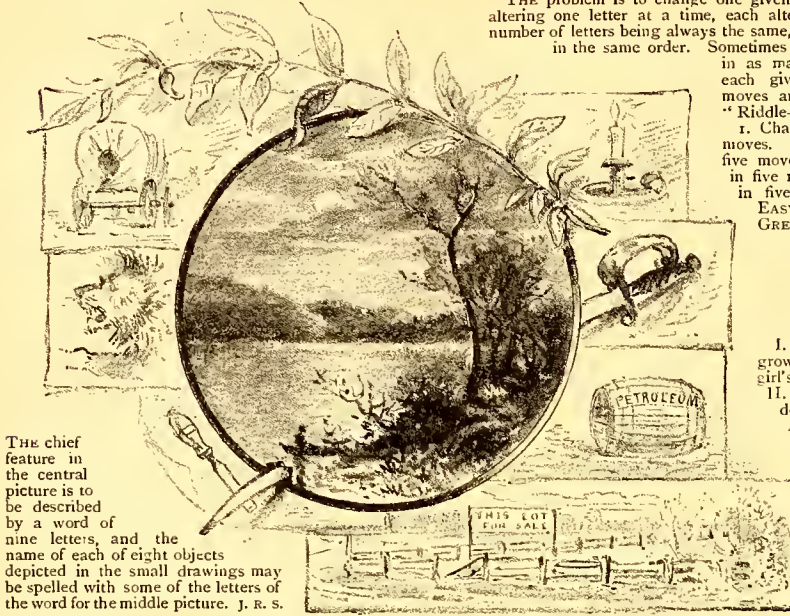
BROKEN WORDS.

In each of the following sentences, fill the first and second blanks with the word to be inserted in the third blank, but so divided as to make two separate words,—the whole to make sense. For example: With the ——— gave me I ——— a picture. *Answer:* Paint Ed, Painted.

1. The mischievous young ——— over our ——— grounds, and spoiled them.
2. He ——— minutes in which to reach the school; and if he does not ——— he will be late.
3. Unpractised writers should ——— of the ——— verbiage, too often found in their stories.
4. The ——— father performed was to balance a ——— on his nose.
5. When I saw you hold that tin ——— the sauceman, I began to ——— that you wished to prevent the steam from escaping.
6. Nelly saw her sister ——— on the grass as she was ——— out for a walk one Saturday afternoon. FRED SINGLETON.

EASY PICTORIAL METAGRAM.

METAMORPHOSES.



The chief feature in the central picture is to be described by a word of nine letters, and the name of each of eight objects depicted in the small drawings may be spelled with some of the letters of the word for the middle picture. J. R. S.

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, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but sometimes more moves are required. For examples, see "Riddle-Box" for June.

1. Change BRUSH to STOVE in fourteen moves.
2. Change LINEN to PAPER in five moves.
3. Change HAND to FOOT in five moves.
4. Change BOOK to CASE in five moves.
5. Change HARD to EASY in four moves.
6. Change GREAT to SMALL in ten moves.

F. WINSOR.

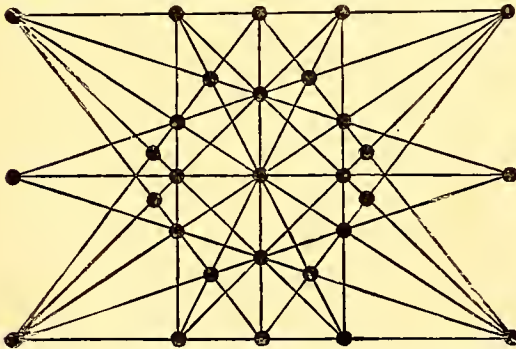
FIVE EASY SQUARE WORDS.

- I. 1. A NOBLEMAN. 2. A plant growing in warm countries. 3. A girl's name. 4. An unhappy king.
- II. 1. An Asiatic ruler. 2. To detest. 3. A small particle. 4. A plant having a tough fiber.
- III. 1. The man timber of a ship. 2. A whirlpool. 3. A beautiful garden. 4. A sharp-sighted animal.
- IV. 1. A small bed. 2. Traveled on horseback. 3. A Roman date. 4. Nothing better anywhere. V. 1. A clasp. 2. Has power. 3. The cross of metals. 4. For hats in the hall-way.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

F. L. P.'s REBUS IN AUGUST "LETTER-BOX." Because it is a paradox (pair o' docks). — EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A penny for your thoughts.

RIDDLE. Caterpillar. Chrysalis. Butterfly. — TREE PUZZLE.



GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE STORY. 1. James. 2. White. 3. Negro. 4. Baker. 5. Sandwich. 6. Nice (niece). 7. George. 8. Brown. 9. Florence. 10. Ausin. 11. Havana (have Anna). 12. Charlotte. 13. Havre (have her). 14. Scilly (silly). 15. Horn. 16. Mooshead. 17. Grand. 18. Oyster. 19. Orange. 20. Spice. 21. Salmon. 22.

Turkey. 23. Seine (sane). 24. Marseilles. 25. Leghorn. 26. Hood. 27. Canary. 28. Yellow. 29. Catastrophe. 30. Rainy. 31. Smoky. 32. Long. 33. Crooked. 34. Fear. 35. Lookout. 36. Lyons. 37. Little Rock. 38. Black. 39. Blue Ridge (black and blue ridge). 40. Coral. 41. Worms. 42. Cod. 43. Land's End. 44. Bath. 45. Danger. 46. Wales. 47. Newark. 48. Maine. 49. Adriatic (a dry attic). 50. May. 51. Foulweather.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Savage. 1. CaSts. 2. StAir. 3. ScVer. 4. GrAin. 5. TiGer. 6. SpEar.

EASY PICTURE ENIGMA. Regatta.

TWO-LETTER WORD SQUARES. I. 1. Forest. 2. Reseat. 3. Statue. II. 1. Oracle. 2. Access. 3. Lessen. III. 1. Before. 2. Forage. 3. Regent. IV. 1. August. 2. Guebre. 3. Stream. V. 1. Stores. 2. Ornate. 3. Esteem. VI. 1. Arbela. 2. Become. 3. Lament. VII. 1. Church. 2. Urchin. 3. Chinch.

DOUBLE DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

O B L I G E R O C T O B E R
O B T U S E R A B J U S E R
R E V I V E D M I S U S E D
F R I E N D S F R E E D O M
P O R T R A Y B A R I R O N
A S P E R S E E V A S I V E
E N D O R S E E P I S O D E

PICTORIAL METAGRAM.—Homestead. 1. Head. 2. Stem. 3. Dome. 4. Tea.—PYRAMID PUZZLE. Remember me.

EASY SQUARE WORD. 1. Pear. 2. Etna. 3. Ants. 4. Rsp.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Revolt. Realms. 1. tERRR. 2. ShEEts. 3. SAVAge. 4. StOLid. 5. HeLMet. 6. BeTSey.

SOLUTIONS OF PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 20 from Capt. W. E. B., 1—L. M., 1—J. K., 1—A. D. M., 2—W. S. S., 1—H. W., 1—G. P. B., 1—R. O. R., 1—J. P. T., 1—I. P. S., 1—F. B. R., 1—L. D., 1—A. M. H., 2—J. R. B., 2—R. V. B., 1—H. N. C., 1—B. M., 9—N. B., 1—K. McH., 3—"X. Y. Z.", 6—"Tom, Dick and Harry," 6—N. S., 1—H. V. Z. B., 1—M. H. F., 1—C. S., G. A. B., and M. F. S., 3—S. B. H., 1—"Californian," 4—G. M., 1—J. H. W., 1—"Three Cousins," 6—B. C. B., 5—B. H., 1—"F. and B. Society," 3—B. T., 4—E. C. and K. L. H., 8—"J. and A.," 1—A. H. P., 1—S. W. G., 3—L. H. D. St. V.; 3—P. S. C., 10—L. C. F., 3—A. W., 2—"B. and her Cousin," 11—A. M. P., 4—C. B. H., Jr., 4—"Nixie," 1—W. A. T., 1—"Jessie," 3—E. M., 6—F. L. K., 10—L. V. M., 3—"D. and C.," 2—"Violet," 1—"Trailing Arbutus," 2—E. and C., 4—A. M. K., 8. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved. Solutions of "Crow's" puzzle in the July "Letter-Box" were received before July 20 from C. H. B.—H. H. P.—R. O. R.—B. P.—A. M. H.—B. F.—"Q."—S. H.—"A"—F. E. P.—M. S. McL.—S. B. H.—S. S. B.—F. S. E.—H. S.—F. H.—J. M.—K. L. H.—I. H.—H. G. M.—C. McK.—L. V. M.—B. M.—G. W. N.—C. R. L. of West Bromwich.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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HAP.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

BLANCHE is a little girl who lives in Connecticut, some twenty-five miles from the Sound, on one of the beautiful, busy branches of the great New England river. She is a bright child, with large black eyes, long black hair, and pretty little womanly ways, that make every one love her at first sight, although they usually remark, too: "What an *old*-looking little creature!"

When Blanche was eight years old, her father and mother both died. They had been living in the far West, and after their death the little girl was sent back, in the care of strangers, to her grandmother's home in Connecticut.

Blanche had a great many relatives, and they came to see her at once to ask her all sorts of questions about her parents. They were all very particular to tell her that she must be a good girl, and not make her grandmother any trouble, nor let her see that she herself felt badly; because, if she did, her grandmother would die of grief, and they were not sure but she would as it was.

So the poor, lone little girl walked about the great, solemn house where her grandparents lived with two sober-faced elderly servants, fearful all the time lest she should make a noise or disarrange something. She did not dare to look at her dolls, nor books, nor playthings, in any place excepting in her own room. This, however, was a very pretty and pleasant room. It had been her mamma's room before she married Blanche's papa and went to live with him out West.

But there was not a cat, nor dog, nor bird, nor pig, nor chicken about the house and grounds,

and no children lived near. You can imagine what a lonesome time the little orphan had.

Whenever Blanche felt as if she could n't get along another minute without a good cry, she used to slip quietly out of the piazza door, run around the gravel walk to the farther end of the flower-garden, hide under the thick, low branches of the Norway spruce tree, and cry softly to herself. She would, now and then, while in this little "crying-nook," look through the spaces of the paling-fence into the street, and when she saw children with their own mothers, or fathers, or brothers and sisters go by, gayly laughing and chatting, she would cry all the harder, and wish she could tell them how thankful they ought to be. Her grandparents and other relations loved her, but it was in such a queer way, she thought.

One day, she sat there crying under the big, tall tree, and wishing that God would let her and her sorrowing grandmother go to heaven together pretty soon, when she saw through her tears a poor, cross-looking old man, with a tired, starving horse and rickety old wagon, driving down the street. They were covered with dust, and looked as if they had come a long distance.

Closely following behind the wagon, with a half-ashamed, half-afraid air, was a tawny Scotch terrier. He was too big to be called a little dog, and too little to be called a big dog. He looked very attractive and companionable, however, to the weeping, affectionate child, and, as he went patiently trotting past the garden fence, she looked yearningly at him, and sobbed harder than ever.

The dog must have heard her, for he pricked up his soft, yellow, silky ears, stopped and listened. And then he ran sniffing up to the fence, and peered through it with his great, brown, human-looking eyes.

When he saw the little girl there under the big tree, with the tears still running down her cheeks, trying to still the sobs that yet heaved her little bosom, he wimpled up his face in a queer way as if he were laughing, wagged his stubby tail so fast that it seemed as if it would come off, and acted in every way as if he were an old friend.

Blanche thrust her small hand through the paling, and patting the smooth, pretty head of the dog, she sobbed:

"Oh, you sweet, dear little fellow! I wish you would stay with me all the time, for I'm so lonely I don't know what to do. My precious, *precious* mamma and papa are both dead, and I have no brother or sister, and I can't die, for I have tried and tried; but if I make trouble for Grandma she will die, and then what will become of me!" and poor Blanche broke down completely, and her sobs burst forth afresh.

The dog now gave a short, sharp, whining bark after the old wagon, that had by this time rattled almost out of sight, and then, as if thinking his duty lay in another direction, he ran to the gate, crawled under it, and, quickly finding little Blanche in her shady evergreen bower, jumped upon her, kissed her face and hands, and went through such antics of delight that the dear child fully believed the good Lord had sent the pretty, affectionate terrier to her.

Blanche's face was wreathed with smiles when she went in to supper, in answer to the bell, taking her four-footed friend with her, and telling that he came to her of his own accord, as she sat near the fence.

"I named him 'Hap' right off, Grandma, because he *hap*-pened to come, and because I was so *hap*-py to have him," she said.

Grandpa and Grandma did n't like this business much. Grandpa scolded at poor Hap, and said to him, sharply, "Start, sir, and find your master!" but the dog curled closely up to Blanche's soft black dress, and showed his white, glistening teeth to the old gentleman.

Grandma smiled at that, and, relenting, said: "Well, well, he may stay to supper, Blanche. Would you like some supper, sir?" Hap quickly sat up on his haunches and begged as prettily as any dog could be expected to. Then, all of his own notion, he "spoke," rolled over and over, walked on his hind legs, made bows, and indulged in various other antics, until Blanche laughed and clapped her hands for joy.

Grandpa and Grandma now exchanged half-surprised, half-pleased looks with each other, and could hardly refrain from laughing heartily themselves. Grandma said: "The dog shall stay." Grandpa said: "Yes, if he behaves himself and don't get under foot; and I will try to find his master and pay him for the dog."

Hap seemed to understand very well what the old gentleman said about getting under foot, for he at once took the soft, crimson-wool door-mat in his teeth, drew it across the sitting-room to a corner of the recess near the hearth, and lay down upon it in a very cunning fashion; and that has been his own resting and sleeping place, when indoors, ever since.

Blanche and Hap were very merry together, you may be sure. The little girl grew cheerful and contented and childlike day by day, and frolicked in the yard and garden with her new companion from morning till night. But Grandpa, who was a very just and conscientious man, did not like the idea of keeping a dog that belonged to somebody else, who might be looking for him. "It seemed dishonest," he said.

In August, the large house was shut up, and the whole family went down to New London,—to the Pequot House,—to stay a week. Grandpa had made this stipulation with Blanche: They would leave Hap behind, on his rug upon the broad piazza, with instructions to the butcher and milkman to feed him every day. "The dog will get lonesome," Grandpa said, "and will return to his master, who cannot live so very far off,—probably in one of the adjoining towns. By this means, the owner will be found. He was peddling baskets at the stores the day he came past our house, I have been told. I am quite sure he will return again with Hap, when I will buy him of the man, even at a good round price."

Blanche willingly consented to this agreement, for "I know," said she, "Hap will never leave the house."

And sure enough, when the family returned, they found the faithful creature sitting on the piazza.

As soon as he heard Blanche's shouts of delight, he ran to the gate as friskily as his half-famished condition would permit.

The neighbors said he had driven every one away who had attempted to enter the gate,—even the butcher and the milkman, who would have fed him gladly had he been willing to allow such familiarity.

Grandpa was a good deal touched at Hap's fidelity, and said no more about sending him away, and finding the owner.

One day, the next summer, an old man came

through the street on foot, peddling baskets. He was retailing them now from house to house, and stopped at Grandpa's. As soon as Hap saw him, he jumped into his little mistress's lap, and hid his face under her arm.

"Hallo!" said the man. "How came you by my dog, little girl?"

"Your dog! How is that?" asked Grandpa, in surprise, hearing the peddler's gruff voice.

'He stopped here and came right to you,' you say, little girl? What was you doing when he found you, may I ask?"

"I was crying because I was lonesome," said Blanche, timidly, hugging Hap more closely in her arms.

"That accounts for it," said the old, cross-looking man. "My little girl was always lame and sick, and always crying. I never could bear a dog,



"HE PEERED IN AT HER THROUGH THE FENCE."

"Oh," replied the man, "I have n't seen him for a year, and I thought he was dead; but I spied him before I got to the door, and he ran to that little girl's lap. Besides, I should know those eyes he is trying to hide, anywhere. I never used to kick him but he would look up into my face exactly as if he was going to speak. I should n't have kept him as long as I did, only he belonged to my little girl. She thought everything of him, and learned him lots of things. After she died, I wanted to get rid of him, so I took him with me on one of my trips, in hopes I could sell him. I lost him somewhere; but I did n't much care.

or help kicking one if it came in my way; but I allowed her to keep this one, it seemed to be such a comfort to her."

"Oh, he has been *such* a comfort to me!" said Blanche, drawing a long breath, and secretly wishing the peddler had never come back.

Grandma cried a little, softly, and Grandpa, after giving a queer little cough, took out his pocket-book and gave the man a bank-note. So Hap was now Blanche's very own dog, and seemed dearer to her than ever.

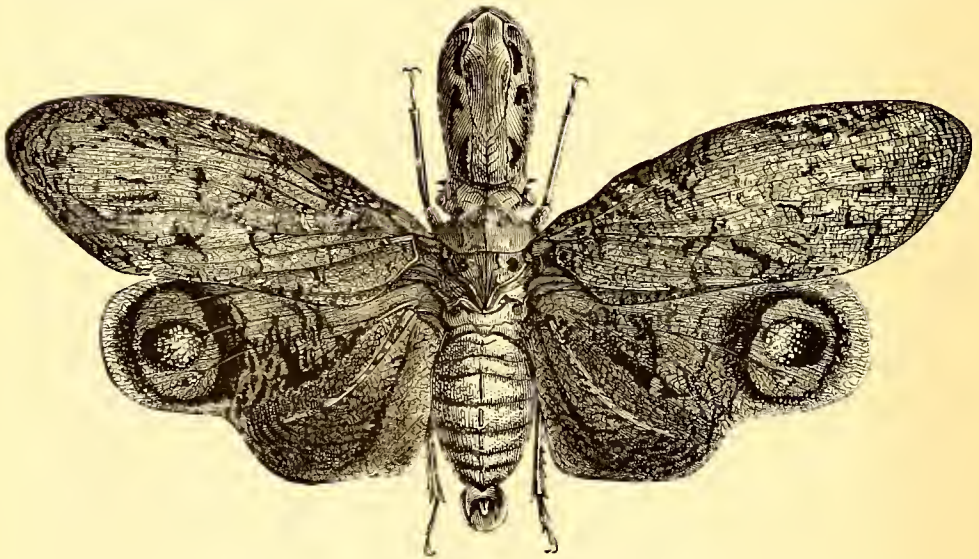
This is a true story, because Blanche told me all about it herself one evening, not long ago; and

after she had hugged Hap and gone up to bed, her grandma said: "She was such a sweet, quiet little thing, and I was so wrapped up in my own grief at losing her mother, who was my only child, that I did not realize such a little one's heart could be broken. I think she would have died, had not Hap come to her, and now she has made her

grandfather and me young again. We have opened the house and our hearts for all the pets she has a mind to care for, and we enjoy her music and the company of her young companions as much as she does herself. I tremble when I think what crabbed, fussy old folks we might have been, had not our Blanche, and Hap, too, come to us."

THE LANTERN FLY.

BY DR. J. B. HOLDER.



HERE is a very curious insect, and one which has certain peculiarities that make us look at it with wonder. It is found in the forests of Surinam, in northern South America. A French lady, Madame Merian, who traveled in that country to study the insects and plants, has given us a pleasant account of it. Its name is the Lantern Fly.

You will see by the picture that it is about the size of the largest moth or butterfly. But you may be surprised to see such a great head, which is almost as large as its body.

The eyes are about where you would expect to find them, but there is a balloon-shaped bag standing out from the head, and this is very thin and light, so that it does not really feel heavy to the creature when flying, as you would think it might. It has always been called Lantern Fly by the natives, on account of the light which they say

it shows in the head; and naturalists call it *Fulgora lanternaria*, the first word meaning brightness or dazzling, and the last is applied on account of its lantern-shaped head. A much smaller species of this insect is found in the East Indies.

Madame Merian says she has seen them flitting about at night, and that they show a light within the front lantern so clear and brilliant that it is easy to see and read by its rays. During the day the lantern is as transparent as a bladder, and colored green and red.

The Indians once brought her a number of them, which she shut up in a box. In the night they made such a noise that she was awakened; on opening the box, she was much surprised to see a flame of fire issue from it, or, at least, it had the appearance of a flame to her, because the light was so intense.

The smaller Lantern Fly is found among the banyan-trees, and is said to be seen in great numbers, lighting up the forests, and sparkling in the dark, tropical glades.

A small kind, something like the Fire-fly of our own meadows, is found in Cuba, where the ladies use them to decorate their hair. They put them in nets, and there the fire-flies shine like bright gems.

Another curious thing about the great Lantern Fly is that there comes from a great many pores, all over the wings and body, a white substance which is the real white wax that is sold in the shops.

This insect has a very strange voice; in Surinam it is called "Scare-Sheep," by the Dutch people, because it is so noisy. It flits about at night making a sound like a scissors-grinder; a kind of sawing or rasping noise, which is so loud and disagreeable the people would gladly do without the handsome display of fire-works these creat-

ures make, by night, to be rid, also, of the unwelcome noise.

You will be sure to ask, I suppose, why this insect is provided with the great lantern, so strange and different from other creatures of its class. As it is a night-worker, as some of the great moths are, it is likely that Nature has given it the power of showing a light to attract smaller insects within reach of its mouth.

We know how quickly the small moths come to the lights during the hot summer evenings. It seems reasonable, then, that Nature has given the Lantern Fly its lantern, and its light at night, to assist the insect in catching its food.

The light itself is phosphorescent, like that which sometimes shows on the end of a match in the dark, and instead of shining from one point, like a gas jet or candle, the light is spread all over the inside of the lantern which this curious moth carries on its head.

ROBIN, GOOD-BYE!

BY S. M. CHATFIELD.

ROBIN,—good-bye! Robin,—good-bye!

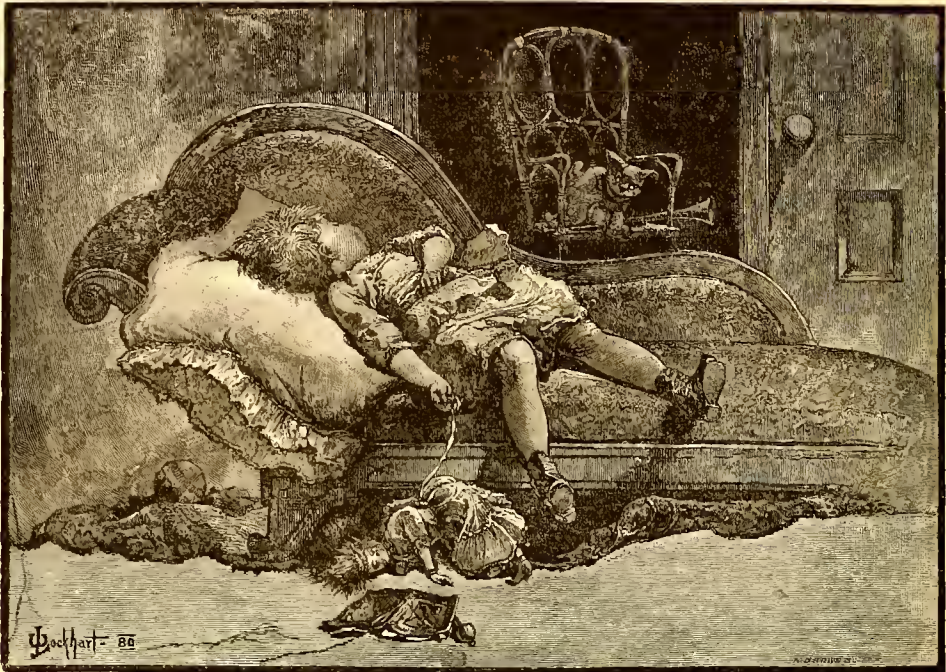
The last crimson leaf from the maple is gone,
The meadows are brown and the swallow has flown,
And heaped in the hollows the fallen leaves lie;
Robin,—Good-bye!

Robin,—good-bye! Robin,—good-bye!

The music that falls from your beautiful throat
Pipes tender and low, with a quavering note;
Oh, linger no longer! To summer-land fly!
Robin,—good-bye!

Robin,—good-bye! Robin,—good-bye!

Far and faint from the southward we hear your mates call,
Dear Robin, your song was the sweetest of all.
We will watch for your coming when April draws nigh;
Good-bye! Good-bye!



A TIRED MOTHER

LUDOVICK'S ROCKS.

BY PAUL FORT.

LUDOVICK was a plow-man, and a very industrious and praiseworthy man; but there were some things that he met with in his business which he did not like. These were the big stones and the rocks which he so frequently struck while plowing. Whenever he came to one of these, he would have to stop, and if it were a large stone, he must get it up, in some way, and throw it aside, while if it happened to be a rock, he would have to plow around it. He was continually stopping, and pulling his plow back, and making a fresh start. If he forgot himself, and did not stop his oxen the moment he felt an obstruction in the way, there was danger that he would break his plow. If he could only go ahead, he thought, and do his work in a steady, straightforward way, without interruption or hindrance, he would be perfectly satisfied to plow every day in the year; but this stopping and

jerking back, and beginning over again, was a great annoyance to him.

One day, as he was plowing in the field near the sea-shore, some sailors, from a vessel at anchor near by, came on shore for water. They were accompanied by an officer, who, seeing Ludovick pulling and jerking his plowshare from under a great stone, which it had partly undermined, came up and spoke to him:

"You seem to have a hard time there, my good fellow," said the officer.

"Yes," said Ludovick; "I am all the time striking rocks. I no sooner get around one, and seem to be going on comfortably, than I strike another. It is very discouraging."

"It must be," said the officer. "I don't wonder you dislike plowing."

"Oh, but I do not dislike it," said Ludovick.

"If I could go right straight ahead without stopping, I should like it very much. I have often thought that if I could plow in a great desert of sand, I would like to make a furrow a hundred miles long, and go right on, without stopping or turning, from one end to the other of it. That would be splendid; but, of course, it is of no use to plow sand."

"If that is the sort of thing you like," said the officer, "why do you not plow the main?"

"What's that?" cried Ludovick.

"The main," said the officer, "is a name sometimes given to the sea, and we plow it with our ships. They sail on splendidly, indeed, and often make a furrow which is many hundreds of miles long. How would you like that kind of plowing? It is ever so much better than this humdrum work."

The officer talked for some time in this way, for he needed men on his ship, and at last Ludovick made up his mind that he would rather plow the main than plow stony fields. So, as it was now near the end of the day, he took the oxen home to his employer, bade him farewell, and came back to the beach, where the sailors, with their boat, were waiting for him. He was soon on board the ship, which, early the next morning, began to plow the main.

Ludovick liked his new life very well, although there was a great deal of hard and unusual work in it. But he was a strong and active fellow, and, no matter how much he had been working, he was always perfectly satisfied when he had performed his duties and had time to go to the bow of the ship and look over into the water beneath, as she gayly cut through the waves, throwing up a great furrow of spray on each side. This was delightful to Ludovick, and he never tired of watching the gallant vessel plow the main.

One day, when it was rather foggy, Ludovick was at his favorite post. He could not see very far ahead, but suddenly, through the fog, he saw, at a short distance, a black object, looming up out of the water.

"Hello!" said he, "there is a rock. Now we shall have to stop, or go around it, exactly as I always used to do. I did not expect this."

The vessel did stop, when it reached the rock,—which no one on board, excepting Ludovick, had seen,—but it was not in the way in which he had been in the habit of stopping with his plow. The ship dashed so violently against the rock that its forward part was broken to pieces, and it soon became a total wreck.

Ludovick was thrown, by the violence of the shock, headlong upon the rock before him. Fortunately, he was not injured, and he lay holding fast to the jagged stone, while he saw the vessel

slowly slip backward from the rock and drift away into deeper water, where she soon sank with all on board.

Ludovick could see through the fog this terrible disaster, but he could do nothing to help his comrades.

"Alas!" he cried. "It was very different when I met with a rock in my way, peacefully plowing on shore."

But it was of no use to repine, and when the fog lifted and Ludovick saw that the rock on which he lay was but a short distance from what seemed to be the main-land, he sprang into the water to swim ashore. He was a good swimmer, and soon reached the land, but the rocks here were very high, and the water at their feet quite deep, so that for some time he could find no place to land. He swam round, at last, to a little cove, where there was a sloping beach. He ran up on the sand and lay down to rest himself.

When he felt rested, and his clothes were dry, he rose and climbed up on the high, rocky bank to look about him. He saw a wide extent of land, covered here and there with trees and vegetation; but what pleased him more than anything else, he saw, not very far away, a fire, and a number of people sitting around it.

"They must be cooking something at that fire," said Ludovick to himself, "for they would want a fire for nothing else in this hot land," and so, as he was very hungry, he walked toward the fire.

As he approached it, he saw that the people around it were a company of half-naked savages; but still he did not hesitate. "It will be no worse to be killed by them," he said to himself, "than to starve to death," and he walked boldly up to them. His appearance had, apparently, the same effect upon the people that a spark would have upon a pile of gunpowder. As if it had suddenly exploded, the circle of savages sprang up and instantly disappeared in the surrounding bushes.

Ludovick was struck with surprise at this sudden flight, but he did not stop long to think about it. He stepped up to the fire, and taking a piece of the meat that was roasting over the coals, he began to eat.

Meanwhile, the savages looked at him in utter amazement. They could not imagine where he came from. Their island was so surrounded by rocks that no ship nor boat ever attempted to land there, and they never thought of any one swimming to them. But here appeared a white man, who came from they knew not where, and who must be very brave and powerful, for he had walked right up to them without the slightest fear.

But he looked quite mild and peaceful, as he sat eating by the fire, and after a little while they

began to think that he might not hurt them, if they came out of the bushes. Still, it was well to be careful, and so, before any of the men ventured out, they sent a boy with orders to sit down by the fire and eat. If the strange man did not injure him, he would probably not make an attack upon them. The boy came slowly up to the fire, trembling with fear; but Ludovick merely asked him where the rest of his people were, and went on eating. The boy, not understanding a word he had said, but pleased that he had not been instantly seized and killed, also began to eat.

The savages, seeing that the boy had received no harm, now came out of the bushes and surrounded Ludovick. They talked a great deal to him, and he answered back, but nothing whatever came of the conversation. At last they asked him to let them take him to their village, and, as they supposed he consented, some tall men picked him up to carry him. One took him by each leg, and one by each shoulder, while a shorter man walked under him with his woolly head under the small of Ludovick's back, in order to give him easier support. Two boys put their upraised hands under the back of his head, and thus he found himself very pleasantly carried along. He did not know what they were going to do with him; but it was of no use to resist, and so he lay quiet and enjoyed the scenery as he passed along.

When they reached the village, Ludovick was conducted to a little hut, and everything that could be done for his comfort was done. He began to think that he had fallen among a very pleasant set of savages. The only thing that annoyed him was the many speeches which were made to him by those who appeared to be the chief men among them. He did not know, of course, what they were saying, and contented himself by occasionally bowing his head, and saying, "Yes, sir, certainly. I have no doubt of it at all," and such expressions. But he wished they would go away and let him sleep, and this at last they did.

The next morning there came to him an old savage, who could speak a little of Ludovick's own language. This old fellow told him that he had been captured years ago, while at sea in a canoe, by a ship, and taken on a long voyage, during which he had learned to understand the white man's speech. In the course of some years the ship came within about ten miles of this island, when he slipped quietly overboard and swam ashore. He then went on to tell Ludovick that the people of the island, on which he now was, had recently lost their head man of law, or chief judge, and that they thought he looked like just the kind of a superior person who could fill the vacant place. They did not know where he came from, and that

made him a still more imposing and suitable man for this high position. They would like to have his answer immediately.

Ludovick reflected that, if he did not accept this offer, it was not likely that they would want him for anything else, and that they might be anxious to put him out of the way, and so he accepted the proposition on the spot.

"It will be easy enough to decide the questions which these simple people will raise," he said to himself, "and as they are inclined to treat me very well, I shall have quite an agreeable time."

So he was soon installed as head judge of the island, and the old man, Pinpano, was appointed his interpreter, with a suitable salary.

For some time no questions of law arose, and Ludovick had a very easy and pleasant position. But one day there came to him two men, who were violently quarreling, and who evidently wished him to decide which one was right. Ludovick called his interpreter, and ordered the men to state their cases. A large crowd gathered around to hear the decision.

The case was a simple one: One man had caught a turtle on the beach, and had turned it over on its back, and had left it, intending to come back and get it. But while he was gone, the other man had come up and had taken the turtle home to his own hut, where it had been cooked and eaten. The second man declared that he thought the turtle had turned itself over, and that he had considered himself the finder and the rightful owner of it. How was he to know that the first man had really caught it? Anybody might come and say he had caught it. This was the whole of the case.

Ludovick soon made his decision.

"Did you put your mark on the turtle when you caught it?" said he, to the first man.

"My mark!" said the man, through the interpreter; "I have no mark."

"Well," said Ludovick, "you should have one. A cross, or a straight line, or some dots, or a circle, or something which you could put on the under-shell of the turtles you catch, so that people would know they were yours. That is the way cattle are marked in my country, and there is never any trouble about knowing who owns them. It will be well not to carry this matter any further, but, after this, every one who catches turtles should choose some mark, which he should always put upon his turtles; then there will be no further trouble."

This was thought to be excellent advice, and every man on the island immediately went to work to devise a turtle-mark for himself. Ludovick, who had had experience in the marks used on sheep and cattle, showed them how to make many curious tri-

angles, squares and crosses, and before long every one had his private and individual turtle-mark.

There were now no further disputes about the ownership of turtles, nor, indeed, about anything else, and Ludovick congratulated himself on his easy and comfortable position.

"This is, indeed, plowing in a long, straight

told him that it was on account of Tata, the man who had been on trial for taking a turtle which another man had caught. This Tata had never been considered much of a fisherman, but now he caught more turtles than anybody else; and more than that, he caught so many that he would mark them, and let them go into the sea again, expect-



THE PRISONER ESCAPES!

line, with no rocks nor stones to stop and worry me. It is better than anything else."

And so he ate and drank, and took long walks, and was very happy.

But, after a while, he began to see signs of dissatisfaction among the people. They talked and jabbered a great deal among themselves, and seemed to be divided into two parties. Ludovick asked Pinpano the reason of this, and the old man

ing to catch them at some future time. In this way, people were continually catching turtles with Tata's mark on them, and as he always claimed them, this annoyed his fellow-fishermen very much. There was scarcely any good in fishing if they only caught turtles for Tata.

Of course, Tata could not use all his turtles, and so he set up a market; many people bought turtle-meat of him, and he began to be rich. His cus-

tomers took his side in all disputes, while the men who fished for themselves, and so often caught turtles with his mark on them, formed a party with very bitter feelings toward Tata and his friends.

Ludovick could not imagine how this state of things could have come about; but this was no wonder, for Tata was a very shrewd and cunning fellow, and no one but himself knew how he managed his affairs. His mark was a straight, black line, which he made on the under-shell of a turtle, and the manner in which he marked so many turtles with his private sign of ownership was this: Late in the evening, when he was sure every one was asleep, he would go down on the beach with a pot of his marking stuff, which was a black, pitchy mixture, that would not wash off in water, and with this he would daub the top of a number of the stones which lay on that part of the beach where the turtles went on shore to lay their eggs.

When the turtles came, many a one would be sure to drag itself over a pitchy stone, and so make a short line on its under-shell. Then it was marked, and, whenever caught, was claimed by Tata.

The crafty Tata kept his secret well, and, day by day, the feeling between the two parties grew stronger, and the old interpreter told Ludovick that a great many of the savages began to blame the head judge for this state of things, because, before he introduced his plan of marking turtles, there had been scarcely any quarrels among the people, and never any so serious as this one. Ludovick soon saw for himself that this was true, for many persons looked at him in a very ill-natured way, and several times some of the more quarrelsome savages shook their weapons at him, as if to threaten punishment for what he had done.

Poor Ludovick was very much troubled. "Alas!" he said to himself, "one cannot go straight ahead, in a comfortable way, no matter what plan he tries. I am afraid I shall soon run against rocks which will be worse than any I have met yet."

One day he was walking by himself on some high ground, when, not very far away, he perceived a ship becalmed. His heart leaped with joy. This was his chance! He remembered how Pinpano had made a long swim from a ship to the island, and he was sure that he could easily make a swim from the island to a ship. So, throwing off a portion of his clothes, he ran down to the shore, by the rocks where he had landed. He avoided the beach, for he was afraid he might there meet some of the savages, and, climbing down from one rock to another, he let himself quietly into the deep water at their base. He immediately struck out for the open sea, when, to his horror, he found that he had entered the water in

a place where a large fishing-net had been set, and, in spite of his struggles, he could not make his way out of it. It surrounded him on every side.

In a short time he heard a voice above him, and he found that a rope extended from the net to the top of the rock, and his struggles had so jerked and agitated the bush to which this rope was tied, that it had attracted the attention of some of the natives, who thought a great fish must certainly be in the net.

When the men on the rock saw Ludovick in the net they set up a great shout, and soon a crowd of savages came running to the rock. The chief men quickly perceived the state of affairs. They knew that Ludovick had been intending to escape to the ship, and that he had been caught in the net. So, with great joy and triumph, they gave the order to haul him up. Nothing could have happened to suit them better. He had acknowledged himself guilty by trying to escape, and now they had him, securely caught.

A long line of savages seized hold of the rope, and with shouts and yells they began to pull Ludovick from the water. He was now completely enveloped in the net, which was drawn up around him and over his head, and in a moment he was dangling in the air, as the savages drew him toward the top of the rock. Up, up, he went, and soon he would be in the midst of his savage enemies. There was but little time for thought, and Ludovick could think of but one thing to do. He quickly climbed as high up into the net as he could get, and then, turning, gave a spring to the bottom of it. His plan succeeded. He was large and heavy, and he broke through the meshes of the net and went headlong into the deep water!

The net shot upward, and every man who had hold of the rope tumbled on his back, with his heels kicking in the air. Cries of rage and disappointment burst from all, as they picked themselves up and hurried to the edge of the rock. But Ludovick struck out steadily to the ship, and it was not very long before the watching savages saw him pulled up her side.

Ludovick made a long cruise in that vessel, and when, at last, he went ashore, he journeyed to his old home, and sought service with the farmer who had before employed him. He was glad enough to walk again behind his old plow.

"I shall never leave it again," he said, "while I am strong enough to work. I may be often stopped and hindered by stones and obstacles, but I shall never see, in these peaceful fields, such terrible and dangerous rocks as I have met with elsewhere."

A TRAGEDY.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.



THE day was fair, the sky was bright,
And daisies starred the meadow land,
When fine Miss Beetle, gold bedight,
Walked forth, a basket in her hand.

She knew that wild, and red, and sweet,
The berries, ripening by the road,
Peeped from their shady, green retreat,
Or in the mellow sunlight glowed.

That morn, beside the roadway, met
Her lovers,—for, oh, fickle one!
She smiled on two from eyes of jet,
As many a fair coquette has done.

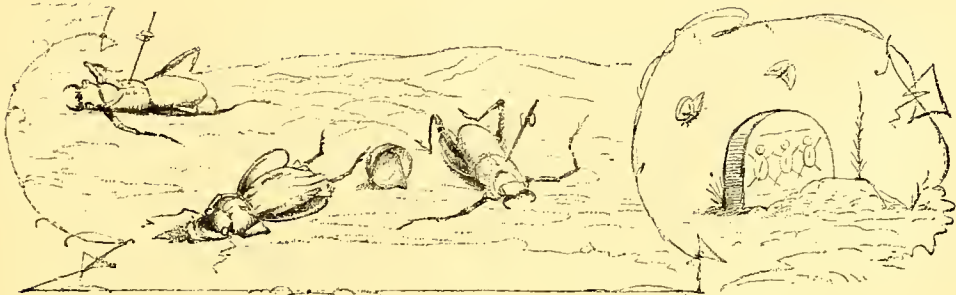
Ah, blows fall hard when beetles meet!
Now thrust and parry quick were made;
And when the battle reached its heat,
Each in the other sheathed his blade.

Miss Beetle, from a mossy stone,
Looked down upon the battle-ground,
Then gave a faint, heart-broken groan,
And this is what the people found:

Three victims lying still and cold,
Where two broad roads together meet;
One glorious with specks of gold,—
An empty basket at her feet.

They made a sad and silent grave,
Where butterflies float in the air,
And fragrant blooms of clover wave,
And mullein-stalks grow tall and fair.

And there these three do sweetly rest,
Though truly this had ne'er been so,
Had fair Miss Beetle thought it best
To smile on one brave beetle beau.



JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CATTLE SHOW.

THE children were not the only ones who had learned something at Pebbly Beach. Mrs. Minot had talked a good deal with some very superior persons, and received light upon various subjects which had much interested or perplexed her. While the ladies worked or walked together, they naturally spoke oftenest and most earnestly about their children, and each contributed her experience. Mrs. Hammond, who had been a physician for many years, was wise in the care of healthy little bodies and the cure of sick ones. Mrs. Channing, who had read, traveled and observed much in the cause of education, had many useful hints about the training of young minds and hearts. Several teachers reported their trials, and all the mothers were eager to know how to bring up their boys and girls to be healthy, happy, useful men and women.

As young people do not care for such discussions, we will not describe them, but as the impression they made upon one of the mammas affected our hero and heroine, we must mention the changes which took place in their life when they all got home again.

"School begins to-morrow. Oh, dear!" sighed Jack, as he looked up his books in the Bird-Room, a day or two after their return.

"Don't you want to go? I long to, but don't believe I shall. I saw our mothers talking to the doctor last night, but I have n't dared to ask what they decided," said Jill, affectionately eyeing the long-unused books in her little library.

"I've had such a jolly good time, that I hate worse than ever to be shut up all day. Don't you, Frank?" asked Jack, with a vengeful slap at the arithmetic, which was the torment of his life.

"Well, I confess I don't hanker for school as much as I expected. I'd rather take a spin on the old bicycle. Our roads are so good, it is a great temptation to hire a machine, and astonish the natives. That's what comes of idleness. So brace up, my boy, and go to work, for vacation is over," answered Frank, gravely regarding the tall pile of books before him, as if trying to welcome his old friends, or tyrants, rather, for they ruled him with a rod of iron when he once gave himself up to them.

"Ah, but vacation is not over, my dears," said

Mrs. Minot, hearing the last words as she came in, prepared to surprise her family.

"Glad of it. How much longer is it to be?" asked Jack, hoping for a week at least.

"Two or three years, for some of you."

"What?" cried all three, in utter astonishment, as they stared at Mamina, who could not help smiling, though she was very much in earnest.

"For the next two or three years I intend to cultivate my boys' bodies, and let their minds rest a good deal, from books, at least. There is plenty to learn outside of school-houses, and I don't mean to shut you up just when you most need all the air and exercise you can get. Good health, good principles and a good education are the three blessings I ask for you, and I am going to make sure of the first, as a firm foundation for the other two."

"But, Mother, what becomes of college?" asked Frank, rather disturbed at this change of base.

"Put it off for a year, and see if you are not better fitted for it then than now."

"But I am already fitted: I've worked like a tiger all this year, and I'm sure I shall pass."

"Ready in one way, but not in another. That hard work is no preparation for four years of still harder study. It has cost you round shoulders and many a headache, and has consumed hours when you had far better have been on the river or in the fields. I cannot have you break down, as so many boys do, nor pull through at the cost of ill-health afterward. Eighteen is young enough to begin the steady grind, if you have a strong constitution to keep pace with the eager mind. Sixteen is too young to send even my good boy out into the world, just when he most needs his mother's care to help him be the man she hopes to see him."

Mrs. Minot laid her hand on his shoulder as she spoke, looking so fond and proud that it was impossible to rebel, though some of his most cherished plans were spoiled.

"Other fellows go at my age, and I was rather pleased to be ready at sixteen," he began. But she added, quickly:

"They go, but how do they come out? Many lose health of body, and many what is more precious still—moral strength, because too young and ignorant to withstand temptations of all sorts. The best part of education does not come from books, and the good principles I value more than

either of the other things are to be carefully watched over till firmly fixed; then you may face the world, and come to no real harm. Trust me, dear, I do it for your sake; so bear the disappointment bravely, and in the end I think you will say I'm right."

"I'll do my best; but I don't see what is to become of us if we don't go to school. You will get tired of it first," said Frank, trying to set a good example to the others, who were looking much impressed and interested.

"No danger of that, for I never sent my children to school to get rid of them, and now that they are old enough to be companions, I want them at home more than ever. There are to be some lessons, however, for busy minds must be fed, but not crammed; so you boys will go and recite at certain hours such things as seem most important. But there is to be no studying at night, no shutting up all the best hours of the day, no hurry and fret of getting on fast, nor skimming over the surface of many studies without learning any thoroughly."

"So I say!" cried Jack, pleased with the new idea, for he never did love books. "I do hate to be driven so I don't half understand, because there is no time to have things explained. School is good fun as far as play goes; but I don't see the sense of making a fellow learn eighty questions in geography one day, and forget them the next."

"What is to become of me, please?" asked Jill, meekly.

"You and Molly are to have lessons here. I was a teacher when I was young, you know, and liked it, so I shall be school-ma'am, and leave my housekeeping in better hands than mine. I always thought that mothers should teach their girls during these years, and vary their studies to suit the growing creatures as only mothers can."

"That will be splendid! Will Molly's father let her come?" cried Jill, feeling quite reconciled to staying at home, if her friend was to be with her.

"He likes the plan very much, for Molly is growing fast, and needs a sort of care that Miss Daves cannot give her. I am not a hard mistress, and I hope you will find my school a pleasant one."

"I know I shall; and I'm not disappointed, because I was pretty sure I could n't go to the old school again, when I heard the doctor say I must be very careful for a long time. I thought he meant months; but if it must be years, I can bear it, for I've been happy this last one though I was sick," said Jill, glad to show that it had not been wasted time, by being cheerful and patient now.

"That's my good girl!" and Mrs. Minot stroked the curly black head as if it was her own little daughter's. "You have done so well, I want you

to go on improving, for care now will save you pain and disappointment by and by. You all have got a capital start during these six weeks, so it is a good time to begin my experiment. If it does not work well, we will go back to school and college next spring."

"Hurrah for Mamma and the long vacation!" cried Jack, catching up two big books and whirling them around like clubs, as if to get his muscles in good order at once.

"Now I shall have time to go to the gymnasium and straighten out my back," said Frank, who was growing so tall he needed more breadth to make his height symmetrical.

"And to ride horseback. I am going to hire old Jane and get out the little phaeton, so we can all enjoy the fine weather while it lasts. Molly and I can drive Jill, and you can take turns in the saddle when you are tired of ball and boating. Exercise of all sorts is one of the lessons we are to learn," said Mrs. Minot, suggesting all the pleasant things she could to sweeten the pill for her pupils, two of whom did love their books, not being old enough to know that even an excellent thing may be overdone.

"Wont that be gay? I'll get down the saddle to-day, so we can begin right off. Lem rides, and we can go together. Hope old Jane will like it as well as I shall," said Jack, who had found a new friend in a pleasant lad lately come to town.

"You must see that she does, for you boys are to take care of her. We will put the barn in order, and you can decide which shall be hostler and which gardener, for I don't intend to hire labor on the place any more. Our estate is not a large one, and it will be excellent work for you, my men."

"All right! I'll see to Jane. I love horses," said Jack, well pleased with the prospect.

"My horse wont need much care. I prefer a bicycle to a beast, so I'll get in the squashes, pick the apples, and cover the strawberry bed when it is time," added Frank, who had enjoyed the free life at Pebble Beach so much that he was willing to prolong it.

"You may put me in a hen-coop, and keep me there a year if you like. I won't fret, for I'm sure you know what is best for me," said Jill, gayly, as she looked up at the good friend who had done so much for her.

"I'm not so sure that I won't put you in a pretty cage and send you to cattle show, as a sample of what we can do in the way of taming a wild bird till it is nearly as meek as a dove," answered Mrs. Minot, much gratified at the amiability of her flock.

"I don't see why there should not be an exhibition of children, and prizes for the good and

pretty ones, as well as for fat pigs, fine horses, or handsome fruit and flowers: I don't mean a baby show, but boys and girls, so people can see what the prospect is of a good crop for the next generation," said Frank, glancing toward the tower of the building where the yearly agricultural fair was soon to be held.

"Years ago, there was a pretty custom here of collecting all the schools together in the spring, and having a festival at the town hall. Each school showed its best pupils, and the parents looked on at the blooming flower show. It was a pity it was ever given up, for the schools have never been so good as then, nor has the interest in them been so great;" and Mrs. Minot wondered, as many people do, why farmers seem to care more for their cattle and crops than for their children, willingly spending large sums on big barns and costly experiments, while the school-houses are shabby and inconvenient, and too often the cheapest teachers are preferred.

"Ralph is going to send my bust. He asked if he might, and Mother said 'Yes.' Mr. German thinks it very good, and I hope other people will," said Jill, nodding toward the little plaster head that smiled down from its bracket with her own merry look.

"I could send my model; it is nearly done. Ralph told me it was a clever piece of work, and he knows," added Frank, quite taken with the idea of exhibiting his skill in mechanics.

"And I could send my star bed-quilt! They always have things of that kind at cattle show;" and Jill began to rummage in the closet for the pride of her heart, burning to display it to an admiring world.

"I have n't got anything. Can't sew rags together, nor make baby engines, and I have no live-stock—yes, I have, too! There 's old Bun. I'll send him, for the fun of it; he really is a curiosity, for he is the biggest one I ever saw, and hopping into the lime has made his fur such a queer color, he looks like a new sort of rabbit. I'll catch him and shut him up before he gets wild again;" and off rushed Jack to lure unsuspecting old Bun, who had grown tame during their absence, into the cage which he detested.

They all laughed at his ardor, but the fancy pleased them; and as Mamma saw no reason why their little works of art should not be sent, Frank fell to work on his model, and Jill resolved to finish her quilt at once, while Mrs. Minot went off to see Mr. Acton about the hours and studies for the boys.

In a week or two, the young people were almost resigned to the loss of school, for they found themselves delightfully fresh for the few lessons

they did have, and not weary of play, since it took many useful forms. Old Jane not only carried them all to ride, but gave Jack plenty of work keeping her premises in nice order. Frank mourned privately over the delay of college, but found a solace in his whirligig and the gymnasium, where he set himself to developing a chest to match the big head above, which head no longer ached with eight or ten hours of study. Harvesting beans and raking up leaves seemed to have a soothing effect upon his nerves, for now he fell asleep at once, instead of thumping his pillow with vexation because his brain would go on working at difficult problems and passages when he wanted it to stop.

Jill and Molly drove away in the little phaeton every fair morning, over the sunny hills and through the changing woods, filling their hands with asters and golden-rod, their lungs with the pure, invigorating air, and their heads with all manner of sweet and happy fancies and feelings born of the wholesome influences about them. People shook their heads, and said it was wasting time; but the rosy-faced girls were content to trust those wiser than themselves, and found their new school very pleasant. They read aloud a good deal, rapidly acquiring one of the rarest and most beautiful accomplishments; for they could stop and ask questions as they went along, so that they understood what they read, which is half the secret. A thousand things came up as they sewed together in the afternoon, and the eager minds received much general information in an easy and well-ordered way. Physiology was one of the favorite studies, and Mrs. Hammond often came in to give them a little lecture, teaching them to understand the wonders of their own systems, and how to keep them in order,—a lesson of far more importance just then than Greek or Latin, for girls are the future mothers, nurses, teachers of the race, and should feel how much depends on them. Merry could not resist the attractions of the friendly circle, and soon persuaded her mother to let her do as they did; so she got more exercise and less study, which was just what the delicate girl needed.

The first of the new ideas seemed to prosper, and the second, though suggested in joke, was carried out in earnest, for the other young people were seized with a strong desire to send something to the fair. In fact, all sorts of queer articles were proposed, and much fun prevailed, especially among the boys, who ransacked their gardens for mammoth vegetables, sighed for five-legged calves, blue roses, or any other natural curiosity by means of which they might distinguish themselves. Ralph was the only one who had anything really worth sending; for though Frank's model seemed quite

perfect, it obstinately refused to go, and at the last moment blew up with a report like a pop-gun. So it was laid away for repairs, and its disappointed maker devoted his energies to helping Jack keep Bun in order; for that indomitable animal got out of every prison they put him in, and led Jack a dreadful life during that last week. At all hours of the day and night that distracted boy would start up, crying, "There he is again!" and dart out to give chase and capture the villain, now grown too fat to run as he once did.

The very night before the fair, Frank was wakened by a chilly draught, and, getting up to see where it came from, found Jack's door open and bed empty, while the vision of a white ghost flitting about the garden suggested a midnight rush after old Bun. Frank watched laughingly, till poor Jack came toward the house with the gentleman in gray kicking lustily in his arms, and then whispered, in a sepulchral tone:

"Put him in the old refrigerator—he can't get out of that."

Blessing Frank for the suggestion, the exhausted hunter shut up his victim in the new cell, and found it a safe one, for Bun could not burrow through a sheet of zinc, nor climb up the smooth walls.

Jill's quilt was a very elaborate piece of work, being bright blue with little white stars all over it; this she finished nicely, and she felt sure no patient old lady could outdo it.

Merry decided to send butter, for she had been helping her mother in the dairy that summer, and rather liked the light part of the labor. She knew it would please her very much if she chose that instead of wild flowers, so she practiced molding the yellow pats into pretty shapes, that it might please both eye and taste.

Molly declared she would have a little pen, and put Boo in it as the prize fat boy,—a threat which so alarmed the innocent that he ran away, and was found two or three miles from home, asleep under the wall, with two seed-cakes and a pair of socks done up in a bundle. Being with difficulty convinced that it was a joke, he consented to return to his family, but was evidently suspicious, till Molly decided to send her cats, and set about preparing them for exhibition. The Minots' deserted Bunny-house was rather large; but as cats cannot be packed as closely as much-enduring sheep, Molly borrowed this desirable family mansion, and put her darlings into it, where they soon settled down, appearing to enjoy their new residence. It had been scrubbed up and painted red, cushions and plates were put in, and two American flags adorned the roof. Being barred all around, a fine view of the Happy Family could be had, now twelve in

number, as Molasses had lately added three white kits to the varied collection.

The girls thought this would be the most interesting spectacle of all, and Grif proposed to give some of the cats extra tails, to increase their charms, especially poor Mortification, who would appreciate the honor of two, after having none for so long. But Molly declined, and Grif looked about him for some attractive animal to exhibit, so that he, too, might go in free and come to honor, perhaps.

A young lady in the town owned a donkey,—a small, gray beast,—who insisted on tripping along the sidewalks and bumping her rider against the walls, as she paused to browse at her own sweet will, regardless of blows or cries, till ready to move on. Expressing great admiration for this rare animal, Grif obtained leave to display the charms of Graciosa at the fair. Little did she guess the dark designs entertained against her dignity, and happily she was not as sensitive to ridicule as a less humble-minded animal, so she went willingly with her new friend, and enjoyed the combing and trimming-up which she received at his hands, while he prepared for the great occasion.

When the morning of September 28th arrived, the town was all astir, and the fair-ground a lively scene. The air was full of the lowing of cattle, the tramp of horses, squealing of indignant pigs, and clatter of tongues, as people and animals streamed in at the great gate and found their proper places. Our young folks were in a high state of excitement, as they rumbled away with their treasures in a hay-cart. The Bunny-house might have been a cage of tigers, so rampant were the cats at this new move. Old Bun, in a small box, brooded over the insult of the refrigerator, and looked as fierce as a rabbit could. Gus had a coop of rare fowls, who clucked wildly all the way, while Ralph, with the bust in his arms, stood up in front, and Jill and Molly bore the precious bed-quilt, as they sat behind.

These objects of interest were soon arranged, and the girls went to admire Merry's golden buttercups among the green leaves, under which lay the ice that kept the pretty flowers fresh. The boys were down below, where the cackling was very loud, but not loud enough to drown the sonorous bray which suddenly startled them as much as it did the horses outside. A shout of laughter followed, and away went the lads, to see what the fun was, while the girls ran out on the balcony, as some one said, "It's that rogue of a Grif, with some new joke."

It certainly was, and, to judge from the peals of merriment, the joke was a good one. In at the gate came a two-headed donkey, ridden by Grif, in great spirits at his success, for the gate-keeper

laughed so he never thought to ask for toll. A train of boys followed him across the ground, lost in admiration of the animal and the cleverness of her rider. Among the stage properties of the Dramatic Club was the old ass's head once used in some tableaux from "Midsummer Night's Dream." This Grif had mended up, and fastened by means of straps and a collar to poor Graciosa's neck, hiding his work with a red cloth over her back. One eye was gone, but the other still opened and shut, and the long ears wagged by means of strings, which he slyly managed with the bridle, so the artificial head looked almost as natural as the real one. The

they nearly fell over the railing, and the boys were in ecstasies, especially when Grif, emboldened by his success, trotted briskly around the race-course, followed by the cheers of the crowd. Excited by the noise, Graciosa did her best, till the false head, loosened by the rapid motion, slipped around under her nose, causing her to stop so suddenly that Grif flew off, alighting on his own head with a violence which would have killed any other boy. Sobered by his downfall, he declined to mount again, but led his steed to repose in a shed, while he rejoined his friends, who were waiting impatiently to congratulate him on his latest and best prank.



GRIF CONTRIBUTES TO THE FAIR.

funniest thing of all was the innocent air of Graciosa, and the mildly inquiring expression with which she now and then turned to look at or to smell the new ornament, as if she recognized a friend's face, yet was perplexed by its want of animation. She vented her feelings in a bray, which Grif imitated, convulsing all hearers by the sound as well as by the wink the one eye gave, and the droll waggle of one erect ear, while the other pointed straight forward.

The girls laughed so at the ridiculous sight that

The committee went their rounds soon after, and, when the doors were again opened, every one hurried to see if their articles had received a premium. A card lay on the butter-cups, and Mrs. Grant was full of pride, because *her* butter always took a prize, and this proved that Merry was walking in her mother's steps, in this direction at least. Another card swung from the blue quilt, for the kindly judges knew who made it, and were glad to please the little girl, though several others as curious but not as pretty hung near by. The cats

were admired, but, as they were not among the animals usually exhibited, there was no prize awarded. Gus hoped his hens would get one; but somebody else outdid him, to the great indignation of Laura and Lotty, who had fed the white biddies faithfully for months. Jack was sure his rabbit was the biggest there, and went eagerly to look for his premium. But neither card nor Bun was to be seen, for the old rascal had escaped for the last time, and was never seen again; which was a great comfort to Jack, who was heartily tired of him.

Ralph's bust was the best of all, for not only did it get a prize, and much admiration, but a lady, who found Jill and Merry rejoicing over it, was so pleased with the truth and grace of the little head, that she asked about the artist, and if he would do one of her own child, who was so delicate she feared he might not live long.

Merry gladly told the story of her ambitious friend, and went to find him, that he might secure the order. While she was gone, Jill took up the tale, gratefully telling how kind he had been to her, how patiently he worked and waited, and how much he longed to go abroad. Fortunately, the lady was rich and generous, as well as fond of art, and being pleased with the bust, and interested in the young sculptor, gave him the order when he came, and filled his soul with joy by adding that, if it suited her when done, it should be put into marble. She lived in the city, and Ralph soon arranged his work so that he could give up his noon hour, and go to model the child; for every penny he could earn or save now was very precious, as he still hoped to go abroad.

The girls were so delighted with this good fortune that they did not stay for the races, but went home to tell the happy news, leaving the boys to care for the cats, and enjoy the various matches to come off that day.

"I'm so glad I tried to look pleasant when I was lying on the board while Ralph did my head, for the pleasantness got into the clay face, and that made the lady like it," said Jill, as she lay resting on the sofa.

"I always thought it was a dear, bright little face, but now I love and admire it more than ever," cried Merry, kissing it gratefully, as she remembered the help and pleasure it had given Ralph.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DOWN THE RIVER.

A FORTNIGHT later, the boys were picking apples one golden October afternoon, and the girls were hurrying to finish their work, that they might go and help the harvesters. It was six weeks now

since the new school started, and the girls began to like it very much, though they found that it was not all play by any means. But lessons, exercise, and various sorts of housework made an agreeable change, and they felt that they were learning things which would be useful to them all their lives. They had been making under-clothes for themselves, and each had several neatly finished garments, cut, fitted and sewed by herself, and trimmed with the pretty tatting Jill had made in such quantities while she lay on her sofa.

Now they were completing new dressing-sacks, and had enjoyed this job very much, as each chose her own material, and suited her own taste in the making. Jill's was white, with tiny scarlet leaves all over it, trimmed with red braid, and buttons so like checker-berries she was tempted to eat them. Molly's was gay with bouquets of every sort of flower, scalloped all around, and adorned with six buttons, each of a different color, which she thought the last touch of elegance. Merry's, though the simplest, was the daintiest of the three, being pale blue, trimmed with delicate edging, and beautifully made.

Mrs. Minot had been reading from Miss Strickland's "Queens of England" while the girls worked, and an illustrated Shakspeare lay open on the table, as well as several fine photographs of historical places for them to look at as they went along. The hour was over now, the teacher gone, and the pupils were setting the last stitches as they talked over the lesson, which had interested them exceedingly.

"I really believe I have got Henry's six wives into my head right at last. Two Annes, three Katharines, and one Jane. Now I've seen where they lived and heard their stories, I quite feel as if I knew them," said Merry, shaking the threads off her work before she folded it up to carry home.

"King Henry the Eighth to six spouses was wedded,—
One died, one survived, two divorced, two beheaded,"

was all I knew about them before. Poor things; what a bad time they did have!" added Jill, patting down the red braid, which would pucker a bit at the corners.

"Katharine Parr had the best of it, because she outlived the old tyrant and so kept her head on," said Molly, winding the thread around her last button, as if bound to fasten it on so firmly that nothing should decapitate that.

"I used to think I'd like to be a queen or a great lady, and wear velvet and jewels, and live in a palace, but now I don't care much for that sort of splendor. I like to make things pretty at home, and know that they all depend on me, and love me very much. Queens are not happy, and I am,"

said Merry, pausing to look at Anne Hathaway's cottage as she put up the pictures, and to wonder if it was very pleasant to have a famous man for one's husband.

"I guess your missionarying has done you good; mine has, and I'm getting to have things my own way more and more every day. Miss Bat is so amiable I hardly know her, and Father tells her to 'ask Miss Molly,' when she goes to him for orders. Is n't that fun?" laughed Molly, in high glee at the agreeable change. "I like it ever so much, but I don't want to stay so all my days. I mean to travel, and just as soon as I can I shall take Boo and go all around the world, and see everything," she added, waving her gay sack, as if it were the flag she was about to nail to the mast-head of her ship.

"Well, I should like to be famous in some way, and have people admire me very much. I like to act, or dance, or sing, or be what I heard the ladies at Pebbly Beach call a 'queen of society.' But I don't expect to be anything, and I'm not going to worry, for I shall *not* be a Lucinda, so I ought to be contented and happy all my life," said Jill, who was very ambitious in spite of the newly acquired meekness, which was all the more becoming because her natural liveliness often broke out like sunshine through a veil of light clouds.

If the three girls could have looked forward ten years, they would have been surprised to see how different a fate was theirs from the one each had chosen, and how happy each was in the place she was called to fill. Merry was not making the old farm-house pretty, but living in Italy, with a young sculptor for her husband, and beauty such as she never dreamed of all about her. Molly was not traveling around the world, but contentedly keeping house for her father and still watching over Boo, who was becoming her pride and joy as well as care. Neither was Jill a famous woman, but a very happy and useful one, with the two mothers leaning on her as they grew old, the young men better for her influence over them, many friends to love and honor her, and a charming home, where she was queen by right of her cheery spirit, grateful heart, and unflinching devotion to those who had made her what she was.

If any curious reader, not content with this peep into futurity, asks, "Did Molly and Jill ever marry?" we must reply, for the sake of peace: Molly remained a merry spinster all her days,—one of the independent, brave and busy creatures of whom there is such need in the world to help take care of other peoples' wives and children, and do the many useful jobs that the married folk have no time for. Jill certainly did wear a white veil on the day she was twenty-five, and called her husband

Jack. Further than that we cannot go, except to say that this leap did not end in a catastrophe, like the first one they took together.

That day, however, they never dreamed of what was in store for them, but chattered away as they cleared up the room, and then ran off ready for play, feeling they had earned it by work well done. They found the lads just finishing, with Boo to help by picking up the windfalls for the cider-heap, after he had amused himself by putting about a bushel down the various holes old Bun had left behind him. Jack was risking his neck climbing in the most dangerous places, while Frank, with a long-handled apple-picker, nipped off the finest fruit with care, both enjoying the pleasant task and feeling proud of the handsome red and yellow piles all about the little orchard. Merry and Molly caught up baskets and fell to work with all their might, leaving Jill to sit upon a stool and sort the early apples ready to use at once, looking up now and then to nod and smile at her mother, who watched her from the window, rejoicing to see her lass so well and happy.

It was such a lovely day, they all felt its cheerful influence; for the sun shone bright and warm, the air was full of an invigorating freshness which soon made the girls' faces look like rosy apples, and their spirits as gay as if they had been stealing sips of new cider through a straw. Jack whistled like a blackbird as he swung and bumped about, Frank orated and joked, Merry and Molly ran races to see who would fill and empty fastest, and Jill sang to Boo, who reposed in a barrel, exhausted with his labors.

"These are the last of the pleasant days, and we ought to make the most of them. Let's have one more picnic before the frost spoils the leaves," said Merry, resting a minute at the gate to look down the street, which was a glorified sort of avenue, with brilliant maples lining the way and carpeting the ground with crimson and gold.

"Oh, yes! Go down the river once more, and have supper on the island. I could n't go to some of your picnics, and I do long for a last good time before winter shuts me up again," cried Jill, eager to harvest all the sunshine she could, for she was not yet quite her old self again.

"I'm your man, if the other fellows agree. We can't barrel these up for a while, so to-morrow will be a holiday for us. Better make sure of the day while you can—this weather can't last long;" and Frank shook his head like one on intimate terms with Old Probabilities.

"Don't worry about those high ones, Jack. Give a shake, and come down and plan about the party," called Molly, throwing up a big Baldwin with what seemed a remarkably good aim, for a

shower of apples followed, and a boy came tumbling earthward, to catch on the lowest bough and swing down like a caterpillar, exclaiming, as he landed: "I 'm glad that job is done! I've rasped every knuckle I 've got, and worn out the knees of my trousers. Nice little crop, though, is n't it?"

"It will be nicer if this young man does not bite every apple he touches. Hi, there! Stop it, Boo!" commanded Frank, as he caught his young assistant putting his small teeth into the best ones, to see, if they were sweet or sour.

Molly set the barrel up on end, and that took the boy out of the reach of mischief; so he retired from view and peeped through a crack as he ate his fifth pearmain, regardless of consequences.

"Gus will be at home to-morrow. He always comes up early on Saturday, you know. We can't get on without him," said Frank, who missed his mate very much, for Gus had entered college, and so far did not like it as much as he had expected.

"Or Ralph; he is very busy every spare minute on the little boy's bust, which is getting on nicely, he says; but he will be able to come home in time for supper, I think," added Merry, remembering the absent, as usual.

"I'll ask the girls on my way home, and all meet at two o'clock for a good row while it's warm. What shall I bring?" asked Molly, wondering if Miss Bat's amiability would extend to making goodies in the midst of her usual Saturday's baking.

"You bring coffee, and the big pot, and some buttered crackers. I'll see to the pie and cake, and the other girls can have anything else they like," answered Merry, glad and proud that she could provide the party with her own inviting handiwork.

"I'll take my zither, so we can have music as we sail, and Grif will bring his violin, and Ralph can imitate a banjo so that you'd be sure he had one. I do hope it will be fine; it is so splendid to go around like other folks and enjoy myself," cried Jill, with a little bounce of satisfaction at the prospect of a row and ramble.

"Come along, then, and make sure of the girls," said Merry, catching up her roll of work, for the harvesting was done.

Molly put her sack on as the easiest way of carrying it, and, extricating Boo, they went off, accompanied by the boys, "to make sure of the fellows" also, leaving Jill to sit among the apples, singing and sorting like a thrifty little housewife.

Next day, eleven young people met at the appointed place, basket in hand. Ralph could not come till later, for he was working now as he never worked before. They were a merry flock, for the mellow autumn day was even brighter and

clearer than yesterday, and the river looked its loveliest, winding away under the somber hemlocks, or through the fairy-land the gay woods made on either side. Two large boats and two small ones held them all, and away they went, first up through the three bridges and around the bend, then, turning, they floated down to the green island, where a grove of oaks rustled their sere leaves, and the squirrels were still gathering acorns. Here they often met to keep their summer revels, and here they now spread their feast on the flat rock, which needed no cloth beside its own gray lichens. The girls trimmed each dish with bright leaves, and made the supper look like a banquet for the elves, while the boys built a fire in the nook where ashes and blackened stones told of many a rustic meal. The big tin coffee-pot was not romantic, but it was more successful than a kettle slung on three sticks, gypsy fashion; so they did not risk a downfall, but set the water boiling, and soon filled the air with the agreeable perfume associated in their minds with picnics, as most of them never tasted the fascinating stuff at any other time, it being the worst thing children can drink.

Frank was cook, Gus helped cut bread and cake, Jack and Grif brought wood, while Bob Walker took Joe's place and made himself generally useful, as the other gentleman never did, and so was quite out of favor lately.

All was ready at last, and they were just deciding to sit down without Ralph, when a shout told them he was coming, and down the river skimmed a wherry at such a rate the boys wondered whom he had been racing with.

"Something has happened, and he is coming to tell us," said Jill, who sat where she could see his eager face.

"Nothing bad, or he would n't smile so. He is glad of a good row and a little fun after working so hard all the week;" and Merry shook a red napkin as a welcoming signal.

Something certainly had happened, and a very happy something it must be, they all thought, as Ralph came on with flashing oars, and leaping out as the boat touched the shore, ran up the slope, waving his hat, and calling in a glad voice, sure of sympathy in his delight: "Good news! Good news! Hurrah for Rome, next month!"

The young folks forgot their supper for a moment, to congratulate him on his happy prospect, and hear all about it, while the leaves rustled as if echoing the kind words, and the squirrels sat up aloft, wondering what all the pleasant clamor was about.

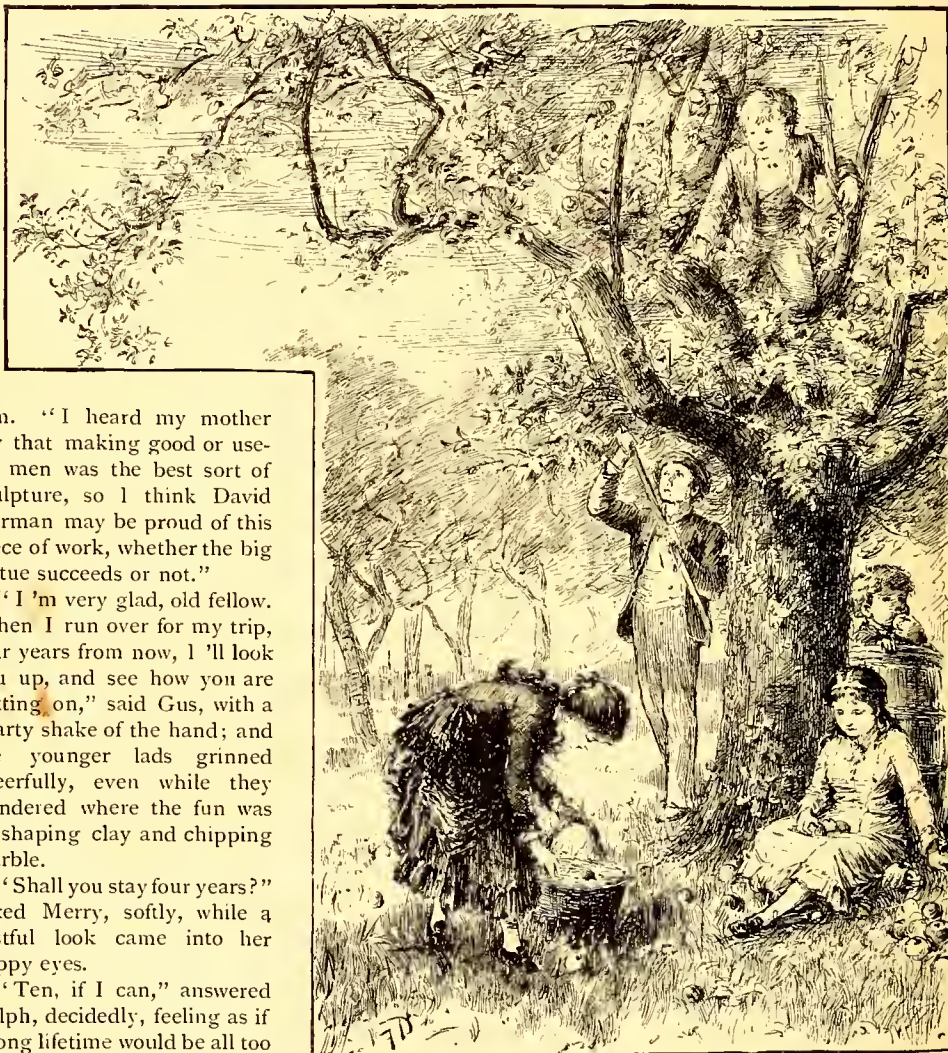
"Yes, I'm really going in November. German asked me to-day to go with him, and if there is any little hitch in my getting off, he'll lend a hand,

and I—I'll black his boots, wet his clay, and run his errands the rest of my life to pay for this!" cried Ralph, in a burst of gratitude; for, independent as he was, the kindness of this successful friend to a deserving comrade touched and won his heart.

"I call that a handsome thing to do!" said Frank, warmly, for noble actions always pleased

then; I like to hear of other people's good times while I'm waiting for my own," said Molly, too much interested to observe that Grif was sticking burs up and down her braids.

"Of course, I shall write to some of you, but you must n't expect any great things for years yet. People don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and



HAPPY WORK FOR AN OCTOBER DAY.

him. "I heard my mother say that making good or useful men was the best sort of sculpture, so I think David German may be proud of this piece of work, whether the big statue succeeds or not."

"I'm very glad, old fellow. When I run over for my trip, four years from now, I'll look you up, and see how you are getting on," said Gus, with a hearty shake of the hand; and the younger lads grinned cheerfully, even while they wondered where the fun was in shaping clay and chipping marble.

"Shall you stay four years?" asked Merry, softly, while a wistful look came into her happy eyes.

"Ten, if I can," answered Ralph, decidedly, feeling as if a long lifetime would be all too short for the immortal work he meant to do. "I've got so much to learn, that I shall do whatever David thinks best for me at first, and when I can go alone, I shall just shut myself up and forget that there is any world outside my den."

"Do write and tell us how you get on, now and

butter, you'll find," answered Ralph, sobering down a little as he remembered the long and steady effort it had taken to get even so far.

"Speaking of bread and butter reminds me that we'd better eat ours before the coffee gets quite

cold," said Annette, for Merry seemed to have forgotten that she had been chosen to play matron, as she was the oldest.

The boys seconded the motion, and for a few minutes supper was the all-absorbing topic, as the cup went around and the goodies vanished rapidly, accompanied by the usual mishaps which make picnic meals such fun. Ralph's health was drunk with all sorts of good wishes; and such splendid prophecies were made, that he would have far surpassed Michael Angelo if they could have come true. Grif gave him an order on the spot for a full-length statue of himself, and stood up to show the imposing attitude in which he wished to be taken, but unfortunately slipped and fell forward, with one hand in the custard pie, the other clutching wildly at the coffee-pot, which inhospitably burnt his fingers.

"I think I grasp the idea, and will be sure to remember not to make your hair blow one way and the tails of your coat another, as a certain sculptor made those of a famous man," laughed Ralph, as the fallen hero scrambled up, amidst general merriment.

"Will the little bust be done before you go?" asked Jill, anxiously, feeling a personal interest in the success of that order.

"Yes; I've been hard at it every spare minute I could get, and have a fortnight more. It suits Mrs. Lennox, and she will pay well for it, so I shall have something to start with, though I have n't been able to save much. I'm to thank you for that bust, and I shall send you the first pretty thing I get hold of," answered Ralph, looking gratefully at the bright face, which grew still brighter as Jill exclaimed:

"I do feel so proud to know a real artist, and have my bust done by him. I only wish I could pay for it as Mrs. Lennox does; but I have n't any money, and you don't need the sort of things I can make," she added, shaking her head, as she thought over knit slippers, wall-pockets, and crochet in all its forms, as offerings to her departing friend.

"You can write often, and tell me all about everybody, for I shall want to know, and people will soon forget me when I'm gone," said Ralph, looking at Merry, who was making a garland of yellow leaves for Juliet's black hair.

Jill promised, and kept her word; but the longest letters went from the farm-house on the hill, though no one knew the fact till long afterward. Merry said nothing now, but she smiled, with a pretty color in her cheeks, and was very much absorbed in her work, while the talk went on.

"I wish I was twenty, and going to seek my fortune, as you are," said Jack; and the other boys agreed with him, for something in Ralph's

new plans and purposes roused the manly spirit in all of them, reminding them that playtime would soon be over, and the great world before them, where to choose.

"It is easy enough to say what you'd like; but the trouble is, you have to take what you can get, and make the best of it," said Gus, whose own views were rather vague as yet.

"No, you don't, always; you can *make* things go as you want them, if you only try hard enough, and walk right over whatever stands in the way. I don't mean to give up my plans for any man; but, if I live, I'll carry them out,—you see if I don't;" and Frank gave the rock where he lay a blow with his fist that sent the acorns flying.

One of them hit Jack, and he said, sorrowfully, as he held it in his hand so carefully it was evident he had some association with it:

"Ed used to say that, and he had some splendid plans, but they did n't come to anything."

"Perhaps they did; who can tell? Do your best while you live, and I don't believe anything good is lost, whether we have it a long or a short time," said Ralph, who knew what a help and comfort high hopes were, and how they led to better things, if worthily cherished.

"A great many acorns are wasted, I suppose; but some of them sprout and grow, and make splendid trees," added Merry, feeling more than she knew how to express, as she looked up at the oaks overhead.

Only seven of the party were sitting on the knoll now, for the rest had gone to wash the dishes and pack the baskets down by the boats. Jack and Jill, with the three elder boys, were in a little group, and as Merry spoke, Gus said to Frank:

"Did you plant yours?"

"Yes, on the lawn, and I mean it shall come up if I can make it," answered Frank, gravely.

"I put mine where I can see it from the window, and not forget to water and take care of it," added Jack, still turning the pretty brown acorn to and fro as if he loved it.

"What do they mean?" whispered Merry to Jill, who was leaning against her knee to rest.

"The boys were walking in the cemetery last Sunday, as they often do, and when they came to Ed's grave, the place was all covered with little acorns from the tree that grows on the bank. They each took up some as they stood talking, and Jack said he should plant his, for he loved Ed very much, you know. The others said they would, too; and I hope the trees will grow, though we don't need anything to remember him by," answered Jill, in a low tone, thinking of the pressed flowers the girls kept for his sake.

The boys heard her, but no one spoke for a

moment as they sat looking across the river, toward the hill where the pines whispered their lullabies and pointed heavenward, steadfast and green, all the year round. None of them could express the thought that was in their minds as Jill told the little story; but the act and the feeling that prompted it were perhaps as beautiful an assurance as could have been given that the dear dead boy's example had not been wasted, for the planting of the acorns was a symbol of the desire budding in those young hearts to be what he might have been, and to make their lives nobler for the knowledge and the love of him.

"It seems as if a great deal had happened this year," said Merry, in a pensive tone, for this quiet talk just suited her mood.

"So I say, for there's been a Declaration of Independence and a Revolution in our house, and I'm commander-in-chief now; and don't I like it!" cried Molly, complacently surveying the neat new uniform she wore, of her own choosing.

"I feel as if I never learned so much in my life as I have since last December, and yet I never did so little," added Jill, wondering why the months of weary pain did not seem more dreadful to her.

"Well, pitching on my head seems to have given me a good shaking up, somehow, and I mean to do great things next year in better ways than breaking my bones coasting," said Jack, with a manly air.

"I feel like a Siamese twin without his mate, now you are gone, but I'm under orders for a while, and mean to do my best. Guess it won't be lost

time;" and Frank nodded at Gus, who nodded back with the slightly superior expression all Freshmen wear.

"Hope you won't find it so. My work is all cut out for me, and I intend to go in and win, though it is more of a grind than you fellows know."

"I'm sure I have everything to be grateful for. It won't be plain sailing,—I don't expect it; but, if I live, I'll do something to be proud of," said Ralph, squaring his shoulders as if to meet all obstacles as he looked into the glowing west, which was not fairer than his ambitious dreams.

Here we will say good-bye to these girls and boys of ours as they sit together in the sunshine, talking over a year that was to be forever memorable to them, not because of any very remarkable events, but because they were just beginning to look about them as they stepped out of childhood into youth, and some of the experiences of the past months had set them to thinking, taught them to see the use and beauty of the small duties, joys and sorrows which make up our lives, and inspired them to resolve that the coming year should be braver and brighter than the last.

There are many such boys and girls, full of high hopes, lovely possibilities, and earnest plans, pausing a moment before they push their little boats from the safe shore. Let those who launch them see to it that they have good health to man the oars, good education for ballast, and good principles as pilots to guide them, as they voyage down an ever-widening river to the sea.

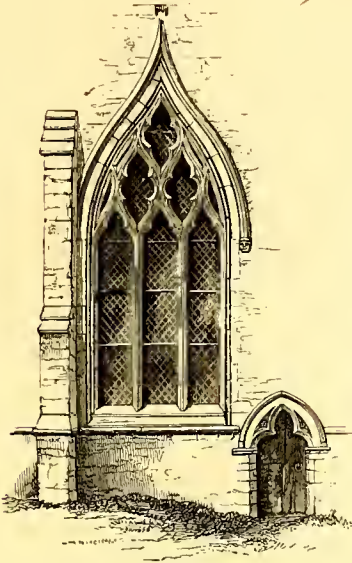
THE END.



NAUGHTY KITTEN: "IT IS THE CAT!"

LILY CHAPEL.

BY EMMA K. PARRISH.



A GOTHIC WINDOW.

JAMIE was lame. Can you guess what it is to be lame? Not to play with other boys, and to know nothing of skating or snow-balling. Always to have to stay in-doors and amuse yourself in quiet ways. Yet Jamie was never unhappy—not a bit.

He was fond of planning and contriving, and kept himself busy a great deal of the time in manufacturing pretty little articles of all sorts, most of which he gave away when finished. He was an industrious child, and very persevering. "I hate to leave anything unfinished," he would often say to his mamma. "It makes me feel unhappy, somehow, as if I had done something wrong."

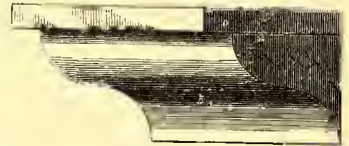
Once, in looking over an old magazine, he came upon a picture which charmed him greatly. It was a scene in church. There was the beautifully carved roof, the altar, with fresh lilies and roses standing upon it, the arched windows, and high up, over the chancel, a round rose-window full of colored glass. It was all so beautiful that Jamie longed to see the real church; he began to wonder if it were not possible for him to imitate it in some way.

Very soon, as a beginning, he begged a large

pasteboard box from his mamma, who possessed a convenient knack of always having in hand precisely the thing which Jamie wanted. The box was a foot wide and about eighteen inches long. This, Jamie thought, would do nicely for the body of the church. First of all he measured carefully, and with a sharp knife cut three windows on each side of the box, Gothic windows with arched tops. Then he cut a great door at one end, so big that all the inside was visible, and lined the walls inside with cream-tinted paper, which Mamma gave him from her writing-desk. Mamma also gave him twenty-five cents, with which to buy material. He spent it in paper,—chestnut-colored paper for the seats, and some large sheets of yellow for the outside of the church. The money was enough for all, and left five cents over for further expenses.

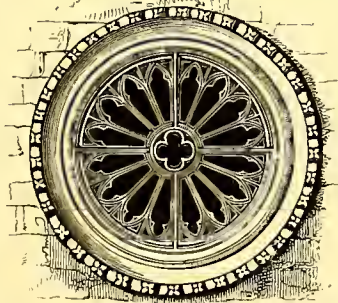
Mamma helped in cutting out the seats. They had pointed ends with open-work in them, and were made "as Gothic as we could," Jamie explained afterward. There were two rows of seats, arranged so as to leave an aisle between them and one on each side. The middle aisle was three inches wide, and the side aisles an inch and a half each. The seats were

cut three inches long, and were made from stiff pasteboard. It was hard work to paste the chestnut paper over this, but Jamie persevered, in his resolute way, and it looked very well when all was done.



WHAT THE PULPIT AND DESK WERE MADE OF.

Next, Jamie cut out a part of the end wall, and pasted into it a curved piece of pasteboard, to resemble what is called a "chancel." This he covered with the same kind of paper which lined the inside. There were twenty pews in each row, between the door and the chancel, and Mamma helped Jamie to cushion them, first with thin layers of cotton, and then covers of wine-colored merino, which stayed on beautifully and looked just like



A ROSE-WINDOW.

real pew-cushions. The floor under the pews was carpeted with the same merino, but the aisles were laid with some old-fashioned wine-colored ribbon,

flowered with yellow satin, and bordered with yellow edges. There were two widths in the center aisle, and one in each of the side aisles.

The window panes troubled Jamie very much. He did n't want empty holes in the wall, and could not for a long time invent any way of overcoming the difficulty. At last, a brilliant thought struck him.

"Why would n't colored paper do, Mamma?" he asked, eagerly.

"Nicely," said his mother; "why did n't we think of that before? The Pilgrim Fathers used oiled papers for window glass, they say, so why not you?"

Mamma's stationery-box was again called upon, a delicate gray tint was selected, and carefully cut into the shape of the windows, with holes in the form of diamonds and stars cut out in them. Then bright-colored scraps were chosen to enliven the gray, carefully shaped to fit the spaces, and pasted on. Jamie wanted something more elaborate than diamonds and stars, but his mother thought he would better not attempt any shapes which were more difficult than these, so he decided not to try them for the side windows, but had in his mind a beautiful intricate design for a round window behind the pulpit.

Papa looked in occasionally, to see how the church was getting on, and Baby Lily spent most of her time admiring it. She considered Jamie one of the seven wonders of the world!

Jamie's papa kept a furniture store, and also dealt in picture-frames. One evening, when he came home, Jamie was delighted with the present of several pieces of beautiful wooden molding. Some were fluted, some carved. They were of different widths; where the plain wood showed at the ends, Jamie varnished it over. The pieces were about an inch in length. One broad, thick one made a superb pulpit, and another the prettiest little reading-desk in the world.

Next, Jamie constructed a neat little platform from a shallow pasteboard box, about eight inches long and three inches wide, made two steps on each side, and carpeted them with the flowered ribbon. He then carpeted the platform with some more of the merino, and glued the pulpit in its place, with the reading-desk about two inches

from it on one side, and a font, made of a brass thimble set in a stand of twigs glued together and varnished, on the other.

An organ and a choir was his next ambition. And his imagination even took such daring flights as steeples, chimes, and registers in the floor. But Mamma persuaded him to give these things up. All except the steeple, which he made very ingeniously, by fastening a small, square pasteboard box on top of his church, an oblong one on that, a small round one on that, and a slim pasteboard cone surmounting all; the whole glued together, and covered with yellow paper to match the walls below.

It really had a very successful effect, and when the "catherine-wheel window," as Papa called it, was finished, and "dim, religious light" fell through upon the gorgeous aisles, the effect was beautiful beyond description.

Jamie could draw and paint nicely, and he made several short scripture texts for the walls. They were in no one style of lettering, but combined Old English, German, and anything else that took his fancy; but they looked very pretty and bright, painted as they were in gay water-colors.

The paper on the outer walls was measured off with a rule and marked with lead-pencil, to imitate blocks of stone. Jamie made a high, sharp roof of stiff pasteboard bent to form a peak. Before putting it on, he frescoed the inside with designs on colored paper, and painted colored figures in between the designs as well as he could. He did not feel himself enough of an artist to attempt anything very elaborate.

Some very tiny mosses and michella sprays were put into the font, and into a tiny vase, which Jamie placed on the reading-desk. He wanted to have lilies, also, as in the picture which had pleased him so much, but none could be had which were small enough, so at last he stuck in a few very white popped-corns among the green, and I assure you the effect was really pretty.

Last of all, the structure was christened "The Lily Chapel," and given to Baby Lily, not as a toy to play with, but to stand on a table and be admired for hours together. Would not some of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls like to try to make a similar one?

DAY-DREAMS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

White wings over the water, fluttering over the sea,
 White wings over the water, what are you bringing me?
 A fairy prince in a golden boat,
 With golden ringlets that fall and float,
 A velvet cap and a taffeta coat,—
 This you are bringing to me!

Fairy, fairy prince-kin, sailing hither to me,
 Silk and satin and velvet, what are you coming to see?
 A little girl in a calico gown,
 With hair and eyes of dusky brown,
 Who sits on the wharf of the fishing town,
 Looking away to sea.

Golden, golden sunbeams, touch me with wands of gold,
 Make me a beautiful princess, radiant to behold.
 Blue and silver and ermine fine,
 Diamond-drops that flash and shine,—
 So shall I meet this prince of mine,
 Fairer than may be told.

White wings over the water, fluttering far away,
 Dark clouds hiding the sunbeams, sullen, cold and gray.
 Back I go in my calico gown,
 Back to the hut in the fishing town,
 And oh! but the night shuts darkly down
 After the summer day.



THE NAUGHTIEST DAY OF MY LIFE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By H. H.

PART SECOND.

VERY little was said to me that night. I was somewhat sobered by the sad faces and the silence, and went to bed with rather gloomy forebodings about the morrow.

"I wish they had whipped me to-night and had it over," I thought; "but I suppose it will be done in the morning." However, I was too tired to lie awake, even from dread of a whipping, and I slept like a top all night long.

The next morning I went down-stairs with some anxiety at my heart, but I tried to look as if nothing were the matter. To my great surprise, everybody else looked so, too. Nobody made the least allusion to what had happened the day before. The servants said nothing; my grandfather and father and mother said nothing; little Ann said nothing; there was a sort of gravity on all their faces; but, excepting for that, all went on as usual. I was utterly perplexed. I did not know which way to look, or what to say.

I think I have never felt more uncomfortable in all my life, before or since. My mind was full of the incidents of my runaway trip. I also was full of a certain sort of penitence, not very hearty nor deep, but still I was sorry everybody had been made so uncomfortable by my naughtiness. In the course of the day several neighbors called, and began to speak of the affair; but my mother made the briefest replies to them, and changed the subject instantly. At last I could not stand it any longer, and I began to speak about it to Mrs. Smith. Her countenance clouded at once, and she said:

"I should think you'd be ashamed to allude to it, Miss. If you got what you deserve, you'd get the biggest whipping ever you had in your life."

"Well, I expect I shall get it?" replied I, interrogatively.

Mrs. Smith pursed up her lips, and would say no more.

Well, this state of things went on day after day, till I was at my wits' end with discomfort and suspense. I felt myself in a sort of disgrace, which was all the harder to bear because there was so little that I could define in it. I went and came, just as before; everybody spoke pleasantly to me; nothing in all the routine of my daily life was changed in the smallest degree; only I felt that

everybody was thinking about my runaway day, and nobody would speak of it; and I was thinking about it all the time, and yet I did not dare to speak of it.

I was quite miserable, excepting when I was in school. There I was elated and gay. I was quite a heroine, in the estimation of the younger scholars. I had walked all the way to Hadley. They were never tired of hearing me recount the incidents of the day, and I, on my part, was never tired of telling them. We even concocted a plan for going in a body, some Saturday, to the little pine-grove, to recover the treasures which I had been so cruelly and unjustly compelled to leave there. I do not remember how many days this state of things lasted, but I think it must have been at least ten days or two weeks. The whole matter was gradually passing from my mind, and I had almost left off wondering why I had not been punished, when one morning, after breakfast, my father said, as he left the room:

"Helen, I would like to see you in my study a little while."

Oh, how my heart sank within me! I knew what was coming—that long-deferred punishment. How much worse it seemed to have it so long after the offense. I went upstairs with very slow steps, and I stood some minutes at the study door before knocking. As soon as I saw my father's face, I knew it was not a whipping I was to have, but something a great deal worse—a long talk.

"My little daughter," he said, "your mother and I have been waiting very anxiously all these days, to see if you would express any sorrow for the very wrong thing you did in running away from home, and leading your little playmate Mary away with you."

"Oh, dear," thought I to myself, "this is what it meant, is it? If I'd only known, I'd have said I was sorry, fast enough."

I began to cry.

"But I was sorry," I said. "I am real sorry."

My father looked very stern.

"Yes, I do not doubt you are sorry now," he said, "because you see that you are to be punished; but if you had felt any true penitence, you would have expressed it to your mother and to me, long before this. You may go up into the garret, now, and stay there till I come to see you."

Very sullenly I went up into the garret. I had

spent a good many solitary days in that garret, and I hated the place with all my heart. It was a small garret, with one window to the west, but the barn, and kitchen chimney and roof, were nearly all that I could see from this window. Only part of the floor was boarded over, the rest was left unfinished, with the plaster sticking up in rough ridges between the laths. There was nothing in the garret excepting some old boxes and trunks, piles of old newspapers and a few bundles of herbs hung up to dry. The chimney-stack stood out by itself in the unfinished part, and I used to spend many an hour fancying how, if Indians came, I could possibly hide behind that chimney-stack. There was an old cricket, covered with red carpet, with little brass rings at each end and little brass claws for feet, which stood by the window, and I always sat on it when I was shut up in the garret. But this morning I was so angry that I kicked the cricket over and over, and then sat on the floor. For a little while I cried hard. Then, the more I thought about it, the more I felt that I had been unjustly treated. "If they wanted me to say I was sorry," I said to myself, "they might have asked me. They might have known I would n't dare to say anything about it, if they did n't. They're real mean to let me go all this while, and then punish me after all." You see, I was still so thoroughly naughty a girl that I did not realize what I had done.

At noon Sarah Ann (she was a negro girl, my little sister's nurse) brought up my dinner to me, on a tray. A very nice dinner—just the same that the family were eating down-stairs; but it did not taste good to me, all alone in my prison.

"Sarah," said I, eagerly, "do you know how long I'm going to be kept up here?"

Sarah shook her head.

"Have n't you heard them say anything about it?" I persisted.

"I'm not to speak a word to you," replied Sarah, severely. "So it's no use your asking me any more questions," and she left the garret.

"I don't care!" I said to myself. "They're just as cruel to me as they can be. I dare say they'll keep me shut up, like Caspar Hauser, till I can't speak. I won't eat any dinner! I'll starve myself, and then they'll be sorry. I wonder if they'll put on my grave-stone: 'Starved to death by her parents.' Oh, no, they could n't do that, if it was only because I would n't eat that I died. Anyhow, I mean to do something to pay them off for this," and I looked round and round the garret, to see what I could do. There seemed to be no chance for any mischief there. Then I looked out of the window, on the kitchen roof, and thought of lowering myself down on that, and

pushing over the kitchen chimney, but I was afraid I should slip on the steep roof and fall to the ground. Besides, I had some doubts whether I could push the chimney over. Suddenly a thought struck me: such a wicked and mischievous one. I cannot imagine, to this day, how it ever came into a child's head. You remember I told you that the greater part of the garret floor was left unfinished, with the rough plaster sticking up in ridges between the laths. You could only go about in this part of the garret by stepping carefully from beam to beam. My mother had told me that if we stepped where the plaster and laths were, we might break through into the chamber.

"I know what I'll do; I'll poke holes into all the chamber ceilings," I said to myself. I looked about for a weapon; away out under the eaves I found a big nail, and also a small, sharp-pointed stick. With these two I went to work, as nearly as I could make out, where the spare chamber was. When I got the first hole made, I lay down very cautiously, stretching my body across from beam to beam, and looked through into the room below. Yes, I had hit the very spot. I could look down on the spare-chamber bed. Then I worked like a beaver. It was very hard work, too, to balance myself on the narrow timbers, which were pretty far apart, and to grind away with my nail and stick in the plaster. But I persevered. I think I must have worked three or four hours. I made the holes in straight lines, following the lines of the timber back and forth across the room, till the ceiling was full of holes. The carpet below was covered with little piles of white plaster—a little pile under each hole.

Then I made one very big hole, and lay down with my eye at that, to watch for my father. I knew he would come through that room, when he came to the garret to speak to me. I was very tired, and nearly fell asleep before he came. At last he opened the door. The first thing he saw was a little pile of white dust at his feet; he brushed that away, and was passing on, when suddenly he caught sight of more piles. He was very near-sighted, and wore glasses. I saw him straighten the glasses on his nose, and look curiously on the floor; then he stooped down and touched one of the little piles with his finger; he was thoroughly perplexed; suddenly it flashed on his mind what it must be; he glanced swiftly up at the ceiling, and saw it full of holes as a colander.

"That child!" I heard him exclaim, and he took great strides across the room in the direction of the hall leading to the garret stairs. I scrambled back to the window, and was sitting very still on my cricket when he opened the garret door.

It is not necessary to tell what happened then;

only I will say that, though to-day I disapprove quite as much of the practice of whipping children as I did when I was a child, I must confess that I think if ever a child deserved a whipping I deserved the one I got then.

I spent one week in that garret. My breakfasts and dinners and suppers were brought up to me,

a piece of cloth for pillow-cases, and I was to hem towels and make pillow-cases, and she would keep an exact account of it all, at the same prices she would have had to pay to a seamstress, till I had earned seven dollars. Now, if any of you think that it is an easy thing to earn seven dollars hemming towels and making pillow-cases, just try it. Oh,



THE PRISONER.

always the very same food I should have had downstairs. At night I was taken down and put to bed, and in the morning I was dressed and led back to my jail. I was allowed to have some books, and I had another occupation about which I will tell you, because I think it was the best part of my punishment. On the second day, my mother came up into the garret and had a long, kind talk with me. She told me that, on the day I ran away, two of the gentlemen who were kindly driving about in search of us had had a skittish horse; and this horse, taking fright, had upset the buggy and broken it, so it would cost seven dollars to have it mended. My mother said that, as I disliked to sew more than almost anything else in the world, if I had to do sewing enough to earn seven dollars, it would make me remember my naughty runaway longer than any other punishment she could invent. I thought so, too, and I do assure you that, when my mother said this, my heart sank within me. So, she said, she had bought a piece of toweling, and

how I did sew! Long afternoons, when I ached all over from sitting still, and when all the other children were out at play, or going for May flowers, I sat at home and stitched and stitched on those towels and pillow-cases. I thought I never should get the work done. The account was in a little yellow-covered blank-book, which was kept in the big basket with the work; and every night my mother used to put down what I had earned in the day, and add it up for me. She did not hurry me to do any more than I chose, each day; but she said to me:

“Now, if I were in your place, I would not have this job dragging around all summer. I’d just hurry through it, and have it off my mind.”

And I felt so, too. I could not take the least comfort in playing when I remembered that big basket piled up with pillow-cases and towels; and I hardly stirred out of the house, except to school, till they were all done. I overheard my mother say to a neighbor, one day:

"I'm really afraid Helen will make herself ill over that sewing. She drives so at it, my heart aches for the child."

It did not make me ill, however. It was one of the very best things that ever happened to me; but it took me weeks and weeks and weeks to get to the end of it.

Now, perhaps you think this was the last of my punishments. Not at all. The worst one, and the one which lasted longest, I have not yet told you anything about. It was a punishment with which my father and mother had nothing to do, and which nobody thought of as being a punishment at all. It was what we call a "natural punishment,"—the sort of punishment which will surely, sooner or later, overtake everybody, young or old, who does wrong. It was the reputation of that piece of naughtiness. It followed me year after year, day by day, and I never knew when or where or how it would fall upon me. Sometimes people would come to our house to see my father or mother, and I would be sitting quietly in the room, minding my own business, and, all of a sudden, somebody would turn to me, and say:

"Got rested from that long walk of yours, Miss Helen?" or, "What quarter of the globe do you propose to visit next?" or, "Well, Miss Runaway, do they let you go out by yourself yet?" and hundreds of other questions and speeches of the same sort, which they did not once think would hurt my feelings, but which did mortify me terribly.

Very often my father and mother used to take drives to the neighboring towns, and carry my sister Ann and me with them, and almost always they used to stop at the house of some friend to make a call; and I do believe it happened, in nine cases out of ten,—at any rate, for a year or two,—that some one would say, looking from Ann to me:

"Well, which of these little people was it that took that famous walk to Hadley?"

Then my father would look very grave, and put-

ting his hand on my shoulder, would say, in a sad voice:

"This is the little daughter that gave us that terrible fright," and then I used to wish the floor would open and swallow me up. The worst trial of all, however, was once at a Commencement dinner. Those of you who know anything about college towns know what "commencement dinner" means. It is the greatest occasion of the year, and it is very seldom that the children in any house are allowed to come to the table to the commencement dinner. Everybody has as many friends and strangers as he can possibly seat on that day, and children have to wait. But it so happened that, on this day, somebody who had promised to come to our house staid away, so there was a vacant seat at the table, and my mother said that, as a very great treat, I might come. I was almost wild with excitement; such a big table; such a fine dinner, and so many gentlemen to tell stories and laugh. I had often listened in the hall, and heard the fun at commencement dinners, but I never expected to sit at one myself, till I was a grown woman like my mother. Would you believe it, that the dinner had hardly begun, when one of the gentlemen, a red-haired minister (I remember him distinctly, but I won't tell his name, because he may be alive yet), leaned forward, and, looking at me, said, in oh, such a loud voice:

"Is this the little pedestrian?"

I burst out crying, and ran away from the table, and that was the only commencement dinner at which I ever sat down. I began to think I should never hear the end of that trip, as long as I lived, and I am not at all sure I ever shall, for, even to this day, I now and then meet somebody who was a student in Amherst College at that time, and before he is through talking with me, he is sure to say, "I wonder if you recollect anything about the time you ran away and walked all the way to Hadley?"

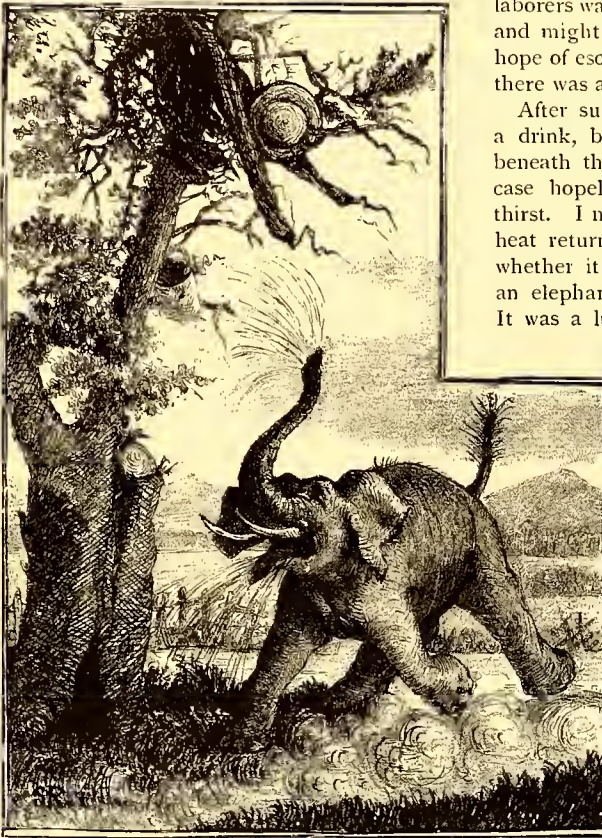


THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. NO. VIII.

A GREEN MAN AND A "GREEN BEAST."

ONE season I got tired of African vegetables, and concluded to grow some corn and asparagus in a field about half a mile from my house. I had inclosed the land with a strong fence, and was on my way to paint the fence green, with a view to preserving the wood and keeping off certain insects. I had nothing in my hand but the paint-pot, never dreaming that I should meet any dangerous brute so close to the company's station.

Just as I got inside the inclosure, I heard the



trumpeting of an elephant, and saw a huge animal charging at me, trunk in air. It is very uncommon for an elephant to attack a man, unprovoked; but this one was a "rogue," which, being driven out from the herd, becomes the most vicious and dangerous of its kind.

This I found out afterward, for, at the time, I bent all my thoughts and all my energies upon reaching the nearest large tree, knowing that I should not be safe in a small one. My tree of refuge was a baobab, small of its kind, not being over fifteen feet in circuit. It was easy to climb, and so, hardly knowing what I was doing, I took my paint-pot up with me.

On came the elephant, right through the fence, which snapped in pieces before him, only seeming to increase his rage.

I knew I was in for a long siege, unless some one should come that way; for one of my negro laborers was laid up, and the other was out fishing, and might be out all night. Nor was there any hope of escaping when the brute went to water, for there was a brook in sight of the tree.

After sunset, the elephant did withdraw to take a drink, but came straight back, and lay down beneath the tree. About that time, I thought my case hopeless, for I was already suffering from thirst. I might last till the morning, but when the heat returned I must faint and fall. I wondered whether it would be pleasanter to be trampled by an elephant, or to poison myself with green paint. It was a lucky thing that I thought of that paint, for it put an idea into my head. Acting upon this idea, I began to tease the brute and disturb his repose, by throwing broken twigs and shouting at him. I wanted to make him particularly mad with *me*, so that he would let anybody else pass him unmolested.

Then I took off all my outer clothes, and having made them fast where I had been sitting, I painted myself green from head to foot! Of course he could not see what I was doing in the dark.

At the first signs of dawn, I descended to a lower bough, taking my snuff-box with me. This I opened and threw at his head, thinking it advisable to impair his sense of smell, if possible. He started to his feet and looked about him. It

was lighter now, for it lightens quickly in Africa; but he could not see me, as I was the same color as the leaves of the baobab. So he merely fixed his gaze on my clothes, and sneezed.

Just then I slipped down to a still lower branch, and from that to the ground, and walked away—

coolly in one sense of the word,—for I was shivering with fright.

He looked at me for one moment only: it was not a green man nor a green monkey that he was

after. So I left him sneezing and trumpeting furiously—at my garments.

The elephant was wrong in believing the common adage that “the tailor makes the man.”

ZACK'S EXCURSION TRIP.

BY EMMA L. PLYMPTON.



CONSIDERING the hard life Zack had to lead, he bore his fortune pretty bravely. But now and then he could not help calling himself the most unlucky fellow in the country; and if being boy-of-all-work to the meanest man in the neighborhood gives one the right to that title, then he might well lay claim to it. His employer, Simon Baxter, kept the little variety shop of the country village in which he lived; that is to say, Zack kept it, and he kept Zack, and Zack was pretty tired of the arrangement; for as if measuring and selling oil, mackerel, stale confectionery and gaudy calicoes all day was not enough, through the long winter evenings he must needs be kept picking out the decayed apples from the barrels, or smoking hams in the little building devoted to that purpose.

He used to long for the season to be over, when such duties would necessarily be at an end; but when, at last, the warm, lightsome summer evenings came, he found that they brought with them their own occupations. There was the damp, mildewed cellar to be cleared of its winter accumulations, and the store to be made ready for the new grains and roots that were to take the place of those of last year; and many an evening, when the heat was so intense that the shop was deserted even by the loafers that frequented it, Zack sat up there far into the night, settling up the books or taking account of stock, before he was permitted to crawl upstairs to the little room over the shop that served as the joint apartment of himself and master.

It was one morning after one of these midnight vigils that Zack, having snatched a few hours of sleep toward day-break, awoke in a very sorry mood indeed, for the opposite cot on which his employer nightly reposed was vacated. It was not that a sight of the sharp-featured face that usually, at this

hour, appeared above the bed-clothes, was necessary to his happiness, but because there was an understanding between them whereby the earliest riser might serve himself first from the contents of the tin-pail which contained the breakfast—an arrangement devised by the shop-keeper to incite Zack to early hours.

On the present occasion, to his great disgust, he found only a half cracker in that receptacle. In fact, everything went wrong with him; and when, a little later in the day, he was sent to the back part of the building to fetch some kerosene for a customer, he put the little can he had brought with him under the faucet of a great cask, and sat down on a butter-firkin, the better to indulge in a good grumble.

“Dear, dear! What with working and fasting, I’m just worn out,” he began. “I wonder if this sort of life is to last forever?”

“What does thee say, lad?” cried a voice near at hand.

Zack started up, with a nervous exclamation at being thus surprised, and beheld a broad-brimmed hat moving about on the other side of the corn-bags, whereby he knew that Friend Freeman, a Quaker neighbor, was about to sharpen his axe at the grind-stone there.

“Did thee say thee was tired?” persisted the man. “That is a strange ailment for a lad; but what does it matter when one is young? Thee will be rested presently.”

“No, sir,” contradicted Zack; “let old Baxter alone for keeping a fellow always at work. I wish I could run away; indeed I do.”

“Tut, tut; thee is wrong,” returned the Quaker. “Don’t thee know——”

Here the good man’s intended reproof was interrupted by a loud voice from the shop:

“Zack, Zack! Is n’t that little can filled yet?”

“Coming!” shouted Zack, glad by this summons to escape the chiding which he well knew he deserved for his foolish wish.

When the Quaker saw him next, an hour later, Zack stood demurely behind the counter. What a

place it was on a hot day, with the nauseous flavors that could not but be very disagreeable, even to chance visitors! Of these there were not a few; a knot of farmers stood discussing politics at the door; the minister had just stepped in to get the morning paper; and there was also a person upon whom the shop-keeper was waiting with obsequious deference, whom the Quaker quickly recognized as Squire White, the magnate of the village.

"County fair at Portland to-day," read the minister. "Reduced rates; excursion tickets only one dollar."

"Every one ought to go." remarked the Squire.

"Just so," chimed in old Baxter, the shop-keeper. "Tickets are dirt cheap."

"I am glad to hear thee say so," observed the Quaker, in his gentle tones, "for I have a proposition to make to thee, Simon Baxter. Why not send Zack to Portland for a breath of salt air? It would not cost thee much, for he can stay to-night with my brother, who is living there. The lad has served thee well, and well merits a change."

The Squire's glance met the Quaker's, and he took up the subject.

"Well thought of, Friend Freeman," he cried. "Do you hear, Zack? The train starts in half an hour, and you can get there in time for a good half day at the fair, so hurry up, my lad, and be off, for surely, Baxter, you can't refuse the boy so rare a chance."

The shop-keeper thought he could do so very well, but it did not seem prudent to offend his best customers, so he gave a grudging consent.

"Thee must not send the lad away without some money, Simon," continued the Quaker, mildly.

Old Baxter glanced around and met the concentrated stare of a dozen pairs of eyes. What he thought we cannot tell; but he put his hand into his pocket, and, slowly dragging out a leathern purse, laid the fare and two silver quarter-dollars more in Zack's palm.

Poor Zack looked about in a daze. The minister met his glance with a nod of encouragement; the Squire was smiling in his most genial manner; everybody smiled but the Quaker, who bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and wrote a note to his brother in Portland, which he handed to the delighted Zack.

It was not long before Zack, comfortably seated in the train, dashed gayly on toward the show, the music and the crowd awaiting him in Portland. It was a perfect day for merry-making. Zack was quite sure he could hear the brooks rush and the bobolinks warble above the roar of the engine. There were only two things that disturbed the youth, and those were the two silver quarter-dollars

which lay heavily in his pocket. At every station where the train stopped long enough for a boy to skip into a refreshment room, he would take them out and twist them nervously in his hand, and then resolutely slip them back into his pocket. For each temptation was finally conquered, because he knew that one of the quarters would be needed for the fair, and that the other quarter would be none too much to meet the requirements of the afternoon and next morning in Portland.

But the time came when, in spite of these sound arguments, he was constrained by his long fast to leave his seat, being tantalized by a more than usually tempting array of viands displayed upon the counters of a certain restaurant visible from the car window. There was a wait of ten minutes at this station, and Zack resolved to have something to eat. Enthroned upon a high stool near at hand, he hastened to assuage the aching void within him, and he had just begun to think that he had done this very effectually, when sundry movements of the passengers warned him to be off.

"How much do I owe you, sir?" he asked of the man behind the counter.

The big Dutchman measured him coolly with his eye.

"Feefty cents, if you pleaz," he answered.

"Fifty cents!" exclaimed Zack, in a burst of indignation. "That is too much, by half."

"Zat is what it comes to," said the man, holding out his hand.

There was no time to argue the matter—the train was beginning to move. So Zack threw down the two quarters and ran to his car.

He reached Portland just about noon, and the absurdity of his position in not being able to attend the fair, after traveling so many miles to accomplish that end, now forced itself upon his mind, making him reluctant, indeed, to open the little wicket-gate leading to the house to which he had been directed by his good friend the Quaker. He hesitated still longer at the front door, with its oaken panels and general air of neatness—a door-way much too fine, he thought, for daily use; and as he turned the angle of the building in search of the side entrance, he found himself suddenly before it.

The color flushed up into Zack's face like a girl's, for, the door being open, he had come upon a domestic scene that woke up, in a breath, all the old longings for home and pleasant things which the youth supposed were slumbering soundly beneath the realities of his present life. How like the result of a nightmare seemed the dingy shop, as he contrasted it with the sweet, trim kitchen before him! It was quite worth the trouble of the journey, Zack thought, just to look into the quiet,

motherly face of the woman in Quaker garb, who was putting the dinner upon the table. She was assisted by a young girl, to whom her father was speaking.

"Put on the pumpkin pie, Dorothea!" he cried. "Those thee sent to the fair were well spoken of. I have no doubt thee will get the prizé. Ah! thee

it was only with difficulty he could finish the large plate of meat and vegetables before him. This seemed to annoy his host, who, to his assertion that he had but recently lunched, replied:

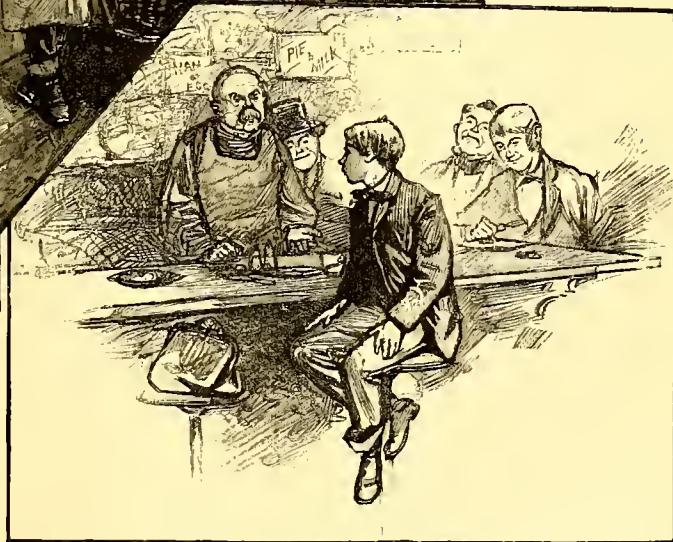
"That is but a poor excuse for a growing lad. I fear thee cannot put up with our simple fare. It speaks ill for the pie, Dorothea.

Our little maid will have sore doubts there be so much as a crumb of it left on thy plate. See, she has a look of concern already."

Zack glanced furtively across the table at the sweet little face opposite, and he inwardly determined to eat the pie, if such a thing were possible; but, fortunately, he was



BAXTER CONCLUDES TO BE GENEROUS.



"FEEFTY CENTS, IF YOU PLEASE."

had a good teacher. Few in all the county can cook like thy mother, child. But whom have we here,—a stranger? Walk in, walk in, my lad!"

Zack, thus addressed, advanced bashfully into the room, and having presented the Quaker's letter which he brought with him, was soon installed at the table, well laid with dishes, the contents of which abundantly testified to the correctness of the Quaker's remark concerning the excellent cookery of his wife.

But poor Zack could only deplore his bad luck in not being able to feel a corresponding hunger. Indeed, he had so thoroughly satisfied his appetite, a half-hour before, in the refreshment saloon, that

not compelled to undertake this difficult feat. Chance came to his relief in the guise of a pair of prize oxen for the fair, the sight of which, as they walked proudly down the street, caused a great flutter in the family and a general stampede to the piazza. Left to himself for a few moments, Zack slipped the pie from his plate into his big silk handkerchief,—a Christmas present from one

of Baxter's customers,—and, after folding it carefully therein, he buried it in the depths of his coat-pocket. There it lay, a weight on his conscience, and an added damper to his spirits.

He was rewarded for this act of deception by an approving nod, on the Quaker's return.

"Well, well, since thee has eaten the pie, we will let thee off from further duty—especially as it is time we were already at the fair. Come, get thy hat, lad: we want to be on the grounds as soon as we can."

Zack opened and shut his mouth in the vain endeavor to explain that he had no money to indulge in such pleasures; but his feeble excuses were lost in the gay mirth of the little party, who were bustling with the excitement of the start.

Thus Zack found himself on the way to the fair, with the embarrassing confession yet unmade. As he walked by the side of the little Quaker down the public street, there was an occasional twinkle in her clear, blue eyes, which assured him that, in spite of her sober garb and sweet and modest way, she had a quick sense of humor, and would not be slow to see the absurdity of the position which he was at that very moment striving to put into words. In truth, he had been so engrossed in these speculations as to be quite unmindful of the clouds which were hurrying across the sky, and rolling up in great black masses over his head, until he felt a rain-drop on his hand, and, looking up, perceived Dorothea striving to stretch over her Quaker bonnet the small square of muslin that did duty for a pocket handkerchief.

Zack, though a bashful youth, was not devoid of politeness; he whipped his own ample bandana out of his pocket in a twinkling, and was in the act of presenting it to Dorothea, when the unlucky piece of pie dropped out and fell pat upon the pavement.

Dorothea started back, with an exclamation that brought her parents to the spot directly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the worthy Quaker, for his glance followed the frantic gaze of poor Zack, and the truth flashed upon him.

"So it is to these straits our guests are driven. Well, well, what next, Dorothea?"

Zack did not listen to the remark that was faltering on her tongue; he only knew that the droll twinkle had re-appeared between the stiff sides of the gray Quaker bonnet. It gave him courage, and he laughed, too. There was real humor in his tones, and a touch of something sadder, as, walking slowly forward with the rest, he narrated the circumstances of the day which had led to the act that must seem to them like an unwarranted insult to their hospitality. The tale was barely ended, when they reached the gate of the fair grounds.

"Well, well," said the Quaker; "think no more of so small a matter as the pie; the fault was mine, for it was wrong to press thee so. But let us forget all unpleasantnesses in the fair."

"I—I have no money, as I told you," cried Zack, shrinking back.

The Quaker took from his vest pocket the family ticket, and showed it to the boy. Zack looked at it doubtfully.

"I am not one of your family," he faltered.

"But thee may be if thee will," was the prompt



DOROTHEA.

return. "Thee shall not go back to so hard a task-master as Simon Baxter, unless thee have a fear that I may be no better. I have need of an apprentice, and would gladly take thee into my family. It was not for nothing that my brother sent thee hither. He speaks well of thee, and he tells me in his note that he will make matters right with thy old master. Come, let us hasten. Dorothea is on the other side of the gate, already."

Zack looked through the opening, where the young girl stood merrily beckoning him onward. The band within burst into music. All the world had suddenly brightened and grown friendly. As the youth heard the gate clang behind him, the

harsh sound was more grateful to his ears than the flourish of trumpets, for it seemed to shut out all the old cares and sorrows of his hard life, and to usher him suddenly into new paths, as glad and merry as those usually pursued in boyhood.

Nor did Zack's new hopes fade unfulfilled. He entered the family of the Quaker, and the only traces left of his hardships were the self-reliance and habits of industry which they had bred, and which were well rewarded in his new home.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

MELLOW lies the sunshine on the orchard slopes and meadows,
 On nooks of purple asters and the tints of leafy hills;
 The soft, warm haze is tender with a palpitating splendor,
 And a fresh, delicious odor all the dozing valley fills.

Colors like a prairie in the glory of its blossoms
 Gleam amid the grasses where the luscious fruitage lies,
 And in their cozy places on the boughs, with tempting faces,
 Peep and nestle myriad apples, like birds of many dyes.

Golden, green and russet, and warm with scarlet blushes,
 Basking in the silent noon upon their perches 'mong the leaves,—
 How they glow like royal roses, where the loving sun reposes,
 How they fall from their own fatness on the crisp autumnal eves.

O apples, fragrant apples, piled high beside the presses,
 And heaped in wain and basket 'neath the broad-branched, mossy trees,
 Can we fairly call him sober,—the splendid, rich October,—
 Pouring out his sweets and beauty in such lavish gifts as these?

Children frolicking and feasting on the ripeness to the core,—
 Monarchs of the orchard kingdom, with every tree a throne,—
 What are spring days for your praises, or wood-paths, or the daisies,
 To these provinces of sweetness which, by right of love, ye own?

Sadly may the aged ponder life's decays and changes,
 But youth sees no dark omen as the mellow apples fall.
 O children, keep your gladness; may you have no more of sadness
 Than while, romping in the orchards, you are kings and queens of all!



SOME MAN-EATERS.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.



THE LION.

How the title "man-eaters" is to be understood depends a great deal upon what part of the world you happen to be in. To us North Americans, and to our English cousins, it has a very foreign sound, since there is no animal in our forests, nor hardly any along our coasts, to which the term is commonly applied or would properly belong. If you should say "man-eater" in South America, the native would at once think of the cayman and the jaguar, and similarly, in India, the crocodile would be suggested along the Ganges, and the royal tiger in Bengal. In Africa, it is the lion which would at once be brought to mind. To a West Indian, or to the pearl-fishers of any coast, the shark is the dreaded foe, while the Vancouver Indian looks upon the ugly cuttle-fish as the man-eater of his region, and the Eskimo fears the polar bear.

While all wild carnivorous beasts capable of coping with men may become man-eaters,—since human flesh is no doubt quite as palatable as the

flesh of any of the other animals upon which they are accustomed to feed,—yet, properly speaking, only those are called "man-eaters" that, having once tasted human blood, are supposed always afterward to be hankering for it, and never to be quite satisfied with any less noble diet. They are thought to be forever on the watch for men, lying in ambush and seeking every means of destroying them, and never feeding on anything else, excepting to satisfy extreme hunger. Such beasts, being especially dreaded, are credited with extraordinary size, strength and ferocity.

In Africa, every district has a lion of this kind, which is feared by the whole region as much as all the rest of the lions there put together, and the case is equally true of central India. The lion truly deserves the royal name he bears. Although by no means of great size, the strength of his massive shoulders and fore legs, and of the thick muscles of his great neck and firm, square jaws,

is so enormous that he can drag down the heaviest buffalo and overthrow the powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees, and whose skin is nearly an inch thick. There is no animal, even the elephant, which the lion hesitates to attack; yet, notwithstanding the power of the machinery which has been given him for this purpose, it has been packed in such small compass in his lithe body that he can overtake and prey upon quadrupeds as fleet as zebras and antelopes.

Although he has great speed, the lion does not depend so much upon chase in the open field as upon strategy, in securing his prey. He follows about from pasture to pasture, and from spring to spring, the herds of deer and buffaloes as they change their feeding-places at different seasons. Remaining asleep, and concealed in the recesses of the forest or among secluded rocks, during the day, he sallies out at night in company with one or two friends, or perhaps with his mate and two half-grown cubs, or often alone, and repairs to the nearest water-hole. In Africa, water is very scarce. The springs are few and far between, and the animals of the whole region must resort to a particular fountain, some time during the night, to quench the thirst which there alone can be allayed. The lion knows this, and goes to the vicinity of this spring, choosing the early part of the evening, if the moon is to rise early, or waiting until morning, after the moon has set, if it be on the wane, so as not to show himself. When some convenient prey approaches, he leaps upon it, bears it down with his weight, breaking its neck by the stroke of his heavy paw or the crushing strength of his jaws, and drags the body away into the jungle, to be feasted upon at leisure.

At such times, if you should happen to pass near him, you would hear a low, deep moaning as he eats, repeated five or six times, and ending in faintly audible sighs. At other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, uttered in quick succession. Often, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, making music inconceivably grand to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer chances to be all alone in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, and within twenty yards of the fountain which the troop of lions is approaching.

In central Africa, many of the native tribes do not bury the bodies of their dead, but simply carry them forth and leave them lying anywhere on the plain. Lions are always prowling about, and, finding many of these corpses, do not hesitate to dine off them, for it is not true that the king of beasts will not eat what he himself has not killed. Afterward, that lion, particularly if he is an old and cunning fellow, becomes a very dangerous neighbor.

I do not believe that the lion has from the first a preference for the flesh of men over fresh venison or beef, but that it is an agreeable discovery to him that men are animals, and good to eat; and, furthermore, that he soon recognizes unarmed men as less able to resist or escape from him than are the four-footed beasts. He, therefore, keeps an eye out for human prey, since it costs him less trouble.

In the tropical wastes of India, the forest, or jungle, is grown up very densely with cane, stout, tangled grass, creepers, vines, and so on, until the only way to get through it is by following paths kept open by constant traveling. In traversing these dark and narrow passages, the traveler is peculiarly exposed to attack from the lions and tigers which make the jungle their home, and the native Hindoos are often stricken down. Then ensues a grand hunt from the nearest village, assisted by some English officer, who, with his cool courage and precise shooting, usually does more to kill the beast (if he is killed) than all the rest of the villagers combined.

Generally, the animal will try to get away and hide, when he hears the hunters approaching. But if he is a hardened old man-eater, it does not take long to bring him to bay, since he has grown courageous, or reckless, or both. Then those who are on foot look out for their safety as best they can, usually by climbing the nearest tree, and those who are on horseback dismount and get upon the back of an elephant, where, in a sort of basket strapped upon the great animal, two or three will stand together, ready to shoot the moment they get a chance, while the elephant slowly crushes his way toward that spot in the thick jungle where the tiger is heard growling. The books about life in India, and the letters which sportsmen write home to the English newspapers, are full of accounts of such hunts; but none that I know of is more thrilling, or better shows the terrific danger sometimes encountered in such contests of men-eating lions and tigers with lion-killing men, than an incident related by Charles Waterton, in his charming "Essays on Natural History."

Three English officers and a lot of natives were hunting for two lions, which had made a raid upon a village the night before, and in the course of the day one of the pair was killed, but the other escaped to the jungle. When at last his hiding-place was discovered, the three officers got upon an elephant and proceeded toward the heart of the jungle, to rouse the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly toward them. He allowed them to approach within range of his spring, when he made a sudden leap, and clung upon the elephant's trunk. The men fired, but without avail, and the

elephant managed to shake his troublesome visitor off, but was so frightened that he became uncontrollable, and when the lion made another spring at him, rushed in headlong fear out into the clearing. The officers, therefore, had to give up all idea of forcing the elephant to face the lion again, but one of them, Captain Woodhouse, took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of the game; and finally seeing him, fired through the bushes, the only effect of which was to make the lion retire still deeper into the brake.

Resolved not to let the game escape, his companions, the two lieutenants, now took the elephant, intending to proceed around the jungle, so as to discover the route the lion had taken on the other side. But Captain Woodhouse reloaded his rifle, and alone followed the tracks through the thicket. Finally, Lieutenant Delamain joined him.

Proceeding cautiously, after a few steps the lieutenant saw the lion, and instantly fired, which enraged the beast so that he rushed toward him at full speed. Captain Woodhouse saw the movement, and knew that if he tried to get into a better position for firing, he would put himself directly in the way of the charge, so decided to stand still, trusting that the lion would pass close by him, unaware, when he could perhaps shoot to advantage. But he was deceived. The furious animal saw him, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm at the same moment being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his antagonist. At this desperate juncture, Lieutenant Delamain ran up and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused both beast and man to fall to the ground together, while the lieutenant hastened out of the thicket to reload his gun. The lion now began to crunch the captain's arm; but as the brave man, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool, determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a crouching posture, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward position, the captain unthinkingly raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in his fall. Instantly the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time, and crunched it as before; breaking the bone higher up. This hint was not lost on Captain Woodhouse, who saw at once the imprudence of stirring, and to the motionless attitude which this lesson taught him to keep thereafter he undoubtedly owed his life.

But while death was close upon him, as he lay bleeding and broken in the power of the most

mighty enemy which a man can meet in the forest, and was closing his eyes to a world on the point of vanishing forever, he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching. But the lieutenants were in the wrong direction. Aware that, if his friends fired, the balls would hit him after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly spoke, in a low voice, "To the other side! To the other side!" Hearing the voice, they for the first time saw the horrible position of their commander, and having cautiously but quickly made the circuit, Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness had been conspicuous in many an encounter with wild beasts, fired from a short distance at the lion, over the person of the prostrate warrior. The beast started up a little, quivered, the massive head sank down, and in an instant he lay dead, close beside his intended victim.

The lesson to be learned from this true story of nerve and heroism is that, when a person is in the power of a lion, tiger, leopard or panther, or any other of the great cats, he must feign death and lie absolutely still, if he hopes for life. Let him make a motion, and his foe will pounce upon him as the house-cat does on an escaping mouse; but so long as he keeps still, he has a chance. Yet not every one has the nerve to do so. With dogs, wolves and bears, on the other hand, the only way, when attacked, is to resist sturdily to the last limit of your strength, since, once having a victim in their power, they never cease worrying it until it is utterly dead. Sometimes, nevertheless, resolution and nerve are no protection, since there is no opportunity to exercise them. This was the case in a dreadful tragedy which happened in the lonely camp of that great Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, during one of his hunting expeditions to the far interior of Africa. Lions had been roaring about all day, but at last their voices ceased, and apparently they all went off. After their supper, three of the men went off to a little fire they had built, near some bushes, at some distance from the main camp-fire, and lay down—two of them under the same blanket.

"Suddenly," says Mr. Cumming, "the appalling voice of an angry lion burst upon our ear, within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the deafening roar was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, 'The lion! the lion!'"

"Still, for a few minutes, we thought the lion was no doubt only chasing one of the dogs around the kraal: but, all at once, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out: 'The lion! the lion! the lion! He

has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Oh! Hendric is dead! Let us take fire and seek him!" The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be let loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not

The next day, toward evening, knowing the lion would return for a second victim that night, Mr. Cumming decided to seek him out and kill him. So, setting his dogs to work, and following the track along which the mangled body of poor Hendric had been dragged, the hunter soon came up with the savage beast, among some thorn-brush. But let him tell it:

"As I approached, he stood, his horrid head right to me, with open jaws, growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side. On beholding him, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him, and shouted, '*Your* time is up, old fellow!' I halted my horse, and, placing my rifle to my shoulder, waited for a broadside. This the



THE TIGER.

help him; and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire, and closed the entrance as well as we could.

"It appeared that, when the unfortunate Hendric rose to drive in the oxen, the lion had watched him to his fireside; and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket), with his appalling, thunderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backward around the bush into the dense shade."

next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder, and dropped him on the spot. . . . I ordered John to cut off his head and fore paws and bring them to the wagons, and, mounting my horse, galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me their father."

Perhaps the next most important class of animal-enemies of men is that of the sharks. Of sharks, there is a large number of species. They are of various sizes and inhabit all seas, from Arctic and Antarctic to tropical latitudes. They are most abundant, of greatest size and of most importance, in

the tropics, however; and it is among the coral rings of the Pacific Islands, and along the shining sands of the Gold Coast, that the shark is the most dreaded.

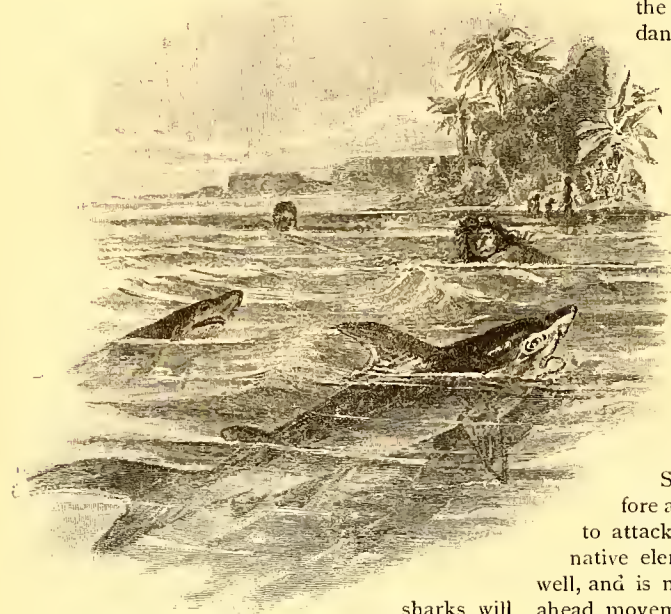
In the South Sea Islands, everybody swims from infancy, like so many water-dogs. It is asserted that a Mexican is taught to ride before he learns to walk. It is just as near truth—and, indeed, very little removed—to say that a native of the Sandwich or Society Islands can swim before he can creep. Babies a few months old are tossed into the surf, and, before they have cut their teeth, they become as lively and safe in the water as ducks. We have accounts of these people swimming incredible distances. Ten or a dozen miles seem to offer no difficulty whatever to them; and when ships approach the shores of the less civilized islands, they are surrounded by men and women and children, who sport about the bows like dolphins, long before the sailors have thought of taking in sail or preparing to anchor.

But along a tropical coast, where hundreds of people are constantly at play in the surf, and often are far out from shore, it is to be expected that

sight always produces great consternation, and a rush for the shore takes place, though sometimes the crowd will unite, and, by shouting and splashing, frighten the great fish away. Yet, not infrequently he comes upon them unawares, and, dashing into their midst like a streak of white light, is scarcely observed before the death-scream of some wretched bather is drowned, almost before uttered, as he is dragged down, and the next wave rolls in red with blood, or casts high upon the gleaming beach some torn fragments of what was once their friend. Looking seaward, they see the shark cruising back and forth, eager for another victim, and perhaps they go out to attack him, in revenge. But the surf-riding is over for that day, for the shark will stay there many hours, in hope of more prey.

Perhaps the metropolis of shark life is off the western coast of Africa. They found there always plenty of food, furnished by the slave-ships which used to haunt those waters. There are few good harbors along the whole of that extensive sea-coast. The ships, therefore, were obliged to anchor some distance away, and send back and forth to the shore by the small boats. It was thus that the slaves were taken on board. But the passage through the surf was always dangerous, and often the yawls were cap-sized. On such occasions, few of the blacks were ever seen again. The sudden activity of the swarms of ever-present sharks, and the blood-stained water, told sufficiently well their fate. Troops of these same sharks would follow a slave-ship clear across the Atlantic, sure of their daily meal of dead and dying captives, which were thrown overboard from those floating dens of the most awful human misery the world has ever seen—misery that we cannot even think of without a sick and shuddering sense of horror.

Some of the Polynesian fishermen before alluded to, nevertheless, do not hesitate to attack and conquer the largest shark in his native element. The fish does not see very well, and is not very quick in any but a straight-ahead movement. The swimmer, armed with a long knife, watches the shark's onslaught coolly, and just as the great fish opens his horrid mouth to seize the brave man in his jaws, the fisherman dives out of reach, and plunges his knife deep into the shark's belly, as the disappointed monster passes over his head. This feat is attempted only by the coolest and ablest divers, you may be sure,



TOO NEAR THE SHARKS!

sharks will often get a good meal. Fortunately, all sharks, or nearly all, are surface-swimmers. They do not lurk at the bottom or float in the depths, like the true bony fishes; usually, therefore, their great triangular back-fins appear above the water and give the bathers warning. The

but it is done; and it is one of the most splendid examples I know of the success of human pluck against animal force greatly its superior. Should the swimmer fail in his plan by an instant of time, his life must pay the penalty. The pearl-divers in the Gulf of California are said to employ an equally audacious method of fighting the sharks which torment them when at work on the deep-sea beds of the pearl-oyster. They carry with them a stick of hard wood about a foot long, sharp-pointed at both ends. Finding that a shark is meditating an attack, they grasp this stick in the middle, and calmly await him. When he opens wide his mouth, they dexterously shove in the sharp stick, crosswise, and then get out of his way as fast as possible, while the too-eager shark shuts his jaws only to find that he has mortally wounded himself by punching holes in the roof and floor of his mouth. I cannot vouch for this story; the reader must take it for what it is worth.

Not long ago I read, in the *New York Herald*, a diver's narrative of how he escaped from a shark which seemed to have too great curiosity as to his edible qualities. This man was known as "On Deck," and he had an eventful life. A sailor in youth, a diver in manhood, and a "ne'er-do-weel" in old age, he saw more than falls to the lot of most men. In California, in 1851, a ship lost an anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, and "On Deck" was sent for to recover it. While so engaged, he noticed a shark hovering a few feet above him, evidently observing his movements. The fish was at least eighteen feet long, and was known as the "bottle-nose," one of the most voracious of the shark kind. This discovery naturally alarmed the diver. He had found the anchor, made a cable fast to it, and was about ascending, when the appearance of the shark made him pause. He had heard that sharks did not molest men in armor. He doubted this, and did not feel now like risking the experiment. He moved a few paces from the anchor—the shark moved, too. He returned to his former place—the shark followed. He was evidently, to use his own words, "spotted by the bottle-nose for a supper," and, unless signally favored, would fall a victim to its voracity. He hardly knew how to act, when he thought how the cuttle-fish often escapes its enemies by darkening the waters with an inky liquor ejected from its

body. He accordingly stirred up the mud at the bottom till the water was darkened around him, cast off weights, and signaled the man to haul him up. The shark snapped at him as he ascended, and three of his toes

were taken off. A little more and his foot would have gone, a stout boot only saving it. The happy idea of



muddy the water was all that preserved his life.

The shark's mouth is one of the most formidable means of destruction I know of among animals anywhere. It is on the under side of the head, some distance back of the end of the snout, and crescent-shaped. The teeth are in three to seven close, crescentic, parallel rows, the largest and oldest in front, the smaller ones behind—that is, farthest inside the mouth. Some sharks have more than 200 of these teeth. They are three-cornered, exceedingly thin and sharp-pointed, and in some cases have saw-edges. When the mouth is wide open they stand erect, and almost protrude from the lips, but when it is closed they lie down flat, out of the way. When those in the front row wear out or break off, the next row behind is gradually pushed forward to take their places. The shark thus has reserves of teeth which, operated by

ATTACKED BY A WOLF.

the tough and exceedingly muscular mechanism of the jaws, are able to bite through anything, especially since the bite is nearly always accompanied by a rolling or wrenching movement which causes the teeth to act like a saw, and thus cut through the quicker. For some of the larger sharks in the South Seas, it would be only a moderate mouthful to take half a man's body in, and clip him off at the waist. Nevertheless, I believe fewer persons have lost their lives by sharks than we generally suppose, though many narrow escapes are constantly happening.

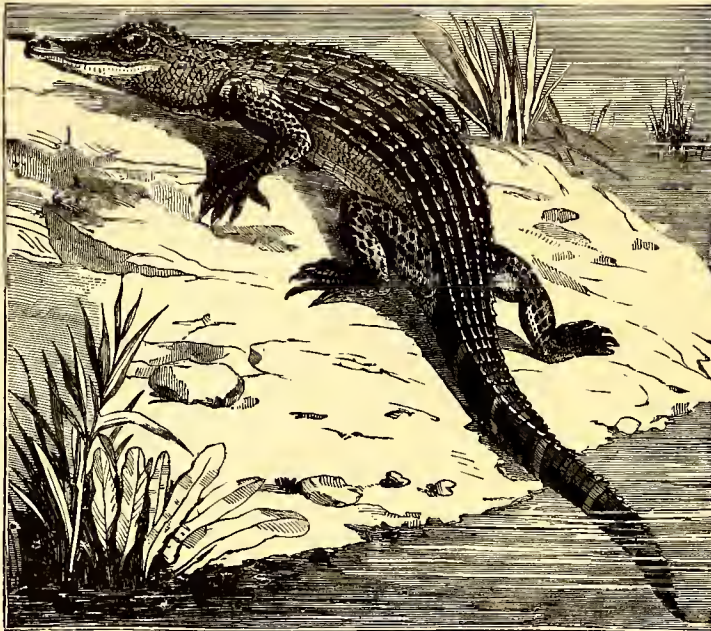
There are some other fishes which would regard it as very good luck to find a human body in their power,—the old piratical threat, of making "food for the fishes" out of their captives, was not altogether an idle one,—but there are few, if any, besides the sword-fish, that could do a man much harm, or would be likely to. A friend at my elbow suggests the whale; but I object. The whale is not a fish!

There is a sea-beast, nevertheless, which makes a formidable antagonist to man, and does not hesitate to attack him, or anything else that comes in its way. This is the cuttle-fish, which is also

far away, winding in and out among the slimy rocks and stems of sea-weed, and others are shortened up close to the body, as the animal lies concealed in a dark and muddy crevice of a broken rock at the bottom of the sea, patiently waiting for its prey. Two enormous round, bulging eyes are ever staring about, and nothing escapes their attention. Let a living thing come within reach of those arms, and its fate is sealed. Quick as thought, the snaky member clutches the prey, and holds on by a host of little suckers and tiny hooks, in the grasp of which the strongest and slipperiest animal is fast. Other arms whip out to the help of the first, paralysis soon overpowers the unfortunate captive, and slowly the arms are contracted until the prey is brought within reach of the sharp, parrot-like jaws, when it is deliberately eaten up.

Some of these cuttle-fishes are of vast size. They are abundant in the Eastern Mediterranean, on the coast of British Columbia, on the Pacific coast of Asia, on the Banks of Newfoundland and elsewhere. They lurk near the shore, hiding very quietly among the rocks, where, as they are mud-color, they are not easily seen.

The Indians of Puget Sound eat these cuttle-



THE CROCODILE.

known as the devil-fish, in allusion to its frightful appearance and evil disposition. It has a shapeless pouch of a body, spotted, rough and wrinkled, from all sides of which branch stout, elastic arms of a leathery character, some of which are stretched

fishes, baking the flesh in the ground. They go in canoes and hunt for them, spearing them with a long handled harpoon when discovered. It is exceedingly dangerous business, and many have lost their lives at it, besides those who now and

then are dragged down when bathing over the spot where a cuttle-fish lies in wait.

This frightful tyrant over all the inhabitants of

the stony glare of the cold, glassy eyes. The crocodiles haunt the shallows of streams, lurking among the rank vegetation which grows along marshy



THE BEAR.

the ocean must be allowed a place among our man-eaters; and a great deal more might be said about his peculiar and interesting, though always deadly, habits, were there room.

Turning from salt to fresh waters, no more feared and hated animals stand in the way of human enjoyment than the crocodiles and alligators, which swarm in all tropical rivers from Borneo to Guatemala. The most famous of these ugly reptiles are the long-snouted, hungry gavial of the Ganges, the crocodile of the Nile, the cayman of the Amazonian region, and the alligator of our own Southern States. Their jaws are of great extent and strength, and filled with strong, sharp teeth, while the broad tail is able to deliver so effective a blow as to stun almost any animal which it strikes, and even splinter a stout boat. Nothing can exceed the ugliness of their rough, knotted hide, so thick that a rifle bullet glances off without harm, or equal

shores, or lying asleep upon banks and half-submerged islands of mud. Sometimes persons, finding one thus, have mistaken it for an old water-soaked log of drift-wood, and stepped upon it. It was fortunate if they discovered their mistake in time to get out of the reach of the powerful tail. When swimming, crocodiles move about with only the tip of the snout, where the nostrils are, out of water; and, if they want to escape notice, they will sink altogether beneath the surface so quietly that not a ripple disturbs the water. Thus they stealthily approach any animal swimming in the stream, or drinking upon the margin, and, making a sudden rush when close by, drag it down before it has time to make an effort to escape. The South American and West Indian species, known as caymans, are the most active and dangerous of all, and a great many negro slaves and Indians lose their lives through them every year. The same thing

happens on the Nile, and, to a less extent, in the bayous of Louisiana and Florida. The people there get somewhat careless, and forget how quietly the alligator approaches, and how terrible is his attack when within reach. In the United States, however, not many of these disagreeable creatures reach a sufficient size to make them able to drag down and devour a full-grown man.

The history of the natives of India is full of dark and bloody rites, which shock all civilized hearts by their blind superstition and cruelty. Human life seems of very small account to those eastern nations, and most of their deities are fearful tyrants, to be dreaded and appeased rather than loved and honored. It has always been a pagan idea that, when any misfortune came upon a family or a nation, it was an expression of anger on the part of a god, and that the only way to get rid of present distress, or avert a threatened disaster, was to sacrifice, on an altar consecrated to the particular deity from which the affliction was supposed to come, something of great value. Sometimes it was the first of a farmer's fruit or crops; sometimes the fattest ox or the whitest dove; sometimes quantities of gold and precious stones, which were given for the support of the temples of this god, or made into images of him; and along the Ganges, the Hindoo mothers bid their tender babes a heart-rending farewell, and set them afloat on the tide of that vast stream for the crocodiles to eat.

The subjection of India to England has put a stop to this terrible custom to a great extent, but it is still occasionally followed. The Hindoo mother is suffering under some real trouble, or the village in which she lives is visited by pestilence or some other calamity, or her priest tells her that a catastrophe will follow unless she sacrifices her child. Perhaps there are many mothers who hope similarly to avert the frown of their god and save their neighbors from calamity,—for I do not believe any woman would put her baby to death merely to save herself from suffering; and so these women make little boats of rushes, dress the laughing and crowing infants as though for a festival, heap the little boat up with flowers, and, with the semblance of joy but with hearts almost dead with grief, commit their darlings to the wide, rolling, merciless river, and watch the pigmy craft as the eddies toss it this way and that, while the current bears it on to where the chubby little hands will be held up in vain, and the delicate voice be hushed forever.

Surely the crocodiles belong in the horrible society of man-eaters.

Returning to four-footed beasts, it is hard to find any, besides the lion and other large cats, that will attack man without any provocation. Some of the bears, when severely pressed by hunger, are very

savage, and may perhaps prey upon man at such times, but instances of their doing so are, I think, very rare. The grizzly bear of our Rocky Mountains is the most ferocious of its race, and one authority says of it: "If it is not certain that he will voluntarily attack a human being, it is certain that, if attacked, he will pursue the assailant to the last, nor quit the conflict while life remains." The bears can hardly be classed among man-eaters, I think; yet they are very dangerous enemies of man, and certainly the grizzly and the polar bear should be numbered with the animals that *kill* man. And if such beasts may be mentioned here, we must not forget the "rogue" elephant, as certain old cross leaders of the herd are called, for he is a very dangerous fellow to be in the same grove with; and the black rhinoceros of South Africa, who, when on his native heath, does not wait to do the polite thing, but introduces himself by a fierce snort and a headlong charge as unexpected as it is impetuous. But, of course, the elephant and rhinoceros could not eat any portion of their victims,—their food is wholly vegetable; at the same time, I do not know of beasts more dangerous to meet.

There are no other animals that I know of which could properly be called man-eaters, excepting wolves, and they are timid about attacking, unless they are in packs and starving. So much has been written about them of late, that I refrain from saying a great deal. You cannot do better than to read Mr. Hamerton's talk on this subject in his "Chapters on Animals." It is very rare that a man's life is lost by the attack of wolves, though, like other beasts, they will fight when put in a corner. On our western plains, there is a tradition which seems to have a considerable foundation of truth concerning a mad wolf, which can properly be told here:

Half a century ago, bands of trappers used to wander through the northern Rocky Mountains, shooting and trapping bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, and other animals, for the sake of their fur. When winter came on, it was their custom to settle in a fixed camp at some convenient spot, and make short excursions, while in summer they roamed about the cañons. One winter night, where several companies happened to be close together, the men were all asleep, when suddenly a cry of "Mad wolf! Mad wolf!" rang through the silent camp, and frightened men leaped up from their blankets only in time to see a dark form vanishing swiftly into the darkness, and hear shrill howls die away in the distance. It was not long before the effects began to be seen. Dogs were seized with hydrophobia and shot, till nearly all were gone. Not one alone, but nearly all the camps had been visited, and, one by one, men in

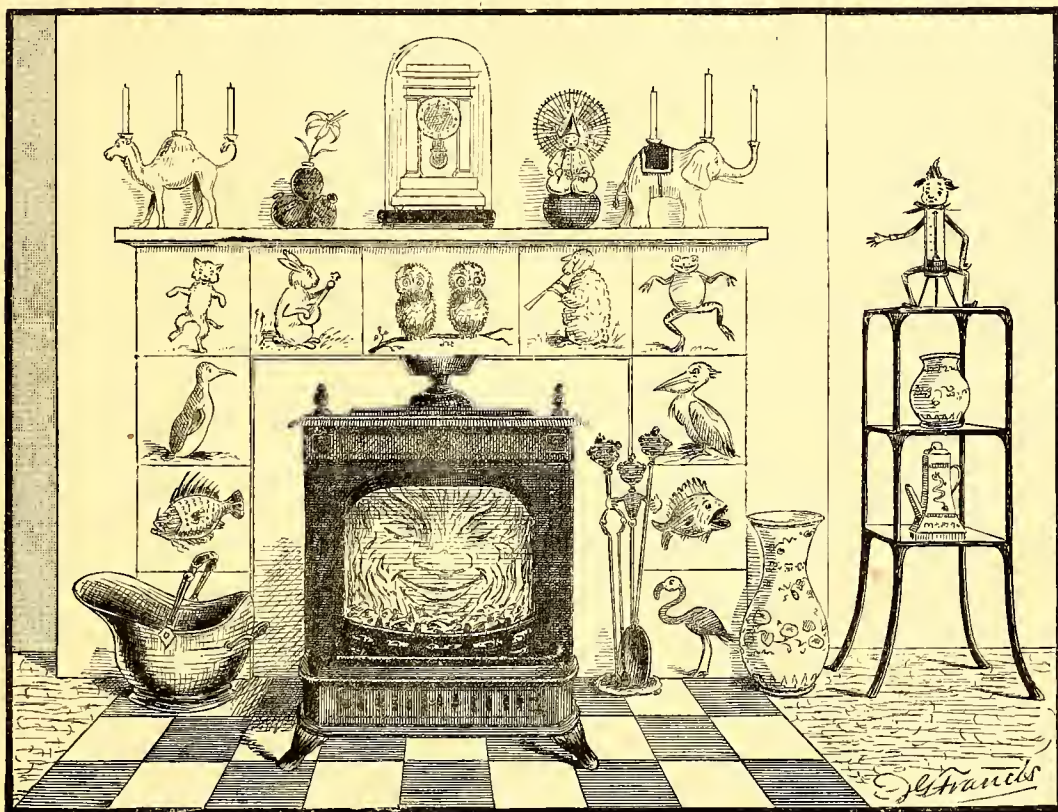
each of these little, far-isolated communities were seized with the dreadful disease, and were left to die. How many lives were thus lost I do not know, and no one ever can tell, but there were many; and all through the next summer the skel-

etons and bodies of wolves were found scattered over that region, and these evidently had been bitten by the rabid animal and died of hydrophobia. It is a horrible story to think of, and a fit conclusion to a talk about "Man-Eaters."

THE STOVE AND THE THERMOMETER.

(A Fable.)

BY J. H. TEMPLE.



A CERTAIN Thermometer was very proud of its high place on the top of the what-not, and one day said to the Stove :

“ My sable friend, why do you cause people so much work for nothing? The maid spends half her time cramming you with fuel, and carrying off the dirt you make. But my master is a wise man, and knows very well who keeps the house warm ; for he comes and looks at me himself a dozen

times a day, while he leaves you entirely to the care of servants.”

The Stove only chuckled to itself a little, and the Thermometer went on, contemptuously :

“ If I could n't perform my task without making so much ado about it, I 'd seek some employment I was fitted for, and leave the work of keeping the house warm to those who understand the business.”

CHARITY CARTER'S PICNIC.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

It happened eight years ago, and on the day that the first bobolink sang.

Of course, I do not mean on the very first day that the very first bobolink *ever* sang, although, now that I come to think about it, I almost wish it had happened then, for it would be such a joy to have been there when the bubble of song began to burst; to hear the delicious tinkle of that musical trickle; just to see, you know, what the world thought about it; to thrill with the throb of the air; to join in the glad surprise of the bird himself, and to be a part of the ecstasy of that moment.

However, we like it pretty well, now, the day on which we hear the first bobolink, and think his, somehow, the fullest, ripest music of the year. That is the day on which we go about with kisses on our lips for the air that bore us the song, and pray that the gun aimed at the bobolink, when he is a rice bird, may miss every time.

To think that a bird should make us forget Charity Carter so long!

Charity Carter was Aunt Silence's little—I do not know what,—for, really, I never did find out what relation the woman herself thought she held to the child.

"She gave her a home," she said. She took care of her, she thought. That which she had done for her was to take her from a charitable institution, wherein she might possibly have found a friend, into a country-house, where she would not let her play with other children.

Charity was a lovely little soul, with big, asking blue eyes and a vague, misty wonder as to "what God made this world for, anyhow."

This happening was all about a picnic. You know all about picnics, having been to one or a dozen,—but Charity had only heard in a far-off way about them, and had as correct an idea of a picnic as we have of the North Pole.

Aunt Silence,—everybody called her Aunt, though why, nobody knew, unless it was just because she really was aunt to no one,—Aunt Silence did not believe in picnics, especially for charity, but this one to be was a church picnic, a Sunday-school affair, and the minister himself had called to invite Charity to go. Right there, to his face, she did not quite like to say "No," and she said "Yes," knowing perfectly well that, if Charity went, Charity must go in a new dress. The brown one, very heavy, very old, very dark, would not do in bobolink time, when

everybody whom Aunt Silence knew would surely be there, and would know, too, that Charity was her—I don't know what Aunt Silence did call her, even in her thought; but she had told the minister "yes," and Charity must go.

The material for the dress was bought a week before the time. It was checked gingham, green and white,—good to wash, good to wear.

Charity Carter thought it fine. The child had had so few dresses of any kind!

Susan Green, the little dress-maker, was up from the village for half a day, to "fit" it. Aunt Silence was to make it. Susan Green thought Charity pretty, and had ambition to make the gingham into comely shape for the child, but Aunt Silence objected. Her objection was strengthened by the want of sufficient material.

"I don't want to spoil the child with furbelows," said Aunt Silence. "Make it up plain—no fancy touches on it. I had none when I was a child, and it's all nonsense, especially for Charity."

The little dress-maker shivered, and went on with her work. Charity was out-of-doors, watching, with interest, the slow drip of lye from a barrel of ashes, set up near the back door, preparatory to the making of soft-soap.

Aunt Silence was making soft-soap when Charity arrived at the farm the year before, and the child remembered the bewildering bother she had to make the soap "come," and wondered if it was going to happen over again; so she went into the house, and said:

"Aunt Silence, is soap-making always just the same?"

"Why?" and the black eyes of the questioner fairly snapped the reason out of Charity's lips.

"Cause," she said, "if it is, I was hoping you'd make my dress before you did the soap."

"Charity! Go right out this minute, put a dipperful of water on the ash-barrel, and then go and weed in the strawberry-bed, till I call you to come in."

Charity took down her slat sun-bonnet from its nail in the kitchen, paid the ash-barrel its due, and then slowly followed the narrow trail through chick-weed and plantain to the garden. When there, she dropped upon her knees beside the strawberry-vines and went to work. It was not disagreeable work at that hour in the morning, for the eight feet of lilac-hedge that ran along the east side of the garden shielded one from the sun.

During the time that Charity was pulling up weeds, Susan Green was contriving a way to make the coming dress look a little presentable. She approached it cautiously, by commending the hue of the white in the gingham.

"Ycs, it's very clear white," said Aunt Silence, "and will look clean when 't is clean."

"A few yards of cambric edging——" began the dress-maker.

"Cambric edge, indeed, Susan Green! Do you think I'm going to spend all my substance on one dress for that child? Sweet and clean is good enough for me."

Aunt Silence made the young woman shiver again, as she glanced up and received the electric flashes from her eyes, but in going back to her work, the meek eyes of Susan chanced to glance through the open window. She was emboldened to look up again.

"Miss Silence," she asked, "why do you suppose it pleased God to make sweet-williams with white edges?"

"It's not for you and me to inquire into the divine purposes, Susan Green."

Susan Green said no more, but went on quietly with her measuring and cutting and basting; but, in her own little world, she was still thinking and contriving how she *could* slip some trace of prettiness into the dress.

"If she'd only let me take it home and make it," she thought, "I'd find a way. Charity Carter has just as good a right to the good times and the pretty things as any of them."

Presently she said: "I guess I'll go to the well and get a drink; the water in your well is always so good and cold."

Although Aunt Silence told her to sit right still, and she would fetch it for her, Susan Green threw down her work and went to draw the water.

At any other time, before disturbing it, she would have leaned over the brown curb and peered down the mossy stones into the clear water, in the hope of seeing the trout swim over the white rock that formed the well's floor; but now the bucket went down with a splash, and up with a spring. She took the veriest sip at the cup before watering the chick-weed with its contents. Then she hurried to the garden.

"Do you like to weed things?"

Charity gave a great start, and turned her head to look upward.

The little dress-maker laughed. Of course, she would not have laughed if she had had the time to think, but she was surprised into laughing by the queer little face under the slat sun-bonnet.

This is what Charity had been doing—warming her face with hard work, and then washing it with

a few tears, which she, in turn, wiped away with the weeds she had plucked.

"I suppose I ought to like it. Aunt Silence says so. I'd weed here all day, if 't was n't for the soft-soap that's coming," she said.

"Is *that* what made you cry?"

"Yes, ma'am!" said Charity.

"I want you in about five minutes to try the dress on; and, Charity, what if I change work with Aunt Silence, and let her make soap for me, while I sew on your dress for her?"

"I *wish* you would, for I know she'll never get it done in time,—*that* is what made me cry."

"Well, I'm willing, if she is."

A slight rustle was heard in a garden border, and there stood Aunt Silence. She had been watching to see what went on outside.

Charity buried her face in her bonnet, and held her bonnet as low down as she could get it, into the vines before her.

"Going to have many berries this year?" asked Susan, glancing about with the air of one having been invited into that garden. "I thought I'd just look around a bit, and make up afterward for lost time. Your garden is looking first-rate."

"I guess, Susan Green, you're not gifted in knowledge of gardens. Mine never was so poor and backward every way as 't is this year, or I should n't be having strawberry-vines weeded out in blossom time."

"And you have n't got to soap-making yet, I see, by the barrel of ashes out. I've been thinking, this good while, that I ought to take a day or two from sewing, to tend to mine, only I do like to sew, and I do *hate* to touch grease."

"It's easy enough, if you only give yourself up to it, as I do. Just devote the whole time to the work till it's done."

"And I s'pose," said Susan, with an innocent little air, "that it's about as easy to make a whole barrel as 't is to make half?"

"Don't take a great deal longer, but *you* don't want half a barrel of soap!" exclaimed Miss Silence.

"Oh, my, no! A couple of gallons is all that I should use in a whole year, and I was thinking—but my! *this* wont get that dress ready to try on," and the little dress-maker hurried into the house, leaving Aunt Silence gathering currant-worms.

"Charity," said she, the minute the back door closed on the retreating figure, "tell me what Susan Green came out here for."

"I—I don't know," stammered Charity, tugging at a very big rag-weed, well rooted.

"What did she say?"

"She wanted to know what made me cry."

"Did you cry?"

"Not much."

"What for?"

"I don't want to tell."

"You *must* tell me. I won't have you cry without knowing the reason why."

Charity was silent, and did not look up from her work.

"Charity Carter!" said Aunt Silence, in her sternest tones.

"It was because"—faltered forth the child—"because I was afraid you would n't get my dress done in time for the picnic."

"If I see or hear of any more tears between this and the time, you *will* stay at home, let me tell you."

"Yes, ma'am," said Charity, firmly resolved not to let a tear twinkle near her eyes again within a week.

When Susan Green, in her very best and kindest manner, suggested that it would be such a help to herself if Miss Silence would exchange work with her, the proffer was declined, with very stiff dignity.

"I'm not getting so far on in years that I can't get together a frock for a child like Charity," she said.

"Oh, Miss Silence, I never meant anything of the kind—only I thought of a real pretty way to make it, by putting little white pipings on the edge of everything, and it would n't cost a cent, either—just pieces of bleached muslin, that everybody has plenty of, and I did think it was a kind of a nice job and would bother you some, and I could do it as easy as you could make the soap."

"I'm much obliged, Susan Green, but I'll do it myself, and if I want help, I'll send to you."

"I'll come any time, gladly, and do it for missionary work, too," said Susan, receiving her due—twenty-five cents—and walking away toward the village, feeling a strong desire to shake Aunt Silence and tumble her house down, or do anything that would help Charity to a good time. The kind-hearted little soul had lost her own childhood out of her life, and knew that, if she were to go on living forever, nothing that could come to her would make up for its loss; and she did long to make Miss Silence open her eyes to see what she was doing to Charity Carter, in shutting her away from young, growing life, like her own. To be sure, Susan did not stop to consider exactly in what manner shaking was to accomplish it, whether of Miss Silence or of her substantial dwelling-place, but she wanted a revolution somewhere.

The day the gingham was purchased was Thursday. It was "fitted" on Friday, and on Saturday evening the kind-hearted little dress-maker ventured to take a walk to the farm.

She went in, brisk and lively, half out of breath, and in great apparent haste, saying:

"Aunt Silence! Old Mrs. Heminway wants to know if you won't let her have a handful of catnip. She is quite sick, and everybody knows how nice your catnip is."

Aunt Silence "prided" herself, she often said, on having her garret hung with "pretty much everything in the way of dried herbs."

"It's dark up garret by this time," said Aunt Silence, pleased, in spite of herself, at the praise of her catnip, "but if you will come along and carry the lantern, I should n't wonder if we could find some, somewhere."

Susan Green followed the determined figure to the garret, with her ears listening and her eyes watching at every step for some sign of Charity. She listened and looked in vain.

Aunt Silence appeared to be all alone in the house.

"Are you a-going to take this catnip to Mrs. Heminway, yourself?" she asked, taking down a huge bunch, which any cat could have found in the darkest night, without a lantern.

"Yes, ma'am," said Susan.

"Then you may as well take along some of this boneset and pennyroyal; it's handy to have in the house," and she proceeded to fill a newspaper with herbs, savory and unsavory. Susan held the lantern and tried her best to think of a way to bring Charity's gingham into the conversation without causing displeasure.

She had taken the walk in the hope of getting the chance to speak to Charity herself, and now she began to wonder what had become of the child.

As they went down, she ventured to say:

"I hope to-morrow will be a pleasant day; it's always so dull on a rainy Sunday. Did the gores in that skirt bother you any?"

One would have thought, listening to the sentence, that the Sunday, the gores and the skirt were all parts of the one subject.

Aunt Silence found it convenient to take a long time to extinguish the flame in the lantern, and answered Susan never a word.

There was nothing left for the disappointed dress-maker to do but to hug her big parcel of herbs, say good-night, and walk back to the village, no wiser than she came.

She did half turn at the gate, fancying she heard a rustle in the white lilac by the window over the porch; but thinking that probably some chicken had taken refuge there, she kept on her way.

Meanwhile Charity was upstairs, in bed,—sent to bed in disgrace,—and all because of the coming picnic.

Saturday was Aunt Silence's baking-day. She

did think she would hurry with the work in hand, and get time to sew a little on the dress. She had made gingerbread, all but the ginger, and, behold! the ginger-pot was empty. Ginger she *must* have, and there was n't time to send Charity to the

Charity ran off, thinking it very nice to be out of ginger. Now, may be, she should learn something about the picnic; for Clara Brown would go. Past the garden, through the field by the brook, over the fence, into the road, across the bridge where Trout Brook roared, and on up the hill to Farmer Brown's, she took her way, full of expectation.

The road up the hill lay in full sight from the open door-way, where Miss Silence worked. She saw the little figure mount the hill, and turn in at the distant gate-way. She hoped Mrs. Brown would give her the ginger quick. Then, when it was time, she watched for Charity to come from the house. There, she was in sight! the ginger would be at hand in a few minutes, now; but she looked again—there was the child standing still, and, on the stone wall by the road-side, were two heads in plain sight.

Miss Silence looked, and nodded her head three times in a most energetic manner. She even said: "I wish I had a string tied to her or the ginger." She put her foot down in a decidedly determined manner as she hurried across to the mantel-shelf, where hung the horn used for calling John, the farm laborer, to meals. She seized it, and, standing on the threshold, blew a succession of blasts, that seemed to startle up every blade of grass within hearing.

Charity gave a great jump the instant she heard the horn, and ran down hill, spilling half the ginger from the cup. She did not stop until, panting with the exertion, she had reached the kitchen door-sill.

There was Aunt Silence, so cross, so threatening, so everything that any poor little girl of ten years must dread, looking down upon her with those cold, shiver-giving eyes of hers.

Charity stopped. "Here is the ginger," she said, almost plaintively.

"What were you doing standing stock-still in the road, Charity Carter? Tell me that!"



"DO YOU LIKE TO WEED THINGS?"

village; but there was time to send her across lots, about a quarter of a mile; that is, if Charity ran all the way, to neighbor Brown's, to borrow some. Thrifty Miss Silence detested borrowing, but she sent Charity this once, bidding her:

"Now, don't stop a minute for anything, but hurry back as quick as you can come."

"Clara and Charley were just a-speakin' to me, ma'am."

"What about?"

"Asking me, Aunt Silence, what you was going to make for me to take to the picnic."

"And what did you tell them?"

"A new green and white gingham dress," faltered forth Charity, venturing into the room, and placing the cup on the baking-table.

"What did they say to that?"

"They just laughed as hard as ever they could," said Charity, "and said something I did n't half hear, 'cause I heard the horn just then,—about not eating dresses, or something."

"Charity Carter, I did n't suppose you was quite such a fool, and if you had minded what I told you, and not stopped, you 'd 'a' saved yourself from being made a laughing-stock."

"What *is* a laughing-stock?" questioned poor Charity, making a noble effort to repress the forbidden tears.

"You can go right upstairs and undress yourself, and go to bed and stay there till I call you, and then, may be, you 'll remember to mind me next time."

Going to bed at half-past two on a Saturday afternoon, when apple-blossoms were snowing pink and white flakes on green grass; when the sun was full of shine, and the brook full of ripple, and the air full of song, and the strawberry-vines were all weeded out, was a bitter, bitter thing to a little girl full of life.

How Charity Carter did want to cry! But there was the Sunday-school picnic forbidden to her if she should let a tear fall.

She pressed her fingers over her eyeballs and groped her way up the stairs to the little room over the front porch, undressed herself with tightly shut lips, and hid herself away from everything bright, in the night of pillow and bedclothes, wishing, with all her little heart, that she could go to sleep and not awake again until time for the picnic. Downstairs was Miss Silence, a lonely, cheerless-hearted, cheerless-looking woman, thinking, with profound regret, of the promise she had made to the minister. Aunt Silence herself had entirely forgotten, when she made it, that it involved the fitting up of a basket of "something to eat" for Charity to take to Cedar Dell, the place of the grand gathering. She had also forgotten, when she sent Charity to bed, that all the baking-dishes were waiting to be washed; she wished that Charity was down-stairs again. She went up the staircase, very softly for so energetic a woman, lifted the latch and peeped in. A silent, motionless little mound of suffering child was in the bed.

"Charity! Charity Carter!" called Miss Silence,

entering the room, and fully believing that she had caught the girl crying.

Charity moved, and raised her head from under the cover. She had held fast her eyeballs so long, that by this time she did not behold the face of Miss Silence, nor anything else, very clearly.

"Have you been crying?"

"No, ma'am. You told me I could n't go to the picnic if I cried."

"And you have n't been crying?"

Miss Silence looked at the pillow and the sheet. No tear-drops had fallen on them. She was, it must be confessed, disappointed. A pretext for keeping Charity at home on the coming Thursday would have been a relief to her; but Charity had not given it, thus far.

Miss Silence went down, washed the dishes, laid the tea-table, dressed herself, and wished somebody would come in to see her; but nobody came until Susan Green made her appearance.

Sunday followed. Monday came—washing-day. The dress lay unfolded, just where it had been laid by the dress-maker. Tuesday was ironing-day. Tuesday night Charity went and stood beside the chair that held the dress, and just wished. But she had n't cried,—not a tear,—and she did not mean to. Wednesday morning, the little piping voice of Charity was heard singing upstairs, as she dressed herself in the early light of the lovely morning.

That little song, although the woman knew not a word of it, touched Aunt Silence's conscience, stirring it into action more than a whole day of lamentation could have done.

When Charity went hopping down-stairs into the kitchen, there was Miss Silence, with the back door wide open, the fire unmade, and she was sitting on the very door-sill, in the midst of fragments of green gingham.

"If you 'll hurry up and make the fire, and see if you can't get breakfast all alone, Charity, I 'll get to work on your dress," she said, in the pleasantest tone the child had ever heard her use.

How the little girl's heart and words and feet did respond, and say, "I will! I will!"

Charity made the fire, and got breakfast without assistance. Meanwhile, Miss Silence was stitching up seams with vigor. She did "*most* wish she had let Susan Green take the dress home," for, to tell the truth, she did not like to sew.

Charity washed the breakfast-dishes, made Miss Silence's bed, John's and her own, and was ready to do any and every thing, with the prospect before her of having the dress finished.

Dinner-time came, and it was well begun; tea-time came, and it had grown a little; bed-time came, and it was not even half-way done; but

Charity, hopeful little soul of ten, happily did not take account of the stitches to be added—she only saw that it was getting made. And she went upstairs to bed that night faithful of soul and tired of hands and feet. Charity shut her eyes, and her brain grew dizzy thinking over the mysterious happiness of the coming Thursday, until it fell into the calm of sleep.

“Charity! Charity!” called Miss Silence, very early the next morning.

“I guess you’d better fix your hair nice, and put on your brown dress this morning, and run up into town before breakfast, and just see if Susan Green can’t come down and help a little on the dress. I’m ’most afraid I sha’n’t have time to finish it alone.”

Miss Silence prepared breakfast.

Charity’s feet fairly flew through the dew-wet grass by the road-side, and in a short time she was knocking at the dress-maker’s door. It was a little door opening into a little house, but it seemed impossible to arouse the little dress-maker.

“Miss Green! Susan Green!” shouted Charity, after knocking for several seconds, a good many times over.

“Susan Green is n’t to home!” shouted a boy, who was milking a cow in the house-yard adjoining.

“Where is she? Do you know?” questioned Charity.

“Yes, I do,” responded he. “She’s gone up to Mr. Fairchild’s. Went yesterday afternoon. I saw him come and get her!”

Charity let go of the fence, suddenly, and came with a jar to the ground. The boy had no idea of the sad effect of his words.

Mr. Fairchild’s house was at least five miles from the farm.

Charity went home and told the news as best she could, and did not want a bit of breakfast, but she fought down the tears that came to her eyes, when Miss Silence said:

“Never mind; may be it *will* be done yet. I’ll try my best—don’t cry, child.”

How fast the minutes slipped by that morning, and the work “bothered” Miss Silence at every turn. Twelve of the clock, and the sleeves were not touched, nor the button-holes made, and at half-past one, Charity was to be called for. The child helped all that she could. She threaded needles and made knots, and wished dresses grew ready-made, and prepared herself all ready to go except the dress, and stood by watching it. The minutes went out and the stitches went in, until there, at last, full in sight, was the very wagon coming up the road for Charity, according to promise. Charity saw it. Miss Silence saw it.

“Run upstairs, out of sight—quick, child!” said she. “I’ll go and speak to them.”

Charity needed not a second bidding. She flew upstairs, seized her old brown dress in her hands, ran down the back way, out of the back door, and fled to the shelter of the lilac-hedge, for a dressing-room.

By the time the big wagon, with a place left in it for Charity Carter, had rolled away from the front door, that little disappointed waif was out of sight and sound of human sympathy. She was in the dim recesses of a many-acred wood-lot, through which ran roaring brooks.

Charity’s disappointment was too bitter to be borne in human companionship. She went on and on; her heart filling and filling with grief at every step, until it could hold no more. She had hoped against this disappointment so long, and yet it had come. She sat down by the stream, and cried her heart easy and her eyes almost out.

“I’m never, *never* going to have any of the good times. I wish I was n’t anybody, or anywhere. I just wish God had n’t made me, I do. And I worked so hard, and tried so hard, and did every single thing I possibly could.” And at this summing up of the case, poor Charity burst forth again into hopeless tears. She did not even think what Miss Silence would say to her for running away. Charity thought she had felt the worst that could come to her, and was afraid of nothing that might follow.

She got up and ran through the wood, breaking down in her flight the loveliest ferns, without seeing them. She went out of the wood, up a hill, where she had never been before, into another piece of forest-land, and then followed the stream as it grew into Trout Brook, and ran silent, with deep places of water, under lonely pines. Charity was not courageous. At any other time she would not have thought of going so far. She kept on and on, until it must have been quite an hour since she had left home, and she was worn out with the disappointment and the walk.

It seemed half night in the dell where she was sitting. Charity even wished it were night, and she could get to sleep and sleep always. She had not the slightest idea that a Great God up in the heavens had anything to do with such a little thing as a picnic on earth. Of course, He had to do with such things as telling lies, but nothing to do with the things the lies were told about. Charity was thinking—but her own trouble vanished on the instant, for there, right before her eyes, running, slipping down the steep hill from above her, she saw two children—tiny children, half her size or less—a girl and a boy.

In a frolic they had started; in a fright they were

now, as they felt themselves going down the hill, both together, to the brook, and could not stop.

Ere Charity could get upon her feet and stand in their way, as she instantly tried to do, the little white dress had flashed past her on the moss, and the blue-stockinged boy had caught at a tree trunk that grew over the bank, and missed it; and then, to her horror, Charity saw the black water of the pool close over the shining pair.

hold upon the tree, and went down with the children into the pool.

But help was at hand. A dozen anxious faces peered over the hill-top, and strong men were hurrying down to the rescue.

When Charity returned to consciousness, she thought she was in the midst of a beautiful dream, for, surely, some one was kissing her with just such a kiss as she had always longed for, even when



“CHARITY CLUTCHED THE GIRL'S DRESS.”

Alive to the awful peril of the moment, Charity uttered piercing cries for help. But no one was within sight. She must save them herself.

She ran down to the old tree that lay over the pool. She got out upon the trunk. She threw one arm around it, pressed her knees hard against it, and leaned out to catch a glimpse of anything that might come up to the surface.

At the first gleam of white through the blackness below, Charity made a desperate reach, and clutched the girl's dress in her grasp. She had but one arm and her teeth to hold by, and her own face was hardly out of the water as she held on bravely, saying over and over to herself: “Somebody will come! Somebody surely will come!”

The boy held on to his sister, and Charity struggled nobly with both, until she, at last, lost her

she was happy, and had hungered for whenever she felt lonely or disappointed about anything.

She opened her eyes and found out that it was all true about the kiss, for there, still bending over her, was the real, lovely lady who had kissed her.

“Are you better now, my dear?” she asked.

Then Charity knew that she was lying on the ground with a shawl folded under her head, and, surely, that was Susan Green's voice saying to her:

“Charity Carter, you *are* at a picnic, and a great deal nicer one than the church-folk are having; and, Charity, you have saved Lou and Harry Fairchild from drowning. Oh, I am so glad Miss Silence would not let me take that dress home!”

Charity sat up and looked about her. There she was, in the midst of the loveliest place, all moss and vines and pine-trees, and two tables just loaded

with things pleasant to hungry eyes. Yes, she was in the midst of the delights of the best picnic the Dell Woods had ever seen; and, also, she was at the beginning of all the good times her little life knew, but of that she knew nothing then.

"It was a blessed Providence that you were there," said Mr. Fairchild, bending over Charity, with beaming eyes. Charity burst into tears.

"It was n't Providence at all," she sobbed. "It was 'cause my new dress was n't finished, and I could n't go to the picnic, and I ran away."

At that moment the horses were announced as ready to go, and three thoroughly wet children were well wrapped and put into a carriage. It was on her way home from that picnic that Charity heard the bobolink sing; and ever since that time, the day on which she hears that sweetest of all

songs, is her best day in the year, for it is full of thanksgivings that everything which happened in those days, did happen just as it did; for had the green gingham been ready for the picnic, not one of the long train of good things that came to her out of that disappointment would have come.

When Charity went to live with the Fairchilds, a little later on, Aunt Silence dropped a tear or two, and admitted to herself her regret that she had not tried to make her own home pleasanter for Charity. And when, six years later, she lay very ill, and that young girl went to her and gave her the most tender, helpful care through days and nights of weary pain, Aunt Silence's heart was won; for she kissed Charity with true affection, and secretly resolved that the next child she took to bring up should have just as good a time as she could give her.

SLUMBER-LAND.

(*Mamma and Robby at bed-time.*)

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"COME!" she said; "it is sleepy time;
I will sing you such a sweet little rhyme—
Something that you can understand—
About what they do in Slumber-Land."

"No," he said, "I will *not* be good!
I'm a robber,—I live in a great big wood:
It is made of cake-and-candy trees,—
You can go to Slumber-Land, if you please!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Town
Everybody is lying down,
And all the creatures, from man to fish,
Have something better than they can wish!"

"Then they don't know how to wish," he said.
"I think it is stupid to lie in bed!
I am going to burn the world all down,
And I don't want to go to your Slumber-
Town."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Street
You often hear music low and sweet,
And sometimes, there, you meet face to face
People you'll meet in no other place!"

"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go;
I like a hand-organ best, you know,
With a monkey; and I do not care
To meet strange people *anywhere!*"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-House
The cat forgets how to catch the mouse;
The naughty boys are never, there,
Stood in a corner or set on a chair!"

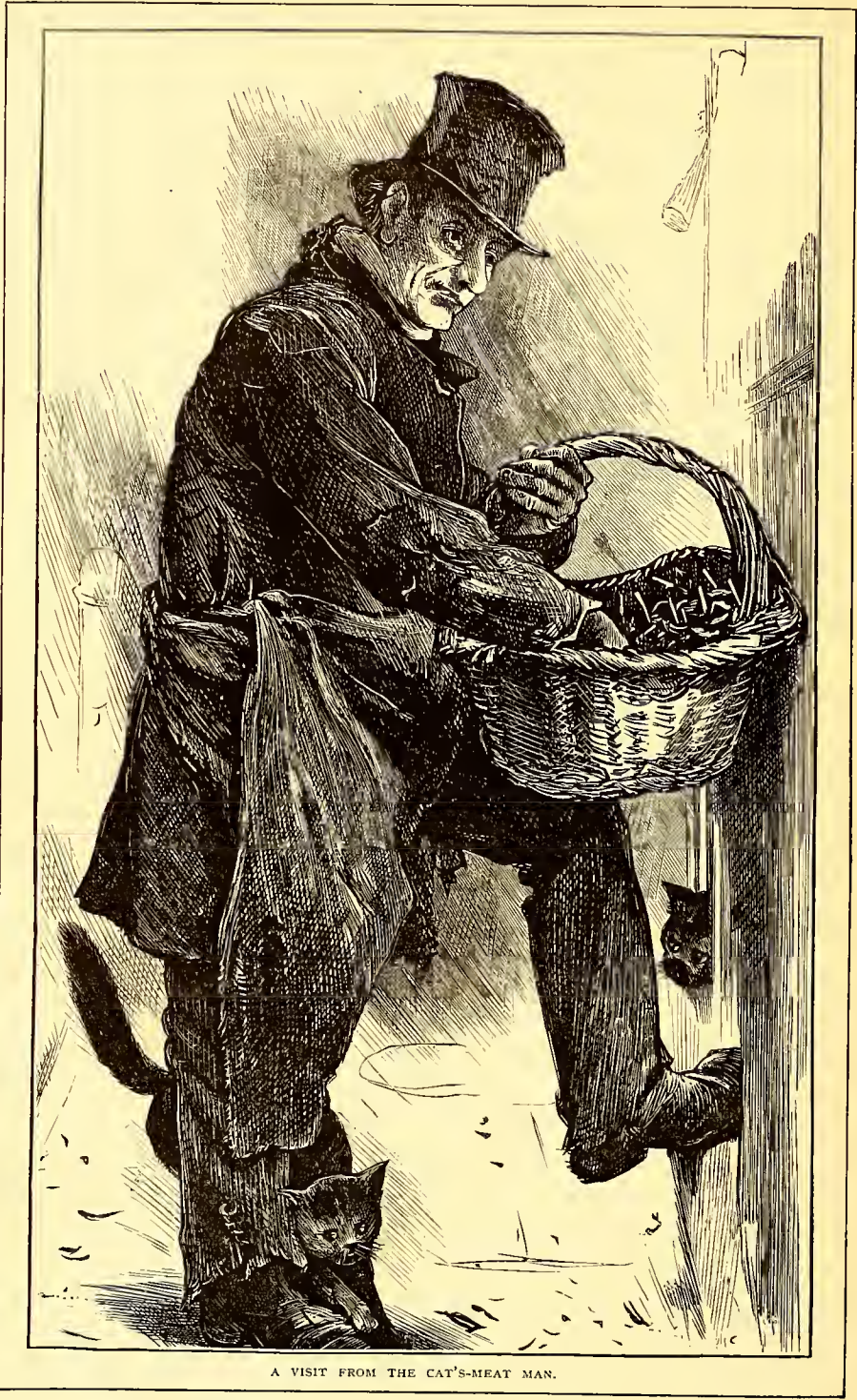
"Well, that is a little better," said he,
"But I am going, at once, to sea;
I'm a captain, I'm not a little boy,
And this is my trumpet,—ship ahoy!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Room
Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom;
The best of them all, the very best,
You may pick if you choose—its name is Rest."

"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he said;
"But you need n't think I am going to bed!
I'm a robber again,—a great big, brave,
Splendid robber,—and this is my cave!"

How quiet the cave grew, presently;
She smiled, and stooped low down to see,
And what she saw was her little brigand
Traveling far into Slumber-Land.

Two curtains white, with their fringes brown,
Had shut him fast into Slumber-Town,
And she knew that the restless little feet
Were walking softly in Slumber-Street.



A VISIT FROM THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN.

THE CAT'S-MEAT MAN OF LONDON.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

LONDON is a city of big numbers; it has hundreds of thousands of houses, hundreds of thousands of dogs, and hundreds of thousands of workmen; in fact, most things there are to be counted by the hundreds of thousands, and the cat population by itself is over a quarter of a million. Think of that! More than two hundred and fifty thousand cats in one city,—what a multitude of soft, spiteful, purring, screaming, furry and bristling creatures it is! And then imagine the food this population must require! Let any boy or girl who is clever at arithmetic figure it out—taking the quantity consumed by the kitten at home as a starting point, and multiplying by 250,000. The result will be astonishing.

The necessity of feeding this vast number of pets has created a business employing several thousand men and a great deal of money.

Once a day, jaunty little wagons, somewhat like the butchers' carts of New York, only much smaller, may be seen in the streets where the dwelling-houses are, and at their approach nearly all the cats in the neighborhood make their appearance, purring at the windows and peeping out, running up the area steps, and rubbing themselves against the railings, and showing other signs of expectation and satisfaction. It is pussy's dinner-time.

The driver is an old man with a battered hat, a long coat and an apron. There is not a cat in the neighborhood that does not know him better than its own mother. According to the highly decorative sign on his wagon, he is no less a personage than "Purveyor of Meat to his Canine and Feline Patrons of the Metropolis"; but he is better known to his customers as the "cat's-meat man."

Pussy has tastes of her own; she likes milk, of course, when she is a merè child, but as she grows older she craves something more substantial.

As far as we have been able to find out, she has no objection to beefsteak, mutton-chops or cold roast chicken, if the flavor of the stuffing is not too strong, and a little cream or milk satisfies her as a drink; but of all dishes her favorite—we are almost ashamed to say it—is horse-flesh.

We do not know of any other city besides London where "the purveyor to his feline patrons" finds sufficient trade to support himself, nor where pussy's singular taste is so well understood; and a London

cat that should be made to live in another city would very much miss the morning calls of her old caterer and his brightly painted wagon.

The wagon is a very showy affair, and its outside is usually ornamented with oil-paintings of scenes in pussy's life. Much fun is made of rival dealers. One wagon has a picture of a fine, sleek cat that has invited a very thin cat to supper. The owner of the wagon is named Dobbins. "Ah!" exclaims the cat-guest, "this is indeed a treat;" and while she is smacking her lips, the host replies with politeness: "Glad you enjoy it. We buy our meat of Dobbins."

The meat is sold on small wooden skewers, in pieces that cost a half-penny, a penny, twopence, or threepence, according to size. The dealer springs from his cart with a basket on his arm, and drops a piece of the required size into his customer's area—the open space that is in front of what are called English-basement houses. If pussy has heard him coming, she does not wait to be helped, but devours her meat immediately; and her eagerness sometimes exposes her to a cheat, and this unhappy incident is illustrated by another picture on the side of Dobbins's wagon:

A wicked dealer has thrown a skewer, with no meat on it, down the area, and a poor pussy-cat sniffs around it, very much puzzled. Her mistress appears, and supposing that she has eaten the meat in her usual hurry, pays the deceitful dealer, who retires with the ill-earned money in his hand, and a mocking smile on his face. The fraud is so intolerable that Mr. Dobbins drops into the following poetry under the picture:

"Confusion seize the mind so base
That would rob a cat as in the above case.
Helpless are those he robs, and dumb;
I'd have such a vagabond shut up in the sewers,
And give him the title of Baron Skewers."

The meat is not raw, but has been boiled for about two hours, the carcass of the horse of which it once formed part having been previously stripped of its hide and hair.

Small tradesmen, mechanics and laborers are considered good customers. "Old ladies buy enough," a cat's-meat man once said, "but they're awful bad pay. They will pay a penny and owe a penny, and then forget all about it."

THE ALPHABET IN COUNCIL.

BY PALMER COX.



ONE day, in secret council met
 The letters of the alphabet,
 To settle, with a free debate,
 This matter of important weight:
 Which members of the useful band
 The highest honors should command.
 It was a delicate affair,
 For all the twenty-six were there,
 And every one presumed that he
 Was just as worthy as could be,
 While &, a sort of go-between,
 Was seated like a judge serene,
 Impartially to hear the case,
 And keep good order in the place.

Said S, arising from his seat,
 And smiling in his own conceit:
 "Now, comrades, take a glance at me;
 There 's grace in every curve, you see,

And beauty, which you 'll never find
 In letters of the broken kind.
 Now, there is I, straight up and down,
 How incomplete is such a clown!
 Without a foot, without a head,
 A graceful curve or proper spread,—
 And J and K, and F and L,
 Who look as though on ice they fell,
 Or Z, our many-angled friend,
 Who forms, indeed, a fitting end.
 Such homely letters, at the best,
 Are heaping insult on the rest."

At this there was a sudden spring
 To feet around the council ring,
 And every letter, down to Z,
 Said such aspersions must not be.
 "No personalities," cried they,
 "Should be indulged in here to-day,"

While &, good order to restore,
Applied his truncheon to the floor.
Said A, "One moment will suffice
To show you all where honor lies ;



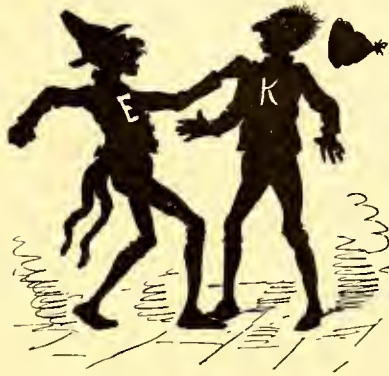
Suppose there were no head, like me,
To lead the way for brother B,
What would become of neighbor C,
Or who would ever think of D?
I might go on unto the end
And say you all on me depend."

Then O, arising to his feet,
Said, "I, of all, am most complete ;
No waste material is there,
But just enough, and none to spare ;



No horns above, no tails below,
An even-balanced, perfect O."
Said E, "Though all may beauty boast,
In service I appear the most ;

Well-nigh to every word I'm called,
And often more than once installed,
While some so seldom are required,
They should from service be retired."



Then into sundry groups they'd break
To argue points and fingers shake,
Or tell each other to their face
Their plain opinions of the case,
While & kept thumping till he wore
A hole half through the oaken floor.
At last he cried, "I plainly see
You'll never in the world agree,
Though you should stand to argue here,
And shake your fists, throughout the year.
Now, let me tell you, plump and plain,
From first to last, you're all too vain ;



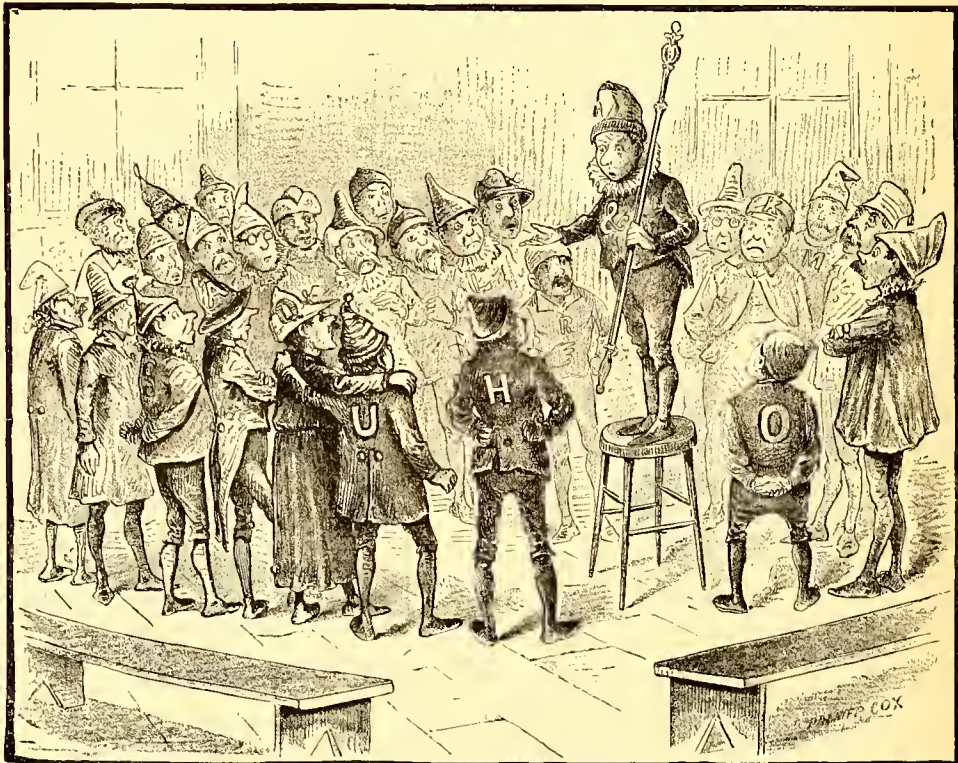
It's true that some, in form and face,
Seem suited for a leading place.
But whether crooked, straight or slim,
Of graceful curve or balance trim,



The best of you, from A to Z
 (On second thought you 'll all agree),
 Without support would worthless be.
 But when united, hand in hand,
 In proper shape, you form a band
 Of strength sufficient, be it known,
 To shake a monarch from his throne.

So be content, both great and small,
 For honor rests alike on all."

"He speaks the truth," the letters cried;
 "All private claims we 'll lay aside."
 So, thanking & for judgment fair,
 The controversy ended there.



HOW TO SAVE TIME.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

WHEN people say that they are doing this or that "to pass away the time," they forget that "time is the stuff life is made of."

Wasting time is the same thing as wasting life, and those who know how to economize time, have learned the only possible way of lengthening their lives.

Almost every one has observed that some persons are able to accomplish a great deal, while others, who have as favorable opportunities, equal talent, and as good health as they, do very little. Now, one person has really no more time than another, only he chooses to use it differently.

When you read the lives of famous persons, you will always find that they have been great workers. The celebrated Madame Roland was not only a politician and a scholar, but a housekeeper. In her "Appeal to Posterity," she says: "Those who know how to employ themselves always find leisure moments, while those who do nothing are in want of time for everything."

Mrs. Somerville, the famous astronomer, knew how to crowd a great deal into life. Young people are apt to suppose that one who was as learned as she was must have spent all her life in hard study, and have had a very stupid time. But Mrs. Somerville learned to use her moments so carefully that she had time for many things besides her mathematics. She went into very brilliant society, read and wrote much, and—let me whisper to the girls—found time to make her own dresses and attend to many domestic duties, which some people would consider unworthy the attention of a great and learned mind. What helped her most, in all these varied employments, was that she had the power of so concentrating her attention upon what she was doing, that nothing going on around her could distract her thoughts.

It is true that all cannot do this, if they try ever so hard; but many who have not formed the habit of concentrating attention cannot read to themselves or write an ordinary letter where others are talking.

Another good way of saving time is to learn to move quickly, not forgetting, however, that there is a kind of "haste" which "makes waste." Try to acquire a dexterity in doing those common things which must be done very frequently. For instance, the operation of dressing has to be gone through by all, many times in the course of a year, yet some people are always dressed at the appointed time, while others, who have been busy

as long as they, are sure to be behindhand, because they have a habit of dawdling.

Whatever you have to do, learn first to do it in the best way, and then to be as little while about it as is consistent with doing it properly.

Those who take care of the moments find that the hours take care of themselves.

Some people keep up a large correspondence by writing letters in their odd moments, while others are always burdened with unanswered letters, and when they do write, are sure to take time which makes it necessary for them to neglect some more important duty.

Another good rule, is not to try to do too many things at a time. There is a very pretty story by Jane Taylor, called "Busy Idleness," which illustrates this. It is an account of two sisters, one of whom worked hard for two weeks to accomplish nothing but a collection of beginnings, all of very useful things, but not one complete; while the other, without half the trouble, had really done a good deal, by not attempting more than she was able to finish.

We waste more time in waiting for ourselves than we do in waiting for others, and after we have done one thing, we are often so long in deciding what to take up next, that when we have decided, the time is gone which we ought to have given to it. But those who are always ready to pass quickly from one occupation to another, will have accomplished all they had intended, while we have been thinking what to be at. If you have some definite idea in the morning of what you mean to do during the day, whether in work or play, you will do more than you will if you simply pass from one thing to another with no plan; and you will be more likely to do things at the proper time.

Another help to save time, is the habit of keeping things where they belong, so that you will not waste precious moments in looking for them. Have at least two books always in reading—one which does not require very close attention, for leisure moments, when you do not feel like doing much, and one solid one, which requires more continuous thought. I suppose this was the plan of the old lady who always sent to the library for "a sermon book, and another book."

It is surprising how much can be acquired by giving a little time each day to systematic reading. The story is often told of the young man who read through Macaulay's History of England, and was

surprised at ending so soon, by a habit of reading a few pages each day, while he was waiting for his dinner. Of course, the same rule applies to other things, as well as to reading.

Do not imagine, after all this, that simply because you are always doing something you are industrious. You may be worse than idle, if you are wasting not only time, but eye-sight and materials. Work must be to some purpose, to be worthy of the name. It may be better to be idle all day, than to be reading trash, or straining your eyes and nerves over some intricate and useless piece of needle-work, "red with the blood of murdered time." Many of these things are made only "to give away," because people are too indolent to think of any gift more useful or appropriate. A simple, inexpensive present, which shows that you have thought of what your friend would like best, is better than a very costly and elaborate one which is only made from a wish to get rid of an obligation, and which misuses time in the making.

Whatever you do, do it with all your might,

whether it be croquet, or arithmetic, or base-ball, or worsted work. If a boy is thinking of his Latin lesson when he ought to be striking a ball, he will probably be thinking of the game when he ought to be saying "*Sum, es, est,*" and the result will be that he will have neither a good lesson nor a good score.

Now, perhaps, you will say that all this advice is of no use to you, because you have all the time you want now; but you must not forget that there are a great many people in the world who find it hard work to crowd into a day all that it is necessary for them to do, and they would be very glad to have you give some of your leisure to them. Unemployed time is a sure indication of neglected duty. Even the Ant, in the old nursery rhyme, says:

"I always find something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbor."

When you have not enough to occupy you, look among your circle of acquaintances, and see who of them needs to have you "lend a hand."



THE HOUSE WITH THE LACE FRONT.

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

LESS than a thousand miles from New York lives a most charming family, in a house with a lace front. It is a large family, for it numbers about two hundred; and it is of foreign descent, having originally emigrated from certain well-known islands. Every one is beautiful, and half are delightful singers, though not one of them is more than a few inches tall. Yellow and green are the colors they wear, and—as you have already guessed—they are all canary birds.

The house with the lace front is in the upper story of a certain residence. It consists of two rooms of pleasant size,—a parlor furnished with a small tree instead of sofas and chairs, and a dining-room containing two more trees, a table always spread, and bath-tubs conveniently placed on the floor. Wire-gauze windows make it cool in summer, and a furnace keeps it warm in winter. Both rooms are carpeted with clean sand, and both are full of birds, flying from parlor to dining-room, from tree to window-sill, from bath-tub to seed-dish, exercising their wings, eating, chatting and twittering, very like families of larger growth.

Few of these birds have ever known the slavery of a cage. The great-great-grandmother of the canary babies now sporting their first yellow and green coats may have stories to tell, on a long winter afternoon, of her young days when she lived in a wire prison, but to the youngsters, they are merely interesting tales. That such a sad experience as being shut up in prison can come to them, they never dream; nor will it come while lives their best friend, whom we will call “Mrs. Nellie.”

They are most musical little people. The first thing one hears, on entering the house—the big house—is the concert in full blast upstairs,—fifty, yes, perhaps a hundred, singing at the top of their voices. A bird-shop is nothing to it for noise.

These little creatures are observing, and extremely curious. Put a new thing in their home, and the whole family is at once agitated; songs stop instantly; the hungry ones—who are always taking a lunch—are called by energetic peeps; there’s a great flutter of wings, and the liveliest interest is manifested by the excited family, till the strange object is fully understood, or has become familiar.

If it is a new dish, like the end of a large water-melon, or a new pan for water, they will gather in a ring around it, stretching up on tip-toe, with neck craned out, to look into the mystery, presenting a bright and funny picture of curiosity.

An unfortunate bluebird fell into the hands of Mrs. Nellie, and was introduced into the lace house. His arrival caused a genuine panic, and a wild, frightened scattering. Innocent as the little fellow was, he was bigger than any of them, and he was blue,—a fierce, dreadful color, no doubt, in the estimation of the yellow family. They could not accept him, and the mistress hit upon a new device; she put Mr. Bluebird into a cage, and exhibited him in the light of a prisoner to the happy household. This was another matter; the bluebird as a prisoner was not at all alarming; and, on closer acquaintance, finding that he was not in the least cruel or a bully, the green and yellow birds became so accustomed to him that they finally allowed him to join the family circle.

He is now free among them, and may be considered one of them; but he is a melancholy instance of solitude in a crowd. He flies with them, sits beside them on the tree, no one disturbs him; but they do not make him a companion, and he feels his separateness, never eating till the second table, nor bathing till every canary has bathed.

Another object of curiosity to the birds is the dog. It is the nature of Master Rover to kill mice, and when he first joined the family he did not observe any difference between mice and birds. He soon learned, however, that the little yellow fellows were to be looked at and admired, but not to be touched.

Sometimes an inquisitive bird will jump upon his back, as he lies stretched out on the floor. It is a trial to his doggish nerves, yet he endures it, breathless, as the bird hops up the length of his back, and upon his head; but the moment it hops off, with a sigh of relief Master Rover rolls over on his back, and holds up his four feet in the air, to make sure that the intruder has gone.

Rover likes to visit the lace house, but generally stays outside. The birds are quite well used to him, and do not mind him, unless in his clumsy way he sometimes happens to lean against the delicate front. The lace yields, and it does look as though Master Rover might burst through. Then there is deep interest in the canary family; the songs stop, the whole tribe gathers about the scene of the possible catastrophe, and all stand with craned necks to see what the result will be.

Things do happen, even in this happy home—accidents, deaths by violence, even murder.

One little creature caught its foot behind a nail,

and, being suddenly startled, flew away and left the poor little foot behind. Mrs. Nellie, of course, did everything possible for him, and he did not seem to suffer, but very soon was flying about, and hopping on his stump of a leg as cheerful as ever.

Another bird, still more unfortunate, hung herself to the tree, by a string, and was found in the morning dangling head downward, and apparently quite dead. Cold water revived her, however; she ate a little sponge cake, and in a short time was quite recovered, although the leg by which she had been caught, withered and fell off.

At another time, one cold, rough day in April, there was great consternation in the family when it was found that one of the babies, only six weeks old, had slipped out of the door, and gone off. He was followed up and found, but he was so pleased with his liberty that he refused to come back. Poor baby! Little he knew of the harsh outside world, on a night in April. He found out before morning that running away was a foolish business, and actually made his way back to the windows of his native room. But the wire-gauze that keeps birds in will also keep naughty runaways out, and he could not get back until he had flown into a neighbor's house, and was returned by one of the children to his grieving relatives, a wiser bird.

The darkest tragedy that has taken place in this carefully guarded home was a dreadful murder. The miserable assassin came into the house at the silent hour of midnight, as was proper for such a deed, went quietly upstairs, tore a hole in the lace front, and so got into the room, where every inmate sat puffed up into a soft feather ball, and fast asleep. In a few minutes Mrs. Nellie, on the floor below, was wakened by a commotion in the house, shrieks of fright, flutter of wings, and cries of distress. Aid was quickly called, and the domestic police appeared on the scene and made short work of Rat, the burglar; but alas! not soon enough to prevent the death of more than one of the pretty sleepers.

Though not molested since then, the canaries have a vigilant enemy next door, who lives in an elegant but strong house of wire. It is four stories high, and very grand, but the owner spends nearly all his time in the attic, because from that point he can look into the lace house; and to look in, and perhaps to dream of the delight of tyrannizing over the whole feathered clan, is his greatest pleasure.

He is a splendid great mocking-bird, in a rich slate-colored coat, with black trimming, and he is a magnificent singer. His eyes are sharp and bright, and not a movement among his lively neighbors escapes them. He turns his wise head, first one side and then the other, watching in deeply interested silence everything that goes on. He acts like a detective in disguise.

The birds don't mind him when he is still, but let him speak one word, a sort of croak that sounds like "Get out!" and there is a scamper of wings into the next room. Sometimes he plays a joke on them. He can speak canary language as well as they can, and once, when two birds sat alone in the parlor, he called out "Tweet!" with the perfect accent of a native canary. Each of the two birds evidently thought the other had spoken, and each at once replied, and then looked with amazement at the other, as much as to say:

"Who *did* speak, then, if not you?"

He is doubtless the bugaboo of the canary family. Who knows but Mamma Canary holds up the Old Gentleman in Drab to the babies, as the big ogre that carries off naughty chicks who crowd in the nest, or snatch more than their share of food?

And there are plenty of babies in that house, I tell you. When nesting time comes, in the spring, every little fussy yellow or green Mamma begins to look about for house-building materials, and Papa flutters around her, and sings his sweetest, till Mrs. Nellie provides for their wants. Bits of string, beautiful feathers, fine horse-hair, and plenty of soft things, are on hand, while the most convenient of wire-baskets suddenly appear all over the walls.

Never was so busy a household as this is now; never such earnest looking over of treasures, such careful selection of houses, such dainty building; but at last everything is arranged, each baby-house is built, the lovely pale-blue egg-cradles are placed in them, and Mamma settles down to her work of sitting, while Papa does his share by the most delightful singing, the gayest fluttering about, and the most devoted attention to her wants. When the babies first show their heads,—their mouths rather, for they are nearly all mouth,—they are not pretty, and nobody but their proud parents cares to look at them; but they grow fast, and in a few weeks are hopping about, full of fun and careless frolic.

Before the family grew so large, the baby-houses were built in the trees, and were very pretty to see. They perfectly answered the purpose for the first babies, but those naughty youngsters, when they had been turned out of the nests, and left to take care of themselves, while Mamma attended their younger brothers and sisters, were full of mischief, and one of their favorite pranks was to seat themselves on a branch under the nests, and deliberately pull out the bottom, to see the eggs or the babies fall to the floor.

That had to be stopped, of course, so Mrs. Nellie provided wire baskets to hold the nests.

Another bit of fun to the little yellow rogues is

to play practical jokes on their elders. A sedate two-year-old canary, sitting quietly on a branch, was suddenly disturbed by a jerk of one of her beautiful long tail-feathers. On the branch below sat two giddy young things but a few weeks out of the nest, and being on her dignity she resolved to pay no attention to them. Meanwhile, Mrs. Nellie was watching, and she saw the joker give a sly pull to the feathers, and then look away as innocently as though he had n't thought of such a thing. No response being given, he did it again, and again turned his head away, much interested, all at once, in the doings of the bluebird. Still no response, and, growing bolder, he gave a tremendous jerk, expressing as plainly as though he had said it: "There! I guess that 'll rouse you!" It did; this was too much for any self-respecting bird to endure. The insulted canary leaned over and administered a great, fierce peck, like a hard slap,—to the wrong youngster. The amazed look and the indignant cry of the wrongly punished infant were droll to witness; but the guilty one plainly chuckled as he flew away.

This family has its share of unpractical folk, as well as the human family. They have made all sorts of experiments, one of which is trying to have twenty bathe at once, in a tub only big enough to hold ten; and this trial they have not yet ended to their satisfaction. They have even attempted to put in practice the tenement-house system—several couples building, and placing their cradles in the same house, with sad results of broken eggs and smothered babies.

Perhaps the most interesting personage in the lace house is the great-grandmother of all, who lives there still, though old age has crept upon her, and she passes her days in blindness. She is as pretty as ever, and seems to enjoy life as well as anybody. Of course, she is the object of especial care and tenderness from Mrs. Nellie, and is very tame. She will readily perch on an offered finger, and never attempt to leave it, though freely caressed and talked to. She knows her mistress's voice, and will turn at once toward it, smooth down her feathers (which, when she is alone, are always ruffled up, as if to protect herself against possible danger) and listen with deep attention.

She has many privileges of age; not a rocking-chair in the warmest corner, to be sure, but what she prizes more highly, a private breakfast-dish, outside the lace house, where her hungry young grandchildren cannot crowd. She is a wise little thing, and knows the feeling of every dish on the table. If placed on the edge of the drinking-cup, when she wants to eat, she will not attempt to in-

vestigate its contents, but at once hop down, while, if put on the seed-dish, she will begin to eat.

Since she became blind, she has never attempted to build a nest, and she deserves her ease, for she and her mate—a faithfully attached couple all their lives—have raised at least twelve families.

It is pitiful to see her shuffle around on the floor, trying to find a perch, feathers ruffled up, and evidently listening sharply. By and by she gets under the tree, and a bird alights directly over her head, a few inches above; in an instant, as though guided by the sound, she hops to the perch beside him, without mistake.

Mrs. Nellie has never made any attempts to tame or handle her pets, and though they know her well, and alight on her head and shoulders by dozens, they are a little shy of being caught, until they are in trouble. The moment one is in distress it seems to recognize its benefactor, comes to her, and allows her to do anything for it.

When she starts upstairs in the morning, to give them breakfast, she calls at the foot of the stairs, "I'm coming." At once there is a response of delight, and when she appears, every feather-head is clinging to the lace front of the house, to welcome her with twittering and flutters of joy.

House-cleaning day in the lace house comes about once a fortnight, when paint and floor are scrubbed, and a new sand-carpet is laid down; but the great event of the year is about Christmas time, when three splendid new trees are set up. Do they enjoy the green leaves? Certainly they do; they enjoy picking them off, and they work like beavers at it; and not till the trees are reduced to bare sticks do they consider them suitable for canary perches, and fit ornaments for their home.

This happy family began with two birds, allowed to fly about in Mrs. Nellie's room, and from that small beginning it has, in four or five years, grown to the present immense family, not more than five couples having been added.

What a care they are, no one who has not tried it can imagine, and they weigh on the mind like so many babies. There is one now who has suffered for weeks with what seems like a bad cough. All day it sits ruffled up on the perch, with pants of distress, and all night it coughs, so that Mrs. Nellie can hear it in her room down-stairs. Every night she thinks she will give it a dose of chloroform, and end its sufferings, and every morning she thinks, perhaps, it may get well after all.

There's a good deal of what we call human nature about these little creatures, and, after all, life in the lace house is not so very unlike life in the houses of brick and stone around it.



THE LITTLE VIOLINIST. [SEE LETTER-BOX.]

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER XI.

A YARN FROM GLOUCESTER.

IN October, Jake Coombs came back from his fishing voyage. It had been a fortunate venture, and the appearance of the trim little schooner, the "Diana," as she sailed up the harbor, laden deeply, showed that she had a full fare of fish. Jake was, accordingly, "mighty cranky," as the boys said; for in those days, fishermen on the Banks were paid in proportion to the extent of the catch.

The very next day after the arrival of the "Diana," as Blackie was lounging in the window of the house on stilts, which overlooked the harbor, Jake, slouching along some distance off, upon the beach, laden with fishing-tackle, made a speaking trumpet of his hand and bawled:

"Ahoy, lads, ah-o-y!"

Sam, in the same humor, shouted back, "Ahoy yourself! What luck?"

Jake soon brought to opposite the house, and made answer, "Now, if you fellows want to try another game with the White Bears, before the fall rains set in, we are ready for you."

"We are always ready for the White Bears, and you know it, Jake," was Blackie's reply. "But you need n't think that, just because you made a good thing of your share of the 'Diana's' catch, you're a-going to carry all before you."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jake, "you Fairports are not smart enough to take that pennant from the White Bears, I calculate, and we are willing to give you another try at it, just for fun. I've got something I want to tell you, Blackie; come down on the wharf, for half a minute."

Johnson's Wharf, where the "Diana" lay moored, was a sleepy and quiet place. It was dotted over with rows of empty sugar-hogsheads, from which the boys had long since scraped all the loose sugar left sticking to the fragrant staves. Piles of rusty chain-cables lay against the weather-beaten store-house, and two or three huge anchors sunned themselves at the head of the wharf. Nailed against the gable of the store-house, and looking steadfastly seaward, was the figure-head of the old ship "Arctusa," a once-white nymph, very spare in the face and very full in the chest, with a broken nose, and an unseemly wad of tar on her neck, the wanton gift of some bad boy. It was a delightful old place, full of the associations of the sea, and redolent of

tar and sailors' yarns. Here, on sunny days, the returned mariner sat on an anchor-stock and told to open-eyed and open-eared boys the most astounding tales of moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes upon the raging main, and of strange sights in foreign parts. And here, sheltered from the October wind, Jake and Sam sat down in the sun.

"When we were on the Banks," began Jake, confidentially, "I found a feller on board a Glo'ster schooner—she was a pink-built schooner, with a big jib and painted red—and he could spin yarns just everlastingly. He came aboard of the 'Diana,' one Sunday, while we was a-layin' off and on, and me and him got to talkin' about base-ball. It 'pears that he was the pitcher of the Cape Ann Nine, down to Rockport; but that's neither here nor there. What I was comin' at is how we got to talkin' base-ball, and that 's about how it was."

"And you let on and bragged how you and the rest of the White Bears had whipped the Fairport Nine, I suppose? Hey, Jake?"

"Well, Sammy, I did n't throw away no chances to say a good word for the White Bears; that would n't be in natur', now would it, Sammy?"

Jake was very friendly, although he had had a full fare from the Banks. At least, Blackie thought so.

"But, as I was sayin'," continued Jake, "he was a yarn-spinner, he was; a 'yarn-spinner from Yarn-spinnersville,' as old Keeler would say. One day, I was tellin' him about how smart you was in the left field, and how you knew more than most white boys, 'specially about things that run in the woods and swim in the sea, and he ups and says, says he, 'Well, now, if that boy's father is the one that run away from South America in the old brig "Draco," years and years ago, he must be a mighty old man by this.' And I said he was."

"He 's only sixty-odd," interrupted Sam.

"Oh, sho," replied Jake, "he don't know how old he is. Nobody ever does know how old a darky is, 'specially a darky who has been into slavery."

"Now don't go off mad," he added, seeing Blackie making an impatient movement. "I aint half through my yarn yet, so keep your moorings and hear the rest of it. 'It's mighty curious,' says the Glo'ster man to me, says he; 'I know all about old Tumble, as you call him. My gran'ther sailed with Captain Whitney out of Lincolnville, ever so many years ago, and between you

and me, he wa'n't too good to dicker in the slave-trade once in a while. Mind,' says this Glo'ster chap, 'I don't say that he was in the slave-trade regular, but he was n't above taking a dash at it, once in a while, when the molasses business was dull. He was in the Trinidad trade, my gran'ther was, and he had dealings with a skipper that they called "Black Stover," who sailed out of Fairport. This Black Stover,' said the Glo'ster feller, 'traded all along the Spanish Main, sellin' slaves from the Gold Coast, as far up north as Oldport, Rhode Island, and as far south as the River Plate.' And Jake paused to watch the effect of the yarn.

"I was laughing to think that you should be such a fool as to believe that anybody would take in such a tough yarn as that."

"I don't care; there 's the story. All of the fellers in our crew will tell you the same thing. Most of 'em heard it. Jim Snowman, Si Booden, and Steve Morey, I know heard that Glo'ster man tell that story. He said that he remembered his gran'ther very well, and that he used to tell his goings-on all over the world to everybody that would listen to him; and that his gran'ther actilly believed that one of the slaves that the Black Stover fetched from the Congo Coast to South



BLACKIE HEARS JAKE'S YARN.

"It 's a good story, Jake," remarked Blackie, "but I don't see what it has got to do with me."

"Hold hard, youngster; I'll tell you what it has got to do with you. This Glo'ster chap, he says to me, says he, 'Black Stover, he told my gran'ther that he brung a likely young darky from the Congo to Rio, and that he sold him there, and that he afterward saw him on Spruce Island, in Penobscot Bay, and that he was called Black. And my gran'ther, who is dead and gone since I was forty-three, said he saw that identical darky in Fairport, when he was there, foremost hand on "The Chariot of Fame," Captain Whitney, of Lincolnville.' Leastways, that 's what the Glo'ster man told me," and Jake paused.

Sam laughed loud and long.

"Seems like it tickled you, Blackie," said Jake, a little nettled. "Seems as if it tickled you, though it beats me why it should."

"Well," answered Blackie, his left eye closed,

America afterward escaped to the coast of Maine, the very country that the Black Stover came from; so, now."

Blackie did not feel very happy as he walked slowly up the wharf, turning over in his mind the tale he had just heard. And he was not at all cheered by Jake's shout after him to "go and have it out with the Black Stover's granddaughter, Squire Hetherington's wife."

When he reached home, Sam lost no time in solving his doubts. "Tell me, Dad," he said to his father, "do you know the name of the captain of the ship that brought you from Africa to Rio?"

The old man started, and then, recovering himself, said gently:

"It war n't no ship, Sammy, it was a brig,—a square-rigged brig. I was too young then to know much about ships and vessels, but I know now that she was a square-rigged brig, for I remember just exactly how she looked."

Sam stood too much in awe of his father to show the impatience which he felt at this evasive reply, and, stifling it as well as he could, he persisted:

"Well, what was the name of the captain of the square-rigged brig that brought you over from Africa?"

"Well, my son, that was a mighty long while ago. Reely, I disremember. Mebbe it was Brown. You remember Captain Brown, Sammy; he that was lost in the 'Two Brothers.' Dear! Dear! He was a nice man, was Captain Brown; and he could splice a two-inch hawser better 'n any man I ever see. 'Pears to me that all the smartest men die first; hey, Sammy?"

"Well," said Sam, "I saw Jake Coombs, to-day, and he said that when he was on the Banks, this voyage, a Gloucester man came aboard the 'Diana' and told him a long yarn about his grandfather, who sailed out of Lincolnville, ever so many years ago, and who knew Captain Stover, and that he whom they call the Black Stover, you know, commanded a slave-trader, on the sly, as it were, and that you came over on his vessel, a square-rigged brig, say, from Africa to Rio. Now, what do you think of that for a yarn, Dad?"

"I don't believe a word of it, Sammy!" replied the old man, with great emphasis.

"But Jake says that his grandfather saw you here, long ago, when he was in here on 'The Chariot of Fame,'" persisted Blackie. "And he says that he knew you because of your name, and that he was sure of your being the same man that the Black Stover brought from the Congo coast."

"And this Glo'ster man's grandfather knows that I, who was a slip of a boy when the Black Stover brought me over (now, mind, I don't say that he did bring me over, Sammy), was the same man that he saw when 'The Chariot of Fame' came in here with that cargo of Cadiz salt, the year that the monument was built on Grindle's Ledge? Why, I remember it just as if it was yesterday, the year that that monument was built! And he says I was the same man? Oh, sho! How folks do talk! It's nothing to be ashamed of. But it's a shame to be a-tellin' that Squire Hetherington's wife's father was ever in the slave trade. It's a wicked, wicked thing, so it is, Sammy."

"But the Glo'ster man said so," replied Sam, rather sadly.

"Perhaps the Glo'ster man lied," said the old negro, with a meaning smile.

Sam brightened up and said, "Perhaps the Glo'ster man's gran'ther lied?"

"I should n't wonder the least mite if he did." And this was all that old Tumble could ever be induced to say about the yarn which had been spun at sea by the man from Gloucester.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT MATCH.

If the town of Fairport had not been speedily stirred up by the news that there was to be a grand final game between the two Nines, it is likely that this revival of the old scandals of the Black Stover's slave-trading pursuits would have caused much talk. As it was, a few ancient ladies, who took their tea and their gossip together, whispered to each other that it was "dreffle cur'ous that that old sin would keep a-comin' up to disturb the Hetheringtons; and they so stuck-up and set in their ways, too; only Mis' Hetherington was n't in the least mite proud; but there was the Squire, who walked down Main street as if the earth was too mean for him to step on."

But they never got much farther than this. And the younger portion of the population were in a fever over the intelligence that the two Nines would soon play a deciding match-game for the championship.

During the summer, several "scrub" games had been played by the Fairports, who had supplied the place of the absent Jo Murch by putting George Bridges at the first base. Their opponents were usually made up from such members of the White Bears as happened to be at home and at leisure; and that was not many. Jo Murch had not shown himself in any base-ball game, excepting to sit sullenly outside the field and watch the play, making rough criticism on all that went on. But when it was noised abroad that the Fairports were to play the White Bears once more, Jo commissioned his small brother Sam to hand in his written resignation to the members of the Nine. It had been all along understood that he was really in with the White Bears, though he had not formally severed his connection with the Fairports.

"Tell Jo," said Captain Sam Perkins, with great severity, "that we should have turned him out if he had not resigned. George Bridges has resigned from the White Bears, and he will have Jo's place. So it is good riddance to bad rubbish, anyhow."

When Jo Murch received this message, he was very angry, and sent word to Captain Sam that he was glad to get out of a Nine that could n't play any better than the Fairports, and that he was tired of being bullied around by a petty tyrant like Sam Perkins. The messenger in this instance was the mild-mannered Sam Murch, and he conveniently forgot to deliver it, and the gallant captain was spared the mortification of this last insult from his rebellious ex-player.

"Now, boys, we must brace up the Nine for the grand combat," said Captain Sam. "If we beat

them this time, it will be a tall feather in our caps, for they have got one of our best basemen, and we shall have no other chance to play for the pennant until next summer."

Billy Hetherington and Blackie were in favor of recasting the Nine, with the understanding that "the Lob" should remain at the post of catcher, and that George Bridges, when elected, as he was sure to be, should be put in Jo Murch's old place at first base.

To this the rest of the Nine agreed, and, after much discussion, the captain took Hi Hatch's place at second base, Hi going to short stop, the station formerly held by Captain Sam. Bill Watson and Billy Hetherington changed stations, Watson going to center field, and Billy to the right field.

The news of this re-organization of the Fairport Nine spread through the town like wild-fire. It was the talk of all the boys and girls; and Jake Coombs, who had become the leader of the White Bears, sitting on the end of Johnson's Wharf, with his big boots dangling over the tide, solemnly advised Captain Sam Booden to do the same thing with the White Bears, if he did not want to "be got away with everlastingly."

Sam Booden agreed to carry out this suggestion, though with some reluctance. He was jealous of Jake's rising leadership in the Nine. Jake had already had two fights since his return from the Banks, and he had come off victorious in each.

Jo Murch had been taken into the White Bears, the members sitting on the bottom of old Getchell's boat, which was lying on the beach below the houses on stilts. So, by a solemn vote of the South-end Nine, he was put into George Bridges's station at second base. Captain Sam Booden then took the first base, changing with Joe Patchen, who went to third base. Dan Morey went to short stop, and Eph Mullett to center field, while Joe Fitts, who had been the center-fielder, took Dan Morey's station at left field. It was a complete re-organization.

When Captain Sam Perkins heard of it, he laughed and said the White Bears were getting scared. But it was acknowledged by all the boys that the White Bears had strengthened themselves by these changes. This is the way the match was played :

THE FAIRPORT NINE.

Pitcher—Ned Martin.
Catcher—John Hale.
First Base—George Bridges.
Second Base—Captain Sam Perkins.
Third Base—James Pat Adams.
Short Stop—Hi Hatch.
Left Field—Sam Black, "Blackie."
Center Field—Bill Watson.
Right Field—Billy Hetherington.

THE WHITE BEARS.

Pitcher—Jake Coombs.
Catcher—Eph Weeks.
First Base—Captain Sam Booden.
Second Base—Jo Murch.
Third Base—Joe Patchen.
Short Stop—Dan Morey.
Left Field—Joe Fitts.
Center Field—Eph Mullett.
Right Field—Peletiah Snelgro.

The bright blue October sky gave promise of a fine day when the two Nines and their friends assembled in the old fort, once more to try their skill with each other. The air was a little chilly for the girls, who were prettily grouped together on the ramparts, now brown and sear with the frosts of autumn; but Sarah Judkins, with her customary superior air, said that she could keep warm by merely looking at the exercise of the players.

"And as for me," said Alice Martin, shaking her yellow curls, "I shall be in a fever until I see those horrid White Bears so awfully beaten that they will never dare to say 'base-ball' again as long as they live. Just look at that dreadful Jake Coombs, now, strutting around as if he owned the whole fort!"

"The stuck-up thing!" said Comfort Stanley, who overheard this remark. But Comfort Stanley referred to Alice, and not to Jake, for whom she entertained a warm admiration. For Comfort was a daughter of one of the White Bear families, as the South-end portion of the population of Fairport had come to be called.

The members of the two Nines were too much engrossed in the vast interests which they had now at stake to pay the slightest attention to the light gossip and chatter which reached them faintly from the bright ranks of their girl admirers on the sides of the ramparts. With grave and even anxious face, Sam Perkins cried "Heads!" as the copper cent went up into the air. He lost the toss, and the White Bears, with an elation they did not try to hide, chose to take the field first.

"We lost the toss and we lost the game, last time," whispered Ned Martin to the captain. "It's a sign of bad luck, is n't it?"

Sam made no reply, but gloomily took his place in the line of fellows waiting for their turns at the bat.

"There's no luck in the game, Sam," cheerily said Mr. Nathan Dunbar, who had consented to act as umpire. "It's good playing, my lad, that's going to win this game; and the fellows that play best will carry the pennant back to town." Mr. Dunbar was a philosopher.

Sam felt comforted, and his spirits rose with his temper when he heard Dan Morey say, as he

went to short stop, "This is a-going to be a regular walk-over, boys."

Ned Martin went first to the bat. He made a terrific strike at the first ball pitched, which was exactly where he wanted it. He hit the ball, but it struck foul and was caught by Captain Sam Booden, who played first base for the first time, and whose dexterity was applauded vigorously by Comfort Stanley and her friends on the fort.

Ned was called "out" by the umpire, and his place was taken by John Hale, who was soon retired, going out on strikes. Next came Hi Hatch, and when he took up the bat a general murmur of approval rose from the spectators. Hiram was a prime favorite. He made a capital hit, knocking the ball over Dan Morey's head at short stop.

Hi was the first man to reach the first base, and as soon as Jake Coombs had pitched the ball to George Bridges, who now took up the bat for the Fairports, Hi started for second base and safely reached it. But when he next attempted to run to third base, Joe Fitts, in some mysterious manner, got in from left field, and Eph Weeks, the catcher, threw him the ball, and Hi was caught between the bases and so put out. Thus ended the first half of the first inning.

"They 're blanked! They 're blanked!" cried Hannah Kench, one of the friends of the White Bears. Sarah Judkins looked calmly over Hannah's head, and said to her comrades that she thought that there were more ill-mannered people this year than usual.

There was exultation when the White Bears now went to the bat, the redoubtable Jake Coombs being the first striker. He led off with a safe base-hit, Eph Weeks being next after him. Eph struck the first ball pitched, to Hi Hatch at short stop. Hi handled it with lightning rapidity to Sam Perkins, at second base, and he in turn sent it flying to first base, and both men were put out by the skillful playing of these two, amidst great applause from all the spectators. Even the friends of the White Bears lent a hand to cheer the Fairports.

Thus the Fairports were credited with a very fine double-play, and when their old first-base man, Jo Murch, stood up at the bat, as he came next, a perceptible smile of triumph spread over the faces of the martial Nine. There were murmurs of disapprobation, too, on the slopes of the fort, where some of the girls recalled Jo's desertion from his company. And when he was disposed of by his ball bounding right into the catcher's hand, even the champions of the White Bears secretly thought that it served him right. Somehow, Jo had lost good repute by his desertion.

The first inning was now completed, both Nines being "whitewashed." The second inning opened

with Pat Adams at the bat. He knocked a daisy-cutter over to Pel Snelgro, in the right field, so swiftly that it could not be stopped. This was a fine hit, and, with great enthusiasm prevailing, Pat made his second base from it. Sam Perkins followed with a single-baser, which advanced Pat Adams to the third base. Sam Black, who was next in order, disappointed his friends, as he "hit Barlow," and was put out at first base, to his own great mortification.

But the Fairports were cheered by Watson, who, striking wildly at two balls, hit the third with a tremendous crack and sent it flying between center and right fields, thus bringing Pat Adams home, and sending the gallant captain to the second base. Billy Hetherington, coming next to the bat, hit a short ball to Jo Murch at second base, which gave the White Bears a double play and ended the second inning of the Fairports, with one run to their credit.

Again the Bears went to the bat, but with ill-fortune attending them, as their three strikers went out in one—two—three order.

"Another blank for the White Bears!" cried Ned Martin, exultingly, as he came up to the bat. "It is n't such bad luck to lose the toss, after all; is it, Sam?" But Ned's elation was soon over. All three of the strikers went out, as the White Bears had just gone, on strikes.

There was a solemn hush inside the fort when the third inning opened with only one run scored. The crisis was an exciting one. Some terrific batting was done in the last half of this inning by Jake Coombs, Eph Weeks and Joe Patchen. They succeeded in earning two runs before they were retired; and the fourth inning began with the Fairports at the bat. But they were retired with a blank, only one base-hit being made, and that was Hi Hatch's. He did not succeed in getting any farther than first base, the three players following him striking out. The White Bears watched the field so closely that it was impossible to steal around, and the Fairports took the field again somewhat downhearted. Ned Martin, as he went to his station, confided to Blackie his worst fears.

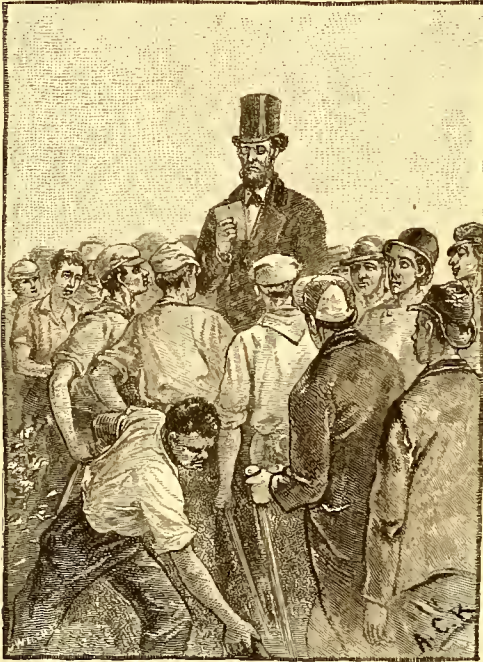
"They think they have got us," said Ned.

Blackie laughed confidently and made no answer. But he knew that the score stood two to one against them.

The White Bears now went in to end the fourth inning, with Sam Booden at the bat. He led off with a fly to the left field, which Blackie caught with one hand, after a long run. Eph Mullett, who came next, made a fine hit over the center-fielder's head, on which he got his second base. Dan Morey followed with a single-base hit which put Eph to third base, and from there he

attempted to steal home; but he was caught between the bases and was put out by John Hale, after a lively struggle. Joe Fitts, coming next to the bat, sent the first ball pitched to Billy Hetherington, in the right field, and Billy held it, and thus the inning was ended, the Bears being retired with another blank, to the great delight of some of the girls.—Sarah Judkins saying that it was just what might have been expected.

Billy Watson went first to the bat for the



MR. DUNBAR ANNOUNCES THE SCORE.

Fairports, and, as he took his station, little Sam Watson, who could not suppress his admiration for the martial Nine, shrilly shrieked, "Now give it to 'em, Billy," to the great scandal of Captain Sam Perkins, who shouted, "Silence in the ranks!"

This made the girls laugh, and Jake Coombs, at pitcher's station, satirically said that the captain of the Fairports had not got his sea-legs on yet.

Bill Watson knocked a liner over to center field, the ball flying over the head of Ephraim Mullett. By very hard running, Bill managed to reach the third base, where he paused, quite out of breath. Billy Hetherington followed with a foul fly which he sent straight into the catcher's hands, and then he gave way to Ned Martin, who came to the rescue in fine style. Ned made a fine two-base hit which brought Watson home amidst great excitement, the score now standing two to two.

Then John Hale, otherwise "the Lob," went

out on a fly to Dan Morey at short stop. Hi Hatch hit a grounder to the pitcher and was cut off at first base, which left Martin on third base, to which he had stolen, and put the Fairports out.

In the rest of this fifth inning the White Bears were soon disposed of, Pel Snelgro hitting a fly to Ned Martin, at pitcher, who held it after a great deal of fumbling. The next two strikers, Jake Coombs and Eph Mullett, hit high balls to Pat Adams, at third base, and he closed on them, and Umpire Dunbar declared the strikers out.

Even the chattering girls on the rampsarts of the fort were hushed as the sixth inning opened with the Fairports at the bat. But it was a short inning. Both sides scored blanks, still leaving the score two and two.

John Hale opened the next inning. He made a base hit, and Hi Hatch followed with a hit to center field. Mullett let the ball pass, Hale got home on his error, and Hiram went to his third base. George Bridges, Pat Adams and Sam Perkins followed with weak hits to short stop and second base, but the ball was fumbled each time.

The White Bears began to show signs of dismay. Jake Coombs, although the air was cool, was in a state of redness and perspiration wonderful to behold. Before his comrades could recover themselves, the Fairports had made four runs.

The flutter of the white handkerchiefs on the fort signaled the triumph there felt at the new turn of affairs in the field. Perhaps the high beating of the proud hearts of the Nine caused them to become reckless. The White Bears scored two unearned runs in this inning, through errors at short stop, first and third base, and center field.

"This wont do, my lads," whispered Captain Sam, between his teeth. "Here's the end of the seventh inning, and we're only six to four."

But the eighth inning retrieved the day. Captain Sam's many cautions to his fellows were not in vain, and the Fairports, with skillful playing and good running, succeeded in adding two more to their score, their opponents gaining none.

Now came the ninth and final inning, with everything looking bright for the Fairports. But the White Bears were by no means discouraged. Jake Coombs, their leading spirit, cheered them by his confident bearing and his rough wit at the expense of their adversaries.

When the Fairports went to the bat, they did some first-rate batting, but the ball was handled so quickly that they found it impossible to gain their first base once, and were retired with a blank.

Then the Bears went to the bat for their last time, the inning being opened by Eph Mullett, who made a two-base hit, Dan Morey following him with a single hit, which sent Mullett to third base. Joe

Fitts, who next took up the bat, sent the ball between center and left field, and thus brought Ephraim home and Dan Morey to the third base.

When Martin pitched the ball for Snelgro, Joe Fitts attempted to run to second base, but Hale, catcher, had the ball there before him, and he was cut off by Sam Perkins's fielding it home. This made two men out, and two strikes on third man at the bat; the next ball might decide the game.

Pel Snelgro, at the bat, hit the ball and sent it straight to Watson, in center field. Bill closed on the ball, doubling himself together in his anxiety to keep it. A great sigh of relief was breathed through the ball-field, for the game was won, and the Fairports were victorious. A shrill cheer ran along the ramparts of the fort, and Phœbe Sawyer, taking her bonnet by the strings, waved it wildly around her head. Then the Fairports gave a yell of triumph, and Mr. Dunbar, after a little figuring, mounted a bench and announced the following result of the final championship game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
The Fairport Nine.....	0	1	0	0	1	0	4	2	0	—8
The White Bears.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	—5
Time of game, two hours.										
Umpire, Mr. Nathan Dunbar.										
Runs earned—Fairport Nine, 3; White Bears, 2.										

“Never mind, boys,” said Jake Coombs, stoutly; “they had to work hard for it, and we'll get that pennant back, next year; see if we don't.”

“It's not so big as the 'William and Sally's' burgee, but it is ours!” cried Blackie, quoting the very words used by the White Bears when they had captured the pennant, last July. Jake laughed, for he saw the joke, and was too good-natured to grudge the Fairports their hard-earned victory.

Alice Martin and some of the other girls of the Fairport Nine's friends clustered around Billy Hetherington, who, as the standard-bearer of the martial Nine, carried the championship pennant.

“It's just splendid,” said Alice, with her blue eyes gleaming, “and I knew we should get the pennant back again.”

“We, indeed!” cried Sarah; “I'd like to know what *we* have had to do with it?”

“Well, I don't care,” replied Alice, “everybody that is anybody is awful glad that our Nine won.”

And, as the boys went joyfully down into the town, Billy Hetherington, who lagged behind with the pennant proudly waving over his head, whispered to Blackie, “I don't believe in luck, but I felt it in my bones that the base-ball championship belonged to the Fairport Nine.”

THE END.



WASHING DOLLY'S CLOTHES.

BOBBY'S SUPPER.

By B. W.

LIT-TLE BOB-BY was a lit-tle ne-gro boy. He was very fond of his break-fast, his din-ner and his sup-per, and if there had been any other meal, he would have been glad to have that, too.

Bob-by's fa-ther used to say that his lit-tle boy liked his meals bet-ter than he liked any-thing else, and that, if he did not stop eat-ing so much, he would grow fat and round, like a big pig, and would not look like a boy at all.

But Bob-by's moth-er thought that her lit-tle boy ought to eat just as much as he could. "If it makes him fat," said she, "I do not mind that. I like fat lit-tle boys."

Bob-by was al-ways glad when he had mush and milk for his sup-per, be-cause his moth-er gave it to him in a ver-y large wood-en bowl, which held a great deal. One day, his moth-er said to him:

"Bob-by, my boy, here is your bowl, with your mush and milk. You can take it out to the back door, and sit on the top of the steps. It will be nice and cool for you there."

So Bob-by took the bowl of mush and milk, which was so big and heav-y that he scarce-ly could car-ry it, and went to the back door and sat down. There was a good deal of milk in the bowl, and not much mush, be-cause that was the way Bob-by liked it. He had to be ver-y care-ful how he held the bowl, for fear some of his sup-per should be spilt. So he put it in his lap and held it tight, be-tween his knees, while he took his spoon in his hand and gazed at his sup-per.

"This is real nice," said Bob-by to him-self, aft-er he had tast-ed a lit-tle of the mush and milk. "I like it, and I am go-ing to eat just as much as I can. Mam-my says it will make me grow, and I want to grow, and grow, and grow, and grow, un-til I am as big as my dad-dy. Then he wont tell me I must not eat so much. Peo-ple who are big can eat just as much as they want to. I like to eat too much. I think too much is just e-nough. And I am go-ing to ask my mam-my to buy me a big-ger bowl than this one, so that I can eat more mush and milk, and grow a great deal big-ger than this much mush and milk will make me grow. And when I am as big as my dad-dy, I would just like to hear him say I eat too much!"

As he said this, Bob-by let go of the bowl, which he held with his left

hand, and he sat up as straight as he could, as if he felt he was al-read-y grow-ing big-ger. Then he gave a great dip in-to the mush and milk, with the spoon which he held in his oth-er hand, for he want-ed to be-gin to eat a-gain, as fast as he could. He for-got he had let go of the bowl, and he gave it such a push, as he dipped his spoon in-to it, that it up-set and rolled off his knees. Then it went bang-ing and thump-ing down the steps, spill-ing some of the mush and milk on each step, un-til it got to the bot-tom, when it turned o-ver on one side, and all the rest of the mush and milk ran out on the ground.

Poor Bob-by sat on the top step, still hold-ing the spoon-ful of mush and milk in his hand. His eyes o-pened as wide as they would go, and he sat and looked at the bowl as if he did not know what in the world had hap-pened.

But he soon saw that it was of no use to sit there, and look at the bowl. He could not make it climb up the steps, and gath-er up all the mush and milk in-to it-self as it came up. All of Bob-by's sup-per was gone, and there was no help for it. He gave a deep sigh.

Then the tears be-gan to come in-to his eyes.

"I'd like to know how I'm go-ing to grow," he said, rub-bing his eyes, "if the bowls go and do that way. Now I shall have no sup-per at all." But if Bob-by had not been

so greed-y, and if he had not thought he knew so much more than his fa-ther, he might have had just as much sup-per as he want-ed.



"ALL BOBBY'S SUPPER WAS GONE!"



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WORD comes to me, my dears, of strange goings-on in the woods these days!

I happen to know by sight, although I see him rarely, a hermit-thrush, who spends his life in the very loneliest part of the wood, where he goes whole weeks and weeks without seeing a boy's or a girl's face. How he can endure that kind of life I can't think, but it's clear that he even likes it, for he sends me a complaint that he has been frightened by crowds of children thronging around his home of late, and so he must move away.

You may be sure I looked very grave at this news, because I know of nothing more unlike a good child than to frighten a hermit-thrush. For, although he's the most modest fellow in the world, and so bashful he wont so much as chirp, if he knows you're by, yet all accounts agree that he is a perfect singer.

But, luckily, you've escaped a scold-y sermon from me, my dears, for the thrush's messenger was wiser than he, and soon explained things to my entire satisfaction.

Here are the facts of the disturbance:

It seems that more boys and girls visit the groves at this time than came even in June, when the trees put on their new spring clothes. Deacon Green says the woods are full of them. But they go in groups, and carry bags and baskets.

Ah, you understand now! Of course you do.

So did I, the moment my bird told me that.

It's Nutting Time! And, of course, boys and girls will go prowling around anywhere and everywhere to find such treasures as walnuts and hickory-nuts and chestnuts, and all the rest. And if some of them happen to stroll within sight of the hermit-thrush's home, why, bless me! what's the harm? Not one of them would annoy him for the world. Why does n't he come out and be sociable, and give them a song, as any sensible

singer would? Then he would find out what happy creatures and gentle companions boys and girls can be.

Between you and me, I've a notion that hermits are not the wisest people in the world, anyhow!

But, speaking of birds, let me tell you of

A BLACKBIRD'S LITTLE JOKE.

ONE day—says L. H.—my cousin John called at a house to see its owner on business. But the man was out, and John waited in the kitchen, where the man's wife was picking over dried apples, while a blackbird on the mantel-piece blinked at her solemnly.

Presently, the woman was called out. At once, the blackbird was in a tremendous flutter. He flew down, and, in a violent hurry, hid the greater part of the picked apples. Then he went and sat as gravely as ever in his former place.

When the mistress came back, she looked with surprise at the diminished heap of apples, and glanced accusingly at John, who could not restrain himself, but suddenly burst into a hearty laugh.

The woman's face became very red, and she began to say something sharp. But John smothered his merriment, lifted a cloth, and, pointing to the solemn bird, said:

"Here are the apples, ma'am, and there's the culprit; but he looks so reproachful that I myself scarcely can believe I'm not the guilty party."

HOW THEY APPEAR THROUGH A GLASS.

THE microscope tells many curious and interesting secrets, my dears. For instance, look through it at the fibers of the cotton and flax plants, and at a single shred of silk just off the cocoon. You will find strange differences between



Cotton.



Silk.



Flax.

them, besides colors and sizes. The cotton will look like a flat twisted tube bordered at each side; the silk—but the pictures show it all at a glance.

WHAT STEAM CAN DO.

DID you ever try to count on your fingers the things that steam can do? It gently pushes a pin, an inch long, through two ridges in soft paper, and it drives a steamer, three hundred feet in length, through the great ocean waves, doing both duties with sure obedience to its master.

Of course, you know that this power was dis-

covered by a boy watching a tea-kettle on the fire in his mother's kitchen. The water boiled up into steam, which forced the cover of the kettle to dance a kind of jig. This boy's name was,—well, now I come to think of it, what was his name?

Not long ago, the Little School-ma'am sent me a printed scrap with these rhymes about steam. It will give you a pretty fair idea of this lid-dancer's accomplishments, but you're not obliged to commit it to memory, my suffering ones:

“THE USES OF STEAM.

“It lifts, it lowers, it propels, it tows.
 It drains, it plows, it reaps, it mows.
 It pumps, it bores, it irrigates.
 It dredges, it digs, it excavates.
 It pulls, it pushes, it draws, it drives.
 It splits, it planes, it saws, it rives.
 It carries, it scatters, collects and brings.
 It blows, it puffs, it halts and springs.
 It bursts, condenses, opens and shuts.
 It pricks, it drills, it hammers and cuts.
 It shovels, it washes, it bolts and binds.
 It threshes, it winnows, it mixes and grinds.
 It crushes, it sifts, it punches, it kneads.
 It molds, it stamps, it presses, it feeds.
 It rakes, it scrapes, it sows, it shaves.
 It runs on land, it rides on waves.
 It mortises, forges, rolls and rasps.
 It polishes, rivets, files and clasps.
 It brushes, scratches, cards and spins.
 It puts out fires, and papers pins.
 It weaves, it winds, it twists, it throws.
 It stands, it lies, it comes and goes.
 It winds, it knits, it carves, it hews.
 It coins, it prints—aye!—prints this news!”

A TREE THAT BORE CURIOUS FRUIT.

DEAR JACK: I know of a tree that bore curious fruit. It was not a curious tree, being merely a poplar, which usually bears no fruit at all, and yet this tree bore a crop of yellow fruit that had two feet and ran about. And the same summer it bore a second crop, of yellow and white fruit that had four feet, and ran faster than that with two. Does this sound strange? It is quite true.

Poplar trees are not very good for shade, as the branches do not spread out, but grow straight up. However, a hundred years ago they were thought very handsome, and were planted in rows on each side of carriage drives. When old they are easily broken by the wind, and this particular tree I am writing about had been broken off about twelve feet from the ground. New branches had grown up all around the top of the stump, leaving a hollow in the middle which formed the safest of hiding-places.

The old white hen found it, and scratching in the soft, dead wood, made a cozy nest. Here she laid thirteen eggs. At the end of three weeks, we saw her bustling and clucking at the foot of the tree, and, on climbing up, we found eleven little yellow chickens in the top of the tree. These we soon removed to a place safer for live chicks.

Not long after, old Tabby discovered the same retreat, and put her new kittens there. Every day we saw her clamber down from the tree and run to the kitchen for food, and then quickly go back again. We climbed again and looked, and behold, four little yellow and white kittens! We left these to come down when they were grown old enough, as we knew they would not fall.

Did you ever know a tree to bear such fruit? M. A. C.

THE BRILLIANT SEA-MOUSE.

IN August we talked about a field-mouse, and a field-mouse is a pretty enough little fellow, frisky and soft, and with very bright eyes. But there is a mouse that is even more beautiful,—the bright and brilliant sea-mouse,—one of the prettiest creatures that live in the water.

Of course, your Jack has never visited him in his home, but persons who have seen him say that he sparkles like a diamond and is colored with all the hues of the rainbow. Yet he makes his home in the mud at the bottom of the sea. His shape is somewhat like that of a mouse, but he is as large

as a small cat. His beautiful glittering scales move as he breathes, shining through a fleecy down; and out of the down grow fine silky hairs, which wave to and fro and keep changing from one bright color to another.

A very fine fellow is this dazzling sea-dandy, but I am afraid his finery must help his enemies to catch him, when their dinner-hour comes round.

THE SALAMANDER DRESS.

DEAR JACK: YOUR August remarks about the salamander remind me that I once saw a man actually “sit in a blazing fire with comfort.” He wore a “salamander dress,” and this was air-tight excepting about the face, and was made of the fibers of asbestos-stone, which cannot burn. It was a double dress, one part fitting loosely over the other; and it covered all but the wearer's eyes, nose and mouth. A big bonfire was made, and just before the man walked into the flames, a tube, covered thick with asbestos, was attached to his dress. Through this tube, air was blown with great force. It rushed out from around his face; and, when he was in the midst of the fire, this air blew away the smoke and flames so that he could see, and breathe fresh air and take his ease. At least, this is what I understood of the explanation that was made to me at the time.—Yours truly, G. M.

THE VOYAGE OF A CRICKET.

C. S. R. SENDS THIS picture and story:

On a farm where I used to live, there was a little round pond down by the edge of the woods. It was surrounded by alders, blackberry-bushes, and tall maple-trees, which were very beautiful in the



fall, with their gorgeous mantles of crimson, green and gold.

Well, I took my gun one day, and strolled down to the pond to shoot some musk-rats, that had bothered us a good deal. The surface of the pond was very clear, excepting that a few twigs had fallen from the maples, and were floating on the water, forming little rafts; and some dry leaves were drifting about, as the wind stirred them, like tiny canoes.

While I was peering around, I saw a little cricket jump from the root of a maple into the pond, and begin swimming toward the other side. I was very much surprised, for crickets do not like the water. By and by, when he got tired, he turned on his back and floated. Then the wind blew a dry leaf near him, and he hopped on that, and sailed away gayly. But as soon as the leaf began to drift out of his course, he sprang into the water, and swam until he came to a twig raft, on which he floated and rested for a while.

Thus, by swimming, and floating on the dry leaves and twigs, he reached the opposite side, in a straight line from the spot whence he had started; and he leaped up the bank, and hopped into a hole in a hollow stump, which, I suppose, was his home.

Was n't that voyage a great trial of courage, skill and endurance for such a little thing?

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE Publishers of ST. NICHOLAS wish to say that, on account of the increased number and size of the pages, it will be necessary to bind the monthly issues for the present volume in two parts,—one comprising the numbers from November, 1879, to April, 1880, inclusive, the other containing the remaining six. The Publishers will bind the numbers for the year in the two parts described, or will supply covers for the purpose, in accordance with their notice on the contents page of the cover of the present number.

We are sorry to say that the papers by Mrs. Oliphant about two Queens of England, and the proposed new department for choice specimens of English literature, which were to have been given in the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS, have been unavoidably crowded out by more timely articles. But we trust that all our readers who have been looking for the promised papers will have found compensation for their absence hitherto, in the articles entitled "Paper Balloons," "A Happy Thought for Street Children," "Small Boats: How to Rig and Sail them," "A Talk about the Bicycle," and "The Girls' Swimming Bath." And we now assure them that Mrs. Oliphant's papers and the English literature selections will appear in the eighth volume, which begins with next month's number.

THE LITTLE VIOLINIST.

MISS NORTHAM'S full-page picture, on page 984 of the present number, is taken from life, and a very true portrait it is. The original is a young friend of ours, named Lulu, who interested us, first, because she is a very happy, winsome little girl, and, next, because she plays the violin remarkably well for a child of ten years.

Lulu lives in Brooklyn, and spends her time very much as other little girls do. But, besides studying her lessons, frolicking in the sunshine with her friends, and taking care of her dollies, she has the great joy of playing, upon her beloved violin, music so sweet and rich that the eyes of her father and mother sparkle with happiness as they listen.

"Lulu plays pretty well," they say softly to each other, and then they take "solid comfort" in the thought of how patiently she has struggled through her first lessons, and how vigorously she has practiced. A punning friend of hers says that Lulu has had more terrible "scrapes" than almost any little school-girl he ever knew. So, you see, the sounds of that violin have not always been as sweet as they are now.

But we must tell what led our little friend into all these scrapes. One day, hardly a year ago, Lulu's father took her to a concert, and there she heard a little lassie of about her own age play upon the violin. She was delighted with this music, and on her way home, and for many days thereafter, begged and coaxed her parents to allow her to learn to play.

"Papa," she would say, "if you only let me take lessons on the violin, I promise you I will not give it up, and I will not be discouraged, but will learn to play well."

Finally, he yielded, and bought a small violin for her, secretly thinking it would prove, like a new toy, an amusement of which she soon would weary.

But Lulu had an absorbing love of music, and, by careful and industrious practice, she soon developed unusual powers. Her teacher, after a few lessons, pronounced his little pupil very talented; and he thinks that she promises to attain great skill upon her favorite instrument. And, even now, after only one year's practice, she often delights her parents and friends by her beautiful playing.

HERE IS an exact copy of a quaint story written by a little friend of ours, seven years old. It is her first attempt, and while it certainly shows that the little maid has much to learn, it shows also that she has a lively imagination.

I wish I were a little bird, to sit upon a tree and sing the live-long day, the song that I'd sing is a pretty song and the place that I'd sit in is a pretty place and the house that I'd live in is a pretty house; and I think I will go to bed now, and if I should wake up in

the morn and find myself a bird what would I do? Well, what kind of a bird would I like to be? I guess a sparrow. I'd better go to sleep. Now it is morning, mamma calls me, but no answer, but a little song I sing, then mamma comes into the room and finds a little bird in my bed. Mamma looks out of the window, and out I go, and she says, "Come back, come back little birdy," but I do not come. I go and sit on a nice little place in the tree and sing all day, and at night I go on a large tree and in the morning I set forth to build a nest, at first I sing a song, then go and get the things to build it with, I get some moss, wool, hair, and a few other things in a few days I'd have it builded, and then I layed three nice little eggs, and next I got three little birdies, I left them once and told them not to let the old cat see them, and they did not, then they got to be quite big ones and then I went to see mamma again she said is this my little girl and I said yes I have come to see you again I have some little birds. I will go and call them now. Yes I would like to see them how do you like to be a bird May very much said she would n't you like to come and live with me. I don't know said May. Good-bye and I flew back to my home again. LOUISE B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin lives out in the country in the summer. One day I went out there, and we went fishing. Among other things we caught a large bull-frog and took it home.

My cousin's mother thought it best not to keep it, so we gave it to a little boy that lived near.

Next morning, the boy met us, and told us that he had put the frog into his mother's aquarium, and it had eaten all the fish and died itself.—Your faithful reader, P. T. BROWN.

ARTHUR S. sends this interesting account of a visit paid by a polite young sparrow to a good-natured canary-bird:

I have a very pretty canary named Dick, who will perch on my finger, lay his little bill lovingly against my cheek, and take crumbs of sugar from my tongue. One pleasant evening in spring, Dick was hopping about in his cage by the open window, when a sparrow flew up, perched on the cage, and began to eat seed from Dick's store. I sat writing near by, and saw the little visitor making himself quite at home, encouraged now and then by a chirp of hearty welcome from his host.

The sparrow ate until satisfied and then flew off. Dick was again alone, and I went on writing.

Presently, however, the sparrow came back, bringing in his bill some chickweed, which he dropped inside Dick's cage. Having been made welcome to a delightful feast, the grateful wild bird brought a dainty morsel to his friend in recognition of the kindness. Dick ate the chickweed with relish, and, giving a cheerful chirrup, the sparrow flew away, to return no more.

MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL, in his article about "Some Man-Eaters," printed in the present number, mentions the loss of human life caused by wild beasts in Hindustan. It is not generally known how terribly great this loss is; but government reports show that in Hindustan, during the year 1877, snakes alone killed 17,000 persons, and tigers, elephants, leopards and other wild beasts, nearly 3,000 more.

The number of man-killing animals in that vast country must be very great. In the same year, 127,000 snakes and 22,000 wild beasts were killed, at a cost of \$50,000 in special rewards, and yet, it is said, the total of man-destroyers did not seem diminished.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though a rather old boy, now, there are some boyish things I have not yet put away. I read ST. NICHOLAS regularly, and can sympathize with its younger readers and correspondents. One of the latter has touched me in a very tender spot, indeed.

Master Robert Wilson, Jr., and his new microscope, bring back the time (how long ago it seems!) when I was taking my first glimpses of the fairy land which the microscope reveals to us. Then I, too, wanted to know the names of the strange things I saw in the stagnant water; but I had no one to tell me, and no ST. NICHOLAS to write to for information. However, I found out some things after a while, and I have kept on finding out more ever since, and yet I have made only the least little step toward acquiring the immense fund of facts which the microscope is capable of disclosing to those who use it properly.

In the first place, I should judge from Master Robert's descriptions that some of the "animals" he saw were not animals at all, but tiny vegetables which, during a portion of their lives, have the power of swimming freely about in the water. Into this class I think we must

put the "very small round ones" and the "big-little-ones"; but the description is not full enough for me to give their names.

Most of the other forms were probably animalculæ (little animals). Those which Robert called "potato-bugs" and "leeches" were perhaps different varieties of *Paramecia*. The "snails" and the "scissors-tails" were doubtless two varieties of *Rotifers* (see "Webster's Unabridged" at the word "Rotifer"), very curious fellows, indeed, who get their name from a row or rows of *cilia* (hair-like organs) surrounding what may be called their heads, and which, when in motion, have the appearance of revolving wheels. To show these plainly would probably take more magnifying power and greater skill than a boy usually has at his command during the first year that he owns a microscope.

Master Robert's "tied-tails" I take to be *Vorticelle* (or little whirl-pool-makers)—formerly known as *Bell-animalculæ* from the bell-like shape of their bodies. (See "The Microscope: and what I saw through it," in *ST. NICHOLAS* for December, 1878.)

I have not been very positive in my classifications, because my young friend's descriptions are very indefinite, though quite sufficient to show that he has the material in him for a good observer.

G. E. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that "in China only those possessing a high order of intellect and uncommon attainments are reckoned among the aristocracy." Please tell me if this is so, or if it is an inherited right, and oblige

T. F. T.

There is a nobility of birth in China, but there is a nobility of station, as well. This latter is open to all who have successfully passed literary examinations. In no other country is education held in higher esteem than in China, where the government encourages learning, by making it the road to distinction.

W. H.—"Macramé" is derived, it is said, from an Arabic word signifying "fringed border."

G. L. sends us these verses about some little friends of hers and their "Lesson in Subtraction":

"Your little basket holds, dear Nell,
Five apples round and red,
And Teacher took them out: "Now tell
What have you left," she said.

Sweet Nell looked up with rounded eyes,
Of treasures all bereft,
And answer gave most wondrous wise,
"I have my basket left."

"O, fie!—Come hither, little Sue,
And shame your sister Nell.
If I five apples take from you,
The difference can you tell?"

Sue's dimpled cheeks grew rosy red;
A moment thought she,—then,
"No difference, ma'am," she sweetly said;
"You'll give them back again."

SUSIE H.—The Editor will be glad to examine the "old book of children's papers," which you mention, and will send it back promptly, if you will write your full address on it.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell all the boys, who read your interesting letters, about this beautiful country near San Gabriel, California, full of sweet-scented orange groves and beautiful flowers. But best of all are the hunts the boys have in the mountains. My cousin and I went for a holiday up to the mountains to a place known as Butler's Cañon. We were riding along and we came suddenly upon two wolves. The lazy fellows turned around and gave a contemptuous glance at us, then trotted slowly away. Our dogs ran back, refusing to pursue them. We did not have our guns with us, so we did not attack the wolves.—Truly yours,

F. S. VAN TREES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if the young readers of this magazine have heard of the Passion Play, which was acted this year in Ober-Ammergau, a little village in Germany? It is a place in the Bavarian Alps. Similar villages are scattered all through Germany, but this one is world-renowned because of its Passion Play.

This play is the representation, on the stage, of the last few days of the life of our Savior. The idea appears very strange at first, but those who have seen the play do not feel that it is irreverent, because they see the unfeigned religious spirit in which it is performed.

Several hundred years ago this play was first acted. In those times, when only the upper classes knew how to read, the priests used to instruct the ignorant poor people as we teach little children now—that is, through their eyes and ears, instead of by means of

books. As the people could not read the Bible, the priests used to have its scenes acted. When we go to the theater, it is for amusement, but these miracle-plays, as they were called, given by the priests, were for instruction, and to go to one was considered just as much a religious act as it is for us to go to church. As time went on, however, the miracle-plays were gradually given up. But in this little village of Ober-Ammergau the custom still remains.

In former years, when such plays were common, a dreadful pestilence prevailed in all the villages around, spreading from one to another, and in Ober-Ammergau the inhabitants expected that the plague would soon come to them. In their fright they made a vow, that if the sickness should not touch them, they would take their escape as a sign that God had kept it away in answer to their prayers, and they would, as a thanksgiving, perform a miracle-play every ten years forever. The sickness did not come, and the villagers kept their promise.

Every ten years, the play is given every Sunday through the summer; and this summer just gone by was one of those in which it was performed.

The actors and actresses are drawn from among the most respectable people of the village. They are not only careful about this, but also, as I was told, those who are to play the principal parts do not go to dances and concerts during the year of the play, but try to lead an especially sober and religious life. On the Sunday morning when they are to act, they always go to church first, and celebrate the Last Supper as a preparation for the play; so, you see, they consider it a religious duty, and not a mere amusement, like a common play.

The people of Ober-Ammergau receive as boarders the strangers who come to see the play. All the villagers we saw appeared far above the same class of people in other places; it seems as if the Passion Play were a means of education to them. Nearly every family takes part, and they are obliged, in the planning and arranging of their play, to use a great deal of thought and study. The grouping and costuming are as nearly exact copies of the famous pictures of the great painters as they can make them, and they show great knowledge of those wonderful works of art. The actors are obliged to speak a pure German, very different from that spoken by the people in their own part of the country.

The play also has obliged the people to study music. The orchestra is entirely composed of native musicians, and is considered a very good one of its kind. One boy of sixteen not only took part in the orchestra, but played also upon four or five instruments for his own amusement, beside his regular occupation of wood-carving. The constant intercourse of the villagers with strangers must also add much to the number of their ideas. They see a great many of the better classes of all countries, with whom they associate upon equal terms, and this, of course, brings them ease and refinement of manner such as are unusual with their own poor country people. As the play is always performed in exactly the same way, I will tell you a little about how it was done in 1870, when I saw it.

During the afternoon on Saturday we took several walks through the village, which was swarming with foreigners. We also visited the empty theater, an immense building only partly covered. That is, the stage was a house in itself, open in front, and the space occupied by the audience stretched before it, a wilderness of benches, of which only those farthest from the stage were covered.

Long hair is a sign of a player, and we saw constantly in the streets men and boys with picturesque locks reaching to their shoulders. The principal actor, Joseph Mayer, had a special permission from the king of Bavaria to wear his hair long, while he was in the army, during the late war, in order to preserve it for the Passion Play.

When we were at last quietly settled in our seats, on the first Sunday, our feelings were not altogether pleasant. Although I had longed to see the Passion Play, I had looked forward to it with dread, as something that would be very painful; and, now that it was fairly beginning, I wondered how I was going to bear it. However, the reality was less terrible than the anticipation.

I will not try to describe all the details of the play. It kept closely to the text of the New Testament in the scenes of the Savior's life, his own words being used throughout. The first scene was the entry into Jerusalem. Toward the last there were the supper in the house of Simon the Leper; the Last Supper; the scene in Gethsemane; the Betrayal; the death of Judas; all the different scenes in the Savior's trials before the Roman governor and before the priests; and, finally, the Crucifixion and Resurrection.

The scene of the Crucifixion was, of course, dreadful in the extreme. Although we had grown familiar with the constant representation of it in pictures, none of them could equal the living scene then solemnly presented.

Almost as touching was the Descent from the Cross. This, and indeed every other scene, were in such exact imitation of the old paintings, that the whole play seemed to us to be one series of moving tableaux.

The representation was interspersed with such tableaux from the Old Testament as were supposed to have a connection with scenes in the life of Jesus.

The play lasted eight hours, and the strain of watching it caused us intense fatigue. We had one intermission of an hour, during which we went home and dined.

I think the most distinct feeling upon waking next morning was a sense of relief that the Passion Play was over. It was so entirely over, that it seemed strange to remember how it had occupied every

mind the day before. Monday morning saw the towns-people, including the actors and musicians, returning to their work, some to wood-carving and some to field-work; nearly all the strangers disappeared, and the whole place assumed the appearance of a quiet country village.

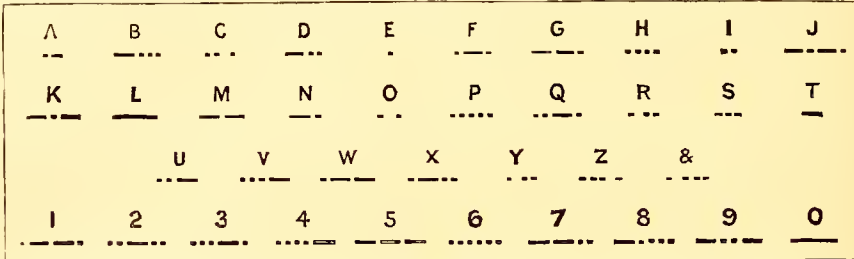
ALICE PARKMAN SMITH.

L. W. H.—The third line of the first stanza of the hymn "America" begins with the word "Of," not "On," as wrongly printed in telegraphic characters in the July "Riddle-Box." Accompanying

Let us be like the vine, growing in grace and purity of heart, clinging to the arbor of virtue; being content to do the work that the good God has given us.

EDITH MERRIAM, AGE 14 YEARS.

Translations of the fable "La Vigne et la Truelle" were received before August 20, from A. J. McN.—Klyda Richardson—"X. Y. Z."—Florence Burke—Lillian Gesner—Gertrude Abbott—Cecce Bacon—Mathilde Weyer—Leslie W. Hopkinson—Annie H. Mills—Gertrude Huidekoper—Bessie Beebe—Mary and Carrie Craighill—Marion B. Hudson—Emily R. Childs—Mabel Gordon—Belle M. Chandler—Cintra Hutchinson—Rosalie Carroll—Thomas Hunt—



this is a diagram of a "Morse Telegraphic Alphabet," such as most telegraph operators use. Some operators use alphabets slightly different, but probably all would understand a message spelled in accordance with this diagram.

Nellie Chandler—Alice M. Hunt—Ann Hay Bataille—Kate Sampson—Florence M. Easton—Nelly Granberry—Lancelot Minor Berkeley—Jennie H. Sieber—Clara E. Comstock—Edith Hamilton—Charita L. Sanford—Mary G. Kelsey—Laura G. Jones—Eddie C. Dodd—Euphemia Johnson—Julie Wickham and M. F. Smith—Hally Adams—Mildred Grace Roberts—Clay V. Faulkner—Varina Lane Mitchell—G. E. Debevoise—Florence Van Rensselaer—Edith M. Pollard—M. Jeannette Brookings—Ritta Leche—Lucy B. Simms—Helen E. Stone—Mary M. Madison—Beatrice Brown—Richard C. Harrison—William Henry Gardner—William L. Miller,

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to tell you of a visit from my father and his family to one of his parishioners, a farmer.

The farmer's wife came out to welcome mother; she had on a blue gingham frock and a nice white apron. Next came the farmer, in his domestic suit and pair of knit suspenders, which his good wife had made. It was the month of October, and he had been pounding cider, and a large pile of apples lay near the trough. I saw an ox-wagon coming in, piled with corn in the shucks, that was to be husked out that night. A large old colored woman was bringing in hampers of potatoes.

Father and the farmer sat at the cider-press, talking about affairs of state and church. I did not understand all they said, but it was about gold and greenbacks; they wanted more of both.

Presently, I heard the farmer's wife say to mother: "Please excuse me, I must see about dinner." The little boy followed her, crying: "Ma, Ma, don't kill my chicken!"

I am not going to describe the dinner; I only wish that the farmer and his wife were on our "committee of sustentation."

While seated at the table, the farmer said to my father: "Parson, what makes preachers' children so much worse than other children?"

I looked at mother's face and saw a cloud upon it, as she said, "I am not sure that that is the case."

Father then mentioned a number of good and great men who were the sons of preachers. He concluded by saying: "Generals Harrison and Jackson both had pious mothers." He did not see his mistake until we began to laugh. MOCKING-BIRD.

MANY translations of A. J. McN.'s French fable, "La Vigne et la Truelle," have been received. Perhaps the best was sent by Edith Merriam, and it is now printed. But several of the others—especially the one sent by L. W. H.—came very near the same degree of excellence. The accidental errors of printing, which appeared in the French original, were discovered by many of the translators. The phonographic English version of the fable, also given now, was sent in with the remark, "This is written in Graham's elementary style."

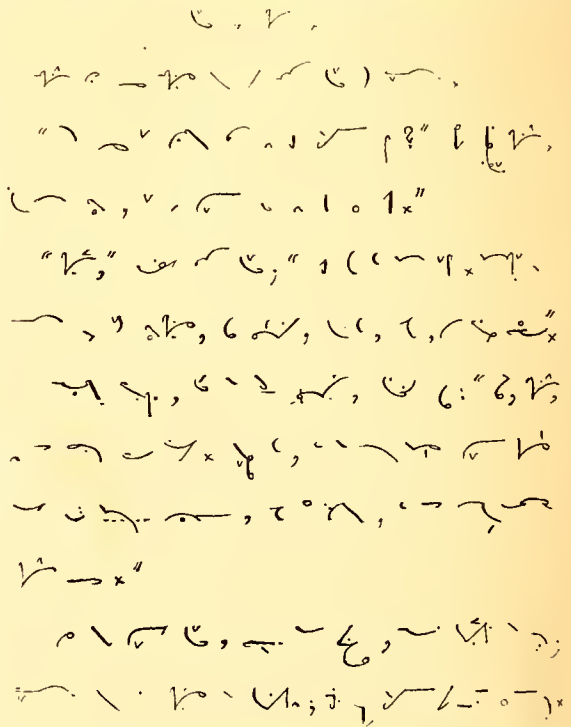
THE VINE AND THE TROWEL.

A TROWEL was resting against an arbor about which a little Vine was creeping. "Why," said the discontented Trowel, "must I work while you do not work? For my part, I should like to have you do as I do."

"Indeed," replied the little Vine, "I do not think I am idle. I am trying to climb to the highest part of the arbor this summer, because I think that it will please the gardener."

A neighboring apple-tree, delighting to point a moral, concluded thus:

"Of yourself, Trowel, you are unable to move an inch. Besides, we all are almost like tools in the hand of our Creator, and without His aid we could not move more than the Trowel."



of Toronto—Grace D. Gerow—C. B. Zerega—Mardochée la Juive—Mary D. and Sallie D. Rogers—Hattie F. Head—Nellie Henderson—Lila G. Alliger—Ethel Richmond Faraday, of Levenshulme, England—Florence Antonia Sterling, of Plymouth, England—Harriet Susan Sterling, of Plymouth, England.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I HAVE seven letters, and I come once a year. My 5-4-6-7 is a Dutch colonist of South Africa. My 2-1-4-3 is a water-fowl.

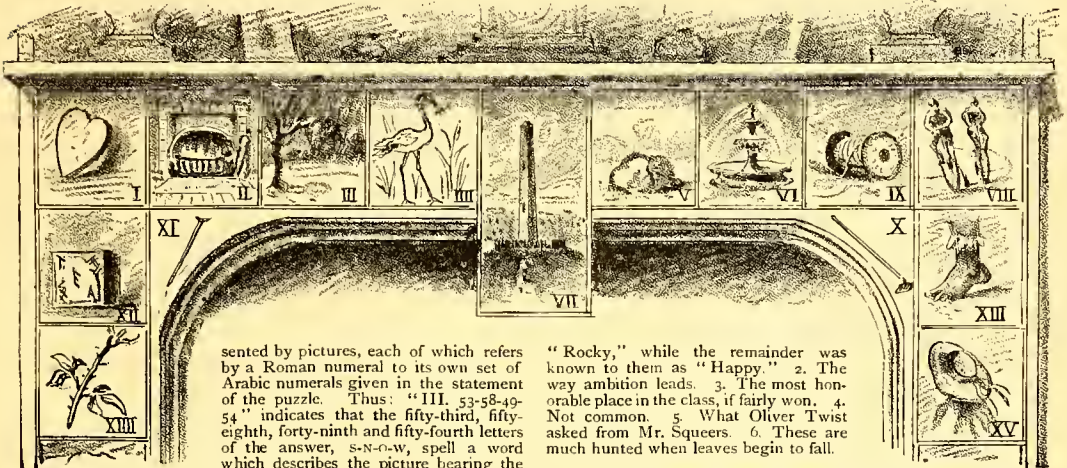
PICTORIAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer is a famous riddle, given in the Old Testament; and it contains sixty-one letters, here represented (in their order as they stand in the answer) by Arabic numerals. The key-words are not defined in the usual way, but are repre-

20-21-22-23-24—the cries of certain animals. 25-26-27-28-29—tugged rocks. 30-31-32—an epoch. 1-6-33-19-24—flowerless plants. 3-7-33-18-22—a pointed weapon. 5-8-33-17-20—a kind of fir. 25-30-33-16-13—a mark used when interlining. 27-31-33-15-11—to strike a bargain. 29-32-33-14-9—a thin woollen stuff. H. AND B.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials name a season when it is customary to gather the agreeable, many-colored things named by the finals. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A land, part of which the Romans called



sented by pictures, each of which refers by a Roman numeral to its own set of Arabic numerals given in the statement of the puzzle. Thus: "III, 53-58-49-54" indicates that the fifty-third, fifty-eighth, forty-ninth and fifty-fourth letters of the answer, S-N-O-W, spell a word which describes the picture bearing the Roman numeral III.

"Rocky," while the remainder was known to them as "Happy." 2. The way ambition leads. 3. The most honorable place in the class, if fairly won. 4. Not common. 5. What Oliver Twist asked from Mr. Squeers. 6. These are most hunted when leaves begin to fall.

- 1. 7-8-15-13-26. II. 43-49-45-35-37. III. 53-58-49-54. IV. 14-20-25-28-9. V. 61-51-41-42-47. VI. 5-1-31-42-3. VII. 16-4-58-2-23-55-28-11. VIII. 50-10-44-12. IX. 21-26-50-59-10-29. X. 2-2-19-24. XI. 38-32-45-34-48. XII. 6-17-27. XIII. 18-30-33-39. XIV. 60-57-56-40. XV. 52-15-26. H. H. D.

TWO ANAGRAMS.

THE anagrams are formed upon the names of two celebrated men, and the rhymes refer to their chief works. The first one is made very easy to guess, so as to show the plan of the puzzle, which might be turned into a game for long evenings.

HON. J. TOMLIN.

GRAND sightless man! Thy godlike inward eye
Ranged through all space and pierced beyond the sky,
Thy world, once gay, a mourning garment wore;
Yet blindness brought lost paradise to view,
And Fancy wrought one paradise the more;
For paradise regained then bloomed anew.

MORGAN KUP.

HE left his Scottish moors,
And made tremendous tours.
He tried to find a River's source,
But, tumbling in, was drowned, of course. C. G.

MALTESE-CROSS PUZZLE.

THIS puzzle appears more difficult than it is. The letters of the words that comprise it are represented by numerals, so that the description may indicate clearly the direction in which each word runs.

	1	2	3	4	5	
25		6	7	8		9
26	30					14 10
27	31		33			15 11
28	32					16 12
29		17	18	19		13
	20	21	22	23	24	

1-2-3-4-5—easily broken. 6-7-8—a point of time. 9-10-11-12-13—to strain. 14-15-16—a word addressed to oxen. 17-18-19—to study.

SIMPLE SEXTUPLE CROSS.

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1. ACROSS: A company traveling over a desert. 2. DOWN: The ability to contain. 3. HEAD: A covering for the head. 4. FOOT: A large town. 5. LEFT ARM: A heavy truck. 6. RIGHT ARM: A closed carriage. DYCIE.

CHARADE.

My first is mixed in woful plight,
To printers' eyes a sorry sight;
My second, whether high or low,
The worth of something tends to show;
My whole oft takes another's right,
By stealthy craft and wicked might. P. B. SHERRARD.

EASY HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8		
		9		
	10	11	12	
	13	14	15	16 17

1-2-3-4-5—A person filled with rancor and detestation. 6-7-8—Before. 9—In abracadabra. 10-11-12—To free a person from some trouble. 13-14-15-16-17—Fishes of a kind highly esteemed in England. 3-7-9-11-15—A track. 1-6-9-12-17—Tops. 5-8-9-10-13—Brings up. G. F.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A FREQUENT visitor on cool autumn nights, proving that winter is coming soon. 2. A person who cannot be trusted; a bad-tempered elephant turned out by the herd. 3. A town in one of the Territories of the United States. 4. An adjective seldom used, meaning "evenly spread." 5. Movable shelters; the only dwellings of some Asiatic tribes. R. M. T.



