

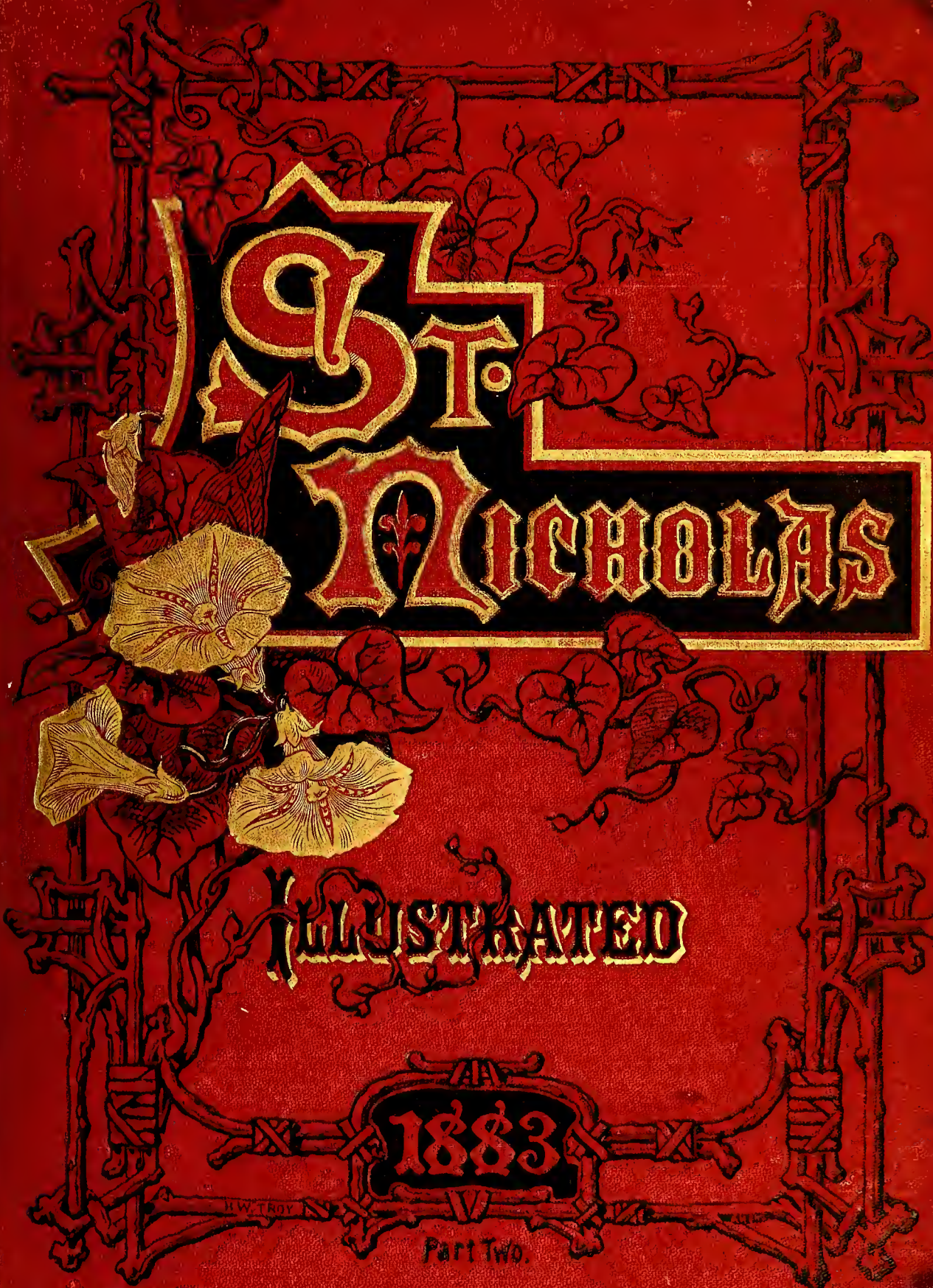
ST. NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED


1883

Part Two.

H.W. TROY







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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME X.

PART II., MAY, 1883, TO OCTOBER, 1883.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME X.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY, 1883, TO OCTOBER, 1883.

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ANTON VANDYCK.

[See "Stories of Art and Artists," page 509.]

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NO. 7.

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AMONG THE POLLY-DANCERS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

To children in towns, anything that suggests the wild woods and breezy hills is oftentimes even more than the woods and hills themselves are to those who live among them. From a city window, I have seen children, playing in a vacant house-lot overrun with weeds, plucking and rejoicing over the rough, homely things as if they were the fairest of flowers, and, with delight that was almost ecstasy, sorting over the faded evergreens thrown there from some neighboring chapel, where they had long served as decorations.

The very word "evergreen" seems full of all manner of woodsy sights and sounds and smells.

When a bit of a child myself—almost a baby—I remember that one day my father called me to the low table, which was just about on a level with my eyes, and said:

"Look at the Polly-dancers!"

He had brought in a green pine-twig from the wood-pile, had cut off half a dozen brush-like little tufts, had trimmed their tips, and then, blowing upon them gently, had set them dancing about the table as if they were alive. They floated this way and that, each taking its own direction; and when one moved too near the edge of the table, a light puff from his lips would send it back again. They seemed to me like tiny green-skirted sprites having a frolic together, and I was charmed with them more as playmates than as playthings.

I had a large family of rag-babies of home manufacture, featureless and limbless, which either wore their only night-gown all day or had squares of

bright calico (their entire wardrobe) pinned about their shoulders, shawl fashion; and for each of these I felt a separate motherly affection. There was also a London doll laid away in a drawer, which I was told belonged to me, but whose rosy cheeks and flaxen curls I was forbidden to touch. For this fine lady I had a great admiration, without any feeling of attachment, and when she finally fell into my hands, my ill-treatment of her soon brought her down to the level of my humbler darlings.

But I wholly forgot rag-babies and London dolls in my rapture over the Polly-dancers.

No matter if they had neither heads nor feet, they could move like living creatures. The lack of motion and life is what makes dollies, however dear, unsatisfactory to a sensible child. All the imagining in the world will not make them stir. But a dolly that could flit hither and thither at a breath, it was no matter whether she had a visible head of her own or not, since there was one ready to grow for her, at any moment, out of her little admirer's brain.

When I asked, "Where did the Polly-dancers come from?" and was answered, "From the woods," a whole new, unexplored world rose before me.

There was a dark-blue outline against the sunset, across the river, and another heavier line of purple-green in the north, toward the sea, which I had heard called "the woods." The name had been full of mystery to me, before: but from that

moment it stood for a wonder-land—the home of the Polly-dancers! How I longed for the time when I should be old enough to go to the woods! And when one summer day, a year or two after, my brother asked and gained leave to take me with him a-berrying, was not I a happy girl?

The walk was through a long street, past a great many houses, and then over an open, unshaded road. But at last we were there. When the cool, lofty greenness closed us in, and fresh earth-smells came up from the moss and ferns beneath our feet, I seemed to know it all as if I had been there before. These were really “the woods” of my dream!

My brother seated me on a great rock covered with lichens, and told me not to move from the spot until he came for me. Then he went out of sight with his basket, whistling. I felt like crying for loneliness when I saw him disappear, but the stillness around me inspired a feeling of awe that made me afraid to utter a sound. And presently I began to feel at home in the wonderful place. There were soft whisperings all about me, that seemed like kind voices of unseen friendly people, rustlings as of gossamer garments.

Nothing would have tempted me from my perch, for I had read of elves and gnomes and fairies, and I firmly believed in them. They always lived in the woods; and though I would gladly have stepped inside a fairy-ring, just once, I would not for worlds have done so without first feeling my hand fast in my brother's, else I was sure I should never see home again. But he did not believe in fairies, and I soon forgot that I did as I listened to the song of the Polly-dancers.

For there they were, thousands and tens of thousands of them, up in those great trees, dancing with their feet out to the sky, and making such music together, low, sweet, and solemn! I have never forgotten how it sounded to me that first time I heard it. It seemed to tell me that the world was a larger and lovelier place than I had dreamed, and that it would always have awaiting me something grander than I could guess. Of course, I had no words for my feelings then; I did not even know that I was having “feelings” at all. A child never does, until long afterward. But the feelings come back, and we remember the moments when we began to be acquainted with the world and with ourselves.

My brother and I walked home, two merry, tired, matter-of-fact children. He had left me only a half-hour or so alone; and he did not confide to me until we were almost home that his basket, which seemed brimful of huckleberries, was really crammed with fresh leaves, and that there was only a thin layer of berries on the top! I re-

member thinking what a remarkable boy he was to have conceived such a clever artifice. But he had not liked either to take me into the bushes or to leave me long alone; and he did not wish to appear unsuccessful in his search for berries, if he should chance to pass other boys. He little dreamed how much more than berries I had found in the woods that day!

For the pine trees have been like dear friends to me ever since. Every summer I go to visit them in their homes on the mountain-sides, where they best love to be, and where they are always ready to give those who love them a hospitable welcome.

I do not know of any tree that seems so much like a human being as a pine tree. Every one of its myriad little needle-like leaves vibrates like a sensitive nerve to the touch of the breeze, and its great song is a chorus of innumerable small voices answering each other, and carrying the anthem on into limitless space. It distills rich gums, and sends out spicy odors to make the air around it healthy and sweet, and it throws down its leaves to make a dry bed on the damp earth, where we can rest on hot midsummer days. There is no outdoor repose sweeter than that we find under its shadow, looking up through its boughs into twinkling breaks of blue sky. I always feel like a little child again when I find myself in that friendly solitude.

There are companions all about me, happy, living creatures, and the most neighborly of these are the squirrels. They and the Polly-dancers seem very fond of each other. A squirrel runs out to the very tip of a long bough over my head, and a little gust of sound, that might be a laugh or a sigh, steals softly down to me. Is that distant chatter of the squirrels frolicking or scolding? I can not always tell. But once I saw a pitched battle between two chipmunks, high up in the tree-tops, and suddenly one of them fell with a light thud on the ground beside me, fifty feet or more below the scene of the fight. He did not seem the least bit hurt or discomfited, but was flashing up the next tree in an instant, after his victorious foe.

It is wonderful how the squirrels know at once when any one has come into the woods. Let the intruder be ever so quiet, in a minute or two there is an approaching “chip-chip-chip!” a clattering down the loose bark of a tree, as of somebody whose shoes do not fit very well, and two small, bright eyes are staring at him inquisitively from a safe distance.

Sitting perfectly still on the ground, I have eyed a squirrel ten minutes at a time—he as still as myself and gazing into my eyes as steadily as I into his. I have usually had to be the first to look away; then he would perhaps venture a little nearer, or possibly would take alarm at my move-

ments, and run up into his trec, quivering with excitement. Once I caught the eye of one sitting on a pine-scrub near me, with a nut or acorn in his mouth, which fitted in exactly and gave it the shape of the letter "O." He staid there a long time quite motionless, with his tail in the air, and his paws uplifted to his cheeks, stuffed out with the nut, which he did not attempt to eat or to drop, until I turned away. It was very comical, the three interjections that his eyes and mouth made as he watched me. I tried to talk to him in squirrel-language, and he seemed to listen, but not to understand, for he gave no answer; I suppose he was laughing inside at the ridiculous mispronunciations of the intrusive foreigner. But I have had long talks with squirrels that came down to within a few feet of me, and told me unmistakably that they had better command of their own vocabulary than I, and that I had better leave their premises at once.

Squirrels in their native haunts are sometimes very tame. At a picnic in the woods, I have seen one come and take away a slice of cucumber almost from the hand of the person who laid it on the ground for him. We hoped he did not have to send for a squirrel-doctor, after eating the indigestible morsel. And one actually jumped from a tree down upon the shoulder of a lady who sat there talking with a friend.

This was in the Maine woods, which, perhaps, are no lovelier than the woods of any other State, though they seem lovelier to me because I have passed so many peaceful, almost perfect, days in their shade. The ground all carpeted with delicate linnea-vines, interwoven with trailing arbutus and snowberry streamers, wherever the pine-needles had not fallen too thickly to let them through; checkerberry and bunchberry dotting the deep verdure with scarlet drops; the note of some belated bird now and then floating down the hill-side; the great tree-trunks before me framing

in the river and vast green meadows, and the grand, far-off mountain ranges tinted with azure and purple and pearl—it takes but a thought to carry me thither, and I journey there often through closed doors and windows. For memory and fancy are like the magic traveling-rug of the "Arabian Nights," and much pleasanter conveyances than steam-boat or railway car.

I think there is some secret league between the Polly-dancers and the mountains. They are always found together; and they perhaps like each other because of their differences, as persons sometimes do. For what is so airy, so easily stirred, as the needle-like foliage of the pine tree? and what is so immovable as a mountain?

Yet the far blue summits and the gray crags and precipices seem to speak through the pine tree. They are dumb, but they make its wiry leaves their harp-strings. The west wind steals down from the peak and breathes through the pine in a monotone, as if the mountain were thinking aloud, while the stormy blast wakens there a surging music as from vast organ-pipes. And the somber green of the pine-groves is never so picturesque as when contrasted with the misty tints of a hilly background. To know the pine trees well you must live with them on the mountain-sides.

When the pine tree sings, it wakes an echo in the heart of the smallest child who listens beneath its boughs. What is its song?

That every little, firm, green thread, set so close upon its branches, delights to take its part in the grand music of creation, to breathe out the story of life all around it, larger and stronger than itself—life that it feels thrilling up from its hidden roots and out of the infinite spaces of the sky. And this song is so full of deep meaning to every human being who aspires to live truly, it seems so full of our own inmost longing, that we almost feel while we listen as if the pine tree had a soul.

This I have learned among the Polly-dancers.



A FABLE FOR BOYS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING."

AS SOON as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as being a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; but after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider: "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debt to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised, and wonders why the world does not give him his due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

A fable is a story that has been "made up"—an imaginary story that is not really true. The saying that "the world owes every man a living" sounds very deep and wise, but it is only a fable. It is not true.

Come, boys, get your hats and walking-sticks, and let us take a tramp and see what we can find. We will start in the country and walk to town by the brook, along the river-side and over the canal. This is a pretty good road. It leads toward the city. It is smooth and hard, and the teams we meet roll along swiftly and easily. Yonder is a horse dragging a cart through some plowed land. He has a hard time of it, but as soon as he reaches the road he will trot off merrily enough.

Here's a stone bridge over a brook. See how nicely all the stones have been laid, one over the other, to make the arch that spans the water. The brook is deep and muddy, and it would not be much fun to wade it to reach the other side. But having the bridge, there is no need of that.

We walk on, and presently come to another bridge. Ah! this is the canal. It looks like a narrow river winding through the country. There is a path on one side for the horses, and here and there are locks. Here's a boat coming. First comes the horse stoutly pulling on the long rope, and the great boat slips silently through the water behind him. A horse is able to drag on wheels a load which, if he walks all day, is equivalent to moving ten tons one mile. This horse pulling the canal-boat moves a load of five hundred and fifteen tons the same distance in the same time.

That was certainly a good idea in some one to make a watery road and put boats, instead of carts, upon it, and thus make such a gain in the work of the horse. The canal looks like a river, but it is not. Thousands of men worked hard for a long time to dig the ditch and fill it with water, that the boats might travel from town to town.

Here's a lock. Let us stop and see the boat pass through. There are two great gates, arranged in pairs, at each end of the lock. The lower gates are open, and the lock is empty. At the upper end we find that the water is much higher above the lock than in it. The boat glides into the lock, and the lockman closes the gates tightly behind it. Then he turns a crank, and immediately we hear the water rushing into the lock. How wonderful! The great boat rises slowly till it is level with the water above the lock. Then the

man opens the upper gates, and the boat slips through and goes on its way. Here one man lifted, alone, a load of over five hundred tons, and moved the boat from one level of the canal to another. Certainly, some one must have been a wise man to make such an admirable contrivance.

Let us go on, for there is much more to be seen. We walk along the road and the houses become thicker, and there is a nice graveled sidewalk, with rows of trees on either side. Ah! There 's the river. Let 's turn aside and look at it. The banks are lined with stone to keep the waves from washing the soil away, and out in the stream are red-and-black beacons to mark the channel for the steam-boats. There is one coming now. How swiftly it moves along! What a very clever invention it is! There 's a sloop beating up stream against wind and tide. The sail-boat finds it difficult to make a mile while the steam-boat is going ten.

We trudge along, and presently come to a horse railroad leading into the town. Twenty-two people in the car, and only two horses. Two horses in a carriage find it quite enough to drag four people on a sandy beach or rough road, but when the carriage runs on smooth iron rails they can drag sixty people or more. Certainly, somebody must have been very bright to find out this and to put it into practice.

Here we are in the city. There 's a policeman standing guard on the corner, to keep the thief and pickpocket from entering our house or stealing our purse. Here 's a fine, large school-house, where a hundred children are getting an education free. Next door is a free picture-gallery and a public library, and here 's a fountain in the street where men, horses, and even dogs, can have a drink of pure water at any time. Not far away is an engine-house, and we may stop at the door and look in at the beautiful and intelligent horses, trained to put themselves into place before the engine the instant the bell rings. What a fine

How finely the streets are laid out, paved, and lighted with gas, and provided with signs on the corners to point the way. If we go down-town, we shall see great docks, with swift and beautiful ships floating in the harbor and great steam-ships ready to take us to any part of the world. There are the forts, where the soldiers mount guard day and night the year round. See that white tower in the distance. That is the light-house to guide strange vessels to the port. Yonder is a war-ship, with rows of black guns looking out of its sides—a noble sea-dog, ready to repel any invaders who dare come to our shores bent on mischief. There are many more things to be seen, but perhaps this is enough. Let us take the cars and go home. We pay a few cents, and are brought back to the country safely, quickly, and cheaply.

Now, boys, what do you think of it? We had a good road to walk upon, and a bridge to help us over the brook. We saw the water-road called a canal, and the river kept in fine order for boats. We saw the horse railroad, the steam-boat, the streets, the docks, the fort, and the light-house, the gallery and school; and beside all these were many more wonderful things we did not have time to examine.

We read that in certain countries there are no roads, towns, or even houses. Bears and wolves roam through the wilderness, and the few men who live there have a hard time to find food to eat and skins enough to keep out the cold. Were you carried there and left to take care of yourself, you would soon starve. There might be fish in the water, and grapes on the vines, and birds among the trees. But would the fish come up to be cooked and eaten, would the grapes drop into your hand, or the birds stay to be caught? Not at all. Nature would simply let you starve. The world would see you faint with hunger or perishing with cold, and not a living thing would seem to care whether you lived or died.

Put a line in the sea and catch the fish, and he



piece of machinery is the engine—and the men, too. They look like able workmen, and, no doubt, when the need comes, they will risk their lives with a noble courage we can not help admiring.

will make a hard struggle to get away. Only because you are stronger, only after you have killed him, can you eat the fish. Only by climbing the vine can you get grapes, only by trapping the birds

can you eat them. This seems hard and cruel. Why does not Nature make fried fish to come up to the shore? Why should not the grapes grow close to the ground? Why do not the broiled ducks and boned turkeys hop down into our plates? I do not really know why not, but it is certain they never do.

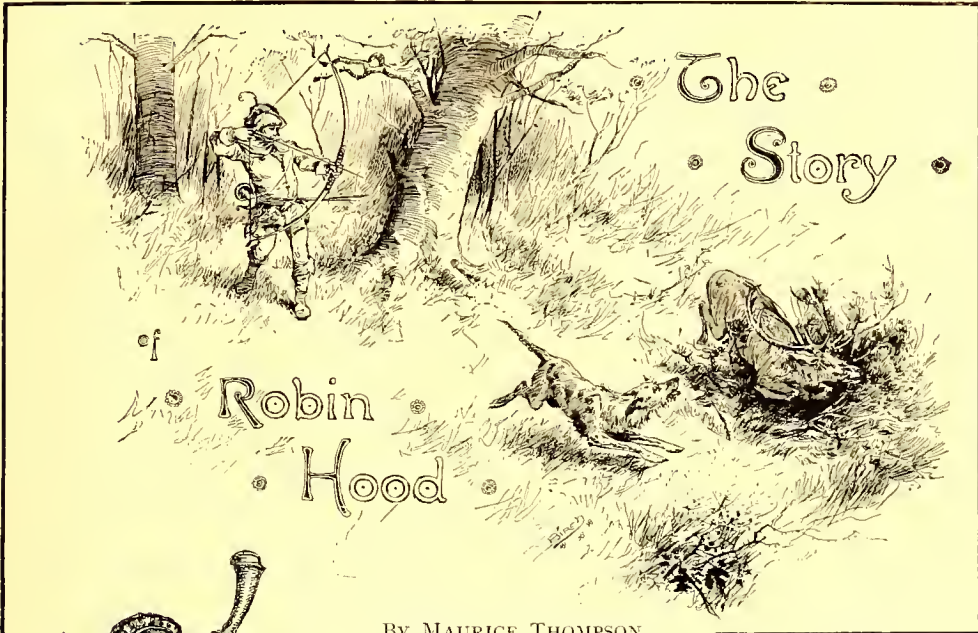
At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, sailor, the light-house keeper and school-master.

From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost

you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? Is it not you who are in debt? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boys, he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things,—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines,—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world at last did owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.





BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.*

ROBIN HOOD has been called a robber; but, in fact, he was not a robber at all, in the true sense of the word. He was a patriot against whom the decree of outlawry had been uttered by a tyrannical king.

In the year 1265, on the field of Eves-

save his life or to avoid banishment from his beloved country, to take refuge in the vast wild forests of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, where he soon called about him a band of brave, but unfortunate lovers of liberty, who vowed never to surrender to the invaders of merry England. These men were of the good, substantial middle class of Englishmen, called yeomen, whose delight it was that they were free-born and had the right to bear the English long-bow and arrows as their arms and the badges of liberty.

In those days life and property were not so secure as they are now, and governments were less stable.

The wealthy men and hereditary nobles of England fortified themselves in vast castles surrounded with solid walls and moats filled with water, whence they now and then went forth, with their armed retainers, to do all manner of evil deeds. And these enemies of the people had given their allegiance to the invaders and conquerors of England.

So it may be easily seen how Robin Hood and his compatriots were situated in their enforced exile. They had fought for freedom, and had been defeated. To surrender was death or banishment for life. They were in the wild greenwood, with their weapons in their hands, and they resolved not to surrender to the tyrant, whose very name was hateful, and whose heart had never known mercy. They were free men and loved England, and they

ham, the patriots, who were struggling against the tyranny of Henry III., came to grief. They were utterly defeated and many of their noblest leaders slain. The most notable of those who survived the battle were outlawed and their homes and property confiscated. Robin Hood, who, under the leadership of De Montfort, a nobleman (Earl of Leicester), had shown great bravery and skill as an archer, was especially hated by the tyrant, and forced, in order to

could not bear the thought of being put to death by a king who had gathered about him a foreign court, and had unsparingly oppressed the yeomanry of his realm.

At first, Robin Hood and his men sought to live by killing game in Sherwood forest; but the tyrant would not allow this, rather choosing to send companies of armed men to scour the wood in search of them, with orders to take them dead or alive. Resistance became necessary, and Robin and his brave fellows fell upon some of these companies, and drove them from Sherwood with the loss of many men.

A reward was offered for Robin Hood's capture. The rich nobles and even some of the ecclesiastics joined the King in his oppressions, doing everything in their power to bring Robin to his death.

So it came to pass that at last this brave forester called his band together and gave the following orders, which were adopted as the law to govern their actions:

"See that you do no harm to any husbandman that tilleth with the plow, or to any good yeoman, or to any knight or squire that is a good fellow; but those that live upon the fat of the land, and subsist by plundering the poor, you may beat and bind them. The High Sheriff of Nottingham, too, you may bear in mind, for he is no friend to any of us."

This simple proclamation gives us an insight into the situation. The yeomanry and the knights and squires of England had mostly been on the side of freedom in the late struggle. They and the honest tillers of the soil sympathized with Robin and his band. The official class, as has been said, had always been the robbers of the poor and the auxiliaries of the tyrant. As for the Sheriff of Nottingham, he, no doubt, was desirous of capturing Robin and his men for the sake of the reward offered by the Government and the rich oppressors against whom Robin had leveled his attacks.

Bearing in mind these prominent features, the reader is ready to go into the greenwood where this dauntless band of archers have their home, and there witness those exploits which have rendered the name of Robin Hood a household word in the homes of merry England for seven centuries or more.

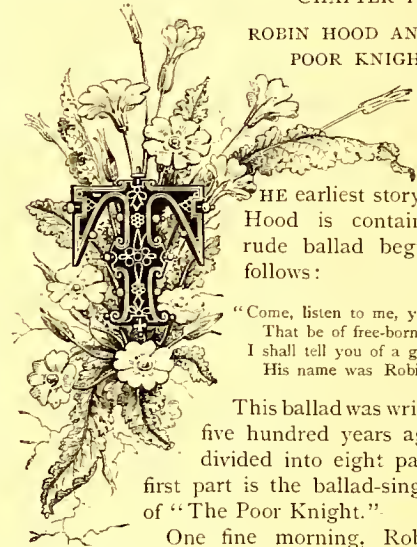
What shall interest you in all this? Why, you shall go where the summer breezes sing, and the brooks ripple, and the wild birds carol in the shady groves. You shall hear the twang of the bow-string and the hiss of the flying arrow as the merry woodsmen hunt the deer, the wild swan, the pheasant, and other game. You shall see them catch the trout in the sweet, cold brooks. You shall be

with Robin and his bold men in many a skirmish with the emissaries of the King, and you shall witness their kindness to the poor and their noble tenderness to women.

You will keep in mind, however, that the days of honorable outlawry are gone by—that what was justifiable in the times of the tyranny and lawless conquest of kings would be robbery, punishable with imprisonment and disgrace, in this free and happy land of ours. And you will draw from the story of Robin Hood a fuller knowledge of the happiness you derive from living in an age of real freedom, and in a land where the Government protects the people instead of joining with their enemies to oppress them.

CHAPTER II.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE POOR KNIGHT.



THE earliest story of Robin Hood is contained in a rude ballad beginning as follows:

"Come, listen to me, ye gentlemen
That be of free-born blood:
I shall tell you of a good yeoman,
His name was Robin Hood."

This ballad was written about five hundred years ago, and is divided into eight parts. The first part is the ballad-singer's story of "The Poor Knight."

One fine morning, Robin Hood stood under a tree in the depths of the forest. He was leaning against the bole of the tree and must have looked weak and hungry, for one of his best men, who was called Little John, said to him:

"Master Robin, if you would eat a good, hearty dinner, it would do you much good."

"I have no desire to eat," said Robin Hood, "and shall not dine unless I have some stranger for a guest who can pay for his meal."

In fact, Robin and his band had been so harassed of late by the sheriffs of the King, and by bodies of men-at-arms sent to kill them, that the outlaw felt a keen desire to avenge himself.

"Well, what must we do?" said Little John, who was a great eater, and who was growing very hungry. "Give us our orders." And Robin answered:

"You and Much, the miller's son, and William Scathelock, take a walk up to the dwarf-willow thicket and watch the highway called Watling

street, and take the first man that comes along, be he baron, or abbot, or knight, and bring him here to me. I'll have dinner all ready by the time you return."

Then the three men strung their long yew-bows, and, bowing to Robin Hood, went to do his bidding. They were strong men, especially Much, the miller's son, who was a match for several ordinary men. They must have shone bravely, as they stepped along through the summer woods, for they wore green mantles and gay hoods, and in their broad belts their arrows gleamed brightly. Robin watched them with pride, for they were the truest, the bravest, and the strongest of his men.

When they had hidden themselves in the willows, or salties, which overlooked the highway, they began watching for some passer-by, but for a long time saw none. At last, however, a knight, shabbily dressed and evidently in a sad mood, came slowly riding by, with one foot in stirrup, the other carelessly dangling free, and with his hood pulled low over his eyes.

Little John stepped forth from his hiding-place, and, bowing before the knight in a very courteous way, said:

"I am glad to meet you, Sir Knight, for my master has been waiting dinner for you these three hours. You will be right welcome, gentle knight, to our feast under the greenwood tree."

The knight reined up his horse and said:

"And who is your master, my good yeoman?"

"Robin Hood," replied Little John.

"Robin Hood, the brave patriot? I have heard much of him," said the knight. "He's a good yeoman, and I will go to him with you, although I was to dine at Doncaster to-day."

"My master will give you better fare than any inn-keeper at Doncaster," said Much.

"That he will," said Scathelock.

As they went along through the forest toward the tree where they had left Robin Hood, Little John and his companions noticed that the knight was very sad, and that the tears now and then dropped down his cheeks. They wondered what was the cause of his trouble, but kindly forbore to question him.

At the tree Robin stepped forward, and, taking off his hood, bowed before the knight and said:

"You are welcome, Sir Knight, to my greenwood home. I have been waiting three hours to dine with you."

"Ah, thank you, good Robin Hood!" said the knight, graciously bowing and smiling sadly. "God save you and all your men."

They gave the stranger such accommodations as they had. He and Robin went to the brook, and bathed their hands and faces side by side, and

dried them upon the same towel. Then they dined together under the tree. And what a dinner it was! There was fat venison and wine and pheasants and river-fowl, and the ballad goes on to say:

"And there wanted never so little a bird as ever was bred on brier."

The knight ate ravenously, and when his hunger was appeased, said:

"Thank you, sir; for three weeks I have not had such a meal. I must be going now, but if I ever have the chance I shall repay your kindness by giving you just as good a dinner as this."

"You must pay before you go," said Robin, who suspected that the knight might be a King's officer in disguise.

At this the stranger looked chagrined, and said: "I have no money." His voice trembled and his eyes grew gloomy again, as if some deep distress had almost worn out his spirit.

"If that is so," said Robin Hood, "you shall go free. Upon your knightly honor, Sir Knight, how much have you?"

"I have but ten shillings," said the poor knight, blushing for shame at his poverty.

Robin was touched, but he wished to be sure, so he told Little John to search the knight. Sure enough, there were but ten shillings in his purse.

Then Robin passed around the wine, and they drank the knight's health.

"I wondered what made your clothes so thin," said Robin, "and now tell me—(I'll keep the secret)—were you made a knight by force or from the yeomanry, or have you lived an uproarious life and wasted your fortune in debauchery?"

"I have not lived a sinful life," said the knight, "and my ancestors have been knights for more than two hundred years."

Then he went on to tell Robin how he had been good to his neighbors and had had a living of four hundred pounds a year, and how he had lost his wealth through his son's misfortune in a tourney where he had killed a knight and a squire. To save his son from the consequences, his goods had been sold and all his land mortgaged to the Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey.

"And when must you repay the Abbot in order to save your estate?" said Robin Hood.

"A few days are left me yet, but I shall not be able to get the money," was the sorrowful reply. "My poor wife and children must suffer."

"How much do you owe the Abbot?" Robin demanded.

"Four hundred pounds," replied the knight.

"And what will become of you if you lose your land?"

"I shall sail away to Palestine," said the knight, "to the land where Christ lived and died on Cal-

vary. My fate is hard. Farewell. I shall never be able to repay you. You have been very kind to me." He was shedding tears as he spoke, and he turned to leave them, his head bowed and his face deeply lined with trouble.

Robin Hood's three sturdy men stood by and wept at this.

"What friends have you who will become your surety if I lend you the four hundred pounds?" Robin asked.

"Heaven is my only friend," replied the knight. "Since my poverty has come upon me all men have deserted me."

"But you offer no security," insisted Robin.

"I have none to offer," answered the knight—"except my knightly honor."

Robin Hood was wise. He knew human nature.

"I will lend you the money," he said, quickly.

So he sent Little John to his hidden treasury to fetch the money. Not only this, at Little John's suggestion, the knight was given three yards of every color of cloth contained in the outlaw's rich store. Much grumbled at Little John's free measurements, seeing that he used a six-foot bow for a yard-stick, and gave three feet over at each length; but Scathelock laughed and said, "Little John can afford liberal measure, as the cloth did not cost him much!"

"Master Robin, you must give the knight a horse to pack all these goods upon," said Little John, eyeing the enormous pile of green and scarlet and gold and blue cloth.

"And a palfrey," said Much.

"And a pair of boots," added Scathelock.

"And these gilt spurs," cried Little John.

The knight stood silent, much moved by this great generosity.

"Now, when shall you expect me to pay back this money?" he asked, as he prepared to depart.

"On this day, a year hence, under this greenwood tree," replied Robin.

Then the knight bade them good-bye, and was about to go, when Robin spoke up and said:

"It would be a shame for so fair a knight to ride through the land with no squire, or yeoman, or page to walk by his side. I will lend you Little John to be your servant, and to stand in the stead of a yeoman, if you need one."

And then the knight rode gladly away, with Little John by his side, while the birds sang in the green trees, and the sweet breeze whispered, and the brooks bubbled, and the deer bounded across the grassy glades.

"Now," said the knight to Little John, "I must be in York to-morrow, at the Abbey of St. Mary, so as to pay the Abbot this money, or I may lose my estates forever."

He was thinking how happy his wife and children would be when their home could again be called their own. He smiled so happily that it made Little John glad and proud of the part he had taken in befriending him.

When they reached the great highway which led to York, they followed it, meeting on the way, no doubt, many noble knights, clad in shining steel armor, and many lords and ladies and ecclesiastics.

The knight reached the Abbey just as the Abbot was considering what was to be done about the pledged estates.

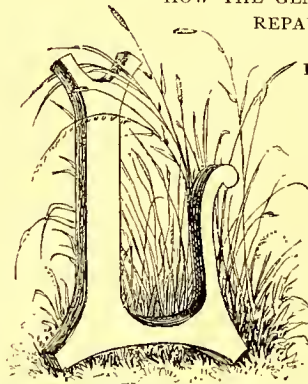
He was rather surprised at seeing the four hundred pounds counted out, and it was not with much pleasure that he surrendered the knight's lands, free of all encumbrance.

But it was a happy day for the good knight, and a proud one for Little John. The two left the Abbey and went to the knight's home, where the latter's wife was sorrowfully waiting for him. They made her joyful with the news they bore, and she blessed the name of Robin Hood, and wished him and his noble men long life and great success.

The knight and Little John sang merry songs. The whole world looked bright to them, as it always does to those who receive great benefits and to those who do noble deeds.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE GENTLE KNIGHT REPAID ROBIN HOOD.



LITTLE JOHN was to remain in the employ of the knight for one year, at the end of which he was to return to the greenwood and report to Robin Hood.

The knight had no sooner secured his estates from the greed of the

Abbot than he began making every effort to get the four hundred pounds necessary to meet his promise to Robin Hood when the year should expire.

Days passed on, and Little John found his new master a kind and generous one, who allowed him to enjoy himself in any way he chose. One day the Sheriff of Nottingham was standing in a field, near some marks at which a number of archers were shooting. Little John joined in the game,

and hit the center of the mark every time he shot. The Sheriff, who was anxious to get into his service archers who could equal Robin Hood and his men, at once offered him twenty marks* for a year's service. This offer the knight permitted Little John to accept.

The reader must remember that Robin Hood and all his band were at war with the King, and

five miles to join his master, the Sheriff, who was hunting deer in a wood.

"Master!" he cried, when he found the Sheriff, "I have been deep in the forest, and I have seen a glorious sight—the fairest sight these eyes ever saw. I have seen a fine hart, and with him no less than sevenscore deer! He is of a green color, and his antlers have full sixty points."

This declaration, together with Little John's breathless and excited condition, aroused the Sheriff's curiosity.

"I should be glad to see such a sight as that," he said.

"Come with me, then," cried Little John earnestly, "and I'll show you the green hart and all the deer. They are but five miles away."

The Sheriff bade Little John lead on, and, forthwith leaving his comrades of the chase, he followed the wily outlaw directly to Robin Hood, who, with a green mantle on his shoulders, stood by the oak called the "Greenwood Tree" or "Trystal Tree," which was the spot where he and his band usually met.

"Here is the fine green hart—the master of the herd," cried Little John, pointing at Robin.

The Sheriff turned pale and began to tremble. He knew he was trapped by Little John, and expected nothing but death at the hands of Robin Hood, whom he had so long and so shamefully persecuted. But, to his surprise, he was asked to dine, and was courteously treated. All that Robin Hood required of him was to sleep one night on the ground wrapped in nothing but a thin green mantle, so that he might know how the hardy patriots were accustomed to fare. Then, on the morrow, Robin administered an oath to the Sheriff that he would never molest any of the band, and that he would help whomever of them should need assistance. The Sheriff took this oath solemnly on Robin's sword, as was the form among the outlaws, and was allowed to return to Nottingham.



BRINGING IN BOOTY.

that the Sheriff was the King's representative. It is said, and usually acted upon, that any strategy is fair in war. Little John, in going into the Sheriff's

employ, gave his name as Reynold Greenleaf, and did not hint that he had ever been with Robin Hood. The Sheriff gave him a fine horse to ride, and showed him marked favor. But Little John remembered well the many noble and patriotic fellows this Sheriff had caused to be slain or banished, and he was only watching for a chance to punish him, and relieve the people from his oppression. This chance soon offered. Little John formed a plot with the Sheriff's cook, by which it was arranged to carry away to Robin Hood all the Sheriff's money and silver plate. The plot was successful. The cook and Little John got safely into the greenwood with three hundred pounds in money and a large amount of plate. They were gladly welcomed by Robin and his men, and the cook was taken into the company.

When this was accomplished, Little John ran

* A mark is thirteen shillings and four-pence—or about three dollars and twenty cents.

The outlaws were now very happy, thinking they could henceforth live in the greenwood without fear of persecution from the Sheriff. The year rolled around, the merriest year they had ever seen. They met in the glades, and held shooting tourneys with their bows and arrows. Robin Hood himself joined in their sports, and was always the best archer among them.

But when the day came for the knight to repay Robin's money, the chief looked in vain for any sign of his approach. Dinner was delayed, for Robin wished to have the knight at table with him. Little John got very hungry, and kept insisting on proceeding with the meal.

"I fear greatly," said Robin, "that the knight has failed me, for he is not come, and my pay is not sent to me."

"Never doubt," said Little John; "the sun is not yet down by three hours, and the money is not due till then. I know the gentle knight will not break his word."

Then Robin said to Little John and Much and Scathelock:

"Take your bows, and go to the sallies and Watling street, and bring me the first stranger that you see, and if he shall chance to be a messenger, or a minstrel, or a poor man, he shall partake of my bounty."

And they went, and after a time returned with a fat fellow, whom they had captured along with his pack-horses and two attendants. This man proved to be the high cellarer of Saint Mary's Abbey, to which the poor knight's land had been pledged.

"And so you belong to that Abbey, do you?" said Robin, and then he ordered Little John to search the fellow's coffer, a thing which Little John was glad to do, for he knew how hard this same high cellarer had tried to defraud the poor knight, and how he had oppressed all the good yeomen of the county.

There proved to be more than eight hundred pounds in his coffer. In fact, when captured he was on his way as a messenger to a council of the King's advisers, and was commissioned to urge the

confiscation of the poor knight's property, and to plot the destruction of Robin Hood and his merry men. So our hero simply turned the tables, so to speak.

"Now, go to your masters," said Robin, as the man was leaving, "and tell them I shall be glad to have one of their cellarers to dine with me every day."

With a light coffer and a heavy heart the fellow went his way from the greenwood tree.

The sun was now nearly down, but its bright rays were still flashing on the tops of the tallest trees when the poor knight was seen approaching. He dismounted, and taking off his helmet bowed low before Robin Hood.

"May heaven bless you and your brave men, good Robin Hood," he said, in a tone of great respect.

"Welcome, very welcome, gentle knight," cried Robin: "but what has kept you so long?"

"I stopped at a wrestling match, as I came along," said the knight, "and I saw a poor yeoman, who had no friends present, being set upon and badly treated, so I stopped to assist him."

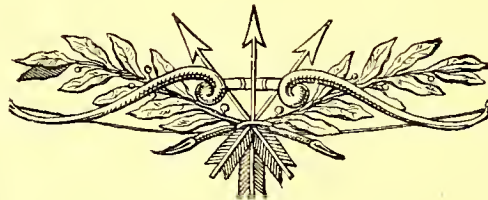
"You did! I thank you, Sir Knight, for that deed. I shall always be the friend of him who helps a good yeoman at need," said Robin, his face beaming with pleasure. And when the knight tendered the four hundred pounds that he had borrowed, Robin would not take the money.

"Keep it yourself, gentle knight," he exclaimed. "Fortune has already paid me my money. She sent it to me by the high cellarer of Saint Mary's Abbey."

Then, at a signal from the knight, a hundred men dressed in white and red came forward, and offered Robin Hood a hundred new bows and a hundred sheaves of arrows, in token of the knight's gratitude for the kindness of the outlaw chief and his comrades.

Robin Hood was overjoyed, and for many days after the knight's departure he and his merry men sang gaily wherever they went. Their hearts were light, and they felt secure since the Sheriff of Nottingham had taken an oath to help them at need, and to never again molest them in any way.

(To be continued.)



MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD'S NEW HOUSE.

BY H. H.

MR. AND MRS. CHIPPING BIRD
Came from the South to-day;
And this is what I saw them do,
And almost heard them say:

Their last year's house stood empty still—
'T was in Crab Apple Row,
On Grape Vine corner, where the grapes
In autumn sweetest grow.

The house was only one year old—
Last spring they built it new;
But snow and rain all winter long
Had drenched it through and through.

Upon my word, my dear, I think
That we can make it do!"

"Humph!" said the wife (at least she looked
As if that were the word)—
"I think you must have lost your head,
Dear Mr. Chipping Bird!

"To patch up such a shell as that
Is worse than building new.
I doubt if we could mend it so
'T would last the summer through!"

"My dear, you're wrong. 'T is not so bad—
'T is all your silly pride!



And winds had rocked it back and forth,
And torn it on one side;
'T was but a shabby little house
It can not be denied.
Still, if 't were patched, as birds know how,
It might do one more year;
And Mr. Chipping Bird, I think,
Believed that this was clear.
Eying it round, and round, and round,
He hopped about the tree,
And chatted gayly to his wife,
As pleased as he could be.

"A little here and there," he said,
"'T will be as good as new!

'T will answer!" Mr. Chipping Bird
In shriller accents cried.

"Ha! Will it?" chirped the little wife,
And at the tree she flew,
And in a jiffy, with her feet,
She tore the house in two!

"Now let's see you mend that," she said,
"Smart Mr. Chipping Bird!"
And then she cocked her eye at him
And never spoke nor stirred.

Wise Mr. Chipping Bird, he laughed;
What better could be done?
And off they flew, and in an hour
The new house was begun!

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MAN IN BLUE AND THE MAN IN GRAY.

NO doubt Tilly Loring hoped Rush would follow her into the tree, and, by some soothing explanation, atone for the shock he had given her. That is what almost any other girl in her place would have wished and would have had a right to expect, if what he had said was only an ill-timed jest.

But he merely called after her, "Letty will tell you all about it!" and walked into the mill, looking terribly offended, Tilly thought.

"What have I done?" she said to herself. "They will never forgive me! I know now why Letty nudged me at the table—she wanted to stop my tongue. I never was in such a scrape in all my life! To think how I talked to them—I, their guest!"

She heard footsteps coming along the bank, and, looking up, saw Letty bringing hats and wraps.

"O Letty!" she implored, "say it is n't so!"

"Why, Tilly!" began Letty, guessing what Rush had been telling her.

"This *is n't* the dam the Dempford people are excited over, is it? Say it is a mistake!"

"I wish I could," said Letty. "For you've no idea how we all feel about it. All but Mother. She does n't know of it yet."

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Tilly. "How I did talk to your brothers! How they must all hate me!"

"No, indeed!" Letty threw a hat over her friend's agitated curls. "Of course, you did n't understand."

"Understand? Why, I know no more of the rights of the case than the Queen of China—if there *is* a Queen of China! Your brothers could n't have built the factory; they have n't been here long enough. It looks as old as they are!"

"It is, almost. So is the dam. It has been where it is for years. And nobody ever thought of making a fuss about it till lately. It has a right to be there; and it would ruin the boys—it would ruin us all—it would be the cause of Mother's losing every dollar of the money which she has put in the place—if the dam should be taken away."

"Why, Letty!" Tilly exclaimed, indignantly. "The Dempford folks know nothing of this."

"Certainly they don't! Or they don't want to know. The prejudice against the dam, and against the boys on account of it, is just frightful!"

"But is there no way of letting the boats through?"

"To be sure there is. The new Commodore's new yacht went through yesterday. There are two boards, next to the platform by the mill; can you see? They pull up, and make an opening wide enough for the widest boats. And Lute has offered to build a regular lock, though there would be a great deal of work in it."

"I should think that ought to satisfy them."

"So we think," said Letty. "But, no! they must have the whole width of the river, no matter who suffers from the loss of the water-power."

"I had no idea they could be so unreasonable as that!"

"Why, they act like fiends! A few nights ago some of them came—when everybody in the house was asleep, of course—and, not satisfied with injuring the dam all they could, broke the water-wheel of the mill, and did a great deal of mischief."

"How mean! how cowardly!" exclaimed the sympathetic Tilly. "How little we know of a story when we have heard only one side!"

"You thought the mill-owners were monsters," laughed Letty. "As obstinate as they were mean; was that the phrase?"

"Don't speak of it!" Tilly threw her hands up to her face. "I never was so ashamed of anything! I can never look them in the face again."

"Don't feel so about it; they will take it as a good joke, that's all. O Tilly! I believe there never were such brothers as these of mine. They are so good to me and Mother! and I know, I know they would never do wrong, even to an enemy."

Tears sprang to Letty's eyes, while Tilly exclaimed fervently:

"I am sure they would n't!"

"But see how they are hated—just because they have rights and interests that are in the way of those selfish Argonauts!"

While they were talking, a man in a blue coat and a cap, with a metallic badge on his breast, came strolling up the Dempford side of the river. He crossed the bridge above, and walking up the road met a man in a gray coat and a hat, coming from the direction of Tammoset village. The

man in gray, it should be said, also had a metallic badge on his breast.

Now when the Dempford man in blue met the Tammoset man in gray, they exchanged smiles and looked at their watches, much as if they had come to that particular spot by appointment; then turned together into the by-road leading to the mill.

"There comes the man we saw on the other side of the river," said Letty. "Another man with him. Business with the boys, I suppose. Oh, I hope it is n't that same old trouble!"

Seeing the girls in the tree, the two strangers turned their steps that way; and the Dempford man in blue, lifting his cap respectfully, inquired:

"Is Mrs. Tinkham here?"

To which the Tammoset man in gray added, also touching his hat with clumsy politeness:

"Mrs. Letitia Tinkham—is she at home?"

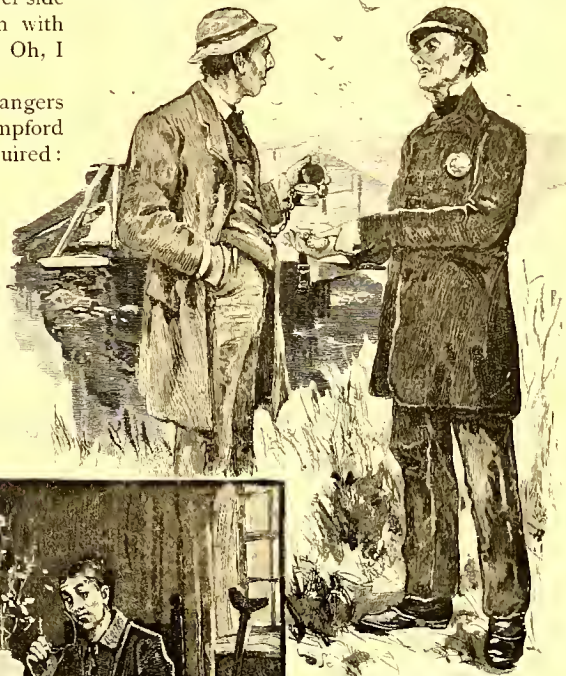
"That is my mother. She is in the house. Do you wish to see her?"

Letty, somewhat wonder-struck, had started up from her seat in the willow, and stood at the end of the plank.

"If you will be so kind," said the Tammoset man in gray.

Each at the same moment extended his document toward the astonished Letty with one hand, and touched hat or cap with the other.

She advanced along the plank to the turf, and received the two envelopes, one in each hand.



THE DEMPFORD MAN IN BLUE
MET THE TAMMOSET
MAN IN GRAY.

"If you will be so good as to give it to her at once; very important," said the Dempford man in blue.

"Quite important; thank you," said the Tammoset man in gray.

They then retired along the walk, and parted at the end of the by-road, after a brief parley; the cap and the blue coat returning down

the Dempford side of the river, while the gray coat and the hat took the road to Tammoset.

"What does it mean? What shall I do with them?" said Letty, in a tremor of doubt over the suspicious-looking envelopes. "Oh, here is Mart!"

"I don't exactly fancy such things just now," said Mart, with a puzzled and scowling expres-



LETTY DELIVERS THE DOCUMENTS.

"I have a document for her," said the Dempford man in blue.

"A document for her," repeated the Tammoset man in gray.

Each at the same time drew from his breast-pocket an official-looking envelope of large size.

"Please hand it to her," said the Dempford man.

sion. "I wonder what sort of dynamite, or other explosive material, those mysterious packages contain."

"Could n't you open one?" Letty asked.

"No, my dear." Mart shook his head. "I never could break a seal addressed to Mother. There 's but one thing to do, happen what will. They must be put into her own hands. Lute!" he called, "come into the house with me."

Still looking at the envelopes, he walked slowly toward the door, quickly followed by Lute, who was followed by Rush, who was followed in turn by the two smaller boys.

Lute and Rush, on coming up, also examined the envelopes. They were then returned to Letty.

"They were handed to you, and I 'll let you deliver 'em," said Mart. "Go on alone. We 'll be at hand if there 's need of us. Keep back, you young Tinkhams!"

Tilly, ashamed to face the brothers, remained in the tree.

The widow, seated, with her crutch leaning against the window-pane at her side, had just taken up her sewing, when Letty came into the sitting-room.

"You 're a person of great importance all at once, Mother!" she said, with a laughing air. "See what two men have just brought you."

"Brought me?" said Mrs. Tinkham, taking the missives. "This is strange."

She saw the words, "Town of Tammoset," printed on one of the envelopes, along with the town's coat-of-arms,—a flag-staff with crossed swords,—and added, with a smile:

"Oh! something about taxes, I suppose."

But, before breaking the seal, she looked at the other envelope. That also bore a coat-of-arms,—an Indian in his canoe on a river,—with the words, "Town of Dempford."

"But I don't owe any taxes in the town of Dempford, do I? Of course not."

With hands beginning to tremble she tore the wrapper, and took out a large sheet of letter-paper. The date was filled in after the printed form, "Office of the Town Clerk, Town of Dempford"; then followed the written message:

"MRS. LETTIE TINKHAM.

"MADAM: This is to notify you that the mill-dam appertaining to your property in Tammoset, which said dam abuts upon the shore of this Town of Dempford, and obstructs the passage of the river, has been declared a nuisance by the authorities of this said town, and you are hereby required to remove said dam within six days from this date.

"Signed by the Town Clerk, by order of the Selectmen."

Instead of trembling more, the widow's hands seemed to grow firmer as she opened the second envelope, and with sparkling eyes and compressed lips read the Tammoset document:

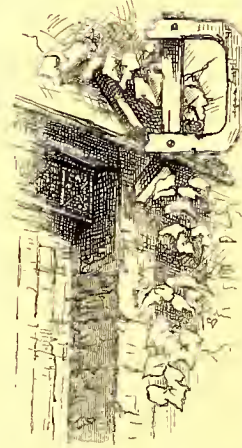
"DEAR MADAM: Complaint being made that your mill-dam on Tammoset River, in this town, prevents the free passage of yachts and row-boats up and down said river, which is a natural public way, open to all, it is therefore ordered that the obstruction be at once demolished and removed.

"Signed by the Town Clerk of the Town of Tammoset, by order of the Selectmen."

"Where are the boys?" said the widow, in a quick, suppressed voice, looking up from the papers.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CRISIS.



READING the effect of the papers upon their mother, the brothers came thronging into the room, and formed an anxious group around the widow's chair.

"Well! here 's something pleasant!" she said, handing the papers to the two oldest. "They 've been trying to scare you boys, and now they think they can frighten your poor old crippled mother!"

"What is it all about?" cried Rush. "What do

you mean by their trying to scare us boys?"

"Why, Rocket!" she said, with a bright smile. "Do you imagine I am so stupid as not to have known anything of your troubles all this time? Oh, you dear, deceitful, naughty, precious children!"

And the bright eyes flashed through tears.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Letty, "have you known?"

"Yes, child; from the very first. I can hardly tell how I found out. It was in the air, as they say. Then I overheard Rupert whispering to Rodman about something I was n't to know, for fear it would make me unhappy. But you see I have n't been so very unhappy, after all."

The tears were dashed resolutely away, and the smile was there still.

"You have kept up, and have let us believe we were hiding it all from you, because you thought that would make us happier! Oh, Mother!"

And Letty fell sobbing upon her neck.

"There! there! This is no time for crying!" said the widow, crying with her the while, and caressing her with fervent affection. "There! Why, I'm as much a baby as you are! You 'll spoil my clean collar!"

"You 're the most wonderful woman in the

world!" Rush exclaimed, in a gust of feeling that filled his voice and his eyes. "And the best!"

"Did you think the mother of such children would show herself a coward?" cried the widow. "But I let you amuse yourselves with your devices to keep me ignorant, and all the while I was watching you, deceiving you, loving you! What do you say, boys, to those formidable town documents?"

Unmanly as it may seem, those big sons of hers had half forgotten the launhed thunderbolts of the local authorities which they held in their hands, and were winking their moist eyes over her surprising revelation.

"You knew Tilly Loring was talking about our dam?" said Rupert.

"Certainly I did! And the young men who came that day to the mill, and the two girls who came the day before—it was all about the dam, was n't it? And don't you sleep in the mill, one of you, every night? I was sure of it!"

"You're a w-w-itch, Mother!" said Lute, wiping his misty spectacles.

"I should n't be the mother of the Tinkham boys if I was a fool! Come in, come in, Tilly!" called the widow, seeing the visitor's face pass the open door. "There are to be no more secrets. You and I have known only a part of the truth; now we are to know all."

"I've told her," said Letty.

"Then I am the only one kept in the dark! Well! I forgive you, because I know you only meant to spare me. What are you afraid of, Tilly? My boys are not the hard-hearted wretches they are thought to be over in Dempford."

"I never was so ashamed of anything in all my life!" said the remorseful Tilly, coming reluctantly into the room.

"You need n't be; it's a part of the fun," laughed Rush.

Hardly re-assured by the cordial pleasantry with which she was received, Tilly sat down quietly in a corner, and heard a history of the troubles, as the boys told it to their mother.

Dushee's duplicity, Buzrow and his crow-bar, the work of the night marauders, the interview with the Argonauts' committee, and, lastly, the missives of the town officers—everything was discussed; and poor Tilly, in listening, burned anew with anger and shame at what she had heard in Dempford, and with sympathy for this noble mother and these brave boys.

"I want to go right back to Dempford," she spoke up earnestly, "and tell my friends there what I now know."

"It would n't be of any use," said Rush. "You could n't do more than Lew Bartland could.

Both towns have gone mad, I believe! Look at these papers!"

"It seems to be a pretty good day for t-t-town clerks and selectmen," said Lute. "Brave in 'em, is n't it, to join in making w-w-war on a woman!"

"I suppose they addressed Mother, because the property is in her name," said Rush. "But look at the meanness of it! Do we live in a free country? or under a tyranny, in an age of persecution? Who is going to obey their royal edicts, anyhow?"

"Mother, of course!" said Rupert. "She's going out there on her crutches, with shovel and tongs, to tear the dam away, because some old fools say she must, I fancy!"

"Or she can tell you and me to do it, Rupe," said Rodman. "And we will—when we get ready."

"Snap your fingers at the Dempford and Tammoset selectmen. I would!" Rupe rejoined.

"Snapping our fingers is all very fine," said the widow, once more reaching out her hand for the papers. "But let's see first what ground we have to stand on while we snap. This action of the two towns makes the matter look serious. What right have they to order the dam away?"

"About as much, I imagine," said Mart, handing the papers, which he had been studying in silence, "as they would have to order us to take our house away because it cuts off somebody's view. That is, if our dam has a right to be where it is. That's the main question."

"If the Argonauts have no right to meddle with it, then all the towns in the e-c-county have no right," said Lute. "They are just trying to b-b-bluff us; that's all."

"You have n't been much frightened yet, boys; and I glory in your spirit. But I'm afraid there's no shirking the fact that we have got into a terrible situation here by buying out Dushee. We have everything at stake; and in maintaining our rights, we must know just what our rights are. One of you must go to town at once and see your uncle's lawyer, who looked up the title for you."

All concurred in the wisdom of this step. The mother thought Martin should attend to a matter of so much importance. But he said:

"It stands us in hand to keep as strong a force as possible here at the dam, about these times. Rocket is quick with a bean-pole; but I suppose I could do more effective work, in case of an attack. In matters of business, though, he's as level-headed as any of us; and I say, let him slip into town and talk with the lawyer."

"You're right," said the mother; "Rocket shall go."

Rush shrank from so great a responsibility.

"Just think," he said, "what a fix I have got you all in, by hunting up this place and making you buy it! Don't trust me again."

"Tut! tut!" cried the widow. "Nobody blames you for that, and you sha'n't blame yourself. See what train you can get, and be off."

In half an hour he was on his way to town. Mrs. Tinkham was left alone with Letty and their guest, and the older boys had returned to the mill.

In the interval of slack water, that afternoon, they showed their determination to keep the dam, and their defiance of the authorities of both towns, by an act which astonished some Argonauts who witnessed it, on going up the river.

Without waiting for Rocket's return with the lawyer's latest counsel, they rebuilt the platform at the end of the dam, and put in the required fish-way.

"We'll let 'em know we mean b-b-business," said Lute.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT THE LAWYER SAID.



IT was late that evening when Rush returned home and entered his mother's room with an unusually serious air. He found Mart talking with her, and Lute followed him in.

"What makes you so sober, Rocket?" Lute asked. "No bad news from the l-l-lawyer, I hope?"

Rush explained. He had found Uncle Dave in his shop, and they had gone together to the lawyer's office.

"Then I went home to supper with Uncle; and I have just spent an hour in Cousin Tom's sick-room. I can't help feeling bad, for I don't expect ever to see him alive again."

Then he had to tell all about their cousin before the business was again mentioned which made them all so anxious.

"As to that," Rush then said, brightening, "it is all right! I had a long talk with Mr. Keep in Uncle's presence, and I have written down the most important things he said."

Mrs. Tinkham nodded approvingly, as he drew from his pocket a paper, which he unfolded.

"He says, since we own one bank of the river, and have secured by purchase a privilege on the opposite bank, we have a right to construct and maintain a dam which does not change the course of the stream, nor injure anybody by setting back

the water. Of course, I told him, nobody claimed that we do that."

Rush continued, bending toward the light on his mother's table, and looking over his memorandum:

"He says, if we have n't that right, then nobody has a private right to dam any mill-stream in the country. A dam, wherever placed, is liable to be in the way of somebody; but if the fisherman or boatman who finds it an obstacle has a right to destroy it, where is there an unchartered dam that would be safe? The fact that, instead of two or three persons, two or three hundred wish it away, or even all the inhabitants of two towns,—that, he says, makes no difference. If we have a right to our mill-power against the wishes of one individual, we have a right to it against the world. Only legislative enactments can touch it."

Lute clapped his hands gleefully.

"Let the Argonauts put that in their pipe and smoke it," drawled Mart. "Go ahead, Rocket."

"There is only one question—is this a navigable stream? For, of course, no person has any right to obstruct navigation."

"He told us once it could n't come under the legal definition of a navigable stream," said Mart. "That's what I've relied on."

"You can rely on it still," replied Rush. "To make sure, I had him show me something on the subject he quoted from Chief-justice Shaw; and I copied it."

"Rocket, you're the joy of my heart!" cried his mother, delighted.

"In the case of *Rowe versus Granite Bridge Company*, Chief-justice Shaw says: 'It is not every small creek, in which a fishing-skiff or gunning-canoe can be made to float at high water, which is deemed navigable. But it must be navigable,'" Rush went on, reading with emphasis, "'to some purpose useful to trade or agriculture.'"

"P-p-precisely!" stammered Lute.

"The business of these pleasure-boats that find our dam a nuisance," Mart remarked, in his dryest manner, "is trade and agriculture at a tremendous rate!"

"He showed me something similar in two or three other cases," said Rush. "Important decisions, all to the same effect. Boys!" he added, triumphantly, "if language means anything, and if Chief-justice Shaw knew more law than the Argonauts, then this is not a navigable stream, and we have a right to dam it."

"What did he say to the orders sent us by the two towns?" Mrs. Tinkham inquired.

"He laughed at 'em. He said just what Mart said—that they might as well order us to take our house or barr away. The fact that the dam has been there so many years, without being seriously

objected to, makes our position all the stronger," Rush added, again referring to his memorandum.

"And the other question—about defending it?" Mart asked.

"You have the same right which every man has to defend his property. You can use all the force necessary to drive away assailants. Knocking them on the head will be good for 'em."

Rush laughed as he read. He had even that down in his memorandum.

"I trust it wont come to that," drawled Mart. "But it 's well to know just what our rights are. 'Strong reasons make strong actions,' as Father used to say."

"And as Shakespeare said before him. Your father was a reader of Shakespeare," said Mrs. Tinkham. After a pause, she added: "But, oh, boys! it does seem as if there must be some way to settle these troubles without a resort to brute force! What did your uncle advise?"

"To keep within the law, and get along peaceably if we can, but to fight it out if we must."

"Exactly our p-p-position all the time," said Lute.

"He thinks we should try to influence public opinion by talking with prominent men, and by making a candid statement of our case in the newspapers."

"Excellent advice," said the widow. "I am sure the prejudice against us all arises from a misunderstanding. We will begin with that."

"We may as well reason with the w-w-wind," said Lute. "Though it wont do any harm to try. If we knew how to g-g-go to work."

"I 'll think it over," his mother replied. "We can do nothing now until Monday."

But before she slept that night the widow had written for the two-headed local newspaper an appeal to the public, full of plain facts and good sense, yet burning with the eloquence of a mother pleading for justice to her boys.

"One thing," Rush said to his brothers as they went out together, "I forgot to mention. See here!"

He picked up a small bundle, which he had dropped by the doorstep on returning home.

"What in time is it?" said Mart.

"It 's the lasso Cousin Tom brought home from Texas two years ago, and which he tried to teach us how to throw, you remember."

"The lasso! Ho, ho!" said Mart. "I do remember; and I don't believe I 've forgotten our practice, either."

"It 's the b-b-best hint yet," said Lute. "I wonder it had n't oc-c-curred to us."

"He said it might come in play," laughed Rush.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT THE LOCAL EDITOR SAID.



MRS. TINKHAM'S appeal to the public having been read and approved by the boys, it was decided that it ought to go into the next issue of the Janus-faced newspaper. It was put into Rush's hands, and early Monday forenoon he took it to the printing-office in Dempford.

He found the editor in his shirt-sleeves, setting type for his paper with his own hands. As that guardian of the public interests of two towns seemed inclined to finish his stick before attending to other business, Rush could not help glancing at the "copy" he was at work on—a strip of manuscript, stuck up before him on the case.

It was entitled, "A New Yacht and an Old Nuisance."

"Something for Mart's scrap-book," Rush said to himself. And, since it was evidently designed for the public eye, he ventured to read a little of it in advance.

He had skimmed along far enough to see that it was extravagantly laudatory of Commodore Foote and his yacht, and violently abusive of the dam, "which proved a serious hinderance to that fine new craft in its passage up the river last Friday," when the type-setter looked up and saw what he was doing.

But that personage did not appear in the least displeased; on the contrary, he smiled at Rush's indiscretion, remarking:

"Guess that 'll tickle the boys some, wont it?"

"No doubt it will tickle a good many," replied Rush. "But there are some it wont tickle."

"Who are they?" inquired the editor, in some surprise.

"The Tinkham boys," said Rush.

"Who cares for the Tinkham boys?" said the editor. "They 've got no friends."

"They 're not overrun with them," said Rush. "If they were, I suppose we should see fewer articles of that sort."

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, turning, and for the first time looking the visitor full in the face. "I thought I knew you, but I see I don't. You're a curiosity!"

"Am I, though?" said Rush, smiling.

"Yes!" said the editor, with good-humored frankness. "You're the first fellow I've seen take their part."

"You have n't seen me take their part," replied Rush. "Though I don't know why I should n't."

"You know them?"

"Pretty well. I ought to. I am one of them."

"Is it possible!" said the astonished local editor. "You! I thought they were great rough rowdies!"

"Am not I a great rough rowdy?" Rush asked.

"Well, I have two brothers older and larger than I, but not a bit rougher or more rowdyish. I felt sure that you had been misinformed in regard to us, and for that reason I have called to see you."

"Walk in here; sit down," said the local editor, showing a door that opened into a small, littered editorial room. "I shall be glad to talk," removing some newspapers from a chair. "What can I do for you?"

"Justice, I hope. That's all we ask."

Rush smiled to see that his presence was embarrassing to this disseminator of local prejudices.

"Here is a brief statement of the facts in our case," taking his mother's appeal from his pocket, "which we should like to have you print. If you will take the trouble to read it, you will see what I mean."

The editor looked it through with a perturbed countenance, then appeared to be bracing himself for an act of firmness.

"Do you expect me to put such an article as that into my paper?" he asked, turning to Rush.

"We hoped you would. We supposed you would wish to be fair to both sides."

"Fair—certainly! But"—the editor struck the paper on his desk—"I could n't print an article like that for any consideration!"

"Why not?"

"Because—obviously—don't you see?—it would n't do!"

Rush persisted in wishing to know why it would n't do.

"You never had experience with a local weekly, or you would n't need to be told," said the editor, showing some irritation. "My readers would n't stand it, and it would make a hum about my ears that I could n't stand."

"Then you print only what you think will please your readers?" said Rush.

"In one sense, yes," replied the editor, frankly.

"Excuse me," said Rush. "I thought the

business of a newspaper was to lead public opinion, and to correct it where it was wrong."

This was one of the phrases his mother had armed him with, and it came in aptly here. The editor colored deeply through his thick, sallow skin.

"That is incidental. We publish a newspaper mainly for the same reason that you make dolls' carriages."

"We try to make good, honest dolls' carriages," said Rush—"genuine in every part. We would n't make any others."

The editor coughed, colored still more confusedly, glanced once more at the article, and finally handed it back.

"I should lose forty subscribers if I printed it; and of course you can't expect me to be such a fool. I wish to be fair to both sides, as you say; but in this matter there is really but one side—that of the public interest. Ninety-nine persons out of every hundred in this community wish the dam away, and I am not going to swamp my business by opposing them. I don't know anything about you and your brothers; I've nothing against you, personally. But you're in an unfortunate position, and you must get out of it the best way you can. That's my candid opinion."

"Thank you!" Rush returned the paper to his pocket, and was taking leave so quietly that the editor followed him to the outer door, thinking he saw a chance for a little stroke of business.

"I believe your family is not represented in my list of subscribers."

"I rather think not!" replied Rush, with a smile.

"You'll find my columns full of matters of local interest; always fresh and timely. I should like your subscription."

"We'll think of it," said Rush, dryly, and withdrew in the midst of the editor's explanation that the *Tammoseet Times* and the *Dempford Gazette* were the same paper, and they could have it, under either name, at two dollars a year, in advance.

"I've kept my temper, and that's about all I have done," thought Rush, as he walked away.

The editor meanwhile returned to his case of type, and resumed work on the "fresh and timely" article concerning "A New Yacht and an Old Nuisance."

The Tinkhams made two or three more attempts to combat the general prejudice, but succeeded only in discovering how strong and how widespread it was, and how completely men of influence were under its control. Politicians and public officers were, in fact, as fearful of losing place and votes as the editor had been of losing subscribers,

by seeming to favor in any way the cause of the widow and her sons.

Then came a sudden interruption to these efforts. A dispatch was received, announcing the death of Cousin Tom; and the boys must attend his funeral.

"We 'll risk the dam for an afternoon," said Mart, "no matter what happens."

The Argonauts had continued so very quiet, and the brothers had got the idea so firmly fixed in

their minds that the next attack would be in the night-time, that they did not consider the risk very great.

All the family accordingly attended Tom's funeral, except the mother, who staid at home on account of her lameness.

She afterward had reason to wish that she had gone, too. Better have been anywhere that afternoon, she declared, than at home without her boys!

(To be continued.)

SIGNS OF MAY.

By M. M. D.



MAY day and June day,
 Spring and Summer weather,
 Going to rain; going to clear;
 Trying both together.
 Flowers are coming! No, they 're not,
 Whilst the air 's so chilly;
 First it 's cold, then it 's hot—
 Is n't weather silly?
 S'pose the little v'lets think
 Spring is rather funny,
 So they hide themselves away,
 Even where it 's sunny.
 S'pose the trees must think it 's time
 To begin their growing.
 See the little swelling buds!
 See how plain they 're showing!
 S'pose they know they 're going to make
 Peaches, apples, cherries.
 Even vines and bushes know
 When to start their berries.
 Only little girls like me
 Don't know all about it:
 May be, though, the reason is
 We can do without it.
 Winter-time and Summer-time
 We keep on a-growing;
 So, you see, we need n't be—
 Like the flowers, and like the trees,
 And the birds and bumble-bees—
 Always wise and knowing.

A KANSAS NURSERY.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.



“THE baby?” we asked, as with mop and broom
 Its mother came to the ranch one day.
 “Oh, she’s *picketed* out across the way!
 I dare not leave her alone in the room.”

And the busy mother looked for a tub,
 While we saddled our horses and rode to see
 How the lonely baby fared, while we
 Had stolen its mother to sweep and scrub.

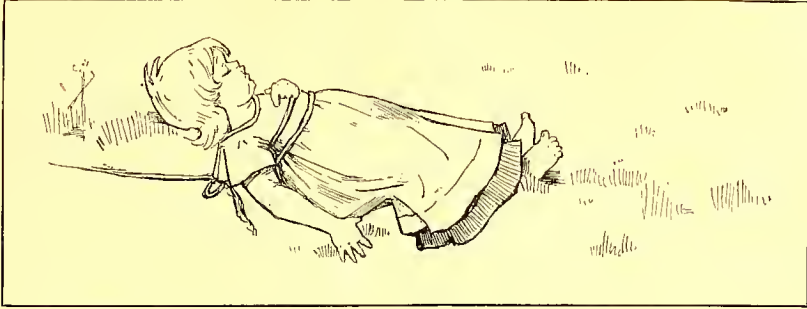


For the babies we were accustomed to
 Could never have kept their silk and lace
 And little be-ribboned hats in place,
 With only a tree for their nurse, we knew.



But this Kansas baby had no hat;
 And it laughed as if it thought silk and lace
 Would have been entirely out of place
 On a prairie,—or, for the matter of that,





Anywhere else. It could only go
The length of the rope ; but its little feet
Pattered about where the grass was sweet,
Just as it pleased ; and that, you know,

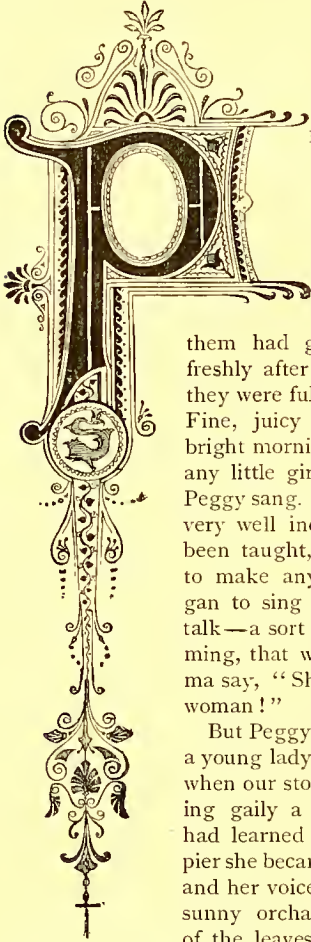
Is more than the city babies do :
For, trundled under the city trees,
They are carried just where the nurses please,
Which I should n't like at all ; should you ?

As I thought it over, it seemed to me
That a darling has less to hope,
"Picketed out" with invisible rope
To a somewhat less reliable tree !



PEGGY'S TRIAL.

BY CORA LINN DANIELS.



PEGGY was out in the orchard picking up apples. They were summer apples—yellow, crisp, and so ripe that they would crack open just as easy! And some of them had grown so fast and so freshly after the late showers, that they were full of water at the core! Fine, juicy apples and a clear, bright morning are enough to make any little girl happy. No wonder Peggy sang. And Peggy could sing very well indeed. She had never been taught, but that did n't seem to make any difference. She began to sing even before she could talk—a sort of pleasant little humming, that would make her grandma say, "She will make a cheerful woman!"

But Peggy was getting to be quite a young lady; and, on the morning when our story opens, she was singing gaily a pretty little song she had learned at school. The happier she became the louder she sang; and her voice rang out through the sunny orchard until the shadows of the leaves on the grass actually seemed to dance about with pleasure, and chase each other, first this way and then that, sometimes hitting a golden apple, sometimes darkening the rose in a clover-head, sometimes making a little mask on Peggy's upturned face, almost as if they would like to kiss her white forehead. I suppose it was the breeze sweeping softly among the branches that made the shadows dance so, but it seemed as if they danced to Peggy's singing. She had nearly filled her basket, and was about to pick up the last tempting-looking globe, when she saw something sparkle very brilliantly in the grass. Stooping quickly, but not ceasing in her song, she picked up the shining thing, and looking at it in amazement, became dumb with surprise. It was a lovely diamond ring! Peggy counted the sparkling stones. One, two, three, *eight* glowing, bewitching bits of color and shine, reflecting the trees and the sky, the apples

and the clover. She could see every shade of the rainbow in the precious jewel, and she was almost wild with delight. She slipped it on her finger, looking at it first in this way, and then in that. She could hardly take her eyes from it. "Well," said she, "I *am* so glad!" Just then, "Peggy! Peggy!" came pleasantly from the house. "I must go," said she to herself. "Grandma is calling. What will she say to this? Why, she will say it is not mine, and that I must not keep it; I know she will! But it *is* mine. I found it in our orchard, and I know it is mine. I will keep it. I never had so lovely a thing before, and I mean to *keep* it." Peggy said this to herself out loud, and shook her head hard. Then she put the ring in her little pocket, and, picking up the basket, started for the house. "I will not tell her yet," said she to herself. "I will think it over."

When she got to the great, breezy kitchen, her dear grandma was "up to her ears in flour"—as she herself would have expressed it—making pies. "Oh!" said she, with a cheery laugh, when Peggy came in, tugging the heavy basket along in both hands, "my little 'help' has arrived. I am going to make a turn-over for my 'help.' But, Peggy, what is the matter? What has happened? Are you unhappy, dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Peggy, rather sullenly, "I'm not." And then she blushed. She thought to herself: "I wonder if it shows right in my face, that Grandma can see something *has* happened? I don't believe I am very happy, either. I don't feel so glad as I did."

On the first opportunity she ran upstairs and hid the ring in her own little chest. It had a till in it—just the cunningest place to hide any little object! When she tucked it away, she again almost kissed the beautiful stones—they were so like icicles and sunsets, and everything pretty and fairy-like she had ever dreamed of.

She was eleven years old, and had been quite a reader. She knew that diamonds were very valuable, and had even read in her "Child's Philosophy of Little Things" of what they were composed, and how difficult it was to obtain them. "I have a fortune of my own now," she said to herself, as she shut down the cover of her chest and turned the key. "I am a rich lady; and if I ever want to sell my beautiful ring I can buy ever so many things with it—books, and pretty dresses, and even a necklace like Cora May's! Hum! I guess

if the girls knew what I have got they would not put on so many airs over their little gold-heart rings and coral chains. I should just like to show *my* lovely diamond once!"

Then she began to sing, but in the very first line of the song she stopped. She turned a little pale, and stood looking out of the hall window with a strange sort of stare. Before her spread the summer scene. The old windmill swung its great sails about lazily. Robins and sparrows chirped and twittered busily. The old-fashioned garden, with its troop of herbs and flowers, its shrubs and bushes, half clipped, half straggling, sent up a subtle fragrance, and ever and anon the little brook could be heard rippling over the stones by the bridge, where she had so many times waded and "had fun" with her little friends.

But Peggy did not notice anything of this. She was thinking: "I don't feel like singing; but I can't, I *wont*, give up my splendid ring. If I tell of it, Grandma will tell all the neighbors, and the owner will be found and claim it. It is not the owner's any more. They should not have lost it. I found it, and now it is mine. I don't care if I can't sing. I can look at my ring whenever I please." Upon this she began to cry as though her heart would break, just to prove how happy she was in doing wrong. But in a few minutes she brushed away her tears, for she was a resolute little girl, and went down-stairs.

"Why, Peggy, you must be sick, dear. You have been crying, I am sure," said her loving grandmother immediately. "Or are you unhappy? Come to me, child, and tell me all about it. Do! I know I can help my little girl."

"Grandma," said Peggy, pettishly, "I have only a headache. I have nothing to tell." ("That was not true," she added to herself, with the justice and severity of a judge.) Peggy was no ignorant wrong-doer. She knew as well as you and I do, dear reader, that she was going away from all the pure and good things which she had ever been taught. Just then a neighbor came in. Her name was Mrs. Smart. She always knew all the news of the neighborhood just as soon as it happened—sometimes before!

"They 've had a great time up to the boardin'-house," said she.

Now, Grandma did not like to listen to the stories which Mrs. Smart was so apt to tell. She knew that very often they turned out to be false, and in any case they were gossip. Every school-girl and school-boy knows what gossip is. When you grow up, I hope you will not get to be like Mrs. Smart. If you do, you will pry and peep and ask questions, and hint around until you find some little thing that you can twist into a story

against somebody,—(never *for* anybody, be sure of that!)—and then you will go from house to house to tell the evil thing you have imagined, thus doing injury to innocent people, and meddling with matters which do not concern you.

"Yes," said Mrs. Smart. "they 've had a great time up there. One of the fine ladies has lost her diamond ring. It was stolen from her by a chambermaid. Poor gyurl! I do pity her, if she is a thief! There she sits a-cryin'! The lady knows it was that gyurl, for she was the last person in the room, and the lady is sure that she left her ring on the bureau, and when she came up to breakfast it was gone, and the gyurl herself said nobody else had been in the room! They 've searched her trunks and can't find nothin', but they made such a fuss that Mr. Laird has discharged the poor thing, and she 's agoin'."

"What lady was it?" questioned Grandma, for she was quite interested.

"'T was that Miss Dulcimer that was down here a-tryin' to buy your chiney t' other day. She feels very badly, too! 'T was her mother's ring, and folks say 't was worth four hundred dollars!"

Peggy trembled with excitement, but her voice was pretty calm as she said: "Which way did she go home from here, Grandma? Was it while I was at school?"

"Yes; it was day before yesterday, in the afternoon. She went up to the boarding-house through the orchard, because it was cooler, she said."

"Well," said Mrs. Smart, "I must go, for I want to see that guilty gyurl off. She was a-sittin' in the kitchen cryin' as if her heart would break, and a-tellin' how she never done no such thing; but you never can tell! Those gyurls are so deceivin'. I presume she 's got the ring somewhere about her clothes now. At any rate, she wont get another place very soon. I kinder pity her, and yet it serves her right."

"Is she going away?" asked Grandma.

"Yes; in the stage,—why, I hear it now,—good-bye. I 'm agoin' to see how she takes it when she goes!"

Peggy sprang upstairs like a deer. She went straight to her chest. Through the window came the rumble of the stage, nearer and nearer. In a minute or two it would reach the boarding-house, and go on. Peggy looked for the key. It was not under the mat, as usual. Where could it be? Peggy tried to think, but her head seemed in a whirl. "What *could* I have done with the key?" she sobbed. Putting her hand up to her neck, she happened to feel a little ribbon. "Oh, yes," she sighed in relief. She had tied the key to a ribbon, and placed it about her neck; for now that she had a diamond ring in her chest, she would have to be

more careful, she had said to herself. But the ribbon was tied in a hard knot, and was too strong to break. The ominous rumble had stopped; the stage had reached the boarding-house. "What shall I do?" groaned Peggy, her heart beating with fright and anxiety. "Oh! I *must* get into my chest." Then she saw a penknife on the table. In an instant she had cut the ribbon and unlocked the chest, caught up the ring, and run downstairs. Her grandma called, "Where are you going?" but she dashed like a whirlwind through the kitchen, cleared the two steps at a bound, and went up the road like a flash. How she ran! Her heart beat like a trip-hammer, but her ears were wide open to catch the sound of the stage. Round the corner, by the end of the orchard, she still kept on; but just as she came in front of the trim croquet-ground, she saw the stage start off from the door.

After it she sped with all her might. The summer boarders were all collected in front of the house. Mrs. Smart was by the road, watching the last tears of the unfortunate maid; some fashionable city children, whom Peggy had always feared, and almost disliked, because they were so "airy," as she called it, were right in her path; but she went after the stage as if her life depended on it. "Whoa!" she cried. "Stop! Whoa! Driver! Driver! Stop!" ("Oh, dear!"—under her breath—"I can never make him hear. I can; I will!") "*Stop!*" she screamed, this time with all her little might, and, as she had almost reached the stage, the driver heard, and brought his horses to a standstill.

"Which is the girl?" said Peggy, breathlessly, adding, as she caught sight of the poor maid: "Here's the ring! You must get out and go back! You must! I found it. I'll tell them. Come!"

The girl gave a cry of joy, and immediately got out of the stage.

"Yes," said she to the astonished driver, "you must put my trunk down, for I shall not go. They will all see I did not steal the ring now!" and, as he complied with her order, she clasped Peggy to her heart and said: "You dear little girl! How good of you to run so! How glad I am you found it! I can never thank you enough."

Peggy was panting and half sobbing, but she went with the happy maid to the house, and handed the ring to the delighted Miss Dulcimer.

"Where did you find it, you splendid child?" said that gushing person, who had not been kind and just enough to make *sure* before she had had the unoffending maid discharged. "I want to make you a little present, to show my gratitude. Here are ten dollars, and I can not say how very thankful I am to you for being so honest and good."

"I was not honest at all," said Peggy, whose flaming cheeks and excited eyes made her look very pretty indeed. "I thank you very much, but I don't want any present. I don't deserve it. Yes, I will take it, though," she added; and, having taken the bill in her hand, she said to the maid, who was standing by, a silent witness of the scene: "You deserve it much more than I; keep it," and with a half laugh, half sob, she put the bill into the maid's hand, and fled out of the room and down the lane without another word. It was not very polite, but she really could not stay there another minute. She wanted to get to her dear grandma, and be comforted and forgiven. She ran down home almost as fast as she had come up the hill; but this time she was not anxious or unhappy. She noticed the sweet smell of a bed of mignonettes in the door-yard, and heard one of her doves "co-roo, co-roo" on the roof as she went in. Grandma met her, looking worried and troubled. "Peggy," said she, rather severely, "how strangely you act this morning. What is the matter with you?"

Then Peggy put her arms around her grandma's neck, and told her everything about it—how she had found the ring and was bound to keep it, and felt so wicked, and then was so frightened for fear she should not be able to save the poor, wronged girl; and how she ran and how she made the driver hear, and all about it from beginning to end; and even how she could not sing as she stood by the window that morning. "But I can sing now, Grandma!" she exclaimed, and broke into a little trill as happy and free as any bird's.

"Yes, dear," said Grandma, with a smile, "you can sing even more happily than ever, for you have learned to-day what a terrible thing it is to carry, even for one moment, the sense that you are doing wrong, and also the peace that comes from resisting temptation and obeying the voice of conscience."

And when, next morning, Peggy went out into the orchard to pick up some more apples, she sang as blithely as ever, and had not a sad thought in her mind.



“SPRING”-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—TWELFTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

ANTON VANDYCK.

THE greatest painter among the pupils of Rubens was Anton or Anthony Vandyck (or Van Dyck, as it is also spelled). He was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a silk-merchant, and his mother was a lady of artistic tastes; though she had twelve children, she yet found time to do much embroidery and tapestry work. She had a daughter named Susannah, and it may have been on account of this child that her finest work was a large piece on which the story of Susannah was represented. She was occupied with this before the birth of Anthony, who was her seventh child, and during his early years she skillfully plied her needle, and wrought her many-colored silks into landscapes and skies, trees and houses, men and

animals, with untiring patience and uncommon excellence.

It is easy to understand that this mother must have rejoiced to find that Anthony had artistic talent, and it is probable that it was through her influence that he became a pupil under the artist Heinrich von Balen when he was but ten years old. He was still a boy, not more than seventeen, when he entered the studio of Rubens, just at the time when the great master was devoting himself to his art with his whole soul, and had a large number of young students under his direction.

Vandyck soon became the favorite pupil of Rubens, and was early allowed to do such work as proved that the great artist even then appreciated the genius of the brilliant and attractive youth—for such we are told that Vandyck was. Among

other things, Rubens intrusted to Vandyck the labor of making drawings from his pictures, to be used by the engravers who made prints after his works, for which there was a great demand at this time. It was necessary that these drawings should be very exact, so that the engravings should be as

the school. After a consultation, they begged Vandyck to restore the injured picture. With some hesitation he did so, and to the eyes of the pupils it was so well done that they counted on escaping discovery. The keen eye of the master, however, detected the work of another hand than his own; he summoned all the pupils and demanded an explanation, and when he knew all that had happened, he made no comment. It has even been said that he was so well pleased that he left the picture as Vandyck had restored it. Some writers say that this accident happened to the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdalen, in the great picture of the "Descent from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Cathedral; but we are not at all certain of the truth of this statement.



HEAD OF A GRANDEE. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY VANDYCK.)

In 1618, Vandyck was admitted into the Guild of Painters at Antwerp, a great honor to a youth of nineteen. In 1620, Rubens advanced him from the rank of a pupil to that of an assistant, and in 1623, when Rubens made a contract to decorate the Jesuit Church at Antwerp, a clause was inserted which provided that Vandyck should be employed in the work, showing that he then had a good reputation in his native city. It was about 1618 when an agent of the Earl of Arundel wrote to his employer: "Vandyck lives with Rubens, and his works are beginning to be almost as much esteemed as those of his master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty, with a very rich father and mother in this city, so that it will be very difficult to persuade him to leave this country, especially since he sees the fortune that Rubens is acquiring."

nearly like the original works as possible; and the fact that Vandyck, when still so young, was chosen for this important task, proves that he must have been unusually skillful and correct in his drawings.

Rubens left his studio but rarely, and when he did so, his pupils were in the habit of bribing his old servant to unlock the door of his private room, that they might see what the master had done. The story goes that, on one occasion, just at evening, when the master was riding, the scholars, as they looked at his work, jostled each other and injured the picture, which was not yet dry. They were filled with alarm, and feared expulsion from

such offers to Vandyck as would induce him to go to England. Rubens, on the other hand, urged his pupil to go to Italy; but at last, in 1620, while Rubens was absent in Paris, Vandyck went to England. Very little is known of this, his first visit there, beyond the fact that it is recorded on the books of the Exchequer that King James I. gave him one hundred pounds for some special service; and again, in 1621, the records show that Vandyck was called "His Majesty's servant," and was granted a pass to travel for eight months. It is not known, however, that he went again to England until some years later, when Charles I. was king.

In 1622, Vandyck was invited to the Hague by Frederick of Nassau, Prince of Orange. While there he painted some fine portraits, but he was suddenly called home by the illness of his father, who died soon after his son reached his side. The Dominican Sisters had nursed his father with great tenderness, and before his death he obtained a promise from Anthony to paint a picture for the Sisterhood. Seven years later he fulfilled his promise, and painted a Crucifixion, with St. Dominick and St. Catherine near by. There was a rock at the foot of the cross, on which he placed this curious inscription, in Latin: "Lest the earth should be heavy upon the remains of his father, Anthony van Dyck moved this rock to the foot of the cross, and gave it to this place." In 1785, this picture was bought for the Academy of Antwerp, where it now is.

Rubens advised Vandyck to devote himself especially to portrait-painting, and it has been said that he did this because he was jealous of the great talent of his pupil. But time has proved that it was the wisest and most friendly counsel that he could have given him. As a portrait-painter Vandyck ranks beside Titian, and they two excel all others in that special art — in the period, too, when it reached the highest excellence it has ever known.

When Vandyck was ready to go to Italy he made a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans Seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savelthem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I. (BY VANDYCK.)

he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church of Savelthem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while St. Joachim and St. Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make grain-bags by French foragers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented St. Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. This picture was very dear to the people of Savelthem, and when, in 1758, they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and, surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed. In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers, and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever, he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savelthem and restored to his original place. It is also said that, in 1850, a rich American offered \$20,000 to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watch-dogs of Savelthem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and St. Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.

When Rubens heard of this long stay in Savelthem he was much displeased, and wrote to Vandyck such letters as induced him to go to Venice, where he studied the portraits of Giorgione and Titian with great profit. His industry was untiring, and he made many copies, besides painting some original pictures. From Venice Vandyck went to Genoa, where Rubens had formerly been so much admired that his pupil was sure to be well received. Being welcomed for his master's sake, he soon made himself beloved for his own: for Vandyck was elegant and refined in his manners, and these qualities, in addition to his artistic powers, gained for him all the patronage that he desired. Many of the portraits which he then painted in Genoa are still seen in its splendid palaces.

When Vandyck went to Rome, he was invited by the Cardinal Bentivoglio to make one of his family. This prelate had been a papal ambassador in Flanders, and had a fondness for the country and its

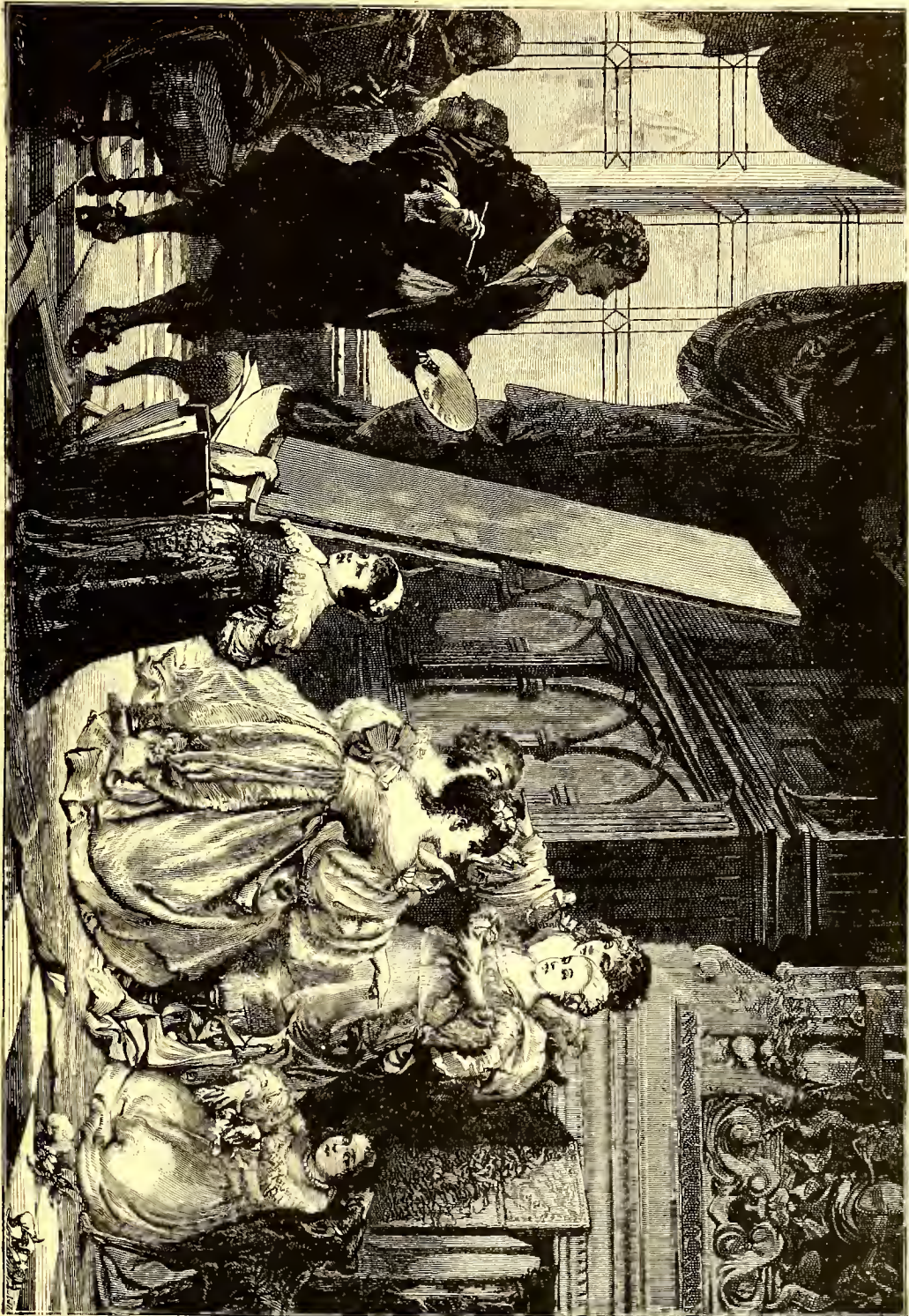
people. He was therefore very friendly to Vandyck, and employed him to paint a Crucifixion, and a portrait of himself. This portrait is now one of the treasures of the Pitti Gallery, in Florence. A copy made by John Smybert, a Scotch artist, who came to Boston early in the last century, hangs in one of the halls of Harvard College.

Vandyck found that the Flemish artists in Rome were a rude and uncongenial company, and he avoided their society. This so affronted them that they became his enemies, and he shortened his stay in Rome on that account, and returned to Genoa two years after he had left it. There he found a charming friend in Sofonisba Anguisciola. She had been a noted painter, and though she was now blind and ninety-one years old, Vandyck was accustomed to say that he learned more of the principles of art from her than from the works of the most celebrated masters. Vandyck visited Palermo, Turin, Florence, and other cities, but spent most of his time in Genoa until 1626, when he returned to Antwerp.

It was some time before the artist met with any success at home which at all compared with that he had achieved in Italy. In 1628, he received an order for a picture of "St. Augustine in Ecstasy," for the Church of the Augustines in Antwerp. He painted the saint in light vestments, and the brotherhood insisted that they should be changed to black. This so interfered with the distribution of the light that the whole effect of the picture was spoiled.

Again he was employed to paint a picture for the church at Courtrai. It is said that the canons insisted upon seeing the work before it was raised to its place; and, not being able to judge of what it would be when hung, they were not pleased with it. They called Vandyck a "dauber," and left him. After a time they found that they had made a mistake, and asked Vandyck to paint two other pictures for them, but he replied: "There are already daubers enough in Courtrai without summoning those of Antwerp," and took no further notice of them. This story, however interesting, does not accord with the fact that one of his finest works is the "Elevation of the Cross," still in the Church of Notre Dame at Courtrai. It has been called "one of the most admirable masterpieces that the art of painting has ever produced."

During the five years that Vandyck remained in Flanders and Holland, he painted almost numberless portraits of royal and distinguished persons, and more than thirty religious pictures for churches and public places in the Low Countries. The value of many of these works is now almost fabulous. I must tell you one anecdote of this time: On one occasion Vandyck was at Haarlem,



VANDYCK PAINTING THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

the home of Franz Hals, a noted Dutch portrait-painter. Vandyck went to his studio, but, as usual, Hals was at the tavern. Vandyck sent for him, saying that a stranger wished his portrait painted, and had but two hours to stay for it. Hals seized a canvas and finished the picture within the given time. Vandyck praised it warmly, and said: "Painting seems such a simple thing that I should like to try what I can do at it." Hals changed places with him, and the visitor painted the second portrait as quickly as the first had been made. When Hals saw the picture, he embraced the painter and cried: "You are Vandyck! No other could do what you have now done!"

In 1632, after many preliminaries, Vandyck was called to the service of Charles I. of England. He was welcomed by the King, who appointed him court-painter, with a salary of £200 a year, and three months after his arrival in London conferred on him the honor of knighthood. From the day he reached England, Vandyck was the fashion there. His elegant and courtly manners, and his style of living when in Rome, had gained for him the title of "*Il pittore Cavalieresco*" (the noble or generous painter), and now, in England, he indulged in lavish hospitality. He often entertained his sitters at dinner, in order to study their expression, and even the King visited his house without ceremony. He was liberal to musicians and men of genius, and made himself popular with many classes. As the result of all this, his studio became the resort of men of rank, and, in fact, a visit to Vandyck was, of all things, most desirable to the fashionables of the day, and men and women of rank and influence vied with each other for the privilege of being his sitters, until a list of the portraits which he painted is an endless repetition of titles and notable names.

His lavishness threw him into debt, and he was constantly in need of money, while his habits of life undermined his health and made him very low in his spirits. It is said that, with the hope of increasing his fortune, he spent much time over chemicals trying to discover the philosopher's



PORTRAIT OF PETER BRUEGEL. (FROM AN ETCHING BY VANDYCK.)

stone, which he believed would bring him limitless gold. The poisonous gases which he thus inhaled injured his already weakened health, and the King and his friends became alarmed lest he should die.

At length, the King resolved to persuade Vandyck to marry, and selected a beautiful Scotch girl, who had a position in the household of the Queen, as a suitable wife for him. Her name was Maria Ruthven, and she was a granddaughter of the Earl of Gowrie. Very little is known of the married life of the artist, but there is nothing to indicate that it was not a happy one. He had one child, a daughter, called Justiniana.

It is probable that Vandyck had frequently visited Antwerp while living in England. We

know that, in 1634, he was chosen Dean of the Confraternity of St. Luke in his native city, and a great feast was celebrated on that occasion; and when, in 1640, he took his bride there, the members of the Academy of Painting and many others received them with distinguished attentions.

In spite of all he had done, Vandyck's highest ambition as a painter had never been satisfied. He had long cherished a desire to do some great historical painting. At one time he had hoped to decorate the walls of the banqueting-hall at the palace of Whitehall. The ceiling had splendid pictures by Rubens, and Vandyck proposed to perfect the whole by portraying the history of the Order of the Garter beneath the work of his master. Charles was pleased with the idea, and asked Vandyck to make his sketches; but he finally abandoned the scheme, much to the regret of the artist.

While he was at Antwerp with his wife, the painter learned that Louis XIII. was about to decorate the large saloon of the Louvre. He hastened to Paris in the hope that he might obtain the commission for the work, but when he arrived it had already been given to Poussin. Greatly disappointed, he returned to England, to find the royal family, whom he knew and loved so well, overwhelmed with misfortune. In March, 1641, the Queen fled to France, while the King and his sons took refuge at York. In May the Earl of Strafford was executed, and all these disasters, added to his previous disappointments and the fact that the arts which the King had cherished were already fallen into dishonor, brought upon the artist a disease which proved to be fatal.

He continued to paint until within a few days of his death, and it was but eight days before that event that his daughter was born and he made his will. When the King returned to London, in spite of all his own troubles and cares, he found time to be true to his friendship for Vandyck. He offered his physician £300 if he could save the artist's life; but nothing could be done, and he died at his home in Blaekfriars, December 9, 1641, at the early age of forty-two years. It is said that his funeral was attended by many nobles and artists. He was buried in the Cathedral of St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt. When St. Paul's was burned, the remains of Vandyck were probably scattered. When the grave of Benjamin West was prepared in the crypts of the new St. Paul's, Vandyck's coffin-plate was discovered there.

The pictures of Vandyck are so numerous that we can here say almost nothing of them. They embrace a great variety of subjects, and are found in nearly all large or good collections. He left

some etchings, also, which are executed with great spirit. I have said that as a portrait-painter he is almost unrivaled; as a painter of other subjects he had also great merits. He had not the power of invention of his master, Rubens, and could not seize upon terrible moments and important incidents to give them the power which the pictures of Rubens had; but Vandyck gave an intensity of expression to his faces, and an elevation to their emotions, which excelled his master. His drawing was more correct, and his feeling for Nature more refined, so that, taken all in all, perhaps the master and pupil were very nearly equal as painters, though they differed in the qualities of their talents.

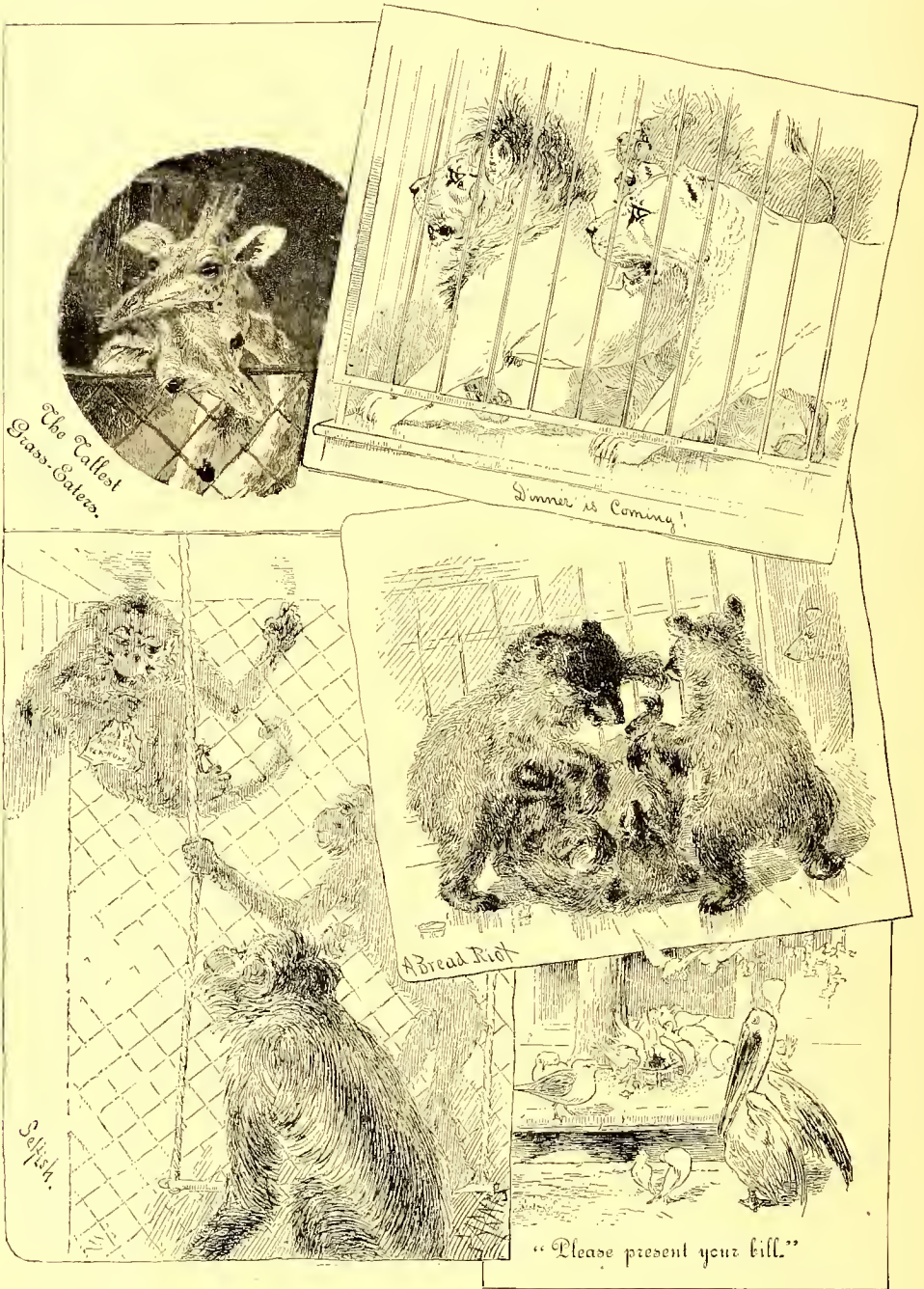
Vandyck may be said to have painted in three manners. The first was that of a rich and mellow color, which he acquired after visiting Italy to study the works of Titian and others. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of this style: "It supposes the sun in the room." The second manner is seen in the silvery color of his English pictures; they are brilliant and delicate at the same time that they are solid and firm in their execution. His third manner is that of his latest works, when poor health and low spirits caused him to be careless and to give but little attention to their sentiment or execution.

Among his most distinguished portraits are those of Charles I. and his family. Perhaps the most pleasing of these is the picture of the three children of the King—a subject which Vandyck several times repeated. One of these is in the gallery of Turin, others at Dresden and Berlin, and a small one at the Louvre, in Paris. His equestrian portraits are noble works, and many of his full-length figures exist in various galleries. The most magnificent collection in any one place is that of Windsor Castle, in possession of the Queen. It consists of thirty-nine pictures, all but three being portraits of single figures or groups.

The prices that are now paid for the works of Vandyck, on the rare occasions when they are sold, are enormous. A portrait of Anne Cavendish, Lady Rich, was sold at the San Donato sale, in Florence, in 1880, to Mr. Berners, for \$30,000. In 1876, a few of his etchings were sold in Brussels; and that from a portrait of the artist, both portrait and etching being his own work, brought about \$4000.

We have not space to speak here of the historical, mythological, and other pictures painted by Vandyck. Though they are not equal to his portraits, they are very interesting, and those of you who go to Europe will see many of them in the churches and galleries that you will visit.

DINNER-TIME AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.



The Tallest Grass-Eaters.

Dinner is Coming!

Selfish.

A Bread Riot

"Please present your bill."

MIKE AND I.

BY R. LATTIMORE ALLING.

WE were off for our summer vacation, Mike (my chum) and I. Mike took it rather quietly, but that is his way. People have different ways of talking; his was through his eyes, and how much they could tell a fellow! But I 'm not the mum kind, and I wanted to talk to everybody—wanted to ask them if they, too, were going away from the hot, dusty city, to stay three long, restful, delicious weeks.

Finally, as we came near our journey's end, and packed ourselves away in the old stage which was to land us at the lake-side, I felt that I must talk or explode. I tell you, being shut up in a dingy little office in a dingy little street of a dingy big city for eleven months of the year makes one appreciate some things; so, when I sniffed the real country odors, and then caught sight of a pond through the trees, I gave Mike a rapturous shake; but he made no reply except to rattle the fishing-tackle in his pockets. This was expressive, but rather dull for steady conversation; so, in desperation, I began to scan my fellow-passengers, in hopes of finding somebody else who wanted to talk. There was a tall, good-natured man, his wife, big girl, little girl, poodle, and baby, and a jolly-looking boy, who sat cocking his eye at me in such a remarkably funny way that I laughed, which laugh seemed to act on him like an inspiration, for he immediately broke the silence by inquiring in a rapid voice:

"Where you going? We're going to the Lake View House—tip-top place—ever been? Splendid fishing—was there last summer—lots of fun."

I informed him that I was going there also, and then followed a spirited discussion as to the relative merits of grasshoppers or angle-worms for bait. As my experience with either was limited, this subject soon dropped, when he inquired, "Are n't any of your folks going to be there?" possibly envying me freedom from the sisterhood.

"None of my folks," I replied, "but my chum, my best friend; we're going to have fine times together. You'd like him; he's a capital fellow—when he is in the mood," I said, laughing, as I noticed him sitting silent and stiff beside me. "You must come up to our room some day," I added, as the stage stopped before our hotel.

I saw nothing of my new acquaintance for a day or two, and Mike, who had come out of his dumps, was such good company that I forgot all about the boy till, one afternoon, he came rushing down the

hall after me as I was returning to our room from a long tramp.

"Halloo! Where you been—fishing?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," I answered.

"Catch anything?"

"Of course."

"Where 's your chum?"

"Mike? Oh, he is upstairs; he does n't like fishing. Come and see him. He will be in a gay humor when I show what I have. We will have a festive time. Come up?"

"Yes, guess I will. I'm sick of things here, anyway."

This was no uncommon boy. He was just like a thousand others—a rough-and-tumble sort of chap, but good-hearted, and ready to learn good or bad, just whichever happened to come his way. As I listened to his bright talk of his thrilling adventure with a pickerel, I congratulated myself that he would be quite an addition to my pleasure, for Mike, as I have intimated, was a queer one, not fond of the active part of fishing or hunting; but he did ample justice to the spoils, as I assured Bob—which I found to be the boy's name—when he made some damaging remark about my friend, to the effect that "Mike could n't be much of a fellow if he did n't fish." So I had to plead his cause as we ascended the last flight of stairs, declaring that he made up for this masculine deficiency by the host of things he knew. "Why," I said, "he is the most interesting company in the world; he tells the most wonderful stories,—more marvelous than the Arabian Nights, or Jules Verne, and all true, too, and he will keep at it as long as you have a mind to sit up of an evening." The look of disdain over Mike's deplorable lack of interest in those sports dear to the heart of every well-regulated boy had changed to one of lively interest when I promised, as I turned the key of 134 and flung open the door, to "set Mike a-going for his benefit." Mike was not visible, and while I disposed of my fishing apparatus, Bob surveyed the empty room with disappointment.

"Where is he? Trot him out," he demanded.

"Oh, I keep him locked up in a closet when I am gone out," I replied, stooping to draw off my muddy boots, and at the same time hide my amused face from the perplexed Bob, who exclaimed, "Gracious! you don't, do you?" Thinking the climax of his bewilderment was reached, I

proceeded to unlock the door of a black-walnut box standing on the floor, and drew out and set upon the table a microscope, announcing, as I waved my hand toward it, "Behold my friend, my chum, my blessed old Mike!"

Bob's face was a circus in itself. Many expressions struggled for the field, but disgusted disappointment gained the day, and he muttered, as he picked up his hat and started for the door, "Who wants to see your old telescope!"

"Hold on!" I cried—"stay five minutes; then you can go back to the girls and abuse me and my friend if you want to."

So back he shuffled, but slowly, and with a look of determined suspicion at me. I went about my affairs, feeling sure he would change his tune when once Mike had a chance to defend himself. The "catch" of my fishing, which was all contained in a small glass bottle with a wide mouth, I began to investigate by holding it up toward the light. Seeing some very small specks floating about, I took a glass tube, about as big and as long as a new slate-pencil; placing my finger closely over one end, I lowered the other directly over one of these specks, when, lifting my finger for an instant, out rushed some air, and at the other end up rushed some of the water, and with it the speck. This I allowed to run out upon a little slip of glass, called a slide, by lifting my finger again, when in rushed some air, and out went the drop of water. By this time Bob had lost his disgusted expression, and condescended to show slight interest in this new way of fishing. The slide, with the drop upon it, I then placed on the little shelf, or "stage," of my microscope. Looking through the long tube which is the main part of the instrument in size, touching a screw here, another there, and turning the little mirror, just under the stage, toward the light, I asked Bob to take a look also, at the same time remarking that I rather guessed I had beat him in fishing for that day. Bob squinted up one eye, peeped cautiously with the other, and forthwith exclaimed, "Jimminy Jinkins!" Jimminy failing to appear upon the scene, I did, telling him, while he looked and wondered, wondered and looked, that all the little fellows he saw had names and histories, and cut up the funniest capers imaginable.

But Bob interrupted with, "Oh! here 's a huge one, and all tangled up in a great, long green stem, and kicking like mad! What 's his name?"

"That is a *daphnia*," I said, smiling at his enthusiasm; "and now look carefully, and you will see that you can look right through him. Do you see something beating inside of him—eh? Well, that is his heart, and you can sometimes see that every time it contracts some colorless fluid is

pushed out through the body; that is the blood circulating, and—"

But here Bob broke in with wild excitement, "True as preaching, he 's eating something, and I can see him swallowing it! Oh, is n't this fun!"

I could not help laughing in my sleeve to see this boy so wholly absorbed by my "old telescope," and suggested that he take his eye from the tube for a moment, and with his own hands move the glass slide just a very little to one side, so as to get a view of another part of the vast sea contained in the drop of water. This being done, he again applied his eye to the "bung-hole," as he elegantly termed it, when I asked him what he saw now.

"Oh! an awfully funny thing, kind of like a worm, with ever so many branches at one end—no, it 's like a long hand with long, crooked fingers, only there are eight of them—and—oh, they are all stretched out and feeling around!"

"Yes," I assented, knowing well the animal at which he was looking. "Now, give the glass slide a little tap with your finger-nail, but keep looking just the same." The result of this experiment made him jump, as he exclaimed: "He jerked all his fingers in quicker 'n lightning, and now he is all drawn up into a little ball!"

As I enjoyed his excitement, I explained that the fingers were called tentacles, and that they were used to feel about for food, and that some naturalists thought that at the end of each tentacle was a little sting, with which they killed their prey, and then drew it into their mouth, which was a little opening in the end of the tube from which these tentacles grew.

"But what 's the gentleman's name?" demanded Bob, wishing to know everything at once.

"Well," I answered, "do you know about the twelve things that Hercules had to do before he could become immortal?"

Bob looked as though he had known from earliest infancy, but as I myself remembered that my wisest looks had too often been in direct proportion to my ignorance, I thought it best to tell the story.

"Somehow, it happened that Hercules got cheated out of the throne which he was to inherit; so his father, Jupiter, made Juno promise that she would make Hercules immortal if he accomplished twelve great deeds. One of them was the killing of the Hydra, a monster with nine heads. Hercules went bravely to work chopping these off, but every severed head was immediately replaced by two. So this little animal is called the hydra, and if we try to slay it we shall be as much amazed as was Hercules; for, if we cut off one of these tentacles, another will grow in its place. And more than this; the piece that is cut off lives on, and, in time, will grow its own circle of

tentacles and be a full-fledged hydra, independent of everybody! Why, just to think, there was a Frenchman who, aided by his microscope, could do very delicate work, and he turned some hydras wrong-side out, and they did n't seem to mind it at all, but meekly accommodated themselves to the situation, and went on fishing as happily as before, making what was before their outsides do for their stomachs! It is almost impossible to kill them, for, even if you chop them up into little pieces, each piece will grow into an animal like the one from which it was cut, and set up house-keeping on its own account. So, you see, out of one hydra you can make a large community."

"Let 's do it now," said the eager Bob, with eyes big with wonder.

"Oh, no," I said. "It takes some days for all this to happen, and remember that you can hardly see the hydra with your naked eye. And it requires some skill to do this microscopic butchering."

This seemed a new idea, and he examined my small water-jar with renewed interest, asking, "Are there more of these fellows in here?"

"Perhaps not one," I answered. "Sometimes I can't find one for weeks, and then all at once I may come across a pond with thousands; but even then you have to know just how to find them. The best way is to dip up some water from the bottom or side of a stagnant pool—taking bits of the little water-plants, or of the green

scum (which will turn out to be delicate stems, with lovely patterns in green dots running along them), with it. Set the bottle in the window for a day or two, and you will find the hydras, if there are any there, fastened to the glass next the light."

As the gong for tea sounded, I said, as I began to put things away, while Bob took a last peep, "Well, Mike is n't so bad, is he? Come up again, if you like him. We have only made a beginning as yet on what is to be seen in that water. By the way, Simple Simon was n't such a fool, after all, if he had a microscope,—eh Bob?"

"What do you mean?" said Bob, trying his luck at fishing with a glass tube, as if for once supper had failed to charm.

"Why, don't you remember—

"Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale,
And all the water that he had was in his mother's pail?"

By this time Mike had been put into his box, and Bob remarked, as we went down-stairs, "He 's the best old chap I 've seen yet!"

As I glanced across the long dining-hall, I was convulsed to see Bob, who was at the next table, suddenly stop a glass of water half-way toward his lips, and gaze into it with horror. The next moment he dashed over to me, shouting: "Say! Is *this* water full of 'em?" I assured him that he could drink it with entire safety, there being nothing of the kind in ordinary water, as Mike could further prove next time he gave a show.



Mud-Pies.
— Baking-Day.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

A LITTLE man, in walking down the dusty road one day,
Met a little woman traveling afoot the other way;
And, laying down his big valise, he bowed in handsome style,
While she returned his greeting with a curtsy and a smile.

"Can you inform me where,
ma'am, I can find a wife?"
said he.

"'T was on my tongue to ask
about a husband, sir," said
she.



"I'm weary of my single state,
and many miles I've gone
For one who'll cook and wash
for me, and sew my buttons
on;

Who'll wait on me when I am
well and tend me when I'm
ill,

And never give me cause to
grumble at a foolish bill.

Do you know any one, ma'am,
you can recommend?" said
he.

"I'm looking for precisely such
a husband, sir," said she.

He puckered up his lips and whistled thoughtfully and low,—
 Then slowly reached for his valise, regretfully to go;
 While, with a pensive little smile, she gazed up at the sky
 And watched the fleecy cloudlets as they lazily passed by.
 “’T is plain I ’m not the husband you ’re after, ma’am!” said he.
 “’T is evident I ’m not the wife you ’re seeking, sir!” said she.



THE LAST OF THE PETERKINS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE expedition up the Nile had taken place successfully. The Peterkin family had reached Cairo again—at least, its scattered remnant was there, and they were now to consider what next.

Mrs. Peterkin would like to spend her life in the *dahabieh*,* though she could not pronounce its name, and she still felt the strangeness of the scenes about her. However, she had only to look out upon the mud villages on the bank to see that she was in the veritable “Africa” she had seen pictured in the geography of her childhood. If further corroboration were required, had she not, only the day before, when accompanied by no one but a little donkey-boy, shuddered to meet a strange Nubian, attired principally in hair that stood out from his savage face in frizzes at least half a yard long.

But oh, the comforts of no trouble in housekeeping on board the *dahabieh*! Never to know what they were to have for dinner, nor to be asked what they would like, and yet always to have a dinner you could ask chance friends to, knowing all whom they could perfectly served! Some of the party with whom they had engaged their *dahabieh* had even brought canned baked beans from New England, which seemed to make their happiness complete.

“Though we see beans here,” said Mrs. Peterkin, “they are not ‘Boston beans’!”

She had fancied she would have to live on stuffed ostrich (ostrich stuffed with iron filings, that the books tell of), or fried hippopotamus, or boiled rhinoceros. But she met with none of these, and day after day was rejoiced to find her native turkey appearing on the table, with pigeons and

* A boat used for transportation on the Nile.

chickens (though the chickens, to be sure, were scarcely larger than the pigeons), and lamb that was really not more tough than that of New Hampshire and the White Mountains.

If they dined with the Arabs, there was indeed a kind of dark molasses-gingerbread-looking cake, with curds in it, that she found it hard to eat. "But *they* like it," she said, complacently.

The remaining little boy, too, smiled over his pile of ripe bananas, as he thought of the quarter-of-a-dollar-a-half-dozen green ones at that moment waiting at the corners of the streets at home. Indeed, it was a land for boys. There were the dates, both fresh and dried—far more juicy than those learned at school; and there was the gingerbread-nut tree, the *dôm* palm, that bore a nut tasting "like baker's gingerbread that has been kept a few days in the shop," as the remaining little boy remarked. And he wished for his brothers when the live dinner came on board their boat, at the stopping-places, in the form of good-sized sheep struggling on the shoulders of stout Arabs, or an armful of live hens and pigeons.

All the family (or as much of it as was present) agreed with Mrs. Peterkin's views. Amanda at home had seemed quite a blessing, but at this distance her services, compared with the attentions of their Maltese dragoman and the devotion of their Arab servants, seemed of doubtful value, and even Mrs. Peterkin dreaded returning to her tender mercies.

"Just imagine inviting the Russian Count to dinner at home—and Amanda!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"And he came to dinner at least three times a week on board the boat," said the remaining little boy.

"The Arabs are so convenient about carrying one's umbrellas and shawls," said Elizabeth Eliza. "How I should miss Hassan in picking up my blue veil!"

The family recalled many anecdotes of the shortcomings of Amanda, as Mrs. Peterkin leaned back upon her divan and wafted a fly-whisk. Mr. Peterkin had expended large sums in telegrams from every point where he found the telegraph in operation; but there was no reply from Solomon John, and none from the two little boys.

By a succession of telegrams, they had learned that no one had fallen into the crater of Vesuvius in the course of the last six months, not even a little boy. This was consoling.

By letters from the lady from Philadelphia, they learned that she had received Solomon John's telegram from Geneva at the time she heard from the rest of the family, and one signed "L. Boys" from Naples. But neither of these telegrams gave

an address for return answers, which she had, however, sent to Geneva and Naples, with the fatal omission by the operator (as she afterward learned) of the date, as in the other telegrams.

Mrs. Peterkin, therefore, disliked to be long away from the Sphinx, and their excursion up the Nile had been shortened on this account. All the Nubian guides near the pyramids had been furnished with additional *backsheesh* and elaborate explanations from Mr. Peterkin as to how they should send him information if Solomon John and the little boys should turn up at the Sphinx—for all the family agreed they would probably appear in Egypt together.

Mrs. Peterkin regretted not having any photographs to leave with the guides; but Elizabeth Eliza, alas! had lost at Brindisi the hand-bag that contained the family photograph-book.

Mrs. Peterkin would have liked to take up her residence near the Sphinx for the rest of the year. But every one warned her that the heat of an Egyptian summer would not allow her to stay at Cairo—scarcely even on the sea-shore, at Alexandria.

How thankful was Mrs. Peterkin, a few months after, when the war in Egypt broke out, that her wishes had not been yielded to! For many nights she could not sleep, picturing how they all might have been massacred by the terrible mob in Alexandria.

Intelligence of Solomon John led them to take their departure.

One day, they were discussing at the *table d'hôte* their letters from the lady from Philadelphia, and how they showed that Solomon John had been at Geneva.

"Ah, there was his mistake!" said Elizabeth Eliza. "The Doolittles left Marscilles with us, and were to branch off for Geneva, and we kept on to Genoa, and Solomon John was always mistaking Genoa for Geneva, as we planned our route. I remember there was a great confusion when they got off."

"I always mix up Geneva and Genoa," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I feel as if they were the same."

"They are quite different," said Elizabeth Eliza; "and Genoa lay in our route, while Geneva took him into Switzerland."

An English gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, then spoke to Mr. Peterkin.

"I beg pardon," he said. "I think I met one of your name in Athens. He attracted our attention because he went every day to the same spot, and he told us he expected to meet his family there—that he had an appointment by telegraph——"

"In Athens!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin.

"Was his name Solomon John?" asked Elizabeth Eliza.

"Were there two little boys?" inquired Mrs. Peterkin.

"His initials were the same as mine," replied the Englishman,— "S. J. P.,—for some of his luggage came by mistake into my room, and that is why I spoke of it."

"Is there a Sphinx in Athens?" Mrs. Peterkin inquired.

"There used to be one there," said Agamemnon.

"I beg your pardon," said the Englishman, "but that Sphinx never was in Athens."

"But Solomon John may have made the mistake—we all make our mistakes," said Mrs. Peterkin, tying her bonnet-strings, as if ready to go to meet Solomon John at that moment.

"The Sphinx was at Thebes in the days of *Œdipus*," said the Englishman. "No one would expect to find it anywhere in Greece at the present day."

"But was Solomon John inquiring for it?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Indeed, no!" answered the Englishman; "he went every day to the Pnyx, a famous hill in Athens, where his telegram had warned him he should meet his friends."

"The Pnyx!" exclaimed Mr. Peterkin; "and how do you spell it?"

"P-n-y-x!" cried Agamemnon—"the same letters as in Sphinx!"

"All but the 's' and the 'h' and the 'y,'" said Elizabeth Eliza.

"I often spell Sphinx with a 'y' myself," said Mr. Peterkin.

"And a telegraph-operator makes such mistakes!" said Agamemnon.

"His telegram had been forwarded to him from Switzerland," said the Englishman; "it had followed him into the Dolomite region, and must have been translated many times."

"And of course they could not all have been expected to keep the letters in the right order," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"And were there two little boys with him?" repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

No; there were no little boys. But further inquiries satisfied the family that Solomon John must be awaiting them in Athens. And how natural the mistake! Mrs. Peterkin said that, if she had known of a Pnyx, she should surely have looked for the family there.

Should they then meet Solomon John at the Pnyx, or summon him to Egypt? It seemed safer to go directly to Athens, especially as Mr. Peterkin and Agamemnon were anxious to visit that city.

It was found that a steamer would leave Alexandria next day for Athens, by way of Smyrna and Constantinople. This was a roundabout course, but Mr. Peterkin was impatient to leave, and was glad to gain more acquaintance with the world. Meanwhile, they could telegraph their plans to Solomon John, as the English gentleman could give them the address of his hotel.

And Mrs. Peterkin did not now shrink from another voyage. Her experience on the Nile had made her forget her sufferings in crossing the Atlantic, and she no longer dreaded entering another steam-boat. Their delight in river navigation, indeed, had been so great that the whole family had listened with interest to the descriptions given by their Russian fellow-traveler of steam-boat navigation on the Volga—"the most beautiful river in the world," as he declared. Elizabeth Eliza and Mr. Peterkin were eager to try it, and Agamemnon remarked that such a trip would give them an opportunity to visit the renowned fair at Nijninogorod. Even Mrs. Peterkin had consented to this expedition, provided they should meet Solomon John and the other little boys.

She started, therefore, on a fresh voyage without any dread, forgetting that the Mediterranean, if not so wide as the Atlantic, is still a sea, and often as tempestuous and uncomfortably "choppy." Alas! she was soon to be awakened from her forgetfulness: the sea was the same old enemy.

As they passed up among the Ionian Isles, and she heard Agamemnon and Elizabeth Eliza and their Russian friend (who was accompanying them to Constantinople) talking of the old gods of Greece, she fancied that they were living still, and that Neptune and the classic waves were wreaking their vengeance on them, and pounding and punishing them for venturing to rule them with steam. She was fairly terrified. As they entered Smyrna she declared she would never enter any kind of a boat again, and that Mr. Peterkin must find some way by which they could reach home by land.

How delightful it was to draw near the shore, on a calm afternoon—even to trust herself to the charge of the boatmen in leaving the ship, and to reach land once more and meet the tumult of voices and people! Here was the screaming and shouting usual in the East, and the same bright array of turbans and costumes in the crowd awaiting them. But a well-known voice reached them, and from the crowd rose a well-known face. Even before they reached the land they had recognized its owner. With his American dress, he looked almost foreign in contrast to the otherwise universal Eastern color. A tall figure on either side seemed, also, each to have a familiar air.

Were there three Solomon Johns?

No; it was Solomon John and the two other little boys — but grown so that they were no longer little boys. Even Mrs. Peterkin was unable to recognize them at first. But the tones of their voices, their ways, were as natural as ever. Each had a banana in his hand, and pockets stuffed with oranges.

Questions and answers interrupted each other in a most confusing manner:

“Are you the little boys?”

“Where have you been?”

“Did you go to Vesuvius?”

“How did you get away?”

“Why did n't you come sooner?”

“Our India-rubber boots stuck in the hot lava.”

“Have you been there all this time?”

“No; we left them there.”

“Have you had fresh dates?”

“They are all gone now, but the dried ones are better than those squeezed ones we have at home.”

“How you have grown!”

“Why did n't you telegraph?”

“Why did you go to Vesuvius, when Papa said he could n't?”

“Did you, too, think it was Pnyx?”

“Where have you been all winter?”

“Did you roast eggs in the crater?”

“When did you begin to grow?”

The little boys could not yet thoroughly explain themselves; they always talked together, and in foreign languages, interrupting each other, and never agreeing as to dates.

Solomon John accounted for his appearance in Smyrna by explaining that, when he received his father's telegram in Athens, he decided to meet them at Smyrna. He was tired of waiting at the Pnyx. He had but just landed, and came near missing his family, and the little boys too, who had reached Athens just as he was leaving it. None of the family wished now to continue their journey to Athens, but they had the advice and assistance of their Russian friend in planning to leave the steamer at Constantinople; they would, by adopting this plan, be *en route* for the proposed excursion to the Volga.

Mrs. Peterkin was overwhelmed with joy at having all her family together once more; but with it a wave of home-sickness surged over her. They were all together; why not go home?

It was found that there was a sailing-vessel bound absolutely for Maine, in which they might take passage. No more separation; no more mistakes; no more tedious study of guide-books; no more weighing of baggage. Every trunk and bag, every Peterkin, could be placed in the boat, and safely landed on the shores of home. It was a

temptation, and at one time Mrs. Peterkin actually pleaded for it.

But there came a throbbing in her head, a swimming in her eyes, a swaying of the very floor of the hotel. Could she bear it, day after day, week after week? Would any of them be alive? And Constantinople not seen, nor steam-navigation on the Volga!

And so new plans arose, and wonderful discoveries were made, and the future of the Peterkin family was changed forever.

In the first place, a strange, stout gentleman in spectacles had followed the Peterkin family to the hotel, had joined in the family councils, and had rendered valuable service in negotiating with the officers of the steamer for the cancellation of their through tickets to Athens. He dined at the same table, and was consulted by the (formerly) little boys.

Who was he?

They explained that he was their “preceptor.” It appeared that, after they parted from their father, the little boys had become mixed up with some pupils who were being taken by their preceptor to Vesuvius. For some time he had not noticed that his party (consisting of boys of their own age) had been enlarged; and after finding this out, he had concluded they were the sons of an English family with whom he had been corresponding. He was surprised that no further intelligence came with them, and no extra baggage. They had, however, their hand-bags; and after sending their telegram to the lady from Philadelphia, they assured him that all would be right. But they were obliged to leave Naples the very day of dispatching the telegram, and left no address to which an answer could be sent. The preceptor took them, with his pupils, directly back to his institution in Gratz, Austria, from which he had taken them on this little excursion.

It was not till the end of the winter that he discovered that his youthful charges — whom he had been faithfully instructing, and who had found the gymnasium and invigorating atmosphere so favorable to growth — were not the sons of his English correspondent, whom he had supposed, from their explanations, to be traveling in America.

He was, however, intending to take his pupils to Athens in the spring, and by this time the little boys were able to explain themselves better in his native language. They assured him they should meet their family in the East, and the preceptor felt it safe to take them upon the track proposed.

It was now that Mr. Peterkin prided himself upon the plan he had insisted upon before leaving home. “Was it not well,” he exclaimed, “that

I provided each of you with a bag of gold, for use in case of emergency, hidden in the lining of your hand-bags?"

This had worked badly for Elizabeth Eliza, to be sure, who had left hers at Brindisi; but the little boys had been able to pay some of their expenses, which encouraged the preceptor to believe he might trust them for the rest. So much pleased were all the family with the preceptor that they decided that all three of the little boys should continue under his instructions, and return with him to Gratz.

This decision made more easy the other plans of the family.

Both Agamemnon and Solomon John had decided they would like to be foreign consuls. They did not much care where, and they would accept any appointment, and both, it appeared, had written on the subject to the Department at Washington. Agamemnon had put in a plea for a vacancy at Madagascar, and Solomon John hoped for an opening at Rustchuk, Turkey; if not there, at Aiutab, Syria. Answers were expected, which were now telegraphed for, to meet them in Constantinople.

Meanwhile, Mr. Peterkin had been consulting the preceptor and the Russian Count about a land journey home. More and more Mrs. Peterkin determined she could not and would not trust herself to another voyage, though she consented to travel by steamer to Constantinople. If they went as far as Nijninogorod, which was now decided upon, why could they not persevere through "Russia in Asia"?

Their Russian friend at first shook his head at this, but at last agreed that it might be possible to go on from Novgorod comfortably to Tobolsk, perhaps even from there to Yakoutsck, and then to Kamschatka.

"And cross at Behrings' Straits!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin. "It looks so narrow on the map."

"And then we are in Alaska," said Mr. Peterkin.

"And at home," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, "and no more voyages."

But Elizabeth Eliza doubted about Kamschatka and Behrings' Straits, and thought it would be very cold.

"But we can buy furs on our way," insisted Mrs. Peterkin.

"And if you do not find the journey agreeable,"

said their Russian friend, "you can turn back from Yakoutsck, even from Tobolsk, and come to visit us."

Yes — *us!*

For Elizabeth Eliza was to marry the Russian Count!

He had been in a boat that was behind them on the Nile, had met them often, had climbed the ruins with them, joined their excursions, and had finally proposed at Edfu.

Elizabeth Eliza had then just written to consult the lady from Philadelphia with regard to the offer of a German professor they had met, and she could give no reply to the Count.

Now, however, it was necessary to make a decision. She had meanwhile learned a few words of Russian. The Count spoke English moderately well, made himself understood better than the Professor, and could understand Elizabeth Eliza's French. Also, the Count knew how to decide questions readily, while the Professor had to consider both sides before he could make up his mind.

Mrs. Peterkin objected strongly at first. She could not even pronounce the Russian's name. "How should she be able to speak to him, or tell anybody whom Elizabeth Eliza had married?" But finally the family all gave their consent, won by the attention and devotion of Elizabeth Eliza's last admirer.

The marriage took place in Constantinople — not at Santa Sophia, as Elizabeth Eliza would have wished, as that was under a Mohammedan dispensation. A number of American residents were present, and the preceptor sent for his other pupils in Athens. Elizabeth Eliza wished there was time to invite the lady from Philadelphia to be present, and Ann Maria Bromwich. Would the name be spelled right in the newspapers? All that could be done was to spell it by telegraph as accurately as possible, as far as they themselves knew how, and then leave the papers to do their best (or their worst) in their announcements of the wedding "at the American Consulate, Constantinople, Turkey. No cards."

The last that was ever heard of the Peterkins, Agamemnon was on his way to Madagascar, Solomon John was at Rustchuk, and the little boys at Gratz; Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, in a comfortable sledge, were on their way from Tobolsk to Yakoutsck; and Elizabeth Eliza was passing her honeymoon in the neighborhood of Moscow.



A HAPPY PAIR. THEIR HOUSE AND HOME.

CURIOUS ITEMS ABOUT BIRDS.

MANY of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will remember an article on "Curious Nests," which was printed in the number for November, 1880. Of the nests described, some were remarkable for the situations in which they had been built—such as "the nest in the scare-crow"; while others—like "the nest of lace" and "the nest suspended by a thread"—were peculiar in the way they were made or secured. Not the least curious thing about them, however, was the fact that in almost every instance there was a good and sensible reason for the oddity. It is not always a mere whim that causes a pair of winged builders to violate the usual fashions of bird-architecture, or to select a site for their home that might well make respectable bird-society gossip and stare. No, indeed! However "queer" or eccentric the little couple may seem to their own kind, the girl or boy, or gentle wise man, who finds their deserted nest in the autumn, soon observes that the thing which made it peculiar, as birds' nests go, was the very thing that made it more safe or more comfortable than birds' nests usually are.

Since the publication of the article we have mentioned, ST. NICHOLAS has received a number of letters and communications telling of curious nests or doings of some common birds. And the most appropriate time for showing these to you is surely this very month of May,—when, in every tree and wayside hedge, and also in the city parks and arbors (for some of the most curious nests have been found in the city), you can yourselves observe the little architects at their work, and see how clever and skillful they are.

Here, to begin with, is an account by Dr. C. C. Abbot, of the cunning way in which a little bird rebuilt its nest in order to avoid hatching an intruder's egg. When you have read it you will agree that our correspondent was right in calling the bird's plan

"AN EASY WAY OUT OF IT."

"A pretty little fly-catcher, which had taken much pains to build her nest, was in trouble about her own pearly eggs, and through no fault of her own. An impudent cow-bird (*Molothrus pecoris* of naturalists), too lazy to make a nest for herself, or to look up an old one, or, indeed, to hatch her own eggs, had slyly dropped an egg in the fly-catcher's nest, and then gone off, quite indifferent as to what became of it.

"What the first thoughts of the fly-catcher were when she saw the intrusive egg, I am at a loss to

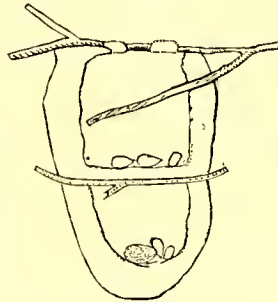
conjecture; but the nest itself tells us that the bird was not easily outwitted, and also that the conclusion it finally reached was, to get rid of the noxious egg, by making practically a new nest out of the old one.

"Now, this fly-catcher, which ornithologists know as the white-eyed vireo (*Vireo noveboracensis*), builds a rather fragile, hanging nest, usually out of fine twigs and strips of thin bark, all nicely interlaced, but sometimes employing also large pieces of newspaper. The nest is suspended to the delicate twigs that grow on the very ends of long, wavy branches. To compensate, therefore, for the considerable motion to which it is subjected when the wind blows, the nest is made very deep, and quite small at the top. So deep is it, in fact, that usually we can not detect the sitting bird, unless the nest is looked upon from above.

"In the instance of the nest here described, this great depth of the original structure came nicely into play; for the outcome of the bird's thoughts was that to build a new floor to the nest, while it would necessitate leaving two of her own eggs unhatched, would place the unwieldy egg of the interloper down in the basement also, and would thus leave her free to rear her own family, unmolested, on the second floor. This she cunningly accomplished by first placing a stout twig just above the eggs, and then interweaving suitable soft materials with the sides of the nest, allowing their weight to rest upon the twig extending from side to side and projecting beyond them. Just how this was arranged is shown by the outline of the nest in the accompanying diagram.

"Considering the fix the fly-catcher was in, and her determination not to nurse the foundling, certainly this was an easy way out of it; and not only easy, but ingenious, showing, as it does, an intelligence that would be little suspected by the unfortunate men and women (and girls and boys) who pass by, unheeded, the many wonders of bird-life that help to make this world so beautiful.

"Another little bird that is much more frequently subjected to the annoyance of visits from the cow-bird, is our very common, pretty summer warbler (*Dendroica aestiva*). When this bird finds the strange egg in its nest, it covers up the egg



(with any of its own that are alongside it) in a mass of materials like that of which the nest is made, and another set of eggs is laid upon this new flooring of the nest. Sometimes it happens that a second cow-bird's egg is laid on this new floor, and again the warbler has to cover it also, that its own eggs may not be disturbed; so that we have in such a case a three-storied structure. What patient, persistent birds, then, these little warblers are!

"Considering that many of our birds voluntarily perform so much unexpected labor to secure the welfare of their broods, let me ask of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS that in all cases they will examine the nests of birds without disturbing them, and collect them only after the birds need them no longer. Their structure and materials can be studied as well then as before.

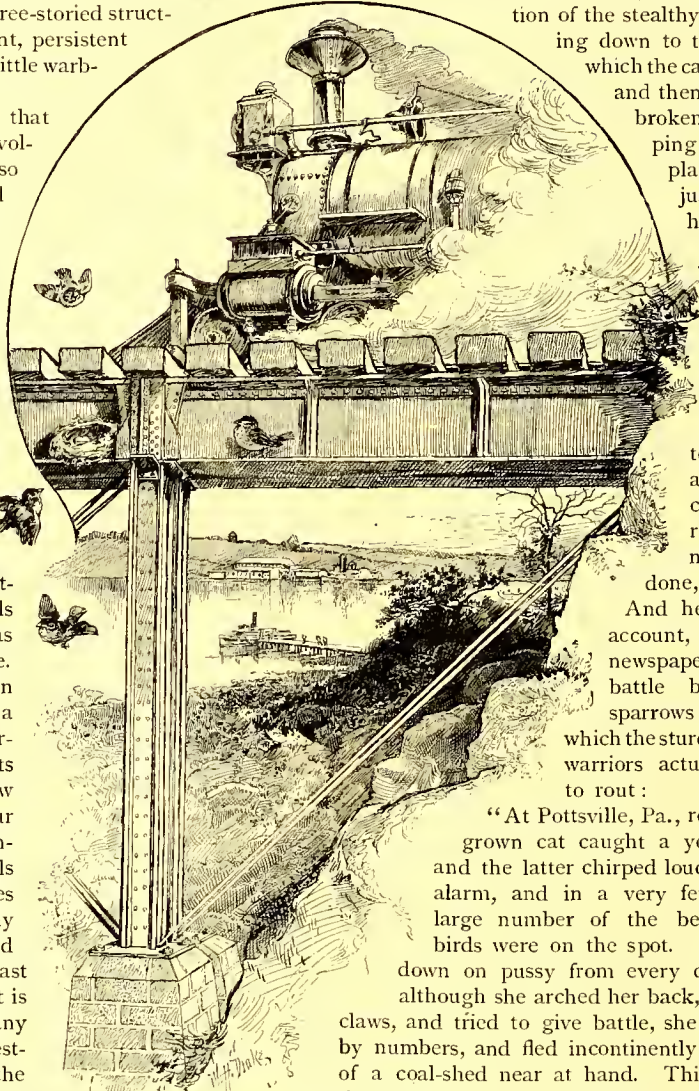
"Let me add, in conclusion, that a task of much interest to ornithologists is to determine how far the nests of our birds vary in construction, materials used, and localities chosen. While many of our birds build nests throughout vast areas of country, it is not certain, by any means, that their nesting habits are the same in Maine and in Maryland, at the Atlantic seaboard and on the Western prairies. I trust that the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—and especially the members of the Agassiz Association—will largely study this subject, and subsequently compare notes, being very careful to correctly determine the species of birds that have built the nests found."

TOO CLEVER FOR THE CAT.

Birds often foil larger enemies than their feathered foes by some cunning piece of strategy. The picture on page 530, for instance, illustrates an odd incident which really happened. A mother-bird, seeing the cat approaching, and fearing the loss of her brood, attracted the attention of the stealthy animal by flying down to the fence upon which the cat was crouched, and then, by feigning a broken wing and hopping along with plaintive chirps just in front of her enemy (but always just out of his reach), she succeeded in luring him to a safe distance. Then she immediately took to flight, and by a circuitous route returned to her nest. Bravely

done, little mother! And here, too, is an account, taken from a newspaper, of a pitched battle between some sparrows and a cat, in which the sturdy little winged warriors actually put Puss to rout:

"At Pottsville, Pa., recently, a half-grown cat caught a young sparrow, and the latter chirped loudly, giving the alarm, and in a very few moments a large number of the belligerent little birds were on the spot. They swooped down on pussy from every direction, and, although she arched her back, extended her claws, and tried to give battle, she was overcome by numbers, and fled incontinently to the shelter of a coal-shed near at hand. This did not end the matter. In the course of a half-hour Puss made her entry on the scene again. But the birds seem to have put some of their number on picket-duty, for, as soon as the cat came from her shelter, the alarm was sounded and the feathered clans came afresh to the attack in greater force than ever. Their feline enemy, profiting by past experience, did not wait to make a fight, but ran as



swiftly as she could to her home, half a square away, the sparrows striking her as long as she was in sight."

A NEST HUNG WITH WIRE.

The "nest suspended by a thread" is almost matched by one built by a pair of Baltimore orioles in a tree opposite a tinsmith's. In the autumn, the limb to which the nest was suspended blew down, and the nest is now preserved as an evidence of the remarkable skill and instinct of these birds, for it was found securely fastened to the branch with pieces of wire, which they had picked out of the sweepings of the tin-shop.

Some of our most familiar birds are quick to see and take advantage of the fact that the neighborhood of men's homes frequently offers them better protection or material than the woods and fields afford; and a search about the roofs of large buildings in the towns often discovers bird-homes in the most unexpected places. One correspondent sends us an account, from a local newspaper, of

A NEST IN THE WHEELS OF A CLOCK.

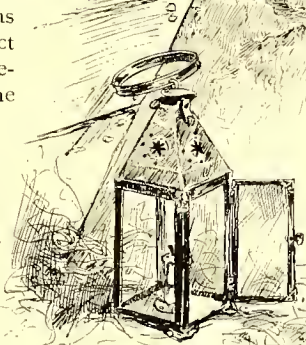
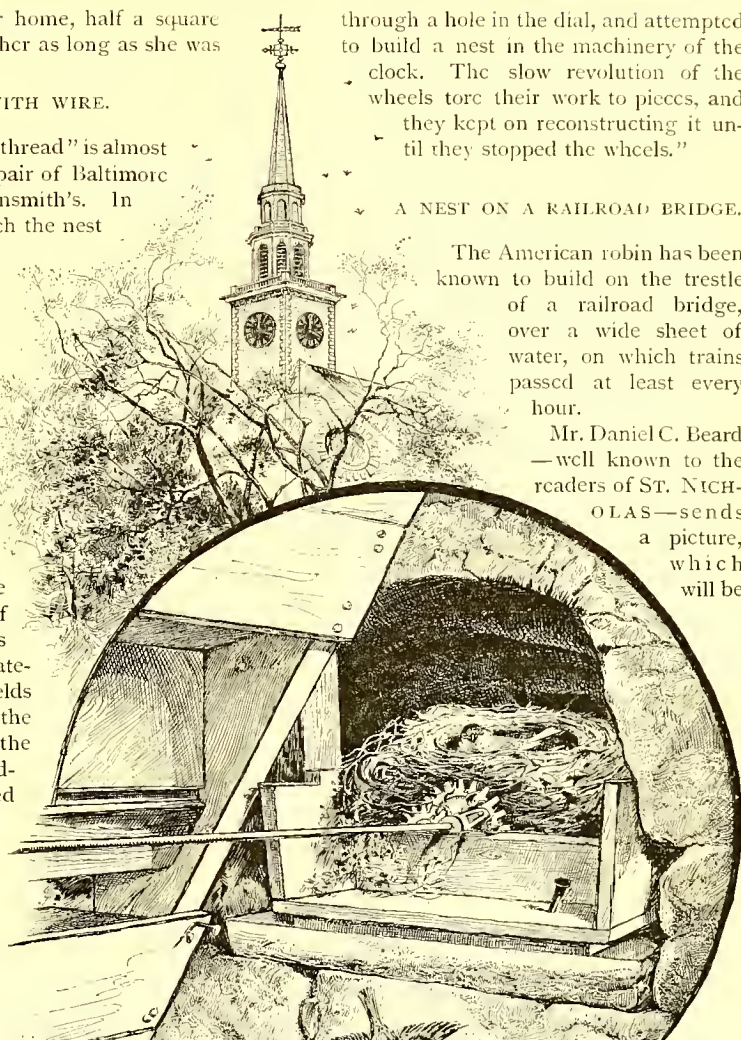
"The old clock in the tower of the First Presbyterian Church, Newark, has not been giving correct time lately. Charles Freeman, employed by the Common Council to regulate the town clocks, was puzzled by the antics of the ancient time-piece, and when it came to a stop recently, he decided to give it a thorough examination. In the wheels he found a tangled mass of hay, twine, grass, cotton, and feathers, amounting to nearly half a peck. A pair of birds had entered the tower

through a hole in the dial, and attempted to build a nest in the machinery of the clock. The slow revolution of the wheels tore their work to pieces, and they kept on reconstructing it until they stopped the wheels."

A NEST ON A RAILROAD BRIDGE.

The American robin has been known to build on the trestle of a railroad bridge, over a wide sheet of water, on which trains passed at least every hour.

Mr. Daniel C. Beard—well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS—sends a picture, which will be

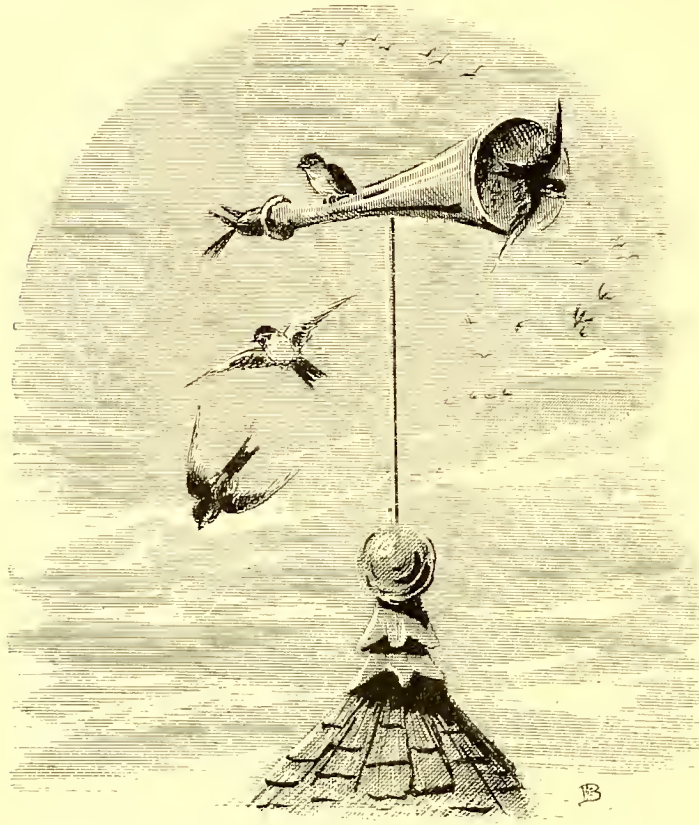


A NEST IN A TOWER-CLOCK.

found on the next page, of

A NEST IN A TRUMPET.

"The birds," writes Mr. Beard, "were blue martins. The horn, or trumpet, was used as a weather-cock upon the top of the fire-engine house in Covington, Kentucky. The birds built there every year, flying in at both ends. The horn was about forty inches long, and the large end measured nearly twelve inches across."



A NEST IN A TRUMPET-VANE.

Mr. Beard adds that: "Very near to the fire-engine house in Covington was the county courthouse, and on its cupola stood a wooden figure of

nest was still remaining in the gargoyle's mouth. Perhaps some of our readers may be passing through Heidelberg this coming summer, and if

George Washington. It was discovered one day that in the forehead of this figure a woodpecker had bored a hole for a nest!"

A NEST IN A LION'S MOUTH.

An artist friend sends a pen-and-ink sketch which he made of a gargoyle, or ornamental rain-spout, on the cloven tower of Heidelberg Castle, on the Rhine. Gargoyles, as perhaps you know, are very common in European architecture, and sometimes they are modeled after some portion of the human figure, and sometimes after parts of animals. This gargoyle, as you see in the picture, represented a lion's head. It was carved in stone, and partly overgrown with vines. Years ago some birds, tempted by the shelter of its great open mouth, built a nest there, which, my friend says, is mentioned by Mr. Longfellow in his "Hyperion," a prose book, in the chapter headed "Interlachen."

When the artist wrote, the



A MOTHER-BIRD, BY FEIGNING A BROKEN WING, LURES THE CAT AWAY FROM HER NEST.

they stop at the castle they should be on the lookout for this queer home of a pair of birds.

ON THE ANGEL'S ARM.

The ST. NICHOLAS artist has made sketches also of two curious nests that were to be seen in New York City. The first was built upon the arm of a stone angel which stands in a niche of Trinity Church. It could be plainly seen by passengers of the Elevated Railroad as the trains passed the

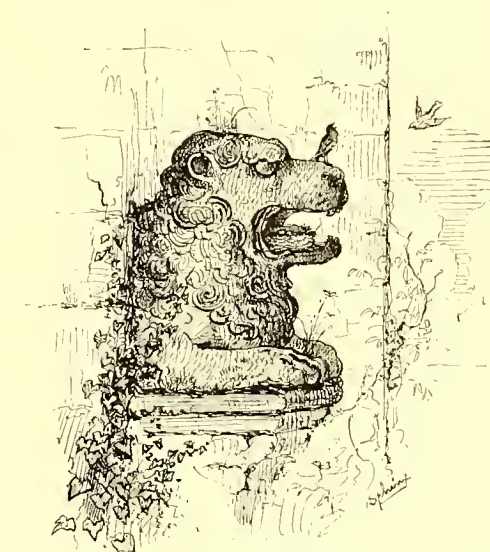


A NEST IN A CHALICE.

church slowly, in starting from the Rector street station. The nest was filled with young birds when seen by the friend who wrote to ST. NICHOLAS about it, and the fledglings appeared to feel the protection of the angel's arm, and to be in nowise disturbed by the trumpet, or by the noise and confusion of the great city.

A NEST IN A GOBLET.

The other nest was built in a goblet. On the side of the chapel of "St. Luke's Old Ladies' Home," New York City, is a panel holding the carved figure of a saint, the carving in high relief. The figure holds a chalice or goblet in the right hand, and in the goblet a pair of sparrows have built a nest, to which they return every year.



IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

"One day last summer, we noticed a couple of sparrows flying very often to one of the pillars of our back-piazza, where they seemed to disappear. We went to investigate, but all we could see was a few stalks of grass and hay sticking out of a little



AN ANGELIC PROTECTOR.

hole in the masonry. (It was a flat pillar, right up against the wall of the house, from the floor to the roof of the porch.) We watched the place a min-



ute or two, and presently a sparrow flew right in the hole—which really did not seem to be more than an inch across; but the bird went all the way in, out of sight, and we could hear the young birds chirping inside. I suppose the masons must have left a small cavity there when the house was built, and that the piazza post covered it all but this little corner. A pair of sparrows have built in the same place this year, too. I don't know, of course, whether or not they are the same ones, but I should think it highly probable."

HOW A BIRD OUTWITTED THE MONKEYS.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll contributes the following account of a very curious and ingenious nest built by a little Asiatic bird:

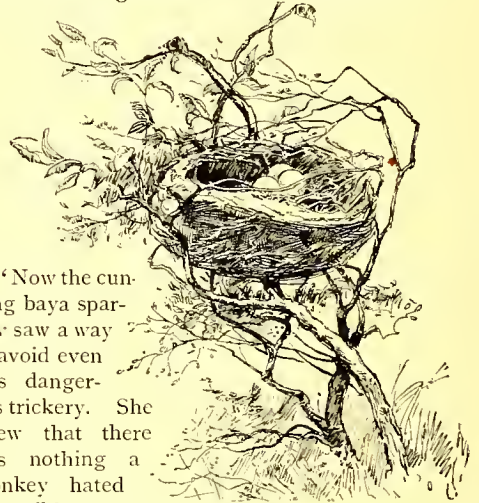
"Of all the hanging nests, commend me to that made of grass by the baya sparrow of India. It is one of the most perfect bird-houses I know of, and seems only to need a fire-place to make it a real house. Its shape and mode of attachment at the top to the end of the limb are shown in the picture. It is entered through the long neck at the lower end. The bed for the eggs rests in the bulb or expansion at the middle of the nest, where there are actually two rooms, for the male has a perch divided off from the female by a little partition, where he may sit and sing to her in rainy weather, or when the sun shines very hot, and where he may rest at night. The walls are a firm lattice-work of grass, neatly woven together, which permits the air to pass through, but does not allow the birds to be seen. The whole nest is from fourteen to eighteen inches long, and six inches wide at the thickest part. It is hung low over the water,—why, we shall presently see,—and its only entrance is through the hanging neck.

"Why do birds build hanging nests?"

"Those birds that do make hanging nests, undoubtedly do it because they think them the safest. Birds' eggs are delicacies on the bill of fare of several animals, and are eagerly sought by them. Snakes, for instance, live almost entirely upon them, during the month of June; squirrels eat them, raccoons also, and opossums, cats, rats, and mice. But none of these animals could creep out to the pliant, wavy ends of the willow branches or elm twigs, and cling there long enough to get at the contents of a Baltimore oriole's nest.

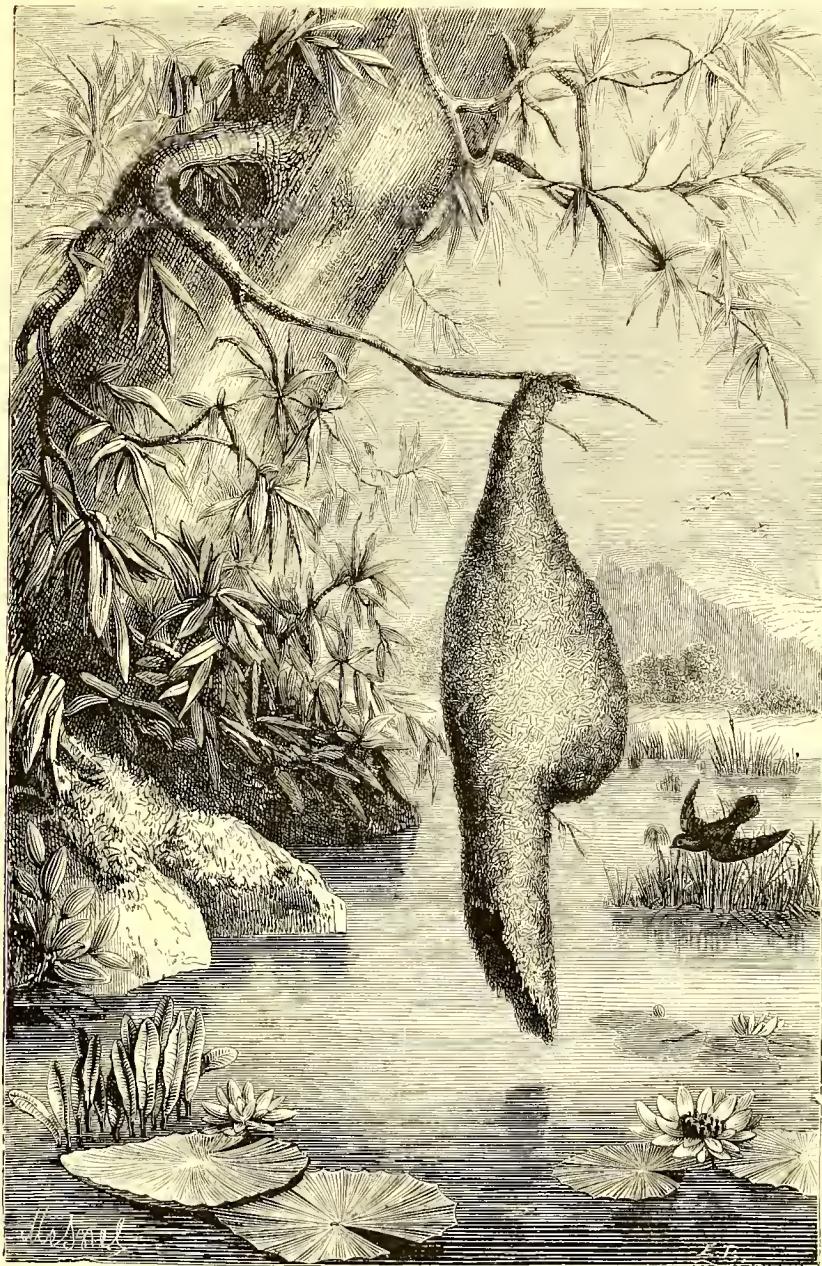
"In the country where the baya sparrow lives, there are snakes and opossums, and all the rest of the egg-eaters; and in addition there are troops

of monkeys, which are more to be feared than all the rest together. Monkeys are wonderfully expert climbers, from whom the eggs in an ordinary open-top pouch nest, like the oriole's, would not be secure; for if they can get anywhere near, they will reach their long, slender fingers down inside the nest. The baya sparrow discovered this, and learned to build a nest inclosed on all sides, and to enter it from underneath by a neck too long for a monkey to conveniently reach up through. Beside this, she took the precaution to hang it out on the very tips of light branches, upon which she thought no robber would dare trust himself. But she found that the monkeys 'knew a trick worth two o' that.' They would go to a higher limb which was strong, and one would let himself down from it, grasping it firmly with his hands; then another monkey would crawl down and hold on to the heels of the first one, another would go below him, and so on until several were hanging to each other, and the lowest one could reach the sparrow's treasures. He would eat them all himself, and then one by one they would climb up over each other; and last of all the tired first one, who had been holding up the weight of all the rest, would get up, too, and all would go noisily off in search of fresh plunder, which, I suppose, would be given to a different one, the rest making a ladder for him as before.



"Now the cunning baya sparrow saw a way to avoid even this dangerous trickery. She knew that there was nothing a monkey hated so terribly as to get his sleek coat wet. He would rather go hungry. So she hung her nest over the water close to the surface, and the agile thieves do not dare make a chain long enough to enable the last one to reach up into her nest from below, as he must do, for fear that the springy branches might bend so far as to souse them into the water.

"The sparrow has fairly outwitted the monkey!"



THE NEST OF THE BAYA SPARROW.

A TRAVELING NEST.

I. M., a Western friend, sends us a description of a nest built in a very peculiar place, and which

crossed a ferry as regularly as the boat came and went.

"The Cedar River, though quite wide at Muscatine, is very shallow, and ferry-boats are run

across by means of wire ropes stretched from one bank to the other. A block and pulley slip along the wire, and from each end of the boat comes a rope which is fastened to the block. By means of these ropes, the boat is inclined to the current in such a manner that the force of the stream drives the boat across without the use of oars, paddles, or screw-propeller.

“On this traveling-block a pair of birds built their nest, and successfully reared a brood of young. The boat crossed at all times of the day and night, and at every trip

the block, with the nest on it, would go rattling across on the iron cable, high above the water. The nest was well guarded by the ferry-man, and was the marvel of all who saw it.”

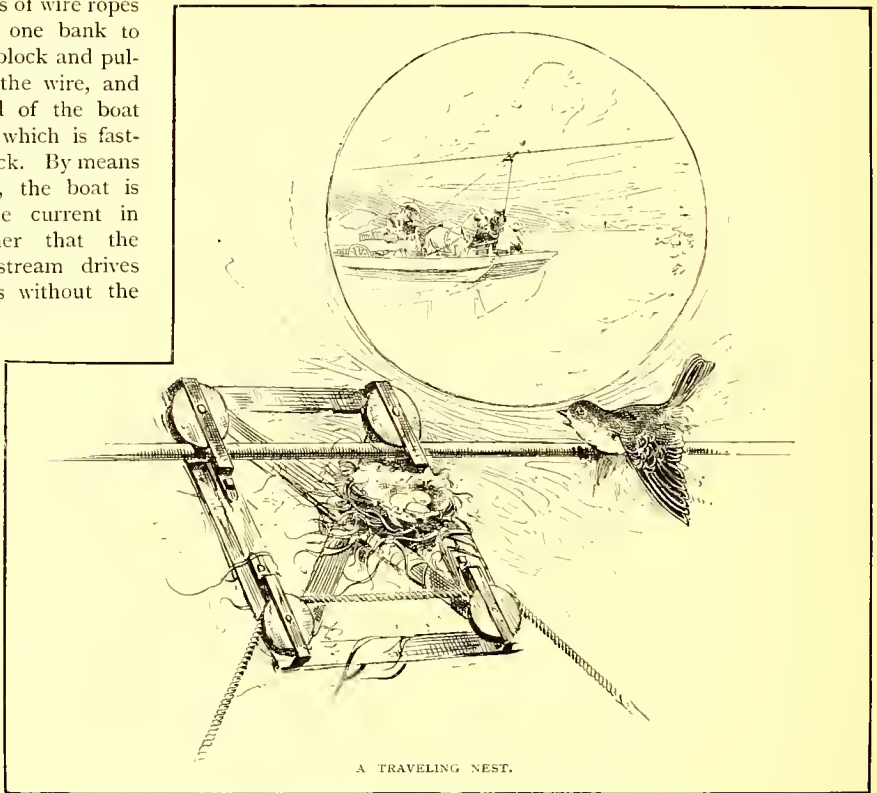
We shall conclude our curious items about birds with an advertisement (in rhyme) which one of our correspondents has addressed to the birds themselves :

ADVERTISEMENT. BIRD-NESTS TO LET.

TO RENT for the summer, or longer, if wanted,
A fine lot of old nests— not one of them haunted :
All built by day's work in the very best manner—
Some Swiss and some Dutch and some *à la* Queen Anna.

By title direct from Dame Nature I hold,
And until I am felled not a stick shall be sold ;
The plan I pursue is to *lease*— don't you see ?—
With a clause that improvements shall follow the fee.

In size the nests vary—but each has a perch :
Some are swung like a hammock, some firm as a church.



With views unsurpassed, and the balmiest breezes,
We're free from malaria and kindred diseases.

We *do* have mosquitoes—the truth must be told ;
But in making this public I feel very bold,
For the tenants I'm seeking will know how to treat
'em,
And if they are saucy, without sauce they'll eat 'em.

My neighbor, the farmer, just over the way,
Has an elegant barn where, without any pay,
I welcome my tenants to all they can eat
Of corn or of hay-seed, of oats or buckwheat.

To suitable parties my charges are low
(You'll excuse if I ask for a reference or so).
I'm sure you'll not think me exclusive or proud,
But approve of my maxim, "NO SPARROWS ALLOWED."

For terms and conditions, if such you require,
Drop a line to the owner, Rock Maple, Esquire
(If you write, just address to ST. NICHOLAS' care),
Or call at the Tree-top—he's sure to be there.

SWEEP AWAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RISING WATERS.

"I TELL you he 's risin', Jack, shuah 's you 's bawn!"

Crabapple Jackson, a stout negro lad, born in Kentucky, and twelve years old, had climbed to the top of the cabin of his employer (who lived in the lowlands of Arkansas), and, standing erect, while he steadied himself by placing one hand on the stone chimney, he looked anxiously toward the Mississippi.

Jack Lawrence, the son of Crabapple's employer, and a year younger than the negro boy, also made his way up the steep incline of the roof, and a minute later stood beside "Crab," as he was always called.

The Father of Waters, when he staid in his bed, was more than four miles away; but on that day in March, 1882, he showed a disposition to leave his couch and wander over the adjoining country.

Young Jack Lawrence, having placed himself near Crab, surveyed the alarming sight of the rising waters. They had noticed that morning that the Mississippi was unusually high, but at first had felt no anxiety, for a rise of the great river comes as regularly as the return of spring.

There were only three persons in the house at this time — Jack, Crabapple, and Dollie, two years younger than her brother. Archibald Lawrence, the father of Jack and Dollie, was absent in Kentucky; the mother had been dead more than a year; and Dinah, the cook and general superintendent of the household, was down in Alabama, visiting her friends and relatives, who were almost beyond enumeration.

The great flood of 1874 had swept over the little plantation now occupied by Archibald Lawrence, but that was before he moved thither from Kentucky, so that all the family knew about it came from hearsay.

"I tell you he 's risin', Jack!" repeated Crabapple, after the two had stood side by side for several minutes.

"You are right; but the water is a half-mile away, and we are several feet above it," said Jack.

"It don't take de ole riber long to climb up dem free, four feet—you can jes' make up your mind to dat," was Crab's cheerful reply.

"Well, Crab, what is best to be done? Shall we take to the high ground back of us?"

That was the question which the two boys had been thinking over and talking about during the afternoon. There were three mules, two cows, a number of pigs and fowls, beside the children themselves, who would be caught in a dangerous predicament if the river overflowed its bank much more extensively than it had already done. Jack had even taken one of the mules, and, pounding his heels against his iron ribs, ridden on a gallop to the nearest neighbor, who lived about the same distance from the Mississippi, to ask his counsel. Colonel Carrolton had floated down to Vicksburg on a hen-coop during the flood of '74, since which time he had been looked upon as an authority on floods.

The Colonel was anxious, and news had come which caused him to fear that an immense destruction of property was inevitable; but he was hopeful that the river would not reach the house of Mr. Lawrence nor his own; at any rate, he was not going to make any move of his stock until the morrow. He was satisfied that it was safe to wait till the next morning, and he so said to young Lawrence. Thereupon Jack had pointed the head of his mule toward home, and begun pounding his ribs again. The animal struck into a trot, which, somehow or other, was so managed that he was always going up just as Jack was coming down, and *vice versa*. The lad had found himself so jolted and bruised by this strategy of the mule that he had been forced to bring him down to a walk.

When the boy made his report to Dollie and Crab, they were greatly relieved; but it can not be said that the words of Colonel Carrolton had brought full assurance, for the fact remained that the river was steadily rising, and no one could say when it would stop.

Crabapple Jackson was the most anxious, for the stories which had reached his ears of flood and disaster along the Mississippi had magnified themselves in his imagination, until he dreaded the overflow more than any other danger. After feeding the stock, Crab, as already stated, had climbed upon the roof of the cabin, and, making his way to the peak, had taken a survey of the river. A careful study of landmarks soon told him that the stream had risen perceptibly within the past hour, and

that it was still creeping upward. Between the home of Archibald Lawrence and the river were numerous trees and quite a stretch of pine timber. When Crab had studied these bowing, swaying tops for some little time, he knew he had made no mistake. Jack Lawrence required but a few minutes to assure himself on the same point, and then the two talked earnestly together.

"I think we might as well start for the back country," said Jack, still standing beside the chimney, and looking out upon the vast inland sea sweeping southward.

"We've got to go a good six miles afore we strike de high ground back ob Gin'ral Johnson's, and I reckon dat we wont be safe till we get dar."

"The country rises all the way, Crab; so that we ought to reach a place short of that where the river is in no danger of following."

But Crab turned toward his young master, and shook his head, his huge flapping hat giving emphasis to the shake.

"I tole you if de ribber gets a start it is n't a-gwine to stop short ob Gin'ral Johnson's plantation, and dere is a good deal ob lowlands a-tween here and him."

"If that is so, we may as well stay here till morning, for we can't get to his place till long after dark."

"I guess you's 'bout right," assented Crab, again turning his gaze upon the flood.

Jack staid but a few minutes longer, and then he crawled back toward the roof of the shed adjoining, upon which he dropped, and leaped to the ground, where Dollie was awaiting him.

"I think we shall have to move to-morrow," said he, in answer to her anxious questions, "but we are safe until then."

Dollie, like all younger sisters, accepted the word of her big brother as infallible, and, passing into the house, began making ready the supper, undisturbed by a fear of what was coming.

Nowhere in the world is more delicious corn-bread prepared than in Missouri and Arkansas. The climate and soil unite to produce this golden staple of food—alike appetizing and nutritious. Dollie set to work to bake some bread and to fry some bacon, when Jack looked in upon her.

"Dollie," said he in an undertone, as if afraid some one would hear him, "while you're about it, get enough bread and bacon ready to last several days."

"What for?" asked the little girl, turning her big blue eyes on him in surprise.

"We may not want it; but if we do, we shall want it badly."

"It will be better if I make it fresh every day."

"But you may not have the chance: if the river

reaches the house before we are out of the way, we shall have no time to cook any food. Mind, Dollie, I don't think it will, but it's best to be ready. I'll help you."

"Oh, I don't mind the trouble," said the industrious little maid-of-all-work, moving briskly hither and thither, pushing her big brother to the right and left, and asking him to please keep out of her way.

The fire was kept very hot, and until long after dark Jack and Crabapple helped Dollie prepare rations for the necessity which they hoped would never arise.

Just before night closed in, Jack walked to the edge of the river to take a last survey. He stood within a yard or so of the muddy stream, and looked out upon the immense expanse, covered with trees, limbs, logs, cabins, and *débris* sweeping downward toward the Gulf of Mexico, all wearing a strange, uncanny look in the deepening gloom.

All at once his feet felt cold, as though ice had touched them. Looking down, he found that he had become an island, for the water was flowing around his shoes, and several inches back of them.

"My gracious! how fast it is rising!" he said to himself, hurrying toward the house again.

At the barn he stopped long enough to untie the mules and take them from the stable; the cows were already outside, where, if the flood should reach them, they would not be handicapped in any way.

"I wish I had n't taken Colonel Carrolton's advice," thought Jack as he went into the cabin; "we ought to have started back for the highlands hours ago."

CHAPTER II.

A FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

JUST a half-century ago, that great philologist and traveler, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, came upon a beautiful sheet of water in north-western Minnesota, at an elevation of three-fourths of a mile above the sea level. The lake was walled in by picturesque hills, and the outlet through which the clear, cold waters flowed to the sea, thousands of miles away, was twelve feet wide and a foot and a half deep. There are other lakes as lovely as Itasca, in Minnesota,—the "land of the sky-tinted water," according to the Indian legend,—but they can never be so famous, for it is the source of the mightiest river of the globe.

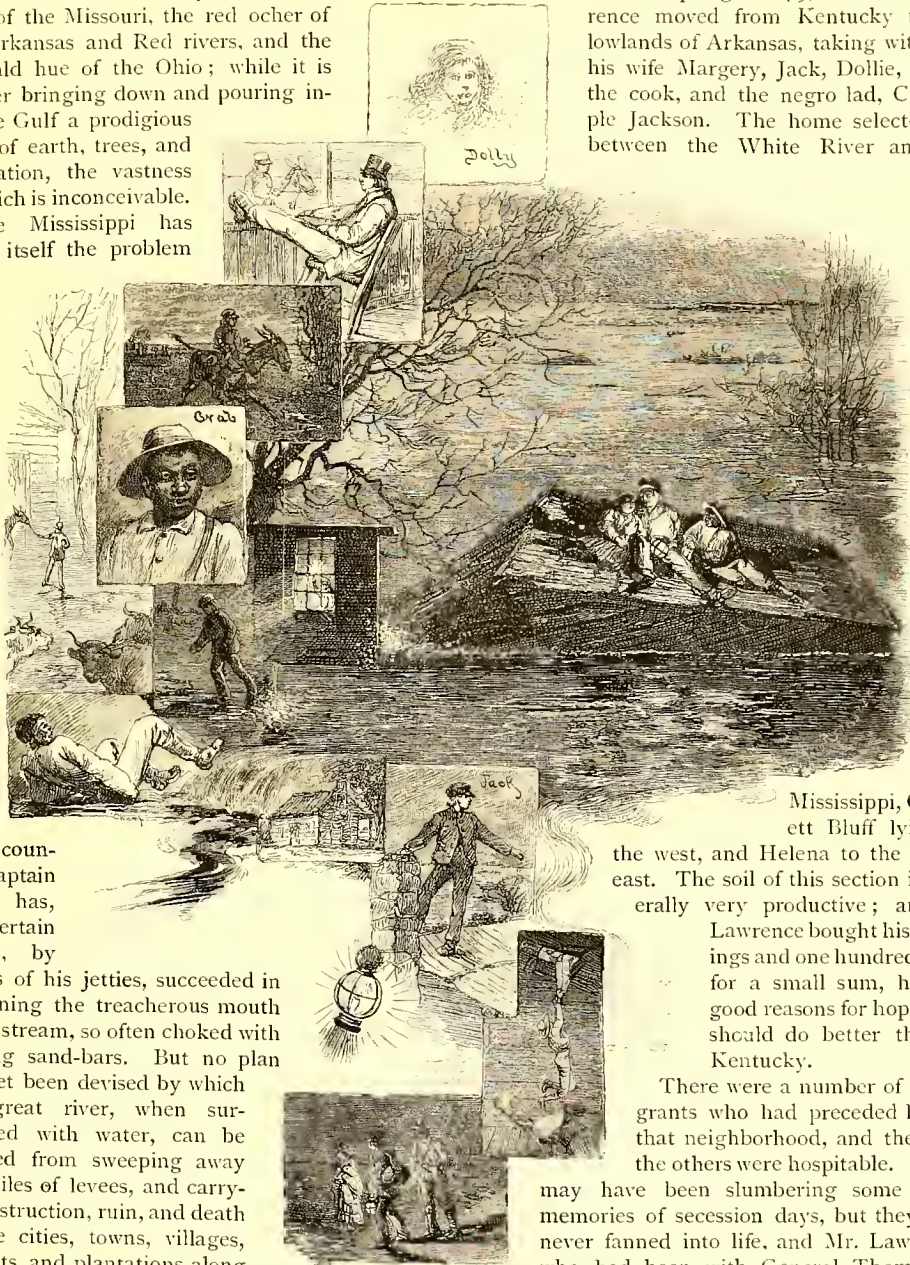
The *Miche Sepe*, as the aborigines called the Mississippi, drains with its tributaries one-seventh of the North American continent. Its length, from

Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico, is more than one-eighth of the distance around the world, and its basin exceeds a million square miles. Its crystal-like current is tainted by the whitish mud of the Missouri, the red ocher of the Arkansas and Red rivers, and the emerald hue of the Ohio; while it is forever bringing down and pouring into the Gulf a prodigious mass of earth, trees, and vegetation, the vastness of which is inconceivable.

The Mississippi has made itself the problem

dreading the worst, and as helpless when it comes as is the mountaineer who dwells in the shadow of the volcano or in the path of the avalanche.

In the spring of 1879, Archibald Lawrence moved from Kentucky to the lowlands of Arkansas, taking with him his wife Margery, Jack, Dollie, Dinah the cook, and the negro lad, Crabapple Jackson. The home selected lay between the White River and the



of the country. Captain Eads has, to a certain extent, by means of his jetties, succeeded in deepening the treacherous mouth of the stream, so often choked with shifting sand-bars. But no plan has yet been devised by which the great river, when surcharged with water, can be stopped from sweeping away the miles of levees, and carrying destruction, ruin, and death to the cities, towns, villages, hamlets, and plantations along its banks. The peril comes periodically, and has existed ever since the pioneer built his cabin within a day's ride of the Mississippi. But the planter and settler can only toil and spin, hoping for the best but

Mississippi, Crockett Bluff lying to the west, and Helena to the north-east. The soil of this section is generally very productive; and, as Lawrence bought his buildings and one hundred acres for a small sum, he had good reasons for hoping he should do better than in Kentucky.

There were a number of immigrants who had preceded him to that neighborhood, and they and the others were hospitable. There may have been slumbering some bitter memories of secession days, but they were never fanned into life, and Mr. Lawrence, who had been with General Thomas, in Tennessee, enjoyed many a smoke and chat with the grizzly old Confederates of "Arkansas," while they fought the old battles over again.

On his farm or plantation Mr. Lawrence raised

cotton, corn, sweet potatoes, and melons; and, believing the climate and soil suitable for fruit, he gave much care to the culture of peaches, apples, pears, and grapes. Care and intelligence brought



A BREAK IN ONE OF THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

success. The fame of his fruit-farm spread, and he was visited by many who went home and attempted the same thing, some on a larger and some on a smaller scale. The cultivation of fancy fruit soon became a favorite pursuit in many parts of Arkansas.

"A few more years," said the Kentuckian to his wife, as they sat on the bench in front of their cabin, "and we shall reap the reward of our labors."

"We have toiled hard, Archibald," replied his wife; "but the toil was lightened by love, and, therefore, it was blessed."

"Labor is always more pleasant than idleness,

have done well in the way of teaching them, but it is imposing too much on you, and they are entitled to greater advantages than we can give them."

Husband and wife discussed their future with the confidence which we all show; but, within a few weeks, the devoted wife and mother lay down upon the bed from which she was never to rise. Her death spoiled all the plans and hopes of Mr. Lawrence, who determined to sell his place and move back to Kentucky. He was absent on that business in the month of March, 1882, which explains how the two children, Jack and Dollie, were left for a fortnight in the cabin with only Crab to keep them company.

But to return to our story. When the candles had been lighted and the doors all closed, the three anxiously discussed the situation. They had prepared a plentiful supply of food, which was placed in a bag and carried to the second story. They decided to keep on their clothing, and to stick to the cabin, which was so well put together that, if the flood did come, it would buoy them up. Jack owned a skiff which he always kept along the river's margin, but that had been swept away long before; indeed, a frail vessel like that would have been less secure than a strong raft, such as the cabin would make.

"De bestest ting dat we kin do am dis——" said Crab, who thereupon stopped, inhaled a deep breath, and waited for the others to ask him to explain. They did so by their looks.

"Dat am, for me to go on top de roof and watch."

"What good will that do?" demanded Jack.

"I can let you know how things are gwine, so you wont be took by s'prise."



AN INUNDATED SETTLEMENT.

Margery, especially as, in our case, the reward is already in sight. A couple of years more, and Jack and Dollie must be sent away to school. You

Jack could not see clearly what advantage would be gained by the African perching himself there, and suspected that the true reason was because

he believed it was the safest place, in case the floods came. Crab proved the appropriateness of his name by climbing to the roof of the lower part of the cabin, from which he easily made his way to that of the main one, finally establishing himself in his old position by the side of the chimney.

"Do you think the water will reach us before morning?" asked Dollie, who again became alarmed over the preparations she had been helping to make for the last hour and more.

"I hardly know what to think, Dollie; I expect the river will be close to us, though I hope we shall be able to get the stock off when daylight comes."

"What will become of us?" asked Dollie.

"We shall have to go with them, of course. General Johnson and the other neighbors will aid us until we can hear from Papa," said Jack.

"Has the river ever been much higher than now?" continued his sister.

"You have heard them tell of the great flood of 1874, when it was much higher."

"Then it must have covered all the land around us?" replied Dollie, anxiously.

"Yes, and a good way back in the country. You see, we are between two rivers,—the White and the Mississippi,—and both are very high. If they continue to rise, why—we shall have to float off with the cabin."

"And *then* what will become of us?" asked Dollie, with expanding eyes.

"It is a long way to New Orleans; but there are a good many towns and people along the shores. Besides, the steamers will be on the lookout for persons adrift. I don't like the prospect of starting down the Mississippi at night on the top of a log cabin; but a good many have done it, and never been the worse. You know Colonel Carrolton went all the way to Vicksburg, clinging to a hen-coop. There was an old rooster inside, which he meant should be his companion all the way, but the Colonel finally became so hungry, that he wrung his neck and ate him raw."

Pretty little Dollie Lawrence turned up her nose at the thought of eating uncooked chicken, for she could not see how any one could be hungry enough to do that.

"If the water reaches the first floor, we will go upstairs," added her brother; "and, if it gets up to the second story, why, we shall have to take to the roof."

"Suppose it reaches the roof?"

"Before it gets that high we shall be afloat—heigho!"

The boy and girl started up, for just then they heard a strange sliding noise overhead, followed by a resounding blow on the roof of the kitchen and then a solid thump on the ground. Dollie

caught up the candle and ran to the door, Jack at her elbow. As the light was held aloft, they saw Crabapple Jackson rising to his feet in a confused way, as though he hardly understood what had happened.

"What 's the matter?" asked Jack.

"I guess I must have been 'sleep," said Crab, walking unsteadily toward the door, which he entered, the others passing inside with him.

"Yes, dat was it," he added, brightening up; "I got asleep when I was n't tinkin', and rolled off de roof."

"Did n't it hurt you?" asked Dollie in much alarm.

"Not a bit," was the cheery reply, "but I t'ought it was goin' to be de last ob me."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE DOOR.

"ARE you going back to the roof?" asked Jack, unable to keep from laughing at Crab's mishap.

"No; I don't tink dat 's de right kind ob bed to sleep in. If you go to turn ober, you roll off, and besides, I could n't find any piller to lay my head onto."

The front door of the eabin had been left open. There were in this portion but two rooms on the first floor, the rear door facing the river. Dollie walked to the latter, opened it, and held the candle above her head, but the draught was so strong that it was puffed out before she could use her eyes, and the three were left in darkness. It was quickly relit, but during the brief time taken in doing so all three had caught an alarming sound: it was that made by water forcing its way among the trees, close to the house. Cautioning his sister to keep the light away from the draught, Jack stepped out of the rear door, and began carefully groping his way toward the barn, which lay in the direction of the river. The rush and roar of the muddy current was in his ears, and he had gone less than half the distance when his shoes splashed in the water—the Mississippi was at their very door, and had already surrounded the barn. It had risen, and was still rising, with alarming rapidity; a few minutes more and it must reach the house. Jack Lawrence turned about and dashed back to where Dollie and Crab were eagerly awaiting him. His frightened looks told the news before he spoke.

"It wont do to wait any longer," said he: "we must start for the back country at once."

This declaration was a surprise, for up to that moment Jack had given the impression that he

meant to stay by the cabin and share its fortune. But the certainty that the great, surging river was creeping up upon them filled all three with a natural anxiety to get beyond its grasp. They sprang up, and were about to rush out of the door, when Jack asked them to wait a minute.

"We must take a little food with us," said he. "We don't need it all, but I will get a ham."

He ran upstairs in a twinkling, and shortly returned with the article which was so likely to prove useful.

"Can't we take the candle?" asked Dollie, who shuddered as she gazed out on the dark night, which was without any moon or stars. "If we don't, we shall get lost."

The three looked in one another's faces in astonishment: why had they not thought of it before? They had a lantern in the house which had been used many times. It was in the kitchen, and was brought out by Crab, who made a dash for it, returning in a few seconds. Then the candle which was on the table was lifted out of the stick and placed in the lantern, which was taken charge of by Jack, who led the way, with Dollie and Crab following close behind him. The door of the house was shut, and, swinging the light like a switchman signaling a train, the young leader moved away from the building. Less than a hundred yards distant ran the highway, parallel with the river, and at right angles to the course they were following. This highway, if followed some twenty miles, would take them to Helena, which stands on a high bluff, overlooking the Mississippi; to the south it would have led them to Arkansas Post, or, as it is more generally known, Arkansas City, a journey which would compel them to cross the White River. The road was no more than reached when all three received the greatest fright that had yet come to them: the highway was found to be full of water that was running like a mill-stream. The slight depression, which they had never noticed, was enough to open the path for the overflowing current before it reached the building, although the latter was nearer the river-bank. The little party paused, with their feet almost in the water, and Jack held the lantern above his head. As he did so, they saw the current as far in front as their vision penetrated.

"It's no use," said Jack; "we 're too late."

"What shall we do?" asked Dollie, showing a disposition to nestle closer to her big brother and cry.

"Dar's only one ting dat we can do," was the sensible remark of Crab, who turned about and ran in the direction of the house.

The others were not far behind him. They quickly reached the porch, over which they scampered, and dashed through the door, the latch-

string of which was hanging out. They did not fail to notice one important fact: they stepped in water where there was none when they had left but a few minutes before, and an ominous splashing was heard in the yard of the building itself. The Mississippi was already knocking at their door, and could not be kept out much longer.

All this was plain enough, but the children were not without a strong hope that the cabin would keep its base until the danger passed. It must have required a stupendous increase to raise the river the few feet shown during the last few hours, for the expansion was enormous. A proportionately greater volume would be necessary to bring it over the floor of the structure.

"I don't think it will be lifted off its foundation until the water is pretty well to the second floor," said Jack; "and it will be a wonderful thing if it reaches *that* point."

But as they talked they could hear the eddying of the current around the corners of the house, and against the porch and trees—the swish and wash showing that it was rising faster, if possible, than ever. The lantern was placed on the table, and its dull light added to the impressiveness of the scene. Dollie looked at the furniture,—the chairs, the table, the stand, the pictures, the gun resting on the deer-prongs over the mantel-piece, everything,—and wondered whether, in case the building itself should swing loose from its foundations, and go drifting over this wild inland sea, all these would stay together and be restored to her father again.

"Heaven take care of Papa!" was her childish petition, as she thought of her loved parent. "I'm glad he does n't know where Jack and I are tonight, for he would be so worried he could n't sleep. Dear God, please take care of Jack, and Crab, and me," she added, reverently, as she never failed to do when kneeling at her bedside; "and don't let us drown in the Mississippi."

It was the simple, trusting prayer of childhood, but like petitions trembled that night on the lips of hundreds along the banks of the great river; for a danger which they always dreaded was creeping stealthily and surely upon them.

CHAPTER IV.

"WE 'RE OFF!"

THE situation of Jack and Dollie Lawrence and Crab Jackson could hardly have been more dismal. They hoped that the river would not rise high enough to carry away the house, and yet there was reason to fear it would do so. Jack was like a physician, who notes the pulse of his patient: sitting in his chair, he was awaiting the jar which he dreaded to feel, but which was sure to come

sooner or later. There was little that could be said to comfort one another, and all held their peace. Dollie was on her own chair, beside her brother, while her arm rested on his knee. She looked steadily at the yellow candle burning inside the lantern, and listened to the flow of the waters outside. All had clothed themselves warmly, for, though the weather was not severe, they were wise enough to make full preparations against it. They had on shoes and stockings, though Crab would have preferred to go barefoot, and sturdily refused to don

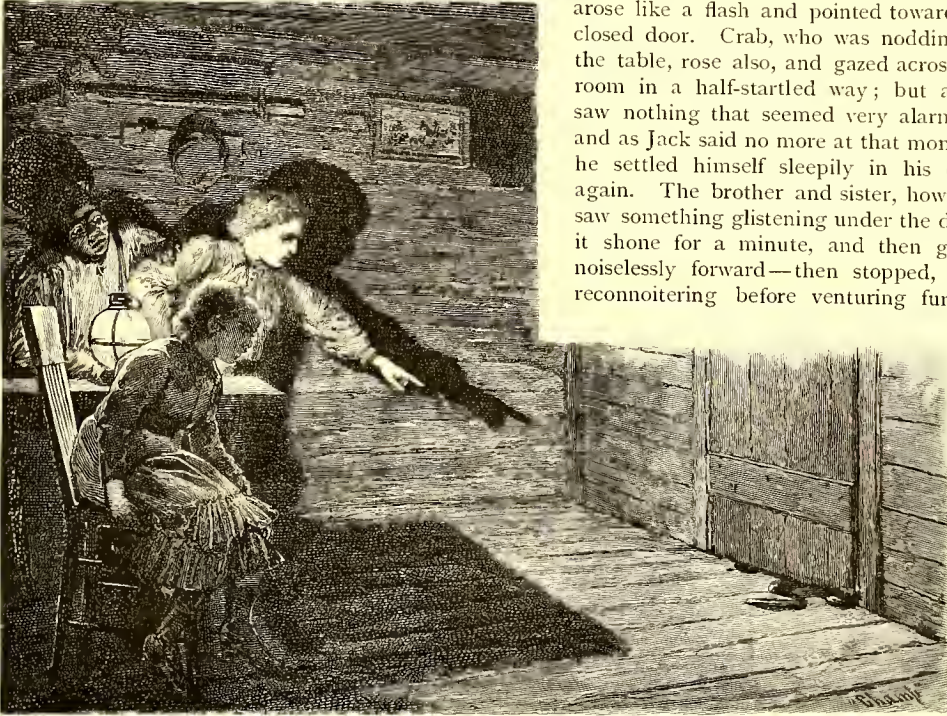
rig up in fust-class style; if it was n't for dat, I would n't wear dese pesterin' shoes, dat grow shorter ebry day."

He intended to take his coat with him, if the cabin should start on its voyage, so that he could don it whenever the necessity should arise.

"It will take four or five feet more," said Jack, speaking as much to himself as to Dollie. "It seems impossible; and yet, it keeps creeping up, up, up, all the time——

"See there!"

As Jack uttered this exclamation, he arose like a flash and pointed toward the closed door. Crab, who was nodding by the table, rose also, and gazed across the room in a half-startled way; but as he saw nothing that seemed very alarming, and as Jack said no more at that moment, he settled himself sleepily in his chair again. The brother and sister, however, saw something glistening under the door; it shone for a minute, and then glided noiselessly forward—then stopped, as if reconnoitering before venturing further,



"SEE THERE!"—A TINY STREAM WAS FORCING ITS WAY UNDER THE DOOR.

the rather dilapidated coat which he wore in winter. His baggy trousers were held in place by a single suspender, which was skewered at the rear by a tenpenny nail, the extra length of the band flapping in the wind. This unequal support of his trousers gave Crab a lop-sided look, which he did not mind. His shirt was of the "hickory" variety, and quite clean. Crab had put it on that afternoon, when he learned there was a likelihood of the flood coming upon them.

"Dar's not telling whar 't will land us," he mused, as he worked and tugged with his shoes. "We may strike Vicksburg, or Natchez, or New Orleans, or may be dar 'll come a whirlpool dat will land us up de riber at Cairo, and it's my belief dat I 'd better

then pushed its head gently forward a few inches more, and then paused again.

Jack at first thought it was a serpent stealing in upon them, and he was about to spring up for the gun, when he observed that it was a tiny stream of water forcing its way into the room. This showed that the current was more than a foot deep all around the house. In the kitchen, where the floor was lower, it must have entered some time before. Having reached the larger room, it appeared in a dozen places within the next three minutes, coming through the cracks of the floor and from all the corners and knot-holes.

"It's time to go upstairs," said Jack. "Come, Crab, it wont do to stay here any longer."

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Dollie. "He's sound asleep!"

Crab's big round straw hat had fallen to the floor, and his head was lying over the back of his

Her brother took the hint and brought it upstairs, though at the same time remarking that he did not think they should need it. They took good care not to forget the bag of provisions.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD—THE LIVE-STOCK INHABIT THE UPPER STORY.

chair. His mouth was very wide open and his eyes closed. There could be no doubt he was sunk in slumber, though his breathing was no deeper than usual. Jack shook him by the shoulder. The drowsy fellow opened his eyes, and when he saw Jack take the lantern from the table and start up the short stairs, followed by Dollie, he knew what it meant.

"Qu'ar dat I can't shet my eyes but dat somebody must roll me off de house or wake me up."

While uttering this plaint, he had picked his hat from the floor and was in the second story almost as soon as the others. There were two rooms used for sleeping purposes, the quarters of Crab and Dinah being over the kitchen. From the apartment belonging to Mr. Lawrence a trap-door opened to the roof, but the boys would never have dared use it, unless under the stress of some great necessity like the present one. All that remained was to sit down and wait and watch and pray. Crab was so very wide awake, that he felt as though he could not sleep for a week to come. The children knew well enough that it would never do for them to stay where they were, in case the house should be lifted from its base, for the water would be sure to fill that room. Therefore, Jack stepped upon a chair and pushed the trap-door back, so that, when necessary, they could pass through and place themselves on the upper surface of what would then become a raft. When this was done, Dollie asked him why he did not bring the gun from below, as they might need it.

"I feels hungry already," said Crab, looking wistfully at the valuable property.

"You can keep on feeling hungry," said Jack, "for you don't get anything to eat before to-morrow morning."

Crab sighed, but said nothing, for though older than his young master, he never resisted him. The rush of the water against the house sounded loudly in their ears, and, more than once, they felt the structure tremble from top to bottom: there could be no doubt now in the minds of all that it would soon be afloat. Jack walked to the head of the stairs and held the lantern so that he could look down the steps.

"It's half-way to this floor," said he, "and we sha'n't have to wait long."

"Here we go!" exclaimed Crab, springing up from the chair on which he had been sitting; "let's run out on de roof!"

Jack was on the point of leading the way, when he perceived that Crab had been mistaken: the cabin still remained firm. But a crashing, grinding splintering was heard, which they at once knew was caused by the wrenching off of the other part of the building. There was less weight to that, and it had swung loose and gone down the river. The children trembled, for nothing was more certain than that the larger part of the house would soon follow.

"I don't think it will do to wait any longer," said Jack, "for, when it starts, it will go with a rush, and we may have no time to get out of a

very bad place. I'll climb up first, then I'll help Dollie up, and Crab can follow."

"Hurry up," said the negro; "for, if dar aint much time, den dar aint any time to fool away."

This was self-evident, and Jack Lawrence acted upon the hint. He easily drew himself up through the trap-door, and, making his seat secure, reached down and pulled up Dollie after him. She was timid when she found herself on the roof, but she meant to be brave, and, though the roof inclined considerably, she took the lantern and felt safe for the time. Then the gun, provisions, and some articles of clothing were passed up by Crab, who clomored for more haste. Jack gave him his hand, but just as Crab reached upward, the chair on which he was standing tipped over, and he came near dragging Jack down with

him. But Crab kicked the air vigorously for a minute or two, while Jack stoutly held on, and at last the boy came through the opening, where Dollie sat, lantern in hand, awaiting him.

"Now that we are all here," said Jack, "let's move up nearer the chimney, where we'll be farthest from the water.

The proposal was acted upon, and a few minutes after the three were on the peak of the roof; but, as there was some doubt whether the chimney would keep the building company, they kept at a prudent distance from it, fearing that it might make things unpleasant when the crisis should come.

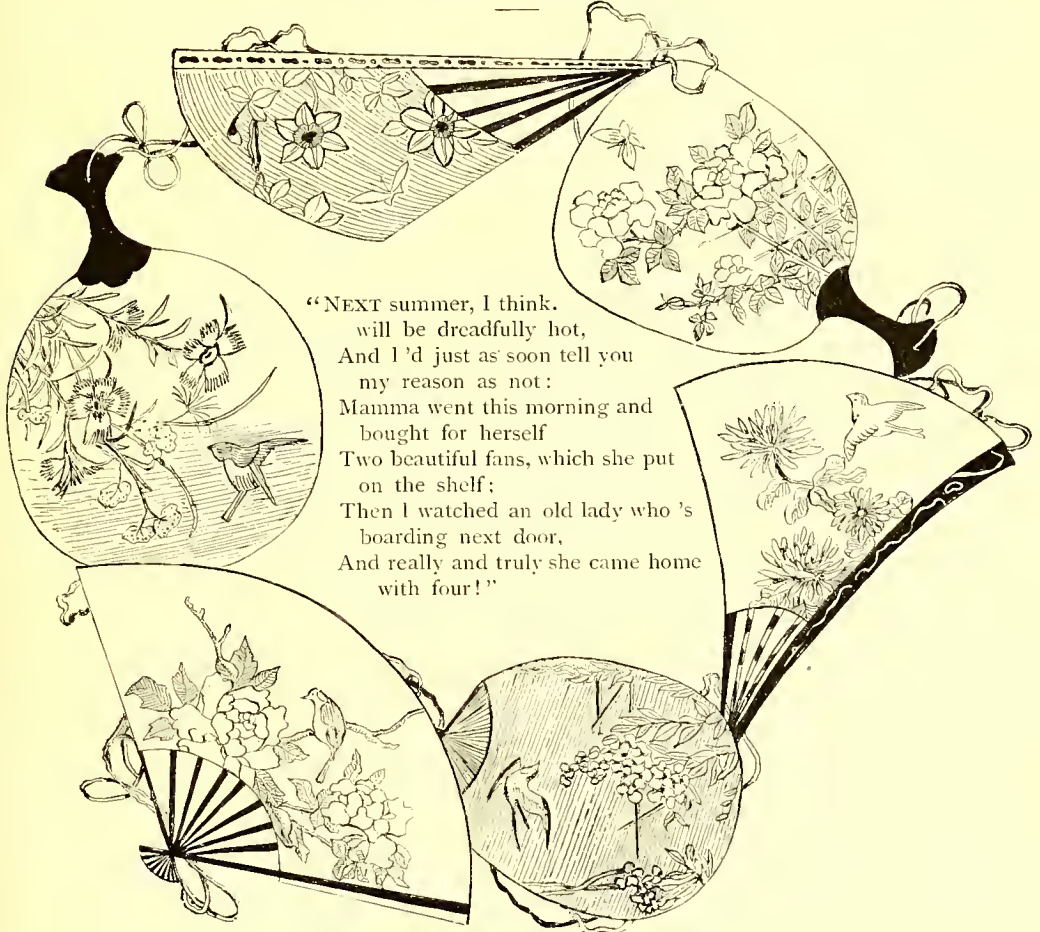
"We've done all we could," said Jack, "and I don't think we shall have to wait long——"

"Hello! we're off!"

This time Crabapple Jackson was right.

(To be continued.)

A WEATHER PROPHECY.



"NEXT summer, I think,
will be dreadfully hot,
And I'd just as soon tell you
my reason as not:
Mamma went this morning and
bought for herself
Two beautiful fans, which she put
on the shelf;
Then I watched an old lady who's
boarding next door,
And really and truly she came home
with four!"

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. V.



BY FRANK BEARD.

YEARS ago, the writer was invited to deliver a lecture before a number of friends. Being at a loss for a subject, he concluded to take no subject, but simply to draw some large cartoons in chalk, and entertain his audience by developing pictures before their eyes. Naturally, as the pictures grew they suggested explanatory remarks, jokes, incidents, and stories; in short, there was so much talk mixed in with the pictures that, as the entertainment had no other name, it came to be known as "Chalk Talk."

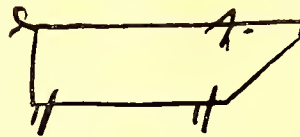
Ten years of travel through the United States, and much pleasant visiting among young people, with unusual opportunities of observing their inclinations and latent talents, suggests the idea that many only need a little direction to be able to amuse themselves and their friends by "Chalk Talks" of their own.

Of course, it is not the purpose of this article to give a systematic lesson in drawing. There are already plenty of good works on this subject, and we desire only to stimulate the fancy and creative faculty by giving practical hints in the use of charcoal and chalk.

Every family in which there are young people should have a blackboard of some kind. They may be bought of all sorts and sizes, or they can be manufactured at home. A piece of smooth board, covered with two coatings of liquid slating, sand-papered when dry, will give an excellent surface; but the best is the lapinum cloth. This comes prepared for writing on both sides, and by covering a smooth board of the requisite size with a layer of paper upon its face, and then tacking the lapinum over the paper, the result is as soft and pleasant a surface to draw on as could be desired.

Having prepared the board and furnished our-

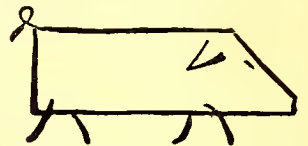
selves with chalk, we naturally ask, "What shall I draw?" Draw? Why, draw anything, so that it is amusing; and almost anything can be made amusing. But, for all that, we had better not begin with a telegraph pole or a bale of cotton, because it requires too much real hard study to get much amusement out of these. Let us take something which has expression and character. Try a pig. But before we begin, let us consider what the animal shall be doing or thinking about—for the supposition is that even a pig thinks; and just as surely as he thinks, he thinks about something to eat. Now we have often observed the attitude of attention which the pig assumes as he hears the familiar cry of "Piggy! piggy! piggy!" which summons him to his repast of swill, and we can suggest the expression with a few lines in a very simple way. Thus: Now let us draw him as



he appears when, satisfied with the benevolent intentions of the caller, he trots off contentedly to his dinner.

We can do this if we choose by using the very same lines and reversing the figure.

Such things we can do very quickly; and if we wish to amuse, we must always do our work rapidly, studying to use no more lines than are absolutely necessary to produce the expression we desire to convey. The following illustrations are a few examples of how character can be suggested with very little work.



In designing and drawing such slight outlines, it is well to consider the different lines used by themselves, and, remembering their proper places,

like the accompanying outline sketch. But we can simplify the figure, and draw it more rapidly,



the figure can be drawn in an astonishingly short time. For instance, take the owl: First, as shown below, we have three simple lines, then the circles which make the eyes; next, two corresponding sides. Add the three marks for the legs, finishing with the toes, and we have the owl complete.

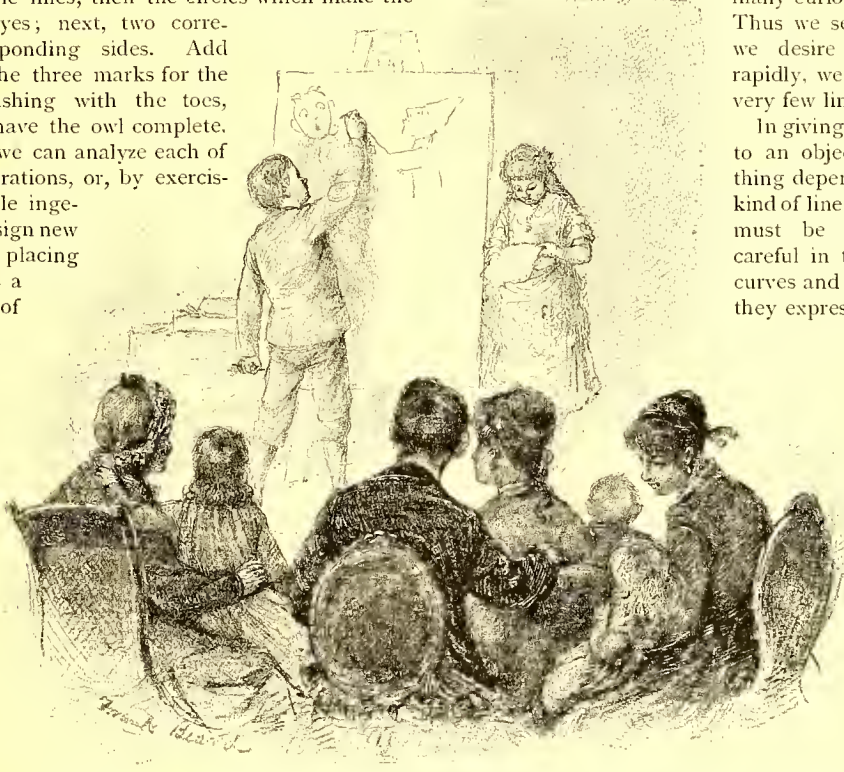
are for the back, and a horizontal line for the under-side. Now we will put in the eyes, ears, tail, and legs, and we have a pretty

fair mouse, as shown by the small diagrams below.

From the same outline we might make a number of other objects: a fish, a turtle, and, no doubt, many curious things. Thus we see that, if we desire to draw rapidly, we must use very few lines.

Thus we can analyze each of the illustrations, or, by exercising a little ingenuity, design new ones, by placing before us a picture of

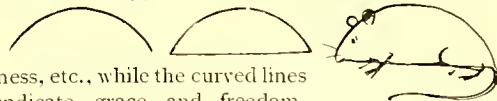
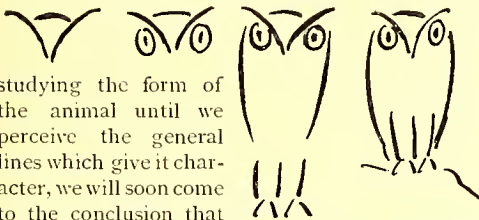
In giving character to an object, everything depends on the kind of line used. We must be especially careful in the use of curves and angles, as they express entirely



A CHALK TALK AT HOME.

something that we wish to draw, and simplifying the original. Take any picture of a mouse, such as may be found in common school-books. After

different qualities. Straight lines and angles in an animal suggest awkwardness, harshness, sharp-



studying the form of the animal until we perceive the general lines which give it character, we will soon come to the conclusion that there is nothing very difficult to be accomplished. Our first trial will probably result in something

ness, etc., while the curved lines indicate grace and freedom.

Take, for example, the skater. First we have an adept in the art. See



how gracefully he glides over the frozen surface of the lake, and observe the tracks which he leaves



behind him—all beautiful curves. Now see the awkward learner, and notice how angular are the positions which he assumes. Examine the tracks left by his skates.

Again, take the horse as an example: What a beautiful animal when in good condition, and how soft the curves which constitute the outlines! But when we draw the horse with straight lines and angles, we give at once the impression of awkwardness and debility. We may also illustrate the different character of curves and angles by the features of an old man and those of a child.

After learning to draw simple outlines, the en-

It really makes little difference what outline we choose, but to illustrate further let us examine another figure and some of the possibilities it presents, which can be seen on the next page.

We may even take the alphabet, thus: "A is for Artist," and with a few strokes of the crayon we have the artist himself.

"B stands for Butterfly," and with a little addition we have the butterfly.

"C stands for Caterpillar,"—and so on.

Thus we could go through the whole alphabet, transforming the letters into odd representations of the objects they stand for. But we need the room



tainment can be made much more interesting by introducing transformations of various kinds. In order to do this, we may select some outline that will admit of a number of changes. Here, for example, is a form which suggests nothing in particular, and is apparently without interest; but, by exercising a little ingenuity, we can easily make from it, as you see, a number of funny things.

for other things, and if too much is told there will be nothing left for the ingenuity of the reader to accomplish.

Much amusement may be derived from queer illustrations of Mother Goose rhymes, and the interest could be greatly increased by the introduction of transformations to suit the changes of the story. For instance:

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise
He made himself a big balloon,
To sail up in the skies.

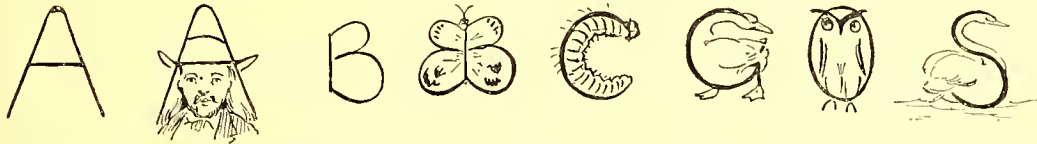


Draw on the board an outline of the balloon.

Before he made his final trip,
He thought he 'd try it first;
But ere he got up forty rods,
The horrid thing it burst!

Draw a number of lines at the top of the balloon, indicating the place where it burst, and then, by drawing the man's features on the balloon, show how he looked when he discovered the accident.

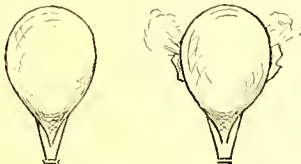
Leaving the same sketch on the board, we can illustrate another story to the same tune:



There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise:
He lifted up the skeeter bar,
And let in all the flies.

But when he tried to go to sleep,
He found it was in vain:
So he lifted up the skeeter bar,
And let 'em out again.

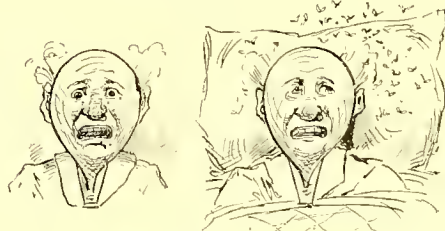
Draw a few lines to indicate the pillow and coverlid, change the eyeballs to the top corners of the eyes, and put in the flies, and we have this rhyme illustrated. This can all be done on a blackboard—indeed, for outline work, the blackboard is better than any other surface; but there are certain expressive phases of character, especially quick changes in the expression of the eye, which can be delineated much more satisfactorily on paper. The white chalk on black ground is apt to produce an expression altogether the opposite of that which is intended—making the eyes look down when we actually intend them to look up. The blackboard is the best thing



on which to practice, and will really answer any ordinary demand; but, in case we wish to make quite an affair of our "Chalk Talk," and invite the neighbors in to witness the entertainment, it is well to have paper for some of our illustrations. Almost any kind will answer the purpose, but the largest sheets of buff manilla paper are the best. The surface is just right to take the charcoal and chalk easily, and it is tough and not apt to break or tear, besides being cheap. A dark buff color is the best shade to select, because it will show the *white* chalk as well as other colors. It is true that quite a life-like picture can be drawn in brilliant colors on the blackboard, but it is much easier and generally more effective to use paper for rapid drawing in many colors. The secret of rapid and telling work lies in the knowledge of just *what* you are going to do, and *how* you are going to do it. There must be no hesitation. The study must all be done before any exhibition is attempted. But it is much easier to determine *what* you wish to do than *how* you are to accomplish it; therefore, a few

general hints on the subject will not be amiss. Recollect that the aim of a "Chalk Talk" is to produce a finished effect with the fewest possible lines in the shortest possible time, so we must not needlessly waste time in the introduction of the different colors. We will suppose that we have the paper nicely tacked on the board, and the chalks (ordinary school chalks, assorted colors, are as good for the purpose as any others) and charcoal at hand. We will begin by illustrating the rhyme:

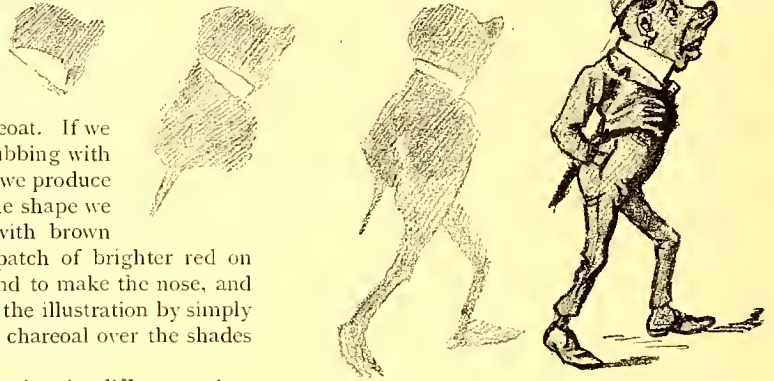
"This ugly wight would ne'er go right:
Would you know the reason why?"



He follows his nose where'er it goes,
And that stands always awry."

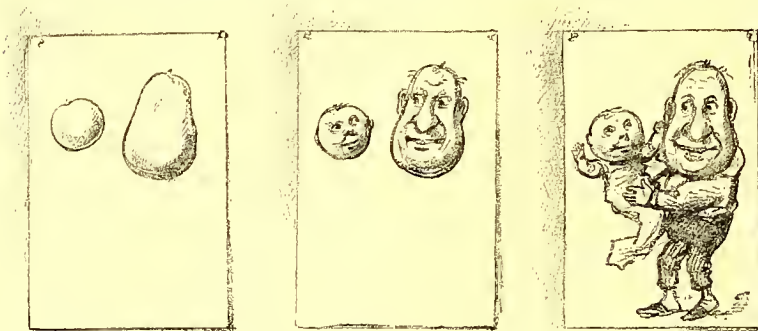
Selecting a piece of red chalk, hold it so that the side—not the end—will be against the paper.

Rub it lightly, covering with the red tint as much surface as the size of the head requires. It makes little difference if the tint does not take the exact shape of the head to be drawn. We next seize the white chalk, and with a stroke lay in the collar. Then for the coat. If we desire a blue coat, by rubbing with the side of the blue chalk we produce a mass of color about the shape we desire; and we finish with brown trousers. Now a little patch of brighter red on the place where we intend to make the nose, and we are ready to complete the illustration by simply drawing the outline with charcoal over the shades we have produced.



ing some irregular lines on the surface of the egg to indicate the place where he has broken the

An amusing transformation in different colors can be made from a fruit-piecc. Here, for example, are an apple and a pear. Colored in red and yellow, with a touch of green near the top, they make a very pretty picture; but the caricaturist is

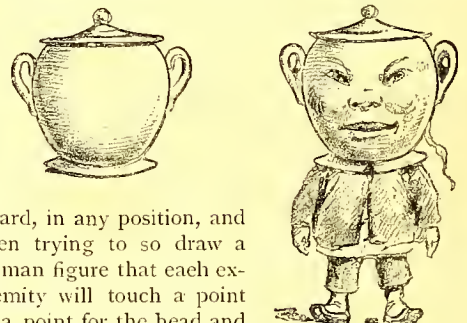


shell. Then bring the story to a satisfactory termination (showing how wickedness is punished) by introducing the bird, which appears prematurely from his shell and takes summary vengeance upon the sly thief to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

Now we have had enough suggestions for transformations to put the reader upon the track; but we would warn him that these transformations can not be conceived in a moment, but must be designed and practiced until the artist becomes

not satisfied with this result. He must get ahead of a pear in some way; so he puts in a pair of eyes with white chalk, draws dark circles around them with his charcoal to make them stand out brightly, then adds a nose and mouth, and he has changed the pear into a head. The apple must not be neglected, so it assumes the features of a funny baby. The spectator will be puzzled to understand what is going to be done now; but the artist himself knows very well, and, by adding appropriate bodies, causes the design to become apparent—or "a parent." In the same manner, a sugar-bowl may be transformed into a first-rate Chinaman. A story might be told about a weasel and an egg. First draw the egg in outline (see next page), shading it along the bottom edges with gray chalk, and putting a little white on the top of the larger end, to give it the appearance of roundness. Then introduce the weasel, and tell how he tried to suck the egg, at the same time draw-

perfectly familiar with all the details, and knows just what lines and what chalk he will use from the beginning to the end. A very good exercise will be found in placing five points or dots upon the



board, in any position, and then trying to so draw a human figure that each extremity will touch a point—a point for the head and one for each hand and foot. We present a few examples on the next page. As soon as the student is skillful enough to draw a passable figure, a

little practice will make him so sure of success that any one may be allowed to place the points.

Perhaps a "Chalk Talk" would be more suc-

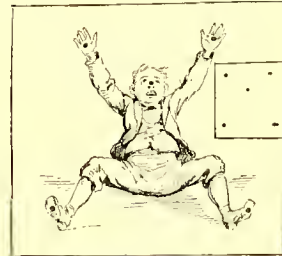
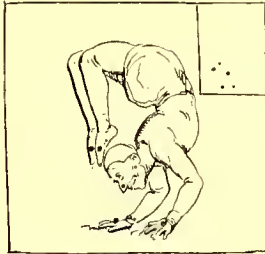
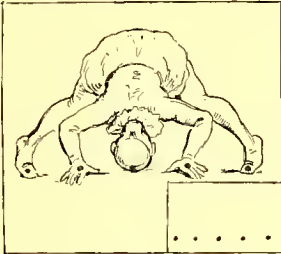
in using very few lines without stop or hesitation; so it is better as a rule not to lift your chalk from the board until the required shade or line is completed.



cessful if two were to take part in the performance. Select the boy or girl who seems best adapted for that part to do the talking, and the one most skillful as an artist to draw the pictures. The "talk-

In case you are drawing with several colors, select those you purpose to use in your picture, and hold them in your left hand ready for use. When applying a certain color to your picture, let

it finish its work before it is relinquished. For instance, you are drawing a girl with a blue hat, blue parasol, and blue underskirt. Put a shade of blue on the board for the hat, another where the parasol is to be drawn, and still another for the underskirt. Now you have finished with the blue crayon, and can lay it aside, using the next color in the

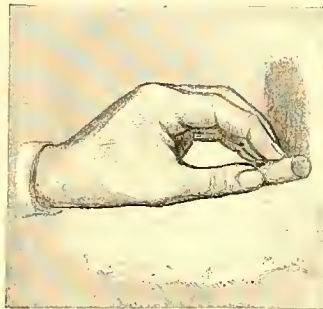


ing" part may be an extemporaneous story, a poem, or a reading; but the talker must always so arrange his sentences as to give the artist a chance to illustrate one point before another is presented.

Now a few hints to the artist. Make your outlines with a strong, steady pressure, so as to produce a thick, uniform line that may be seen across the room. Never draw *two* lines when *one* will convey the idea. The secret of drawing rapidly lies not so much in hurried action as

succession, whatever it may happen to be, in precisely the same manner.

Perhaps some of those who read this article do not possess the skill necessary to produce the illustrations exhibited here, but there are many who draw sufficiently well to furnish a half-hour's entertainment: and those who are not ambitious to give a veritable "Chalk Talk" will find a world of amusement in designing original and amusing things upon their own blackboards.



CURIOUS HEAD-DRESSES OF WOMEN.

AS THE railways penetrate into the remote, picturesque parts of Europe, the national costumes gradually disappear, and the only places where one sees now the old-time dresses, are country fairs, stations, and third-class railway carriages.

While the women are giving up many of their stiff, quaint dresses, they still cling to their distinctive head-dresses, so that the queer-looking heads on the opposite page look very much like the heads of the great-grandmothers of these foreign folk. In fact, many of the ornaments and head arrangements were the identical ones worn by the great-grandmothers, still preserved with great care by the modern great-granddaughters.

This curious-looking thing at the top and middle of the page, and which looks so much like a sign-board, is not one, but the back view of a quaint, outlandish cap—from Concarneau, in Brittany. How it is made, how the wires hold out such an expanse of muslin, and how the wearer gets through narrow door-ways, are mysteries which can only be solved in Concarneau itself.

Less grotesque, but almost as difficult to arrange and keep in order, is the one to the left, worn by all the maidens in Nantes; it looks like the delicate wing of a locust, and is almost as transparent and fragile; she must have her troubles in keeping the filmy structure from being crushed and blown off.

The other woman on the right is from sunny Italy, and she has evidently studied the becoming to great advantage;—she is a Roman nurse, and when she walks out on the Pincian Hill, with her blue-black hair encircled with a garland of bright scarlet ribbons, thrust through with a bunch of silver wheat, her large golden ear-rings flashing in the sunlight, and her coral beads wound around her throat, she attracts more attention than the little Italian noble she is tending, you may be sure. Just below her left shoulder is a head-covering which would be hard to describe, and still harder, I should think, to make, as it has almost as many angles as a problem in geometry, only the sides are not at all equal, and the use of the little bag at the end must be left to conjecture.

The three demure figures whose faces are turned toward her are all from parts of Germany. The first of these head-dresses is from the Black Forest, and is black, with long ribbons down the back, but the small crown is red, covered with gold embroidery. The lower one is very similar, only a highly ornamented horn takes the place of the crown at the back; these are only donned on

Sundays and state occasions, and at other times doubtless repose in the old painted trousseau-chest. The middle one is plainer, and gives the modest German *fraulein* a most prim and antiquated look, and, as she kneels in the cathedral, with downcast eyes, she could easily have stepped out of an Albrecht Dürer picture.

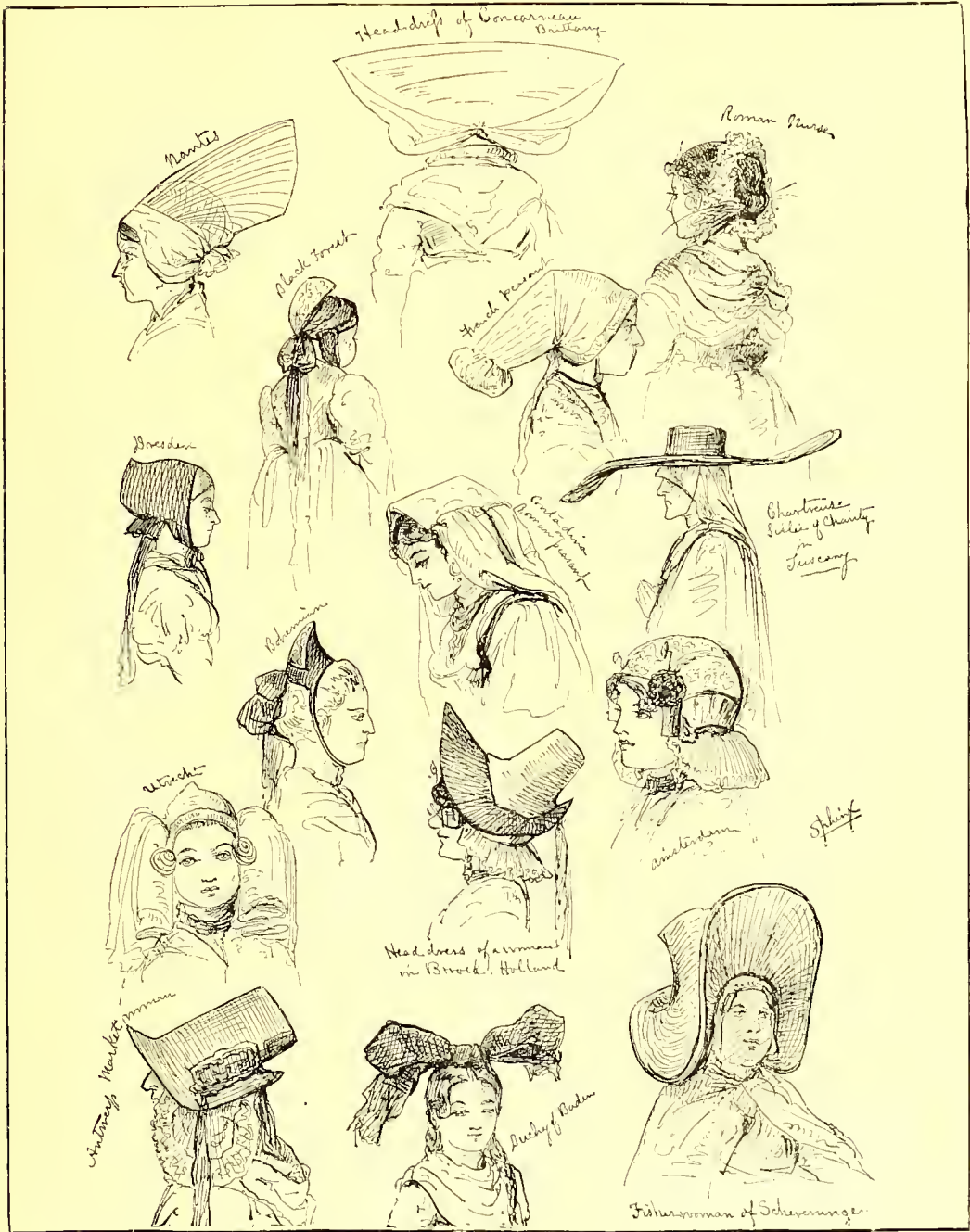
Not so the woman who holds the middle of the page. She has no hard, formal lines about her, everything is flowing and graceful; her white linen napkin is folded in the most picturesque manner, so as to fall on either side of her olive, oval face, and it sets off to the greatest advantage her splendid dark eyes. Although she looks down, she knows she looks artistic; and the first artist who sees her will want to put the Italian *contadina's* head on canvas—which is more than can be said of the sister of charity, who walks about the streets of Florence, wearing a huge Tuscan straw shade-hat, with a brim about two feet wide, over her simple convent attire.

As the sister's head-dress is simple and plain, so is the head-dress just below, belonging to a fresh-faced Holland girl, intricate and elaborate. The entire head is covered with a lace cap and frill, underneath which gleams a band of gold or silver; to the ends of these are attached gold blinders, which prevent any sidelong or wandering glances. Above the blinders are small rosettes of hair; not her own, which is rigidly put out of sight, but false, coarse little bunches, which, in turn, are surmounted by erect golden pins, like the antennæ of an insect. The last touch to this complex costume is a metal band that runs obliquely across the forehead; this is always an heirloom, and among rich Hollanders is sometimes set with diamonds.

The stiff Dutch lady below is from Broeck, in Holland, as she appeared sitting erect, listening to a Dutch sermon from a Dutch parson. Her head is gotten up like that of her young countrywoman, but is surmounted by her best Sunday bonnet, the fashion and shape of which never have changed from the first, in her quiet, well-scrubbed village.

The damsel from Utrecht was seen and sketched on a steam-boat, on the river Scheldt; she was on her travels, but her head-gear must have impeded her view, especially two large gold-wire springs, that protruded from her temples. No doubt they were thought to be very beautiful in Utrecht.

The object in the lower left-hand corner, if one studies it awhile, is found to be a woman becaped and bonneted, her nose only showing. This vision is seen constantly in Antwerp market.



The huge black silk bow on this fresh little blonde, although it has ends like rabbit-ears, certainly is not so ugly, when seen in the Baden forests or in Alsace, as are the great coal-scuttles

which the women of Scheveningen wear, as they tramp along the shores of the North Sea, with their baskets of fish; but these hats are so large and deep they hide the great red faces beneath.

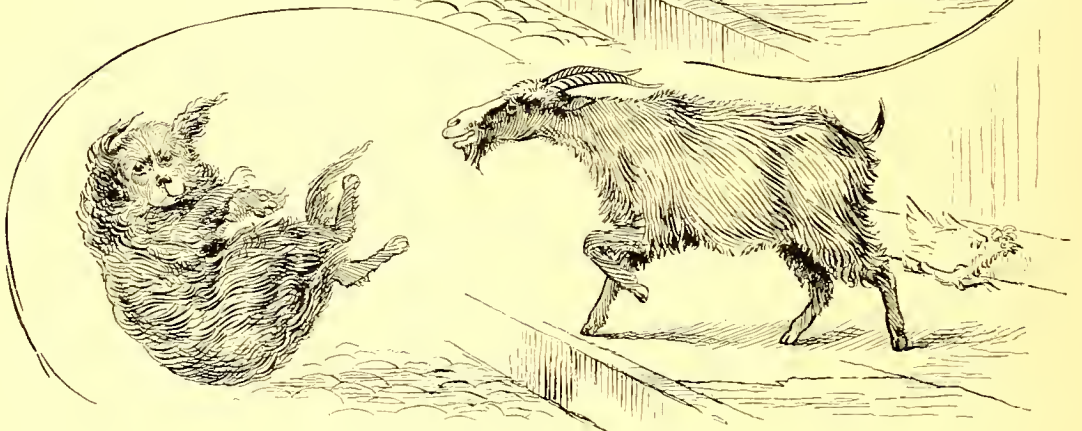


THE BIG BLACK DOG AND THE BIG BLACK GOAT.

By A. P. WILLIAMS.



A big black dog met a big black goat one day on the street. Said the big black dog to the big black goat: "Let 's play!" "What shall we play?" said the big black goat to the big black dog. "A-ny-thing you like," said the big black dog to the big black goat. "Well," said the big black goat to the big black dog, and he stood up on his hind legs to make a bow. On his way down, the big black goat struck the big black dog with his head and threw him off the walk. "What 's that?" said the big black dog to the big black goat. "I don't play that way!" "Butt!" said the big black goat to the big black dog, "that 's the way *I* play!"



THE VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

BY JOEL STACY.

ONCE there was a vain lit-tle girl named Kate, who thought more of her fine clothes than of a-ny-thing else. She would look in the glass a long time when-ev-er she put on her hat, and then she would turn and twist her-self this way and that, to ad-mire the bow of her wide sash-rib-bon.

Well, one day her mam-ma said: "Kate, if you will put on your hat quick-ly, you may drive with me in the Cen-tral Park. But I can wait for you on-ly two min-utes, my dear."

"Oh, yes, Mam-ma," said Kate, much de-light-ed; "I shall be read-y." So she went up-stairs and braid-ed her hair, and tied it with a rib-bon. Then she put on her best shoes, and her best dress, and her best sash. This she tied a-bout her waist in front, mak-ing a large bow; then she pushed the sash down as far as she could, and then turned it a-round so as to put the bow be-hind. But Kate did not yet feel sat-is-fied. The pink sash, she thought, would, af-ter all, look bet-ter than the blue one; so she took off the blue and put on the pink sash. Then she said she must have a pink bow on her hair to match the sash. At last she was near-ly dressed, all but the gloves—which pair should she wear? Her lace mits were pret-ty, but she felt they were too old; so she put on her white silk gloves, but soon took them off, be-cause they were too short to suit her. Then she put on her kid gloves, and felt just like cry-ing be-cause they were a lit-tle loose. Poor, fool-ish lit-tle girl! At last her gloves were on, and af-ter tak-ing her lit-tle par-a-sol from the shelf, and ad-mir-ing her-self in the glass a-gain and a-gain, she ran down-stairs.

"Mam-ma, Mam-ma!" she called. But Mam-ma did not an-swer.

Then Bridg-et, who was dust-ing the hall, said:

"Shure, Miss Ka-tie, if it's yer mam-ma ye are want-in', she's gone out rid-in' 'most an hour a-go, so she has."

Poor Kate! She sat down on the stairs and cried.

"It was all the fault of my gloves," she sobbed.

Do you think it was?





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"GOOD-MORROW!" I said to you all,
When boisterous winds were blowing;
But now it's "good-day!" for it's May—
And never a morrow can come this way
More fair and good than a day in May,
Or wiser than this that is going.

She's smiling? Why, then it is well.
She is frowning? We need n't be snarling:
For if she is sad, it is bad
To whine, forsooth! that the day is n't glad,
For there is n't a weather that May has n't had
To work in and laugh in, the darling!

Now is she not lovely and true:
And is she not wise and knowing?
If it were not for her, why what would they do—
The things that are ready for growing?
So good-day to you all! I say,
For it's May, and she's here to-day,
And never a morrow can come this way
More fair and good than a day in May,
Whatever way she be going.

A FIRE BURNING FIFTY YEARS.

A FRIEND sends your Jack an account of a fire at a certain place in the State of Pennsylvania, which has already burned for nearly fifty years, and is likely to continue for years to come. The story goes on to say that, about half a century ago, some men opened a mining "drift" (or passage for an under-ground road) into a mountain about four miles from Pottsville, and that it was usual, at that time, to build a large fire at the mouth of the drift, in midwinter, to prevent its being blocked up by snow and ice. One Saturday night, in 1835, the fire was left unguarded, but Monday morning disclosed to the miners the result of their folly. The timber of the drift had ignited, and the flames had

been communicated to the coal in the mine. The mine had to be abandoned, and all efforts to quench the fire, which constantly grew more intense, were soon given up. The under-ground fire had its own way, and in time turned the mountain into a burning mass. A few years ago, when the flames were nearer the surface than now, the sky was lighted up with a ruddy glare at night, while rain and snow disappeared in clouds of vapor as they fell on the hot, parched surface. People who endeavored to open mines in the same vicinity have been repeatedly driven out by the fire.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

If you don't believe it, just reflect upon the fact—fresh from Deacon Green—that, in a single quart of water taken from a lake near Minneapolis, a scientific gentleman lately counted 1829 small creatures, all visible to the naked eye.

It may interest my younger hearers to know that, of these 1829 little folk, there were 1400 ceriodaphnia, 9 daphnia, 56 simocephalus, 50 cypris, 28 cyclops, 120 amphipods, 35 infusoria, 22 mollusks, 100 diptera, and 9 hemiptera.

The Deacon says that while 1800 does seem a rather large population for a quart of water, yet there's a certain "Mike"—mentioned, he tells me, in this very number of ST. NICHOLAS—who has often discovered our above-named friends, or some of their relatives, in numbers that leave the gentleman's count far behind.

A FIR-TREE AS A BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

THE Chinese people are very ingenious, and, I'm told, are exceedingly skillful in dwarfing plants. It is said that the Chinese ladies wear in their bosoms little dwarf fir-trees which, by a careful system of starvation, have been reduced to the size of button-hole flowers. These remain fresh and evergreen in this dwarfed state for a number of years, and are worn by ladies of the highest rank in the Celestial Empire as a symbol of eternal love and devotion.

A CONCERT FOR HORSES.

YES, my dears; and once every week. It is told of Lord Holland, an English nobleman of the time of William III., that he used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, built specially for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their tempers, and an eye-witness records the fact that "they seemed delighted therewith."

The Little School-ma'am says that Lord Holland was regarded as a very eccentric man, but—if all accounts are true—it could n't have been because of his horse-concerts merely. For I am told that there are some horses in America to-day that live in stables costing many thousands of dollars, and are much better fed, quartered, and served than three-fifths of the human population. Having

every other want supplied, why should human beings begrudge them the addition of a weekly concert—or any kind of entertainment they may fancy?

Strange to say, however (and with no offense to Lord Holland or anybody else), these facts *will* keep reminding me of a puzzling sentence I heard the Deacon quote, one day, from somebody whom he called “a wise philosopher.” This is the sentence: “*Things* are in the saddle and ride mankind.” You and I may not quite understand it, but it seems to mean a good deal—does n’t it?

ANOTHER WONDERFUL ORCHID.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK: I don’t wonder that your birds thought those “orchid”-flowers you told us about in January were bees. The flowers themselves *do* look very much like bees, I assure you. Sister Nell and I saw some of them last summer when we were in England.

We have an uncle, though, who says he has seen another orchid that is just as funny as the one you showed us in the picture. It is



THE PUPPET-ORCHID OF MEXICO.

called the *puppeth-orchid*, and grows in Mexico. I send you a drawing of it which Uncle made for us. He says to tell you that “the blossoms, or little flower-sprites, are clothed in yellow caps and scarlet aprons, and each one is upheld by a slender, curved stem, which causes the pretty elves to hold a ‘mid-nid-nodding party,’ whenever the slightest breeze blows past them.”

Yours truly,

Alice M.—

A GOVERNMENT BIRD.

I’M informed that the managers of the German Navy have resolved to employ carrier-pigeons as a means of communicating between light-ships and light-houses and the shore. It seems that they have been testing these fine birds in this business during the last few years, and that the feathered messengers have done their work like men—or better than men. Success to the Government bird, says your Jack.

A BOY’S AFTER-DINNER POEM.

THE Little School-ma’am asks me to show you these sage reflections in verse by a poetical boy, who one day after a hearty meal unexpectedly found his little conscience full of fish :

FISH THAT NEVER SWAM.

I ate at dinner eggs of shad.
Cooked shell and all, they are not bad;
And yet, somehow, it makes me sad
To think what fun they might have had
If they had hatched—a thousand shad.

But still, I know the Delaware
Has many others swimming there,
And these crude fish may be my share.
If all the eggs the fish prepare
Were laid and hatched, I do declare
There ’d be no water room to spare
For vessels on the Delaware.

It ’s well all fish are not so large
As that old one which took in charge
Poor Jonah in its whalebone jaws,
Because he did n’t mind God’s laws;
Or that great sturgeon, king of fish,
That came at Hiawatha’s wish,—

And swallowed him and his canoe,
With Squirrel Adjidaumo, too,
And kept him there till it he slew
And sea-gulls pecked the daylight through.
Dear Mr. Longfellow surely knew
His fishing story was not true.

My eyes grow dim and fish-thoughts few;
To sturgeon, shad, and whale, adieu.

VICKERS OBERHOLTZER.

A POLICE-FORCE OF ANTS.

A QUEER way of employing ants is reported by an English gentleman, who has been traveling through one of the provinces of China. It appears that in many parts of the province of Canton the orange-trees are infested by worms, and to rid themselves of these pests the natives bring ants into the orangeries from the neighboring hills. The ants are trapped by holding the mouth of a lard-bladder to their nests. They are then placed among the branches of the orange-trees, where they form colonies, and bamboo rods are laid from tree to tree to enable the ants to move throughout the orangery.

THE LETTER-BOX

As the four composition subjects for this month,* we suggest the following:

WHAT AN AMATEUR NEWSPAPER SHOULD BE.

THE STRUGGLES OF A SCHOOL-MONITOR.

DO DOGS OR HORSES SHOW MOST AFFECTION FOR THEIR MASTERS?

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

In behalf of the poor children of New York, ST. NICHOLAS heartily thanks "The Busy Bee Club" of Brooklyn for the following letter, and the twelve dollars which the club sent with it as a subscription to The Children's Garfield Fund:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 17, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having seen your notice about The Children's Garfield Fund in the Letter-Box of January ST. NICHOLAS, our club determined to get up an entertainment in aid of the same. So we had two plays, some music, and recitations, in the parlor of Miss Clara Carr (one of our members), on the 22d of February, 1883. We charged ten cents admission, and made the sum of twelve dollars (\$12.00), for which we inclose a check. Please acknowledge the receipt of it through ST. NICHOLAS.

Your constant readers,

THE BUSY BEE CLUB.

ELEANOR WICKS, Pres.

NELLIE PARKER, Secy.

CARRIE BELCHER, Treas.

Members: Clara Carr, Sadie Rhodes, Bessie Rhodes, May Carman.

We acknowledge with thanks, also, another subscription from the same city, sent by a correspondent who modestly signs herself "Julia," but who incloses one dollar for the Fund.

For full particulars concerning The Children's Garfield Fund, see ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1881, and July, 1882.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me who was the author of the verses that begin—

"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid?" etc.

It is thought by some to have been written by Longfellow for the amusement of his children. Your constant reader, F. I. G.

Who will answer this question?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want Papa to say that I am a little girl who never had ST. NICHOLAS before this one, and I think it elegant. I am often very bad, but I will keep good now, and Papa will buy me ST. NICHOLAS every month. He helped me some to make out the puzzles, but I will soon be clever enough to do it all alone.

Your new friend,

(P. S.—DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If this inducement succeeds, it will be the first that has been able to restrain a temper certainly not gotten by example from "PAPA.")

We print the above letter and postscript just as they came to us, omitting only the name, place, and date. But we hope to receive another letter by and by, stating that the "inducement" *has* "succeeded" in enabling our new little friend to "keep good" all the time.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much pleased, upon looking over one of our old ST. NICHOLASES, to find an account of the Swiss glaciers in the November number for 1880. It was doubly interesting to me from the fact that I have seen those very glaciers. We

* See ST. NICHOLAS for October and January.

rode for three days in a carriage, going from Brieg to Andermatt, stopping at the Rhone glacier on our way. I never shall forget it. My sister and I walked up to the glacier, with an old guide, and saw the cavern where the Rhone comes out. It comes out of a big cavern in the ice, first a little stream, then gradually flowing into the river. I spent three years abroad, and enjoyed myself very much. I hope you will print my letter, as I am very fond of reading the ST. NICHOLAS. I have taken lessons on the violin for nearly three years.

Your affectionate reader,
JOSEPH C. HOPPIN.

JEFFERSONVILLE, IND., March 5, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I commenced taking ST. NICHOLAS when I was seven years old, and now I am eleven. I have seven volumes, bound in red and gold, with my name on them, and I read them over and over a great many times. We have had a great flood here, and 8000 people were without homes. If it had not been for the kind people everywhere, sending us food and clothes and money, many would have died. At the cottage in which I was born the water was ten feet deep, and I went skiff-riding over the fences, trees, and tree-boxes, right up to the top of the door, and we could have gone in through the upper sash of the window. The house in which we live stands on a bluff forty feet high, on the bank of the Ohio River, and I saw thirteen houses drift down the river one day. In one house there were four persons: a man, his wife, and two children; they were waving a white cloth, and the life-savers came to their rescue. A little cradle went by with a little blue-eyed boy-baby in it, and went on down the river, and some one caught it and is keeping it until called for. I expect its parents are drowned, as it is there yet. We are all very poor now, but we are so glad to be alive and well, that we do not mind it much.

A. C. W.

T. HAMPTON.—No conditions are imposed upon those who wish to send answers to puzzles.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 1, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a good many years now, and I think I have the privilege of an old correspondent, of making a few remarks on the production of Mary Lizzie Spear, in your March number for 1883. I don't think Miss Spear gives the Eastern children a correct idea of the California boys, or of their ingenuity, in saying that "none of them knew how to go about making a sled," for they use them here—of course, not as they do in the snow countries, but surely enough so as to know how to make one, they being such simple things. They are used very often here for a sport quite well known, namely: A number of boys make a sled, and after getting a long rope, wait in the road for a wagon to come along. Seeing one, they rush forward and slip it (the rope) around anything convenient in the back part of the wagon, so getting a ride.

And as you must know from the newspapers, ST. NICHOLAS, the weather during the latter part of December was so cold here that it was said that, if this was a snow country, the signal service would have predicted a snow-storm. Therefore, you Easterners must not imagine that we had mild weather before the storm; and I think that the party must have had a rather cold day on that shore, which is never too warm. Hoping to see the judgment of the California members of ST. NICHOLAS as to which is the more correct of these two letters concerning California and Californian children, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
A. H. S.

In connection with the "Art and Artists" installment for this month, we present the following list of the principal works of Anton Vandyck to be seen in European galleries: PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Portraits of Cardinal Bentivoglio, and of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Equestrian portrait of Charles V., portrait of John Montfort. THE BEFERA, MILAN: "Madonna and St. Anthony." CAPITOL MUSEUM, ROME: "An Entombment." PINACOTECA, TURIN: Three children of Charles I., "Holy Family," an equestrian portrait. MUSEUM, ANTWERP: "Descent from the Cross," "The Entombment," a portrait. MUSEUM, BRUSSELS: "Crucifixion of St. Peter," "A Satyr," portrait of Alexandre de la Faille. MUSEUM OF THE TRIPPENHUIS, AMSTERDAM: Two children of Charles I. MUSEUM, BERLIN: Seven pictures, including four portraits, "The Mocking of Christ," and the "Descent of the Holy Ghost." GALLERY, CASSEL: Four fine

portraits. DRESDEN GALLERY: Ten portraits, and a St. Jerome. PINACOTHEK, MUNICH: Twelve pictures, ten portraits, and two pictures of the Pietà. THE DELVEDERE, VIENNA: Nine pictures, four portraits, two Madonnas, "Venus and Vulcan," "Samson and Delilah," "Holy Family," and a Magdalen. ROYAL MUSEUM, MADRID: Nine portraits, "The Crowning with Thorns," and the "Betrayal of Christ." LOUVRE, PARIS: Thirteen portraits, "Renaud and Armid," "St. Sebastian," "Dead Christ," and two Madonnas. GALLERY AT HAMPTON COURT: "Samson and Delilah," and two portraits. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," a study, and a portrait of Vandeyck. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: Twenty-one portraits, "Naked Boys Blowing Bubbles," "Holy Family," "Incredulity of St. Thomas," and "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian."

GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister has taken you since the second year you were published, but this year I take you in place of my sister. I think you are lovely, and every month I await you anxiously. My mother and I are traveling through the South this winter, and some of the things I see are so funny. My uncle has a very clever setter dog, which can do a great many tricks. When I was at school, he always appeared at the school at a quarter of twelve to take my books home. I hope you will print this in your Letter-Box, and oblige your constant reader,
EDITH C.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A COW.

I was going to our barn one day to get the ax. I had to jump a fence. Now Dolly, the cow, was shut up inside of this fence. I am very much afraid of her, because she likes to hook. So I stood up and looked about me to see where she was. I noticed that the barn door stood open. It was a very big sliding door. There were two of them, and they met in the middle. Two large barrels of bran were in the barn, uncovered. Now our hired man, Sam, was very careful to keep the door shut, because cows will eat bran or middling until they burst themselves. I had left the door shut except one inch, but while I was gone Dolly was wise enough to push her horn through into the crack, and open it enough to put her head in, then her body, and last of all her tail. Then she walked straight to the bran, and began to eat as fast as she could. The minute I saw her in the barn I called Sam, and in two minutes up came Sam, all out of breath from running so fast. I told him what had happened, and he rushed in and drove her out, and locked the door and went away.
P. G. W. (a little boy eleven years old).

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-SIXTH REPORT.

We have renewed cause for gratitude this month in the kind offers of help which come to us from several well-known specialists. The first two are for our botanists:

"If your correspondents desire the names of any ferns, grasses, or plants in general, or any information on the subject of botany, I shall be glad to answer all such, or at least all that come from west of the Mississippi. I realize the value of such work as you are doing.
MARCUS E. JONES, Salt Lake City, Utah."

"Noticing your call for the aid of specialists, I briefly offer my services in the following directions: 1. General botanical items of interest. 2. Classification of all flowering plants and vascular cryptogams (ferns, etc.), found on the North American continent and in Germany; also their life histories, etc. 3. *Gasteromyxetes* (puffballs) of the world. 4. *Spiders* of the U. S. 5. Mammals of the U. S.
AUG. F. FOERSTE, Dayton, Ohio."

"If I can serve the cause mineralogically, call on me.
"DAVID ALLAN, Box 113, Webster Groves, Missouri."

"I should be glad to assist the A. A. in any matter relating to marine zoology.

"C. F. HOLDER, American Museum Nat. Hist.,
"Central Park (77th st. and 8th ave.), New York, N. Y."

"I have watched, with more interest than I can readily communicate, the genesis and development of the A. A. In answer to your call for assistance, I shall be most happy to identify minerals and the commoner forms of paleozoic fossils.

"WM. M. BOWRON, South Pittsburg, Tenn."

"ACADEMY NATURAL SCIENCES, OF PHILADELPHIA,
"19th and Race streets, March 1, 1883."

"Having seen your call, in ST. NICHOLAS of this month, for assistance in answering the many questions brought forward by the members of the A. A., I take pleasure in offering my aid. My specialties are entomology and conchology. With earnest desire for the success of the society,
G. HOWARD PARKER."

The gentlemen who have thus freely offered their aid can hardly realize how great a service they are rendering. Think of it! Here are over 5000 young and older amateur naturalists belonging to our society, most of whom, living in remote towns, have few opportunities of instruction in the subjects of their choice. They are now placed in such a position that they can go right on with their observations without leaving home; can be advised as to the best books for consultation in their several departments; can exchange specimens and thoughts with members in all the different States and Territories; and can have the assistance of men trained in special departments of science, and all without expense. May not the A. A. be the means of solving one of the most perplexing educational questions of the day? Who knows but we may yet offer regular courses of reading and study in the several departments, followed by examinations, and the presentation of certificates?

That our members are not slow to appreciate the increased advantages the A. A. offers them, is proved by the more earnest and encouraging tone of our Chapter reports, as well as by the large list of new branches which follows:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
423	Perth Amboy, N. J. (A).....	16.	Bertha Mitchell.
424	Decorah, Iowa. (A).....	5.	W. E. Clifford.
425	Greeley, Col. (A).....	9.	Louis L. Haynes.
426	La Porte, Ind. (B).....	4.	Leo B. Austin.
427	New York, N. Y. (I).....	4.	Chas. H. Broas, "Tremont."
428	St. Paul, Minn. (C).....	6.	Philip C. Allen, 5 Laurel ave.
429	Dorchester, Mass. (A).....	9.	Miriam Adlam, 15 Columbia street.
430	Kinnmundy, Ill. (A).....	5.	Bertie Squire.
431	Terre Haute, Ind. (A).....	7.	Jacob Greiner, 432 N. Center.
432	Grand Rapids, Dakota. (A).....	5.	Jesse French.
433	Dallas, Texas. (A).....	9.	David C. Hinchley.
434	Meadville, Pa. (A).....	6.	Lawrence Streit.
435	Northampton, Mass. (B).....	4.	H. L. Halliard, box 756.
436	Toronto, Ont. (A).....	5.	Robert Holmes, 273 Bathurst street.
437	Burlington, N. J. (B).....	4.	Natalie McNeal.
438	Somerville, Mass. (A).....	6.	Harry E. Sears, cor. Chestor and Medford sts.
439	Wilmington, Del. (B).....	4.	Percy C. Pyle, 417 Washington street.
440	Keene, N. H. (A).....	6.	F. H. Foster, box 301.
441	Valparaiso, Chili. (A).....	7.	W. Sabina.
442	Waldoboro, Me. (A).....	4.	Thomas Brown.
443	Brunswick, Me. (A).....	6.	E. B. Young.

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGE.

Leaves, flowers, and seed of Chinese tea.—Alfred Stoehr, Cincinnati, O., 99 East Liberty st.

Eggs.—Fred Russell, 38 Concord st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Orange blossoms and mistletoe.—F. C. Sawyer, Beauclerc, Fla.
Agates, Florida moss, minerals, etc.—Maude M. Lord, 75 Lambertson st., New Haven, Conn.

Labels for specimens.—H. M. Downs, box 176, Rutland, Vt.
Copper ore, manganese ore, and other minerals.—K. M. Fowler, Sweetland, Cal.

After April 1st, silk-worm eggs.—Box 14, Beverly, N. J.
Sea-urchins, star-fish, minerals, for ocean curiosities, and fossils.—E. C. Shaw, 60 Locust st., Toledo, O.

Cocoons, *Attacus cecropia*, for minerals, corals, etc.—Walter M. Patterson, 1020 West Van Buren st., Chicago, Ill.
Minerals, for bugs; lead and silver ore, for tin and zinc.—E. P. Boynton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Minerals, petrified wood, and shells, for fossils and sea-mosses.—D. G. Hinchley, 1435 Elm st., Dallas, Texas.

Birds' eggs, minerals, etc.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1337 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill.

Coral and ocean shells.—Lemuel A. Wells, Newington, Conn.

1. What is the most common bird in America? 2. What is the largest known glacier in the world? 3. What makes the "fire" in opals? 4. How many minerals in the U. S. whose names end in "ite"?—Chicago F.

Plumbago and rose quartz from N. H.—Louis Ager, 295 Carlton ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Minerals.—Joseph Stiles, Belmont, Nev.

Two cocoons, *Attacus cecropia*, and two fossil *spirifers*.—Ira Larned, Dearborn st., Chicago.

Copper ore, feldspar, and other minerals and shells, for trap-door spiders' nests, fossils, etc.—Thomas Brown, box 55, Waldoboro, Me.
Three olive shells for natural curiosities, except birds' eggs.—Willie D. Grier, 500 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

Lingulas and minerals.—Alvin S. Wheeler, Dubuque, Iowa.

Minerals.—G. H. Chittenden, Washington st., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The mass of reports has so accumulated that we must be content to glance very rapidly at them.

No. 158 is re-organized.—279 has collected 70 cocoons, and a few winter birds, such as pine grosbeak, and has spent most of its time in arranging and labeling previously collected specimens.—352, Amherst, Mass., numbers 20, and not one has dropped. Three of the members have seen hair-snakes come from the side of the body of a cricket.—The President of 352 gives blackboard notes on entomology at each meeting, which are copied by the members, and at each meeting, also, some interesting extract is read aloud, such as a story about Robert Dick or Hugh Miller, or one of the parables from nature.—Berwyn, Pa., numbers 14 active and 2 honorary. Prizes have been offered in the Chapter for best collections of insects, with excellent results. At each meeting the President has named one mineral to be the subject for the following meeting. During the week all the members studied the subject, and were prepared for a thorough discussion. Among the questions that have been asked are: Why is frost formed on the inside of window-panes? Difference between igneous and aqueous rocks? What distinguishing peculiarity of quartz crystal apart from its shape? (Ans.—The striæ on its lateral faces.) What are Plutonic rocks? What are mineral earths? Have birds the sense of taste? What is bog iron ore? [See Crosby's "Common Minerals."] John F. Glosser, Sec.—390, Chester, Mass., has 32 members, and posts weekly printed notices of its meetings. A peculiarly interesting Chapter has been formed at Valparaiso, Chili.—The first in South America since Cordoba moved North. Its members are Nos. 5000 to 5007 of the A. A.—Chicago F, 229, has elaborate letter-heads and envelopes. "Each member has two insect-nets, and a little kit, with chloroform, etc., for insect hunting."—The new Secretary of 188, Newport A, is F. Burdick, P. O. box 614.—Chapter 266, Webster Groves, Mo., has flourished upon ignorant local opposition, and has increased in numbers from 35 to 65.—354 asks about arrow-heads, etc. These, and coins, stamps, etc., are not recognized by the A. A.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has found seven different kinds of scales on butterflies' wings. [Why not send pictures of them?]—170, Brookfield, Mass., celebrated its anniversary by a special meeting, with essays, etc.: 14 members.—285, Du-buque, Iowa, is getting on exceedingly well; has purchased a nice cabinet, and is studying geology.

There is to be a general reunion of all Chicago Chapters on Agassiz's birthday, May 28.—Chicago G is very active, and intends to "canvass the country round and secure a collection of all the minerals of Chicago."—Cedar Rapids B has learned the branches and classes of the animal kingdom, and has debated with C, its sister Chapter, the interesting question, whether *Arachnida* should be classed under the *Insecta*. Pro: A. S. Packard, Jr., W. E. Wilson, Sanborn Tenney. Contra: J. G. Wood and Webster's Dictionary. [We wish to hear from the A. A. generally on this question.] It is asked whether a corresponding member of the A. A. can also be a member of a Chapter. [Certainly, and *vice versa*.] Does the sap in trees ever freeze? What is it that we see above and around a hot stove? Has a mole eyes? [Yes.] Can insects hear?—The interest of Hillsville, Wis., "grows daily," and its visible growth is seen in a handsome black-walnut case for the butterflies collected last year.—261, East Boston, has 26 members. "At our next meeting we are to hear several sketches of the lives of great naturalists."—303 has earned a dagger in the hand-book by decreasing; but its wide-awake Secretary remains a corresponding member.—North Adams, Mass., has a new Secretary, Miss Lulu Radlo. Collections are to be made of minerals, insects, and plants.—Sag Harbor, N. Y., is "flourishing"; has increased to 20 regular and 6 honorary members, and has for exchange micaceous quartz, silver ore, olive and ebony wood, and skates' egg cases.—Bryan, O., is having "splendid" meetings; collecting scraps for a scrap-book, and making excursions.—The members of Chicago E, 153, "go in a body once a fortnight to the Academy of Science. There the President distributes cards containing the names of birds and mammals common here. Each then goes to the cases and finds some bird named on his list, and studies it. When we think we can describe the birds we have selected, we assemble, and are called on in turn to give a description of the chosen bird, but without telling its name. If the members can not tell from the description what the bird's name is, the describer tells it himself. After all are done, the President reads the list, bidding each one to speak when the name of a bird is read that he does not know. The descriptions are kept in note-books."—Altoona, Pa., has 15 members and a fine cabinet, and promises some fossils for our general A. A. cabinet, for which our thanks, we trust, will soon be due. [By the way, members of the A. A. can greatly help us in our work if they will now and then send for the Central A. A. Museum's labeled specimens in their several departments. Chapter No. 1, Lenox, is having cases made and a room furnished for this purpose, and we hope to build up a museum which shall worthily represent the Association. All specimens should have the name of the donor attached. Each Chapter should be represented on our shelves, as many of them already are.]—Belpre, O., writes: "Some of the folks take an interest in us, and others make fun of us, but I notice they are very anxious to know what we are doing."—Scituate, Mass., has 20 members.—Taunton, Mass., 93; has over 800 specimens, and Pine City, Minn. (lately formed), has 244 varieties of insects.—Buffalo B, always one of our best Chapters, sends a report so long and full of interest that

it would not be altogether a bad plan to print it entire, for our general report, if there were not 432 other Chapters. Buffalo B is anxious for a general representative meeting of the A. A. next summer, or "some time."—106 has been re-organized.—Beverly, N. J., has made large and valuable additions to its cabinet. "The way we do is this: every week we have essays on some such subject as geology. The first paper names the orders, and mentions some examples of each. The other papers describe the specific examples."—Erlanger, Ky., has found the head of a trilobite measuring 2 by 2½ inches, and is preparing an herbarium.—The address of 371, omitted from ST. NICHOLAS, is San Juan, Col., Mrs. J. L. Brewster, Secretary, 5 members.—253, Philadelphia K, has 26 volumes as a nucleus for a library.—San Francisco 321 is "getting on" splendidly, and desires a book giving names and pictures of eggs.—Amherst, Mass., desires correspondence. Address H. L. Clarke, Providence, R. I., Sec.

NOTES.

(1) *Spider*.—I found what seemed to be a brown spider. It measured 1½ inches from the extremities of its legs. Its body was entirely covered with little spiders. Next morning it was dead. The little spiders, at least 50, were swarming on the glass. I had read that spiders' eggs are laid in a cocoon. HIRAM N. BICE, Utica, N. Y.

(2) *Rabbit and Weasel*.—A little white weasel was observed to drag the body of a large rabbit for sixty rods, over many obstacles. When twigs hindered, its sharp white teeth removed them.

(3) *Birds*.—I feed many birds from the cupola of our house, and they have grown so tame that one dear little fellow eats from my hand.

(4) *Electricity*.—This winter every metal thing in our house gives electric sparks. The largest come from the steam-radiators. I have conducted the electricity from bells and gas-jets along a wire. Can any one explain it? WILLIE SHERATON, Toronto, Canada.

(5) *Pollen*.—The grain of heartsease seems to be a prism. A. B.

(6) *Wingless Moths*.—Some of my caterpillars left their cocoons Nov. 1, 1882, and had no wings. They soon died. I do not understand it. Wilmington, Del.

(7) *Snakes, Fly-catcher*.—For a month I have fed my pet snakes nothing, but they seem as lively as ever. I saw one of my large rattlesnakes shed its skin. It accomplished this by drawing its body around rough stones in the bottom of the case. I have noticed that nine times out of ten the nest of the great Custer-fly-catcher contains two of three snake-skins. I heard of one who, unable to find them, substituted onion skins. JAS. DE B. ABBOT.

(8) *Polyphemus Cecropia*.—I have found the larvæ of polyphemus on hard and soft maple, white birch, and elm. I have found cecropia on white birch and syringa. E. H. PIERCE, Auburn, N. Y.

(9) *Spider*.—While I was watching a spider, it started out horizontally into the air, with no web in front of it. It went a few feet and stopped, keeping up a nimble movement with its feet. Presently it started again, went some 20 feet, stopped again, and then again went on till out of sight. How does it sustain and how propel itself? ZOA GOODWIN.

(10) *Smallest Flower*.—The smallest flower in the world is *Sesuvium Polyrhiza*. E. D. LOWELL, Jackson, Mich.

(11) *Albino Squirrels*.—I have two snow-white squirrels with pink eyes. They were taken from a gray squirrel's nest. Why are they white? A. W. BOARDMAN, Meriden, Conn.

(12) *Hornet's Nest*.—Gena's challenge is accepted. I have a hornet's nest that measures from crown to tip 27 inches, and in circumference 42 inches. It was cut from an apple-branch at Busleton, Philadelphia. T. C. PEARSON.

(13) *Hair-snakes*.—I have taken hair-snakes from crickets. H. L. CLARKE.

(14) *Snow-flies*.—On January 31, 1883, I observed thousands of snow-flies on the unfrozen surface of a pond. H. L. CLARKE.

A change of Secretary in a Chapter causes so much confusion that we strongly urge each Chapter to take a P. O. box which may be the Chapter's permanent address. Since the publication of the A. A. Hand-book, the first edition of which is nearly exhausted, the number of Chapters has nearly doubled; and the question of a second edition, revised, containing addresses of all Chapters and other new matter, must soon be decided. We should like to hear from the Association regarding the matter. Before writing to the President, members should recall the conditions of correspondence given in previous reports. In particular, write requests for exchange on separate slips of paper. It will be an additional assistance if Notes on Natural History (which we propose hereafter to number for convenient reference) be written on separate slips, and not in the middle of Chapter reports. Owing to the pressure on our columns, reports must appear substantially in the form shown in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, and the nearer to this form they are when they reach us, the less labor will be required to prepare them for print.

All communications, including reports heretofore sent to Mr. Glosser, must be addressed to

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
LENOX ACADEMY, LENOX, MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

PROVERB REBUS.

THE answer to the accompanying illustration is a familiar proverb.

RHOMBOIDS.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

I. ACROSS: 1. A bird. 2. A swarm of bees. 3. A pool or lake. 4. An epithet. DOWNWARD: 1. In riddle. 2. An exclamation. 3. Vigor. 4. Smooth. 5. Epoch. 6. A printer's measure. 7. In riddle.

II. ACROSS: 1. To stagger. 2. To distribute. 3. A ferocious animal. 4. An apartment. DOWNWARD: 1. In numerical. 2. A boy's nickname. 3. A snake-like fish. 4. The bed of a wild beast. 5. Three-fourths of a word meaning to observe. 6. A word of denial. 7. In numerical.

"NOVICE," and "C. D."

SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncope letters, placed in the order here given, will spell one of the United States.

1. Syncope a drain, and leave a prophet. 2. Syncope the understanding, and leave the proper coat of the seed of wheat. 3. Syncope a proper amount of medicine, and leave a deer. 4. Syncope to chide, and leave bartered. 5. Syncope a marine conveyance, and leave an animal. 6. Syncope to weave, and leave a wooden tub. 7. Syncope a substance which exudes from certain trees, and leave to govern by a bridle. 8. Syncope suffering, and leave the god of shepherds. 9. Syncope a sound, and leave part of the foot.

CLARA J. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials name an article important at an annual festival; my initials name what is worn by the principal personage at the festival.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Deriding. 2. A country of Asia. 3. A measure of time. 4. A loud and prolonged sound. 5. A chief of the Seminole Indians who died in Fort Moultrie in 1838. 6. Gaunt. 7. A species of antelope found in South Africa.

"ARIANA MOORE."

PL.

HET norib, teh nefurneror fo eht rispqn,
Het Indibreb, hitw sit judnoc logincar,
Het seltser slowslaw dnbingil ni eth vaese,
Het dolneg rectitbsnp, het sargs, eth vaales,
Het sallic sotsing ni hte sniwid fo ayM,
Lal clomewe hist jamstce iholady.

J. A. C.

MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-one letters, and am a verse from the Book of Psalms.

My 58-6-14-10 is the muse who presides over history. My 41-13-29-37-50-24 is the son and trumpeter of Neptune. My 1-27-2-53-30 is a fabled personage, who is represented as bearing

the world upon his shoulders. My 61-45-12-40-10 is the goddess who presides over hunting. My 42-18-36-46-20-6-60-21 is the son of Jupiter, celebrated for his great strength. My 56-50-44-59 is what he had to do. My 34-9-10-5-28 was the god of eloquence among the ancient Egyptians. My 31-39-58-46-47-26-54-4-35 is a priestess of Bacchus. My 33-16-23-2-3-39 is the muse who presides over comedy. My 51-26-8-32-49 were three goddesses who presided over human destinies. My 17-25-48-31-7-30 was the capitol of Bœotia. My 38-50-22-43-36 was the greatest poet of Greece. My 1-43-15-57-49 was the shield given by Jupiter to Minerva. My 52-55-11-16-19-6-50-15-55 is the science treating of myths.

M. T. Z.

CHARADE.

IN my first, when gay flowers were blooming,
Forth with my second I went,
Admiring the pleasant landscape,
Inhaling the fragrant scent.
Soon we came where a stately mansion
Grew under the builder's art;
There my whole at his toil we discovered,
Contentedly doing his part.

W. H. A.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. ANSWER: Ma-lady.

1. Take an epic poem of the Spaniards from to determine, and leave a river of Scotland. 2. Take to gain from wound around, and leave a boy's nickname. 3. Take inside from a dearth, and leave celebrity. 4. Take hostility from recompense, and leave a color. 5. Take a kind of engraving from straining, and leave a cord. 6. Take a part of the head from closest, and leave a home for birds. 7. Take one of the measures from pertaining, and leave a creature. 8. Take a tiny portion from restricted, and leave a cover. 9. Take a visit from brought back, and leave a marsh grass. 10. Take a conjunction from remote, and leave to pretend. 11. Take frigid from upbraiding, and leave to warble. 12. Take a well-known game from the price paid for the conveyance of a letter, and leave to place in position.

"THE HOUGHTON FAMILY."

NINE-BLOCK PUZZLE.

FIG. I.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

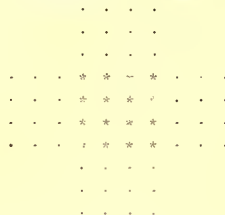
FIG. II.

1	2	3
4	9	5
6	7	8

Cut out of paper or card-board nine small squares numbered and placed as in Fig. I. In sixteen moves arrange the blocks as they appear in Fig. II., without taking out any, except removing the "one" block when beginning and replacing it when finished. In sending solutions, indicate the process in this way: 2 left, 5 up, 6 right, 3 down, etc., etc.

E. Z. C.

GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A luminous body. 2. A weed that grows among wheat. 3. Sciences. 4. Repose.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A couple. 2. An abbot. 3. A bird highly venerated by the ancient Egyptians. 4. Repose.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Repose. 2. A girl's name. 3. To disgrace. 4. A weed that grows among wheat.

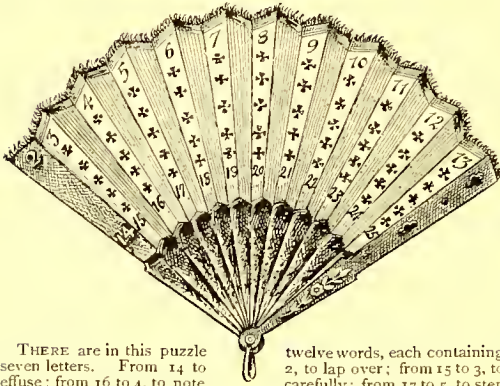
IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A weed that grows among wheat. 2. An entrance or passage. 3. A French word meaning "nothing." 4. A famous volcano.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A weed that grows among wheat. 2. Sour. 3. To be conveyed. 4. A delightful region.

HARRY B. SPARKS.



FAN PUZZLE.



THERE are in this puzzle seven letters. From 14 to effuse; from 16 to 4, to note beyond; from 18 to 6, a sea-port town of the Empire of Turkey; from 20 to 8, without study or prep-

aration; from 21 to 9, gross injury; from 22 to 10, one who holds an office; from 23 to 11, the wife of Mark Antony; from 24 to 12, a station at a distance from the main body of an army; from 25 to 13, an affront.

aration; from 21 to 9, gross injury; from 22 to 10, one who holds an office; from 23 to 11, the wife of Mark Antony; from 24 to 12, a station at a distance from the main body of an army; from 25 to 13, an affront.

The row of figures from 14 to 25 all represent the same letter. The row of figures from 2 to 13 represent letters which spell a word meaning to overpower by weight.

"GIGLAMPS."

NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in September; my second in April; my third in May; my fourth in December, my fifth in March; my sixth in July. My whole is a gala day coming in the spring.

F. DUSTIN.

PATRIOTIC PL.

WHEN rightly arranged, the following words will form a well known stanza of six lines by William Collins. All the capitals used in the original verse are retained in the pi.

When hallowed Spring Returns with sweeter wishes Than ever cold dewy fingers to sink Fancy's sod How shall She have the country's mould there to dress their rest their brave sleep who trod a deck By all feet blest.

HATTIE L.

DIAMOND.

1. In Michigan. 2. A projecting part of a wheel. 3. An animal without horns. 4. A beautiful white flower. 5. A kind of fruit. 6. One-half of a word meaning to delay. 7. In Michigan.

GRACE EDDINGTON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Silhouette. 1. Hut. 2. Teeth. 3. List. 4. Thistle. 5. Son. 7. House. 8. Oil. 9. Islet. 10. Tiles. 11. Sheet. 12. Hoe. 13. Toilet. 14. Tie. 15. Lute. 16. Hole. 17. Suit. 18. Silt. 19. Stile. 20. Title. 21. Hilt. 22. Silt. 23. Sole. 24. Heel. 25. Sol. 26. Hose. 27. Shoe. 28. Toes.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Charles; finals, Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Cheered. 2. Hol (den). 3. Adriatic. 4. Rook. 5. Lucrative. 6. Entertain. 7. Salute.

REVERSIBLE WORDS. 1. Now-won. 2. Reward-drawer.

RIDDLE. Gilt-gilt.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. 1. Negro. 2. Thomas. 3. Guinea. 4. Shanghai. 5. Bantams. 6. Thomas. 7. Fear. 8. Sable. 9. Ada. 10. Morgan. 11. Sunflower. 12. Carroll. 13. Hart. 14. Great Bear. 15. Buffalo. 16. Bullock. 17. Hungary. 18. Cook. 19. Ada. 20. Nubia. 21. Afghan. 22. Rice. 23. Salmon. 24. Turkey. 25. China. 26. Orange. 27. Malaga. 28. Brazil. 29. Mocha.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Longfellow, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. Leeward. 2. Obvious. 3. Nearest. 4. Genesis. 5. FaGging. 6. Emerald. 7. LuLaby. 8. Leisure. 9. OmNibus. 10. WhEedle.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the April number, from George B. Carter, 1—Sonora, 3—W. Rigby, Manchester, England, 1—George Smith Hayter, Highgate, London, 10.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from "Aunt Arabella"—H. F. Davis—Cuchee Smith—Florence C. Lane—The Houghton Family—S. R. T.—Clara Franc and Co.—Arthur Gnde—K. M. B.—Professor and Co.—"Alcibiades"—Fannie, Sadie, Fanny, and Carrie—Belle Bartholomew—"Charles"—Olive M. Allen—"Two Subscribers"—Pinnie and Jack—Paul Reese—Amy G. Torrance—Helen Peirce—C. and Wm. V. Moses—Mama and Bae—Sam Fell—Marie, Annie, Mamma and Papa—"Town and Country"—Helen F. Turner—Clara J. Child—Francis W. Ishp—D. B. Shumway—Appleton H.—Sallie Viles—Katie Schoonmaker—The Martins—Lillie C. Lippert—John W. Reynolds—Lottie A. Best—Carey Melville—Grace Eddington and Mrs. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Adrienne M. Duysters, 1—Andrew L. Riker, 4—Philip Embury, Jr., 9—L. Fleetwood, 1—C. R. Williams, 1—R. Parker, 1—Dorothy Schenck, 1—N. Holly, 1—Maud Houghton, 1—Wilson Brainard, 2—May Pierson, 1—B. C. Boulton, 1—D. N. Habbit, 1—Helen L. Towne, 1—May Rogers, 1—A. M. Hill, 1—Myra L. Clark, 4—S. W. Thurber, 1—G. Cornett, 1—Ella Shaw, 5—B. and L. Veiler, 1—F. T. Vernon, 1—F. R. Gadd, 1—L. C. Estabrook, 1—Rith D. and Sam I H. Camp, 7—G. M. Hall, 1—J. C. Bunell, 1—Julia Gates, 1—Carl Niemeyer, 5—C. Robinson, 1—Oulagiskit, 6—Samuel M. Leiper, 5—Geo. T. Parkes, 1—Arthur, 1—G. B. Jr., 1—Roy Guion, 6—E. E. Neff, 2—H. Ries, 1—Severance Burrage, 10—A. Blanche B., 2—N. Morganstern, 1—King Arthur, 1—G. Cosgrave, 1—Tiksiualuo, 9—M. S. S. F. Club, 1—L. Wardell, 1—Charley Weymouth, 6—A. B. Hall, 1—R. Stone, 1—Harry B. Sparks, 8—Julia B. Arnwine, 1—Ethel, 1—Mona Downs, 1—Ralph S. Whiting, 1—G. F. Blandy, 1—N. B. Gisburne, 1—W. A. Bearmore, 1—Clarence A. Cobleigh, 12—Anna L. Minich, 2—Wm. Koehne, 12—Chas. Westcott, 12—Calla, 4—G. Butts, 1—E. Polemann, 1—G. H. Williams, 1—J. W. Preston, Jr., 9—L. Oates, 1—E. T., 1—Alice P. Pendleton, 11—Edith and Geneva, 11—Willie Trautwine, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 11—Mary C. Burnam, 6—Kendall Family, 1—Rosy and Posy, 1—S. Bessie Saunders and Mamma, 6—Wallace K. Gaylor, 6—G. Austin, 2—Nellie Taylor, 2—Star, 3—Nellie and Mamie, 6—Xenophon, 8—Vin and Henry, 10—Mary Livingston, 1—Ellie S. Vail, 2—C. M. Philo, 1—Trail, 11—W. T. H., 1—Daisy and Dandelion, 4—T. Haynes, 1—W. R. Hamilton, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 9—W. Kinsey, 1—N. Duff, 1—G. Lineburgh, 1—L. I., 11—"Judge Jag," 11—The McK's, 6—Harry R. Wicks, 6—F. Andreas, 1—Clarence H. Woods, 2—W. M. Shipp, Jr., 4—E. B. Judkins, 1—Vega De Oro, 12—Anna H. Ransom, 8—Willie H. Park, 0—Alicia and Jessica, 8—Scrap, 11—Minnie B. Murray, 12—George Lyman Waterhouse, 20—"Patience," 6—W. S. D. Moore, 9—Nellie and Harold Crowell, 5—E. Reyemilac, 9—"Lode Star," 8—Alice Cantine, 9—Dydie, 12—Vessie Westover, 4—Julia A. Groff, 1—Ina, 3—Chas. Haynes Kyte, 12—"A. P. Ower, Jr.," 12—Nellie Caldwell, 5—Dick and Annie Carter, 6—E. P. Gause, 1—George Smith Hayter, 10—No Name, 7—Jennie Koehler, 5—Valerie, 6—D. C. Hicks, 4—"M. N. Bank," 2—Viola and Louise, 7—Algernon Tassin, 8—Arthur and Florence, 1—Cheekley, 3—Alice H. Foster, 1—Willie C. Anderson, 2—Pernie, 10—Venie Atwood, 6—Bertie B. Wordfin, 1—Louis E. Osborn, 2—Tillie Kirchstein, 2—Clara and her Aunt, 12—Frank White, 1—Hester M. F. Powell, 6—Mary A. Piper, 1—George Mather, 5.

Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

DRAWN BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1883.

NO. 8.

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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY MARY J. JACQUES.

COME into Great-grandmother's garden, my dears:
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away,
The Balsams are smilingly drying their tears,
And fair Morning-Glories are greeting the day.

How pure is the breath of the old-fashioned Pinks!
How modest the face of the Lady's Delight!
Sweet-William his arm with Miss Lavender's links,
And whispers, "I dream of you morn, noon, and night."

The Dahlia looks on with a queenly repose,
Unheeding the Coxcomb's impertinent sighs,
And fierce Tiger-Lily an angry look throws
At Bachelor's Button, who praises her eyes.

The red Prince's Feather waves heavy and slow
By Marigolds rich as the crown of a king;
The Larkspur the humming-bird sways to and fro;
Above them the Hollyhocks lazily swing.

Come, Four-o'-Clocks, wake from your long morning nap!
The late China Asters will soon be astir;
The Sweet Pea has ordered a simple green cap—
Which the Poppy pronounces too common for her.

There's Southernwood, Saffron, and long Striped Grass;
The pale Thimble-Berries, and Sweet-Brier bush;
An odor of Catnip floats by as we pass—
Be careful! nor Grandmamma's Chamomile crush.

Come into Great-grandmother's garden, my dears:
The Sunflowers are nodding and beckoning away—
Ah! the true Grandma's garden is gone years and years—
We have only a make-believe garden to-day.



A WALKING MATCH.—DRAWN BY ROSE MUELLER.

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY.

THE children had been gone about three hours, when their mother, sitting at her window, which looked toward Tammoset village, noticed an unusual number of boys hurrying down the road toward the river.

Reflecting that it was the first of May, and probably a holiday in the schools, she thought little of the circumstance, until she saw groups of men also going in the same direction. She then hobbled to the front part of the house, where she could get a view of the bridge.

It was thronged with people, and more were coming from both ways—from Dempford as well as Tammoset; some stopping on the bridge and looking off toward the mill, while others climbed over the rails at each end, ran down the shores, and disappeared under the high bank by which the view of the river below was shut off from the house.

At the same time, the kitchen girl began to call: "Mrs. Tinkham! Mrs. Tinkham! What are all these people doing out here by the mill?"

The widow hobbled to another window, and saw an amazing sight. Neither boy nor man had entered the yard in the regular way; but the upper

bank was now alive with youngsters scrambling up from below. Some threw themselves on the turf, and sat with their backs toward the house and their legs hanging down the slope. Others stood behind them or looked about for better positions. A dozen or more got into the great willow, where they filled the seats or leaned upon the branches. All appeared eager to witness some great spectacle taking place below.

The mother of the Tinkhams knew very well what that was. "O my boys! my boys!" she exclaimed, "why are you not here?" and without waiting to cover her feeble shoulders and gray hair, she hobbled out of the house.

She heard suppressed cries of: "Look behind you!" "There comes the old lady!" and for a moment saw the faces of the intruders all turned her way. There was much silly tittering among them; and the next moment every boy was intently gazing down the slope again.

"What does this mean? What are you here for?" she cried, approaching the nearest group.

"We just wanted to see the fun!" was the grinning response.

"What fun?" she demanded, sharply.

"To see the dam tore away; for that's what they are doing," somebody answered, in a loud, insolent voice from the willow.

"Is that Dick Dushee?"

"Yes, that 's Dick; he told us we could come up here."

"He would n't have dared show his face if my sons were at home!" said the widow. "I should think he might be in better business, and the rest of you, too! Make room for me, will you? Whose ground is this, yours or mine?"

The loungers on the turf had not offered to move out of her way, but the lively movement of a crutch among their elbows and ears made them scatter, and she stood on the top of the bank.

This is what she saw: both shores of the river swarmed with spectators, boys and men, and even women and girls here and there. The platform at the corner of the mill was black with the crowd. There were boats, also, held against the current by young men aboard, probably Argonauts. In the midst of all, the center of attraction, stood a line of stout laborers leg-deep in the water, with picks and iron bars demolishing the dam.

The work had evidently but just begun. The first planks were yielding to sturdy blows. There was little noise beside; no loud talking, nor shouting of commands. Never was disorderly crowd so orderly and well behaved. There were even policemen present—Dempford men in blue coats on one shore, and Tammoset men in gray on the other—keeping the peace. The whole thing had been thoroughly planned and organized beforehand, as the local newspaper boastfully informed its readers on both sides of the river, in its next issue.

The crippled woman, supported on her crutches at the summit of the high bank, her gray head bare—a strange, pathetic figure—called aloud to the laborers to desist from their work of destruction. Not one of them heeded her: but all other eyes were turned upward, while her voice continued to ring out, tremulous yet clear, entreating yet commanding:

"Must I stand here alone, and see my property destroyed? Is there not one who will take my part, and stop this lawless proceeding? Are you all on the side of injustice and brute force?"

There was a brief silence; then a Dempford man in blue—our old acquaintance, in fact—made answer from the opposite shore:

"It is not a lawless proceeding, madam. You were duly notified that the dam must be removed. As you have not done it yourself, the people have taken it in hand."

"The people who do it, or witness it without protest, are a mob! The only law they have on their side is mob law, and they know it. There is no other law that can touch my poor little property here. I see grave-looking men in this crowd, men who no doubt call themselves respectable citizens.

Are they aware that, by their presence, if not by their acts, they are making war on a defenseless woman and her absent children? Well for you, well for you all," cried the widow, lifting a crutch and shaking it passionately over the heads of the crowd, "that my boys are not here to-day! You, breaking the dam there, and you assisting by looking on, would not be where you are! But you chose a safe time for your brave deed!"

She stopped to subdue the passion that was swelling in her voice; then, as nobody answered her, and as the planks and stakes were still giving way before the picks and bars, she went on:

"If this dam, which we have a right to maintain,—for I have taken legal counsel on the subject, and I know,—if it troubles you, why don't you go to work like honorable men and get rid of it? I hear that some of you, who are not Argonauts, have yet subscribed large sums toward building the club-house. Why have n't you subscribed something toward abating this nuisance you complain of? A few hundred dollars would have bought off the previous owner; or my boys would have come to any just agreement with you. But, ah!" she cried, scornfully, "this is not the popular side! You can well afford to give money for a new boat-house; but one poor woman's mill-dam, that is in the way of a few pleasure-boats, must be ruthlessly destroyed! Oh, what men you are!"

Nobody answered her again. But, if there were not in that assemblage of two or three hundred people, young and old, a few hearts that felt and remembered long afterward her thrilling words and the tears that now came streaming down her cheeks, it was a pitiless mob indeed.

"I have had my say," she added, "and now you will do as you please."

Her cheeks still wet with unwiped tears, she stood in silence and saw the work of demolition proceed.

The planks and stakes, as they were broken away, were sent floating down the stream; and soon not a vestige of the dam remained visible. The end of the platform, with the fish-way attached, was left hanging in the air. The laborers seemed to think their work done, and started to wade ashore.

Then a little fellow about the size of Web Foote, standing in one of the boats, swung his hat and called for three cheers. The spectators responded, though not very heartily, their feeling of triumph being sadly chilled by the sight of the pale face and feeble form supported by crutches on the bank.

But now there was a singular movement on the farther shore:

A man with coarse, sandy features of vast

territorial dimensions, who had been watching the show with manifest satisfaction, said something in a low voice to somebody else, who whispered it to a third person, who in turn ran to the edge of the bank and called to the men wading ashore:

"Go back! There's one thing you've forgotten!"

"What's that, Milt?" asked the little Commodore from his boat.

"The mud-sill!" said Buzrow, for it was indeed our amiable friend, the cow-smiter's son. "Dushee says they can rebuild the dam without any trouble if we leave the mud-sill."

"Is that so, Dushee?" cried Web Foote, in a loud voice.

"Certainly it is," Dushee replied in a much lower tone, after some hesitation.

Even he must have felt the ignominy of openly giving counsel for the destruction of a dam he had formerly had to defend, and which he had dishonestly passed into other hands. Perhaps, also, his old hatred of the Argonauts made the situation awkward for him. But his present hatred of the brothers he had wronged outweighed other considerations, and he spoke out:

"They have only to drive new stakes and nail on fresh boards. But rip up the mud-sill and spilin's, and they can't rebuild in the present state of high water."

"That's so!" exclaimed Buzrow. "Up with the mud-sill!"

So the men went back into the water, and with their picks and bars attacked the long strip of timber which, with what Dushee called the "spilin's,"—sharpened boards driven down several feet into the river-bed,—had served to keep the water and those pioneers of the water, the cels, from finding their way under the dam.

It was the hardest part of their job. The spilings had been driven to stay; and they were nailed to the sill. The tops of some of them broke off, however, while the old, rusty nails in the rest gave way; then up came the heavy, water-soaked timber, one end first, and, slowly lifted and swung around, scarcely floating, went down the strong current after the stakes and planks.

So much the Tinkham boys had gained by making one superfluous enemy.

CHAPTER XXV.

TO RESCUE THE MUD-SILL.

AFTER the funeral, Mart and Lute stopped to do some business in town, while Letty and the three younger brothers hastened to take the first train for Tammoset.

"I've the strangest feeling," Letty said, "that something is n't right with Mother."

"I don't see what can have happened to her," replied Rush. "But I can't help feeling skittish about the dam."

Starting to walk home from Tammoset station, they were surprised to meet a number of people coming up the road, who gave them curious, excited looks. They hurried on, meeting more and more; and, passing the brow of the hill, saw two scattered throngs moving slowly up both shores of the river, converging at the bridge, and from there streaming off thinly, in groups and pairs, toward Tammoset and Dempford.

"The dam! the dam!" exclaimed the boys, making a sudden onward rush.

All was over when they reached home. The last of the youngsters was slipping from the tree down the bank, on the summit of which the widow still stood, with gray head uncovered, propped upon her crutches.

"Mother! Mother!" Rush exclaimed, springing to her side before the rest. "What is it?"

She was very pale, but quite calm now, until his coming caused her emotions to surge up again.

"You see what has been done," she said, pointing at the spot where the dam had been.

He gave a savage cry of grief and rage.

"There's nothing to be said," she continued, checking a sob, "but much to be done. Where are the boys?"

"They are coming in a later train. Oh!" exclaimed Rush, his face in a spasm of fury and pain. "if we had only been here!"

"It's well you were not. Better suffer wrong, than to have killed some one, or have been killed yourselves. For I am sure one of these two things would have happened!"

"Something would have happened!" said Rush. "Oh! to think you were here alone! You saw it all?"

"I saw it all!"

"And do you know who did it?"

"How could I? There were only two faces I ever saw before—the Dushees."

Dick had already been discovered as he tumbled down the slope at sight of the boys; and Rupert and Rodman had been for giving him chase and throwing him into the river.

"Was the old reprobate here looking on?" demanded Rush.

"He was not only looking on, but you owe it to him that the mud-sill was torn up."

The wrong seemed too great to bear. Rush struggled with his bursting heart for a moment, then said:

"Never mind! this is n't the end! Bring the

clothes-line, boys! we'll save what we can. Letty, help Mother into the house!"

Letty, whom the boys had outrun, had now come up, and was clinging to her mother's side. Rush left them, and hurried down the path to the lower story of the mill, where he met our old acquaintance, the gray-coated Tammoset policeman.

The policeman smiled—not at all like one caught in bad business, but rather as if he had been engaged in some praiseworthy action.

"I think," he said, "you will find your property has been carefully protected. I have n't allowed anybody to go into the mill, or to damage anything."

Rush regarded him with wrathful amazement.

"Perhaps you expect some reward from us?"

"I don't ask it," replied the man in gray, bowing complacently, with a look which implied that a reward would not be unwelcome. "I have only done my duty. The dam had to go, you know. We've seen the last of that."

"The last of it?" echoed Rush, with angry scorn.

"The last of it!" the man in gray repeated, positively. "An injunction will be applied for at once, to prevent you from rebuilding it."

"Why did n't you have the mill torn away, too?" said Rush. "Don't you see it projects twenty feet into the river? It may be in the way of some nice little pleasure skiff, some time!"

He did not wait to hear the man's reply to this fierce sarcasm, but, having bent into a hook-like shape the end of a long iron rod which he found in the back shop, he hastened with it down the river, accompanied by Rupert with a pole and Rodman with the clothes-line.

They descried the mud-sill lodged in a bend, and some Argonauts in a boat poking one end of it, as if to set it afloat again.

"Let that timber alone!"

Rush sent his voice before him, while running with full speed. The Argonauts poked and pulled with their oars harder than ever.

"I warn you!" he shouted. "That timber belongs to me!"

As they did not desist, but seemed hastening to get the sill out of reach from the shore, he caught up a stone weighing three or four pounds, and, running up within hurling distance, flung it with all his might.

It struck the boat between wind and water, with a crash and a splash which sent the Argonauts paddling off in a hurry. Rupe and Rod, following along the shore, let fly smaller stones, one of which fell into the boat, while another went whizzing over two swiftly ducking heads.

"Thieves! robbers! cowards!" Rush shouted,

having first thrown the hook-like end of his rod over the timber. "You do your dirty work in the night-time, or when only women are at home, but you run from two or three boys! Come back here if you want your boat smashed!"

"We've nothing to do with you," a big-voiced Argonaut shouted back. "Our business was with the dam."

"My business is with the dam, too!" cried Rush. "I know you, Milt Buzrow; and if I see you touch one of those planks by the shore down yonder, I'll follow and stone your boat all the way to Dempford!"

Buzrow exhibited his courage by bellowing back some heavy threat; but for some reason he and his fellow-Argonauts did not think it worth their while to meddle with any of the drift-wood.

Rush called to his brothers, and with their help soon had the timber hauled alongside the bank.

"We won't try to get it home now," he said. "The tide will turn in a little while and help us. Stay here and hold on to it, while I go and borrow Mr. Rummey's boat."

He hurried back up the river to the bridge, crossed over, and found the farmer walking leisurely toward his barn. Rush did his breathless errand.

"My boat? What do you want it for?" Mr. Rummey replied, good-naturedly.

"Does it make any difference what I want it for?" Rush asked rather sharply, thinking his rustic neighbor was also in sympathy with the enemy.

"Wall, mabby!" said the farmer. "If you want it for any ordinary purpose, I say you can take it. But if you want it to save your timbers and put back your dam——"

"That 's just what I want it for!" said Rush, with headlong frankness.

"In that case, I don't care to stir up the prejudice of the Argue-nots agin' me. So I sha'n't say you can take it. But see here!" the farmer added, confidentially, as Rush was turning away in furious disgust; "if anybody should come and take the boat without leave, and never say I let 'em, they would n't be prosecuted. They'll find the oars behind the hen-house."

"Thank you," said Rush.

"Don't thank me, for I don't know nothin' about it, you know. I've seen how you boys have been treated, and I should n't blame ye if you took any boat you could lay hands on."

The farmer was entering his barn. But he now turned back and added:

"Or anything else, for that matter. By the way, did you know the Argue-nots are preparing to build a platform around the side of their boat-house? They've got the posts and lumber on the

spot. Don't tell anybody I said that to you, neither!"

"I don't see what that is to us," Rush replied. "Though they rob us of our dam, we can't go and steal their stuff in return."

"Of course not," said the farmer, with a broad and somewhat significant smile. "Of course not." And he entered the barn.

"He thinks we can destroy their property as they have destroyed ours," thought Rush, as he walked slowly back to the road. "And I am mad enough to! I should like to put a keg of powder under their boat-house, and blow it to the moon! Or sink the Commodore's yacht in the deepest part of the lake!"



"THE BRIDGE WAS THROGGED WITH PEOPLE."

For the first time in his life he felt how revengeful, how desperately wicked, even an honest, well-meaning boy could be when fired by wrong. He wanted to go that night, and, by the help of a match and a few shavings, send the new boat-house roaring up into the sky in a wild cloud of smoke and flame.

But he had a steadfast, prudent nature, which helped him to put all such evil fancies quickly out of his mind. Beside, he had something else to think of now.

He had not wished to be seen going directly from Mr. Rumney's barn to the boat. He therefore walked back to the bridge; then, appearing suddenly to change his mind, he leaped the fence, ran to the hen-house for the oars, and a minute later might have been seen pushing off in the boat and rowing rapidly down the river.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THAT EVENING.

RUSH had taken his younger brothers on board, met the turning tide, and recovered much of the floating *débris*,—picking up the stakes and smaller pieces, and driving or towing the planks with the slowly backing current,—when Mart and Lute appeared, hurrying down toward the shore.

On reaching home and learning what had happened, they had made a hasty change of clothing, and Mart had put on what they called the "Dushee dug-outs"—a pair of enormous rubber boots, inherited from the former owner, and used, hitherto, chiefly in working about the dam in high water.

They came up to the hips, and, having been designed for much stouter limbs, they made the lank Martin look, as he waded into the river, as if he were walking in a pair of churns.

Not a word of the great disaster; but Mart simply said, "You're doing well, boys!" in quiet tones of approval, which it always did the younger ones good to hear.

No language, as Lute said afterward, would have done any sort of j-j-justice to the occasion. So, instead of wasting breath over the injury they had received, they set earnestly about repairing it.

The end of the clothes-line was passed on from Mart wading in the river to Lute on the shore; and boat and planks were towed back to the mill. There the fragments of the dam were heaped on



"A LINE OF MEN DEMOLISHING THE DAM."

the bank, and the mud-sill was also hauled up out of the water.

Bits of the spilings remained nailed to the side of the sill here and there. But they were few and small, the nails, when it was wrenched away, having in most cases broken, or been drawn through the soft boards—a fact which Lute observed with keen interest.

“What are the *spilings*?” Rod inquired.

Mart, who believed in explaining things to inquiring young minds, explained accordingly—the more willingly now, because he wanted the younger boys to understand the sort of work in which they might be required to assist.

“In building a dam of this kind, the first thing put in place is the mud-sill, laid level across the river-bed. Then all along by that, on the up-stream side, they drive a row of boards, set closely edge to edge, the tops left even with the top of the sill, and nailed fast to it. Those are the spilings, and they help hold the sill in place.”

“Except when p-p-parties come and r-r-rip it out,” suggested Lute, still studying and examining.

“The spilings are mainly useful,” Mart went on, “to keep other parties, like muskrats and eels, from working under the dam. Eels are a kind of Argue-nots; they claim a right of way, and when they can't wriggle through or over, they try to burrow beneath.”

“One little hole in the b-b-bed of the river,” said Lute, “the water makes it bigger, and the first you know there's no b-b-bottom to your dam.”

Mart then explained that the stakes were driven on the down-stream side of the sill, and that the boards of the superstructure rested on the edge of it, running lengthwise with the timber, and nailed to the stakes. The sill also served as a floor for the flash-boards to shut down on. All which the younger boys had some notion of before, and were to know pretty thoroughly by experience in future.

“Lucky for us the spilings were driven deep and half rotten,” said Lute. “If they had n't been, they'd have p-p-pulled up. I believe we can get the mud-sill back and make 'em do for a t-t-time.”

“We could, if the tops of so many had n't been broken,” said Mart. “It will be hard fitting the pieces.”

“We need n't fit the pieces,” said Lute. “I've an i-d-d-dea.”

As Lute's ideas were always worth listening to, the others listened intently.

“Dig a trench,” he said, “and sink the mud-sill eight inches. That will cover the broken p-p-parts of the spilings, and the ragged ends left sticking up over it wont do any hurt.”

“Capital!” Rush exclaimed. “The row of

spilings will guide us in digging the trench and replacing the sill.”

Mart said nothing, but walked with a peculiarly earnest, expectant look, straight into the river, and began to feel his way among the spilings with his clumsy boots.

“I believe you're right, Lute!” he said. “If it was a time of low water, we could do it at ebb tide without any trouble.”

The tide was but just coming up now, and yet, owing to spring rains, the water where he stood was nearly two feet deep.

“It's a bad-working job,” said Rush, “with only one pair of Dushee's dug-outs among us! The water is awfully cold yet. I wish it was later in the season.”

“We can build a temporary dam, just a light fence to keep the most of the water off, while we're at w-w-work,” suggested Lute.

“If we had boards enough,” said Mart.

“Plenty of b-b-boards.”

“I don't see that. These old planks are so split and broken that only a few will do to use again. And though we have looked out for having boards enough on hand to rebuild the dam, we have n't enough for a temporary dam at the same time.”

“Plenty of b-b-boards,” Lute repeated, confidently. “Rip the siding off the sheds.”

“So we can!” exclaimed Rush. “And put it back again when the temporary dam comes away.”

But Mart raised objections.

“The old dam,” he said, “was fifty feet long. The mill projects into the river twenty feet. That makes something like seventy feet from bank to bank. And the temporary dam would have to be three or four boards high, to keep the water from pouring over.”

“I don't propose to build from bank to bank,” Lute explained. “I would start the temporary dam at the corner of the mill, just above the permanent one, and run it across a little diagonally, to give us room to work between them.”

“But the water will come tearing under, I know!” said Rush.

“Yes, it will b-b-bother us. But we can stop it with more boards, and relieve the pressure by letting it through the mill-slucce. That's one advantage of starting the temporary dam at the corner of the mill. It wont take long to drive stakes and string it across.”

Still Mart objected, believing that the temporary dam would cause more trouble than it would save, and preferring to work in the water.

The difficulties in the way of either plan were formidable enough. The brothers were still arguing the question, when Letty came to tell them

that, for their mother's sake, they must come in to their supper, which had been a long while waiting.

"Well," said Mart, "it's so late we can't do much more, as I see; and we can talk over plans in the house as well as here."

The supper-table conversation, that evening, was wonderfully cheerful and quiet, considering the circumstances. The wrong which had been done them knit more closely the sympathies of mother and children; they were never before so united, hardly ever so happy. The spirits of the young men had risen to meet the emergency; their hearts had grown great.

"The more I think of it," said the widow, with glistering eyes, "the more thankful I am that you were not at home this afternoon. If you had been, we should not be sitting here together now, all safe and well, with clear consciences and sound limbs—I am sure we should not!"

"I am frightened when I think what might have happened!" said Letty. "What if one of you had been hurt, as I know you would have been, before the dam could ever have been torn out!"

"We should n't have looked on with our hands in our p-p-pockets," said Lute, soaking a crust of dry toast in his chocolate. "That is n't the T-t-tinkham style."

"Or suppose you had hurt somebody else?" said the mother; "perhaps fatally, and were now in jail, with the terrible prospect of a trial! Oh! how much better we can afford to lose a little of our property, or even all, and begin the world again with clean hands. We have suffered a great wrong, but that is better than to have done even a little wrong. We won't complain of Providence as long as our hope and strength and love remain, and we are left to one another."

"I don't know what makes me so glad!" exclaimed Letty. "I never was so proud of my brothers. I never felt so sure that they would come out all right at last!"

"It's no use giving in to t-t-trifles," said Lute. "We mean to have our dam again, and k-k-keep it, next time."

"We've been pretty indulgent to the Argonauts," said Mart. "We've allowed them two chances at us—one when we were asleep and one when we were away. That's about enough. Now let 'em look out! Piece of gingerbread, please, Letty."

"How long will it take to rebuild the dam?" Letty asked, as she passed the dish.

Mart was explaining that it would depend upon circumstances, when Rush spoke up:

"That reminds me of what the policeman said—some nonsense about an injunction being applied for at once, to prevent our rebuilding it. They can't, can they?"

"Say it again," replied Mart. He paused, holding the gingerbread he was about to break, and listened seriously while Rush repeated the officer's words. "I don't exactly like that!" he drawled.

"Is there anything in it?" cried Rush, in a tone of alarm.

"I don't know, but that's very likely their game. Now the dam is torn away, the court may possibly elap on an injunction to prevent our rebuilding it. Then we may have to wait for a long course of law to decide the matter. I don't know about it; and while we are waiting to consult Mr. Keep, their trap may be sprung. I prefer to be on the safe side."

"What is the safe side?" Rush inquired.

"An injunction," said Mart, "is a writ to prohibit your doing something which somebody complains will damage public or private interests. Now, suppose, before such a writ is issued, the thing is done? That's what I call the safe side for us."

"You mean to rebuild the dam before we are ordered not to rebuild it!" said Rush. "But can we? The order may come to-morrow morning!"

"Yes, or a notice that it has been applied for. Then the rebuilding would be at our own cost and peril. Boys," said Mart, starting up, "we have n't a minute to lose!"

"No," said Lute! "There'll be a moon. We must w-w-work to-night!"

The brothers were on their feet in a moment, eager, even to the youngest, to begin the tremendous task of circumventing the enemies of the dam. Amidst the sudden clatter of chairs and clamor of voices, the mother uttered her remonstrance.

"Oh, boys," she said, "rest to-night and do your work to-morrow! That will be better, I'm sure."

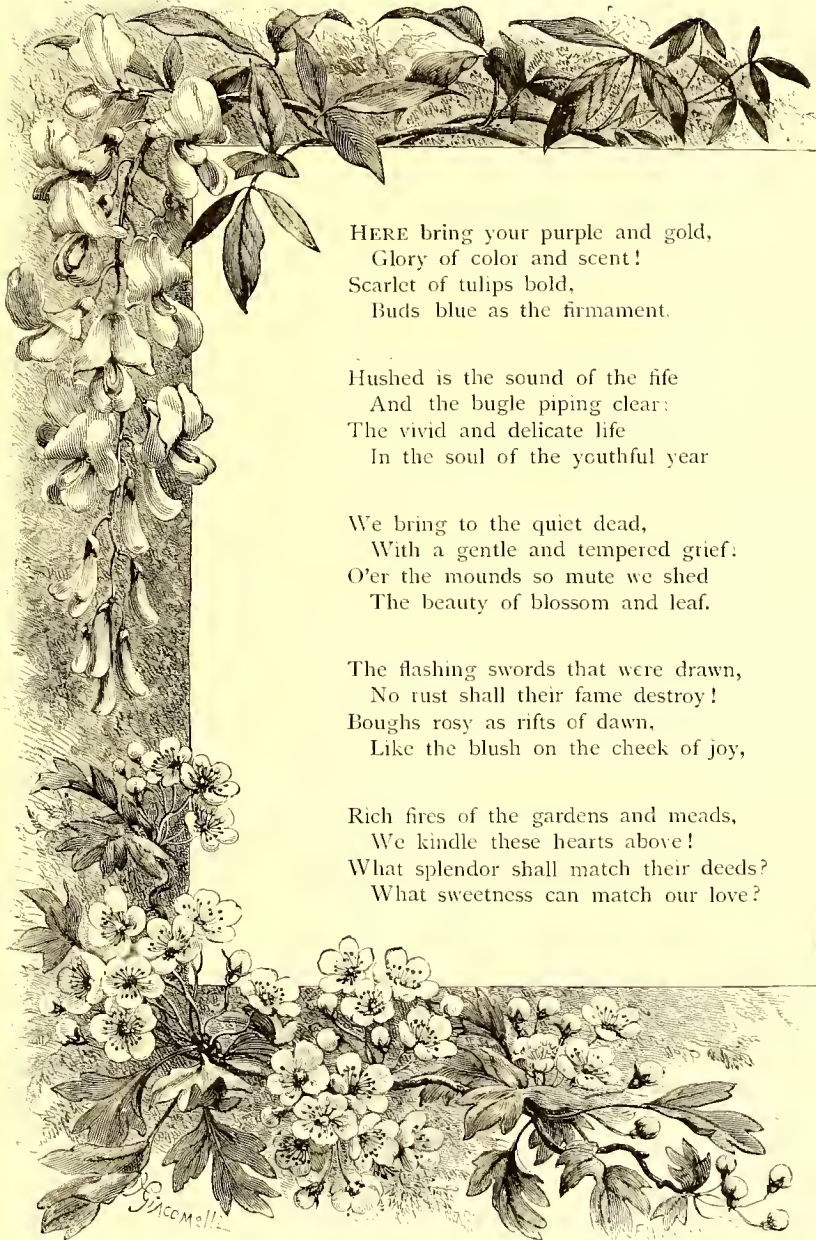
"No, Mother!" replied Mart, with a quiet laugh. "To-morrow may be too late. We'll work to-night, and rest when our work is done."

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

[Decoration Day, 1883.]

BY CELIA THAXTER.



HERE bring your purple and gold,
 Glory of color and scent!
 Scarlet of tulips bold,
 Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the fife
 And the bugle piping clear:
 The vivid and delicate life
 In the soul of the youthful year

We bring to the quiet dead,
 With a gentle and tempered grief:
 O'er the mounds so mute we shed
 The beauty of blossom and leaf.

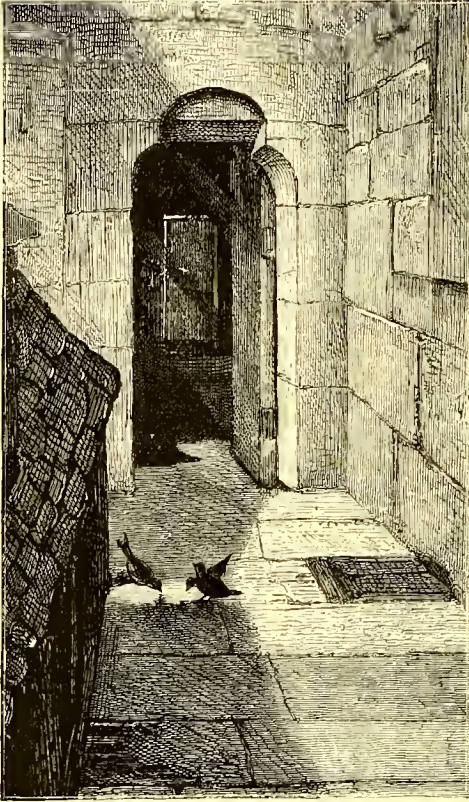
The flashing swords that were drawn,
 No rust shall their fame destroy!
 Boughs rosy as rifts of dawn,
 Like the blush on the cheek of joy,

Rich fires of the gardens and meads,
 We kindle these hearts above!
 What splendor shall match their deeds?
 What sweetness can match our love?

J. S. McMillan

HOW TOMMY WENT TO JAIL.

BY KATE B. FOOT.



It was a hot morning in early June. The sun shone brightly, the grass was very green, and the saucy little dandelions looked like dots of gold thickly sprinkled on the grass. It was all very bright and very pleasant, but Tommy got very tired of it all; so he thought he would go and see Carry Young, who lived just across the church lawn and the jail-yard, and in a house that was really part of the jail, for her father was the county sheriff.

So off he trudged,—a pretty little boy of five years, with blue eyes and yellow curls, wearing a brown Holland dress, with a straw hat planted on the back of his head,—a pailful of dandelions in one hand, and a wooden shovel in the other. He had a tussle with the latch of the gate, but at last he got out, and as soon as he had tugged up to the top of the church lawn, he saw Carry in the jail-yard, and he ran over, calling to her. She was

very glad to see him, and they played together for a long time, till Carry said she was tired and hot, and was going into the office to get cool. So they both went indoors. Tommy had never been in there before, because his mother had always said that he might play outdoors with Carry, but must not go into the house. But, this time, he had somehow forgotten that injunction.

The office was a queer room, with two doors that went outdoors, and two doors that went indoors, and two more doors that were not doors at all, but iron gates. Tommy went and looked through one of the gates, and thought it was the funniest place that he ever saw in his life, for there was a long, long entry and big windows on one side, and on the other many other iron gates—only they were little ones, not nearly so big as the one he was looking through. He pressed his face against the bars, and wondered what it was all for. When he turned around, Carry had gone, and Mr. Young was just seating himself.

“Would you like to go inside, Tommy?” said Mr. Young.

“Yes, sir,” said Tommy.

So Mr. Young took down a big bunch of keys and opened the gate, and Tommy went in, and Mr. Young swung the big gate together behind him and locked it with a great jangling of keys. Then Tommy was scared, and he puckered up his forehead and mouth, and big tears came into his eyes. Mr. Young was watching to see what he would do, and seeing the tears, said, “Oh! I’ll let you out whenever you want to come.”

Then Tommy felt comforted, and concluded that he would go on and see what sort of a place he had got into—for this little boy was very curious, and always wanted to find out about things for himself. So he walked on to the first little gate, and there he saw a very little room with a bed and a chair in it, and on the bed was a man who seemed to be sound asleep. Tommy looked at him for a little while, but he did n’t speak to him, because he felt sure he must have a headache, or some illness, to be lying down in the day-time. His mamma had headaches, and then nobody ever spoke to her; so he went on to the next gate.

There sat a man leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the floor, and he was thinking so hard that he did n’t hear Tommy at all as he came softly up and stood still before him. The man had a sort of red cap on his head, and a long red dressing-

gown, with a cord and tassel around the middle. Tommy looked at him very hard, and then thought to himself, "He 's as nice as my papa, and I guess he 's a prince; they wear long red gowns and things."

The man sat very still, and Tommy looked at him for what seemed a long, long time, and then he said, "Good-morning, sir."

The man started so that Tommy jumped too, and dropped his shovel on the floor. But he need not have been scared, for the man had a pleasant face and a pleasant, kind voice, and, after looking at Tommy for a minute with very wide open eyes, he said: "Why, how did you get in here, and how do you do?"

"I'm very well," said Tommy. "Mr. Young let me come in. I play with Carry."

"Oh, you do!" said the man. "What do you play? And what 's your name?"

"Oh, lots o' things. Carry and me has planted a garden. My name 's Tommy. What 's yours?"

"Mine?" said the man. "Well, I have n't any just now."

They chatted on for a minute or two, and then Tommy said: "Let me in there, I want to sit down."

A queer look came over the man's face. "I can't open the door," he said. "You sit down on the floor."

"Why can't you open it?" And Tommy looked very much puzzled.

"Because it's locked, and I have n't got the key," said the man; and then he said, half to himself, "Wish I had."

"I'll get the key," and Tommy turned to go back to the big gate.

"No, no," said the man, in a quick, sharp way, and Tommy looked at him, and was half scared again. But by the next minute the man looked as pleasant as he had at first, and so Tommy sat down on the floor in front of the gate, with his legs crossed in front, his little pail of fading dandelions on one side and his wooden shovel on the other, and, with a little dimpled hand on each knee, prepared to have a nice talk — for Tommy was a very sociable boy.

He looked at the man very intently for a minute, and then he said, with a solemn look in his big blue eyes, "Have you been naughty?"

The queer look came into the man's face again, and he said, "What makes you think so?"

"'Cause once I was naughty and my mamma shut me up all alone in the nursery, and I did n't have a nice door like this. I had a big, hard door, and I could n't see out at all, and I did n't like it. *Have* you been naughty — say?"

"Well," said the man, "yes; I'm afraid I have."

"Wont you be good if they 'll let you out?" And Tommy looked very serious.

The man looked at Tommy. He looked at him so hard that Tommy could only stare back at him, wondering what made him look so, and then the man said slowly, "I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you'll be good. Now, *say* you'll be good, an' then you'll *mean* to be good, an' you can come out," said Tommy, and he shook his head so that the yellow curls on either side waved to and fro. The man did n't answer, and Tommy went on. "Now, you see, when my mamma shut me up I was an *awful* bad boy, 'cause I *bit* Ellen one day 'cause she would n't bring up and put on my shoes, an' my mamma she sat down by the door, an' she said if I'd say really I was going to be good I would be good, an' so I said *really* I was, an' she opened the door an' I came out, an' I'm a *real* good boy now. Now, *you* say you'll be good *really*, an' then I'll go tell my mamma, an' she 'll open the door."

Just then a man came up, and, opening a tiny little door in the gate, handed the man a plate with something on it.

The man took it and put it on the floor. "Have some?" he said.

"No, thank you," said Tommy, looking scornfully at the plate. "That does n't look good like what we have. Don't you have chicken? We 're going to have chicken to-day. I saw 'em when I came out."

"No; they don't have chicken here," said the man, and he pushed away the plate with his foot, as if he did n't like the look of it.

"Well, now, you're going to be good, are n't you?" and Tommy put on his most coaxing and winning air.

The man sat very still, and then he suddenly put his hand through the bars: "Yes," he said, "I guess I am going to be good. Shake hands on it."

Tommy jumped up in such a hurry that he spilled all the dandelions, and put his little hand in the man's big one, and put up his lips for a kiss, and when the man had kissed him, Tommy said, "Now I'll go and tell my mamma, an' she 'll let you out." Then he picked up his pail and shovel, and said, "I guess I don't want those flowers. There 's lots out in our yard," and then he stood still a minute looking at the man, who was looking straight at him. Presently Tommy opened his eyes and mouth wide. "Why!" he said, "you aint going to cry—you're too big. Mamma says *I'm* too big to cry."

"No," said the man: "I'm not going to cry." And yet Tommy was sure that big tears were in his eyes. The man put out his hand. "Shake hands," he said, "and come again some day."

"Why, yes!" said Tommy; "but they'll let you out now 'cause you're goin' to be good. I'll tell 'em. Good-bye. I'll come back right off." And so he went away to the big gate, passing the room where the man had been asleep. But he was sitting up then. "Good-morning," said Tommy, stopping a minute. The man lifted a sullen, cross face, and said, in a very cross voice, "Get out with you!" and Tommy, fairly scared this time, ran to the gate crying: "Oh, let me out! quick! let me out!" And Mr. Young let him out, and, before he could lock the gate again, Tommy was running home across the garden just as fast as his legs could carry him, and he never stopped until he got safely inside the kitchen-door.

And then he was busy with his dinner, and so busy after his dinner—for he went to the circus—that he quite forgot about his visit and the poor man that was locked up, until he was going to bed; then he said, "Oh! Mamma, they have such funny little beds in the jail; and, Mamma, I forgot to tell you, there 's a man there,—an' he says he'll be *really* good,—an' wont you let him come out now?"

Tommy's mother looked very much surprised, and said, "Why, where *have* you been, my little boy?"

So, although Tommy was very sleepy, he told about his visit to the man. After Tommy had finished his story, his mother held him very tight in her arms for a minute, and then said, "But, Tommy, you know I said you must n't go into Carry's house."

"Well, I forgot," said Tommy—"I truly did, and I wont go any more; only, Mamma, do let him out, 'cause he 's goin' to be good." Tommy was very, very sleepy, but he found time to wonder, before he fairly went off into dream-land, why his mother's eyes and mouth looked so queer when she leaned over and kissed him good-night.

"Just like crying," he thought, and, the next minute, was fast asleep. And at about the same time Mr. Young stood talking to the man in the jail.

"So you had a visitor this morning?"

"Yes," said the man, "and I spent the best half-hour with that little fellow that I've had since I took up my lodgings in this hole."

"Well, good-night," said Mr. Young, and he went on.

The man threw himself on his bed, but not to sleep; he tossed restlessly all night long, and through the long, narrow window opposite the door of his cell the very same stars looked in upon him that looked in on little Tommy, sound asleep in his crib. He lay flat on his back, with parted lips and rosy cheeks, one fat arm thrown over his head and one extended along his side, with his fingers

thrust out of the bars of his crib, that he might put out his hand to find his mother's if he should wake in the night.

A day or two after Tommy's visit to the jail, the man, with whom he had talked so innocently, and who called himself Williams, was taken to the court-room for trial. There was little to be said in his defense, and the evidence against him was strong. He was found guilty of robbing a safe, and so the judge sentenced him to five years at hard labor in the State-prison at Charlestown, Mass. He was taken there at once and put to work.

Now, this man had never worked in all his life. His father was a rich man, and had, for years, given him plenty of money to spend. But he got into bad company, partly because he always had plenty of money in his pocket, and when he fell in-

to bad company, his father refused to give him any more money, and turned him out of his house. And he had learned to think it easier to steal than to work; and one night he, with several other men, robbed a safe; and that was the way he got into prison.

He suffered dreadfully when he was shut up and made to work hard, and never allowed to walk out except in the dreary prison-yard. He tried very hard to escape, but he and all the other prisoners were too closely watched for that; and so after awhile he gave up trying to get away, and worked faithfully, partly because he was happier when he was very busy, and partly because he won the good-will of all the prison officers by so doing, and once in awhile obtained little favors from them, such as a little longer walk in the yard on Sundays, and, after awhile, work that was easier for him to do.

So two years went by, and one bright summer



"HE HALTED WITH HIS HAND ON THE LOCK."

day one of his fellow-prisoners came to him and told him of a plot among them which, if successfully carried out, would give him and several more the liberty they so longed for. But to carry out the proposed plot it was absolutely necessary to kill one of the prison officers; then they would take his keys, and, before the alarm could be given, get safely away.

What a temptation it was to Williams! He wanted so much to get out to breathe the free, fresh air again, for somehow the air even in the prison-yard did not seem fresh to him, and he was only there for such a little while every day. But to kill the turnkey!—That was a dreadful thing to think of even!—And yet there was no other way to get out, and he would be free—yes, he *would*. So he agreed to the plan, and the last night came. At the cell three doors below the one occupied by Williams the keeper was to be stabbed, and then within an hour twelve men would be free again.

It had been a very, very warm day; the air was close and heavy and sultry.

Williams lay on his bed, thinking “It is the last night,” when he heard the turnkey coming down the corridor on his evening round of locking doors.

Every step took him nearer to death. Williams knew it, eleven other men knew it, and he knew that these men would if they could kill the man who should even offer to betray them. But the keeper came on, whistling a tune as he walked. The tune was commonplace enough, and worn threadbare by endless repetition in singing, whistling, and organ-grinding—only the old tune of “My Mary Ann”; but it saved his life.

For, as the keeper came whistling on, Williams listened, and then noiselessly sprang off his bed, while great drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead, although he no longer felt the heat, but seemed to have grown suddenly ice-cold.

He saw once more a little face looking in between the bars of his cell-door, and heard a sweet young voice that said, “Well, you’re going to be good now?”

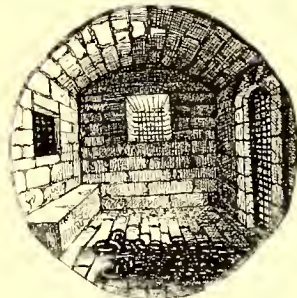
Why did he think of that little innocent face just at that moment? Because on that day when

Tommy had been to see him, and just after he had passed out of sight, with his yellow curls and big hat and faded dandelions, an organ-grinder in the street had stopped and played that tune, and he had heard it very faintly—but clearly enough to forever associate it with Tommy and his visit.

“Going to be good?” Yes, he had said he was “going to be good.” And yet that very night he was going to be bad—aye, worse than he had ever been!

Tommy’s little face grew more and more plain before his eyes. “Going to be good—going to be good now” seemed to be shouted in the air as Williams stood leaning against the wall of his cell. The keeper came on; he was the next cell but one above—at the next—at Williams’s own; in a second he would be gone—it would be too late. He had already shot the bolt and turned the key, when Williams, standing in the shadow, with his finger on his lips, whispered, “Stop!” He did not dare to show himself at the grating, but again he whispered “Stop!” The keeper heard, and halted with his hand on the lock, bending his head slightly to listen, while Williams, tremblingly and half under his breath, told him all the truth. Then, as the low whisper ceased, the keeper stared wildly for a moment, but, recovering himself, said aloud, in careless tones, “I’ll get it for you,” and with a quiet, steady step walked back the way he had come.

There was nothing strange in that, for he often went back for a book or to attend to some question of a prisoner, as it was his last round for the night; and so the men, farther down the hall, who were in the plot thought nothing of it, and waited. But when he came back there was a tread of many feet, and he had brought a strong guard with him. The eleven men were put in solitary confinement, and Williams received from the governor of the prison his most hearty thanks. Within a month he was pardoned out and once more free, and he really did become a good man. He went away to a foreign country, where no one knew his story, and from that day to this he has led a perfectly upright life. And this is what came of Tommy’s visit to the jail; and the story is a true one.



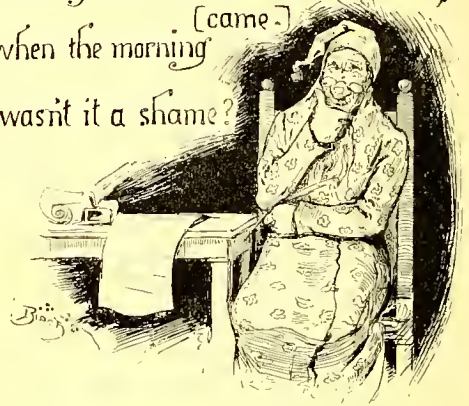
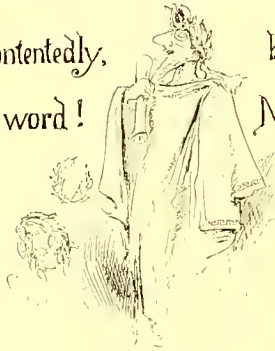


Here was a dignified old bard, the chief of whose delights
 Was to think of pretty poems as he lay awake o' nights
 I once composed an ode, said he, that no one could eclipse,
 Which would have caused my name to be forever on men's lips.

And then I slept contentedly,
 I couldn't recollect a word!

but, when the morning ^[came]

Now wasn't it a shame?



THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM HOLDS A GREAT ARCHERY MEETING.

AS THE days flew past, the happy yeomen of the greenwood spent most of the time in hunting. They roved through the shady forests, with their strong bows in their hands, killing many fine deer and a great number of birds. Their bowstrings twanged musically at every shot, and their feathered arrows fairly whistled through the air.

Meantime, the Sheriff of Nottingham issued a proclamation inviting all the good bowmen of the country to meet on his field for a grand day of target-shooting. He offered as the principal prize a silver arrow, feathered and pointed with gold. Hearing of this, Robin Hood called his men together, and bade them get ready to attend the meeting and contest for the splendid prize. This delighted the jolly yeomen, and they at once set to selecting their best bows and arrows, and their gayest hoods and kirtles for the occasion. Nor did

they fail to practice at the distances to be shot, so as to be able to do themselves credit at the match.

It must have been a pleasing sight when Robin and his men set out for Nottingham. The company numbered one hundred and forty strong and comely fellows, the best archers in the world, all dressed in uniforms of green, and bearing bows of yellow yew that shone in the sun like gold. They were confident of success, and sang merry ballads of life in the greenwood as they marched along.

When they reached Nottingham, they found a broad, level field set with rows of butts one hundred yards apart. Against these butts, or walls of sod, were placed the marks at which the archers were to shoot. The proud Sheriff was there superintending the proceedings, surrounded by a large number of his boldest followers and best bowmen.

Robin and his yeomen marched into the field, relying upon the Sheriff's oath for protection from harm.

The bugles sounded gayly, calling the archers to their places to begin the merry contest. Bows began to bend, and bowstrings to ring, and ar-

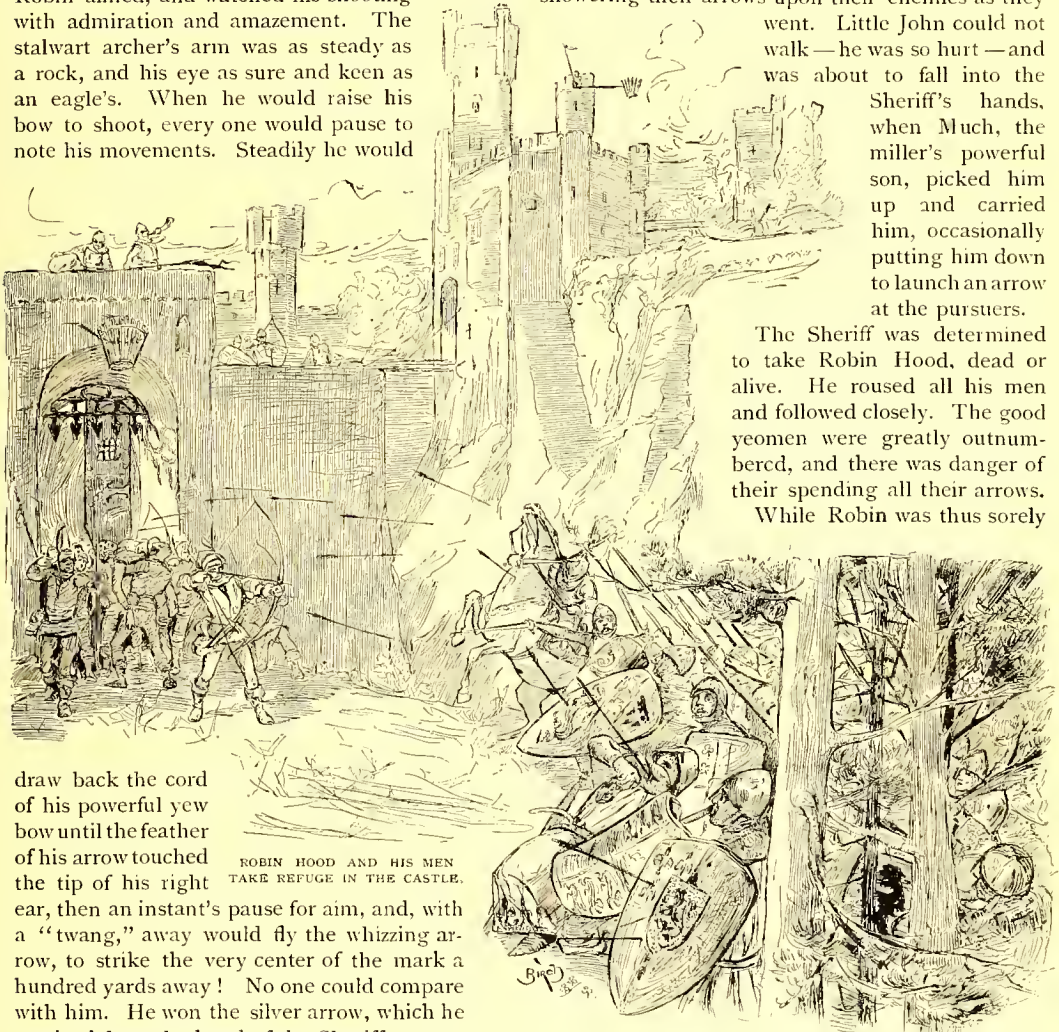
rows to fly, well aimed at the shining white willow wands which served for the marks. Robin Hood's very best archers were five in number: Little John, Much, Gilbert of the white hand, Reynold, and Scathelock. They beat every bowman on the field, save Robin himself, who split the wand at every shot. The Sheriff stood by the butt at which Robin aimed, and watched his shooting with admiration and amazement. The stalwart archer's arm was as steady as a rock, and his eye as sure and keen as an eagle's. When he would raise his bow to shoot, every one would pause to note his movements. Steadily he would

have broken your oath to me! When I had you in my power I did not thus treat you! I fed you and let you go. I have depended on your oath and your honor, and you have proven false. Shame upon you!"

By this time, all Robin's men had formed in a body and began retreating toward the forest, showering their arrows upon their enemies as they went. Little John could not walk—he was so hurt—and was about to fall into the Sheriff's hands, when Much, the miller's powerful son, picked him up and carried him, occasionally putting him down to launch an arrow at the pursuers.

The Sheriff was determined to take Robin Hood, dead or alive. He roused all his men and followed closely. The good yeomen were greatly outnumbered, and there was danger of their spending all their arrows.

While Robin was thus sorely



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN
TAKE REFUGE IN THE CASTLE.

draw back the cord of his powerful yew bow until the feather of his arrow touched the tip of his right ear, then an instant's pause for aim, and, with a "twang," away would fly the whizzing arrow, to strike the very center of the mark a hundred yards away! No one could compare with him. He won the silver arrow, which he received from the hand of the Sheriff.

It was now growing late, and Robin called his company together to depart for the greenwood, when suddenly horns began to blow on all sides, and the Sheriff and his villainous followers attacked our yeomen, with intent to kill or capture them all. An arrow struck Little John in the knee, wounding him severely.

"Treason! Treason!" cried Robin Hood, shaking his bow at the treacherous Sheriff. "You

pressed, he suddenly came in sight of a strong castle situated in the edge of the forest. This was the home of the knight to whom Robin had lent the four hundred pounds. He was called Sir Richard at the Lea. The gentle and honorable knight was glad to do Robin and his men a good turn, so he took them into his castle and closed the gates, and would not let the Sheriff in. The latter tried to take the castle by siege; but, find-

ing this impossible, he withdrew his men and went off to appeal to the King.

In the meantime, Robin and his merry men returned to the greenwood, after receiving bountiful kindness from the grateful knight.

About this time Edward I. had succeeded Henry III. on the throne of England, and it was to him that the proud Sheriff went to appeal. The King said that in a short time he should be coming up to Nottingham, when he would capture both Robin Hood and the knight Sir Richard at the Lea.

The Sheriff was very angry when, on returning from his interview with the King, he found that Robin Hood and his men had again taken to the greenwood, but he dared not do anything until he was sure of success. So he set about watching for a chance to take Sir Richard at the Lea by surprise, which he succeeded in doing one day when the knight was out hawking. He ordered his men to bind poor Sir Richard upon a horse, and so took him in disgrace along the streets of Nottingham. But Sir Richard's wife hastened into the greenwood, and informed Robin Hood of what had befallen her husband. Then Robin blew his bugle, and his sevenscore of yeomen hastened to gather around him. They were eager to rescue the gentle knight, whom they greatly loved. They bent their tough yew bows, and filled their baldrics with arrows. The greenwood echoed with the murmur of their voices and the sounds of their preparations for the coming attack.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIGHT AT NOTTINGHAM.

THE proud Sheriff rode along the streets of Nottingham, his trumpeters blowing their trumpets in sign of triumph, because he had captured the gentle knight, Sir Richard at the Lea, and the King's archers rode along with him, treating the poor, bound prisoner with great cruelty and contempt.

"Now, if I could get Robin Hood," said the Sheriff, "I should be happy."

Scarcely had he spoken, when there came the sound of more than sevenscore bowstrings twanging at once, and immediately a flight of arrows along the street struck down a number of his men. Turning about, he saw Robin Hood and his company charging down upon him with loud cries.

The Sheriff, though dishonorable and mean, was not a coward. He drew his sword, and forthwith prepared to attack Robin Hood.

"Stop!" cried Robin, drawing his bow; "stop and speak with me. What did the King say when you went to him?"

But the proud Sheriff did not deign to answer him, nor to stop when he bade him. Flourishing his sword he still advanced. And then it was that Robin Hood let fly an arrow, killing him on the spot.

The gentle knight was soon released from his bonds, and went with Robin and his men to dwell in the greenwood, until such time as it should be safe for him to return to his castle. He was given a bow and arrows, and was taught all the ways of the merry forest yeomen.

The hunting season came on, and the sevenscore archers, with Robin and the gentle knight, roamed from grove to grove and made great slaughter of the deer. They feasted under the greenwood tree, and had a merry time; but they never forgot to help and protect the poor. Whenever they heard of a husbandman who was oppressed by the rich, they went to him, and gave him money and gifts of venison.

Meantime, King Edward came to Nottingham with a strong company of brave knights and finely equipped soldiers. He was very angry when he found that his Sheriff had been killed; wherefore he at once confiscated the estates and goods of the gentle knight, and began scouring the woods to capture Robin and his men. In the wood called Plumpton Park, he discovered that his deer had nearly all been slain by the merry bowmen. This doubled his wrath, and he offered to give all the gentle knight's land to whoever would smite off the head of Sir Richard at the Lea and bring it to him. But the presence of the King at Nottingham could not frighten Robin, nor could the King and all his troops keep the yeomen from killing the deer, the pheasants, and the other game in the forest and streams.

Edward I. was not, in Robin Hood's estimation, a bad king. The outlaw had been desirous of making a friend of him ever since he had come to the throne—a friendship which had been prevented by the Abbot of Saint Mary's and the Sheriff of Nottingham. On the other hand, Edward was a great admirer of bravery, and looked upon the prowess and exploits of Robin and his men through the rosy mists of a fervid imagination.

It was not long before the King and the master yeoman met in the greenwood under most romantic circumstances, as we shall see in a later chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE CLOUTED BEGGAR.

ROBIN HOOD sometimes did wrong, and at such times, as is usually the case with those who willfully misbehave, he received evil in return.

One day, he met a strange-looking beggar in the road. The fellow was covered with many thick-nesses of rags, or clouts; in fact, his cloak was so patched and repatched that, in its thinnest part, it was more than twenty-fold. His hat was really three hats put together so as to form one heavy covering for his head. He carried a sack of meal swinging from his neck by a leather strap, fastened by a strong buckle.

It was near night-fall when Robin stepped out of the woods, and called to the beggar to stop and

aside your ragged old cloak and offer no further resistance. Untie your sack, and let me see what is in it, and, if you make any noise, I will see what effect a broad-headed arrow can have on a beggar's hide!"

But the beggar only grinned at the outlaw, and very quietly said:

"You 'd better let me alone. I 'm not afraid of your bent stick and little pointed shafts, which are only fit for pudding-skewers. If you offer me any harm, I 'll baste you till you 'll be glad to let me go."



THE CLOUTED BEGGAR GETS THE BETTER OF LITTLE JOHN AND SCATHELOCK.

talk awhile with him. But the clouted tramp paid no heed to his words, and walked right on as if he had not heard.

"Stop when I speak to you!" cried Robin, growing angry.

"I wont do it," responded the beggar, quite boldly. "It is some distance to where I lodge, and I don't care to miss my supper."

"Lend me some money," jeeringly cried Robin. "I must have supper, too."

"I 've no money for you," responded the beggar, gruffly. "You are as young as I, and you seem lazy and good-for-nothing. If you wait for your supper till I give you money to buy it, you 'll be apt to fast the rest of the year!"

This last speech made Robin very angry.

"If you have but one farthing," he exclaimed, "I 'll take it from you. So you may as well lay

Robin at once flew into a towering passion, and bent his bow to shoot the beggar; but, before he could draw an arrow, the clouted tramp struck at him with his oak staff and knocked his bow into splinters. Robin drew his sword; but, before he could use it, the beggar struck his sword hand, disabling it, and knocking the weapon away. Poor Robin was in a bad fix. The sturdy vagrant now fell upon him, all defenseless as he was, and belabored him mightily. He basted his head, his shoulders, his back, his legs, till at last Robin fell down senseless.

"O fie! stand up, man! Don't lie down to sleep this time o' day! Wait till you get my money, and then go to your tavern and be merry!" shouted the beggar, in derision; and thinking Robin was dead, he trudged on his way, not caring a whit for what he had done.

Shortly after, Little John, Much, and Scathelock came up to where Robin lay. He was moaning and writhing, the blood flowing freely from his basted head. They poured cold water on his face, chafed his hands, and finally restored him to consciousness.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh, "I never before was so thrashed. It is forty years that I have wandered in the greenwood, but no man ever so mauled my back as has that beggar whom you see trudging away up the hill yonder. I did not think he could do me any harm, but he took his pikestaff and beat me so that I fear I never shall be well again. If you love me, you will run and catch him and fetch him back to me. But beware of his staff: get hold of it first, or he'll pound the life out of all of you."

"Never fear," said Little John; "Scathelock and I will take him. Much may stay and take care of you."

So the two seized their bows and ran after the beggar, who was leisurely pursuing his way over the distant hill. They did not go along the road, however, but took a route through the woods, and, running very fast, got ahead of their victim and hid on each side of the road. When the beggar came on they sprang out, Little John catching hold of his staff and Scathelock holding a drawn dagger before his breast.

"Give up your staff, or I'll slay you on the spot!" cried Scathelock.

The beggar let go his staff, which Little John stuck in the ground hard by.

"Don't kill me!" cried the beggar in a whining voice. "I never did you harm."

"You have nearly killed our master, who lies

back yonder by the road," exclaimed Little John. "Come along with us, that he may give you your sentence!"

"Now," said the beggar, assuming a different tone, "I know you are honest fellows, and do not wish to harm me for acting in self-defense. If you will let me go, I will give you a hundred pounds in good money which I have in my bag."

To this proposition Little John and Scathelock agreed. It was a wicked thing; for they intended to get his money and then take him all the same. So they bade him count out the money.

The beggar took off his cloak and spread it upon the ground. Then he unslung his meal-bag and put it in the middle of the cloak. Little John and Scathelock drew close, to see him count out the good money. As they did so, the beggar thrust his two hands into the bag, and taking up a lot of meal in each he dashed it into the eyes of Little John and Scathelock. They were blinded so that they could do nothing but dance about and rub their faces. The beggar quickly seized his staff and began thrashing them terribly. He rapped them over the head, he basted their backs, he belabored their broad shoulders till the woods resounded with the heavy blows.

As soon as they could escape, Little John and Scathelock took to their heels and ran.

It was with great shame that they returned to Robin and reported the result of their adventure. The chief laughed at them, and they all three felt in their hearts that they had got no more than they had deserved. They had broken their rules in attacking a poor man, and had been soundly punished in turn.

(To be continued.)

AN ARGUMENT.

BY KATHARINE R. MCDOWELL.

SAID Ted: "I've brought my father's boots—

He wants to have them mended."

The cobbler laid aside his awl

And to the boy attended.

"Vot vill he haf?" the cobbler asked—

"Are dey half-solt to be?"

"Half-soled?" said Ted, with wondering eyes—

"Half-soled? Why, let me see."

He stood in thought, and then ere long,

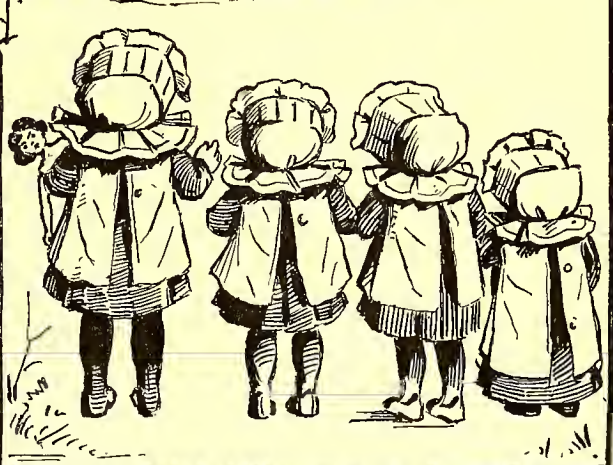
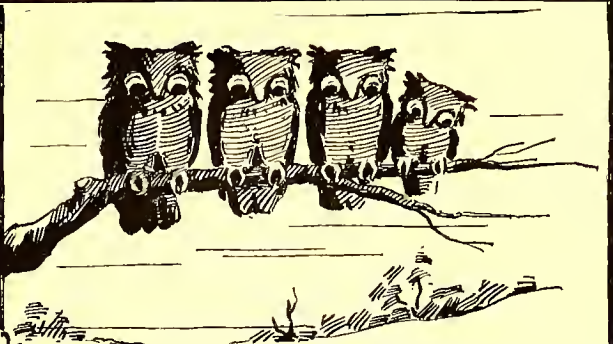
With brightening face, began:

"I do not think so, sir, because

He 's called a *whole-souled man!*"

Four-owls-upon-a-limb
 Sat-dozing-in-a-row
 Four-little-maidens
 Stood-scolding-Just-
 below.

~~You-ought-to-be-ashamed
 Said-they-
 You-lazy-Owls-
 To-sleep-all-day.~~



Four-little-maidens
 With-round-frightened
 eyes,
 Four-owls-upon-the-sill
 Looking-wondrous-wise
 'Do-you-mean' said they
 In-tones-polite-
 To-say-you-really-
 SLEEP ALL NIGHT?

THE BAPTIST SISTERS.

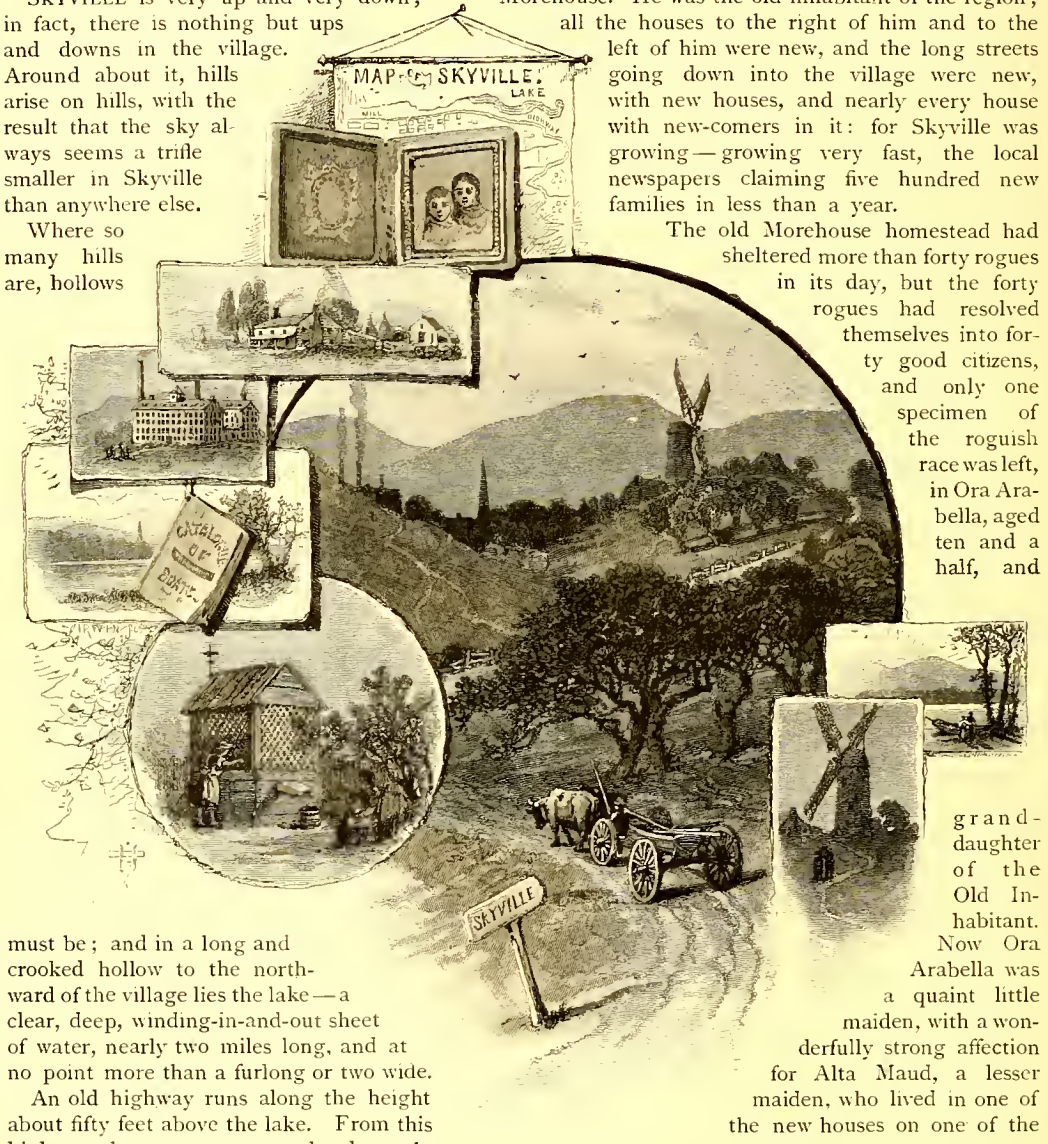
BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

SKYVILLE is very up and very down; in fact, there is nothing but ups and downs in the village. Around about it, hills arise on hills, with the result that the sky always seems a trifle smaller in Skyville than anywhere else.

Where so many hills are, hollows

Morehouse. He was the old inhabitant of the region; all the houses to the right of him and to the left of him were new, and the long streets going down into the village were new, with new houses, and nearly every house with new-comers in it: for Skyville was growing—growing very fast, the local newspapers claiming five hundred new families in less than a year.

The old Morehouse homestead had sheltered more than forty rogues in its day, but the forty rogues had resolved themselves into forty good citizens, and only one specimen of the roguish race was left, in Ora Arabella, aged ten and a half, and



must be; and in a long and crooked hollow to the northward of the village lies the lake—a clear, deep, winding-in-and-out sheet of water, nearly two miles long, and at no point more than a furlong or two wide.

An old highway runs along the height about fifty feet above the lake. From this highway three streets struggle down the long hill village-ward, until sharply met by the next hill going up.

In the farm-house on the highway,—old and wide and strong, and flanked by barns, store-houses, corn-crib, and windmill,—lived Farmer

grand-daughter of the Old Inhabitant. Now Ora Arabella was a quaint little maiden, with a wonderfully strong affection for Alta Maud, a lesser maiden, who lived in one of the new houses on one of the new streets.

Ora Arabella and Alta Maud were, in reality, not even cousins, but they always said (either one or the other) "We are Baptist sisters." This very odd relationship arose one Sunday, when the children were mere infants, in a church in the city

of Hartford, through the rite of baptism; and as they grew older they laid claim to each other, and told the children and their teacher, when they moved to Skyville, "We are sisters."

"Why don't you live together, then?" they were asked. Their invariable reply, "'Cause we are *Baptist* sisters," mystified and awed the children, while it greatly pleased the teacher.

I regret to write it, but the spirit of reverence was so slight in the young Skyvillians that they shortened the names Ora Arabella Morehouse and Alta Maud Whittlesey to Ora Bap and Alta Bap. "Bap! Bap!" new-comers would question, when they first heard this queer appellation. "That is a new name in this region. Where *did* the Baps come from?"

Now, Ora had a snug little fortune, all her own, that had been left to her by her father, and her grandfather was her guardian. Ora herself would have divided every penny she had with her Baptist sister: for the Whittleseys had met with sore misfortune, losing thereby all their possessions. The family had come to Skyville to begin life anew. The father and three sons worked in a great mill. Even the mother and Alta Maud helped by taking work home from the mill to do, by which they could add sometimes seventy-five cents and sometimes a dollar a day toward paying for the bright new house that had been built for them by one of the mill-owners. The Whittleseys were fired by but one ambition—to get the house paid for. Everything was going on prosperously to that end; the house was nearly paid for, when—But I must wait a little, to tell what did happen.

Grandfather Morehouse intended to be very wise and very economical with Ora's money; but he had a way, common with grandparents, of indulging the little elf almost to the extent of her wishes.

One day in June, Ora made known her wish for a boat. It must be just large enough, but none too big, to hold her Baptist sister and herself; it must be very light blue, with a gold edge, and one oar must have a blue blade, and one a golden blade, both with white handles, and "Ora" was to be put in gold letters on the blue blade, and "Alta" in silver letters on the gold blade. "And Grandpa," she added, "the name of the boat is to be 'The Baptist Sisters.'"

"Ora," said Mr. Morehouse, "do you know what the boys will call your boat?"

"'The Bap,' of course," said Ora; "but we don't care, not a bit, if only that we have the boat."

"And you really think I am going to order such a grandiose affair for you?—do you, child? Have you any idea of the cost of a gew-gaw like that?"

"I don't know what grandiose means exactly, Grandpa, but look here," and the child tugged out

of a small pocket in her dress a catalogue from a boat-building establishment, profusely illustrated with cuts of boats, and containing glowing descriptions of the same.

"Here 's my boat! Just fifty dollars, Grandpa, only, maybe, 't would be a little more with the gold painting on it. I found this up by the boat-house on the lake. I suppose it was lost by some of the gentlemen who came up from New York to fish."

Grandpa Morehouse put the little book into his pocket and walked off toward the big corn-field, without saying another word.

That was in June. The fifteenth of July was Ora's eleventh birthday. Vacation began on the Saturday before "The Fourth," so that there had been about two weeks of it when the time came.

Alta was at work in the morning of that day out under a quince-bush—the only thing about the new house that gave shade; and that was there rather by accident than through any care or foresight of the Whittleseys.

Ora went in search of Alta, and begged her to come out and play.

"You *must* come," she said.

"But my work!" replied Alta. "I'm trying so hard to earn fifty cents to-day. I shall have earned thirty when I have finished this card."

"It's too bad you have to do it at all; and just to-day, Alta—come away for to-day, and stay with me to dinner. Where is your mother? Let me ask her," pleaded Ora.

"No! no!" cried Alta. "Please don't say one word about it. Come back here, and I will tell you something. On Saturday, Papa is going to make a payment on this house, and we have all been trying, as hard as we can, to make up two hundred dollars. Father and the boys were counting it all up, and they wanted ten dollars more. Mother and I never said one word, but we meant all the time to surprise them by having a ten-dollar bill ready for them that day. Don't you see?—And we can't do it without working every minute?"

"Really?" exclaimed Ora, with sudden enthusiasm. "What is the use of birthdays when houses are to be paid for? Give me a thimble and let me help. I can sew on buttons."

"I have only this thimble, Ora, and Mother's is a great deal too large for you."

"Then, I'll run up home and fetch mine, and sew with you," said Ora.

As the one young girl sped up the hill, the other one never lifted her eyes from her work, but steadily sewed button after button on the white cards, until she had fastened six dozen of them in place. "Dear me!" she sighed at last. "Here I have been working away—two dozen on a card,

six cards to a gross, and all for four cents. *It takes seven thousand five hundred stitches to earn one dollar!* But we must n't give up, and we shall have such a good time when we hand the money over to Father and the boys."

Alta did not see Ora come tearing down the hill, her hair flying, her collar loose, her face fairly glowing with some new excitement, but she did hear her voice crying joyously:

"Oh, come—come home with me! It's come! It's come!"

"What's come?" questioned Alta.

"Oh, my boat, my boat! And, Alta Whittlesey, I say you are to come this minute and see it! Here! Grandpa gave me this, and you are going to have it to help make out. See? Catch it!" And a big silver dollar jingled among the buttons. "I never even stopped to take one look at the boat; did n't want to see it till you did. Come, come!" Ora was dancing up and down, and just bubbling over with the joy of anticipation.

"Ora!" cried Alta. "I sha'n't take your money—your birthday gift."

"Yes, you will," affirmed Ora; and the controversy went on until it was finally decided by Ora, who impetuously flung the silver dollar into the well, saying, "*Now*, it may stay there until somebody needs it enough to go down and get it."

Ten minutes later, the Baptist sisters were hurrying up the height, hand in hand, to see the new boat. It had arrived during the time of Ora's first visit to Alta, and the child's unexpected return for a thimble (which was utterly forgotten) disappointed Mr. Morehouse, who wished Ora to have her first sight of the boat after it had been launched. It had been brought in an ox-cart up the hills from the railroad station in the valley. When the two girls reached the farm-house, ox-cart, boat, and all had gone on to the lake.

It was but two minutes' run down the hill to the lake's edge, and so on to the place where the boat lay. It was ready for the final shove that sent it into the water, and they were in time to see it go, and to behold, in golden letters on its stern, the words, "The Baptist Sisters"—a name that had puzzled the boat-makers greatly. Ora was so pleased and glad that she seized her Grandfather's hand and kissed it.

Mr. Morehouse remarked that, if Ora and Alta were sisters, why, then, they must both be his grandchildren, whereupon Alta seized his other hand and kissed that. Then it was suddenly discovered that the bonny blue boat, with the golden-bladed oars, could not be used that afternoon, because it leaked a little, and must stay in the water a day or two until the seams closed.

After that, Alta and Ora decided to spend the

afternoon in the boat-house, sewing on buttons. The afternoon was warm and bright and lovely; the lake was lightly stirred by the breeze that came over it, and busy young hands made haste to earn the pennies, until, suddenly, from the depths of the village below, came up to them the screech of the great brass-mill whistle, followed by the sound of the clock-shop gong; and then all the lesser steam-tongues and bell-tongues of the town were set agoing, to tell that six o'clock had come.

Alta and Ora went home to tea, and, after that, they met once more just as the sun was sinking and the shadows had settled down on the lake. They had come to say good-night, and to take one more look at the graceful blue boat rocking itself to sleep—home-sick, perhaps, but still rocking itself into the shadows of night.

"It's too bad, Ora, and I feel very sorry about it," said Alta, at the farm-house gate, "that I have n't done one single thing to make it pleasant for you to-day."

"Oh, yes, you have," said Ora. "You have given me the pleasure of planting a silver mine in a well, as well as of earning a few pennies for you. Was n't it fourteen cents I earned to-day? You wait until I am of age, and then see what I will do."

"Just ten years!" laughed Alta. "Why, you may be married before then. I don't think I had better wait, do you? Good-night. It looks as though we were going to have a thunder-shower. I must hurry home." And the Baptist sisters kissed each other good-night—Alta passing under the creaking blades of the windmill, and Ora entering the old farm-house door, with a vague, hungry feeling in her heart for a real sister, who could stay all night and every night with her.

Grandmother Morehouse and Aunt Matilda had been making butter that afternoon. They were sitting in the gloaming on the veranda overlooking the lake, and watching the gathering clouds in the west, when Ora went in search of them.

"It will be a dark night," said Mrs. Morehouse.

"It looks ugly," said Miss Matilda. "We will go in."

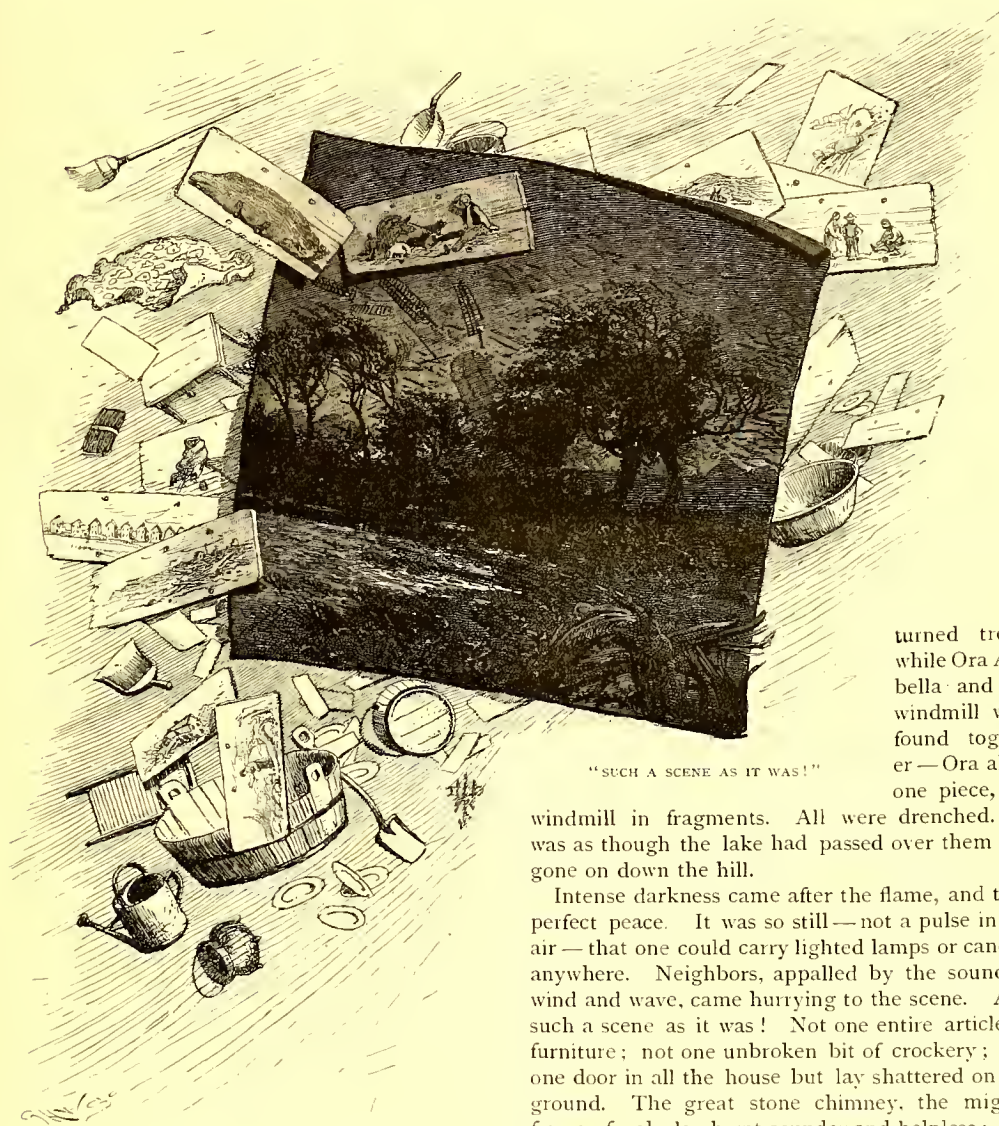
They went in and closed the doors. Meanwhile, up from the great brass-mill had come Mr. Whittlesey and his sons. This was Friday night, and on the morrow the payment was to be made. After supper was over, Mrs. Whittlesey and Alta sat down to count over their week's work, and Mr. Whittlesey read the morning paper. The boys went upstairs, having said good-night, and the house was very still.

There were ten houses on that fifteenth of July on one of the streets leading down from the farm-house to the village. Eight of the houses had barns

belonging to them. The Whittleseys lived in the third house. In the ten houses were forty-six persons, at the very moment that Ora and her Aunt Matilda, standing by a window looking down upon the lake, saw it become, as it were, a sea of fire. Suddenly, it was "lifted up and opened out

into shreds as fine as hair, and their branches braided together like the strands of a cable.

Farmer Morehouse came to himself in the midst of his pig-pen; Mrs. Morehouse was found under a feather-bed, unharmed; Miss Matilda returned to consciousness across the field, in the midst of up-



"SUCH A SCENE AS IT WAS!"

turned trees; while Ora Arabella and the windmill were found together — Ora all in one piece, the windmill in fragments. All were drenched. It was as though the lake had passed over them and gone on down the hill.

Intense darkness came after the flame, and then perfect peace. It was so still — not a pulse in the air — that one could carry lighted lamps or candles anywhere. Neighbors, appalled by the sound of wind and wave, came hurrying to the scene. And such a scene as it was! Not one entire article of furniture; not one unbroken bit of crockery; not one door in all the house but lay shattered on the ground. The great stone chimney, the mighty frame of oak, lay burst asunder and helpless; the very stones of the old cellar were loosened from the foundation.

As, one by one, the members of the family gathered in sorry plight, dripping fragments of garments clinging to them, conscious only of the glad fact that they were saved alive, the news began to

in mountain waves of flame," that rolled into sound — an awful sound — ten thousand sounds; and then the house seemed caught up — *was* caught up into flame and wind and wave, and dashed into fragments. Old, old elm-trees had their hearts torn

be brought up the hill that Peter Brown's house was gone — and the widow Blim's — and the Whittleseys'; and then up came Will Whittlesey with the astonishing news that there was n't a house left on the street, nor a barn, nor a horse, nor a cow, nor anything but a few stumps of trees; the folks had been blown out of the houses, but nobody killed, he believed; he could assure Ora that Alta was all right, anyhow.

Such a night as it was! Skyville had seen the hills above it wrapped in flame and had heard the cyclone's awful voice, and it hurried to the scene in the dead stillness of the July night, to offer aid and sympathy to the suddenly houseless families.

While the Morehouse group was still clinging together, the women weeping convulsively, and Mr. Morehouse and the farm-men anxious to see what had become of the cattle, a curious sound, smothered and unreal, crept through a mass of hay near by. Vigorous hands sought out the source, and found that a cow lay beneath. Being released, the creature got up and walked away into the corn-field, with no fence to hinder.

Only three persons out of the forty-six that were within the ten houses had received serious injury. Wonderful, indeed, had been the escapes.

Ora and Alta went to different parts of the town to sleep that night, and did not meet until the next morning. It was very early, not more than half-past three in the July dawn, when the owners of the late houses were astir on the premises, seeking out whatever of value the wreck might have in keeping for them. Such a sight as it was! Looking up the hill from below, there was nothing to be seen but eighteen piles of what appeared to be firewood.

Ora and Alta were up before five, and, both hurrying at once to the scene of the tornado, they met at the foot of the hill. They rushed together and kissed each other, Alta gasping, "Is n't it just awful?" and Ora crying, "What *shall* we do?"

"I would n't mind so much about the house and the money that was to be paid to-day, and everything," whimpered Alta, "if it was not for Mamma."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Ora, anxiously.

"Why, did n't you hear?" said Alta, keeping back her tears with difficulty. "She went out too near the seeding-machine, and it fell on her and cut her dreadfully. Dr. Carson has her all wrapped up in bandages, and says she must n't move for ever so long. But everybody has been so kind to take us in and give us everything we need, that I don't feel nearly so bad about it as I did at first. And, Ora Morehouse, *don't* tell anybody, but

just look at my foot. I would n't tell of it, 'cause the others had so many hurts." Alta sat down beside a great pile of hay by the roadside and drew off her boot. Her stocking was stiff with blood, and her foot black and swollen, as she held it up to the gaze of Ora.

"You shall come with me up to Deacon Pratt's this very minute, and Aunt Matilda will do it up for you. You ought n't to take a single step on it," advised Ora.

"Hello, there! You, Alta! Did you save that foot out of the tornado?" asked Tommy Glade, suddenly making his appearance from around the hay-pile.

"Are n't you ashamed of yourself, Tommy?" cried Ora. "To make fun of us, just because your house was left!"

"Well," said Tommy, "our barn was n't left, anyhow, for this is all there is of it — this lot of hay. And, if you 'll believe it, a carpet that was tight down on Polly Green's sitting-room floor went right through on the very tip-top of the tornado; and where do you suppose it is now?"

"Where is it?" questioned Alta and Ora, in the same breath.

"As sure as I live and breathe, girls, that carpet is wrapped around John Stone's chimney, a mile and a half over the hills across yonder. Well, Alta Whittlesey, your foot did get a bang," he went on.

"Did you see the wind coming?" asked Ora of Tommy.

"See it coming!" laughed the boy. "I heard it, after it had gone. I just looked out, and everything was all fire; the air was burning up, and then things went bang! — bang! — bang! — as quick as that, and it was all over; and a minute afterward it was so still that you'd have thought the whole world had fainted away. Tell a fellow how *you* got out, girls?"

Ora could n't remember anything about it, and all that Alta knew was that she saw the fire, and, thinking that the house had been struck by lightning, she caught hold of the door-knob to get out, and the next she knew she was on the ground by John Knox's house. "And," said she, "every time I tried to get up off the ground, the *waves* knocked me down again."

"I 'm mighty glad we did n't any of us get killed," remarked Tommy. "Can I help you any? Where were you going?"

"I was going to see if I could n't find something to save for Mother," said Alta. "Father and the boys staid up all night, hoping to find the money we had in the house as soon as it was light, and I 'm going now to see if it is found."

The money was not found. Boards, bricks,

stones, fragments of furniture—all were turned over, but nowhere could be seen the long pocket-book, containing one hundred and ninety dollars.

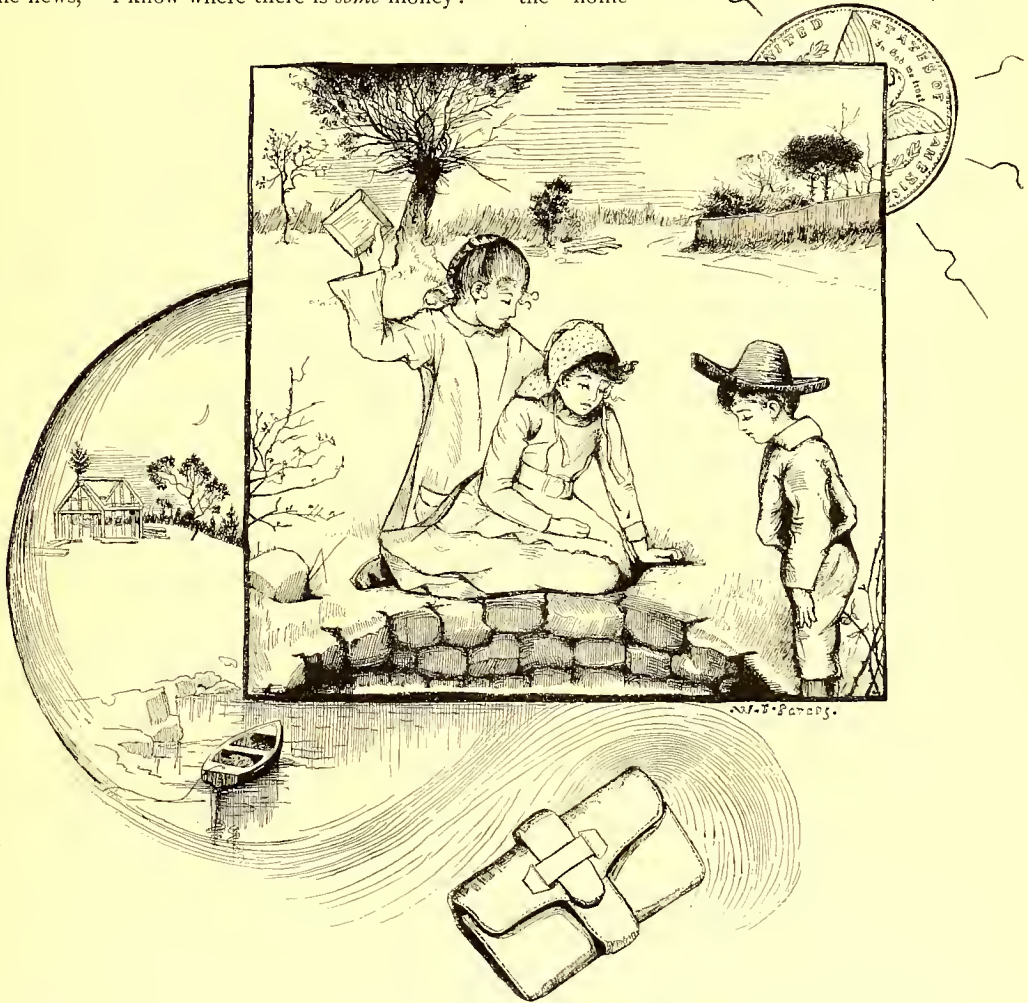
Alta's tears came quickly as the two girls went into the cellar. There lay little heaps of strawberries and raspberries and blackberries, amid broken glass, rings of rubber, and tops of cans.

"Poor Mamma!" sobbed Alta. "She worked so hard over these, and—and——"

But Alta's "and" never came to anything more, for, with an exclamation of delighted surprise, Ora ran up from the cellar and to Mr. Whittlesey, with the news, "I know where there is *some* money!"

It was in vain. A few silver spoons were recovered, and other articles of small value. The long pocket-book had evidently gone abroad on the wings of the wind. The next day, the town of Skyville called a meeting of its citizens, and a generous sum was raised for the present help of the families that had lost everything they owned.

It was a mournful sight, as the days went on, to see one and another of the home-



Alta checked her tears and ran after her, only to find that Ora had thought of the silver dollar she had thrown into the well on the day before.

"That dollar will stay there" was the reply which Ora received, and the search went on until near

less ones still going over the ground, hoping to find something that once had belonged to the old home.

Farmer Morehouse gathered up the fragments from his grounds and began to build anew. He

was not dependent on the bounty of his neighbors. Mrs. Whittlesey's wounds were slowly healing, while the brass-mill was again the scene of the labors of her husband and sons, when, one day, Ora, Alta, and Tommy Glade chanced to meet on the hill.

"Tommy," said Alta, "did you ever go down a well?"

"Lots on 'em!" answered Tommy. "Used to keep a board-seat in a well to hide on when I did n't want to go to school."

"Tommy," continued Alta, "I know where there is a well with a silver dollar in it."

"Wish I did," responded Tommy.

"I'll give you a quarter out of it, if you'll go down and find it," said Alta.

"Is it very deep? The water, I mean. Don't care nothing 'bout how deep the well is," said the boy, in a reflective tone.

"It is n't very deep," said Alta; "not more than—I guess—about fifteen feet. We can drop a string down and find out."

The three children experimented with strings and nails, and were assured that the water was too deep for Tommy Glade to enter. Then Ora started off for a neighboring house and came back with a looking-glass, and presently the reflected rays of the sun illumined the depths. The well-curb having been blown away, the opening was covered with boards. Removing these, and sitting as close to the opening as she dared, Alta looked for the silver dollar. Ora held the glass, and Tommy joined in the search.

"Don't see nothing of it," said Tommy, in disgust. "Don't believe it's in there."

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried Alta. "Ora! hold it still—right there!" and Alta peered once more, and then she jumped up and said: "Tommy, I guess Father and the boys will have to come to find it. You can go so much faster than I can. Wont you please run to the mill, as quick as you can, and tell Father I want him right away, and the boys, too. You may have the whole of the silver dollar, when it is found, if you will."

"Guess they wont leave work for *that*," said Tommy.

"Father will come right away if I send for him," said Alta, with dignity.

Tommy ran down the hill.

As soon as he was out of hearing, Alta threw her arms around Ora and began to laugh just as hard as she could laugh, crying out: "Did you see it? It's *there!* It's *there!*" and then she giggled so that Ora, out of patience, exclaimed: "You goose! Of course it's there. Did n't I throw it in there myself?"

"It's the pocket-book with the money in it that

I mean," giggled Alta. "I'll hold the glass and let you look; it lies on a stone close to this side of the well."

Ora peered through the depth and through the water, and presently fancied she saw something long, and the least bit like a wallet of her grandfather's, lying there.

The time seemed long, and yet it was not fifteen minutes ere three figures, followed by Tommy, were seen coming up the hill.

Alta and Ora, laughing together, ran down to meet them.

"It's my lucky dollar," shouted Ora, "that did it!"

"Papa," said Alta, "I've found the money!"

"When—where?" was the cry.

"In the well. The pocket-book is in the well. I've seen it, and Ora's seen it, and it's *there!*"

Mr. Whittlesey looked, and the boys looked, and each and every one had to admit that it certainly was the long pocket-book, and that the strap that fastened it was in place.

In less than half an hour the money, thoroughly water-soaked but legible, was in the hands of its owner; and it was a happy sight for the Whittleseys, soon after, to watch the row of bills drying in front of a bed of coals, between the proud andirons that held the line to which the "greenbacks" were pinned. Before the Skyville bank closed, at three o'clock, it was placed to the credit of the man from whom the house had been purchased.

"Now, my boys," said Mr. Whittlesey, "we will begin the world with free hands. We owe no man any money. Let us be happy."

The next evening, the great brass-mill being closed, and all Skyville settling down for a good August night's rest, just as the moon came up and illumined the lake, inquiry was made at the Sandersons', where the Whittlesey family had taken refuge, for Mr. Whittlesey.

"Papa is n't here, Mr. Pratt," said Alta, who was sitting near the door-way.

"And you are the little girl who found the money in the well, they tell me," said Mr. Pratt, smiling kindly upon her.

"Yes, sir," said Alta.

"Well, my dear," said he, "would you mind taking very good care of this little bundle till your father comes in, and then giving it right to him. Don't lay it down anywhere and lose it."

Mr. Pratt wrote a few words with a pencil on the wrapper of the parcel, and, giving it to Alta, went away. At the gate he turned back, and said, "Now, be careful."

"Yes, sir," said Alta.

The twilight was quite gone when Mr. Whittle-

sey returned. Alta had staid awake with the little parcel under her pillow, waiting for his step in the next room.

"Alta has something that was left for you," said his wife.

"Papa! Papa!" cried Alta, running into the room in her long white night-gown, and holding forth the parcel toward the lamp. "What does he mean? I read it, but I don't know."

Mr. Whittlesey took the package, and, holding it under the lamp, read aloud these words:

"MY FRIEND: When God took that house away, I had an interest in it that I don't want to give up. Call and see me to-morrow.

"A. L. PRATT."

The parcel being opened disclosed one hundred and ninety dollars, with which sum the Whittleseys, happiest of the blown-out families of Skyville, began the world anew.



OUR PICNIC.

BY MARIAN A. ATKINSON.

THE teacher sat in her silent hall,
Her glance o'er the playground straying,
And marveled much that the children all
Had suddenly ceased their playing.

No frowning faces her eye surveyed,
Or gesture of childish passion,
But eager groups in the old trees' shade,
Debating in merry fashion.

Their roguish whispers betrayed full soon
Fresh plannings for romp and riot;
While she, in the languor of sultry June,
Longed only for rest and quiet.

The picnic, promised for pleasant May,
Had been hindered by wind and weather,
So now, to battle 'gainst more delay,
They were putting their heads together.

A laughing phalanx at length impoured,
Brave with the noon-tide hour,
Till she thought of the Liliputian horde,
With Gulliver in their power.

No flash of sabers, or roar of guns,
As this enemy took position;
Their "arms" were loving, not warlike ones—
And kisses their ammunition;



They asked that the streets of the quaint old town
Should be changed for the hills so airy ;
The school-room carpet for mosses brown,
Red-cupped for the elf and fairy !

The cool, deep shade of the fragrant wood,
June skies in their azure splendor,
Were lures that won her to pliant mood,
As well as their pleadings tender.

For a brilliant sunset we longed all day,
Till we voted old Phœbus lazy,
And weather prophets we bored, till they
Declared we would set them crazy.

But morn came, rosy and fair and sweet,
And soon was the air resounding
With joyous voices and restless feet,
And frolic and mirth abounding.



Over ride, and weather, and feast, each one
Spent sagest consideration :
For the joy that's next to the day's own fun
Is the bustle of preparation.

The street seemed brightened with shining eyes,
As the boys and each beaming maiden
Brought baskets, hiding some sweet surprise,
Like bees, with their honey iaden ;



In rustic state came the great farm wain,
Whose ample arms, used to holding
Sweet-scented hay and the golden grain,
Were a richer freight enfolding.

The laughing teacher bewildered grew
In the midst of the blithe young faces,
As the floating raiment—pink, white, and blue—
Came crowding to fill the spaces.

To the doors and windows the neighbors flew,
To view the new illustration
Of the puzzled old dame and her crowded shoe,
And, to laugh at the situation.

An inner cluster of wee ones sweet
She placed with the girls in order,
While our gallant boys, with their daring feet,
Perched, jubilant, round the border.

A gay procession, we moved along—
Our music a laughing chorus;
Till the hills reëchoed our woodland song,
And waved green banners o'er us.

We went where a clear spring bubbled through,
The emerald mosses stirring;
Where ferns were waving and wild flowers grew,
And the wings of birds were whirring.

We chased stray butterflies through the trees,
Then hunted the hill-sides over:
For Fortune's pet is the first who sees
The magical four-leaved clover.

Late coronation of May-day's queen
We held then, in pomp and glory,
And a sweeter sovereign was never seen,
Or read of, in song or story.

Her wreath was woven by fingers deft;
With fairest of buds we crowned her;
While her knights and ladies stood right and left,
And her "Maids of Honor" around her.

Her rustic throne, by a gnarled old tree,
We had formed with some crimson draping;
And there each subject bent loyal knee,
A kiss from the small hand taking.

But even butterflies honey sip,
And courtiers have hungry hours;
And a queen's own delicate, dainty lip
Is not above sweets and sour.

So a chosen band spread the damask fair,
The goodly hampers untying;
And fragrant coffee perfumed the air,
With scents of the woodland vying.

The noontide call was a welcome sound;
And gay little lads and lasses
Came quickly trooping the cloth around,
To sit on the fringing grasses.

For once, reality seemed more sweet
Than fondest anticipation;
As sauces dainty, cakes, puddings, meat,
Showed oddest conglomeration!

The buzz and chatter, first low and mild,
Lost seemingly all connection;
Our words got lost in the hubbub wild,
Or went in the wrong direction!

The verbal tangle I can't depict:
The fun waxed wilder and faster,
To culminate when the teacher strict
Said "Dear" to the drawing-master!

Then some went swinging, some played croquet.
While others old sports were trying,
And through Copenhagen's wild mazes they
Went swiftly, merrily flying.

But the brightest day must sink in the west,
And shadows must cover the clover,
And so at last in each dear home nest
We sighed that our picnic was over.





RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

As it would seem but proper that some explanation of the re-appearance of the "Recollections of a Drummer-Boy" in these columns should be made, the writer desires to say that, upon the conclusion of the former series, so many letters from different sections of the country having been received by the editors of *ST. NICHOLAS*, as well as by the writer, expressing regret at the too early conclusion of the series, and urgently pressing that they be further continued if possible, it has been decided to yield to these kindly demands of many appreciative readers. There will, therefore, appear in these summer numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS* such additional chapters of his

personal recollections of army life as the Drummer-Boy's second rummage through his diary, and second inquiry into his memory of the stirring scenes of twenty years ago, have afforded. There will be no repetition of events already rehearsed, albeit the ground will be a second time traversed from enlistment well-nigh to muster-out. The new chapters, while observing the proper sequence of events as given in those which have already appeared, will be found, on examination, to form a more or less continuous series by themselves. It is hoped that they may prove as interesting as did the former series to the many readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

FIRST DAYS IN CAMP.

OUR first camp was located on the outskirts of Harrisburg, Pa., and was called "Camp Curtin." It was so named in honor of Governor Andrew G. Curtin, the great war Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, who was regarded by the soldiers of his State with an enthusiasm second only to that with which they, in common with all the troops of

the Northern States, greeted the name of Abraham Lincoln.

Camp Curtin was not properly a camp of instruction. It was rather a rendezvous for the different companies which had been recruited in various parts of the State. Hither the volunteers came by hundreds and thousands for the purpose of being mustered into the service, uniformed and equipped, assigned to regiments, and shipped to

the front as rapidly as possible. Only they who witnessed it can form any idea of the patriotic ardor, amounting to a wild enthusiasm, with which volunteering went on in those days. Companies were often formed, and their muster-rolls filled, in a week, sometimes even in a few days. The contagion of enlisting and "going to the war" was in the very atmosphere. You could scarcely accompany a friend to a way station on any of the main lines of travel without seeing the future wearers of blue coats at the car-windows and on the platforms. Very frequently whole trains were filled with them, speeding away as swift as steam would carry them to the State capital. They poured into Harrisburg company by company, usually in citizens' clothes, and marched out of the town again a week or so later, regiment by regiment, all glorious in bright new uniforms and glistening bayonets, transformed in a few days from civilians into soldiers, and destined for deeds of high endeavor in many a desperate battle.

Shortly after our arrival in camp, Andy and I went to town to buy such articles as we supposed a soldier would be likely to need—a gum blanket, a journal, a combination knife-fork-and-spoon, and so on to the end of the list. To our credit I have it to record that we turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of a certain dealer in cutlery, who insisted on selling us each a revolver and an ugly-looking bowie-knife, in a red morocco sheath.

"Shentlemen, shust te ting you will need ven you goes into de battle. Ah, see dis knife, how it shines! Look at dis very fine revolver!"

But Moses entreated in vain, while his wife stood at the street-door looking at a regiment marching to the depot, weeping as if her heart would break, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron from time to time.

"Ah, de poor boys!" said she. "Dere dey go again to de great war, away from dere homes and dere mutters and dere sweethearts and vives, all to be kilt in de battle. Dey will nefer any more coom back. Ah, it is so wicked!"

But the drums rattled on, and the crowd on the sidewalk gazed, and Moses behind his counter smiled pleasantly as he cried up his wares and went on selling bowie-knives and revolvers to kill men with, while his wife went on weeping and lamenting because men would be killed in the wicked war, and "nefer any more coom back." The firm of Moses and wife struck us as a very strange combination of business and sentiment. I do not know how many revolvers Moses sold, nor how many tears his good wife shed; but if she wept whenever a regiment marched down the street to the depot, her eyes must have been turned into a river of tears: for the tap of the drum and the

tramp of the men resounded along the streets of the capital by day and by night, until people grew so used to it that they scarcely noticed it any longer.

The tide of volunteering was at the full during those early fall days of 1862. But the day came at length when the tide began to turn. Various expedients were then resorted to for the purpose of stimulating the flagging zeal of Pennsylvania's sons. At first, the tempting bait of large bounties was presented,—county bounties, city bounties, State and United States bounties.—some men, toward the close of the war, receiving as much as one thousand dollars, and never smelling powder at that. At last, drafting was of necessity resorted to, and along with this came all the miseries of "hiring substitutes," and so making merchandise of a service of which it is the chief glory that it shall be free.

But in the fall of 1862 there had been no drafting yet, and large bounties were unknown—and unsought. Most of us were taken quite by surprise when, a few days after our arrival in camp, the County Commissioners came down for the purpose of paying us each the magnificent sum of fifty dollars; while, at the same time, the United States Government agreed to pay us each one hundred dollars additional—of which, however, only twenty-five was placed in our hands at once, the remaining seventy-five to be received only by those who might safely pass through all the unknown dangers which awaited us, and live to be mustered out with the regiment three years later.

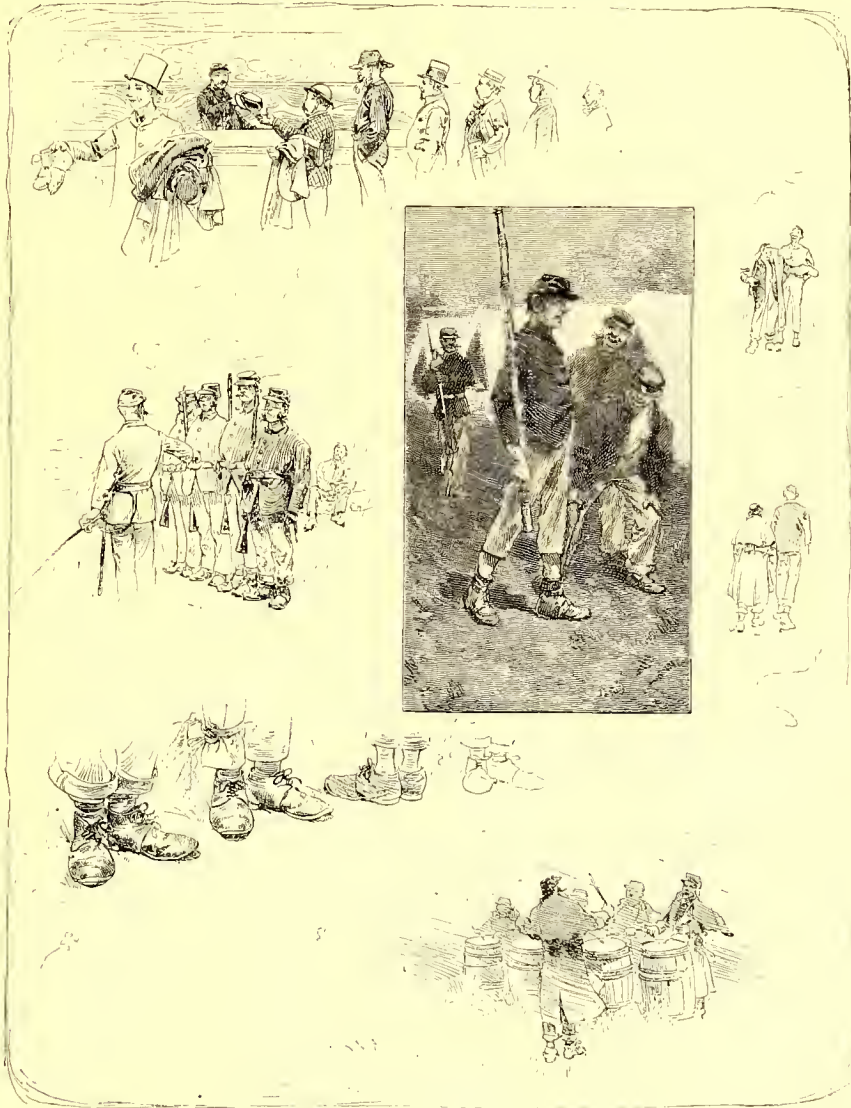
Well, it was no matter then. What cared we for bounty? It seemed rather a questionable procedure, this offering of money as a reward for an act which, to be a worthy act at all, asks not, and needs not, the guerdon of gold. We were all so anxious to enter the service, that, instead of looking for any artificial helps in that direction, our only concern was lest we might be rejected by the examining surgeon and not be admitted to the ranks.

For, soon after our arrival, and before we were mustered into the service, every man was thoroughly examined by a medical officer, who had us presented to him, one by one, divested of clothing, in a large tent, where he sharply questioned us—"Teeth sound? Eyes good? Ever had this, that, and the other disease?" And pitiable was the case of that unfortunate man who, because of bad hearing, or defective eyesight, or some other physical blemish, was compelled to don his citizens' clothes again and take the next train for home.

After having been thoroughly examined, we were mustered into the service, and so made, in

a peculiar sense, the sons of Uncle Sam. As we now belonged to his family, it was only to be expected that he would next proceed to clothe us. This he punctually did, a few days after the muster. We had no little merriment when we were called out, formed in line, and marched up to

pantaloon, a coat, cap, overcoat, shoes, blanket, and underwear, of which latter the shirt was—well, a revelation to most of us, both as to size, shape, and material. It was so rough that no living mortal could wear it, except, perhaps, one who wished to do penance by wearing a hair-shirt.



the quartermaster's department, at one side of the camp, to draw our uniforms. There were so many men to be uniformed, and so little time in which to do it, that the blue clothes were passed out to us almost regardless of the size and weight of the prospective wearer. Each man received a pair of

Mine was sent home along with my citizens' clothes, with the request that it be kept as a sort of heir-loom in the family to excite the wonder of future generations.

With our clothes on our arms, we marched back to our tents, and there proceeded to put on our

new uniforms. The result was in the majority of cases astonishing. For, as might have been expected, scarcely one man in ten was fitted. The tall men had invariably received the short pantaloons, and presented an appearance, when they emerged from their tents, which was equaled only by that of the short men, who had, of course, received the long pantaloons. One man's cap sat on the top of his head, while another's rested on his ears. Andy, who was not very tall, waddled forth into the company street, amid shouts of laughter, with his pantaloons turned up some six inches or more from the bottoms. The laughter was increased when he wittily remarked:

"Uncle Sam must have got the patterns for his boys' pantaloons somewhere over in France; for he seems to have cut them after the style of the two French towns, Toulon and Toulouse."

"Hello, fellows! What do you think of this? Now just look here, once!" exclaimed Pointer Donachy, the tallest man in the company, as he came out of his tent in a pair of pantaloons that were little more than knee-breeches for him, and began to parade the street with a tent-pole for a musket. "My opinion is that Uncle Sam must be a little short of cloth, boys."

"Brother Jonathan generally dresses in tights, you know," said some one.

"Ah," said Andy, "Pointer's uniform reminds one of what the poet says —

"Man needs but little here below,
Nor needs that little long!"

"You're rather poor at quoting poetry, Andy," answered Pointer. "Because I need more than a little here below; I need at least six inches!"

But, by trading off, the big men gradually got the large garments and the little men the small, so that in a few days we were pretty well suited.

I remember hearing about one poor fellow in another company, a great, strapping six-footer, who *could not* be suited. The largest shoe furnished by the Government was quite too small. The poor fellow tried his best to force his foot in, but in vain. His comrades gathered around him and chaffed him unmercifully, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Why, you don't think they are all *boys* that come to the army, do you? A man like me needs a man's shoes, not a baby's."

There was another poor fellow, a very small man, who had received a very large pair of shoes, and had not yet been able to effect any exchange. One day the sergeant was drilling the company on the facings,—Right face, Left face, Right-about face,—and, of course, watched his men's feet closely to see that they went through the movements promptly. Noticing one pair of feet down the line

that never budged at the command, the sergeant rushed up to the possessor of them, with drawn sword, and in menacing tones demanded:

"What do you mean by not facing about when I tell you? I'll have you put in the guard-house."

"Why, I did, sergeant!" said the trembling recruit.

"You did not, sir! Did n't I watch your feet? They never moved an inch."

"Why, you see," said the poor fellow, "my shoes are so big that they don't turn when I do. I go through the motions on the inside of them."

Although Camp Curtin was not so much a camp of instruction as a camp of equipment, yet once we had received our arms and uniforms we were all eager to be put on drill. Even before we had received our uniforms, every evening we had some little drilling under command of Sergeant Cummings, who had been out in the three months' service. Clothed in citizens' dress, and armed with such sticks and poles as we could pick up, we must have presented a sorry appearance on parade. Perhaps the most comical figure in the line was that of poor old Simon Malehorn, who, clothed in a high silk hat, long linen duster, blue overalls, and loose slippers, was forever throwing the line into confusion by running back to find his slipper, which he had lost in the dust somewhere; and happy was he if some one of the boys had not quietly smuggled it under his coat, and left poor Simon to finish the parade in his stocking feet.

Awkward enough in the drill we all were, to be sure. Still, we were not quite so stupid as a certain recruit, of whom it was related that the drill-sergeant had to take him aside as an "awkward squad" by himself, and try to teach him how to "mark time." But, alas! the poor fellow did not know the difference between his right foot and his left, and consequently could not follow the order, "Left! Left!" until the sergeant, driven almost to desperation, lit on the happy expedient of tying a wisp of straw on one foot and a similar wisp of hay on the other, and then put the command in an agricultural shape—"Hay-foot, Straw-foot! Hay-foot, Straw-foot!" whereupon, he did quite well: for if he did not know his left foot from his right, he at least could tell hay from straw.

One good effect of our being detained in Camp Curtin for several weeks was, that we thus had the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the other nine companies with which we were to be joined in a common regimental organization. Some of these came from the western, and some from the eastern part of the State; some were from the city, some from inland towns and villages, and some from the wild lumber regions. Every rank and class and profession seemed to be represented.

There were clerks, farmers, students, railroad men, iron-workers, lumber-men. At first, we were all strangers to one another. The different companies, having as yet no regimental life to bind them together as a unit, naturally regarded each other as foreigners rather than as members of the same organization. In consequence of this, there was no little rivalry between company and company, together with no end of chaffing and lively banter, especially about the time of roll-call in the evening. The names of the men who came from the West were quite strange, and were a standing source of amusement to the boys from the East, and *vice versa*. Then there were certain forms of expression peculiar to the different sections from which the men came, which were a long-standing source of merriment. Thus, the Philadelphia boys made all sport of the boys from the upper tier of counties because they said, "I be going deown to teown,"

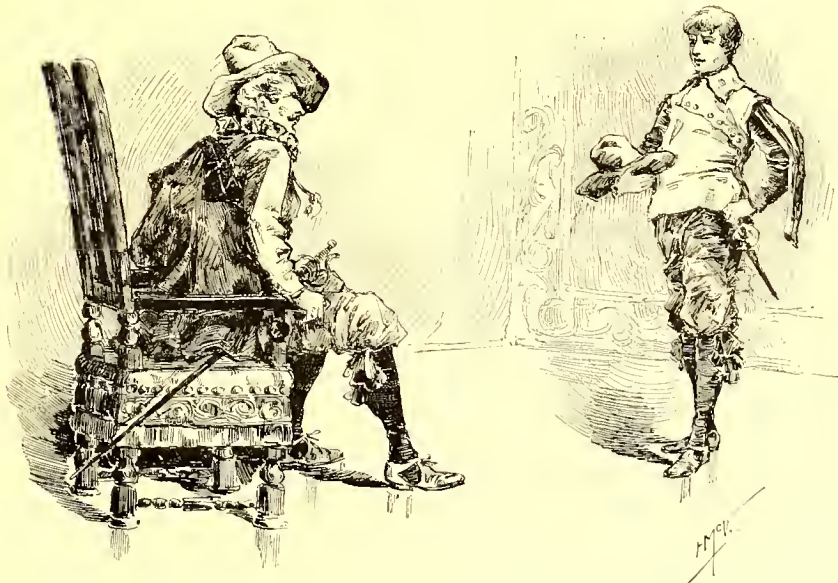
and invariably used "I make out to" for "I am going to." Some of the men called every species of board, no matter how thin, "a plank"; and every kind of stone, no matter how small, "a rock." How the men laughed one evening when a high wind came up and blew the dust in clouds all over the camp, and one of the rural boys was heard to declare that he "had a rock in his eye!"

Once we got afield, however, there was developed such a feeling of regimental unity as soon obliterated whatever natural antagonisms may at first have existed between the different companies. Peculiarities of speech of course remained, and a generous and wholesome rivalry never disappeared; but these were rather a help than a hinderance: for in military as in social life generally there can be no true unity without some degree of diversity—a principle which is fully recognized in our national motto, "*E Pluribus Unum*."

(To be continued.)

THE PLUCKY PRINCE.

BY MAY BRYANT.



THERE was a youthful scion
Of a race of tyrant kings,
Who roused his father's anger
By the way he wasted things.
Quoth then the wrathful monarch:
"Quick from my presence flee!

Yet turn your heedless ear
To this my stern decree:
No fish or flesh or fowl
Shall your hunger's needs supply,
Nor beast nor worm contribute
To the clothing which you buy.

When comes the gloomy night-time,
 No oil or vapor light,
 No wax or tallow candle,
 Shall make the darkness bright.
 Nor grains upon the hill-side,
 Nor tuberous roots on earth,
 Nor fruitful vines, and juicy,
 Contribute to your mirth.

Thou prodigal! Avaunt!
 Go, starve upon the plain!
 Thou never, nevermore,
 Shalt waste my wealth again."

His son this law of exile
 Conned over at his ease;
 "He has," he said, "left to me
 The mighty help of *trees*."
 He gayly snapped his fingers,
 He slammed the palace door—
 "Stern monarch, I shall flourish
 As proudly as before!"

A house he quickly builded;
 It all was wondrous fine:
 Of English oak its rafters,
 Its floors of Norway pine.
 On pillars of palmetto
 The cypress-shingled roof,
 With oaken eaves and gargyles,
 Against the storms was proof.
 There curious palm-mattings
 Spread over all the floors,
 Dyed crimson with the logwood
 From warm Caribbean shores.
 Quaint furniture of walnut
 And perfumed sandal-wood,
 With highly polished rose-wood,
 Throughout the mansion stood.
 "Now," said this Prince complaisant,
 "A ball I mean to give,
 I'll show the King, my father,
 How finely I can live."

The night came on apace
 When the house was light as day,
 For candle-nuts in sconces
 Shed many a golden ray.
 Magnolias from the South-land,
 Pink apple-blooms from Maine,
 All vied with orange-flowers
 The subtlest sense to chain.
 The noted guests assembled
 Found waiting for them all

A fairer feast than ever
 Graced kingly banquet-hall.
 For dishes, carved in queer ways
 That haunt the Chinese mind,
 Bore nuts and fruits from every land
 Familiar to mankind.

Cassava cakes from Java,
 The solid plantain's meat,
 With chocolate were proffered,
 And maple-sugar sweet.
 Fair pomegranates and soursops,
 With luscious guava jam,
 Stood near the odious durion
 From islands near Siam.
 Bananas, figs, and lemons,
 Dates, cherries, plums, and pears,
 All seemed so *very* common
 One passed them unawares.

Amid this festive splendor
 The Prince received his guests;
 In robes of cocoa woven
 He was superbly drest,
 While from the crown of laurels
 His realm placed on his brow,
 Down to his shoes of caoutchouc,
 He looked a king, I trow.
 "Warm welcomes to my mansion!"—
 'T was thus he met the King—
 "See what a man you made me
 By your cold banishing!"

A genial smile illumined
 The monarch and his train.
 "O Prince! of you I 'm very proud—
 Come to my arms again!"
 So spake the King, embracing
 His enterprising son,
 And then, with jokes and laughter
 The banquet was begun.
 The court drank so much cider
 They complimentary grew,
 While the King declared the cashew
 Was the finest wine he knew.
 To this the Premier added,
 He hoped the Prince would grow
 Like to the giant banyan,
 And live long here below.
 Then soon the party ended,
 The guests all said "Farewell,"
 And the wonders of the woodland
 They hastened home to tell.

SWEEP AWAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER V.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

THERE is something indescribably dreadful in the emotion which comes over us when the earth trembles and rocks with the earthquake. We are so accustomed to look on the ground as a solid and sure refuge that, when it fails us, we feel as though we were all "at sea" and adrift on a tempest-tossed ocean.

The sensations of Jack, Dollie, and Crab were something similar when the cabin, after wrenching itself loose from its foundations, went rocking and bounding away in the darkness, no one could say whither. For a few minutes the children did nothing but cling to the roof, which once or twice sank almost to a level with the water; but when they became accustomed to the situation, they relaxed their desperate hold, spoke to one another, and assumed less restrained positions.

Strange to say, the house, from some cause which was not apparent, instead of keeping an upright position, leaned so far to one side that the roof became almost horizontal, offering a support something like the floor of the cabin itself.

"One side of the house must be heavier than the other," suggested Jack, when the three had referred to the curious fact.

"How much of the cabin am afloat?" asked Crab.

"I know of no way to tell that," answered Jack. "I see that the stone chimney has gone, but some of the lower floor must have been left, or the house would n't take such an odd position."

"But will it stay so?" asked Dollie, anxiously.

"I think so," said Jack, "for when a house starts on a voyage like this, it is apt to settle at once to a level—though it may swing over from catching fast to the trees—Heigho!"

It seemed curious, but at that very moment the three felt the tops of trees scraping against the raft. The swiftness with which they seemed to glide from under the cabin showed that the house was going down the river very rapidly. The scraping sounds followed each other in such rapid succession that they knew they were passing through or rather over a stretch of forest.

The night was so dark that they could scarcely see anything, and the weak rays of the lantern

were of little service. They could make out one another's figures, and now and then catch sight of the bushy and bowing top of a tree, which seemed to shoot swiftly toward them from out the gloom, while the cabin waited for its approach.

Then again, some of the trees were so tall and strong, and so far out of the water, that they did not bow down and allow this floating Juggernaut to sweep over them.

At such times, the raft would strike the trees with considerable force and swing partly around, but the next moment would continue its journey without the least slackening of speed.

There was much danger in passing such places, for, if the building should come in contact with a particularly large and strong tree, the sides of the house were liable to be knocked apart by the violence of the collision, and the three children might find themselves clinging to separate pieces of timber.

The boys were good swimmers, but Dollie could not support herself a single minute above water without help.

Great was their relief, therefore, when the obstructions were all safely passed, and they found themselves in smooth water again. There was still constant danger, however, of their striking against some treacherous "sawyer"; but that peril would continue to threaten them till they should reach the channel of the river, where no such obstructions existed.

"Jack," said Crabapple, presently, "if I are n't mistaken, I see a light."

"So do I," said Dollie, with a promptness which showed that she also had been studying the matter.

"Where?" asked Jack.

"Off dar," answered Crab, stretching out his hand into the gloom.

"There *is* a light," said Jack, after a moment's scrutiny; "but it must be a long way off—a quarter of a mile, at least."

"What!" exclaimed Crab, in amazement. "I could frow a stone out to whar it am."

Dollie was of the same belief, but Jack insisted that it was all of a quarter of a mile distant, if not farther. It is very hard to judge of distances under such circumstances, and, as the parties could not agree, Jack hallooed across the waters, thinking with reason that, where a light was visible, there must be persons near at hand. But though he

shouted and whistled, and Crab joined in the tumult, no response came back.

While they were hailing the unknown parties, the light suddenly vanished from sight, and all around was darkness again.

"No use ob hollerin'," said Crab; "de folks feel so important dey wont notice us."

"We don't know that there are any persons where we saw the light," said Jack. "And if there were, remember that was a good way off, and they may not have been able to hear us."

Crab laughed at this conclusion of Jack's argument, but made no answer, though he still believed that only a few rods separated them from the starlike point which had vanished as unaccountably as it had first appeared.

This curious fact, more than anything else, impressed them with the vastness of the flood. The evidence that others beside themselves were afloat spoke vividly of the extent of the overflowing waters.

Suddenly the crow of a chanticler resounded across the flood. Somewhere a cock was proclaiming his defiance of the elements around him.

"We kin jist as well gib up de shoutin' business," said Crab, finally, "for nobody wont say nuffin back to us."

The three now disposed themselves with the care of those who expected to make a long stay. The roof having settled so that it lay horizontal on the water, this was comparatively an easy matter, and could they have felt any assurance that there would be no overturning or shifting, they would not have considered their situation one of especial danger.

As nearly as could be told in the darkness, the roof was some three or four feet above the current, and its bouyancy was such that it would have floated ten times the weight that now rested on it.

Crabapple Jackson rolled his clothing into a compact bundle and sat down on it to keep it from being lost, while Jack laid the bag containing the provisions near the center of the raft and as far as possible from the water. Dollie, who had no extra garment except a shawl, wrapped that around her shoulders and placed herself close to her brother, where she meant to stay as long as it was possible.

The weather remained calm and moderate. Had it been otherwise, the hundreds and hundreds of people who were then afloat on the Mississippi would have suffered terribly, and many must have perished.



A JOLLY RAFTFUL.—TAKING THE FLOOD GOOD-NATUREDLY.

When one of these fowls begins to crow, he generally repeats his call several times, and this plucky fellow's voice was heard again and again across the dark waters until our voyagers were able to locate him, and almost in a straight line, several hundred yards below them.

Thinking that the owner of the bird might be near, Jack and Crab shouted again, but with no more response than in the former case.

"De light am gwine out!" suddenly exclaimed Crab.

A glance toward the lantern was enough to show he spoke the truth; the candle which had been placed inside had burned so low that little was left of it, and the light of that fragment must soon expire.

"I thought it might have been useful in keeping others from running into us," said Jack;

"but, after all, I don't know that it would have been of much account."

"Do you 'spose," suggested Crab, "dat any ob de cabins will come down faster dan we do, or dat dey will be cotched in such a whirlpool dat dey will run up de Massissipp?"

"I'm not afraid of that," said Jack; "but if



THE EXHORTER.—SEE PAGE 607.

a steamer should strike the house, nothing could save us."

"We must keep awake all de time and watch out fur dat sort ob bus'ness," said Crab, with the determination that he would not close his eyes again so long as darkness brooded over the waters.

A few minutes later, the bit of tallow dip burning in the lantern flickered up, burned brightly a few seconds, and then collapsed into nothingness. The little party, afloat on the roof of the cabin, and sweeping down the Mississippi, were alone in the starless night, without a ray of light to cheer them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STEAMER

FOR several minutes Jack Lawrence had fancied he heard a series of strange sounds coming across the water. They resembled the deep and rapid breathing of some huge animal; but it was hard to tell the direction whence they came. Sometimes they seemed to be close at hand, then far away, and he even found himself glancing upward, as though he expected to find the answer he sought in the air above him.

But, during the few minutes he spent in trying to ascertain the origin of these sounds, he was conscious that, whatever the unknown something

might be, it was approaching him with the steadiness of a hand moving over the face of a watch.

Jack was presently able to locate it. While peering down-stream through the darkness, a light burst out in the gloom, like the sudden rising of a star of the first magnitude. The boy, for a single moment, believed it was a star, but the next instant the truth flashed upon him: it was a steam-boat coming up the river.

"If it was only day-time now," he remarked, as he announced his discovery to Dollie and Crab, "they would pick us up."

"What 's to hinder 'em from doing it now?" asked Crab.

"A good deal," said Jack, gravely. "It is so dark, and the river is running so fast, that they would n't be able to manage a small boat."

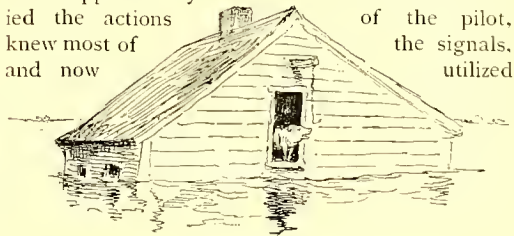
"What 's de use ob dar doin' dat?" inquired Crab. "Dey can jist slide alongside wid de steamer itself and h'ist us on board."

"Not in the night-time, when there is so much danger of running us down. But," added Jack, interrupting himself, and rising to his feet in some alarm, "she is going to pass very close to us. Now is the time the lantern would have been of some use."

"We kin yell and make 'em hear us," suggested Crab; "den you know I kin whistle like de 'Warrior' when she comes to de wharf for wood."

Crab, who had also risen to his feet, brought the palms of his hands together, and then turned them partly around, thus forming a peculiar hollow, with a small opening between the thumbs, to which he placed his thick lips. Then, blowing strongly, he produced a sound which, when heard rolling across the water, resembled very closely the whistle of a steam-boat. It was, of course, impossible that Crab's whistle should be so loud, but the pitch was precisely that of the whistle of the well-known "Warrior," and could easily have been mistaken for it.

The boys, who had ridden up and down the Mississippi many times and studied the actions of the pilot, knew most of the signals, and now utilized



ALL ALONE.

their knowledge in whistling to the unknown boat the signal which directed it to turn to the right, with a view of preventing a collision.

All this time the gleam of the steamer's lights was growing rapidly brighter, showing that it was approaching swiftly. It continued in such a direct line that the boys became seriously alarmed. A collision appeared certain, and in such an event, as Jack had truly said, nothing could save their raft from destruction.

Crabapple whistled harder than ever, and, as though to add emphasis to his signals, danced up and down and back and forth on the roof. The lights on the steamer still brightened, the glow being plainly seen from the top of the smoke-stacks, which were throwing off sparks in a manner which showed that she was toiling hard to make her way against the powerful current. Suddenly, the puffing of steam stopped, the tinkle of a bell was heard, and the captain, who had finally caught the signals of Crab, called out in an angry voice, wanting to know why the approaching boat had not her lights displayed.

"We have n't any light," called back Jack, "our lantern went ——"

"Your lantern went out!" roared the captain, growing still more wrathful. "Have n't you got but one lantern on board your old hulk? Who are you, anyway? Where from? Where bound?"

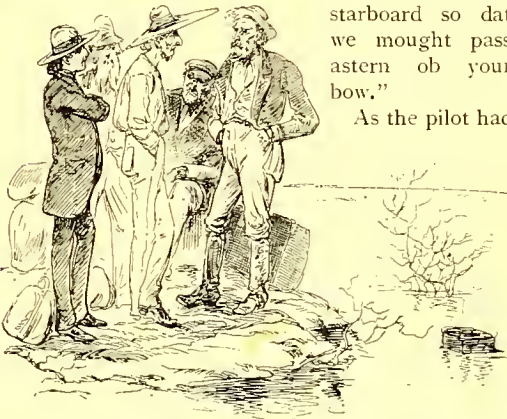
"We 're the children of Mr. Archibald Lawrence," answered Jack, "with his servant, Crab Jackson, and we 're floating down the Mississippi on the roof of our house."

"But I heard the whistle of a steamer just now ——"

Crab broke in with a loud laugh:

"Dat ar war me, cap'n: I blowed for you to slew off to de starboard so dat we mought pass astern ob your bow."

As the pilot had



A CONFERENCE OF CITIZENS.—"IT 'LL BE HIGHER YET!"

heeded the signal and veered his boat toward the channel, the danger of collision, which had been so imminent, was now over.

"Shall we take you aboard?" asked the cap-

tain, whose feelings had undergone a change the instant he learned the truth.

"If you can, we wish you would," replied Jack; "but *can* you do it?"

It will readily be understood that such a rescue as the captain contemplated was almost impossible; the current was sweeping downward with such swiftness that a small boat, if it should be lowered and sent out, would find it almost beyond its power to stem the current: and this fact, taken in connection with the darkness of the night, greatly added to the difficulty and danger of the undertaking. If the steamer should drift down the river with the cabin, the boat might pass between them, but even then the risk would be very great.

Yet the rough-spoken though kind-hearted captain, ever ready to venture his own life to save that of another, prepared to make the attempt. But Jack was so strongly of the belief that they would thus run greater risks than they incurred by staying where they were, that he called to him:

"We 're much obliged to you, but we would as soon stay here till morning."

"Do you mean that?" called back the captain, who was not quite sure he had heard aright.

"Thanks, all the same, but we would rather wait till daylight," replied Jack. "Good-bye!"

"You 're a queer lot," was the commentary of the captain, as the two crafts drifted apart.

"Dat shows de needcessity ob keepin' awake," observed Crab, as he seated himself on his bundle of clothing.

"It shows that one of us must always be on the lookout," said Jack; "but we must have sleep at one time or another."

"*You* may need it, but *I* don't," replied Crab, in a preternaturally wide-awake tone.

For a half-hour more the cabin floated silently on through the darkness. Dollie still sat close to her brother, who presently noticed that her head was nodding. He gently lowered it so that it rested in his lap, and almost immediately she sank into profound slumber.

"I don't know that there is any need of both you and me keeping awake at the same time," said Jack, speaking to Crab. "I feel wakeful, and you may as well gain sleep while you —— Just what I expected!"

Crabapple Jackson was also in the land of dreams.

"Everything depends on me now," thought Jack Lawrence, at once realizing the situation. "I must, indeed, keep *my* wits about me."

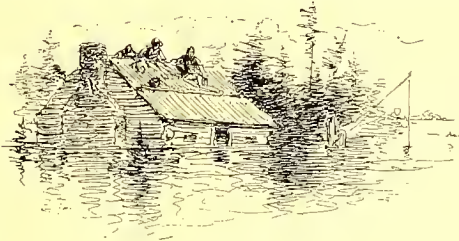
But in less than half an hour he, too, unused to night-watching, and fatigued by the unwonted excitement of the day, had sunk into a sound and dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

BOUND FOR VICKSBURG.

"HALLO! HALLO-O-O!"

The call was repeated several times, and finally found its way in a misty and indistinct manner to the consciousness of the sleeping Jack Lawrence.



ON THE ROOF.

At first he thought it was a dream, and he muttered in his slumber. Then, as his senses gradually returned, he looked up.

"My gracious! I've been asleep!" he exclaimed, gently lifting the head of his unconscious sister from his lap and laying it on the sack beside him.

Crab, of course, was still dreaming, and Jack shuddered to think how remiss he himself had been; they might have gone to destruction for all his care of them.

"Hallo-o!" again rang across the water, and Jack, with a suspicion that he had heard the voice before, called back:

"Hallo-o! Where are you?"

"Afloat, off here to the left of you, I suppose," answered the voice. "Who are you?"

Jack answered the hail as he had done that of the steamer, and his unknown interlocutor immediately exclaimed:

"Well, now, that's too bad, for I'm to blame for all this."

"How do you make that out?" asked Jack, in some surprise.

"I'm Colonel Carrolton," was the reply, "and you know I advised you to wait till to-morrow before making a move."

"Yes, but you see I *could n't* wait," said Jack, who remembered the advice but too well.

"Are you all right?" asked the Colonel, who appeared to be in cheery spirits, despite his dismal situation.

Jack gave a brief account of what had taken place since the flood reached the doors of his house, and the effusive Colonel congratulated him on his good fortune.

"How are you fixed?" asked Jack.

"The same as usual — on a hen-coop," was the reply.

"Any other passengers?" asked Jack, with an irrepressible laugh at the ludicrous similarity of the Colonel's aquatic misfortunes.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "I've got two — a fighting cock and a hen, and I shall try and take them through this time."

"Our stock is all drowned, I suppose," continued Jack. "But where are you going now?"

"To Vicksburg, of course," replied the Colonel, in a very matter-of-fact tone. "Every time after this that there comes a flood, I expect to go down there in this style. I shall tell my friends there to keep a lookout for a big hen-coop whenever the Mississippi rises; and, when they see one, they may make up their mind that I'm somewhere about it. Shut up there!"

This last remark was addressed to the game-cock, which just then essayed a defiant crow — rudely cut short, however, by the Colonel, who compressed the bird's neck in such a manner that the salute was extinguished before it was fairly begun.

"I don't mind one blast," explained the Colonel, "but, when he starts, he never stops till he has crowed a dozen times or more, and I'm tired of it."

"We heard a rooster some time ago," said Jack. "I wonder whether it was yours?"

"No," was the reply, "for I've shut him off every time he started, till I think it's time he began to feel discouraged. But it seems to me I'm going down-stream faster than you are."

Such was undoubtedly the case — the space between them was growing perceptibly greater every minute. This was due to the fact that the Colonel had floated into a swifter current. Then, too, he was nearer the channel, though that would not have affected his speed under the present circumstances, when the expansion of the river was so prodigious.



NARROW QUARTERS.

The Colonel, who had lived along the turbulent Mississippi until he was thoroughly accustomed to its moods, and who was one of those men who accepted every event of life with true philosophy, kept up a rambling but cheerful interchange of remarks with Jack, until the increasing distance made conversation too much of an effort. Then they shouted a good-bye to each other, and the curious interview ended.

Jack was so afraid of again falling asleep that he assumed a standing position, picking up the

gun and leaning on that, like a hunter absorbed in meditation.

"I never heard of a man who stood up without any support going to sleep, so I 'm safe so long as I don't sit down," was the logical conclusion of the tired boy.



HAILING A STEAMER.

A few words of explanation are necessary to enable the reader to appreciate the situation of young Jack Lawrence and his companions at this time. They were approaching a section of Arkansas bounded by the converging White and Mississippi rivers, and which was overflowed not only between these two mighty streams, but for a great distance on the western bank of the former and the eastern bank of the latter. The width of the submerged lands varied from ten to a hundred or more miles. The children were, as you see, really afloat on a vast sea, which was sweeping southward with great velocity, and bearing on its surface houses, barns, boats, trees, and everything else of sufficient buoyancy to float.

All around our youthful voyagers was engulfed in thick darkness. The sky was so clouded that not the first glimmer of a star nor the faintest gleam of the moon could be seen. There was little air stirring, though now and then a cool puff struck the cheek of the lonely watcher. As much of the water came from the country around the head-waters of the Mississippi, its coldness lent an unwonted chill to the atmosphere.

The surface of the Mississippi was comparatively smooth, though now and then something would produce a whirling eddy in the current, which would cause the waves to splash against the logs. But the sensation was as if the raft was standing still on the bosom of the mighty expanse of muddy waters.

Suddenly they were swept into a whirlpool, which began swinging the raft around with such velocity that Jack was greatly alarmed. It seemed as if the building had become a gigantic top, which spun about until the frightened lad became

so dizzy he was forced to lie down on the roof to keep from rolling off.

Just as he was on the point of awakening Dollie and Crab, the floating building swung out of the whirlpool and acquired a steadier motion, though it continued to revolve slowly for a considerable time.

Jack had been so well shaken up that he was sure nothing could lull him to sleep again that night. But, through fear of losing himself, he prudently resumed his tiresome standing posture, grasping his gun as if he were prepared to "repel boarders."

Dollie stirred uneasily, and her brother noticed that she was talking in her sleep. As he stood close to her, listening, he presently caught the broken words:

"Good-night, Mamma — kiss me to sleep — there — good-night — kiss me, too, Papa —"

Poor girl! In her dreams she was with her father and mother, though one had been in heaven many months, and the other was hundreds of miles distant, and wholly ignorant of the perils to which his children were exposed in these hours of darkness and wide-spread devastation.

Jack sighed deeply as he recalled the sad hour when he had kissed his mother for the last time, and the eyes which had always looked upon him



A FAMILY OF FOUR.

and Dollie with such fond love had faded out forever.

Many a time had the brave-souled fellow lived over the sorrowful moments, as he did now, and many a time, when no human eye saw him, the tears had silently trickled down his cheeks. He gave himself up for a time to the saddening memories, and then, with a great effort, tried to throw off the depressing weight.

Something cold struck the uppermost hand resting on the gun. It was a drop of rain, and he started and looked up.

"If a storm is coming, we shall be in a bad fix," he said, remembering, with a feeling of tender anxiety for his delicate sister, that they had no means of placing the slightest covering over themselves.

Fortunately, however, only a few drops fell. When the cloud from which they came had passed over, Jack drew a deep breath of relief, for he might well dread the discomforts and miseries that would be theirs in case of a fall of rain.

A long distance to the eastward, toward the Mississippi shore, a faint glow was now dimly visible, gliding along toward the northward. Listening attentively, Jack could faintly hear the throbbing noise made by the engines of another steamer which was laboring upward against the flood: but he would not have signaled to it, even had it been within hailing distance.

"I would rather stay where I am until morning," he thought, watching the glow-worm like light until it vanished in the darkness. "There's no saying where we may strike or what may happen to us; but, come what will, it's the best thing we can do."

The boy had no means of telling how long he had slept, but he rightly thought that it must be now after midnight.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HAPPY PARTY.

NEVER did the hours seem so dismal and long to Jack Lawrence as when floating down the Mississippi on that memorable night, keeping his lonely watch. Once or twice he started to pace back and forth, but his quarters were so narrow that he found himself in danger of stepping off; so he gave up the attempt.

But, with true grit, he never once sat down during those long hours. While Dollie and Crab like sleeping as soundly as though in their own beds, Jack continued his lookout for danger.

At last it began to grow light in the direction of the Mississippi shore, and presently, to his infinite relief, the beams of the rising sun illumined the vast waste of waters.

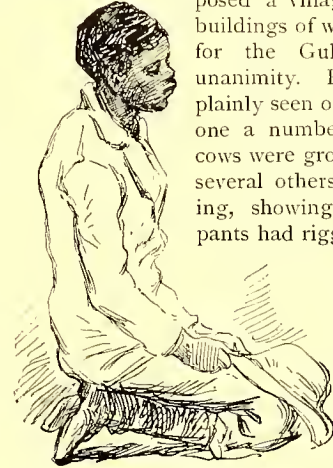
The scene presented to his gaze was one of desolation indeed. In every direction the turbid current bounded the horizon. For all he could see to the contrary, he might have been floating over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, or even in the very center of the Atlantic itself. Nowhere could his straining eye catch the first glimpse of land; even the towering bluffs along shore were under water, and it was impossible for Jack to tell whether he

was drifting over the real bed of the Mississippi, or whether he was fifteen or twenty miles from it. But one thing was certain: he was somewhere on the flood, which may have been fifty or a hundred feet deep under him, and he was being borne he knew not whither.

A long distance to the westward was a group of cabins floating downward together, looking, as Jack fancied, something like a flock of crows sailing across the sky. They undoubtedly had once composed

a village or town, the buildings of which had started for the Gulf with singular unanimity. People could be plainly seen on the roofs. On one a number of mules and cows were grouped, while from several others smoke was rising, showing that the occupants had rigged up some sort of cooking arrangements.

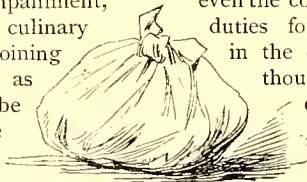
To the eastward were six or eight other cabins, the most of which had people on top—all negroes. The nearest house



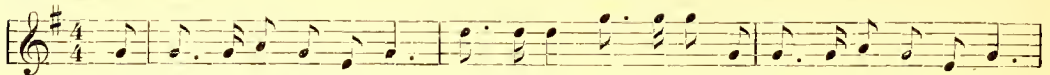
CRAB'S DEVOTIONS.

seemed to have fully a dozen. A fire was burning, and while one—a large, fat negress, with a red handkerchief tied about her head—was preparing the best breakfast she could under the circumstances, the others were singing and dancing as they used to on the old plantations before the war.

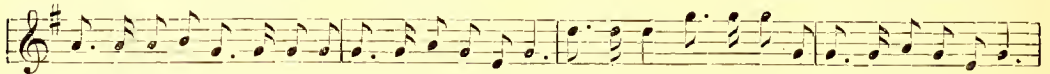
There were musical voices among them, which came floating pleasantly across the water, and altogether the scene was a strange one. Between each verse, a couple of barefooted darkeys, wearing immense flapping straw hats, danced a "double-shuffle" with tremendous vigor, while the brethren and sisters sang and swayed their bodies by way of accompaniment, even the cook, forgetting her culinary duties for the moment, joining in the chorus. It seemed as though there might be danger of the whole breaking through the roof; doubtful if even the certainty of such a catastrophe would have checked the negroes when once they were fairly launched upon the flood-tide of their song. The following melody appeared to be one of their greatest favorites:



"DE BAG O' PERVISIONS."

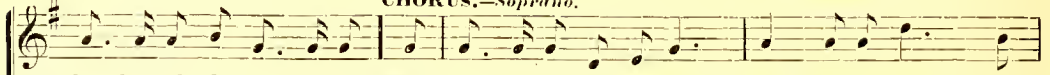


We're gwine to de camp meetin', On de road, on de road, We'll hab a hap-py meetin',



On de road, yes, on de road; Den jine in ou de chorus, On de road, on de road; Out-sing dem folks before us,

CHORUS.—*Soprano.*



On de road, while on de road. We're gwine to de camp meetin', Sing, brudder, sing; We

Alto.



We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing,

Tenor.



We're gwine to de camp meetin', We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We

Bass.



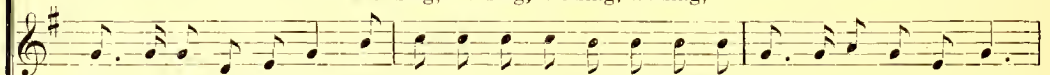
Sing, brudders, sing, we sing,



gib you all a greet-in', Sing, sis-ter, sing, We're on de road to glo-ry;



We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing,



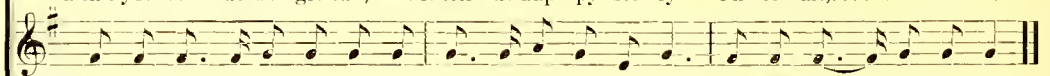
gib you all a greet-in', We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We're on de road to glo-ry;



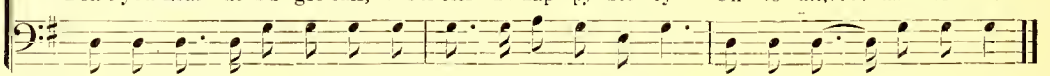
Sing sis-ter, sing, we sing,



Don't you hear de bu-gle call, We'll tell de hap-py sto-ry Un-to all,... un-to all.



Don't you hear de bu-gle call, We'll tell de hap-py sto-ry Un-to all,... un-to all.



Yes, on de road to glory,
On de road—on de road—
We'll tell de happy story,
On de road—on de road;

Keep time unto de marches,
On de road—on de road—
We'll shout frough heaben's arches—
On de road—while on de road.

[Chorus.]

Come, go wid us to heaben,
 On de road—on de road—
 Dar day shall hab no eben,
 On de road, yes, on de road;
 We 'll hab a happy meetin',
 On de road, yes, on de road—
 In heaben's own camp-meetin',
 On de road—while on de road.
 [Chorus.]

CHAPTER IX.

A CHECK.

JACK was looking toward the negroes and listening to their strange and impressive singing, when Crabapple Jackson gave a prodigious yawn, slowly opened his eyes, raised his head on his elbow, and then stared about him in a confused manner for several minutes. He presently came to himself sufficiently to inquire :

“Jack, is dem perwisions dar?”

“Yes; there 's the bag,” was the reply.

“Wall,” continued Crab, “does n't you tink dat dis am a good time to lighten de weight ob de bag?”

“I don't know but that you are right, Crab,” responded Jack. “We 'll awaken Dollie—Ah! she has saved us the trouble.”

The little girl was indeed wide-awake. After a quick glance at her surroundings she recalled everything, and then, as was always her custom, bowed her head in prayer; seeing which action, Crab was recalled to his duty and did the same. Jack had already, before the others were awake, invoked the care of his Heavenly Father in the unknown perils that still awaited them.

Although the water did not look very inviting, the children leaned over the edge of the cabin and washed their faces and hands in the stream, after which they quenched their thirst.

“We 're better off than shipwrecked persons in one respect,” said Jack, as Dollie began taking the food from the bag; “we can never die from thirst, as they often do.”

“De Massissippi don't look wery invitin',” said Crab, “and when we fust come from old Kaintuck I war shuah dat I neber could drink it; but I hab got so now dat I kinder like it.”

“There 's nothing strange in that,” said Jack, “for river-men grow to like it better than anything else.”

“'Ceptin' whisky,” amended Crab.

“I mean, better than any other water, even that from the clearest spring,” explained Jack. “Hark!”

The singing of the negroes on the nearest cabin had stopped some minutes before, but now one of them was heard speaking in a loud voice.

Looking toward them, the children saw that the whole party were kneeling, while one of their number, evidently an exhorter or preacher, was leading in prayer.

The scene was an impressive one, and our young voyagers could not but join them in spirit. The plea of the African was touching in its earnestness and simplicity. He had a rich, sonorous voice, which was mellowed and softened in its passage across the water to their ears.

The negroes must have been hungry, but this fact did not prevent their leader from making his petition as long and all-embracing as he was accustomed to make it when exhorting his brethren and sisters in their cabin at home.

Meantime, the three children began their own breakfast. Jack found it necessary to limit the extent of Crab's repast, or but little would have been left for the future.

“What 's de use ob bein' so partic'lar?” asked the disappointed darkey. “Like enuff dar 'll be some steamer along to-day and take us off, and den we kin get all we want to eat without starvin' ourselves now.”

“There 's no danger of starving as long as we can get one meal a day, such as you have just eaten,” said Jack.

“But don't you expect to be taken off to-day?” asked Dollie, as she carefully put away the remains of the meal.

“I hope so,” answered her brother; “but there is n't any certainty. Don't you see that the river is so wide here that we can't begin to see either shore? The flood may stretch out fifty or even a hundred miles further, for we are not yet out of the lowlands of Arkansas.”

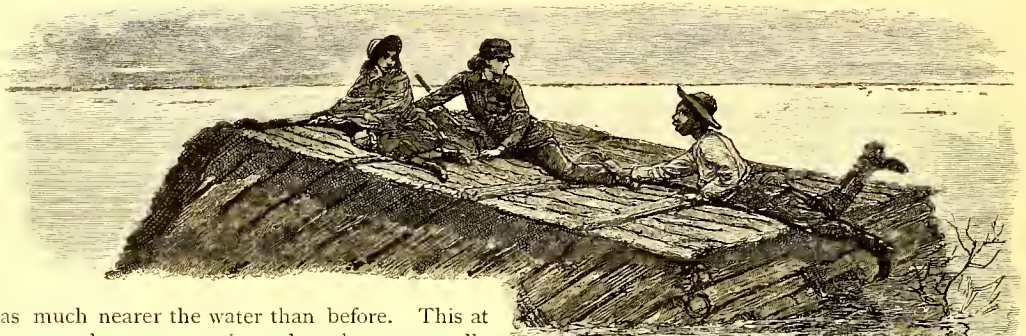
“What 's dat got to do wid de steam-boat taking us off?” asked Crab, with some sullenness. He evidently had no fancy for any theory, however plausible, that was likely to stand in the way of his seemingly unappeasable appetite.

“A good deal,” said Jack, decidedly. “There are not half enough steamers on thé Mississippi to cover such a lot of water. We may drift all the way to New Orleans before being picked up. That will take several days, supposing we are not delayed by any accident; and what shall we do in the meantime if our provisions give out?”

“And then,” added Dollie, whose tender heart was always remembering others, “there must be a good many who have nothing at all to eat, and we may have a chance to share with them.”

Crab found he was outvoted, and so said no more, though he looked longingly at the bag which contained the food, for which he seemed always to be craving.

Our young friends now observed that the roof



was much nearer the water than before. This at first caused some uneasiness, but there was really no occasion for it. A large part of the cabin beneath had been loosened so that it had come apart and floated away, leaving so much less to support them.

But had nothing save the roof remained, that alone would have sufficed to carry them safely, so long as no unexpected danger interfered.

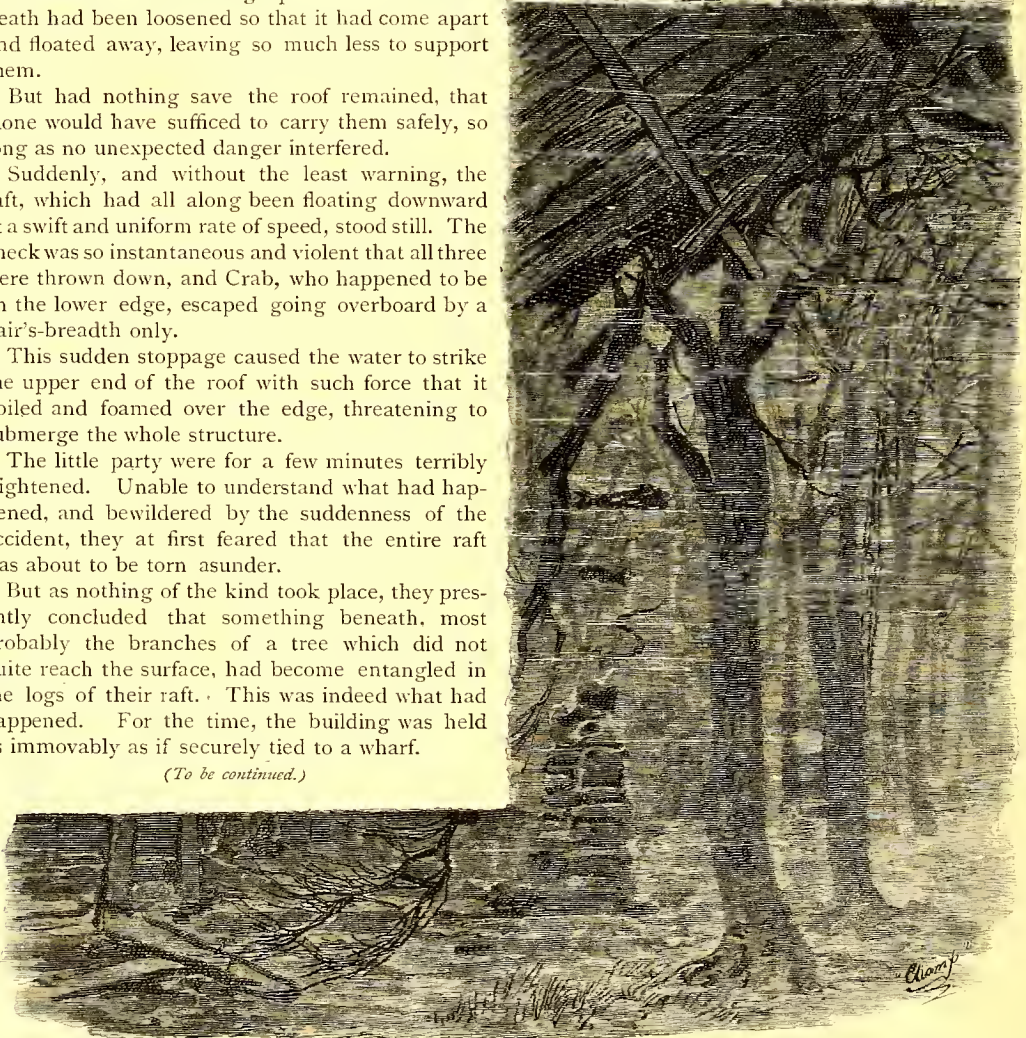
Suddenly, and without the least warning, the raft, which had all along been floating downward at a swift and uniform rate of speed, stood still. The check was so instantaneous and violent that all three were thrown down, and Crab, who happened to be on the lower edge, escaped going overboard by a hair's-breadth only.

This sudden stoppage caused the water to strike the upper end of the roof with such force that it boiled and foamed over the edge, threatening to submerge the whole structure.

The little party were for a few minutes terribly frightened. Unable to understand what had happened, and bewildered by the suddenness of the accident, they at first feared that the entire raft was about to be torn asunder.

But as nothing of the kind took place, they presently concluded that something beneath, most probably the branches of a tree which did not quite reach the surface, had become entangled in the logs of their raft. This was indeed what had happened. For the time, the building was held as immovably as if securely tied to a wharf.

(To be continued.)



A GOOD MODEL.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I HAVE lately been visiting a gentleman whom I should like to tell about. He lives on the banks of the Delaware River, not far from Trenton, New Jersey. The place was the seat of an old Quaker neighborhood long before the Revolution, and Washington's soldiers passed along its roads and crossed its fields many a time. And later, many men who became famous, particularly as naturalists, have lived or visited there.

The Delaware River below Trenton is bordered by very wide flats, known as "The Meadows." At one place, fully a mile from the river, a long, steep bank rises to the level of the farming-lands behind, and shows the ancient limit of the river-freshets. In a beautiful grove on the summit of this bluff stands the picturesque old home of my friend, with its group of barns and sunny gardens about it, and the broad grain-fields behind. Thus pleasantly placed for hearing and seeing what goes on out-of-doors, this gentleman has taught himself to be one of the best field naturalists in the world. By "field naturalist" I mean one who finds out the appearance and habits of plants and animals as they are when alive and in their own homes, and who does not content himself merely with reading what others write about them.

It is very delightful to talk with this gentleman, and to see how well he is acquainted with the birds and the four-footed animals of his district, all of which are under his jealous protection. He has half a dozen little "tracts" within a mile of his house, each of which is tenanted by a partly different class of plants and animals, so that there is never any lack of variety in his studies. The truth of this will not seem clear to you at first, perhaps, because you are accustomed to think that, in order to find any great diversity in outdoor life, you must search through great spaces of country. But my friend's farm would show you that a great many little differences are ordinarily overlooked, which, when you come to know them, are seen to be real and important. And this can be proven in one place about as well as in another.

For instance, it is easy to divide the estate I am speaking of into four districts, so far as natural history is concerned. First, there are the upland fields and house-gardens; second, the steep hill-side, grown dense with trees and tangled shrubbery; next, the broad, treeless, lowland meadows; and

lastly, the creek, with its still, shaded waters, marshy nooks, and flowery banks.

Now, while there are many trees, bushes, and weeds that are common to all these four districts, it is also true that each of the districts has a number of plants and animals that are not to be found in the others. You would not expect to get water-snakes, muskrats, or any wading birds on the high fields behind the house, nor do the woodchucks, quails, and vesper-sparrows of the hill-top go down among the sycamores by the creek. One quickly gets a hint here of the great fact that any species of animal or plant may be spread over a whole State, or half the continent, yet, nevertheless, be found only on that kind of ground which is best suited to it. One of the first things a naturalist has to learn, therefore, in respect to an animal whose habits he wishes to study, is what sort of surroundings it loves, and he will be surprised, particularly in the case of the smaller creatures, to learn how careful animals are in this matter, since upon it, as a rule, depends their food and safety. There are certain snails, for example, which my friend finds in one corner of his farm and never anywhere else. A pair of Bewick's wrens have lived in his wagon-house for some years, but they are the only pair in the whole county. It would be no use for him to look anywhere than on his bush-grown hill-side for the worm-eating warbler, the morning warbler, or the chat, though his gardens up above entice many other birds. Similarly, if the bird called the rail decides to make its home on his land, it will not settle along the creek, but in a marshy part of his meadows. I might mention a large number of these examples, but these will suffice.

For more than twenty years my friend has been diligently studying this single square mile around his house. One would think he knew it pretty well by this time, and he does—better, I believe, than any other square mile is known in the United States. He can tell you, and has written down, a hundred things about our common animals which are real news; yet he thinks that he has only begun, and is finding out something more every few days.

Here is an instance:

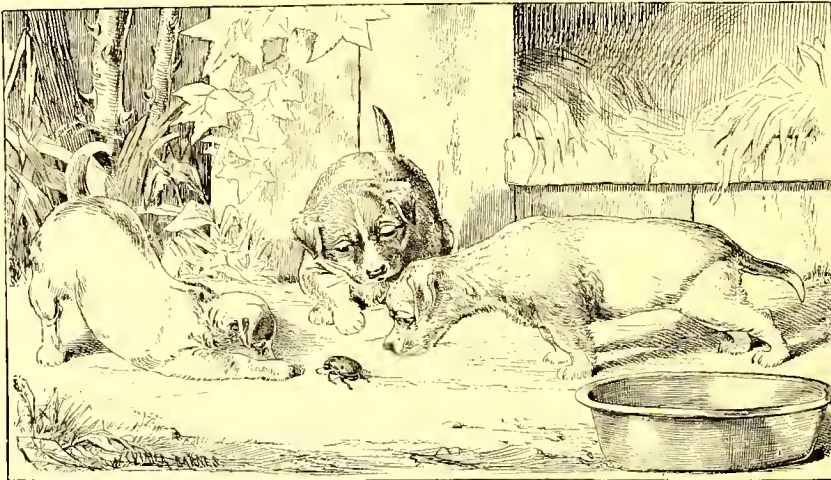
Forty years ago, or more, a small, brightly spotted turtle was described as living near Philadelphia, and two miserable specimens were sent

to Professor Agassiz. It was called Mühlenberg's turtle, and since then not one has been seen until last summer. My friend was always on the lookout, never failing to pick up or turn over every small turtle he met on the meadows or along the creek, and examine whether the marks on its under shell were those of the lost species. Finally, one of the ditches in the meadows was drained off to be repaired, and there, within a short distance, were picked up six Mühlenberg turtles! If you go to Cambridge, Mass., you can see four of them alive and healthy to-day. They could easily have gone out of that ditch into other ditches, and so into the creek; but, if they ever did, they have succeeded for twenty years in escaping some pretty sharp eyes that would have been very glad to see them.

This little incident has a moral for us in two ways. One is, that often the apparent rarity of an animal comes from the fact that we don't know where to look for it; and the other, that it takes a practiced eye to know it when we have found it, and to take care that it does n't get lost sight of again. Practice your methods of observation, then, without ceasing. You can not make discoveries in any other way. And the cultivation of

the habit will be of inestimable advantage to you in many ways.

This is the merest hint of how, without going away from home, by always keeping his eyes open, a man, or a boy or a girl can study, to the great advantage and enjoyment not only of himself (or herself), but to the help of all the rest of us. I should like to tell you how patiently the naturalist watches the ways of the wary birds and small game he loves; how those sunfish and shy darters forget that he is looking quietly down through the still water, and go on with their daily life as he wants to witness it; how he drifts silently at midnight, hid in his boat, close to the timid heron, and sees him strike at his prey; or how, concealed in the topmost branches of a leafy tree, he overlooks the water-birds drilling their little ones, and smiles at the play of a pair of rare otters, whose noses would not be in sight an instant did they suppose any one was looking at them. But I can not recount all his vigils and ingenious experiments, or the entertaining facts they bring to our knowledge, since my object now is only to give you a suggestion of how much one man may do and learn on a single farm in the most thickly settled part of the United States.



TRIO OF NATURALISTS: "How now? Six legs! And a dwarf, at that!"

A LITTLE LADY.

BY LIZZIE L. GOULD.

I KNOW a little lady
Who wears a hat of green,
All trimmed with red, red roses,
And a blackbird on the brim.

She ties it down with ribbons,
Under her dimpled chin:
For oftentimes it's breezy
When she comes tripping in.

She 'll drop a dainty courtesy,
Perhaps she 'll throw a kiss;
She brings so many hundred
That one she 'll never miss.

With laughing, sunny glances
She comes, her friends to greet:
There's not another maiden
In all the world so sweet!

Her name? The roses tell you!
'T is in the blackbird's tune!
This smiling little lady
Is just our own dear June!



ON THE REFUGE SANDS.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"RATHER an inhospitable refuge," said Rob Clinton, with a laugh—"ragged rocks for those who come from the sea, and bare sands for those from the land."

"Yet it is when we are among ragged rocks and bare sands," said Mrs. Eustace, who stood by him, "that we want a refuge, you wise boy. And there is the house, which is the real refuge."

"I was n't thinking of the house," said Rob; "but perhaps, on a stormy night, it might be better than the rocks and sands, though at present I don't think so. But Mr. Eustace is calling us. He and the girls have regularly gone into refuge on the piazza."

The Eustace party, which now found itself in a lonely "House of Refuge" for shipwrecked sailors

on the Atlantic coast of Florida, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace, their nephew Phil, with his two sisters, and Rob Clinton, Phil's school-fellow and best friend. They were taking a trip down the Indian River in two sail-boats, and the captain and owner of the larger of these two boats—the "Wanda"—had selected this place as a very suitable spot at which to moor their craft and pass the night. For a hundred miles or more the party had heard the roar and moan of the ocean on the other side of the narrow strip of land which separates the Indian River from the Atlantic. But, until now, they had not crossed the barrier. Here the high bank of sand and rock on which the "House of Refuge" stood was so narrow one could almost throw a stone from the quiet waters

of the river into the roaring surf on the other side.

The keeper of the Refuge, a young man named Norman, who, with his wife and child, lived in this lonely house, met the visitors with a glad welcome. He had little to offer them save the shade of the broad piazza which fronted on the ocean; but this was all they wanted, and, on his part, it was delightful to him to see again some human beings from the outside world.

Our party remained on the beach until long after sunset. Mr. Eustace was not strong, and he sat upon the warm sand; but Mrs. Eustace and the girls, with Rob and Phil, wandered about among the great twisted and jagged rocks, at the foot of which the waves rolled and tumbled. The unceasing roar of the incoming surf, the splendors of the setting sun reflected on the eastern sky, the great pelicans swooping along over the crests of the breakers, and the far-stretching ocean itself, made a scene so grand and impressive that our friends could not bear to tear themselves away. Darkness had almost set in, and the good-natured captain of the "Wanda" had three times called them to supper before they would leave the beach.

In the evening, by Norman's invitation, they came up to the house and sat in what he called his parlor, a large, bare room, furnished with a desk and some rickety chairs and stools. This house had once been a life-saving station. Norman told them, but it was now simply a place of refuge and shelter for sailors and other shipwrecked persons who might be cast upon this beach. Above and below, at distances of a few miles apart, sign-boards were set up on the beach, on which were painted, in two or three languages, directions by which the House of Refuge might be found. In the second story of the long, low building were a number of small beds, and the Government kept here always a goodly supply of hard bread and salted meats.

"In the boat-house down there," said Norman, "are two life-boats. They are of no use now, as I am the only man at this place. All I can do is to take care of any poor fellows who are lucky enough to get themselves ashore from a wreck. But it is n't often we have wrecks on this coast, and if it was n't for a hunter or fisherman now and then, and the people on board the supply-ship when that comes along, we should be pretty hard up for company."

When our friends went down to their boat, about nine o'clock, they found that the air had grown colder and that a strong wind was blowing from the sea. The boats lay under the lee of the land, but their occupants were a good deal rocked that night, for the wind grew stronger and stronger.

In the morning, Captain Silas told the party that he expected to tie up at this place all day. There was a big storm coming up, and the Indian River in a gale was no place for a top-heavy boat like the "Wanda."

After breakfast, everybody went over to the beach. There, for the first time in their lives, they saw a real storm at sea. It did not rain, but the sky was full of scudding clouds, the water was in wild commotion, and the waves dashed high over the rocks on which the young people had stood the evening before. The wind and the spray soon obliged Mr. and Mrs. Eustace and the girls to go into the house, where they watched the stormy scene from the windows. But Phil and Rob put on their heavy coats, and remained upon the beach. Rob was a tall young fellow, with a full chest, and big muscles on his arms. He was fond of baseball and boating, and delighted in athletic sports and outdoor life. Phil was of slighter build, and, though healthy and active, had distinguished himself much more in the study of the classics and mathematics than in boyish games and exercises. Still, it must not be supposed that, because he did not excel in these latter pursuits, he did not care to do so. Like many another boy of spirit, he was just as anxious to perform those manly deeds to which he was little used, and which were not expected of him at all, as to be thought proficient in his studies. For instance, it would give him as much pride and pleasure to successfully sail a boat in a stiff breeze as to work out the hardest problem in differential calculus. He was of a quiet disposition, and had had little opportunity of engaging in what are called manly exercises. But he had a manly spirit, and often envied Rob the dash and courage that carried him at once into the front of every sport and adventure. Rob frequently took the tiller of the "Mary," the smaller boat on which the boys generally sailed, when Joe Miles, the boatman, was busy forward. Phil, too, would have liked nothing better than to take his turn at steering, but somehow it had never occurred to Joe to ask him, and Phil was too sensitive to offer his services: still, he could not help feeling a little sore that Joe should never think of him as a person who could steer a boat.

The storm continued, the wind growing stronger as the day progressed, and finally even the boys were glad to take shelter in the house. About noon Norman called the whole party out on the porch. "Look out there!" he cried, pointing over the tossing waves. Plainly in sight for an instant, then lost behind the heaving billows, then up again in view, was seen the hull of a large vessel, apparently two or three miles from shore.

"She was a three-masted schooner," shouted



THE LIFE-BOAT IN THE SURF. (SEE PAGE 615.)

Norman, "but she 's a no-masted one now. She is driving before the wind right on shore!"

"Do you think there is anybody in her?" cried Mrs. Eustace.

"I reckon so," answered Norman. "She seems all right, except that her masts are gone. The storm is worse out at sea than it is here. I reckon we 're only on the edge of it."

"Will she be driven on these rocks?" asked Mr. Eustace, the noise of the surf making it necessary to shout the words into Norman's ear.

"Can't say," answered the keeper. "She 's more likely to come in a mile or two below here."

"And what will you do then?" asked Rob, eagerly.

"I 'll go down and help all I can," returned Norman.

"And we 'll go with you!" cried both the boys together.

Mr. Eustace and the girls now went into the house, but Mrs. Eustace, well wrapped up, remained on the porch with the boys and Norman, where Silas, the captain of the "Wanda," with the colored man, his assistant, and Joe Miles, soon joined them.

The wind now shifted, blowing more directly from the east, and the men predicted that the vessel would come ashore close to the house.

"Shall you get out a boat?" asked Rob.

"If she comes in here there wont be any need of boats," Norman answered. "She 'll drive right

up on the rocks in front of us. The water is deep enough, a dozen yards from low-tide mark, to float a big ship at any time. She 'll come close in, if she comes at all."

"Then what she has got to do," said Silas, "is to drop her anchors as soon as she gets in soundings. If they hold where the water is deep enough, she may be all right yet."

On came the dismasted vessel, tossing, pitching, and rolling, and making almost directly toward the House of Refuge.

"She is American," said Norman. Except these words, no one spoke, but with rapidly beating hearts all stood and watched the incoming and helpless vessel. The captain of the schooner evidently saw his only chance of safety, for, when apparently but a few hundred yards from shore, a man was seen to throw a lead, and very soon afterward two anchors went down, one at the bow and one at the stern.

Now came a moment of intense anxiety. Would the anchors hold?

On came the vessel. "She 's got to let out cable!" said Norman, and in a few moments her shoreward course was arrested. She rolled and pitched, but came no nearer the dreadful rocks.

"They 're holdin'!" cried Silas, as he waved his hat above his head, and if it had not been for the noise of the surf his voice could have been heard on board of the vessel, where many men could be seen about the decks.

"But there 's no knowin' how long they 'll hold," said Norman. "Them breakers are givin' them an awful strain."

"Is n't there any way of saving those people?" cried Mr. Eustace, coming out in great excitement.

"She 'd be all right if she could hold out till the storm is over," said Silas.

"But if onc of them anchors or hawsers gives way," said Norman, "the other wont hold her, and she 'll come smashing right on to these rocks! What the people on that vessel ought to do is to get on shore as soon as they can; but there 's not a boat on her davits. She 's been caught in some sort of a cyclone, and everything has been swept away."

"Can't you go out in one of these boats and take the people off?" said Mr. Eustace.

"I 'll go out in the small boat," said Norman, "if these men will help me; and then, if we can bring some of the crew ashore, we can man the big life-boat and take them all off, if there is time and the boats don't capsize."

"I would go with you in a moment," said Mr. Eustace, "if I was strong enough to pull an oar."

Everybody was now on the piazza, and the general excitement was so great that even the girls did not seem to notice the fierce wind and the spray which every minute or two swept in from the sea. The men on the vessel, apparently to the number of fifteen or twenty, were scattered about the deck, holding on to parts of the wreck, and all anxiously gazing toward shore. Now and then one of them waved a handkerchief or a cap. It was very likely that, seeing the boat-house and the larger building, they judged that this was a life-saving station,—perhaps some of them knew that it used to be such,—and they, doubtless, wondered why the boat had not already put out to their rescue.

"If you three men," said Norman, addressing Silas, Joe Miles, and the negro Tom, "will each take an oar, and one of these young gentlemen will steer, we 'll get out the little boat, and pull to the schooner."

"We 'll go," said Silas, speaking for himself and the other two, "but I reckon these young men 'll be afraid to venture out in a sea like that."

"Afraid!" cried both boys in a breath. And then Rob added, "There is no danger of our being afraid, is there, Phil?"

"Well then, if one of you 'll go," said Norman, "we are all right." And he hurriedly led the way to the boat-house.

Mr. Eustace and the girls retired into the house; but Mrs. Eustace, filled with the excitement of the moment, drew her shawl around her head, and followed the men. It did not take long to run the small boat out of the boat-house, and over the

smooth sand to the water's edge; then the men buckled on their life-preservers, four oars were quickly put aboard, the row-locks fixed, the rudder shipped, and she was ready to launch.

"Now, which of you is going?" cried Norman.

Phil said not a word, but his eyes sparkled.

"Can't we both go?" asked Rob.

"No," said Silas, who stood nearest, "there 's no need of two, and the other one would just take up the room of a man from the wreck. The boat is small enough, anyway."

"Come, hurry up!" cried Norman, who had taken hold of the side of the boat, "and make up your minds which of you is goin'. It is enough to make you afraid, I know; but one of you promised to go, and you 're in for it now! Jump in, one of you, and we 'll run her out!"

The men now stood, two on each side of the boat, ready to push her out behind the next outgoing breaker. Just at this moment there came through the storm the first sound that had been heard from the ship. It might have been the scream of a bird or an animal, but it sounded wonderfully like the cry of a child.

"There is a woman on board," groaned Mrs. Eustace. She saw the flutter of her dress.

Whatever this cry was, it seemed to send a thrill through every person on the beach. The men, who had already pulled the boat out so far that the water dashed about their legs whenever a wave came in, turned around and looked angrily at the boys. Phil made a step toward the boat; then he stopped, and looked at Rob.

There was nothing in the world that would have given Phil such intense delight as to go out in that boat, and help rescue the crew of the disabled ship. No hero of chivalry had a braver spirit than he. No knight had ever desired more earnestly to plunge into the battle than he desired to steer that boat.

Rob's blood was boiling. For the first time in his life he had been looked upon as a coward, and the injustice of the thing stung him to the heart. Such an adventure was something that suited him exactly, mind and body. In the excitement of the moment he had no more fear of those wild waves than of the rippling waters of a pond.

He, too, made a step toward the boat, and as Phil looked up at him their eyes met. Rob knew exactly how Phil felt. He saw that he was trembling with fierce desire to go in the boat, and yet he knew the boy would never push himself forward to a place to which he thought he had no right.

The storm of undefined emotions which had been raging within Rob now suddenly ceased. He spoke to Phil, but his voice was hoarse and unnatural.

"Get in," he said.

"Do you mean it?" cried Phil, with a quick flush upon his face.

Rob nodded; and in a moment Phil had secured a cork belt about his waist and was in the stern of the boat. A wave rose beneath the boat, waist-deep into the water ran the men, and then they clambered in and seized the oars.

"I thought the big fellow would 'a' gone," muttered Joe Miles. And that was all that was said.

Rob stood and watched the boat as eight strong arms pulled it away in the very face of the in-rolling breakers. Then his legs seemed to grow weak beneath him. He felt he had given up the only chance he would ever have of doing the thing that of all things in the world he would most like to do. He sank upon his knees on the sand, and put his hands before his face. The water washed up close to him, and the spray dashed over him, but he did not notice anything of this.

Presently he felt a touch upon his shoulder. He looked up, and saw Mrs. Eustace standing over him. In an instant Rob sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Eustace," he cried, with glowing face, "I was n't afraid!"

The lady took the boy's hand in both of hers. "Rob," she said, "I never had a brother; but, if I could have one, I should like him to be a fellow just like you. You need n't tell me anything about it. I know why you did it."

Now came Mr. Eustace and the girls hurrying to the spot. They had been astonished to see Phil going off in the boat.

"I had thought," said Mr. Eustace to Rob, "that you would go. You are so much larger and stronger than he is."

"He can steer as well as I can," said Rob, with an attempt at a laugh.

Phil's sisters turned their tearful and reproachful eyes on Rob, and Mr. Eustace was about to speak, when his wife interrupted him.

"Come here," she said, "and you girls too. I want to speak with you." And she took them apart.

In half an hour the boat returned, bringing three men of the crew and the captain's wife and baby, Phil still proudly sitting in the stern and steering. The little boat was run upon the sand, and the seven men hurried to the boat-house and brought out the larger life-boat. In ten minutes it was afloat, six men at the oars, and Captain Silas at the helm. Before sundown every living being, and some of the clothing and property of the crew, had been safely brought to shore.

The storm continued all night, and, before morning, the hawsers of the schooner parted, and she was driven ashore a short distance below the House of Refuge. She was beaten to pieces on

the rocks, and when daylight appeared the beach for half a mile was strewn with her broken timbers and the flour-barrels which formed a part of her cargo.

Phil was the hero of the occasion, for everybody agreed that no fewer than four men could have rowed that first boat out to the wreck; and it would have been hard and doubtful work for them without some one to steer. Mr. Eustace and the girls thoroughly understood the whole affair, but they were no less proud of Phil. After all, he had gone out in the boat.

As for the captain of the wrecked schooner, which was an American vessel, bound from Baltimore to the West Indies, his gratitude and that of his wife was so great that poor modest Phil longed most earnestly for the gale to subside, so that the sail-boats might continue their journey. But the wind, though much abated, was still so high that the prudent Captain Silas saw that he would have to remain at his present moorings until the next day, and the younger members of our party found occupation enough in watching and assisting the efforts of the rescued crew to save the boxes and barrels that the sea had thrown, or was throwing, on the sands and among the rocks.

The next morning broke bright and clear, with a fresh but moderate breeze, and, after breakfast, the "Wanda" and the "Mary" were made ready to continue their trip down the river. Just before the larger boat, on which the whole party was then assembled, had cast loose from the little pier, the captain of the wrecked vessel came on board. He held in his hand a scarf-pin, surmounted by an ancient golden coin or medal.

"I have n't much of value," he said, "but this is a curious Moorish coin which I got in Madrid, and I want to give it to the noble boy who came through the storm to help save me and mine." And, handing the scarf-pin to Phil, he turned and stepped ashore.

That afternoon, when the two sail-boats were many miles from the House of Refuge, Rob was sitting at the open end of the cabin of the "Wanda," writing in his journal on the little folding shelf which served as a table. Phil and the girls were on the other boat, and Mr. Eustace was taking a nap. Presently Mrs. Eustace arose from the camp-stool on which she had been sitting, and went up to Rob. She took from her pocket a silver fruit-knife, which she laid on the note-book before him.

"I have n't much of value," she said, "but I want to give this to the noble boy who did n't go through the storm to save anybody."

Captain Silas had been watching this little scene from the stern. "I've been thinkin' that that might be about the rights of it," he said, with a smile.

FOR A GREAT MANY NEDS.

BY EVA L. CARSON.

WHEN Ned was a baby—oh, ages ago!
(Well, that is, a matter of six years or so)

There once was a wonderful talking,
From upstairs and down-stairs every one ran,
When Mamma called: "Come, Susan! Look,
Mary Ann!

The most wonderful thing since the world
began!

Oh, look! Come! See!

Neddie is walking!"

But to-day a more wonderful thing you may see,
For now a bold youngster called Ned climbs a
tree,

Plays at ball, tag, or shinney (and beats at all
three),

And is ever in mischief and riot.

And when this astonishing thing the folks spy,
To one and another they wond'ringly cry,

While amaze at such accident fills every eye:

"What a marvel! *Here's Ned sitting quiet!"*

THE FRESH-AIR FUND.

BY I. N. FORD.

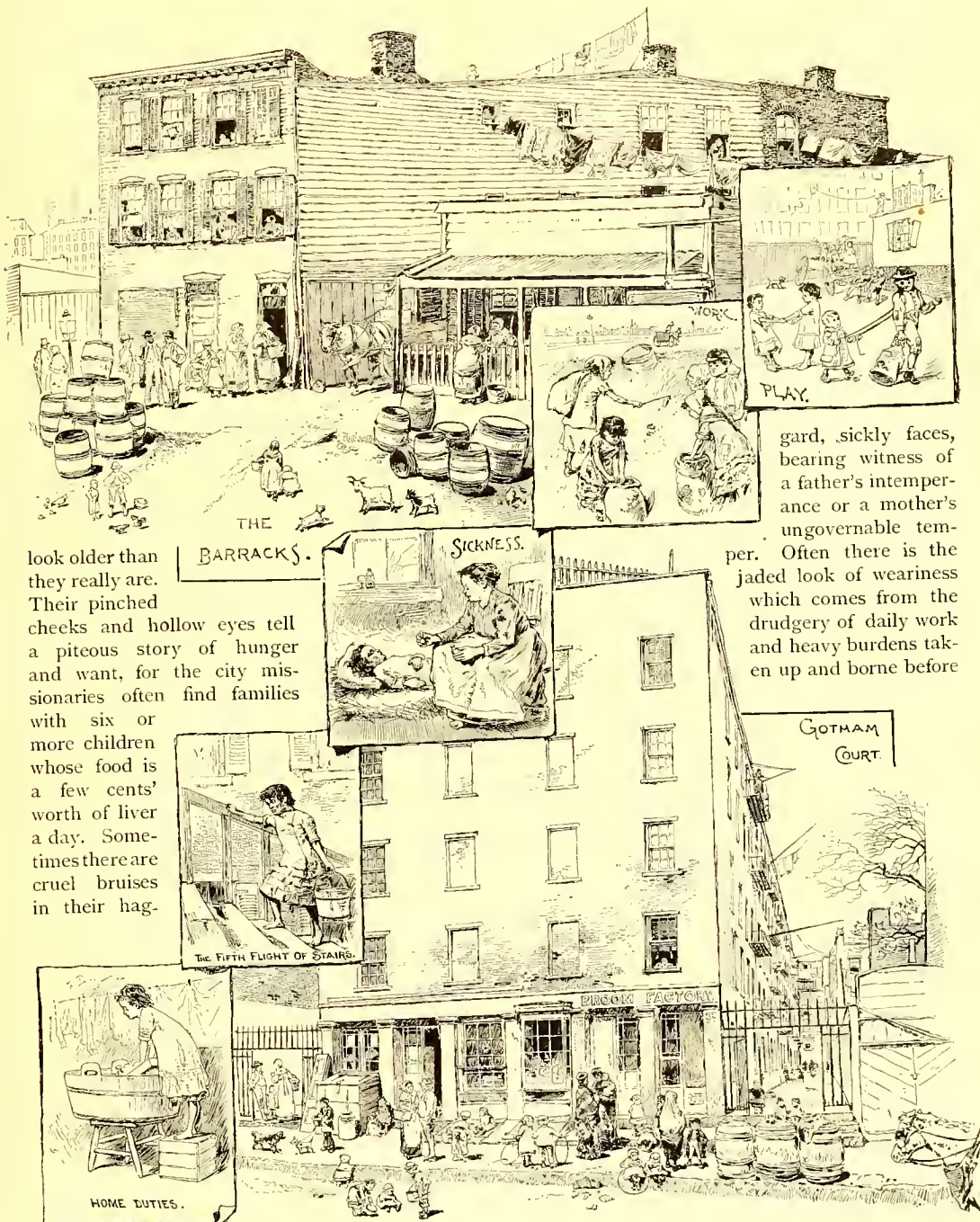
CLOSE by the river, at the foot of a dismal street, stands a big shed, in which eighteen families eat and sleep. It is a quarter of New York where decent people are seldom seen. On every side there are shanties and rookeries, and the air is heavy with sickening smells from slaughter-houses. Dirt is everywhere: a foul ooze of garbage and standing water in the gutter; solid layers of dust in dark entries which are never scratched by a broom; heaps of unclean straw serving for pillow and bed in the closets which are known as bedrooms; and thick coatings of grime, ancient and modern, on the hands and faces of the children swarming about the door-ways, as well as in the shreds, tatters, and patches with which they are scantily clothed. The midsummer sun heats up the piles of refuse until they steam with foul vapors, which are caught up by the windows; and when the doors leading into the halls are opened for a draught of fresh air, there is a stifling sense of closeness and dampness, which makes the babies sneeze and the mothers cough. The long wooden building, with its three floors and rickety staircases, is so unsteady and tottering that one who watches it in the noontime heat of a July day fairly holds his breath, expecting to hear a sudden crash and to see its ragged roof and dingy walls fall to pieces, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

That ugly shed is known as "The Barracks." Rubbish heap though it be, it contains within its patched and slimy shell eighteen homes, with as

many as sixty children. On each of its three floors there are six families, and no household has more than two rooms, one of them being barely larger than a closet, and as dark as night even in the day-time. In those two rooms the cooking and washing for the family are done, and at night the father, mother, and sometimes as many as six or eight children, have to sleep close together, like sardines in a box.

"The Barracks" is one of the tenement houses where the children of the poor live all the year round. It is a long way from that dismal rookery to Cherry street, on the East side, where as many as one hundred and twenty families are lodged in "Gotham Court," once one of the most hideous tenement houses in the city, but now greatly improved. Between those two landmarks, and from one end of Manhattan Island to the other, there are tenements of all kinds and grades for half a million or more poor people. Among them are many well-kept mechanics' floors, where the halls are scrubbed once a week and the children oftener, and where there are carpets, pictures, easy-chairs, and many signs of thrift and comfort. But there are also thousands of cheerless and comfortless homes, where the poor lead lives of misery and want—rear tenements where the sunlight can not enter, rickety garrets as dark as a pocket, damp cellars and foul stable-lofts, where a breath of fresh air can never come, let the winds blow as they may.

The children in these tenement houses always



look older than they really are. Their pinched cheeks and hollow eyes tell a piteous story of hunger and want, for the city missionaries often find families with six or more children whose food is a few cents' worth of liver a day. Sometimes there are cruel bruises in their hag-

gard, sickly faces, bearing witness of a father's intemperance or a mother's ungovernable temper. Often there is the jaded look of weariness which comes from the drudgery of daily work and heavy burdens taken up and borne before

there is strength to bear them. In one way or another their looks belie their age. They are children who have been cheated out of their childhood. In their rags, patches, and everlasting smudge, they are the little old men and the little old women of the tenement world.

The childhood which accords with their years, if



REV. WILLARD PARSONS.

not with their faces, can not be permanently restored to them, for poverty is their birthright, and every season brings with it privations and misery. But if they can be helped to be children for two weeks in the year, the memories of their holiday and the renewed health which it gives to them will make them younger as well as healthier and happier. If, when the scorching midsummer sun falls with a white glare upon the thin roofs and flimsy walls of their tenement homes, the children can be taken out of the narrow closets where they sleep, and the steaming gutters where they swarm like big black flies, and set down in the center of the children's play-ground, which is the country, a new glow will be kindled in their cheeks, and they will be the children they were meant to be—not little old men and little old women.

Now, this is the work of what is called "The Tribune Fresh-Air Fund." People who are rich or have moderate means furnish the money for the children's traveling expenses, sending it to "The Tribune" newspaper. Last summer there were more than fifteen hundred generous persons, many of them children themselves, who gave money for this purpose, the contributions amounting to \$21,-

556.91. With this sum, 5599 of the poor children of New York were taken into the country, given a holiday of two weeks, and carried back to their tenement homes. While their traveling expenses were paid by the contributors to the Fund, the children were the invited guests of farmers and other hospitable people living in the country. During the spring, seventy-five public meetings were held in as many villages in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other States, and arrangements were made with committees and clergymen in as many other localities; and when the kind-hearted entertainers in the country were ready to receive them, the children were sent out from the city in large companies, and distributed among the villages. The farmers' wives never knew whom to expect, although they always had timely notice as to how many were coming and when to meet the little visitors at the railway station. The children in setting out on their journey did not know where they were to spend their fortnight's vacation, but sooner or later they found themselves separated from their traveling companions and trundling in a farmer's wagon over a country road toward what was to be for a few happy days their home; and although they had to tell their names and their ages when they reached the farm-house, and everything was strange and new to them, they always found a motherly woman bustling about and trying to make them feel at home.

The manager of the Fresh-Air Fund is Willard Parsons, a bachelor clergyman, who has adopted the poor children of New York for his own. Hale and hearty, with a ruddy face and an eye twinkling with good humor, he has a heart brimful of kindness for neglected children, and the energy of twenty men. He it was who devised this simple and effective plan of entertaining in the country the poorest of poor children living in New York and Brooklyn. The experiment was tried six years ago, when he had a country parish in Pennsylvania, and now he is making this the business of his life. His work has already been crowned with success. The first year, sixty children were taken into the country. Last year, 6000 children had an outing in green fields and pastures new. It is a charity as popular as it is beautiful, for every heart is touched by the sorrows of neglected childhood.

The children are selected by those who spend their lives in working for and among the poor. Last year, Mr. Parsons was assisted by more than two hundred physicians, clergymen, city missionaries, Bible-readers, and teachers, and use was made of the principal benevolent societies and charitable institutions, the design being to extend aid only to those who required and deserved it. All that was asked of the mothers or friends was that the

children under their charge should be clean when they started. Now, in tenement houses, water seldom runs above the first and second floors. Families living in the remaining floors have to carry water upstairs in pails, and consequently use it sparingly. The children are not encouraged to keep themselves clean from day to day and week to week, so that something besides a surface washing is required when they are prepared for their summer travels. They have to be steamed, scraped, scrubbed, and shaken; and as their mothers either will not or do not know how to be thorough in this process of renovation, the work is sometimes done at mission-houses and institutions. The transformations wrought by soap and water are often startling. One of the little girls at the Five Points, who did not recollect ever having had a bath in the course of her short career, caught a glimpse of her small self in a fragment of looking-glass, and gave expression to her emotions in the exclamation: "Oh! I 'se been born again, just like Eve!" In this way, some of the ugliest children of the street are gradually bleached into comeliness and decency, and when they are clean, perhaps for the first time in their lives, they are arrayed in new clothes provided by the institutions. Often maternal pride, when the child is washed and



PREPARATION.

dressed at home, produces a faded ribbon or a bit of cheap finery. When these finishing touches are neglected, the dresses of the girls are carefully ironed, and the boys' ragged and thread-bare suits are neatly patched and sponged. So clean and tidy are they, as with eager, excited faces they set out on their holiday journey, that it is often hard for bystanders to believe that these are indeed the children of the poor. But they are the poorest of

poor children, and are carefully selected by those who know them and how they live.

One of the largest parties sent out last summer left the city on the afternoon of July 5th. For an hour before the steamer's paddles began to move, troops of from twenty to forty children, conducted by Mr. Parsons's volunteer aids, had been filing across the wharf; and, when the last whistle was blown, four hundred and seventy little travelers were mustered in the cabins and on the decks. Each child wore a badge, and carried either a bundle of clothes or a carpet-bag, much the worse for wear; but there the common points of resemblance ended and variety began. There were all sorts, sizes, ages, and tempers. There were veterans in holiday travel, who, having had an outing the previous year, knew all about it and were ready to abash their companions with their superior wisdom. There were shy little toddlers, to whom this was a terribly new experience, and who seemed to be uncertain whether they would find any place like a bed in that great cinder-mill of a steamer, or any person like a mother in the wonderful country whither they were going; and apparently this feeling was shared by a few of the mothers themselves, who clung to the little ones with sobs and kisses, unwilling to let them go, even for two short weeks, although they knew it would be for the best. Then there were tall, awkward girls, painfully conscious of the fact that they were wearing their best clothes; wide-awake boys bent upon exploring the hold and mounting to the wheel-house; timid figures covering silently in corners where they would not be observed; bolder spirits elbowing their way through the throng and making all manner of racket; and wistful little faces, which seemed to have been waiting for a day's pleasure from their birth, and to have found it, at last, this merry day. It was a strangely assorted company of sad and joyous, listless and active, dull and intelligent, sickly and vigorous boys and girls. Every face was glowing with anticipations of happiness. Every little figure was quivering with excitement. "Is this the country?" piped a sweet voice, before the steamer had fairly swung out of her dock and headed up-stream. Not yet, little one; for, see, yonder is "The Barracks" showing its dirty face among the slaughter-pens, and higher up are the hovels of "Shanty-town." But have patience, for the country is coming soon!

What a wonderful voyage that was! How the children romped, sang, and screamed as the steamer glided by the dingy piers, and green banks and tall trees came into view! How quickly the lunches were whipped out and pocketed in those hungry mouths! How many bewildering sights there were for those tenement eyes — vessels drift-

ing by, trains whizzing in the distance, and, at last, real mountains towering above them! How unwilling they were to be put to bed, and when they were once tucked in and the madcaps had been cautioned to hold their tongues, how quickly they all were sound asleep, the girls in the cabin and the boys forward! What a scramble there was when the first urchin rubbed his eyes and found out that it was morning, and that he was on a steam-boat with 469 other children, and not in a close, stuffy tenement house! What a famous breakfast they had, when the boat landed at Troy and kind-hearted Shepard Tappen led them into

and pickerel pools, and with great mountain masses looming up in the distance!

This was the first of the holiday journeys. As the season advanced, parties of children were sent out in rapid succession, sometimes as many as eight starting in a single day. From June to mid-September the children were entertained in as many as one hundred and sixty villages in the Mohawk Valley, among the Catskills and the Berkshire hills, on the Connecticut and the Sound, in New Jersey close at hand, and as far away as Bennington and the Adirondack woods. The average distance traveled by each child in



SAYING GOOD-BYE ON THE WHARF.

a great room, where there were seven long tables, with cold meats, hot biscuits, cookies, oranges, and a glass of milk at each plate! And then came what was to most of them a first ride on a railway train. Seven cars packed with children bowled along through Saratoga and Ticonderoga toward the villages on the west shore of Lake Champlain, where the farmers were waiting at the stations for the expected guests. And now, little one, whose voice piped so sweetly opposite "The Barracks," this is the country; and it is the real country, with flowers and berries, with farms and cows and chickens, with woods and squirrels, with tumbling brooks

going and returning was 360 miles, and the manager of the Fund has made the interesting calculation that the aggregate number of miles traversed by the children would have enabled them, if they could have gone on a straight line, one starting where another left off, to go around the world eighty-five times!

Whether the children traveled by boat, train, or stage, whether they went north, east, or west, they had a common destination. That destination was the country. Those who had been sent out in previous seasons knew what to expect. To the others it was a vague but glittering idea. "What

is it like, anyway?" was a serious little maiden's eager question on the cars between the great depot and Harlem bridge, when her chance acquaintance on the opposite seat was boasting that she had been there twice before on the poor children's excursions. "Oh! there 's cows," was the quick response; "and then there 's apple-trees and big mountains and chickens and kind folks; and there 's big rooms to sleep in, and there 's always lots to eat, when they blows the horn; and they blows it frequent!" This crude bit of description appealed to the imagination of the demure little questioner, who had never seen either grass or trees outside City Hall Park. She opened her eyes very wide, and bobbed up and down on the cushioned seat after the manner of little people who are in a state of ecstatic expectancy. Some of the boys, who had been taken to the country early in July, when the apples were green and unripe, might have left them out of the summary of country delights. "Don't talk to me," said one of these experienced boy-travelers on one of the river boats, "about apples as grows on trees. Did n't I climb a tree and bite into 'em as soon as I got there? and was n't they sour though! Just give me a good sweet apple as grows in a barrel in town!" But if the apples were not always ripe, the berries were; and if the mountains were sometimes only hills, the country was always a cool and shady place—a land of cow's milk and the milk of human kindness, a land of plenty.

The children generally reached the farm-houses in the evening, and were too tired to do more than stuff their small selves at supper and then crawl into their beds. In the morning they found themselves in large, airy chambers, very different from the close closets in which they were accustomed to sleep in town; and their beds were so soft and comfortable that they would have been late to breakfast, if curiosity had not tempted them to bestir themselves and find out what sort of place the country really was. The barn-yard was always the first object of interest, and if there were children in the farmer's family, they would take charge of their little visitors from the city tenements, laughing merrily at their exclamations of bewilderment. A brown-faced country girl, in a sensible sun-bonnet and plain frock, would show a group of shy and awkward city girls, in fantastic, made-over, and patched-together attire, how to feed the chickens, the youngest child hanging back half-afraid, and being thrown into a flutter of excitement whenever a rooster crowed or a vigorous hen flapped her wings. At the other end of the barn-yard a sturdy country lad would give a puny tenement boy a first lesson in milking,

smiling at his pupil's dread of the cow's hind feet, and bursting into a roar when the little voice would ask: "I say, mister, is she milk all the way through?"

The visitors invariably found out at breakfast that country milk was something very different from tenement milk. It was neither blue, thin, nor watery, but fresh and rich. "It 's more like good bread and butter than milk!" said one pale-faced little invalid, who found it to be, indeed, both meat and drink. Many of the children, however, were unable to enjoy it during the first few days, being accustomed to diluted milk. "It 's too strong!" they would exclaim, and then look wistfully at the teapot: for the children of the poor are invariably given what their mothers term "messes of tea" in the tenements. Country milk soon found its way to their hearts as well as to their stomachs, and long before the vacation ended they were ready to take it whenever it was offered to them. Indeed, if some of the wayside stories are to be credited, their education in this respect was completed on the first day's journey. At Albany, for example, where a party was entertained at a large restaurant, eighty quarts of milk were drunk by eighty-six children in fifteen minutes.

Before the first breakfast came to an end, the waifs of the New York streets were like members of the farmer's household, and from that moment until it was time to go back to the city they were contented and happy. The number of genuine cases of home-sickness among the six thousand children taken into the country last year could be counted on the fingers of a single hand. The bewildering pleasures of country life, the flush of health following the change of air and diet, and the unwearied attentions of those who were entertaining them, combined to make this fortnight the happiest ever known in those bare, neglected lives.

The boys naturally took to the water like so many Newfoundland puppies. Wherever there were brooks and quiet pools they were to be seen, at any hour of the day, fishing, swimming, and wading. One bright-eyed little sportsman, who had provided himself with two formidable beanshooters, gravely asked his host if the woods back of the barn were "gamy." All the boys took an intense interest in the farm dogs, the woodchucks, and gray squirrels, and even the tiny field-mice and tree-toads. Riding horses bareback to the watering trough was esteemed one of the highest privileges; but what a newsboy described as "the boss fun of all" was driving a load of hay. When the big countryman gave him the long whip and directed him to start up the oxen for the barn, while the little ones on the hay-cart were eying him enviously, it was decidedly the most important

moment of that newsboy's life, no matter how many dreadful murders and startling fires he had cried in the streets of New York.

The boys were always saying queer things, which convulsed the jolly farmers with laughter. "Who watered those plants last night?" asked a little

them into the country, and were happiest when they could play by themselves in some shady place. One little maiden near Essex was not distressed when she found that she had no playmates in the house. She had her doll, and that was company enough. She chose a sheltered corner



The Ground-Sparrow's Nest

fellow at Guilford, catching a first glimpse of dew on the grass. "My eye! what big lemons!" was an exclamation called out by squashes in the garden. "I say! who owns all the robins round here?" was another amusing question. At Old Lyme, an urchin could not repress his astonishment when he saw a man digging potatoes in the field. "Have n't you any barrels in your cellar?" he asked, contemptuously. "Why do you keep 'em stowed away in the ground that way?"

The girls outnumbered the boys two to one, the farmers' wives having a decided preference for them. They were more domestic in their tastes, but as happy in their quiet way as their noisier and more venturesome brothers. They were interested in the work of the dairy and the other household occupations; they were never tired of playing croquet in the front yard; they gathered wild flowers in the woods, and clapped their hands with delight whenever they found a ground-sparrow's nest in the meadow; and they went berrying every day, always contriving to fill themselves with wild strawberries, or blueberries, even if they did not have leisure to heap up their baskets.

Some of the smaller girls took their rag-dolls with

of the front yard as her nursery, and every morning went out to sing her dolly to sleep, her favorite lullaby being a popular religious hymn. Across the road lived a country lad of her own age, who at once began to annoy her by repeating her music in a high key, with numerous variations. For two days she paid no heed to her troublesome neighbor. On the third, her blood was roused. She propped up her doll against a post of the fence, marched across the road with flashing eyes, and cuffed her audience of one boy about the ears. "Now, just see here!" she exclaimed. "I came here for two weeks' fun, and I mean to have it!" The boy fled riotously, and the moral effect of the demonstration was marked. The sturdy little maiden was suffered to have her fun in peace and quiet until it was time for her to return to the city.

The farmers, surprised by the intelligence and good manners of their guests, and moved to compassion by the stories of city life which were told, bestirred themselves to fill the cup of holiday pleasure until it should be brimming over. They purchased hammocks, croquet sets, sometimes even velocipedes, for the use of the children. Long drives over country roads were arranged for them;

fishing parties were formed, and river and lake excursions were planned; luncheon was often served in the woods; and on the sea-board they were taken to clam-bakes and allowed to bathe in the surf. In many instances, all the families entertaining children in the same village united in a combination picnic in the woods, with a bountiful luncheon supplied from the kitchens of the farm-houses, and ice-cream served from the country hotel. At one village on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, seventy-five children were entertained in this way; and at Whitney's Point there was an ice-cream festival.

At Maple Grove, near Bennington, where Mr. Trenor W. Park (by whose recent death the poor children of New York have lost a most generous friend) entertained several large parties, the children found what was to them an earthly paradise. An old-fashioned farm-house, with piazzas on three sides, stood in the center of a park of one hundred and seventy-two acres. A gravelly path led from the porter's lodge to the porch; a crystal spring, a bubbling brook, a rustic bridge, and a summer-house were to be found under the maples and



maples; and in the background was a great orchard with a vista of meadow and woodland. A matron and several servants were placed in charge of the

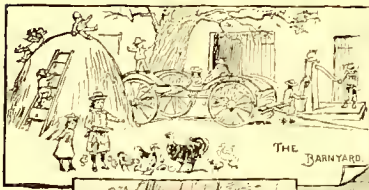
house; a physician kept his eye upon the children; there was a cabinet organ for use in Sunday services in the large parlor; and in September great fires of pine logs blazed in the open fire-places, and



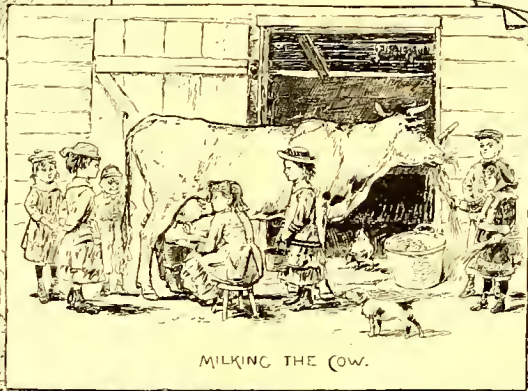
[SEE PAGE 626.]

stories were read or told to the children in the long evenings. Happy days were these for the little ones of the tenements! Not only the happiest they had ever known in their meager, neglected lives, but sometimes the only happy days.

But they were days that were numbered — one to fourteen! As the day for the return to the city drew nigh, faces would lengthen and sighs and groans would be heard. "Must we go, rain or shine?" the boys would ask; and it was evident from their manner that they would gladly take the risk of a brisk tornado or a deluge of rain, if the methodical Mr. Parsons's arrangements could be upset and their stay in the county be prolonged for a week. But never a tornado nor a deluge intervened in their behalf. Rain or shine, the wagon would drive up to the door, the muslin bags stuffed with presents for the folks at home would be stowed away under the seats, and the children would be forced to say good-bye to their kind entertainers, the smallest ones sometimes sobbing as if their hearts would break. Waving handkerchiefs and hats to those left behind, they would



THE ORCHARD.



THE BARN.



W. Drake
Apr 83



erane their necks at the first turn in the road to get a last glimpse of their country paradise; and ages of pop-corn and bags of butternuts, baskets of fresh eggs and strawberries, bundles of clothing,



DECORATING THE PIGS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

then they would be homeward bound to "The Barracks," to "Gotham Court," and to "Shantytown." Homeward bound, their cheeks ruddy with boxes of vegetables, sometimes even a brood of chickens, or a gray squirrel securely caged. By stage, train, and boat their journeys were



A BIG LOAD.

health, their little heads stored with precious memories, and their arms loaded with plunder—paek- retraceed, and when they arrived at the wharf or depot in New York, what exclamations fell from

the lips of those who met them to take them back to mission-school, asylum, or tenement! Pale, sickly faces had grown as brown as russet apples. The lean, hungry look had gone. Sad, wistful faces had lapsed into content. The hollow-eyed, listless maiden, who had explained to her hostess on her first morning in the country that she never could eat any breakfast at home, because there were six of them in two rooms and she had to sleep on a mattress close by the cooking-stove, came back plump, rosy, and cheerful. Some of the children seemed to have nearly doubled their weight. The sick babies, the nervous children who had been in the hospital for months, and many an exhausted, care-worn mother, who had been sent away because physicians had said that their lives depended upon their having the country air, returned wonderfully improved in health. They were all at home again, many of them entirely reclothed, every one stronger, fresher, and happier. The children's vacation was over.

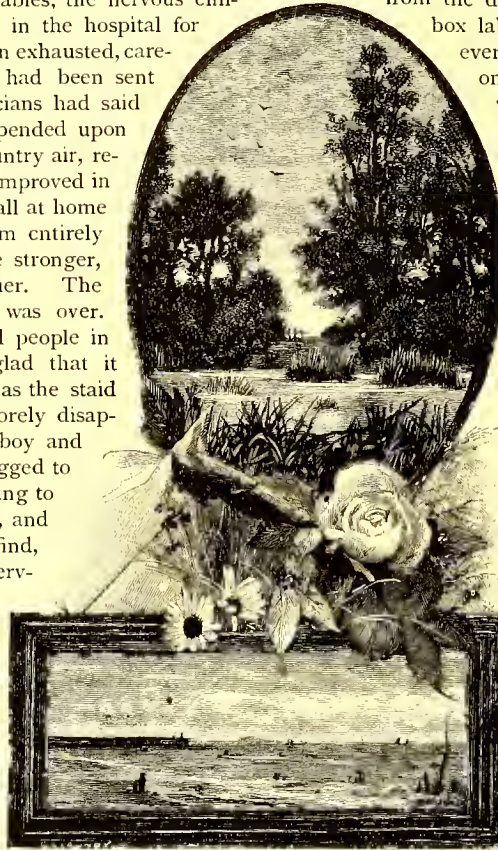
Some of the good people in the country were glad that it was over. There was the staid deacon, who was sorely disappointed when the boy and girl at his house begged to be excused from going to church one Sunday, and greatly horrified to find, at the close of the service, that they had taken advantage of the occasion to invade the pig-pen with a pot of black paint, and touch up every ear and tail in a new litter of little pigs. He was glad to have such mischievous children go back to town. Then there were a few weary farmers' wives, who had listened too credulously to the exaggerated accounts given by the children of their city homes, and become painfully oppressed with the thought that they were being

imposed upon. But these instances of dissatisfaction were rare. As a rule, the children's conduct was excellent and their departure was viewed with keen regret. Here and there a child was adopted by a farmer's family, or given a home for six months or a year, and often the vacations were prolonged a second or even a third fortnight at the request of the entertainers. The pathos of neglected childhood softened many a heart. There was the motherly little maiden who, accustomed to looking after her agile brother, discovered on the second day that he had shed a button, and scdately produced from the depths of her pocket a large pill-box labeled, "For Johnny. Take one every hour." The hourly dose was only a button, which she proceeded with great earnestness to sew on his jacket, but the child's thoughtfulness and sweetness touched the sympathies of every member of the household. In many ways the children transplanted from back alleys to green fields have exerted a good influence upon those who were generously contributing to their pleasure.

As for the little ones themselves, they were always sorry to have their vacation over, but they consoled themselves with the reflection that what had happened once might happen again. They were right, for this is surely one of those works of mercy which appeal to every heart in town or country, and which will flourish year after year.

"What do you think Heaven will be like?" asked a teacher in one of the city mission-schools during the autumn.

"Oh, I know! I know!" exclaimed the smartest girl in the class, her face brightening with a look of delight,— "It will be like the country!" Perhaps she had seemed thankless and indifferent while she was there, but the country remained in her mind, a blessed and restful thought.



A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



"A DISTANT PATTTER OF DANCING FEET."

I.

A SUMMER morning, cool and fair;
 A whisper soft in the sunny air,
 And a sound of rippling laughter.
 A distant patter of dancing feet;
 A chorus of eager voices sweet,
 And a happy silence after.

II.

A motley, merry crowd of youth,
 With garments ragged and worn, forsooth,
 But never a step that lingers.
 Lads and lasses in laughing bands,
 Babies that hold to guiding hands,
 With clinging, anxious fingers.

III.

Faces merry, or grave, or sad,
 Lit up with expectation glad—
 Where are the children going?
 Away from dust, and noise, and heat,
 The bustling city's narrow street,
 With crowded life o'erflowing.

IV.

To sunny fields of daisied grass,
 Where cool the fitful breezes pass
 Above the blossoms leaning.
 Where, far from walls and boundaries,
 With birds and butterflies and bees,
 They learn the summer's meaning.



V.

Under the wonderful blue sky,
 The mighty arms of tree-tops high,
 In green woods arching over;
 Where spicy perfumes lightly stray,
 In breezy meadows of new-mown hay,
 And fields of purple clover.

VI.

On sandy shores beside the sea,
 Where roll the tides incessantly,
 And dancing ripples glisten;

Where whispering shells repeat the tale
 The ocean thunders in the gale,
 To rosy ears that listen.

VII.

Sorrowful, wistful, patient eyes
 Grow bright with rapturous surprise,
 Or soft with happy wonder,
 And cheeks as white as the winter snows
 Blossom in tints of brown and rose,
 The summer sunshine under.

VIII.

Wise Mother Earth to sad young hearts
Her choicest gifts of all imparts,
Their careful thoughts beguiling;
She breathes her secrets in their ears—
Their eyes forget the smart of tears,
And catch the trick of smiling.

IX.

They learn sweet lessons, day by day,
While speed the winged hours away,
In gray and golden weather;

They find, in flower or bird or tree,
Faint gleams of the beautiful mystery
That clasps the world together.

X.

Perchance some serious, childish eyes,
Uplifted to the starlit skies,
Read there a strange, new story;
And dimly see the Love that holds
The round world safe, and o'er it folds
The mantle of His glory.

On sandy shores beside the sea.



XI.

A distant patter of dancing feet,
A chorus of happy voices sweet,
Amid the summer splendor.
Glad voices, rise through all the land!
Reach out, each little sunburned hand,
In greeting warm and tender,

XII.

To those whose thoughtful hearts and true
Have lightened lovingly, for you,
Your poverty's infliction;
And on each helpful spirit be
For this—the lovely charity—
The children's benediction!

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VI.

SILK-CULTURE ASSOCIATIONS.*

BY C. M. ST. DENYS.

Boys like to know what boys can do. Let me tell you what a few Philadelphia boys have done. "The Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America" has a large room over a corner store in Philadelphia. You might suppose from the name that it is a large company. But it has only five members. These members, however, are so active and devoted that they have made their enterprise not only successful but well known throughout the country.

Hearing that they were glad to see visitors, we called. In the shop-window some of the boys' work was displayed—a frame of light wood, with silk-worms feeding on mulberry leaves, some cocoons in jars, and others in the little paper cones where they had been spun. There was, also, a pamphlet for sale at twenty-five cents, which had on its cover the modest statement, "Compiled by the Boys' Silk-Culture Association of America."

We were quite disappointed on being told that the "Association" was out at the park gathering mulberry leaves; but we were all the more curious to see it. An Association that would travel two or three miles to the park to gather fresh leaves for its silk-worms must be worth seeing.

So we called again, and this time were fortunate enough to see the President of the Association himself, a bright-looking boy of about fourteen years, who showed us the various apparatuses, and explained everything very politely.

The center of the room was occupied by a large stand of about five tiers of trays, made of light wooden frames, with a net-work of twine tacked on them.

"They were not hard to make, but they took a tremendous lot of tacks," said our informant.

Here lay sheets of paper covered with the little grayish eggs, not as big as a pin-head. On some the eggs had hatched, and the little brown worms were already feeding on the leaves which the boys had chopped fine for them. Each paper had the date of the hatching marked on it, so as not to get worms of different ages mixed.

"This is a very late brood," explained the young silk-culturist. "It is a lot of eggs we sent to Paris for in a hurry, because we had more orders for eggs than we could fill from our own raising, and they were delayed."

"So you boys have dealings with foreign

business houses?" we inquired. "Do you correspond in French or English?"

"In English," was the reply. "And we have sent orders to Japan, too. We never have any trouble about the language. I suppose the houses from which we order have persons in their employ who understand English. The French eggs are the best; but the French are careless in making up their packages. When we send for an ounce of eggs, we don't want old wings and legs of moths and bits of leaves mixed up with them. Not long ago I wrote to ask what they meant by sending us such light weight. They replied that it was 'French weight.' And that was all the satisfaction I got."

We suggested that it must be a new denomination of French weight that had not got into the tables yet: "Several hundred moth wings and legs make one ounce of silk-worm eggs."

He laughed, and proceeded to show us some full-grown worms that were preparing to spin. Picking one up gently, he showed us its legs and eyes and breathing-holes; explained about the invisible little spinnerets on each side of its mouth; and afterward showed us a chrysalis and a moth, so as to give us a clear idea of the insect from the beginning to the very end of its existence.

Then he showed us his jars of cocoons, looking like fresh pea-nuts, and the twists of reeled silk, softer, finer, and more shining than the most beautiful golden hair, and a piece of satin, with the initials "B. S. C. A." embroidered on it in silk of "our own make."

It was interesting to watch the caterpillars feeding. In the last stage they are smooth and whitish, and two or three inches long. We fancied we could actually hear them chewing, they ate so greedily.

"No," explained the young President; "that is only the crackling of the leaves as they are pulled over each other. But they are great gluttons. They seem to eat all the time. No matter how early I am up, I find them at their breakfast, and I leave them eating at night."

"Do they never sleep?" we naturally asked, on hearing this.

"I never saw them at it. And, by the way the leaves disappear during the night, I don't think they take much time for sleep even then. But they

* See also the article on "Silk-Culture for Boys and Girls," in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1883, page 225.

can sleep enough in their cocoons. Now see them crowding together in the corner of the tray. They will do that, no matter how often we separate them. I suppose they are like people. When one finds something good, the others flock around to share it."

Here a worm in the center of the tray stood up on its tail and waved its head from side to side.

"What does that mean?" we asked. "Is he tired of eating at last?"

"Yes; he is ready to spin now," and the boy carefully dropped the worm into a paper cone, where it at once began to spin its delicate threads and fasten them on the paper. "Some people let them spin on twigs," he added, "but we like the cones better. We made them in the evenings last winter."

Sure enough. There were piles of the little paper cones neatly stacked on a shelf.

A worm now tumbled over the side of a tray. The boy stooped to pick it up and replace it. He was gentle, even with a worm.

"Every cocoon counts for something," he said. "We can't afford to lose even one."

At one side of the room stood the reel which the boys had invented and made themselves.

"You won't find a reel like that anywhere else," said the President, with pardonable pride. "When I planned that I had never seen a silk-reel. Of course, I knew the principle, and worked according to that. And I got a carpenter to make the wheel, but the rest we did ourselves. It works very well, too. We sand-paper the part the silk is wound on every time we use it."

Then he showed us the very first silk they had reeled, and a specimen of the later reelings, which an expert had pronounced equal to the best.

The boys had also experimented with chemicals, and had dyed some of their silk in bright colors.

In the corner stood what looked like an old spinning-wheel.

"That's a twisting-machine," he explained. "A gentleman who visited our place gave it to us to twist our silk on."

"Why, really, you do everything here but weave," we could not help remarking.

"Yes," said he, "and we are not going to stop till we learn weaving, too."

"It looks as if you were going to make it a business for life," we continued, inquisitively.

"I don't know about that," said the boy; "but I like to do thoroughly anything I undertake."

"How long have you been interested in silk-worms?" we next asked.

"About three years," he replied.

"I suppose," we continued, "it keeps you busy only in the spring, while the worms are feeding?"

"No," said he; "we can always find something

to do. We made all our own apparatus, and we read all the books we can find about silk-culture. Then our correspondence is pretty large. People write to us from all parts of the country."

"I suppose boys who are interested in silk-raising write to you?" we inquired.

"Yes; boys, and grown people, too."

"Probably they think you are head-quarters for information," we rejoined, with a smile.

"I suppose so," he answered, laughing.

"Do you find your interest in your silk-worms interferes with your studies?" we asked.

"I never let it," was his reply. "When I'm in school, I attend to my lessons; and when I am here, I attend to my silk-worms. I always keep them separate. We give the worms enough leaves in the morning to keep them busy till we get back."

Who could help admiring such a spirit!

"But, between them, don't they keep you too closely confined for your health?" we could not help inquiring, with natural anxiety.

"Oh," said he, "you know we have to walk out to the park for the mulberry leaves. That gives us plenty of exercise. It is inconvenient raising silk-worms in the city, where we are so far from the mulberry-trees; but we have a branch establishment in New Jersey, where the trees are right on the place. Two of the boys live there, and we communicate by mail."

"How is it you have so few members?" we pursued.

"The Association was only established for the mutual information and help of boys who are interested in silk-raising," he rejoined. "There is no money to be made by joining. Every boy has to do his own work and earn his own money."

"How is the money to be made?" we asked.

"We sell eggs and cocoons," said he, "and give lessons in the business; and we take in reeling. Before long we shall have reeled silk to sell. But we make the most money on the eggs."

We here picked up the little pamphlet published by the Association, which our young friend, with innate refinement, had not shown to us, lest it might have the appearance of asking us to buy it. We purchased a copy as a souvenir, and after inscribing our names in the visitors' book, took our leave.

Soon after, we were pleased to read in the columns of a Philadelphia daily, in an account of the trades' procession at the time of the Bi-centennial in October, 1882, the following item:

"The Boys' Silk-Culture Association next appeared with a wagon ingeniously arranged with a good display of cocoons, silk, etc. A part of a mulberry tree, on which silk-worms feed, was also shown, together with a reeling machine, with which the boys reeled silk as the wagon passed over the line of procession. This Association was started a few years ago by four school-boys, who, it is said, have been greatly successful in their venture."

ONE, TWO, THREE!

By M. J.



ONE, two, three!
 A bon-ny boat I see.
 A sil-ver boat, and all a-float,
 Up-on a ros-y sea.

One, two, three!
 The rid-dle tell to me.
 The moon a-float is the bon-ny boat,
 The sun-set is the sea.

“WINKY, BLINKY.”

By M. H. B.



WINKY, blinky, niddy, nod!
Father is fishing off Cape
Cod.

Winky, blinky, sleepy eyes,
Mother is making apple
pies.

Cuddle, cuddle, the wind 's in the trees!
Brother is sailing over the seas.
Niddy, noddy, up and down,
Sister is making a velvet gown.

Winky, blinky, can not rise,
What 's the matter with baby's eyes?
Winky, blinky, cre, cri, creep,
Baby has gone away to sleep.

A SLOW COACH.

THE Deacon must have some very clever friends. I heard him repeating what he called "a good thing" the other day, adding very quietly, "Franklin said it." The "good thing" was this: "Laziness travels so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him."

If any of you happen to meet this Mr. Franklin, I'd like to hear from him again.

"CONNECT ME WITH THE WOODS, PLEASE!"

YOUR JACK has been much interested of late in the telephone, that wonderful instrument which ST. NICHOLAS has explained to you so clearly.* I say "so clearly," not because I know how clearly, but because the children of the Red School-house seemed to understand the Little School-ma'am when she made the remark. Yes; I've heard them all talking, and talking, and talking about the telephone, and how the instrument and its wires enable folk to hear each other's voice when miles and miles apart, and how all you have to do is to say: "Connect me with such or such a party, please!" and straightway that person shouts "Halloo!" at you out of the telephone's trumpet, held close to your ear, and how you shout "Halloo!" back, and then enter into conversation with that person, just as if she, or he, or *it* (if it's a telephone operator at the central station) were right at your elbow.

And the thing has grown so amazingly!—improved, I should say. At first, persons could talk from one street to another, or across a few fields or a little stream like the British Channel; but lately they have been talking from New York to Cleveland, and at greater distances, perhaps; and now, as a final touch, what *do* you think they find they could do with the telephone if they wished? Why, they think that in time they could make it connect city folk, in their own ugly brick houses, with the woods and the streams of the country! Make them hear the very winds that sigh in the trees!

Imagine it! Frogs croaking, by request, in city parlors; forest birds singing to order in lawyers' offices; brooks babbling at elegant dinner parties. I can't imagine it, being, you see, only a Jack-in-the-pulpit. But Deacon Green and the Little School-ma'am imagined it the other day, and they enjoyed it amazingly.

WHY NOT, INDEED?

LEST some of you very, very wise and knowing big chicks should think the Deacon and the Little School-ma'am expect too much of the telephone, I'll just give you here a paragraph that landed on my pulpit one day. It came from an English publication of good repute, I'm told:

"A short time ago, while Mr. N. G. Warth, manager of the Midland Telephone Company, Gallipolis, Ohio, U. S., was conversing by telephone with Major H. B. Hooner, of Pomeroy, Ohio, some twenty miles away, he was surprised to hear the croaking of frogs and songs of wild birds very distinctly. The telephone wire is



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WE will open our June meeting this time, my hearers, with this wise little song, written for us by our friend Jessie McGregor:

If words
Were birds,
And swiftly flew
From tips
Of lips
Owned, dear, by you;
Would they,
To-day,
Be hawks and crows?
Or blue,
And true,
And sweet? Who knows?

Lct's play
To-day
We choose the best;
Birds blue
And true,
With dove-like breast!
'T is queer,
My dear,
We never knew
That words,
Like birds,
Had wings and flew!

* See ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1878, p. 549.—[ED.]

known to pass through some dense woods on its course, and the explanation is that some loose joint in the wire acted as a microphone, and taking up the woodland sounds, transmitted them to the telephone at the end of the line. The accident shows that it would be possible to have wild-wood music brought into the heart of the city every morning along with fresh milk and flowers."

LOOK OUT FOR THE MOTH!

WHY is this smiling little girl sitting here, my chicks? She can't be waiting to go out for a walk, because, you see, she has on thin shoes and a summer dress. If these are suitable, then the warm muff and the great feathers are sadly out of place. What, then, is she doing? Who is she?

I'll tell you who and what she is. She's a text. Now, do you understand? No? Well, then, you shall hear further. She is illustrating a fact.

You must know that it is very early June, and the little girl's mother (who should have attended to the matter earlier) is packing her winter clothes and curtains and what-not away for the summer, so that the moth now flying about may not lay eggs in them. For these eggs in time would hatch into tiny larvæ, or worms, that would eat the fabrics and make unsightly holes in them.



Furthermore, you must know that there are many kinds of moth. Some kinds attack feathers, some attack furs, some attack woolens, some attack carpets, and some, I am told, do not trouble any of these things. The history of these various moths is very interesting, but I can not tell it here. It would take too long. And that is why the little girl, with her muff and her feathers and her

woolen cushion, is sitting in your midst. She says: "Study the moth, and you'll know more to-morrow than you do to-day."

THE MOON IN A NEW LIGHT.

I HAVE noticed a slightly consequential air about the moon of late, a sort of set-up manner, so to speak, and I have been somewhat at a loss to account for it,—for the silvery little lady always has been as modest and simple-minded a moon as one could wish to see,—but to-day I have found out the cause. She has developed a new talent.

Yes, the Little School-ma'am says—and it must be true—that there are now such things as lunar photographs, or photographs taken by moonlight! Think of that! Not likenesses of persons, but of places, lovely hills, lakes and streams and meadows.

And the pictures are lovely, they say—soft, low, and rich in effect, besides being clear and well defined. Well, well! That beats anything your Jack has heard of for a long time. Quite a new field for the moon, is n't it? I suppose in this case the fact of her finding out this new power late in life will make but little difference. "Late" and "early" are synonymous terms with the heavenly bodies, I'm told.

Would n't it be too bad, now, if the moon has known all this time that she could make nearly as good photographs as the sun, if somebody only would give her a chance? I can't imagine a more trying situation.

Come to think of it, have n't you often noticed how, at night, she sometimes winds her way in and out among the clouds as if she were searching for something? I have, often. What if it's a camera she's been looking for all these years?

OH, THAT PUG!

NOW, I love dogs, and honor them. A dog is a noble animal; and a pug dog, while it can not exactly be called noble, may still be a confiding friend. But what do you say, my chicks, to this news:

OH, DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I *must* send you these two paragraphs, which came from two different papers. Mamma found one, and I found the other:

Canine fashions in Paris are guided by as strict rules as those for human beings. Thus, no poodle belonging to a fashionable mistress must wear the metal bracelet which replaces the collar on the right foot, but the tiny ring must always encircle the left paw just above the fringed tuft which ornaments the ankle. If "Mustache" is black, his bracelet should be silver, but if his shaven coat is snowy white, a golden circlet is more becoming.

A young lady entered a prominent engraver's the other day, with an order for the engraver to furnish her with a hundred visiting cards for "'Bijou,' No. — East Fifty-seventh street." The fashion for engraved visiting cards for pet dogs has caught like wildfire. The ladies say it's so pretty and so novel; besides, it gives the dog's maid (many of the pets have a special attendant) an additional duty in keeping up calling lists and reception days.

Do show these to the boys and girls, dear Jack. Your young friend,
MAMIE G—.

THAT OTHER FELLOW WHO WANTED AN ANSWER

WILL find it, I am told, in this month's Letter-Box.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

We are obliged to postpone to the July number the report (promised for this month) concerning the compositions received in answer to our offer made in the April issue. The number of these compositions sent in has greatly exceeded our expectations, making it impossible to examine them all in time for this number. There are still several hundred to be read, but we shall print next month the best composition on each of the two subjects: "A Shark in Sight" and "Robert Burns," together with a Roll of Honor containing the names of those who shall have almost won in the competition.

AS THE four composition subjects for this month, we present the following:

THE MONTH OF ROSES.

STRAW HATS—WHO MAKES THEM?

MY LUCK AS A SPORTSMAN.

THE MOSQUITO—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

MR. FORD'S admirable article in this number on "The Tribune Fresh-air Fund" can not fail to enlist the interest and sympathies of all our readers in the beneficent work which he describes. And there is perhaps no charity more deserving and practical than this of giving a fortnight in the country, with all its attendant blessings of joy, rest, and new life to the neglected poor children of the city tenement houses. "The New York Tribune" receives and credits subscriptions to the Fund, whether large or small, and last year the names of many boys and girls appeared in the lists of donations. Indeed, this, like the "Children's Garfield Fund," is a charity to which the subscriptions of young folk are especially fitting.

ANSWERS TO "THAT FELLOW."

A GREAT many of our young readers have tried to answer that fierce-looking animal who stalks across page 395 of the March number of ST. NICHOLAS asking for a name, and declaring that he is "not to be trifled with." He would be furious, indeed, if he were to hear the scores of titles that our correspondents have given him.

We must stand bravely between the savage fellow and all those who have mistaken his name, but the following "answerers," though not exactly correct, may approach him, we think, with safety:

Eddie Chenevert—Annie B. Harter—Mabel Milhouse—E. Hunt—Carleton Radcliffe—Harry Kellogg.

Meantime, we take pleasure in showing, one and all, a correct description of the animal taken from "Cassell's Natural History."

"THE LONG-TAILED TIGER-CAT."

"This little-known form—the 'Oceloid Leopard,' as it is sometimes called—was discovered by Prince Maximilian of Newwied, in Brazil, where it inhabits the great forests, and is often killed for the sake of its beautiful fur. In color it is not unlike the Ocelot, in size it is inferior to it, and its longitudinally elongated spots are neither so large nor so well marked. It is chiefly distinguished from other forms by its long bushy tail and its big staring eyes. It is considerably smaller than the preceding species (*i.e.* the 'pampus cat'), the body being about twenty-seven inches long, the tail fourteen."

PHILADELPHIA, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In Mr. Forbes's article, on page 347 (March number), he uses lurid in reference to crimson clouds, and Mr. Trowbridge says, on page 354, Mart showed his "lurid brows." One of these is certainly incorrect. Yours truly, CLARA T. P.

WARSAW, N. Y., Feb., 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my magazine to-day. I have taken the ST. NICH. ever since 1876. It has been given to me every

year by one of my brothers. I never have written to you before, and presume you wish something had happened to me before I did now; but I am threatened with "quinzy," and am rather hard up for something to do. So I went to work at your first puzzle. In hopes it is right, I will tell you the way I read it. * * *

Yours truly,

JULIA G.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Bob's Wonderful Bicycle," in the April number, is something like a case I know of, but the boy (his name was Charlie), instead of proving himself a genius as "Bob" did by making a bicycle, thought he would try one already made. At first he tried riding a cart-wheel, but it went too fast, or he went too slow; anyway, he did n't ride it but once. And then he tried a grindstone. I don't know what happened then, but he did n't feel very well for the next few days, and I have n't heard him mention "Bicycle" since. I am fourteen years old. I study algebra, philosophy, and lots of other things, especially mischief.

Yours truly, SADIE C.

MENDON, Dec. 22, 1882.

EDITORS OF ST. NICHOLAS: My father has a very curious cat and cow. My brother has seen the cat lying between the cow's horns, and the cow will stay perfectly still, as if she liked it; and my brother has seen the cow lapping the cat, as if she thought it was a calf, and liked to do it.

Yours truly,

PAUL WILLIAMS (aged 9 years).

SAVANNAH, March 8th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your March number that you were surprised to hear that the little girl in San Francisco, twelve years old, never saw a snow-fall. Why, I am fifteen years old, and I have never seen one, and neither has my brother, who is twenty. With much love to you, I remain

W. T. H.

We are now beginning to be surprised, dear W. T. H., at the goodly number of ST. NICHOLAS readers who have never seen a snow-fall. Besides the little California girl and yourself, there is, at least, one other, as the following letter shows. And we can not help wondering whether the many thousands of people in the tropics, to whom snow is only a name for a thing they have never seen, share Minnie V.'s idea that it "fell in *chunks*, and would hurt people when falling on them."

LOWELL, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please allow me to say to Miss Annie Keiler, before I close this letter, that I have the advantage of her. I was born and raised in San Francisco, and had never seen any snow until this winter when I came to Lowell. I always had an idea that snow fell in little *chunks*, the size of my finger, judging from the snow I had seen in pictures, and thought it would hurt people when falling on them. Judge of my pleasant surprise when I saw real snow falling so softly and noiselessly.

Yours truly, and *au revoir*,

MINNIE V.

We gladly print the following letter, and see much to commend in the suggestion made. Who will be the first of our young readers to respond to it with some sample rhymes?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I venture to suggest an idea to you which might, if it should strike you favorably, be made to combine both instruction and amusement? I have long wished that some enterprising Mother Goose could be found in this generation who would undertake to put some *useful* facts in jingling rhyme. Who of us ever forgets the doggerel of his babyhood, with its red-and-yellow pictures? When I see how easily these stick fast in the memories of my children, and how much drilling a little geography and history require (especially dates and numbers), I mourn at the waste of memory.

How many of us recall at once the number of days in each month without mentally rehearsing: "Thirty days hath September," etc.?

And I for one am always indebted to the old rhyme: "First William the Norman, then William, his son," and the rest, for my knowledge of the succession of the English sovereigns. One of Mother Goose's rhymes says:

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again!"

No child ever forgets his number, or that the king was French.

I think if ST. NICHOLAS would suggest some such idea in its pages, and ask the young people for contributions, a good deal of fun, as well as benefit, might come of it. Certainly, there is enough of that is odd and strange in history to furnish material equal to that of the most grotesque and tragic Mother Goose rhyme, and if illustrated by some of your bright artists, I think the result of this plan might be both useful and entertaining.

Yours very truly,
MARY T. SEECOMB.

Is n't this good, young friends, for a nine-year old poet? Thanks, Master Willie, and we 'll print it with pleasure:

THE DEER.

Who roameth in the wintry wind?
The deer.
Whom doth the hound pursue? The deer.
No doubt he often feels forlorn
When startled by the hunter's horn—
The timid fallow-deer.
That creature beautiful and mild,—
The deer,—
With eyes so large, and brown, and soft,—
The deer,—
O hounds and hunters, leave your prey!
Let him pursue his woodland way—
The pretty fallow-deer.
WILLIE GAUNETT (nine years old)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you the following charade. It is not original, but I never have seen it in print:

My *first*, beloved by ancient dame,
Within my *next*, from ancient countries came;
Oh, fragrant *whole*, of which each forms a part,
Thou art not science, but thou teachest art.

Answer.—Tea-chest.

Did you ever hear, dear ST. NICHOLAS, of a certain teachers' convention where each teacher was given a pretty memento—a tiny tea-chest, suitable for a watch-charm, which bore the words *Tu doces*? Your readers who are studying Latin will see the joke.
Your constant reader,
J. W. P., JR.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-SEVENTH REPORT.

WITHOUT stopping to refute the careless error of those who think that in winter "there are no specimens to be found," let us all make the most of these bright May and June days, when Nature is so lavish with her richest treasures. Probably the greatest obstacle to the young naturalist has been the difficulty in naming his specimens. Is it not a thousand times repeated story that a boy begins to make a collection of minerals or plants, and after a few weeks of diligence and enthusiasm finds his shelves covered with a confused mass of unknown stones and flowers, despairs of attaining exact knowledge or orderly arrangement, and presently suffers his dusty minerals to become dispersed, and his neglected plants to be burned or broken? And, certainly, it is no light task definitely to analyze either mineral or plant. To do this requires a wider and more precise knowledge of language, and a finer training of mind and eye, than most young people possess. It is a work that, fortunately, may be largely left for riper years.

But what we all can do is to find our specimens and study them. We can set in our note-books the date and the locality of each. We can write our descriptions in our own language, using the best terms of our own vocabulary. We can test in our own way hardness, weight, color, elasticity, clearness, crystal-shape, and fusibility. If by chance or friendly aid we learn the name of a

specimen, we can study about it in our text-book, dictionary, and encyclopedia, and compare the technical characteristics there given with our own simpler and less accurate description. We shall soon be able to make the broader distinctions, and to recognize at a glance many forms of quartz, limestone, and iron. It is well to remember that the *name* is not by any means the most important fact about a specimen. But it is a very necessary thing to learn; and, as we said in the beginning, it is most discouraging not to know it. For this reason we are peculiarly grateful to the gentlemen who have recently offered us their services in the matter of determining for us the names of our refractory pebbles, ferns, and beetles. It is now possible for each of us to proceed intelligently and with satisfaction, even if slowly. With the new offers of aid this month, which we thankfully accept, we have a specialist to help us in nearly every department known to the A. A.

"I shall be happy to answer questions in the ornithological line."
"JAMES DE B. ABBOTT, Germantown, Pa."

"I will help you out in anything that pertains to the microlepidoptera, including *Pyralida*, *Tertrichida*, *Tineida*, and *Pterophorida*; and my son, H. L. Fernald, with me, will answer questions on the *Hemiptera*."
"Prof. Nat. Hist., Maine State College, Orono, Me."

"I will undertake to answer questions referring to Pacific Coast (U. S.) Mollusca, and also most of the land and fresh-water shells of N. A. I am also willing to exchange with any who have desirable specimens."
"HARRY E. DORE, 521 Clay st., San Francisco, Cal."

"STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, WESTFIELD, MASS."
"In response to your call for a mineralogist to identify specimens that members of the A. A. may collect, I beg to offer my services, as far as my time may admit."
"F. W. STAEBNER,
"Late Mineralogist Ward's Nat. Sc. Establishment,
Rochester, N. Y."

"WATERVILLE, MAINE, March 20, 1883."
"I read with much interest the account of the Agassiz Association in last ST. NICHOLAS. It is a work that has my heartiest sympathy, and I would like it to have also what little cooperation I may be able to render. I shall be happy to answer questions relating to the mineralogy of Maine."
"CHAS. B. WILSON,
"Instructor Nat. Sc., Colby University."

"DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
"DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY, WASHINGTON, D. C."
"I chanced to pick up a number of ST. NICHOLAS this evening, and learned for the first time of the A. A., and saw evidences of its good work. I also noticed your call for an entomologist, and desire to offer my services. Our facilities here for identifying species in the great group of insects are exceptionally good, and I should be very glad if I could help any boy or girl in his or her studies in this direction."
LELAND O. HOWARD"

We add the following Department directions for sending insects:

"All inquiries about insects, injurious or otherwise, should be accompanied by specimens, the more the better. Such specimens, if dead, should be packed in some soft material, as cotton or wool, and inclosed in some stout tin or wooden box. They will come by mail for one cent per ounce. INSECTS SHOULD NEVER BE INCLOSED LOOSE IN THE LETTER. Whenever possible, larvæ (*i. e.* grubs, caterpillars, maggots, etc.) should be packed alive in some tight tin box,—the tighter the better, as air-holes are not needed,—along with a supply of their appropriate food sufficient to last them on their journey; otherwise, they generally die on the road and shrivel up. Send as full an account as possible of the habits of the insect respecting which you desire information; for example, what plant or plants it infests; whether it destroys the leaves, the buds, the twigs, or the stem; how long it has been known to you; what amount of damage it has done, etc. Such particulars are often not only of high scientific interest, but of great practical importance. In sending soft insects or larvæ that have been killed in alcohol, they should be packed in cotton saturated with alcohol. In sending pinned or mounted insects, always pin them securely in a box to be inclosed in a larger box, the space between the two boxes to be packed with some soft or elastic material, to prevent too violent jarring. PACKAGES SHOULD BE MARKED WITH THE NAME OF THE SENDER."

"NAT. SC. DEP'T, WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N. Y."
"My class in Botany are very anxious to make a substantial addition to our herbarium by *their own exertions*. To this end they propose collecting a number of sets (each to include at least two species), characteristic of this "lower lake region." These they hope to exchange for corresponding sets—east, west, north, and south—of the flora of many localities. Of course only field, swamp, and forest specimens, none cultivated, will be included, and they wish just such in return. Can you not put in motion the machinery of your very admirable A. A. and help us to arrange for such general exchanges? We will collect through the entire summer, and have our sets ready

for distribution by Oct. 15. I will say, just here, that it will give me great pleasure to determine and classify any botanical specimens which may be sent me. Indeed, I will do anything to help on this good work. EDWARD L. FRENCH."

[This proposition of Prof. French seems to us one of the very best and most practicable plans possible. No Chapter, or member who is botanically inclined, should by any means fail of seizing this rare opportunity of securing a fine collection. We suggest, in addition, that the Chapters be not content with collecting a *single* set for this exchange, but that several be made at once, which is scarcely more difficult. These can then be exchanged with other Chapters, and thus scores of excellent herbariums be built up in an exceedingly cheap and pleasant way.]

"LABORATORY AND ENGINEERING OFFICE,
SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENNESSEE.

"To observe correctly and to register accurately is a greater education than to acquire the artificial systems of analysis in half a dozen branches of science. As a test of how much is obtainable from the Chapters in the way of direct observation as opposed to mere 'book larin', I will ask all who will to observe what they can about the growth, flowering, and seeding of the geranium plant (*Pelargonium Zonale*) and report to me by the 15th of October. Geraniums are everywhere. In this plant are some interesting details, which are not in the books. We will see how many of them they can catch.

"As far as I can command time, I am at the service of the A. A. "WM. M. BOWRON." [F. C. S.]

[Prof. Bowron can not fail to pique the curiosity of our boys and girls: and, unless we are mistaken, many of them will discover how the geranium scatters its seed, and— but we must n't anticipate.]

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Secretary's Address.
444.	Rockland, Me. (A).....	15.	Miss Grace T. Cilley.
445.	Hamilton, Ohio (A).....	9.	Ed. M. Traber, Box 198.
446.	Saco, Me. (B).....	7.	Miss Helen Montgomery, Box 713.
447.	Chittenango, N. Y. (A).....	11.	Ch. A. Jenkins.
448.	Washington, D. C. (G).....	6.	Miss Isabella McFarland. [Will the Sec. please send full address?]
449.	Richmond, Va. (B).....	6.	W. O. English, 707 East Franklin.
450.	Fitchburg, Mass. (D).....	8.	G. F. Whittemore.
451.	Sydney Mines, C. B. (A).....	4.	Miss M. T. Brown, Beech Hill.
452.	Burlington, Vt. (A).....	4.	H. B. Shaw, 253 S. Union.
453.	Oswego, N. Y. (A).....	7.	W. A. Burr.
454.	Rochester, N. Y. (B).....	8.	Miss Mary E. Tousey, 263 N. St. Paul St.

[This Chapter of Deaf Mutes is specially welcome to the A. A.]

EXCHANGES.

Insects and minerals.—Ernest Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota. Iceland spar, for fossils.—E. R. Heitshu, Lancaster, Pa. Petrified shells (*Spirifer radiata*), for a male and female silk-worm moth.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn st., Chicago. Electric and chemical apparatus (\$3), for minerals.—Kenneth Hartley, Fort Scott, Kan. Correspondence, North and West.—P. S. Benedict, 1243 St. Charles st., New Orleans, La. Southern woods, sea-shells, and minerals.—Isaac Ford, 1823 Vine st., Philadelphia. Mistletoe from Kentucky, and red hematite from Balboa, Spain, for army worm, its eggs or larvæ.—Wm. W. Mills, Reading, Pa. Gold ore and amethyst. Write for particulars.—R. J. Wood, 134 Jackson st., Jackson, Mich. Woods, eggs, minerals.—Winfred H. Trimble, Princeton, Ill. Insects, woods, petrified wood, for fossils and minerals.—A. A. Crane, Auska, Minn. Silver ore.—Dr. Jos. A. Stiles (Sec. Ch. 306), Belmont, Nye Co., Nevada.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Jamaica Plain (124) has been studying the formation of ice, and sends good drawings.—Newton Upper Falls (256) is taking increased interest in the work, making individual collections.—Washington, D. C. (109) has been studying the brain of the dog. The specimen was prepared by Robert Bigelow, according to Giacommi's method. The brain is first soaked for about a week in a saturated solution of zinc chloride. On the second day the membranes are removed. It is then put in alcohol for at least a week. Then it is soaked in glycerine, in which it floats, until it sinks to a level with

the fluid. The surplus glycerine is then washed off, the brain is dried and varnished and placed on a piece of glass. The Chapter has also examined algæ under the microscope, and detected the grains of chlorophyll. Animalcula have been studied, and the following facts reported: The skin of the whale is insensible, for barnacles grow upon it. The flesh of the whale is red and coarse.—168, Buffalo C. is prospering. All Buffalo Chapters meet together once a month.—91, Buffalo A, has at length bought a very fine microscope, for which it has been working a year and a half. It is an "Improved National Binocular," and cost, with two objectives, \$137. Cora Freeman, Sec. [Accept our congratulations.]—W. M. Patterson, Sec. Chicago G, sends a good article on the *Proteus*, which he finds to be a batrachian, with a naked, slimy skin, about a foot long, half an inch in diameter, pale flesh color, and with bright crimson branchial tufts. It is found only in the subterranean waters of some caves in Europe, especially in the Adelsberg cave in Carniola. Its food consists of aquatic worms, insects, and molluscs.—374, Brooklyn, now numbers 15, and is about to buy a ten-dollar cabinet.—Germantown B is prosperous, and wishes to know whether any fossil animals are found in coal.

NOTES.

(15) *Water Lilies*.—What becomes of the water lilies when through blooming? By observation, we find that the closed lily sinks in an upright position, and disposes of its long stem by coiling it around and around on the bottom of the river.

JOSEPH M. HOPKINS, Ch. 256.

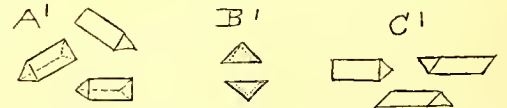
(16) *Beetle*.—I have a beetle like the *Phaneus*, excepting the horn. Is it the female? [Yes.]

(17) *Snakes' Eggs*.—We found some garter-snakes' eggs while digging bait. Two of them broke, and we saw the young snakes, which were alive.

(18) *Pollen*.—As nearly as I can determine, the pollen grain of *Nasturtium* is a triangular prism. I can think of no other way of explaining the shapes which appear under the glass. I show the principal appearances at A, B, and C, all of them being very common.



Figures A¹, B¹, and C¹ represent what I imagine must be the real shapes of the outlines shown at A B C:



(19) *Leaves*.—Some years the ash leaves before the oak, and some years the oak leaves first. SYLVIA A. MOSS.

(20) *Polyphemus*.—I have found this larva on oak, elm, willow, and birch; *Pronotheca* on ash, cherry, and lilac; *Cecropia* on apple, maple, and willow. PHILIP S. ABBOT.

(21) *Sleep of Plants*.—We brought home some locust beans, and were surprised one night to find them asleep. At sunset, the leaflets at the top of the stalk began to close. The only way I can illustrate the closing process is to join the two hands by commencing at the wrist, and place each finger against the corresponding one on the other hand, as we do when praying. Will some one tell me what causes a yellow spot on hawthorn leaves? A READER.

Those of our members who avail themselves of the services of the specialists mentioned in this and the two previous numbers of ST. NICHOLAS must remember the directions for correspondence already given. If any members are studying in any department in which no specialist has yet volunteered assistance, they will please communicate with the President of the A. A.

Any person may join the Association, whether a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS or not; but those who are not members can not have notices of exchange mentioned here.

Address all communications, *except questions in the several departments*, to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of LENOX ACADEMY, LENOX, MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CHARADE.

In silence sweet the morning broke;
 The air was still, 'mid beech and oak,
 Till the song of my *first* rose high and clear,
 And waked from sleep a startled deer,
 Who bounded off with eager feet
 The brightly dawning day to greet.
 As near the edge of the wood he came,
 He crossed the path of a rustic dame,
 Who tied my *second* beneath her chin
 As she cheerily called the cattle in.
 By a distant pool with boughs o'ertopped
 The timid animal, listening, stopped.
 Ah! then with sure, unerring aim,
 A deadly arrow swiftly came
 From the hand of a marksman steady and true,
 As with eagle eye the string he drew —
 One of a band of outlawed men,
 Of courage tried and warlike ken;
 With lawless freedom and greed of gold
 They followed my *whole*, a chieftain bold.

M. S.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. The zigzags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a great reformer who was born on the 17th of June, 1703.
 1. A Chinese vessel. 2. A harbor. 3. A continuous pain. 4. Nine inches. 5. A monk's hood or habit. 6. A drink made of water and honey. 7. The principal body of a tree or plant. 8. Amusement. 9. Habitual food. 10. A small horse.

DIAMOND.

1. In Tuesday. 2. Red ochre. 3. Jeopardy. 4. A period of religious awakening. 5. A great Greek tragic poet, born 481 B. C. 6. Distributed. 7. Loaded. 8. Allured. 9. In Tuesday.
 "ALCIBIADES."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12

READING ACROSS: From 1 to 3, a kind of collar; from 4 to 6, a girl's name; from 7 to 9, the sun; from 10 to 12, a measure.
 READING DOWNWARD: From 1 to 10, foundation; from 2 to 11, an image; from 3 to 12, a sphere.
 From 1 to 10 and from 3 to 12, when read in connection, name a game.

PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAMS.

In each of the following sentences the omitted words are formed of the same letters transposed. Moreover, the omitted letters of one sentence may be found by adding one letter to the omitted letters of the preceding sentence.
 1. This is * puzzle.
 2. The * *, commonly called the Aar, falls into the Rhine above Basle.
 3. We * * * told that Dr. * * *, of Edinburgh, is famous among the physicians of our * * * for treating diseases of the * * *.
 4. I have just * * * the pamphlet by our * * * friend.
 5. Which was the more unfortunate—Major * * * * or Enoch * * * *?
 6. As we * * * * the city, we learned how the mayor, in attempting to * * * * himself to one party, had * * * * the contempt of all good citizens.
 7. The dean, weary of the turmoil of London, * * * * for the quiet of his * * * *.

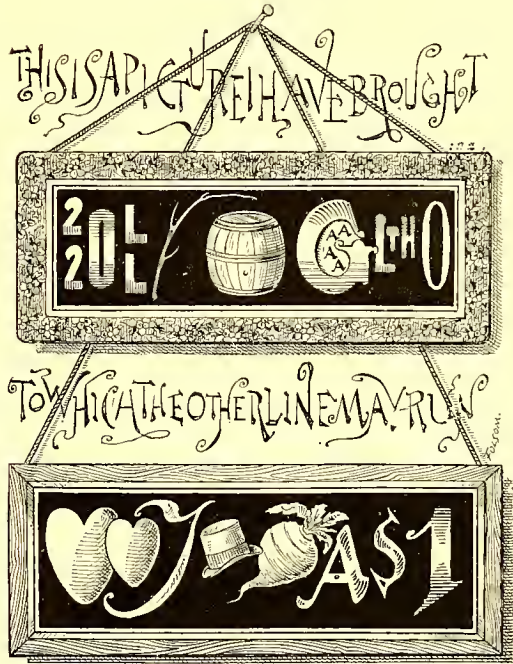
C. P. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty letters, and am two lines from one of Longfellow's poems.
 My 32-43-3-7 is resembling. My 39-16-26-42-50-41 is amazement. My 9-21-15-23-20-40-41-34 is the direction in which most emigrants travel. My 23-40-30 is a river of Scotland. My

47-37-2-38 is to unite. My 17-46-36-5 is in the highest degree. My 14-4-18-19 are what all doctors like. My 6-27-10-11 was the vulnerable point of Achilles. My 28-25-45-22 is dumb. My 29-33-17 is a purpose. My 39-35-12-1 is being in health. My 31-49-48 is a horned animal found in South Africa. My 24-13-8-36 is to throw. My 6-16-44-50-30 is a sweet, thick fluid.
 "BAB."

PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE answer to the above puzzle is a four-line stanza. The first and third lines are written out; the second and fourth lines are each represented as a rebus. The first and second lines rhyme, as do also the third and fourth.

EASY SYNCOPATIONS.

1. SYNCOPATE a domestic animal, and leave an article of clothing.
 2. Syncopate brief, and leave a piece of lead. 3. Syncopate to strike, and leave location. 4. Syncopate to puff, and leave part of a boat. 5. Syncopate a royal personage, and leave cost. 6. Syncopate immense, and leave a large tank. 7. Syncopate a course, and leave a wand. 8. Syncopate a part of the body, and leave a stag. 9. Syncopate destruction, and leave to hasten. 10. Syncopate a reason, and leave a covering or sheath.
 G. S. HAYTER.

QUINCUNX.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

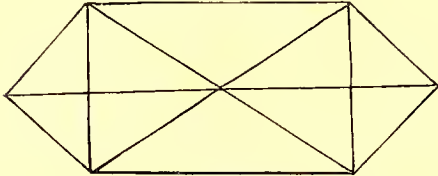
ACROSS: 1. To bruise. 2. Often on the breakfast-table. 3. Clamorous. 4. A perch. 5. A combat. DIAGONALS, reading upward from left to right, beginning at the upper left-hand corner: 1. In mutiny. 2. A meadow. 3. Amphibious animals. 4. Uneven. 5. To augment. 6. In mutiny.
 DVCIE.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

DEFINE each of the italicized groups of words by one word. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, these will form a word-square.

I walked out in a leafy month and saw one who makes use of a thing, who was not far off, picking berries to eat. I stopped him, knowing they were poisonous, and afterward said to myself, "Even he sometimes makes mistakes."

OUTLINE PUZZLE.



MAKE the above diagram without removing the pencil from the paper, and without going over any line twice.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Sluggish. 2. Open to view. 3. A famous epic poem. 4. Narratives. 5. Marks made by blows. DOWNWARD: 1. In assistance. 2. A word of denial. 3. A biblical character. 4. To lease. 5. To set the foot. 6. A plate of baked clay. 7. A haunt. 8. A familiar abbreviation. 9. In assistance.

H. H. D.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.

CENTRALS (reading downward): An eminent English statesman. ACROSS: 1. A range of mountains in the United States. 2. A portion of the British Isles. 3. A country of Europe. 4. A mountain of Crete. 5. In United States. 6. A town of Brazil, situated on the Tiete river. 7. A river of Europe flowing into the Mediterranean Sea. 8. A city of Spain. 9. A county of England.

FRANCIS W. I.

EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY firsts are in jewel and jacinth; My seconds in purchase and buy; My thirds are in doughnut and cruller; My fourths are in flutter and fly. If you look through the words I have given, You may see the two answers quite clear; A couple of words of but four letters each— They are two pleasant months of the year.

DYCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

PROVERB REBUS. A fool and his money are soon parted. RHOMBOIDS. ACROSS. 1. Dove. 2. Hive. 3. Merc. 4. Name. II. 1. Reel. 2. Deal. 3. Lion. 4. Room. PI. The robin, the forerunner of the spring, The bluebird with its jocund caroling, The restless swallows building in the eaves, The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves, The lilacs tossing in the winds of May, All welcome this majestic holiday. Longfellow, "Lady Wentworth." Line 113. SYNCOPATIONS. Wisconsin: 1. Se-Wer. 2. Bra-In. 3. Do-S-e. 4. S-Cold. 5. B-O-at. 6. K-N-it. 7. Re-S-in. 8. Pa-I-n. 9. To-N-e. — CHARADE. Mason. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, maypole; finals, garland. Cross-words: 1. MockinG. 2. ArabiA. 3. YeaR. 4. PeaL. 5. OsceolA. 6. LeaN. 7. ElanD. MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A little that a righteous man bath is better than the riches of many wicked. Psalms, xxxvii., 16. NINE-BLOCK PUZZLE. Remove 1, and move 4 up, 7 up, 8 left, 5 down, 6 left, 9 up, 5 right, 8 right, 7 down, 6 left, 9 left, 5 up, 8 right, 7 right, 6 down, 4 down, and replace 1.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. 1. De-cide. 2. T-win-ed. 3. Fam-in-e. 4. Re-war-d. 5. Str-etch-ing. 6. N-ear-est. 7. Be-long-ing. 8. Li-mite-d. 9. Re-call-ed. 10. F-ore-ign. 11. S-cold-ing. 12. Post-tag-e. GREEK CROSS. Upper Square: 1. Star. 2. Tare. 3. Arts. 4. Rest. Left-hand Square: 1. Pair. 2. Abbe. 3. Ibis. 4. Rest. Central Square: 1. Rest. 2. Ella. 3. Slur. 4. Tare. Right-hand Square: 1. Tare. 2. Adit. 3. Rien. 4. Etna. Lower Square: 1. Tare. 2. Acid. 3. Ride. 4. Eden. FAN PUZZLE. From 14 to 2, overlap; 15 to 3, outpour; 16 to 6, observe; 17 to 5, outstep; 18 to 6, Otranto; 19 to 7, Ottoman; 20 to 8, off-hand; 21 to 9, outrage; 22 to 10, officer; 23 to 11, Octavia; 24 to 12, outpost; 25 to 13, offense. From 2 to 13, preponderate. NOVEL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. May-day. PATRIOTIC PI. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, Shes there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod. DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Cam. 3. Camel. 4. Camelia. 5. Melon. 6. Lin(ger). 7. A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the May number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 9.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Paul Reese—Cuchee Smith—F. H. Davis—E. F. L.—"A. P. Owder, Jr."—E. and S. Blake—Two Subscribers—"Alcibiades"—Jennie and Birdie—J. P. Denison—Carl E. Ton—The Cantine Family—Picnic and Jack—Molly and Martyr—"Miltiades"—Charles J. Durbrow—Clara J. Child—Louis R. Custer—Madeleine Vultee—"Town and Country"—Arthur Gride—"Mama and Bae"—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 20, from G. D. L., 5—Frank A. Burling, 5—Pansy, 10—C. W. Woodward, 5—Eta M. Taylor, 11—Eugenia B. Hay, 11—Theodore Yankauer, 2—G. M. T., 6—Arthur W. Tidd, 3—Geo. Earle Hicks, 3—Charley Weymouth, 4—Lorenzo Webber, 1—Harry and Joe Apple, 1—Samuel H. and Ruth D. Camp, 8—"June and November," 6—Belle Patterson, 6—Sallie, 6—Howard Coale, 1—Edith L. H., 7—F. H. W. and M. M. D., 6—Charlotte Gandil, 3—"Bardell and Pickwick," 10—L. I., 12—"Oskaloosa," 1—Hessie D. Boylston, 9—"Proteus," 4—Edith L. Field, 3—Edith M. Hallock, 1—Willie Trautwine, 9—Gaylord Boys, 5—Frank Harper, 1—David R. Hawkins, 2—"Mama and I," 2—Sadie Chase, 5—Marion A. Knox, 1—Nannie McL. Duff, 7—Arthur Hoopes, 5—Genie J. Callmeyer, 11—V. P. J. S. M. C., 7—Warren, 5—Carl Niemeyer, 6—Philip Embury, Jr., 12—Austin H. Pease, 2—Mother, Ruby, and Mabel, 3—"Houghton Family," 12—Alice Wann, 2—Irving Easton, 12—Addie L. and Mary E. Fries, 6—Maud Bugby, 5—Georgie Draper, 6—"Blue Beard," 4—Lydia Bostwick and Lizzie Kurtz, 12—Mary Mitchell and Nanny Stevens, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—B. T. Hynson, 1—Bernice Elise P., 4—Edith, Millie, and Wallie, 4—M. D. T., 3—Minnez A. Olds, 7—Nellie, Katie, Tom, and Frankie, 10—George Lyman Waterhouse, 12—"Rochester, Pa.," 4—Louise Gilman, 10—Mary C. Burnam, 7—W. R. Hamilton, 5—Ellen L. Way, 3—Arthur C. Hixon, 12—"Silhouette," 8—Chas. H. Wright, 4—Vin and Henry, 11—"Fin. I. S.," 2—Helen M., 6—Charlie M. Philo, 1—Florence G. Lane, 6—W. M. Florence Noyes, 6—Livingston Ham, 4—Helen E. Matran, 1—L. H. B., 6—Sallie Viles, 11—"Patience," 4—Mary E. Baker, 4—H. L. P., 8—Lottie A. Foggan, 5—D. B. Shumway, 10—"Professor and Co.," 11—Lalla E. Croft, 7—Daisy Talman, 1—"Ignoramus" and "Nonentity," 7—Clara Small and Elneline Jungerich, 9—Mamma and Willie, 11—Mary P. Stockett, 8—Mary T. Garnett, 1—Charles Haynes Kyte, 11—Vessie Westover, 6—Maggie T. Turritt, 12—Lausina and J. Wallace, 10—"J. Checkley," 1—M. G. and M., 6—Stiles A. Torrance, 5—"Ethel Leontine," 6—"Dycie," 11—Meg, 3—Frank White, 1—Mary E., 7—Jennie M. Elliott, 8—Lulu Culver, 7—Hazel, 12—Valerie, 9. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



THE LIFTING OF THE FOG.

(“The Brooklyn Bridge.”—Page 689.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 9.

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HOW JOHNNIE'S MEN STRUCK WORK.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

IT did seem strange that, just as soon as Mr. Sparrow went to Colorado for his health, everything about the creamery began to go wrong. Johnnie had been *determined* that everything should go right. He had told his father, over and over again, that he need not feel the least uneasiness about the business, because *he* should look after it. Johnnie was not quite fifteen, but he was the tallest boy in Potowka for his age, and when he talked about managing the business while his father was away, he always seemed to grow several inches taller.

Smart? Johnnie had his own opinion about that, and almost all Potowka was inclined to agree with him.

He had won all the prizes there were to be won at the grammar-school, and without seeming to try, either, for he was never known to be studying when he was wanted to join in any game, and everybody said they had never had a Fourth-of-July orator at Potowka who could equal him at declamation. At a game of ball he was sure to be on the winning side, and when there was a rowing match on the river, everybody regarded it as a fore-gone conclusion that Johnnie Sparrow would bring his boat in ahead.

That was the kind of boy that Johnnie Sparrow was.

His father kept one of the largest stores in Potowka, and a creamery besides. Johnnie did not think much of the store, but the creamery suited him. He had almost decided that the firm

should be John J. Sparrow & Son when he grew up. When he was younger, he had thought that he should run for Congress, or keep a livery stable, but he found that with advancing years his ambitions changed.

He felt very proud when the long trains of refrigerator cars went off laden with butter and cheese, to fill orders that had come to Potowka, the little village in the heart of Illinois, not only from Chicago and St. Louis, but from far-away New York and Boston. For no butter was sweeter and yellower, no cheese had a richer flavor, than that made in John J. Sparrow's creamery.

When a very large load was sent (fifteen tons sometimes went at once) Johnnie felt as if everybody would have a surfeit of butter, and it would never be possible to sell any more. But still orders kept coming—sometimes from the very city to which the fifteen tons had just gone. It seemed as if everybody must live on butter. Johnnie had almost come to the conclusion that it was butter that made the world go round. And he certainly talked as if it were. He sternly rebuked his little sister Minty, who held buttercups under people's chins to see whether they loved butter.

"Everybody loves butter," he said. "Anyway, you must n't put it into people's heads that they don't, because it might hurt the business!" By which you will see that Johnnie was of a practical turn of mind.

But he was not so practical but that he sometimes enjoyed revolving in his mind a scheme by

which the whole world was to be supplied with butter from his father's creamery. He had dreams of establishing an agency for the creamery in Japan, and even in the Cannibal Islands. From the north pole to the south there should not be a spot where Sparrow & Son's butter was unknown.

Just how many cows they should have to keep, and just how many men would be required to collect cream enough in the country around; just how large a steam-engine they would need, and just how many pigs it would take to eat up the buttermilk, when that day came, he tried in vain to calculate. But, then, arithmetic was not Johnnie's strong point.

He had, however, very little doubt of his own ability to manage such a business as that when he grew up.

With such confidence in his power to do great things, it was certainly very humiliating to Johnnie that, just as soon as his father left for Colorado, things began to go wrong in the creamery.

It was more aggravating from the fact that Johnnie's uncle Daniel seemed to think that *he* had been left in charge of the creamery, and when he was unexpectedly called away to New York on business, he patted Johnnie on the shoulder, and said:

"You're getting to be a big boy, Johnnie; you can keep an eye upon the business. I am sorry that I'm obliged to go away, but I know your father trusts you a great deal, considering you're only a boy, and there's Jotham Jenkinson, a good, faithful man, to take the responsibility."

Very condescending, as you see, was Uncle Daniel, who kept a hardware store, and scarcely knew cream from skimmed milk. Johnnie had resolved to show him whether he knew how to manage the business or not—he whom Uncle Dan called only a boy.

But, alas! things had gone wrong.

In the first place, Jotham Jenkinson, the engineer, fell ill of rheumatic fever, and there was nobody to take his place. Johnnie made inquiries, and sent letters far and wide, but it was in a busy season, and every man who understood running an engine was occupied. Young Jotham Jenkinson thought he could run the engine about as well as his father, but young Jotham was barely sixteen, and everybody said a boy ought not to be trusted with so responsible a position. The other men did not like the idea of working under a boy, and gave Johnnie to understand that they should leave if he employed young Jotham.

In the meantime, work in the creamery was at a stand-still. It did not pay to buy cream only to grow sour, and the people who were in the habit of supplying the creamery threatened to make an

engagement to sell their cream to a rival firm in an adjoining town; and the men who collected the cans of cream, although they received their pay regularly, thought they had better offer their services to the rival firm, since it certainly seemed probable that the Potowka creamery would come to an untimely end and throw them out of employment. The cream from their own cows was fed to the pigs, but they knew the difference, or Johnnie fancied so, and grunted dolefully for their accustomed buttermilk.

Orders came in thick and fast, with threatenings from the different firms to give their trade to those who could supply them promptly. Johnnie was at his wits' end. He had thought of telegraphing to his father to ask what he should do, but the doctor had said his father must have absolute freedom from care, and such news might be seriously injurious to him.

He might telegraph to Uncle Daniel, but what did Uncle Daniel know about it? Aunt Daniel had come to the creamery, and had wrung her hands because the pigs were eating all the cream, and had said she should write to Uncle Daniel. She could if she wanted to, but *he* should n't, Johnnie said to himself.

But something must be done. Johnnie felt as if he should really become crazy, as he walked about the creamery and looked at the engine that did n't go, at the horses and wagons standing unused in the stable, at the empty churns, the empty butterworkers, and the pigs squealing for their buttermilk.

One day, he heard a man say that "the creamery never ought to have been left with nobody but a boy to look after it." And that day Johnnie made up his mind.

The first thing he did after that important event happened was to go to see young Jotham Jenkinson. The two boys had a long conference behind the wood-pile in young Jotham's back yard, Johnnie insisting upon privacy.

That the interview was satisfactory to Johnnie might be inferred from the fact that he turned a double somersault in the seclusion afforded by the wood-pile after young Jotham had left him. Young Jotham looked unusually serious as he returned to the house, but he was an old boy for his years, and had a great sense of responsibility about whatever he undertook.

Johnnie was so grave and dignified when he re-appeared on the main street that nobody would have believed that wood-pile if it could have told what it had seen.

He next made a call upon Absalom Decker. Absalom was a boy of about Johnnie's own age, who had worked more or less upon his father's

farm since he left off wearing dresses. He was not a very brilliant scholar; he could do addition, if you gave him time, and he professed a firm belief that the earth was round, after being kept after school every day for a month to find it out, and, furthermore, having his faith aided by the school-master's rattan. But he had a cloudy idea that Patagonia was a suburb of Paris, and a strong conviction that the Sultan of Turkey was a North American Indian.

But Absalom was a marvel of strength and toughness. He could do more work than any three boys in Potowka; and as for lifting, there *were* boys who believed he could lift the church and carry it off on his back if he wanted to.

He was very slow of comprehension; it was a long time before he seemed to get any idea of Johnnie's plan, and then it required a great deal of logic and persuasion to make him agree to do what Johnnie wanted him to. He made so many objections, in his slow, stammering way, that Johnnie almost lost heart, and quite lost his temper. Absalom was so aggravating, sitting on the top rail of the fence, with his hands in his pockets, and his long legs dangling, saying:

"You 're the ser-mar-mar-martest boy I ever saw, Johnnie, but you ker-ker-can't do it! Men always work in a cre-cre-creamery, not b-b-boys. And Jotham might be reading a b-b-book—he always is reading a b-b-book—and let the b-b-boiler burst, and b-b-blow up ev-everything. Or the cars might go to ker-smash, and you'd lose all your b-b-butter, or the ker-ker-cows get poisoned, or your father get well, or your Uncle D-D-Daniel come home, or s-s-something. S-s-something always does happen to a b-b-boy!"

But in the end Johnnie secured Absalom's services, Absalom's father giving his consent, although with a good deal of amusement, as if he regarded it as a joke.

Three or four other boys Johnnie hired without any difficulty, except in the matter of wages, they considering that they ought to receive as much as men if they did the same work, while Johnnie thought that when it came to the question of wages boys were boys!

Johnnie went home, and with his grandest air discharged the few remaining workmen from the creamery. In less than an hour the rumor had spread all over Potowka that Sparrow's creamery had closed for good.

But, lo and behold! the very next morning work was resumed.

Collectors went over the old route and brought the big cream-cans back full. Into the churns went the cream, and the engine, starting up with as much spirit as if it had never known an idle

moment, churned it into butter; it seemed to Johnnie that he had never heard such a delightful roar, and rush, and clatter. Strong hands moved the butter from the churns to the butter-workers, and with a whisk and a splash and a spatter the engine worked it; and before night there were rows and rows of tubs ready to be sent to the railroad early in the morning, and the pigs' voices were drowned in buttermilk!

And, as Patsy O'Brien, who took care of the pigs, remarked: "The workmin was ivery man o' them b'ys!"

It must be acknowledged that Johnnie strutted and tossed his head considerably about the streets of Potowka the next day. The general topic of conversation was the doings at the creamery; and while there were some who ridiculed and prophesied that the prosperity would be short, and wondered where in the world Mr. Daniel Sparrow was, that that boy was allowed to go on as he did, there were others who had always known that Johnnie was an uncommonly smart boy, and since there was no work at the creamery that boys could not do, they saw no reason why it could not be kept running—provided, of course, that the boys did not get tired of it.

The orders that came in were filled "with promptness and dispatch," to quote from telegrams which Johnnie sent to both his father and Uncle Daniel, and Aunt Daniel actually wept tears of joy at seeing the pigs restored to their buttermilk diet, and decided not to write to Uncle Daniel. A letter came from Johnnie's mother, who was with his father in Colorado, saying that it was gratifying to hear that matters were going on so well at the creamery, but his father's condition was such that perhaps he had better say nothing about business in his letters for awhile. His father was perfectly confident that Jotham Jenkinson, the engineer, would manage the business as well as it could be done in his absence, and was able to keep it out of his mind if he heard nothing to recall it to him.

Johnnie was sure that he should have no difficulty in obeying that injunction, and he trusted that nobody in Potowka would be so officious as to write to his father that the engineer was disabled, and boys were running the creamery. For although his father was a very sensible man, he might not be above the common prejudice about boys, and think they were not fit to manage a business and do the work alone.

Uncle Daniel wrote that he was especially glad to hear that there was no trouble at the creamery, because he found that he should be detained for several weeks in New York. Johnnie felt that he could be resigned to Uncle Daniel's absence for as long a time as he found it convenient to stay.

Uncle Daniel never seemed to have the least respect for boys, perhaps because he had none of his own, and knew very little about them. He would be sure to regard the doings at the creamery as mere child's play, and feel it to be his duty to make a revolution. For he thought the creamery had been left in his charge. And Jotham Jenkinson, the engineer, thought it had been left in his. But Johnnie thought that, as it belonged to his father, it was clearly his right and duty to manage it, *and he meant to do it.*

And now that his bold stroke had turned out so well, he felt himself to be master of the situation.

A week passed, and work still went on prosperously at the creamery. Absalom Decker had thrashed Alonzo Herrick for spilling a can of buttermilk all over him; and one of the collectors had stopped his team so long to watch a base-ball match that the cream had all soured; and half a dozen cheeses had been gnawed by rats. But Johnnie was not discouraged by these little misadventures. He gravely admonished the guilty boys, and got a dozen traps and half as many cats to dispatch the rats; and he wisely argued that he might have had the very same trials if he had hired workmen instead of work-boys.

The boys became very proud of their position. They fully believed Johnnie when he told them that the work had never been so well done before, and, strange as it may seem, that was the root from which trouble sprang!

The boys decided that they ought to have higher wages, but when they expressed that opinion to Johnnie, he told them, with the firmness and decision which he thought becoming to a man of business, that he should not pay them a penny more. He was paying them more than they could earn in any other way, and, besides, they felt a pride in the business; there was no fear that any one of them would leave, Johnnie said to himself. And he adopted an independent and lordly bearing toward them which was intended to show them that there was not the slightest chance of his yielding to their demands.

That night the boys held a council in Jotham Jenkinson's back yard, behind that identical wood-pile that had concealed Johnnie's somersault from the public gaze.

Alonzo Herrick, who was the chief spokesman, had a newspaper containing an account of a strike of iron-workers in a Pennsylvania city, which he read aloud to the boys, who listened with breathless eagerness.

Potowka was in the midst of a farming region, and strikes were almost unheard of; but they all agreed with Alonzo Herrick that there was no reason why Potowka boys should allow their rights

to be trampled upon — all except Absalom Decker; he had some misgivings.

He "did n't know but they had b-b-better keep right on, seeing Johnnie was n't one to give in easy." But Absalom was soon brought to terms by the other boys, and the momentous agreement to strike for higher wages the next day was made, and solemnly ratified.

So it happened that the next forenoon, just as some extra orders came in, which it was very important to have filled at once, Johnnie went into the creamery and found work stopped, with the churns full of cream that was just beginning to show little floating specks of butter, and the cream-cans empty that should have gone out on their daily routes to be filled with cream at the neighboring farms; with the butter-workers full of half-worked butter, and the tubs and firkins that ought to be filled and on their way to market still empty. Johnnie might have been at a loss to understand what it all meant if it had not been for placards pasted upon the walls, with these astonishing sentiments, in very black letters, upon them: "Down with The Opresur!" "Potowka Boys Never will Be Slaves!" "Good Work deserves Good Wages!" "Laber is King!" "Down with the Tirant!" "Long Live the People!" "We Must and Will have Bread!"

Johnnie was considerably impressed. They certainly were very fine sentiments, even with their glory somewhat marred by faulty spelling. He felt guilty, as if he really were an "opresur" and a "tirant."

But after he had reflected a little, and become somewhat accustomed to these placards, with their big black letters staring at him, and calling him names, his feelings changed. Johnnie possessed a liberal share of that lively commodity known as temper. And it flared up.

If those boys thought they could get the better of him, and make him pay them more wages by any such trick as that, they were mistaken! He would get others to take their places at once.

But how? Johnnie's heart sank as that question confronted him. He knew there was not a boy in Potowka, except young Jotham Jenkinson, who understood how to run the engine, and there was scarcely one to be hired for the other work.

Suddenly, in the midst of his despair, a bright idea struck Johnnie. There was a cheese manufactory at Yankton, a town twenty miles away, from which he had heard that a good many boys had been lately discharged. He had a vague recollection of hearing that it was for misconduct that they had been discharged, but they would be sure to know something about the business, and one could not be stopped by trifles in such an emer-

gency! If they were bad boys, Johnnie felt sure that he could manage them. And in a very short space of time he was on his way to Yankton, prepared to offer almost any wages to the discharged cheese-makers.

They *were* a rough-looking set,—Johnnie was forced to acknowledge that to himself, but they were big and strong, and two of them professed to understand how to run an engine; so, although they called him “young feller,” and various other slang names that tried his dignity, and persisted in regarding his offers as a joke, Johnnie used all the arguments he could think of to persuade them, and they finally promised to go to Potowka the next day, and “see how they liked the looks of things.”

On that next day, the boys who had disappeared, not only from the creamery but from the streets of the town, as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, came slinking around the creamery. In some way, they seemed to have got an inkling of what was going to happen. (Johnnie *had* confided it to a few intimate friends.) Young Jotham Jenkinson and one or two others made several shy hitches, and cast conciliatory glances in Johnnie's direction, but Johnnie ignored them, save for a scornful look. If only his new hands came, as they had agreed, he should be master of the situation, and could bid defiance to the strikers.

In any case, he would not take them back, though they should get down on their knees to him.

And there the new hands were! A group of rough-looking boys, probably just alighted from the train, was coming up the road toward the creamery. Very rough-looking they were. The guardians of public morals in Potowka were very strict, and Johnnie had some fear that his new workmen would be arrested as suspicious and desperate-looking characters before they reached the creamery.

But no such misfortune befell them; they came shuffling and swaggering up to the creamery, while the old hands, who had gathered themselves into a group, looked at them and then at each other in wonder and dismay.

Suddenly—if any of his movements could be described as sudden—Absalom Decker planted himself in the door-way.

“Maybe you 'd b-b-better not let them in here! We might be apt to p-p-pitch them out,” he said to Johnnie.

“Remember what the strikers did that I read about, boys!” cried Alonzo Herrick, putting himself into a fighting attitude.

“Well, now, if there 's going be fun, 't was n't such a bad plan for us to come,” said the biggest of the new hands, proceeding, with great deliberation, to take off his jacket.

Matters were assuming a serious aspect. Johnnie, who had a great horror of a disturbance, began to have an uneasy consciousness that he was *not* going to be master of the situation; that position was being rapidly taken out of his hands. The queerest thing about it was that, now that these Yankton roughs seemed about to engage in a fight with the Potowka boys, Johnnie felt an impulse to pitch in on the Potowka side. The origin of the difficulty, and the fact that the Potowka boys were the aggressors, seemed to escape his mind. Some of the Potowka boys wavered and hung back a little—the Yankton boys were so much larger, and were evidently so much more used to warfare; but Absalom Decker was evidently all ready to “grace battle's brunt.”

There was a kind of savage war-whoop, and a wild rush, when suddenly into the midst of the *mêlée* stepped Uncle Daniel! He had his portmanteau in his hand, and his spectacles and tall hat on awry. His clothes were very dusty, his face was very red, and he was almost breathless with haste and anger.

“A pretty state of things, upon my word!” he cried, while the combatants fell back, but remained in fighting attitude, as if all ready to resume hostilities the moment the interruption should be over. “A pretty state of things! Half the men in Potowka writing to me to come home and save the creamery from going to ruin! And I should think it was time! Hiring a lot of *boys* to run the creamery! Why was n't I informed that the engineer was sick? I never heard of a boy taking so much upon himself since I was born! But it's a good deal the fault of your bringing up, and I shall tell your father so! When I was young, boys were kept in their places! It's a wonder you have n't been chosen Selectman before this time! Maybe that 's too small business for you, though! I expect you 'll be running for President in a year or two!”

All these unpleasant remarks Johnnie bore with meekness. Uncle Daniel had come at an opportune moment, and the relief that Johnnie felt in his presence made the sting of his words less hard to bear.

“Now I would have *you* to understand,” pursued Uncle Daniel, turning from Johnnie to the crowd of boys, “that I am the manager of this creamery, and I don't want to hire any boys! The sooner you're off the premises the better!”

The Yankton boys demurred, and made some threats of thrashing Johnnie for getting them there under false pretenses, but they finally decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and moved off.

The Potowka boys gathered around Johnnie,

their late "opresur" and "tirant," with an air of sympathy and good-fellowship.

"I telegraphed to your father how things were going," said Uncle Daniel. "and asked him what I should do, and here 's his answer!" And he drew a telegram from his pocket, and unfolded it before Johnnie's eyes, and, what was worse, before the eyes of all the boys. It contained these four crushing words:

"Send Johnnie to school."

"D-d-don't you mind, Johnnie," said Absalom Decker, "I t-t-told you so! Folks are always d-d-down on a b-b-boy."

"If you had n't struck, it would have been all right!" said Johnnie, returning to his grievances against his friends, now that the common enemy had departed. "We were going on splendidly! Boys *are* fools, anyway!"

"It would have been all right if you had paid us

the wages that we ought to have had!" put in Alonzo Herrick. "Boys *don't* know how to manage business!"

"You would have struck before long if I had," grumbled Johnnie. "You wanted to do it for the fun of it!"

And there *was* a guilty look on the faces of the boys!

At the Drumfield Academy, where Johnnie is a pupil, the boys are often entertained by wonderful stories of the success of the Potowka creamery when Johnnie managed it; but just how Johnnie's management came to an end they have never had explained to them.

Johnnie has decided that, after all, he shall not have a creamery when he grows up. There are so many vexations attendant upon a business life that he has returned to his old plan of a future career, and means to run for Congress.



"OLD KING COLE was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Now who were the fiddlers? And what did they fiddle,
And where were the fiddlers three?
A fiddle for fiddles! King Cole is a riddle—
The fiddlers are down by the sea.



"IN THE COOL OF THE MORNING."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

II.

A MUD-MARCH AND A SHAM BATTLE.

WE had been lying in winter quarters at Belle Plain some two months, early in the spring of 1863, without having yet had much to vary the dull monotony of a soldier's ordinary life. There was, of course, plenty of work in the way of picket-duty and endless drilling, and an abundance of fun in the camp, of one kind or other; but of the fatigues

of the march and the excitement of battle we could so far form not the slightest conception. It is my purpose, in the present paper, to give the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some little account of our first mud-march, and the sham battle to which it led.

It was Monday, April 20th, 1863, when we suddenly received orders for the march. As good luck would have it, Andy and I had just finished a hearty meal on apple-fritters; for by this time we had repaired our chimney, which had been destroyed by the fire, and had already several

times prepared our fritters without burning our house down over our heads in the operation. Having finished our meal, we were lying lazily back against our knapsacks, disputing whose turn it was to wash the dishes, when Andy, half-catching the sound of an unusual order, with the nimbleness of a frog suddenly leaped out of the little door in the side of our cabin into the Company street, exclaiming:

“What’s that, Sergeant? What’s up?”

“Orders to move, that’s all,” said the sergeant. “Orders to move—that’s what! Pack up immediately.”

“Where are we going?” queried a dozen voices in chorus, as the boys tumbled out of their tents and gathered about the sergeant in a group.

“You tell me and I’ll tell you,” answered the sergeant, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he shouted: “Pack up immediately, men! We go in light marching order. No knapsacks; only a shelter or gum-blanket, and three days’ rations in your haversacks, and be lively now.”

It was not long before we were all ready, our haversacks duly supplied with hard-tack, pork, coffee, and sugar, and our gum-blankets or shelters, rolled and twisted into a shape somewhat resembling an immense horse-collar, slung over the shoulder diagonally across the body, as was universally the custom with the troops when knapsacks were to be dispensed with in winter, or had been thrown away in summer. We drummer-boys, tightening our drums and tuning them up with a tap-tap-tap! of the drum-stick, took station on the parade-ground upon the hill, awaiting the adjutant’s signal to beat the assembly. At the first tap of our drums, the whole regiment, in full view below us, poured out from its quarters, like ants tumbling out of their hill when disturbed by the thrust of a stick. As the men fell into line and marched by companies up the hill to the parade-ground, where the regiment was ordinarily formed, cheer upon cheer went up; for the monotony of camp life was plainly at an end, and we were at last to be up and doing, though where, or how, or what, no one could tell.

When a drum-head is wet, it at once loses all its charm and power, for it sounds as hoarse as a frog. On the present occasion our drum-heads were soon soaked, for it was raining hard. So, unloosing the ropes, we slung our useless sheepskins over our shoulders, as the order was given: “Forward, route-step, march!” The order of “route-step” was always a merciful and welcome command; for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS must remember that troops on a march always go by the “route-step.” They march usually four abreast, but make no effort to keep step; for marching in reg-

ular step, though good enough for a mile or two on parade, would soon become intolerable if kept up for any great distance. In “route-step,” each man picks his way, selecting his steps at his pleasure, and carrying or shifting his arms at his convenience. Even then marching is no easy matter, especially when it is raining, and you are marching over a clay soil. The soil about Belle Plain was the toughest and most slippery clay in the world, it seemed to us—at least, in the roads that wound serpent-like around the hills, among which we were marching, and where many a poor mule, during the winter, stuck fast and had to be pulled out, or, if that was impracticable, left to die in his tracks after the harness had been ripped off his back.

At first, however, we had tolerable marching, for we took across the fields and kept well up on the high ground as long as we could. We passed some good farms and comfortable-looking houses, where we should have liked to go in and buy some bread and butter, or get some pie and milk; but there was no time for that, for we made no halt longer than was necessary to allow the rear to “close up,” and then were up and away again at a swift pace.

The afternoon wore on. Night set in, and we began to wonder, in all the simplicity of new troops, whether Uncle Sam expected us to march all night as well as all day. To make matters worse, as night fell dark and drizzling, we left the high ground and came out on the main road of those regions: and if we never before knew what Virginia mud was like, we knew it now. It was knee-deep, and so sticky that, when you set one foot down, you could scarcely pull out the other. As for myself, I found my side-arms (if they deserve to be dignified by that title) quite an incumbrance. Drummer-boys carried no arms, except a straight, thin sword fastened to a broad leathern belt about the waist. Of this we were at the outstart quite proud, and kept it polished with great care. However, this “toad-sticker,” as we called it, caused us a world of trouble on this mud-march, and well illustrated the saying that “pride goes before a fall.” For as we groped about in the darkness, and slid and plunged about in the mud, this sword was forever getting tangled up with the wearer’s legs, and, whenever it came between his knees, down he went sprawling on his face in the mud. My own toad-sticker I handed to the quartermaster after this march was done, agreeing to pay the price of it thrice over rather than to carry it any more. The rest of the drummer-boys, I believe, carried theirs as far as Chancellorsville, and then solemnly hung them up on an oak tree—where they are to this day, unless some one has

found them and carried them off as trophies of war.

We had a little darkey along on this mud-march, who had an experience that night which was as provoking to him as it was amusing to us. The darkey's name was Bill. Other name he had none, except "Shorty," which had been given him by the boys because of his remarkably short stature. For, although he was as strong and as old-fashioned as a man, he was so dwarfed in size that the name Shorty seemed to become him better than his original name of Bill. Well, Shorty had been employed by one of the captains as cook—which office, on this occasion, seemed also to include the duties of a sumpter mule. For the captain, having an eye to comfort, had loaded the poor darkey with a pack of blankets, tents, pans, and

we forded a creek, and kept still on and on, till at last we were allowed to halt and fall out on either side of the road into a last year's corn-field, to "make fires and cook coffee."

To make a fire was an easy matter, notwithstanding the rain. For some one or other always had matches, and there were plenty of rails at hand, and these were dry enough when split open by a hatchet or ax. In a few moments the fence around the corn-field was carried off, rail by rail, and everywhere was heard the sound of axes or hatchets, the premonitory symptoms of roaring camp-fires, which were soon everywhere blazing along the road.

"Harry," said my lieutenant, "I have n't any tin cup, and when you get your cup of coffee cooked, I believe I'll share it with you. May 1?"



THE QUARTERMASTER'S TRIUMPH.

general camp equipage, so large and bulky, that it is no exaggeration to say that Shorty's pack was quite as large as himself. All along it had been a wonder to us how he had managed to pull through so far with all that immense bundle on his back; but, with strength far beyond his size, he had trudged on at the captain's heels over hill and through field quite well, till we came at night-fall to the main road. There, like many another sumpter mule, he stuck fast in the mud, so that he could not pull out either foot, and had to be dragged out by force.

At length, in the thick darkness, no one being able to see an inch before his face, we lost the road. Torches were then lighted to find it. Then

"Certainly, Lieutenant. But where will I get water to make the coffee? It's so dark nobody can see how the land lies so as to find a spring."

The lieutenant not being able to aid me with any suggestions, I silently, and without telling him what I was about, scooped up a tin cupful of water (whether clean or muddy I could not tell—it was too dark to see) out of a corn-furrow. I had the less hesitation in doing so, because I found all the rest were doing the same, and if they could stand it, I could too. Tired as I was, I could not help but be sensible of the strange, weird appearance the troops presented, as coming out of the surrounding darkness I faced the brilliant light, with groups of busy men every-

where. There they sat, squatting about the fires, each man with his quart tin cup suspended on his iron ramrod, or on some convenient stick, and each eager and impatient to be the first to bring his cup to the boil. Thrusting my cup in among the dozen others already smoking amid the crackling flames, I soon had the pleasure of seeing the foam rise to the surface—a sure indication that my coffee was nearly done. When the lieutenant and I had finished drinking it, I called his attention to the half-inch of mud in the bottom of the cup, and asked him how he liked coffee made out of water taken from a last year's corn-furrow. "First-rate," he replied, as he took out his tobacco-pouch and pipe for a smoke—"first-rate. Gives it a good flavor, you see."

"Fall in!" It was now half-past eleven o'clock, and away we went again, slap-dash, in the thick darkness and bottomless mud. At three o'clock in the morning, during a brief halt, I fell asleep sitting on my drum, and tumbled over into the road from sheer exhaustion. Partly aroused by my fall, I spread out my shelter on the road where the mud seemed the shallowest, and lay down to sleep, shivering like an aspen.

At six o'clock we were aroused. And a pretty appearance we presented, for every man was covered with mud from neck to heels. However, daylight having now come to our assistance, we marched on in merrier mood toward Port Royal, a place or village on the Rappahannock, some thirty miles below Fredericksburg, and reached our destination about ten o'clock that forenoon.

As we emerged from the woods and came out into the open fields, with the river in full view about a quarter of a mile in front, we were persuaded that now at last we were to go into battle. And so indeed it seemed, as the long column halted in a corn-field a short distance from the river, and the pontoon trains came up, and the pioneers were sent forward to help lay the bridge, and signal flags began flying, and officers and orderlies began to gallop gaily over the field—of course we were now about to go into our first battle.

"I guess we 'll have to cross the river, Harry," said Andy, as we stood beside a corn-shock and watched the operations of the men engaged in putting down the pontoons. "and we 'll have to go in on 'em and gobble 'em up."

"Yes," answered I, "'gobbling up' is all right; but suppose that over in the woods, on the other side of the river yonder, there might happen to be a lot of Johnnies watching us, and ready to sweep down and gobble *us* up while we are crossing the river—eh? That would n't be nearly so nice, would it?"

"Hah!" exclaimed Andy, "I 'd like to see 'em do it! Look there! There come the boys that 'll drive the Johnnies through the brush!"

Looking in the direction Andy was pointing,—that is, away to the skirt of the woods in our rear,—I beheld a battery of artillery coming up at full gallop toward us, and making straight for the river.

"Just you wait, now," said Andy, with a triumphant snap of his fingers, "till you hear those old bull-dogs begin to bark once, and you 'll see the Johnnies get up and dust."

As the battery came near the spot where we were standing, and could be plainly seen, I exclaimed:

"Why, Andy, I don't believe those dogs can bark at all! Don't you see? They are wooden logs covered over with black gum-blankets and mounted on the front wheels of wagons, and—as sure as you 're alive, it's our Quartermaster on his gray horse in command of the battery!"

"Well, I declare!" said Andy, with a look of mingled surprise and disappointment.

There was no disputing the fact. Dummies they were, those cannon which Andy had so exultingly declared were to drive the Johnnies through the brush. And we began at once to suspect that this whole mud-march was only a miserable ruse or feint of war, got up expressly for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, so that there was n't going to be any battle after all! Such indeed, as we learned later, was the true state of the case. But, nevertheless, the pioneers went on putting down the pontoon boats for a bridge, and our gallant Quartermaster, on his bob-tail gray, with drawn sword, and shouting out his commands like a major-general, swept by us with his battery of wooden guns, and away out into the field like a whirlwind, apparently bent on the most bloody work imaginable. Now the battery would dash up and unlimber and get into position here; then, after an imaginary discomfiture of the enemy at this point, away it would dash on a gallop across the field and go into position there, while the Quartermaster would swing his sword and shout himself hoarse as if in the very crisis of the battle.

It was, then, alas! all a ruse, and there would be no battle after all. About nine o'clock that night we were all withdrawn from the river-side under cover of darkness, and bivouacked in the woods to our rear, where we were ordered to make as many and as large fires as we could, so as to attract the enemy's attention, and make him believe that the whole army of the Potomac was concentrating at that point; whereas, the truth was that, instead of making any movement thirty miles *below* Fredericksburg, the Union army, ten days

later, crossed the river thirty miles *above* Fredericksburg, and met the enemy at Chancellorsville.

But I have never forgotten our gallant Quartermaster, and what a fine appearance he made as the commanding officer of a battery of artillery. It was an amusing sight, for my readers must remember that a quartermaster, having to do only with army supplies, was a non-combatant — that is, did no fighting, and, in most cases, “staid by the stuff” among his army wagons, which were usually far enough to the rear in time of battle.

Thinking of this little episode on our first mud-march, the writer recalls a conversation he had recently with a gentleman, his neighbor, who had also been a quartermaster in the Union army :

“I was down in Virginia on business last spring,” said the ex-quartermaster, “and I found the people there very kind and friendly indeed. One man came up to me, and says he :

“Major, you were in the war, of course, were you not?”

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I was. But I was on the other side of the fence. I was in the Union army.’

“‘You were? Well, Major, did you ever kill anybody?’

“‘Lots of ’em!’ said I. ‘Lots of ’em!’

“‘You don’t say so!’ said the Virginian; ‘and how did you generally kill them?’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘I never like to tell, because bragging is not in my line; but I’ll tell you. You

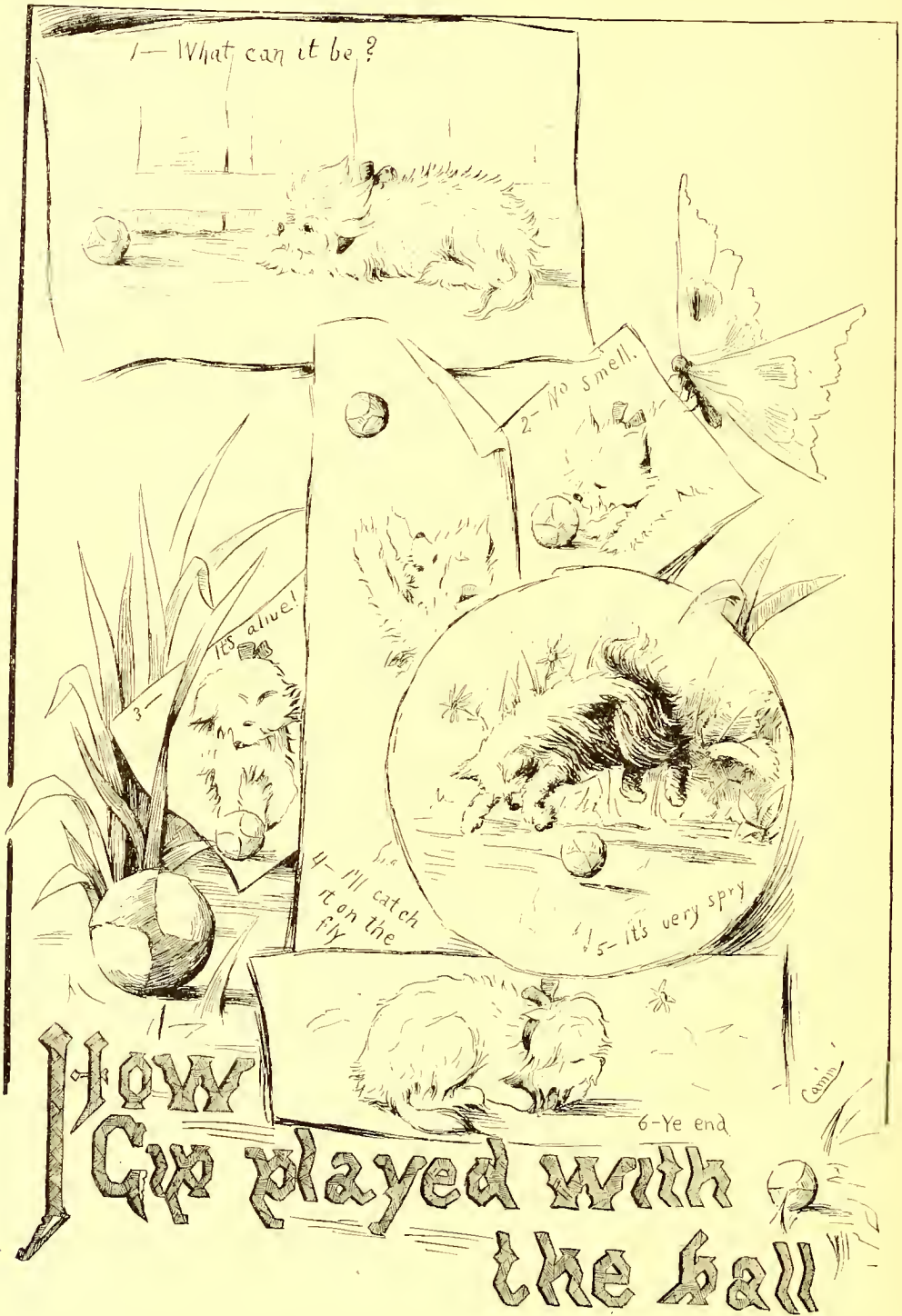
see, I never liked this thing of shooting people, because I was a kind of Quaker, and had conscientious scruples about bearing arms. And so, when the war broke out, I entered the army as a quartermaster, thinking that in that position I would n’t have to kill anybody with a gun, anyhow. But war is a dreadful thing — a dreadful thing, sir. I found that even a quartermaster had to take a hand at killing people, and the way I took for it was this : I always managed to have a good, swift horse, and as soon as things would begin to look a little like fighting, and the big guns would begin to go off, why I’d clap spurs to my horse and make for the rear as fast as ever I could; and then when your people would come after me, they never could catch me — they’d always get out of breath trying to come up to me; and in that way I’ve killed dozens of your people, sir — dozens of ’em, and all without powder or ball. They could n’t catch me, and always died for want of breath trying to get hold of me!’”

We slept in the woods that night under the dark pine trees and beside our great camp-fires; and early the next morning took up the line of march for home. We marched all day over the hills, and, as the sun was setting, came at last to a certain hill-top whence we could look down upon the odd-looking group of cabins and wigwams which we recognized as our camp, and which we hailed with cheers as our home.

(To be continued.)



OUR FIRST SUMMER BOARDER.



THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE KING.

FOLLOWING the advice of a shrewd forester, King Edward took five of his noblest and bravest knights and went to an abbey, where they procured monkish clothing and disguised themselves as ecclesiastics, the King donning the Abbot's apparel. Thus completely transformed in appearance, they set out to search for Robin Hood, guided on their way by the forester, and followed by servants with pack-horses.

As they rode through the forest, they heard the woodwile singing in the cool, shadowy tops of the trees. The King was in a very gay mood. He felt sure that Robin and his men could not penetrate his disguise or in any way discover his identity. The guide, who, as I am inclined to think, was really one of Robin's company, led the way directly toward the *trystel tree*; but before they reached it they were seized by some of Robin Hood's watchful foresters, who took them to dine with the chief, as was their custom when they captured a rich company.

Robin took hold of the King's horse, and said:

"Sir Abbot, we are yeomen and freemen of this forest. We are the protectors and guardians of the poor against the oppression of the rich. You grind the bread from our poor people to make you fat. Now, in turn, I shall take from you your money, and divide it among the poor."

King Edward, adopting the tone and manner of an abbot, said in reply:

"I have but fifty pounds left. I have been with the King and his nobles at Nottingham, and have spent a great deal there. What I have left I give you freely."

Robin took one-half of the money and gave it to his yeomen; the rest he returned to the supposed abbot, saying as he did so:

"Keep this—I do not wish to cause any one to suffer. We shall meet again some day."

This strange generosity touched the King. He drew forth his broad seal, and handing it to Robin, said:

"The King sends you his seal with greeting, and cordially invites you to come to him at Nottingham and partake of his royal hospitality."

Robin knew the seal was genuine. He felt a thrill of delight run through him. He had long

desired to become friendly with Edward, and get his royal sanction to live unmolested in the forest he loved so well. He bowed before the seal, and said:

"I love my King above all men. In token of my delight at this good word from the comely and generous Edward, I bid you welcome to this forest, and you shall dine with me under my *trystel tree*."

He took the King by the hand, and courteously led him to the space where the yeomen usually dined. Here he caused a sumptuous meal to be spread. There was fat venison and roasted pheasants and broiled trout, with wine and ale.

Robin lifted his bugle horn, so famous in song and story, and blew a cheery blast upon it. In response there came from all parts of the forest seven score yeomen, all dressed in green mantles and armed with beautiful yew bows. Each of them in turn knelt on the ground before Robin Hood, as a sign of their respect for him and of their readiness to do his bidding.

"This is a rare and beautiful sight," thought King Edward. "This outlaw's men are more obedient and deferential to him than are my men to me!"

When the dinner was ready, Robin Hood and Little John waited upon the King, doing everything in their power to please and entertain him.

"Eat and be merry, Sir Abbot," said Robin, graciously, "and a blessing on you for the good tidings you have brought from the King. Before you leave, I will show you how we live and how we sport in the greenwood, so that you may tell the King when you go back to Nottingham."

The meal being now over, Robin Hood suddenly gave a sharp signal, whereupon his men sprang up and seized their bows in an instant. The King was terribly frightened. He thought that he and his followers were to be slain outright. He was mistaken, however, as he soon discovered. The yeomen were merely preparing to give an exhibition of archery. Willow rods, two yards long, and peeled so as to be bright and white, were set up to be shot at. The King was surprised when he saw the great distance to the marks. His bowmen could not shoot so far with any accuracy by at least forty yards.

A garland of wild roses was hung on each rod or wand.

"Now," said Robin to his men, "whosoever shall miss the garland at which he aims shall for-

feit his arrow and shall receive a buffet with the hand on the side of his head. No one shall be spared."

So they began to shoot, Robin joining in the game. One yeoman missed his aim, and Robin struck him a powerful slap, making the fellow's head ring and ache. Gilbert with the white hand, Little John, and Scathelock shot surpassingly well, as did many others of the merry foresters. When it came Robin's turn to shoot he excelled them all, cleaving the garland with every shaft save the last, which by some mischance flew more than three finger's-widths wide of the mark. Thereupon Gilbert with the white hand said:

"Master, you must take your buffet. You have missed. Stand out, and take what we all have to accept when we fail."

"Very well," said Robin. "Sir Abbot, I deliver my forfeited arrow to you. Here, deal me a buffet on the side of the head."

Robin was cunning. He knew that the churchmen did not work or take any manual exercise; wherefore their hands were soft and their muscles weak. A blow from the Abbot's hand, he thought, would not be much to bear.

"It does not become one of my order to strike a man," said the King, speaking as an abbot might. "I fear I may hurt you."

"Strike away!" exclaimed Robin, turning the side of his head to the King. "I give you full liberty. It is our rule."

Then the King rolled up his sleeve and struck Robin Hood a tremendous slap, which knocked him almost flat upon the ground. The yeomen were astonished. How could an ecclesiastic show such strength? Surely there must be some mistake.

Robin was surprised as well as pained. He stared at the King, and cried out: "I vow you are a stalwart abbot! There is strength in your arm. You would make a good bowman and shoot well."

He looked searchingly into the King's face. He



KING EDWARD, DISGUISED AS A MONK, DEALS ROBIN HOOD A SOUNDING BLOW.

had penetrated the disguise, and all of a sudden he knew that Edward stood before him. At the same instant the knight, Sir Richard at the Lea, also recognized the King. They both knelt upon the ground, and Robin said:

"I know you now, my King, and I beg your mercy for myself and all my merry men."

"Upon one condition I can grant your request," said the King: "you and all your company shall go with me to my court and enter into my service."

"I promise," said Robin. "I will take seven score and three of the best archers in the world into your service."

And now a happy thought came into Edward's mind. He procured from Robin's store green mantles for himself and his followers, which they put on, and they took bows in their hands.

"Now," merrily cried the King, "let us go back to Nottingham all together, as a band of good fellows."

So off they went, shooting at marks on the way. Robin and the King rode side by side through the green groves and along the shady lanes, their men following in a jolly mood, singing and talking together. Robin and Edward gave each other heavy buffets whenever the mark was missed by either, — the winner buffeting the loser, — and they did not spare each other a whit, but laid on with full power.

The people of Nottingham were greatly frightened when this rollicking band of bowmen came into the town. They knew the uniform of the outlaws, and supposed that their King had been killed, and that Robin Hood had come with his men to murder them all. They all, old and young, male and female, rich and poor, fled, and left the town deserted.

Edward enjoyed their consternation; but he called them back and ordered a great feast. He pardoned the outlaws, and restored the estates of Sir Richard at the Lea. All the people of the country rejoiced, and feasted, and danced under the trees.

When the King went back to London, Robin and his men accompanied him, and they were made a part of the Royal Band of Archers.

For a time this life at the King's court was pleasant; but the men began at length to long for their old happy days under the greenwood tree. So, one by one, they slipped away and went back to the forest, to chase the deer and shoot the pheasant in freedom.

Finally, one day Robin went and knelt before the King, saying:

"My Lord, the King of England, I beg to go back and visit Barnesdale. These seven nights I have not slept a wink, and for seven days I have not been able to eat even a morsel of food. I pray you, let me go."

"You may be gone seven days and no longer," said the King.

Robin thanked him, and seizing his good bow he made haste to reach the greenwood.

It was a beautiful spring morning when he ar-

rived in the forest near his trusty tree. The birds he loved so well were singing everywhere. The perfume of wild flowers loaded the air. He was delighted.

A fat hart came bounding along. Robin bent his bow and brought down the game. Then he blew his bugle horn, as he had done of old. The merry blast went echoing through the groves, and the lurking yeomen, hearing it, knew that their beloved chief had returned. They flocked around him and fell upon their knees. Once more they all were happy and free.

For twenty-two years longer Robin Hood lived in the greenwood. The King could not get him to again give up his merry life for all the gayeties and splendors of the court.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEFEAT OF SIR WILLIAM.

THE years went merrily by. Robin Hood and his bold men refused to submit to the King's authority, because he upheld the right of the rich nobles to oppress the poor by exacting exorbitant taxes from them. Many expeditions were fitted out and dispatched against the outlaws. All were disastrously unsuccessful, though at times Robin was forced to fly from town to town for fear of treachery.

At last the outlaw chief was beginning to grow old and his strength was failing somewhat, when the King ordered Sir William, a bold and powerful knight, to take a hundred of the very best of the English bowmen, and go make an end of the rebellion of the foresters.

"Go to bold Robin Hood," said the King, "and tell him to surrender to my authority, or else he and his men shall all be killed. Take a hundred of my strongest and truest archers, armed in the best manner, and lead them into the forest till you find the outlaws."

Sir William answered that he would do the King's bidding, and that he would fetch Robin Hood, dead or alive, to the court.

It was midsummer when this carefully chosen company set out for the greenwood to search for the merry bowmen of Sherwood and Barnesdale. Their spears and swords, their bows and arrows, and their gay uniforms, shone bravely as they marched along.

When they had reached the forest, Sir William bade his men halt and stay there with their bows ready, while he went to summon the outlaws to surrender. In the midst of a grove, under a tent or canopy, he found Robin, who, when told to surrender, stood up and defied the King and all his

armies. "So long," he cried, "as I have seven score brave archers to do my bidding, I never will be controlled by any king or his officers. Tell them this for me."

Sir William then attempted to take Robin by surprise, but one of the foresters, Locksley by name, frustrated his plan.

Robin Hood blew his horn. The knight, Sir

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD.

ALL accounts affirm that Robin Hood lived to a very old age, and at last died by treachery. He had a cousin, who was the prioress of a nunnery called Kirklees, and when he was aged and infirm,



ROBIN HOOD MARKS THE SPOT FOR HIS GRAVE.

William, blew his. In a moment the followers of each rushed to the spot and formed about the leaders.

A terrible and bloody fight ensued, in which Sir William was killed and his men driven from the forests.

This was the last effort made to subdue the merry greenwood rovers. Thenceforth they were left free to dwell in the forests unmolested.

They shot the deer and caught the trout, they helped the poor tillers of the soil against the usury and tithe-taking of the rich, until at last wiser laws were enacted, and the blessing of freedom was secured to all.

and suffering from an attack of disease, he went to her to be bled. In those days, blood-letting was considered a remedy against many kinds of illness.

Robin was very sick when he reached the gate of the nunnery, where he was met by his cousin. Little thinking of treachery, he suffered her to conduct him to a room and open a vein in his arm. There he was left bleeding. The door of the room was locked, and the window was too high above ground to admit of jumping out. He remained in this state till the next day at noon, when he thought to blow a blast on his horn. It was but a quavering and feeble sound. One faithful soul caught it, however. Little John was lingering

about, waiting to see his beloved master. When he heard the mournful blast, he sprang up and hurried to the nunnery. He broke locks and dashed open doors until he reached the room where Robin lay dying. He fell on his knees, and begged to be allowed to burn Kirklees Hall and all the nunnery; but Robin said: "No, I never hurt a woman in my life, nor a man in company with a woman, and I will not allow such a thing to be done now. But string my bow for me, and give me it and a broad arrow, which I will shoot from the window, and where that arrow falls there let my grave be dug. Lay a green sod under my head and another at my feet; and lay my bent bow by my side, for it has always made sweet music for me."

This request was complied with by Little John.

The arrow that Robin shot fell under a tree, and there the bold chief was buried. His death was probably near the year 1300.

Some worthy historians have doubted whether such a man as Robin Hood ever lived, and have classed the stories of his exploits among the myths of the past. It is hardly probable, however, that this is the correct theory. The safer and more reasonable conclusion would seem to be that Robin Hood really reigned in the forests as represented, but that many of the stories about him have been exaggerated by the ballad singers and early writers of England. I have taken what I thought to be the simplest and most authentic incidents of the outlaw's life, and have put them together for the benefit of my young friends.

THE END.

A BACK-YARD PARTY.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE evening bright there was a sight
That should recorded be.
All gazed in wonder—well they might—
Such funny things to see.

A neighbor's yard is smooth and hard,
And through the block extends,
And there came lively rats and mice,
With town and country friends.

It may have been a wedding scene
They celebrated there,
A birthday party, or *soirée*,
Enjoyed in open air.

But this is plain, whatever train
Had brought the rogues that way,
From loft and lane and bins of grain,
A jovial troop were they.

The household cat, so sleek and fat,
Is by the servants fed,
And only leaves the rug or mat
To find her cream and bread.

So nought was there to harm or scare
The lively groups below
That danced and played in light and shade,
Or rambled to and fro.

No slaves were they to fashion's sway,
With all its outs and ins:

For some wore gauze or summer straws,
While others dressed in skins.

Beside the gate, upon a crate
That once held earthen ware,
An old musician, throned in state,
Gave many a pleasing air.

He scraped and paw'd and chopped and saw'd,
But never seemed to tire,
Though oft his bow would run as though
To set the strings on fire;

While at his side, in pomp and pride,
A knowing mouse was stalled,
And while the sets he sharply eyed,
The mazy dance he called:

"To partners bow the first, and now
To those on either side,
Across and back, the lady swing,
Now balance all!" he cried.

'T was charming fun to see them run,
And curtsy, bow, and wheel,
Or slip and slide and trip and glide
Through some plantation reel.

The smallest mouse about the house,
And most destructive rat,
Danced half an hour with grace and power—
An Irish jig at that;



THE galop.



THE IRISH JIG.

Upon a pan the dance began,
And round the yard they passed,
But dancing still for life, until
The rat gave out at last.

The Highland fling and pigeon-wing,
The polka and quadrille;
The waltz and schottish—everything—
Was found upon the bill.

The latest dance that came from France,
From Germany or Spain,
The most delightful hop or prance,
Their programme did contain.

And people who could gain a view
Of either jig or reel
Would hardly grudge the lively crew
A little corn or meal.

The moon was high and morning nigh
Before they quit their play,
To shake their paws and say "Good-bye,"
And pass in pairs away.

And when again they're in the vein
To pass a night in fun,
May we be nigh the window pane
Until the sport is done!



HOW TO BUILD A CATAMARAN.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

EVERY boy knows how hard it is to get permission to go sailing. His mother is sure he will be drowned, and his father tells him to "be careful" in a way that clearly shows his wish that sail-boats had never been invented. And though the boy himself says, "There is no danger," he knows, if he is familiar with sailing, that there is nothing easier than to capsize a cat-boat by a moment's carelessness or a little recklessness.

Now, if a boy had a boat which could neither capsize nor sink, no reasonable mother would feel

any uneasiness as to his being drowned. If at the same time this boat could outsail any ordinary sail-boat; could carry twice as many people as a cat-boat of the same length; could be taken out of the water and carried over a reef or a dam by two boys; and could be built by any intelligent boy who is handy with his tools, at a very slight expense, would it not be just the thing that every boy ought to have?

The boat in question is what is called a catamaran—that is, a boat with two hulls. It is not

so fast as the wonderful Herreschoff catamaran, but it is a great deal cheaper, drier, and more roomy, and is in every way better suited for cruising. Moreover, a boy can have the pleasure of building it himself, and there is no better fun than building a boat which, when it is launched, answers all your expectations.

The first thing you need to do is to send to a lumber-yard or saw-mill for four good pine planks, fifteen feet long, eighteen inches wide, one inch thick, and planed on both sides. It may be necessary to have them sawed to order at the mill, as they are unusually large. The rest of the lumber that you will want can be had at any carpenter's shop, and a good deal of it you may be able to find at home in the shape of old boxes and strips of wood.

Put two of the four planks aside, and busy yourself at first only with the other two. Planks of this size, if put in the water, would be sure to warp. To prevent this, screw across one side of each plank four strips of wood, about three inches wide by three-quarters of an inch thick. These should be placed regularly, so as to divide each plank into four divisions of exactly the same size. Be sure that on one of the two planks these strips are seventeen inches long instead of eighteen, thus leaving a clear space an inch wide along one edge of the plank.

The next thing is to shape the ends of the planks. Begin three feet from the end, and cut away the wood, first with a saw and then with a drawing-knife, until you have a nice curve extending from the point where you began to cut to the end of the plank. When you are satisfied with this curve—which is to be the bow of your boat—lay the plank down on the other uncut plank and mark out on it precisely the same curve. After this is cut, then take the other ends of the two planks, shape them in the same way, taking great care that each one of the four curves shall be precisely like every other one. The way they will look after this part of the work is done is shown in Fig. No. 1.

Now lay one plank flat on the floor, with the side on which the strips are fastened uppermost. Take the other plank—the one with the seventeen-inch strips—and stand it up on its edge close against the one on the floor, having first white-leaded both the edges that are to touch. (See Fig. 2.)

You will now see why the strips on one plank were shorter than the other strips, for this has enabled you to bring the edges of the planks close

together. Nail these edges together with galvanized iron nails, using a good many of them, and taking great care not to split the wood.

The next thing is to cut four pieces of three-quarter-inch plank into the shape diagrammed in Fig. 3.

The side A B is seventeen inches long, and the side A C eighteen inches. These sides must form a true right angle, and be made very smooth and straight. When the four pieces are finished, white-lead the edges and place them between the two planks, so that they will lie close to the strips which you secured to the planks to prevent them from warping. Fasten them with long galvanized screws, carefully countersinking the heads. Then run a strip of quarter-inch white cedar, two inches wide, from A to B, cutting mortises in the curved edge of the four triangular pieces of wood to secure it. (See Fig. No. 4.)

You have now the frame-work of one of the hulls of your catamaran. While the chief object

of the triangular pieces of wood is to brace the two planks, they are also meant to divide the hull into

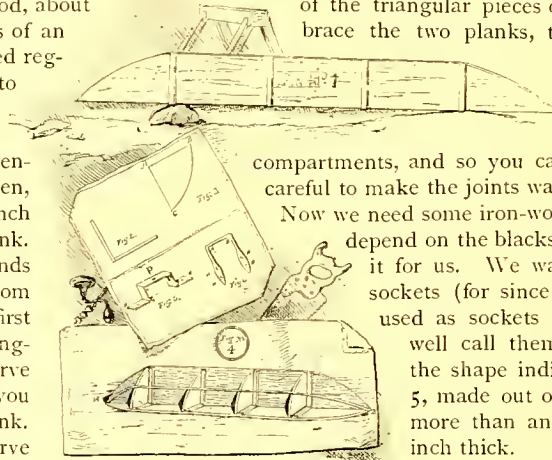
water-tight compartments, and so you can not be too careful to make the joints water-tight.

Now we need some iron-work, and must depend on the blacksmith to make it for us. We want three iron sockets (for since they will be used as sockets we might as well call them sockets) of the shape indicated in Fig. 5, made out of iron, rather more than an eighth of an inch thick.

From A to B is four inches, and from A to C the same. The iron should be an inch and a half wide, and the two holes, H and H, should be large enough for a quarter-inch bolt.

When the blacksmith has made these, then have him make three other sockets out of half-inch rod-iron, hammering the ends flat and piercing them with holes countersunk for screws. (See Fig. 6.)

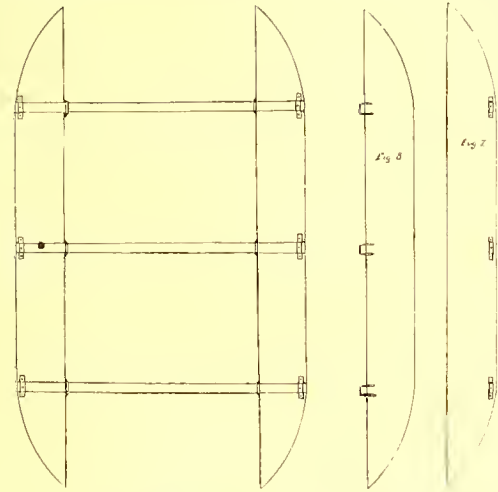
This round-iron socket is four inches wide, and each arm ten inches long. The holes (H) are for quarter-inch bolts. Order a double set of each of these sockets, as you will need three of each kind for each hull. The flat sockets are to be placed on the upper side of your hull—the side which is eighteen inches wide, the other side being an inch narrower. One is to be placed exactly half-way between the two ends of the plank, and the



others exactly three feet each from either-end, and they should all be placed about three inches from the outer edge of the planks. These positions are indicated in diagrams 7 and 8, given below.

The other sockets are to be placed in the other plank precisely on a line with the first three. Use screw-bolts, with nuts for fastening all the sockets, and put a thin leather washer under the part of the iron which the bolt passes through, and an oak washer under the nut on the other side. Screw them on as tightly as possible, and put plenty of white-lead on the under side. The iron and the bolts ought to be galvanized, but if you live in the country, you may not be able to have this done.

Your hull is now nearly ready to be covered with canvas, but first you should give the inside a thick coat of paint, and bore an inch hole through the middle of the upper plank into each water-tight compartment. Plug the holes with corks, and



should your hull spring a leak at any time it will always be possible for you to pump or empty out the water. The canvas should be well oiled and dried before it is used, and should be forty inches wide. Place the keel—or the part of the hull where the keel ought to be—in the middle of the canvas, and tack it with copper tacks to the lower edge of the plank, except on the two ends where the plank is curved. Then bring the edges of the canvas around both sides of the hull to the upper plank, and tack them firmly. To fit the canvas to the curves at the bow and stern is a more difficult task, but it can be done with the exercise of care and judgment. Perhaps your mother could help you in this matter with her womanly ingenuity in handling cloth. Remember when you are putting on the canvas to strain it as tightly as possible.

Along the lower edge of the side-plank you must fasten an oak or ash keel a quarter of an inch thick, putting it on with screws, and painting the canvas under it just before you put it on. By soaking it in hot water—or, what is better, steaming it—you can bend it to fit the bow and stern. Strips an eighth of an inch thick should be screwed to the outer edges of each of the triangular pieces of wood that form the water-tight compartments, thus making the canvas fit more closely to them than it would were it fastened only with tacks. After all is done, give the entire hull two heavy coats of paint, and you can feel reasonably confident that it will not leak.

One hull is now finished, and the second, which is to be precisely like it in every respect, can be built in much less time than the first one, thanks to the experience you have gained. When they are all ready, place them with their flat sides toward one another and seven feet apart. Then take three pine joists, four inches square and nine feet long, and push them through the iron sockets, fastening them with iron pins, dropped (not driven) through the holes in the middle of the flat sockets. In the drawing of the socket (Fig. 5), the hole for the pin is marked P. These pins will prevent the joists from slipping in either direction.

The catamaran is now ready for her deck. This is simply a platform, nine feet square, made of planks a quarter of an inch thick and six inches wide. It is to be made double, the upper layer of planks running fore and aft, the under layer running at right angles to the upper. Fasten them firmly together with clinched copper nails, and finally nail a quarter-inch strip of oak all around the platform, so as to keep the water from the edges of the planks. Every seam on both sides must be carefully filled with white-lead.

The deck is to be fastened to the joists or deck-beams with screw-bolts, and grooves must be cut in it to receive the upper part of the iron sockets, so that it will lie flat on the deck-beams. Four good-sized bolts will hold it firmly. An iron ring of the same thickness as the iron used for the flat sockets, and supported by three iron legs in the shape of a tripod, about eighteen or twenty inches long, two of which should be bolted (with screw-bolts) to the forward deck-beam, and the third to the deck itself, will support the mast, the foot of which will rest in a wooden step. A somewhat similar piece of iron work, with a row-lock in place of the ring, must be bolted to the aftermost deck-beam, to hold the oar with which the boat is to be steered, and also to enable you to scull her in case you are becalmed.

Before rigging the boat, take an ordinary eight-foot "A" tent and pitch it on the deck, fastening

the corners and the sides to little brass rings screwed into the deck—the kind that will lie down flat when not in use. Inside of the tent, and just where the four ends are fastened, nail narrow strips of wood, a quarter of an inch thick, to the deck. These will keep the water out when it rains.

Now, take away your tent and rig your boat. The sail should be fifteen feet in the boom, nine feet in the gaff, fifteen feet in the luff,—or the edge nearest the mast,—and nineteen feet in the leech. You had better get a sail-maker to make the sail, which is the only part of the work which you can not do well yourself. Put a big ring-bolt in the forward deck-beam to make your cable fast to when you anchor, and also to hold your painter when you want to make the boat fast to the dock. Put a long oar on board to steer with, and you are now ready to set sail.

It would be a good plan to put a little railing, if it were only an inch high, around the deck, so as to keep things from sliding overboard. All iron work that is not galvanized should be thoroughly

painted, and whenever a screw is used it should be dipped in white-lead, and its head covered with the same material after it is driven home.

You will find that it is impossible to capsize your catamaran. The mast and sail would be torn out by the wind long before it would blow hard enough to bury one hull and lift the other out of water. The boat will sail fast either before or on the wind, and, with the help of the steering oar, will tack easily. Of course, if you run on the rocks, you will knock a hole in the canvas, but such an injury can be easily repaired, and the deck will float even were both hulls full of water.

There is no better boat to cruise in than such a catamaran. At night you anchor her, unship your mast, pitch your tent, and sleep safely and comfortably. If you come to a dam, you can take the craft apart, and carry her around it piece-meal. If you once try to build a catamaran, and succeed,—as you certainly will, if you have patience,—you will have the safest and most comfortable sail-boat in the world.



A SAFE CRAFT.

THE STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL.

BY GEORGE ENOS THROOP.

IF any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, happening to be in Albany, have gone down South Pearl street as far as Schuyler, they have doubtless noticed at the head of the latter what appears to be a hill with the sloping sides cut off and a fence built around it.

Now, this is not a hill, as its looks would indicate, but merely the old level of the country, which, as the city grew and people commenced to dig away the land so that the streets might be even, was left untouched, as we see it now.

If you open the gate in the fence and go up two flights of stairs, you will find yourself facing a white brick house with gabled roof, pretty front porch, and large, pleasant windows, all telling of peaceful times and happy days they had witnessed before the Revolutionary War. Upon closer inspection, however, it will be seen that the window-blinds are covered with iron and the extra thick door has as many bars and bolts as a prison—signs that there have also been stirring scenes enacted around these walls. This was brave General Schuyler's house, and it is about one of these very scenes that I am going to tell you.

In the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were closely watching each other's movements in the neighborhood of New York, there was comparative peace in the North, during which both sides took a breathing spell and gathered strength to plunge once more into the bloody strife.

At that time, the war was chiefly carried on in the South, but the northern frontier was constantly troubled by parties of Tories and Indians, who would swoop down on some small settlement, plunder the houses, and make off with whatever they could lay their hands on.

During this time, Schuyler, having resigned the command of the northern division, on account of some unjust charges against him in connection with the surrender of Fort Edward, was staying at this house, which then stood alone outside the stockade or wall of Albany. The British commander, therefore, seeing his opportunity, sent out John Walter Meyer, with a party of Tories and Indians, to capture General Schuyler.

When they arrived at the outskirts of the city, they learned from a Dutch laborer, whom they had taken, that the General's house was guarded by six soldiers, three watching in the day-time and three at night. They then let the Dutchman go,

after having made him swear an oath of secrecy. But this oath he did not keep very strictly, for the minute the band was out of sight he took to his short legs, and warned the General of their approach.

On one of those scorching August days, when you feel as if you hardly had energy enough to move, and when the very trees droop their dusty leaves, too lazy to hold up their heads, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the large hall, when a servant entered, and told the General that there was a strange man at the back door who wished to see him.

Schuyler, understanding the trap, gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-story windows to alarm the neighborhood.

The guards, who had been lounging in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol; but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who bound them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room up-stairs; the sturdy General, standing resolutely by the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered around him, each with some weapon; and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly, a crash is heard which chills the very blood, and brings vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment, Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed toward the door; for she remembered that the baby, only a few months old, having been forgotten in the hurry of flight, was asleep in its cradle on the first floor. But the General, catching her in his arms, told her that her life was of more value than the child's, and that, if any one must go, he would. While, however, this generous struggle was going on, their third daughter, gliding past them, was soon at the side of the cradle.

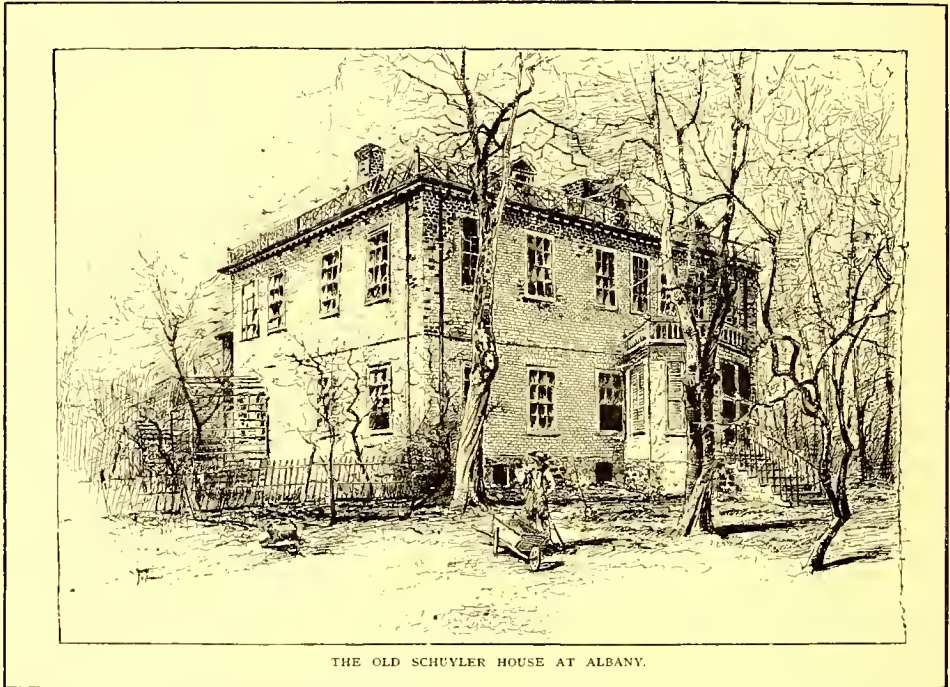
All was as black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarreling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get past this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by ill luck, one of the savages happened to see her. Whiz! went his sharp tomahawk within a few inches of the baby's head, and, cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Tories, seeing her flit by, and supposing her to be a servant, called after

men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving the General in possession of the field.

There is very little more I can tell you of the brave girl, his daughter, except that later in life she was married to Stephen Van Rensselaer (Patroon), of Albany, and lived very happily in another inter-



THE OLD SCHUYLER HOUSE AT ALBANY.

her: "Wench, wench, where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Gone to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father up-stairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed to the real object of the expedition, when the General, raising one of the upper windows, called out in lusty tones, as if commanding a large body of

esting old house on the extreme northern end of the city.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then, except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place; but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago.

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RUSH HAS AN IDEA.

A BUSY night began. A lantern was lighted, and lamps were carried to the mill. The two younger boys were sent to the village for a pickax and a spade and some galvanized nails, while the two older ones began at once to saw joists and sharpen stakes.

Rush left them sawing and trimming, and arguing again the question of a temporary dam; and taking the lantern, with a hammer and a hatchet, went out to the pile of fragments below the mill.

He set the lantern on the ground, and was occupied in clearing the mud-sill of old nails and bits of broken spilings, when a sound of oars working in their row-locks told him that a boat was coming up the river.

He heard voices, too; and these words, though spoken in a low tone, were borne to him distinctly over the water:

"It will take 'em at least three days to rebuild it, even if they have a chance. But they wont have a chance."

"No, sir! There's no dam to bother us to-night, and there never will be again!"

"Keep quiet! There's a light in the mill, and there's one of 'em with a lantern!"

The voices ceased suddenly, and Rush, who all the while kept quietly at work, heard no more until the boat drew near the mill. Then some one on board called out derisively:

"Where 's your dam?"

"It will make good fire-wood," said another, "what there is left of it."

"Stop your nonsense, boys!" said a third. "Don't hit fellows when they're down."

Thereupon Rush straightened himself up from his work, and stood beside his lantern, hatchet in hand, and gave the passing boat a haughty look, with these words:

"If you think the Tinkham brothers are down, you'll wake up some fine morning and find yourselves mistaken. Don't keep any of your insolence corked up on our account. We can stand it."

He got no reply; but heard low voices again, after the boat had passed a few rods up the river.

"That 's the bloodthirsty one that was going to knock Milt on the head with a bean-pole, and hove the big rock at his boat this afternoon."

"Yes! and he looked just now as if he'd a little rather fling his hatchet at us than not!"

Rush went on prying off the broken ends of the spilings. He fancied the boat passing the bridge, and wished for a moment that he was there with another "big rock," to drop down gently and softly on the Argonautic heads.

Then suddenly a startling thought flashed upon him. He rose, gazed excitedly up the river, then, stooping again, drew out and hammered down the last of the nails.

This done, he stepped into Mr. Rumney's boat, which had been hauled up beside the mill, placed the lantern low in the stern with some broken boards to hide it, pulled into the current, and followed the other boat at a cautious distance.

His absence was soon noticed by Mart and Lute; and as he did not return for nearly half an hour, they grew more and more surprised at his going off in that mysterious way, when time was precious.

At length he returned and walked into the mill, where he found them still preparing material for rebuilding and discussing plans. When they asked where he had been, he replied with a counter question:

"Have you decided about the temporary dam yet?"

"I rather think Mart agrees to it," answered Lute, "though he has n't said as much yet. know he hates the n-n-notion."

"If we're going to lay the mud-sill in the night, I suppose we must manage somehow to keep the water back," Mart admitted. "But I'm afraid Lute's plan wont work well, and I hate to strip the siding off the sheds."

"Well!" cried Rush, with a joyous countenance, "you need n't! We'll get along without Lute's temporary dam. And we'll plant the mud-sill without having much water to work in, either! The Argonauts are going to help us!"

"This is a poor time for a j-j-joke," said Lute, reproachfully.

"It's no joke at all," Rush replied, with eager confidence. "I've looked the thing all over, and I know what I'm talking about."

Mart laid down a piece of joist he was shaping into a stake, and regarded his brother with solemn scrutiny, saying, after a pause:

"The boy is certainly crazy!"

"Hear my plan first," cried Rush; "then, if you don't say we can get the mud-sill in without trouble

or danger from the water, and have the dam all built before high-tide to-morrow morning, I'll give you leave to put me into a straight-jacket."

"Some folks say the age of m-m-miracles is n't over," was Lute's cool comment: "and now Rocket is going to p-p-prove it."

"Go ahead," said Mart, "before I make any more stakes. We've got enough for the permanent dam already."

"You wont need any more, I promise you."

The brothers listened, at first incredulously, then with a respect which quickly grew to admiration, as Rush proceeded to convince them that he was not crazy, and that the plan he proposed was in no sense a miracle.

"Well, I declare, Rocket!" exclaimed Lute, "you're a chip of the T-T-Tinkham block! How did you ever happen to think of it?"

"Why, just as either of you would, if you had been in my place," Rush replied, not at all anxious to gain extraordinary credit for a scheme which his older and more ingenious brothers had failed to hit upon. "I was trying to think of some trick I could play off on the Argonauts, when it popped into my head."

"It never would have p-p-popped into a foolish head!" exclaimed Lute.

"Nor into a very crazy one, for that matter," Mart added. "I owe you a humble apology, Rocket."

"Pshaw!" laughed Rush. "It's all right, since you see it as I do."

The three were earnestly talking over details of the plan, when the younger brothers returned, bringing the pickax and spade and the rust-proof nails.

"They knew at the store what we wanted of 'em," said Rupert. "One of the men asked if we were going to build up the dam again to-morrow, and I told him I did n't know."

"That's right, for you don't know," said Mart. "Nobody can tell what may happen then, or between now and then. Now, you youngsters go to bed."

"Oh, no!" Rupe exclaimed, in astonishment.

"We are going to stay up and help," said Rodman. "Why can't we?"

"There'll be nothing you can help about for three or four hours," Mart explained. "All we can do before ebb-tide is to get ready. If you stay up, you'll be all tired out by that time, and good for nothing. But go to bed now, and I'll have you called at twelve or one o'clock. It will be moonlight then; you'll be fresh after your nap, and I promise you some fun."

"Will you surely call us?" asked Rupert.

"Surely, unless the bottom drops out of our

scheme, which does n't look likely now. Have your old rubber boots ready to put on,—for you may have to stand in mud and water,—and your worst old clothes. We are going to put ours on."

"Well, don't forget to call us. Come, Rod!"

The two youngest returned reluctantly to the house, and went to bed. Excitement kept them awake for a time, and they seemed hardly to have fallen asleep when they felt somebody shaking them, and heard a voice exclaim:

"Wake up! wake up, boys! You're wanted at the dam!"

Opening their sleepy eyes, they saw in the moonlit room a dim figure bending over them. It was Letty, who had sat up with her mother, waiting for a signal from the mill to call the sleepers.

"We've only just come to bed," yawned the confused Rodman.

"You've been in bed four hours," cried Letty. "Now make haste, or the dam will be built before you get there."

They were well aroused by this time; and quickly putting on their old clothes and rubber boots, they ran out to the bank of the river, where they looked down on what appeared a scene of enchantment.

It was a night of wonderful stillness and beauty. The moon was high in the cloudless eastern heavens, flooding the valley with its mild radiance, by which they could see, beyond the black shadow of the mill and in strange contrast with it, a sheet of water, flashing with curves and streaks of silver fire, not much more than ankle deep to three figures that now appeared in the moonlight, crossing the plashy and glimmering river-bed.

Rupe and Rod ran down the bank, marveling more and more. There was no temporary dam to be seen; and yet that pool, or rather a series of such, connected by little runnels, shining here and there amidst the black and oozy bottom, was all that was left of the Tammoset River. The appearance of fiery snakes was caused by the sparkling wakes and ripples of hundreds of alewives, with perhaps a few eels and other fish, darting and writhing about, in the endeavor to escape into deeper channels.

"Where's all the water?" cried Rupert, splashing in where the older boys were at work.

"Be quiet!" said Rush, in a low voice. "The Argonauts are keeping it back for us."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOW THE ARGONAUTS HELPED.

THE older boys had evidently been busy while the younger ones were asleep. They had, in fact,

not only got everything in readiness for rebuilding the dam at low water, but, after putting out the lights in the mill, they had embarked on what Rush called an Argonautic expedition.

There was no regular meeting of the club that night; but it was to have been expected that a good many members would get together, to enjoy the triumph they had that day achieved in the destruction of the dam. The upper windows of the boat-house were lighted and open, and loud talk and laughter resounded within, when the Tinkham brothers rowed noiselessly by in the Rumney boat, making careful observations, and waiting for the Argonauts to disperse.

The tide had turned before they left the mill. It would soon be going out rapidly. The time had come for them to begin their secret night's work. Yet nothing could be done until the last of the Argonauts' boats had gone down the river.

The boys grew exceedingly anxious and impatient, as they floated about under the shadow of the high shore, and counted the wasting moments.

"They never staid so late before," said Rush.

"They must crow and crow again over the old dam," replied Mart. "Don't begrudge 'em that short-lived satisfaction."

"There goes a b-b-boat," said Lute.

In fact, one, two, three boats put out from the shadow of the club-house, crossed the moonlit arm of the lake, and disappeared at the outlet.

"There were only three moored at the float," said Rush. "The way will soon be clear now."

At the same time the Argonauts could be heard leaving the house on the shoreward side, and talking and laughing as they went up the lane to the road. Still, lights were seen and voices heard within.

"See here, boys," said Mart, "we're losing too much time. It wont do!"

"We must r-r-risk something or miss our chance," said Lute. "Don't the fools know it's time all honest folks were abed?"

A bold stroke was finally resolved upon, and the boys paddled silently up to the side of the club-house, where the platform lumber of which Mr. Rumney had told Rush lay half in moonlight on the bank.

While the lamps still shone and voices were heard from the open windows overhead, one by one, eight boards, each twelve feet long and a foot in width, were slid down into the water, placed one upon another, and lashed together. Then three stout poles were selected from a pile designed for posts to be driven down into the mud for the platform to rest on, and launched in like manner without noise. This done, the boat was pushed silently off, boards and poles following darkly in tow.

A shout of laughter from the windows rang out over the water as the Tinkham brothers, now in their turn, emerged from the shadow of the boat-house and rowed across the moonlit arm of the lake.

Reaching the outlet, they pulled with strong strokes, in the full, slow current, down to the bridge. Under that they paused, and drew the boards and poles alongside.

"So far, so g-g-good!" chuckled Lute.

The abutments had been already examined, and the bed of the channel explored and cleared of loose stones. A pole was now drawn forward and set in an upright position, slightly leaning, against the upper side of the bridge. Rush and Lute held the boat against the stream, while Mart thrust the pointed end down into the gravelly bottom.

A second pole was then placed still more slantingly, a few feet nearer one of the solid granite abutments. To these two uprights the boat was made fast, broadside to the stream, and all hands were free to work.

A board was now forced down edgewise, extending from the first post to the abutment, to be supported by them against the pressure of the current. The second post was just outside of the board; it served as a guide in placing it, and held it fast when it was down. A heavy sledge-hammer was used in the water, with a sort of churning stroke, in driving the lower edge of the board into the bed of the river.

A second board was placed in like manner as the first, a third on that, and finally a fourth put into position; the upper edge of the last rising four or five inches above the surface of the water.

The entire span of the bridge measured not more than twenty feet, so that now the boys had only to extend a similar set of boards from the first post to the other abutment, in order to have a complete gate across the channel.

They had worked cautiously at first, listening often for footsteps approaching the bridge. As none came, and it was getting late, they grew bold in their movements, and worked rapidly, until, as Mart was setting his third post in place, somebody looked over the edge of the bridge, and called out, "Halloo!"

All was still in a moment, except the gurgle of the water against the side of the boat; the boys, hidden by the shadow beneath the bridge, keeping quiet until another head peeped over, and another voice said:

"What are you doing down there?"

Then Mart answered back, in as gruff and careless a tone as he could assume:

"Did n't you ever see anybody spear eels?"

"It's a queer place to be spearing eels, and a

queer way to do it," said one of the voices above. "Look at that big pole!"

"There's two more!" said the other voice. "They're setting some sort of trap to catch alewives. Come along! it's awful late!"

The voices went off with the sound of hurrying footsteps, and died away in the distance. The brothers breathed again.

"They are Dempford Argonauts footing it home," said Rush.

"Good fellows!" said Mart, resuming his work. "They help us best by lending their lumber and getting out of our way. Now, give us a board."

The current was growing stronger and stronger all the while, and by the time the third board of

I wont warrant either of those posts to stand long, after the water begins to tear its way under."

CHAPTER XXIX.

REBUILDING THE DAM.

THEY hastened to the mill, and floated the mud-sill in place while there was yet water enough in the fast-draining channel. It was a foot deep when they began; it was not much more than ankle-deep by the time they had got ready to make the trench for it.

On the arrival of the younger boys, Mart and Lute and Rupert began at once, with pick and



"SOMEBODY LOOKED OVER THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE, AND CALLED, 'HALLOO!'"

the second set was in place, the water poured over it in a cascade. A fourth shut it off; and then the sledge-hammer was used again to drive each set of boards firmly together and settle them still deeper into the level river bed. The water under the bridge fell away rapidly, the boat dropping with it, and the brothers had the satisfaction of seeing their extemporized gate emerge before them like a dark wall.

As the pressure of water held the boards in place, the two outside posts were now set inside, in a row with the first, as assistant supports; and Mart, getting upon the bridge, drove one after another with all his might into the bed of the channel.

"Now, boys!" he said, jumping down from the abutment, "we must make the most of our time!

spade and hoe, to dig out the gravel beside the old spillings; while Rush, with Rodman's assistance, carried out a plan suggested by Lute for getting rid of more of the water.

It was a modification of Lute's first idea of a temporary dam. The mill-slucice was opened, and the water that came down from above drained into it by means of a diagonal line of boards set up edgewise and supported by short stakes. A hachet and a hoe, in lively hands, made a quick job of it; and some of the same boards served which were afterward to be used in the dam.

"We sha'n't care much for the water, you know, after the mud-sill is laid," said Rush; "then those boards can come up."

Meanwhile, the simple device was found exceed-

ingly useful. For though the water came down for a time in a constantly dwindling stream, it began at length to increase in volume, showing a considerable escape at the bridge. The drain turned it easily into the sluice, however; so that in throwing out the loosened gravel the spade and hoes kept the trench also tolerably free from water.

The moon shone brightly. It was not very hard digging, and in an unexpectedly short time the new bed was made ready for the mud-sill. This was then pried into it, one side being set close against the spilings, and secured in its position by stakes driven close against the other side. Each stake was then firmly nailed to the sill.

"This is j-j-jolly," said Lute. "Now if we can only get the spilings nailed before there's a d-d-deluge!"

To do that the boys had first to dig out some of the gravel on the upper side of the spilings. These they found in quite as good condition as they had expected, and the sill being laid below the line of broken tops, only two or three had to be patched.

Never did young fellows work with greater energy and speed. As they were now engaged on the shady side of the row of spilings, Rod held the lantern; and the digging done, Rupe handed nails for the older ones to drive.

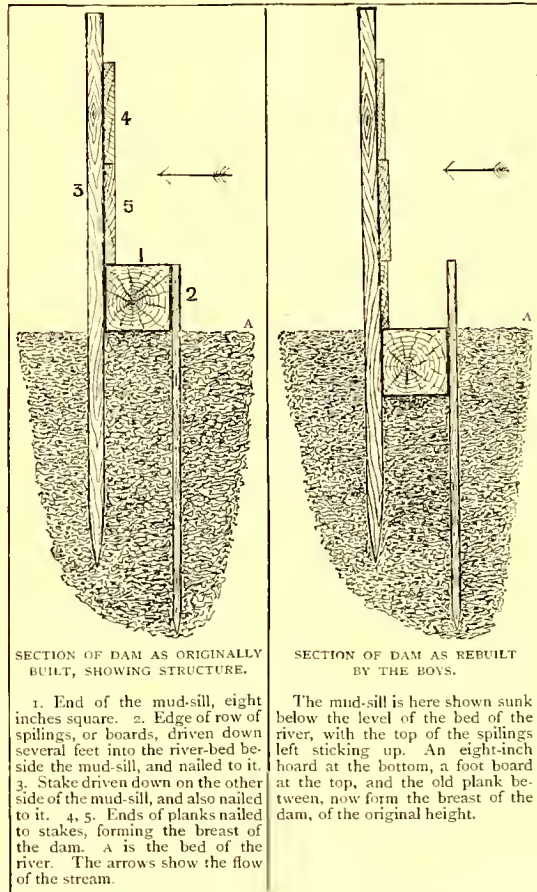
A strange sight they must have been in their rubber boots, splashed clothes, and brigandish hats, there in the glimmering river-bed, by moonlight and lantern light, if only Dempford and Tammoset had been awake to see! But all around them the two towns lay fast asleep, while the secret night work went on.

The rapid hammering made merry music to the boys' ears; for they now felt that the most difficult part of their task would soon be over. Rush kept the water scooped out of the new trench in advance of the nailers, and filled in the gravel after them. The sill, which had originally rested on the river bottom, was now sunk to a level with its surface, only the notched ends of the line of spilings being left sticking out, "like the back fin of a b-b-buried sea-serpent," Lute said.

More than once in the meantime Rush had to spring to his line of boards, which an ever-increasing flow of water threatened to wash away. He, however, managed to keep them in place until the sill and spilings were safe, and the mud and gravel packed against them.

Then the boards were to be nailed to the stakes. And though that part of the work might have been done in the water, it could be done much faster out of it; and no time was lost in running on the first tier.

There had been originally two tiers of foot-wide planks above the sill. But now the sill had been sunk, and in order to make the dam as high as before, three tiers would be necessary. For the first, the boys used some narrower stuff they had, running it clear across the flash-board opening. The best of the old planks served for the second. Finally, for the upper tier, the boards were taken



SECTION OF DAM AS ORIGINALLY BUILT, SHOWING STRUCTURE.

SECTION OF DAM AS REBUILT BY THE BOYS.

1. End of the mud-sill, eight inches square. 2. Edge of row of spilings, or boards, driven down several feet into the river-bed beside the mud-sill, and nailed to it. 3. Stake driven down on the other side of the mud-sill, and also nailed to it. 4, 5. Ends of planks nailed to stakes, forming the breast of the dam. A is the bed of the river. The arrows show the flow of the stream.

The mud-sill is here shown sunk below the level of the bed of the river, with the top of the spilings left sticking up. An eight-inch board at the top, and the old plank between, now form the breast of the dam, of the original height.

from the diagonal drain. And it was time. A rush of water was sweeping them away.

"There must be a big wash-out under the Argonauts' gate!" Rush said. "Do you suppose there's any chance of the abutments being undermined, or that the bridge will be in danger?"

"Let 'em be undermined!" exclaimed Lute, "and let the b-b-bridge be in danger! What's that to us?"

"Good enough for Tammoset and Dempford, for tearing our dam away!" said Rupe.

"Besides," said Mart, with a nail in one corner of his mouth, "after the bridge is gone, the little

Commodore's yacht can pass with the mast up. That 's to be considered."

No serious fears for the bridge were entertained, however; and it was hoped that the gate would hold until the flood-tide came to carry the borrowed lumber back up into the lake.

As soon as the spilings were nailed, the two younger boys had got a basket and a garden rake, and gone to catching fish. The rake served to snatch them out of the shallows in which they were still flopping, and the basket was before long filled with fine alewives, measuring nearly a foot in length. As they were taken on their way up into the lake to spawn, they were in excellent condition. Eels, too, might have been secured, if the boys had known how to hold the slippery creatures or to keep them in the basket after they were caught.

One thing of interest they fished out of a puddle; it was neither an eel nor an alewife, but a small sledge-hammer which had been missing from the back shop ever since the night when the blades of the mill-wheel were broken. This discovery confirmed their belief that it had been stolen for the occasion, and afterward flung into the river.

Birds were now singing, and the brothers had the growing daylight to finish their work by. The platform and fish-way were repaired. The dam had no "apron," as Lute declared it ought to have, and should have some day, to prevent the water that poured over from washing out the river-bed below, Dushce's way having been to fill with stones and gravel any holes thus formed.

It was sunrise by the time the last plank was sawed, and the end of the dam against the Dempford shore stanchd with stakes and earth. Then the tide came up, meeting the water that came down, and forcing it back. The boys put away their tools and stood on the platform, splashed and muddied, but picturesque and triumphant, regarding their completed work.

"Now let 'em come on with their writs to prohibit us from doing what is already done!" exclaimed Rush.

"Writ or no writ," replied Mart, wiping his bespattered face, "it 's something to say the dam was back again by daylight the morning after the two towns had their big jubilee tearing it away."

"Besides," said Lute, "it will let 'em know the T-T-Tinkham brothers are no t-t-triflers. Now hurry in, boys, with your fish, and tell Mother we and the dam are right-side up with c-c-care."

The widow had been up nearly all night, keeping her chair or her lounge, and sleeping little, while anxiously awaiting the result of her sons' extraordinary undertaking. Great, therefore, was her joy when the younger ones came in, announcing its success, and lugging their basket of fish.

Letty had gone to bed, but she, too, was now awake, and had to get up and rejoice with her mother over the good news. Then the three older boys appeared, begrimed and streaked from head to foot, from old slouched hats to rubber boots; haggard but hilarious, hardly knowing they were tired, but knowing vry well they were hungry, and eager for congratulations and gingerbread.

The pride and happiness of the little household did not, it is to be presumed, prove extensively epidemic in the two towns when it was discovered, and told swiftly from mouth to mouth, that the dam, after being destroyed with such pomp and circumstance, had been replaced as if by magic in a single night.

What the Argonauts thought of it after their late jubilation does not appear. Some glimmer of light is perhaps thrown upon the subject by an article from the local newspaper, which I find pasted in Mart's interesting scrap-book.

Much the larger part of it was evidently written and set up in the silent hours of that same moonlit night when the Tinkham brothers were busy with their magic. A glowing description is given of the magnificent uprising of the sister-towns, and the inspiring spectacle of their united people gathering in majesty and might, and putting an end to a grievance which had been too long endured.

Only brief allusion is made to the appearance of the crippled mother on the bank—"a somewhat painful incident, which marred the otherwise perfect satisfaction which must have filled every patriotic heart on this glorious occasion."

Then follows this postscript:

"Since the above was put in type, we have learned with very great surprise that the dam has been rebuilt! Unable to credit so astonishing a rumor, we dispatched our reporter to the spot early the next forenoon, not doubting that those who started it were deceived by some illusion. He found it only too true! The dam had been entirely reconstructed within twelve hours of the time when at least two hundred people looked on and saw it, as was supposed, finally and forever destroyed!

"How the feat was accomplished is a complete mystery. There is evidence that the water was stopped at the bridge. Persons were heard at work under it late that night—"spearing eels," they said. Some lumber belonging to the Argonauts was found adrift in the lake the next morning, bearing such marks of rough usage that there is no doubt it had played an important part in this strange drama. It is believed that it was placed across the channel, between the abutments, by means of posts, one of which still remained in position against the upper railing of the bridge at ten o'clock the next morning. The rest of the temporary gate, if there was one, had been carried up into the lake at flood-tide. The posts—the ends of which were found battered, like the edges of some of the boards—had also been borrowed of the Argonauts. To make the members of our honored boat-club contribute in this way to the rebuilding of the dam was a piece of impudence which may be termed simply colossal.

"Our reporter states that many Tammoset and Dempford people visited the locality in the morning, to assure themselves, by the testimony of their own eyes, that the dam was indeed there. Comments were various. If the young mill-owners worked all night in replacing it, it would seem as if they must have required rest the day after; but at ebb-tide the mill was going, and they were busy at work as if nothing unusual had happened. The general impression seems to be that, whatever else may be said of them, they are smart."

(To be continued.)

ARCHIBALD STONE'S MISTAKE.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

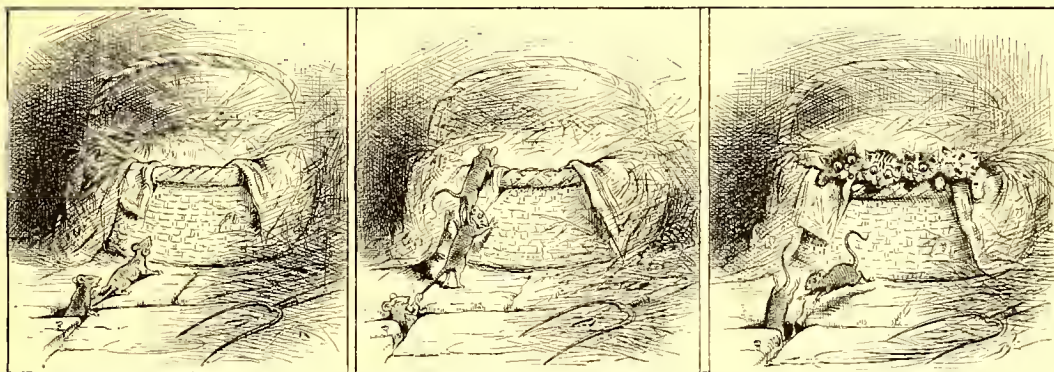
ARCHIBALD STONE is Archie's name,
 And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;
 Mamma's and Papa's are just the same,
 And mine—why, I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins, you know,
 Exactly eight years old;
 We are just alike from top to toe,
 And our hair is just like gold.

And Archie he is almost ten,
 And figures on a slate,
 But does not add up rightly when
 He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—
 Its name is "Two Times Two";
 That's why I know that Archie's wrong,
 For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,
 Nor vex my little pate;
 But Daisy's four and I am four,
 And that makes us just eight.



"LET'S SEE IF IT'S ANYTHING GOOD TO EAT"

—!!!

MAGGIE DARNLEY'S EXPERIMENTS.

BY JANE EGGLESTON ZIMMERMAN.

"THERE!" said little Margaret Darnley in despair, as she stood, broom in hand, at the north door. The dust, and bits of paper, and string, and clippings of cloth which she had been collecting from all over the room with her broom, kept drifting back persistently when she tried to sweep them out at the door. And worse than all were the feathers from the pillow of Myra's doll, which were scattered in every direction. Myra did sew dreadfully, and a pillow was the last thing she ever ought to have made. And everybody knows what hard things to sweep up feathers are. Margaret leaned against the wall, tired out.

"Why don't you try the other door, Maggie?" asked her brother Jack, who sat by the window.

"That is just the queer part of it," said Margaret. "I tried the other door first, and it is just as bad there. The wind *can't* blow in exactly opposite directions at once, can it?"

"May be it shifted while you were sweeping the dirt across the room," said Jack.

"Well, that *would* be funny," said Margaret; "but I'll try it again. It will be a sort of nixperiment, I guess."

"A sort of what?" asked Jack.

"A nixperiment," said Margaret. "I listened to your philosophy-teacher the other day, and Mr. Baird said that everything in science had to be—something by nixperiments."

"Verified by experiments," said Jack, laughing. "Yes, that's so, and now we'll see if there's any philosophy about this dirt."

So Margaret swept the dirt carefully across the room again, while Jack looked on.

"There!" exclaimed Margaret, "look at that!"

Jack did look, and had to confess that it was too much for his philosophy. "Stop," said he, "I'll see which way the wind is really blowing." Margaret shut the door and sat down to wait. The poor little arms were quite tired by this time, for Margaret was only ten years old, and was but just learning to sweep.

"It's the stillest day we've had this season," cried Jack, bursting in. "The weather-cock turns tail to the south, so whatever wind there is comes from the north. Let's try the south door again."

To the surprise of both Jack and Margaret, the dirt, which had been so perverse and contrary, went out this time without making much trouble.

"That's it—the wind shifted, don't you see,

Maggie?" said Jack, with a wise look. "That's the way with science. Science believes nothing till it has thoroughly proved it. That's what experiments are for, and that's the beauty of science."

"Open the draft, Jack, and put in some more wood. What makes this room so cold?" called their father from a small adjoining room, which he used as a study. "What's that you were saying about science?" he added, with a quizzical look on his face.

Jack, with a very grave and scientific look, explained their experiment in natural philosophy.

"Ah!" said his father, "the wind shifted, did it? How many times?"

"Why, four times, Father," said Margaret. "Just as quick as lightning—almost," she added, seeing her father raise his eyebrows. "I swept the dust from one door to the other just as quick as I could, but by the time I got there, the wind got there too, and blew the dirt back every time."

"Suppose we try the experiment again," said Mr. Darnley.

"Oh, I've swept all the dirt out now," said Margaret, "for after we had tried and tried, it finally went out quietly."

"Well, here are a few feathers which gave you the slip, little Pearlle," said her father. "We can try the experiment with them. Put in some more wood and make the room pretty hot."

"What for, Father?" asked Jack, who was not very fond of carrying wood.

"It is necessary to our experiment," said his father.

Jack put in the wood. This was mysterious and interesting.

"Now, Maggie," said her father, when the room was uncomfortably warm, "get your broom and sweep out these feathers."

"Which door, Father?" asked Margaret.

"It makes no difference," said her father; "either door will do."

"Better let me look at the weather-vane again," said Jack.

"It is not necessary," said his father, smiling.

Margaret tried again, but the feathers all blew back, some entirely across the room.

"There they are, Maggie, close to the south door," said Mr. Darnley. "I'll shut this door, and you may sweep them out at that one."

But Margaret had no better success than before.

"Is n't it curious!" said Jack. "There must be witches standing in the door, blowing the feathers back."

"That is what ignorant and superstitious people would have said years ago, Jack," said his father, "but science shall teach us better than that."

"Now," continued Mr. Darnley, "let us make two piles of the feathers—one near the south and the other near the north door. Jack, get another broom for this pile. Now, both sweep in opposite directions at the same time. That will show us whether it is caused by the shifting of the wind."

Jack and Maggie tried faithfully, but the feathers went every way but out of the doors, some of them even rising toward the ceiling.

"It's the cold day," said Jack; "they don't like to go out."

"Father, what is the reason, please?" asked Margaret, earnestly.

"Hot air always rises," replied Mr. Darnley.

"Why?" asked Margaret.

"Because," answered her father, "hot air is lighter than cold. When it rises, of course cold air rushes in to fill its place. When you open the door, currents of cold air rush in at the bottom, while the hot air is escaping at the top. Open the

door, Jack, and try to drive out a feather above your head, while Maggie tries one at the floor."

The children did so, and found that, while the feather at the bottom blew in, the one at the top floated out.

"But, Father," said Maggie, "we did sweep the dirt out at last. Why was that?"

"Because you had let the room grow cold while you were trying your experiments," said her father, "and as the temperature became more like that outside, the currents were less strong. That is the way your 'wind shifted.'"

Jack looked foolish.

"Science is a fine thing, my son," continued his father, "and great beauty and interest, as well as importance, attach to its discoveries. But the life and soul of science lie in its exactness and thoroughness. A scientific experiment, to be worth anything, must be thorough. You tried an experiment half-way, and then jumped to a conclusion."

"Mother," said Margaret, "how do you sweep the dirt out?"

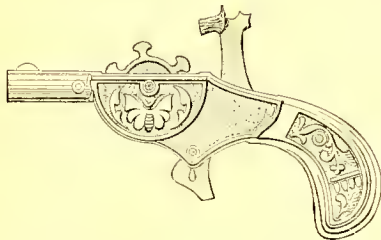
"I take it up on the dust-pan, Maggie dear," said her mother, smiling.

Jack and Maggie had both learned something that morning.

THE TOY PISTOL.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

HERE is a picture of a toy pistol. You see it has a lock, a trigger, and a barrel, just like a real pistol. There is even a "sight"—a bead at the end of the barrel to help you take aim. This is very funny, because if you were to aim at anything with this pistol, you would be sure not to hit it. When it is



fired it will make a noise, but it will not shoot anything. For all this, it is truly a wonderful pistol. It might kill a horse—if he could fire it. It is sure to hit the boy who pulls the trigger. It is a sort

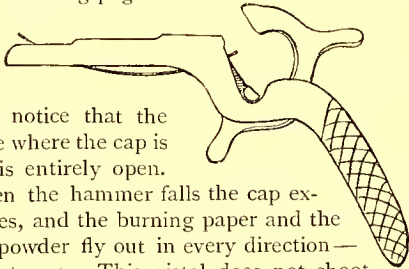
of boomerang, and fires backward. The fact is, this pistol is a sham and a cheat. It is made of cast-iron, and can fire neither powder nor shot.

If you wish to use this toy pistol, you must get some caps. These are little dots or wafers of paper, white on one side and red on the other. In the picture you see that there is a wheel, having large teeth on its edge, in front of the lock. Place one of the paper caps on the wheel, between the teeth. On drawing the trigger back, the wheel turns over and the hammer moves back. Pull the trigger, and the hammer falls on the cap, and it explodes with a flash of fire and a little report. To fire it again you must put in a new cap.

Girls who have brothers who like to playfully aim pistols at them will be charmed with this pistol. The persons at whom it is aimed never get hit. Many a boy who has fired it wishes he had never touched it. As I have said, it is a sort of boomerang, and like that remarkable weapon, is sure to fire backward.

As I tried it once, I can tell you about it. First, I twisted one of the caps around a match, and set the match on fire. When the flame reached the paper cap there was a little explosion. Suddenly I felt a stinging sensation in my hand, and, on looking at it, I found several tiny black splinters sticking in the skin. I pulled them out, but I felt the pain for some time afterward. Then I placed a cap on the hearth and struck it with a hammer. This time I was well scared, and kept my hands as far away as I could. When it went off I felt the same stinging sensation in my left hand, which was more than two feet away. I had been struck again by a flying splinter. This thing was getting decidedly dangerous, and when I took up the pistol to try it, I carefully wrapped my right hand in my handkerchief. It went off beautifully. but — ah! There was the mischief! The handkerchief was dotted here and there with the black splinters from the exploded cap. I did n't fire that pistol any more. Neither did I sell it nor give it away. I sent it to an artist, that a picture might be made for you all to see.

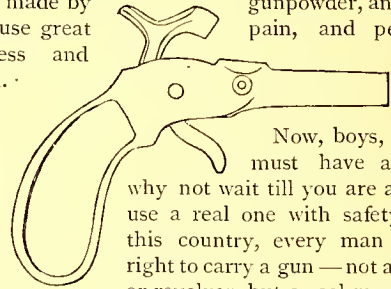
Now let us examine carefully the weapon on the preceding page.



You notice that the place where the cap is put is entirely open. When the hammer falls the cap explodes, and the burning paper and the hot powder fly out in every direction — except one. This pistol does not shoot ahead or through the barrel. The thing you aim at can laugh in your face, for the little projection on the wheel keeps the shower of sparks back and throws them upon your hand. The pistol “kicks” its whole charge right into the hand of the person who fires. Certainly this is a capital pistol for boys who wish to get hurt. It makes a pretty loud noise and a good flash of fire, but it may prove a terrible shot for the poor boy who fires it. The little burns and cuts made in the hand by the flying sparks sometimes bring on a strange illness, called the lock-jaw, which is apt to prove fatal.

There are several other pistols that can be used in this way. Some of them are pictured here, and each one is warranted to hurt the boy who fires it. Every one else will be perfectly safe, and that, I am sure, is a great blessing. I gave some of the caps used with these pistols to a chemist, and he tells me they are composed of a mixture of chlorate of potassium and sulphate of antimony.

These things may not of themselves be very harmful, but the wounds they make are the same as those made by gunpowder, and sure to cause great pain, and perhaps sickness and death.

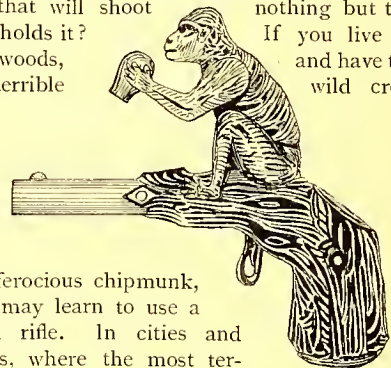


Now, boys, if you must have a gun, why not wait till you are able to use a real one with safety? In this country, every man has a right to carry a gun — not a pistol or revolver, but a real musket or rifle, to be used in defending the country. These pistols are only toys, but they are very dangerous toys.

The Fourth of July is close at hand, when the very air will crackle with reports of the toy pistol. It is so safe, many ignorant persons think, because it carries neither shot nor bullet. But look into the newspapers on the day after the Fourth, — for days after the Fourth, in fact, — and you will see accounts of some of the innocent doings of the pretty toy in every city in the country.

The insane desire of the small boy to carry a pistol is one of the wonders of the age; and the worse than folly of those who allow him to do so is almost incredible. Of what use is it? If the pistol will not go off, it is, as its owner would scornfully express it, “no good.” If it does go off, it is a dangerous weapon that has power to maim and kill.

Did you ever think what it means to kill — to take away life? Who shall do so dire and terrible a thing as that? Are you fit to have a pistol? Are you wise enough to carry a revolver? No, sir. It is against the law in some States to carry pistols. Why, then, should you wish a toy-pistol, that will shoot nothing but the boy who holds it? If you live in the backwoods, and have to fight the terrible wild crow or



the ferocious chipmunk, you may learn to use a good rifle. In cities and towns, where the most terrific wild beasts to be seen are the cats, a boy who carries a pistol is a boy without sense — a boy whom girls despise and brave boys call a coward.

Said a sorrowing maiden named Jan;
 That they stuff all the dollies with bran
 There is scarcely a doubt;
 I have just found it out.
 "What a horrid deceiver is man!"



SWEPT AWAY.*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER X.

A MISFORTUNE.

"I WONDER," sighed Crab, when the stoppage of the raft had lasted long enough for them to recover their self-possession.—"I wonder if dat am de end ob dis v'yage?"

"I hardly think so," said Jack, "for I don't believe the tree, or whatever it is that detains us, can hold the raft a great while."

"Why can't we shake it loose?" And Crab began to set the structure rocking, by way of experiment. But Jack stopped him, expressing a fear that he would loosen the logs and possibly dismember the entire raft.

Jack then walked around the margin of the roof.

as close to the water as was prudent, peering into the muddy depths, and trying to see what it was that held them. He saw nothing, however.

What was to be the end of this?

Well might they ask the question, for, if they were to remain anchored in this novel fashion, escape would be impossible, unless some one came to their rescue—which, in the present condition of things, was scarcely to be expected.

Looking about, over the great, turbid sea that was sweeping around them, they could discover nothing that gave them any encouragement—nothing but a confused mass of cabins, logs, trees, planks, and everything that a vast river gathers up when overspreading its banks for an extent of thousands of square miles.

True, there were many people in sight as well, but

none who were so situated as to be able to give them any assistance. All were sufficiently occupied in endeavoring to secure their own safety, without risking anything to help those who were strangers.

Far away to the south-west, a black streak stained the sky, as though some giant had drawn his soiled finger along the horizon; and, just beneath, a dark object could be discerned creeping slowly along, like the hour-hand across the face of a clock.

It was doubtless a steamer, but so far off that it was idle to hope it would be attracted by the plight of the children.

"Fire off de gun!" suggested Crab.

"What for?" asked Jack.

"Fur a salute," replied the negro; "maybe dey'll hear it and come ober to us."

Jack shook his head, with a half-smile.

"It would be only throwing away so much ammunition," said he. "There is no more chance of attracting their notice than that of the crowds on the wharf at Vicksburg."

"Den I would n't fire it," said Crab, who saw that his companion spoke the truth.

"There 's something coming this way!" called out Dollie, suddenly.

The boys could not imagine what she meant, until she pointed directly up-stream, where they presently espied what seemed to be a large log floating on the current.

"That 's going to strike the raft," said Jack, "and more than likely it will knock us loose."

"Wont it knock us to pieces as well?" inquired Crab, anxiously.

"I don't think the roof is put together so weakly as that ——" began Jack.

"That is n't a log!" interrupted Dollie, whose eyesight for once seemed to be more acute than that of the boys.

"What is it, then?" asked Jack.

"It 's a boat!" she replied eagerly, clapping her hands.

Such proved to be the fact. The discovery naturally threw the children into a state of great excitement, for, as it was coming straight toward them, it offered the very means of escape they needed.

When within less than a hundred yards, it was seen to be a large flat-boat or scow, which stood so high out of the water as to indicate that little weight was in it.

"We must have that boat," said Jack, placing himself on the upper part of the roof, where the waters foamed and rolled over the shingles, "though it will not be very easy to get it."

Curiously enough, the scow was drifting as directly toward the roof as if a skillful boatman was

steering it. But it was reasonable to expect that it would swerve to one side just before reaching them, inasmuch as the current itself was forced to divide as it swept around their raft. Great care and no little skill, therefore, would be required to capture the prize.

"Stand here by me," said Jack to Crab, "and the minute it comes close enough, reach out and catch hold, but look out that you are not drawn into the water."

Crab promised to do his best, and prepared himself for action. The situation was exciting, but it became much more so in a very few minutes.

The swiftness of the current was fully appreciated for the first time when the scow, as it neared them, plunged toward the raft as if about to split it asunder.

Jack was afraid that he and Crab were about to attempt an impossible thing; but as he fully realized the value of such a craft to them in the present desperate state of affairs, he resolved to make the strongest possible effort to secure it.

As he anticipated, the scow, when quite close to them, swung partly around, so that it came quartering, and was certain to approach near enough for Jack to catch hold of the gunwale.

The instant it was within reach, and just as it began swerving with the powerful eddy, Jack stooped and, extending his right hand, grasped the gunwale with all his might.

Almost at the same instant Crab did the same, and both exerted their utmost strength to stop the boat. But they miscalculated its momentum.

They were both jerked off the roof and into the water like a flash, without in the least checking the motion of the scow itself. Dollie uttered a scream when she saw the two struggling in the river, and sprang up and down in frantic alarm.

But, fortunately for Jack and Crab, they held fast to the gunwale, and without difficulty drew themselves over the side into the boat, where they were safe.

But, brief as was the time occupied in doing this, it had carried them a couple of rods below the stationary roof, where Dollie stood looking at them, the tears still running down her cheeks.

In the scow lay a long pole and a broad paddle. "Quick!" shouted Jack to Crab. "We must work the boat back, or Dollie is lost!"

Jack caught up the paddle, and began plying it desperately. Crab thrust the long pole into the water, but, although he pushed it under until his hand touched the surface, he did not reach bottom. The lower end bounded up like a cork, and the pole flew from his grasp. But he caught it again before it got beyond reach.

Meanwhile, Jack plowed the water with the

broad paddle, with, however, only the effect of turning the boat slowly around. He then plunged it into the river on the other side, and put all his strength into each stroke, while Crab, no less in earnest, made a vigorous but futile attempt to use the pole as a paddle.

They strained every nerve to the utmost, but, to their consternation, the boat still continued to drift down-stream, and further away from the cabin on which poor Dollie stood, helplessly looking at them.

They toiled against hope, not pausing until they were fully two hundred yards away. Then they stopped, and looked despairingly at the distance which separated them from the raft.

"It's no use," said Jack, in a hopeless tone. "A dozen men could n't force this miserable scow against such a current."

"And hab we got to leab Miss Dollie all alone?" said the panting Crab.

"There is no help for it," replied Jack, despondently, hardly able to keep back his tears.

"What will become ob us?" said Crab, with a heavy sigh.

"What will become of *us*!" repeated Jack, indignantly. "What is to become of poor Dollie?"

"She 's got all de per-wisions," replied Crab, in the most doleful of tones, "and we hab n't so much as a bite—and I'm hungry enough to eat a meeting-house dis bery minute."

Jack Lawrence made no answer to the characteristic outburst of Crab, who was evidently of the opinion that the situation of the forsaken little girl was, after all, better than their own: for she was provided with enough food to last her a long time, while they had not a mouthful.

But what was to be the fate of Dollie, who, a mere child as she was, could do nothing for herself?

Perhaps some passing steamer or boat might see and take her off before she succumbed to terror and exposure. But if no such help should reach her, what then?

Ay, indeed, what then?

CHAPTER XI.

DRIFTING APART.

"GOOD-BYE, Jack!" called Dollie, standing with her apron to her eyes, and calling to her brother, through her blinding tears.

"Good-bye, Dollie!" came back, in a tremulous voice. "Don't give up yet! Somebody will come to take you off."

"I will pray to the Lord to take care of you and me," said Dollie, simply, "and I know He 'll do it. Good-bye, Crab!"

The negro essayed to reply, but his voice failed him, and he could only sob:

"Good—bye—Dollie—we 'll neber see you ag'in! I feel—so bad—I want to die!"

"Good-bye, dear Dollie!" Jack called out.

They exchanged endearing terms, and called to each other as long as they could make their voices heard. Dollie remained standing on the roof, waving her handkerchief, as long as their brimming eyes could make out her figure. Presently they could see nothing but a fluttering speck in the distance, and finally even that faded out altogether.

Crab seated himself on the gunwale, the picture of woe, while Jack, with despair in every feature, sat opposite. They bent their eyes on the bottom of the boat for awhile without speaking.

Jack never felt more saddened and wretched in all his life. The consciousness that the cruel flood was carrying him further away every minute from his loved sister was enough to have crushed a stronger one than he.

He presently sprang to his feet and scanned the waters in every direction, in quest of some one whom he might send to the rescue of poor Dollie. But there was nothing in view that could give the least hope.

Not the faintest tint of smoke showed in the leaden sky, which proved that there was no steam-boat within many miles of them. There was ever in sight innumerable wrecks and drifting *débris*; but everything was sweeping in the same direction—all rushing helplessly toward the far-away Gulf, unable to stem the tremendous current.

Then Jack turned and peered up the river. Was he mistaken, or did he really see a dark object resting stationary on the waters, supporting the slight figure of a little girl, who stood erect, shading her eyes with one hand while she waved a tiny handkerchief with the other?

Possibly he did see such a sight, but, if so, it was only for an instant. Then everything became blurred, misty, and indistinct. Once more he realized that he and Crab were alone and hurrying



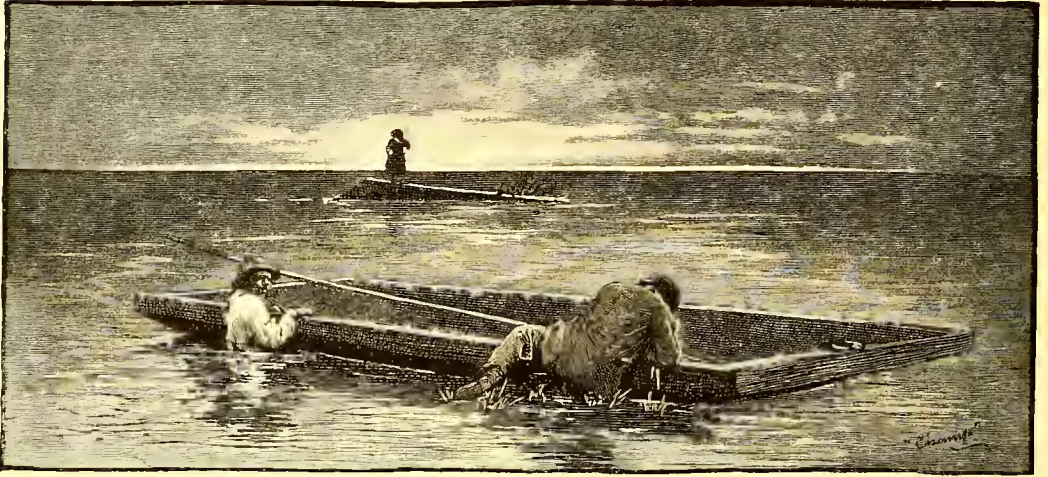
"GOOD-BYE, JACK."



on the gunwale, waiting for Crab to recover from his strong emotion.

Withdrawing his thoughts from the sad subject of his sister's fate, he now began to examine carefully the boat in which they were sitting.

It was fully twenty feet long by six in width, with a depth of two feet. The planks were thick, sound, and strong, and the seams were so well caulked that the interior was scarcely moist. The scow—



"JACK AND CRAB DREW THEMSELVES OVER THE GUNWALE."

downward, and that every minute was taking them further from poor Dollie, who could only pray and hope and wait.

"I thought at first that the boat was a great prize," said Jack, rousing himself. "but it has proven anything but that."

"Dat's so," added Crab, whose regret and grief seemed fully as great as that of his young master. "If I had an ax here, I bel'ebe I'd chop de ole flat-boat all to pieces."

"That would n't do any good," said Jack. "What would become of us then?"

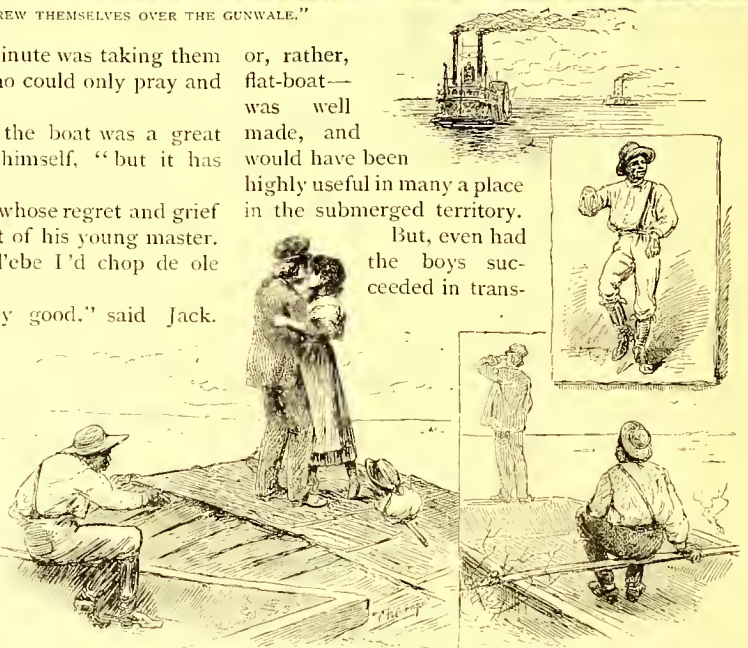
"Who cares what becomes ob us?" blubbered Crab. "Does you? I don't, I want you to understand, wid poor little Dollie back dere cryin' her eyes out, and we two can't do nuffin——"

And once more Crab gave way to his sorrow, and sobbed as if unable to stop.

Grief, like mirth, is contagious; and, though Jack had got the mastery of himself, his tears now flowed again in sympathy with Crab's. But he soon rallied, and sat silently

or, rather, flat-boat— was well made, and would have been highly useful in many a place in the submerged territory.

But, even had the boys succeeded in trans-



ferring Dollie and their luggage from the cabin to the boat, it was by no means certain that the situation would have been thereby improved.

The scow was empty, save for its human freight and the pole and the paddle which had been plied so vainly against the resistless current. There was nothing that could give a hint of the owner, or tell where the craft had come from.

Gradually the grief of Crab subsided into occasional sobs, and he finally ceased wiping his eyes. With moist and shining cheeks, he looked across at his young master.

"Jack," said he, in a softened voice, "dis am what I call rough, don't you?"

"Yes, it is dreadful," responded Jack. "I could hardly feel worse if poor Dollie had been drowned before our eyes."

"Is n't it purty near noon?" continued Crab, skillfully leading the conversation toward his favorite topic.

"I guess not, but there is no way of telling," said Jack, looking up at the sky, which was so heavy and overcast that the position of the sun could not be seen.

"It seems to me dat it's been a week since de night passed," pursued the negro, reflectively. "I was neber hungrier in all my life."

"Crab," said Jack, impatiently, "do stop thinking, if only for a few minutes, of something to eat."

"So I would," replied Crab, in a mournful tone, "if I could only stop feeling hungry for dem few minutes."

"You may as well make up your mind that you wont get anything to eat for two or three days," rejoined Jack, unrelentingly.

Poor Crab looked so horrified over the bare suggestion of such a terrible fate that Jack hastened to add: "That is, there is such a possibility, though we will hope for something better."

"Yes, let's keep on hopin'," said Crab. "I neber missed but one meal in all my life, and I did n't get ober dat for a good many weeks, so I don't want to try it ag'in."

Something at that moment scraped the bottom of the boat. The sound was a rough, brushing one, such as is made by the limb of a tree grazing a swiftly moving board.

"We're going over a piece of woods," said Jack, his face lighting up with a sudden idea. "See whether you can't catch hold of one of the tree-tops."

Here and there the tree-tops of which he spoke could be seen, nodding and dipping after the manner of "sawyers"; and there were so many of them visible that there could be no doubt that they were passing over a stretch of forest. But they were of such a character that it was hard to find anything that would hold. Although they seized several branches, the treacherous twigs broke off

or slipped through their fingers without in the least checking the progress of the boat.

Jack now took a careful look about him. Here and there, over a space of a quarter of a mile, the tree-tops reared their heads. Many of them were scarcely visible, but a few projected considerably above the water.

"Yonder is a big tree that is n't much out of our course," said he, presently, "and we must reach it."

"What for?" asked Crab, who did not seem to have caught his companion's idea.

"So as to hang on to it till the roof floats free and comes down-stream," explained Jack.

"Dat's a good idee," replied Crab. "Let me hab de paddle, and I'll make tings hum."

And so, in a figurative sense, he did. The task was not a difficult one, and Jack soon saw that the flat-boat would be driven straight among the branches of the tree that had caught his eye.

"You've got it headed right, Crab," said he, presently. "You needn't paddle any more, but hold the boat to its course."

"I'm so mad at de ole scow," said Crab, as he ceased paddling, "dat I'd jes' like to twist it apart."

Jack made no answer to this childish remark, but gave all his attention to the work before him. The boat, if it should strike broadside, was likely to overturn, and it was necessary to guard against such a catastrophe, which would be fatal.

The best of fortune attended the effort: the scow glided swiftly among the branches, and it so happened that Jack and Crab each seized a limb at the same moment.

They held fast, and the boat came to a standstill, pointing directly up and down the Mississippi.

The force required to maintain it in this position was much less than they had anticipated, the sloping bow of the boat allowing the swift current to sweep under it with comparatively little resistance when contrasted with the way in which it had surged and boiled against their raft under similar circumstances.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANCE FOR DINNER.

SO SLIGHT an exertion was required to hold the scow stationary in the rapid current that the boys saw it would be easy to maintain their position for a long time.

"This is all well enough," said Jack, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, "but the trouble is we don't know how soon the roof will move, or whether it will move at all."

"If de riber am risin', wont dat help tings?" inquired Crab.

"I did n't think of that," replied Jack, his face brightening. "It can't help freeing the roof. If the water keeps on rising, it must lift the cabin clear of whatever it has caught against."

"But den," suggested Crab, "s'posin' dat de Massissipp am fallin' or only standin' still—how den?"

"Then I don't see that there is much hope, for there is nothing to loosen the cabin," replied Jack. "However, we can soon tell whether the flood is going down or not by the tree here."

It was tiresome work to sit motionless, and the boys presently set themselves to find some means of lightening the task.

Jack soon hit upon a plan. The tree to which they had "anchored" was a sycamore, and the more slender branches were easily twisted and tied together, so as to make a firm knot. Through this the end of the pole was forced, and laid across the boat. Then, when one of the boys sat on the pole, the scow was held as firmly in position as before, while the strain on their hands was removed.

This was an improvement, but the tedious monotony of waiting was not diminished. The air was chilly, and Crab, whose coat was on the roof, regretted more than once that he did not have it with him.

While one of the boys held the pole in place and kept the boat still, the other remained on his feet, scanning the horizon, especially to the northward, in quest of the precious raft on which little Dollie Lawrence had been left.

"Shuah as I lib, if dar aint a steam-boat!" finally exclaimed the overjoyed Crab, indicating a point to the west and a little below them.

There was a large boat indeed, the smoke pouring from her two tall funnels, while her wheels churned the current into yellow, muddy foam. The pilot was at the wheel, and there appeared to be plenty of passengers moving hither and thither, principally occupied in surveying the waste of waters around them. Two could be seen with glasses leveled, apparently at something a long way off. But all failed to notice the scow, standing motionless, half-buried in a bushy tree-top.

Crab and Jack shouted, and in turn waved their arms and hats violently, and it was hardly possible that they were not seen. But, if they were observed, the boat did not change its course, and was soon so far up the river that the boys gave up their effort to attract the notice of those on board.

"Dat 's what I call a mean piece ob business," said Crab, taking his seat on the pole and banging his hat on the bottom of the scow. "They

need n't pretend dat dey did n't observe us, when I was jumpin' up and down all de time in front ob 'em."

"Of course they saw us," said Jack. "But they must have concluded that we were well enough off without taking us aboard."

"And dar 's whar dey 're mistook," said Crab, in a tone of dejection.

Crabapple Jackson was so indignant over the action of the captain and pilot of the steamer that he was anxious they should be punished in some way.

"If dey did n't want to take us aboard," he continued, sulkily, "why did n't dey run alongside and fling some perwisions to us, so dat we wont starve to death—Heigho!"

"What 's the matter?" asked Jack, a little startled.

"Dis pole am sort ob twistin' loose," explained Crab, partly rising, and looking down as if to demand what it meant. "What makes it cut up in dat sort ob style?"

"I understand," said Jack. "The river is rising, and it makes more strain on the pole as the other end is lifted against the knot in the limbs. That pleases me."

"So it does me," said Crab, earnestly, "if it makes any better show for poor Dollie on de roof up de riber."

"It *must* help her," said Jack, with the emphasis of one who was determined to make himself believe the best.

Jack balanced himself on the side of the boat and strained his eyes in every direction, in the hope of catching sight of the old cabin on the roof of which this strange voyage had been begun.

He could not, however, discover anything that looked like it, and so he again took his seat on the pole, which stretched across from one side to the other. Crab then went to the bow, and balanced himself on the gunwale for a search in his turn.

While he was doing so, Jack intently watched the black, honest face, certain that he could read success or failure there. Only a few minutes had passed, when it seemed as though a ray of sunshine flashed from the sky and illuminated the swarthy countenance.

"What is it?" asked Jack, quickly.

"'Clare to goodness!" replied Crab, breathlessly, "if I don't see sumfin' dat looks bery like dat same ole roof!"

At the risk of precipitating himself into the water, he rose on tiptoe so as to gain an additional inch or two in height; then he remained silent a minute gazing up the river, while Jack studied his face no less intently.

"Yes, I see sumfin' dat looks like de ole roof,"

repeated Crab to himself, "and it *am de roof, too!*" — And I don't know, but I tinks I see sumfin' on top dat looks like a little gal wavin' her handkerchief — yes, it *am* a little gal which her name *am* Dollie, and here goes tank de Lord!"

And springing into the middle of the scow, Crab flung his hat into the air and danced a most vigorous breakdown, ending it by striking his heel against the planking with a force that threatened to start the seams. Then, with a face beaming with delighted expectancy, he added:

"*Now, dar*'s a chance to get some dinner!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A HAPPY MEETING.

JACK was so afraid that Crab had been mistaken that he requested him to exchange places with him. Then he carefully balanced himself on the prow and gunwale, and looked up-stream.

There certainly was a dark object approaching, which might well be the cabin they left anchored among the trees, but for a minute or two he could see nothing resembling the figure of a person upon it.

Just as he was about to make a remark to that effect, Crab inquired:

"Don't you see her? — standin' in de middle ob de roof?"

"I can not see anything at all," said Jack — "but yet — hold on!" he added, excitedly.

"I thought so," said Crab, with a grin.

Yes, he now discerned a figure which a minute or two later was recognized as that of a little girl, who, of course, must be Dollie.

All doubt on that important point was removed when Jack plainly observed the fluttering handkerchief in her hand. She was signaling to her friends that she was coming, though it was hardly to be supposed that as yet she saw the scow among the tree-tops.

A thrill of joy and gratitude too deep for words went to the heart of Jack Lawrence when he realized that his lost sister had been mercifully restored to him (for there was no reason to fear any difficulty in taking her from the cabin).

Crab was so overjoyed that, although obliged to keep his weight on the cross-pole, he continued to shuffle vigorously with his large feet, ending the performance by banging one of his heels against the planking on the bottom with sufficient force, as it would seem, judging from the sound, to drive a nail to its head.

"Dat *am de best ting* dat could have happened," he said to himself; "for if dat steam-boat had taken us off, mebbe dey would n't hab had enough

to eat, while Dollie is sure to hab plenty, and it can't be far from dinner time."

Only a few minutes passed before Dollie caught sight of her brother, who was waving his cap and shouting her name. The distance decreased so fast that soon they were able to call to each other without difficulty.

"Halloo, Jack!" came in the clear voice he knew so well. "Are you and Crab all right?"

"Nothing is the matter with us —" Jack was beginning, when Crab, speaking eagerly and in an under-tone, interrupted him.

"Jes' frow in an observation dat I'm ready for dinner and can't wait much longer; dat will lead her to keep her eye on de bag ob pervisions."

Jack, however, chose to disregard the request of Crab, who straightened his body as much as he could while still sitting, so as to catch sight of the cabin and its single passenger. Finally, unable to restrain himself, he stood up, keeping one of his feet on the pole to prevent its slipping away.

This gave him the desired view, and he became so interested that he forgot himself until the pole was suddenly wrenched from its place, and the scow began moving down the current again.

"What's the matter?" demanded Jack, hastily catching at one of the branches. "Why don't you attend to your business, Crab?"

The accident was of small importance, however, for it was an easy matter now to propel the scow to the floating cabin, since their relative positions were the same as if the water was perfectly calm.

As the boys had paddled considerably out of a direct course to reach the tree, the cabin would have gone some distance to their left had they remained stationary until it had passed by.

But it was yet above them when Jack let go his hold and seized the paddle, while Crab essayed to assist his efforts with the pole; but, as before, it proved of no use, as it did not reach the bottom.

As Jack began working the heavy boat toward the cabin, he noticed that, since he had last seen it, the cabin had settled so that the roof was now almost flat on the surface. It looked as though the structure was being gradually dismembered by the action of the current. It was not unlikely that even the shingles of the roof might soon separate.

A vigorous use of the large oar sent the scow steadily toward the raft on which Dollie was standing, with the gun, the bundle of clothing, and the bag of provisions near her. Crab was quick to observe this latter article, and did all he could to hasten the transfer.

"Was n't it nice, after all?" asked Dollie, as they came closer together. "I did n't have to wait long before the water just lifted me clear."

"Did you see the steam-boat?" inquired Jack.

"Yes," said she, with a smile, "and I lay down as low as I could on the roof, so they would n't see me."

"What under the sun did you do that for?" asked her astonished brother.

"I was afraid they would come and take me off," said she, naively.

"But was n't that the best thing that could have happened to you, Dollie?" asked Jack, in a tone of grave reproach.

"Perhaps so. But," she added, with a sweet smile, "what would have become of *you* without *me*, and how would you have got anything to eat?"

"I declar'!" exclaimed the grinning Crab, "she am de most sensiblest little ting along de Mississippi. If dey had picked her up dey would n't hab come back for us, and like as not we would n't hab had any supper to-night arter going widout dinner, too."

With little trouble the scow was swung around so that the bow rested against the upper side of the cabin, where it could be easily held. Crab kept his place at the stern, while Jack stepped to the roof and met his sister.

"Oh, Jack, I am *so* glad to see you!" cried she, as they met. And, with one bound, Dollie sprang into the arms opened to receive her. The tears ran down the cheeks of both as they embraced each other, for their delight was beyond words.

Then, as he gently released his sister, Jack led her to the bow, where she was helped into the boat.

Happy Crab shook the hand of the little girl warmly, for he was scarcely less overjoyed than her brother.

"Look out, Jack, that we don't float away and leave you on the roof, just as you did me," said the anxious Dollie.

Jack laughed, and replied that no such danger could threaten while the raft and scow were floating down-stream together.

The bag of food and the clothing were quickly passed to the ready hands of Crab, and then, with the gun in his grasp, Jack sprang into the boat. Crab pushed the pole against the cabin, and separated the two by a distance of several yards.

"Good-bye!" called Dollie, waving her hand. "I don't suppose we shall ever see our house again."

"If we do, it wont amount to much as a house," laughed her brother, ready to make light of anything in his happiness over the recovery of his precious sister.

"Dollie," suggested Crab at this point, "don't you think it's 'bout dinner time?"

"For mercy's sake, do give him something to eat!" said Jack. "He is n't able to wait another minute."

The girl gladly waited on Crab, who devoured the bacon and cold corn-bread as though he were really famishing.

He was given twice as much as any one else, and would have been glad of as much more. Jack, however, prudently limited each to what he considered necessary.

The little party were now in a large scow, with pole and paddle, provisions, and a double-barrel gun. The last was loaded, but they had no more ammunition, so that the two charges were all that were at their command.

They had no means of telling where they were in the flood, the extent of which was such that the shore was invisible on the right and left. They judged, however, that they had not yet reached the mouth of the Arkansas, because in that case an agitation of the current would have been noticeable.

The hope of our voyagers was that they might be seen by some steamer passing up or down, and be taken aboard. Though their situation was scarcely an enviable one, it was still far better than that of thousands of others who were involved in the unprecedented flood which devastated the vast tract of country adjoining the lower Mississippi and its tributaries during the month of March, 1882.

"Keep a bright lookout," said Jack, "and, if we catch sight of a steamer, we'll make for it. We have seen three already, so it can't be so very long before we run across another."

All scanned the waters in every direction, but nothing was seen which could awaken hope of a speedy rescue.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENTURES OF RANA PIP.

BY EVELYN MULLER.



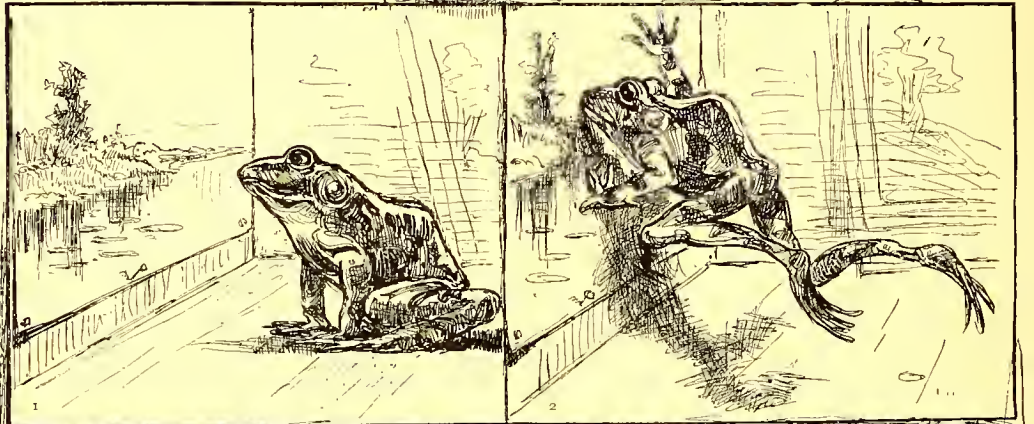
It was such a beautiful evening that you would have thought even the frogs would get out on the bank and watch the sunset; but they were too busy quarreling. Such shouts and groans came out of that pond! "You 're wrong, wrong, ong! Get down, ge'down, down!" "Cheat, a cheat, cheat!" These were only a few of the dreadful

things the frogs were saying to each other, because some thought it would rain, and some did n't.

Suddenly, while they were fighting, a boy pounced on Rana Pipiens, and carried him off.

Rana Pipiens belonged to the family of Ranas, but he put his last name first because he was a frog (they don't put names the same way as we do), and he was called "Pip," for short. The boy carried him to town, and sold him to a man who kept a flower store, and the man put him into a large glass jar full of water, and set him in the window. Pip rather liked his new quarters, and found abundant amusement in watching the people in the street. Sometimes young ladies came in to

top of a house. Pip wished he was back in his glass jar, for he thought surely that a heron had got him, and was taking him up to a tree-top to eat him. Pip had an aunt's sister's cousin who had been eaten by a heron that way, and he remembered it now, and was very badly frightened. But when he found himself taken into a large sunny room, and placed in another glass jar, he felt very much relieved. Close beside him he saw a pond of water, cool and shady, under dark bushes. "I shall get into that



buy flowers, and when they looked at Pip, and said, "What an awfully funny creature!" he felt flattered.

But he wished for another frog to talk to, and by and by he wanted a larger place to swim in. Then he grew very unhappy indeed, and was just thinking of starving himself to death, when some one took him out of the jar, and carried him into the street, and up ever so many flights of stairs to the



1. RANA PIP ADMIRES THE (PAINTED) POND.—2. AND DECIDES TO JUMP INTO IT.—3. THE CONSEQUENCE.

directly," said Pip to himself. But it was only a picture of a pond, and Pip was kept in the jar, though he wondered why.

Presently fresh troubles began. A man sat down in front of him, with pencil and paper, and watched him. Pip did n't like to be stared at, so he turned around in the jar. Then the man (who was an artist) turned the jar around, till Pip faced him again. This was provoking. Pip squatted flat, and

put down his head, and tried to look like a piece of mud, the way he used to at home, when danger threatened. But that was of no use either. The artist shook the jar, and turned it nearly upside down, till Pip got over his bashfulness, and behaved as a model frog should—or as a frog should who has been bought for a model.

This sort of thing was repeated on several days, till Pip nearly wondered himself sick, trying to imagine what was the matter with that man who stared at him so much.

But one day Pip found himself alone, and no cover on the jar. He was not long in getting out, and, hopping over the table, he began to explore this strange country. After he had knocked over an inkstand, and upset a glass of water into a drawer full of papers, he fell off on to the floor, and tried to get into the picture of the pond. It was surprising, but one good jump, which ought to have taken him clear into the middle of the pond, only knocked him flat on his back, and gave him a headache. He gave up that pond as a mystery. Presently he saw several happy-looking frogs sitting together among some grass. They looked just like his cousins of the Rana family; but when he said "Good-day" to them, and remarked that the pond of water here seemed to be frozen hard, they never answered him a word, nor even winked a wink at him. Pip concluded they were huffed because he had not called on them before, and he turned his mind to more discoveries. Three pretty little ducks, yellow and fuzzy, were standing on the wall, high above Pip's head. It was very strange. Pip could almost hear them quack, and he looked carefully around, for fear the old mother duck might be after him. But none came; the little ducks had no mother it seemed, and what was more strange, they never moved, though Pip

looked steadily at them. It was a wonderful place, this artist's studio; at least, it was to a frog from the country. "There's a turtle, as sure as my name is Rana Pipiens!" exclaimed Pip, and he looked around for a safe place. But the turtle sat still on its log; so did the little turtles with it. They never seemed to see that there was a fat young frog close beside them. But Pip was too frightened to investigate any further. He sat perfectly still, under the table, in the shadow of the waste-paper basket, while a few drops of ink slowly dripped on him from the table-top. He was very miserable, and when the artist came and put him back in the jar, Pip could have thanked him, he was so glad to feel safe again. These strange adventures put Pip out of spirits, and he no longer made a lively model, so the artist put him in a tumbler of water, one day, tied a cloth over the top to keep him safe, and carried him out to the country. Pip could hardly believe his eyes when he saw grass and trees again. Presently the cloth was taken off, and Pip was gently rolled out on the edge of a beautiful pond. Pip remembered the strange, hard pond in the studio, and stopped for half a minute. Then he caught sight of a familiar frog face in the water. "It is *my* pond!" cried Rana Pipiens; and with one leap he reached the deep water, and was at home again.

Such stories Pip had to tell! Every evening, that whole summer long, he sat on the shore, and related his adventures, always beginning with: "Ahem! When I was in the country where ponds are frozen green, and little ducks hang up in the sky—" But few of his family believed him. These things were too wonderful. When he began in this manner, they generally looked at each other, put their right forefinger to their heads, and said, "He's wrong, ong, ong!"

SWEET PEAS.

BY LILIAN PAYSON.

"PLEASE wear my rose-bud, for love, Papa,"
Said Phebe with eyes so blue.

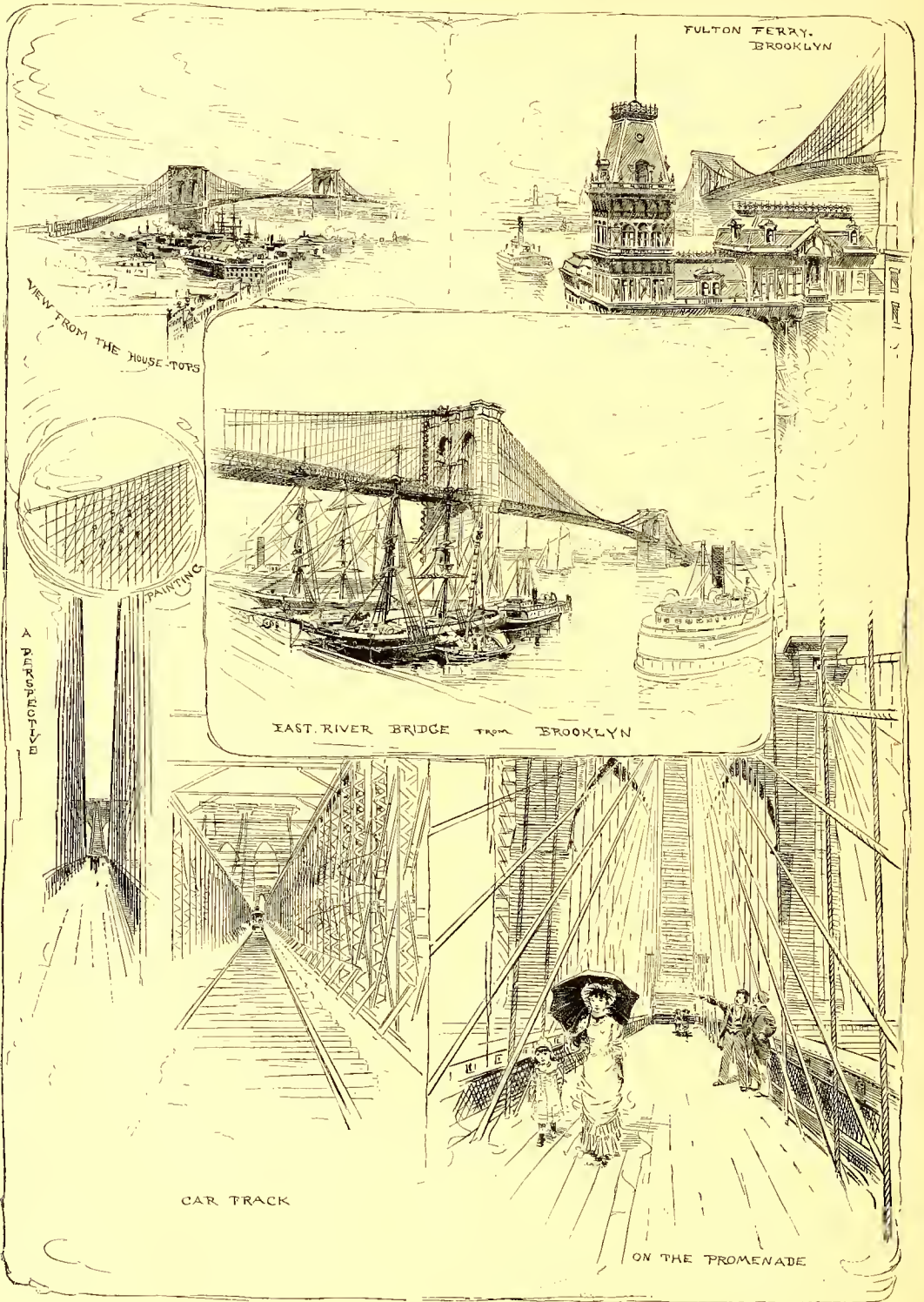
"This sprig of myrtle put with it, Papa,
To tell of *my* love," said Prue.

Said Patience, "This heart's-ease shall whisper,
Papa,
Forget not *my* love is true."

Papa looked into the laughing eyes,
And answered, to each little girl's surprise:

"My darlings, I thank you, but dearer than these—
Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet peas."

Then he clasped them close to his heart so true,
And whispered, "*Sweet P's—Phebe, Patience,
and Prue!*"



FULTON FERRY, BROOKLYN

VIEW FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS

EAST RIVER BRIDGE FROM BROOKLYN

A PERSPECTIVE

PAINTING

CAR TRACK

ON THE PROMENADE

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THERE is between the city of New York and the city of Brooklyn an arm of the sea called the East River. It extends along the east side of Manhattan Island, and it certainly looks like a river. It was probably named the East River to distinguish it from the North or Hudson River on the west side of the island. For all that, it is not a river. A real river, as you know, rises among the hills—begins as a little rill in the grass, and glides down through farms and forests to the sea. To the south of New York City is the great New York Bay, just at the angle where the coast of New Jersey, which faces the east, meets the coast of Long Island, which faces south. Long Island was well named, for it extends all along the shore of New York and Connecticut. Long Island Sound begins near New York City, and spreads out wider and wider toward the east till it meets the sea near Rhode Island. This East River connects the Sound with New York harbor, which opens through the Narrows into New York Bay. Thus it happens that the East River is a part of the sea. All the sloops and steam-boats and ships and steamers coming down the Hudson or from the ports scattered along our Southern coast, and wishing to go to ports on the Sound, pass through this narrow and winding river. Steamers bound to Providence, to Boston, past Cape Cod to Maine and the Eastern Provinces, take this river to reach the great Sound and the ocean beyond.

Day and night, summer and winter, an endless procession of ships, steam-boats, canal-boats, schooners, sloops, and barges sails or steams along this arm of the sea. It is like a Broadway upon the water, crowded with traffic. There comes a fussy little tug, toiling along with four great schooners deep laden with coal. They have come from the coal depots at Jersey City, and are bound East. There is a big, lazy sloop, with a cargo of red bricks. She has just dropped down the Hudson from Haverstraw, and is steering for some Connecticut port. Behind her, coming the other way, just arrived from New London or Fall River, plows along a monstrous steamer crowded with people. What a queer tow that is! The tug-boat is dragging a long string of canal-boats and old hulks laden with lumber, oats, and corn. Perhaps they came through the Erie Canal from the West, and are going to Narragansett Bay. There are ships from France and Norway, English steamers and Italian barks, bound in or out, and never for a

moment is the water quiet. Perhaps a stately warship, with tall, slender masts, regular "sky-scrapers," comes down from the Navy Yard and salutes the forts with her roaring guns. The tide runs swift and strong, and the waves leap in white clouds of spray from the sharp bows of flying steam-boats, or roll in surging billows from the black stems of huge merchantmen. It is like a bit of the great sea, with a city on either side.

There are more people living by the banks of this arm of the sea than in any other place on this continent. Nearly half a million people cross this rough, swift-flowing water every day; and though the ferry-boats are among the largest and best in the world, the little voyage is at times long and dangerous. Fogs sometimes delay the boats for hours, and floating ice in winter often blocks the way so that navigation is almost suspended.

"It seems to me they need a bridge at this point," do I hear some bright boy say? That is what other people thought, years ago, with the result that to-day, as you are reading this, there is a bridge, and you may walk from New York to Brooklyn in any weather. Perhaps you think that this is nothing worth talking about—all it was necessary to do was to build a bridge. Let us see about this.

The East River is an arm of the sea. You can not bridge such water, because it belongs to the nation, and every one has a right to sail there. Beside, we must in honor permit the people of other nations to sail their ships in our waters.

Such a place as this is called navigable water, and the United States Government could not permit navigable water to be obstructed by a bridge, however convenient it might be for the people of New York and Brooklyn. The New Jersey schooner carrying coal to Connecticut, the Haverstraw lighter laden with bricks, the boats from Boston, the lumber sloops from Maine, and the vessels of foreign nations as well, have a right to sail here, and no man can stop them by building a bridge.

Why not have a draw-bridge? That is a sensible question; but when the ships and steamers are as thick as the teams on Broadway, the draw would have to be kept open all the time, and then what would the people on the bridge do?

See that full-rigged ship coming down with the tide, under the escort of that little tug. Look at her tall masts. That pennant flying at her main-top is more than one hundred feet above her decks.

Her masts are taller than many a church steeple. If there is to be a bridge, it must take one grand flying leap from shore to shore over the masts of the ships. There can be no piers or draw-bridge. There must be only one great arch all the way across. Surely this must be a wonderful bridge.

When they first began to talk about bridging the East River, there was much discussion as to what kind of a bridge it should be. It might be made of iron or wooden piles, driven into the bed of the river, with the roadway on top.

Figure No. 1 represents in outline the plan on which such a bridge would be built. The sloping

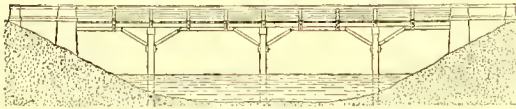


FIGURE 1.

lines at each side stand for the banks, and the broken lines for the water of the river. The upright lines are the piles, and the roadway is shown by the horizontal lines resting on the piles.

A bridge might also be built of stone, supported by a number of arches resting on the bottom of the river. Such a bridge is shown in Figure 2.

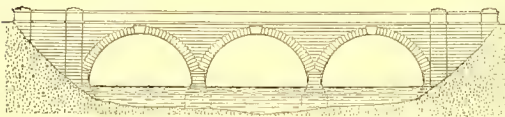


FIGURE 2.

But neither of these two kinds would answer, for there is no room for ships to pass.

Pile-bridges and bridges with arches have been built for centuries. Figure 3 is an outline of a very different kind of bridge, invented in modern times. On either bank is a stone pier, and on these rests a great iron box. Where such a bridge is



FIGURE 3.

used, the people cross the river by walking inside this box, going in at one end and coming out at the other. In this kind of bridge there are no piles or arches to obstruct the river, and if the piers are high enough, the ships can freely sail under the big iron box. But a bridge built in this way over the East River would not only be very difficult to make, but it would have to be so high up in the air that it would be liable to be blown down.

Suppose two posts be set up on one bank of a river, and two more on the other bank, directly opposite. Then suppose a rope was stretched from

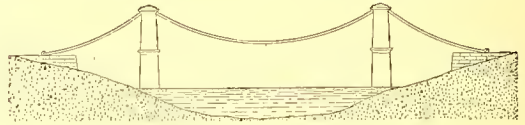


FIGURE 4.

one post on one side of the river to the opposite post, and a second rope was stretched between the other posts. Then if short boards were laid on the two ropes they would make a hanging bridge. (See Fig. 4.) This style of bridge was used by the Chinese so long ago that no one can tell who first thought of it or tried to make one. Perhaps the old builder got the idea from seeing a grapevine hanging from tree to tree over a brook.

On other pages are pictures of the finished bridge. Which is it, a pile bridge, an arched bridge, a box bridge, or is it a hanging bridge? Clearly it is a hanging bridge. You can easily pick out the ropes stretching over the river. This form of bridge is called a suspension bridge because it is hung, or suspended, over the river. If you study the pictures, you will see that the ropes or cables hang down in the center and are lowest over the middle of the river. But even a suspension bridge must be high enough to enable ships to pass under. So it is the custom in building such bridges to raise the cables on towers, and thus make room under the bridge.

In Figure 4 you see the rope is made fast to the post on one shore, carried over the top of the tower that stands at the edge of the bank, and stretched across the river to the top of the opposite tower. On this side it is likewise fastened to a post or stone pier. Of course, the people who cross such a bridge would not find it convenient to go over the top of the towers. What shall they do? Look once more at the pictures of the bridge. See the slender lines hanging down from the cables. These are called the suspenders. Each one is fastened to the cable and supports the end of an iron beam. So it appears there are beams hung in the air under the cables, and on these beams is laid the roadway. The towers have arches, and the men and horses pass under the arches and over the hanging bridge. Study the pictures on page 688, and you will see just how all this has been done.

Now, while the idea on which this bridge is built is so simple, the real work was a great labor, costing millions of dollars and occupying years of time. The towers must be high enough to raise the lowest part of the cables, where they hang down

in the middle, sufficiently to let ships pass under. The river is wide and the cables proportionately long, and they must be securely fastened at the ends so that they will never pull out and let the bridge fall down. The shore on each bank is low, and behind the bank on both sides the land rises slightly. The entire bridge, therefore, extends from the top of a hill down to the water-side, over the river, and over the streets and houses to the top of the second hill. Horses can not climb up to the lofty bridge over the water, and there must be a long inclined plane up which they can walk. The more we look at this bridge, the more interesting it becomes.

The towers must stand at the edge of the water, but this is always a bad place to build, because the ground is sandy or covered with soft mud. There must be a firm foundation, and the only way to find it is to dig deep under the sand or muddy water. How could they do that? Every hole made by a spade fills up with water, and even if they managed to make a shallow cellar the water would soon be over their heads. They must call on the atmosphere, and use the invisible air as a shield to keep away the water.

How can such a strange thing be done? Get the wooden chopping-bowl from the kitchen and a clear glass tumbler. Fill the bowl half full of water, and then, holding the tumbler upside down, press it slowly into the water till it touches the bottom. When it rests there you will see

feet high and the bottom fifteen feet thick. The box has no top, and the edges of the four sides are sharp and bound with iron. Such a box, turned over and placed upside down in the water, would act just as the tumbler in our experiment. Such a box is called a caisson, and there is one under each of the towers of the great bridge.

A caisson is, of course, built upside down, for it is too big to turn over, and it is the custom to build them on shore and then to launch them, just as a ship is launched. Figure 5 shows the caisson under the Brooklyn tower just as it began to sink in the soft sand. On one side is the shore, and on the other the deep water. Piles are driven on each side of the caisson to make an inclosed dock, so that it may rest in smooth water. You see the heavy top of the box, made of layers of timbers, and the sharp edges of the sides cutting down into the sand. As the box rests on the edges its weight causes it to sink. In the middle of the roof of the caisson is a well that reaches down to a pool of water inside. On top is a derrick for hoisting the dirt and stones out of the well, and a little railroad for carrying the rubbish to the barge that floats in the river. On top of the caisson can also be

seen some of the stones of the tower. Inside are men at work digging up the sand and boulders.

The picture does not tell all the story. There are on the shore great pumps called compressors, driven by a steam-

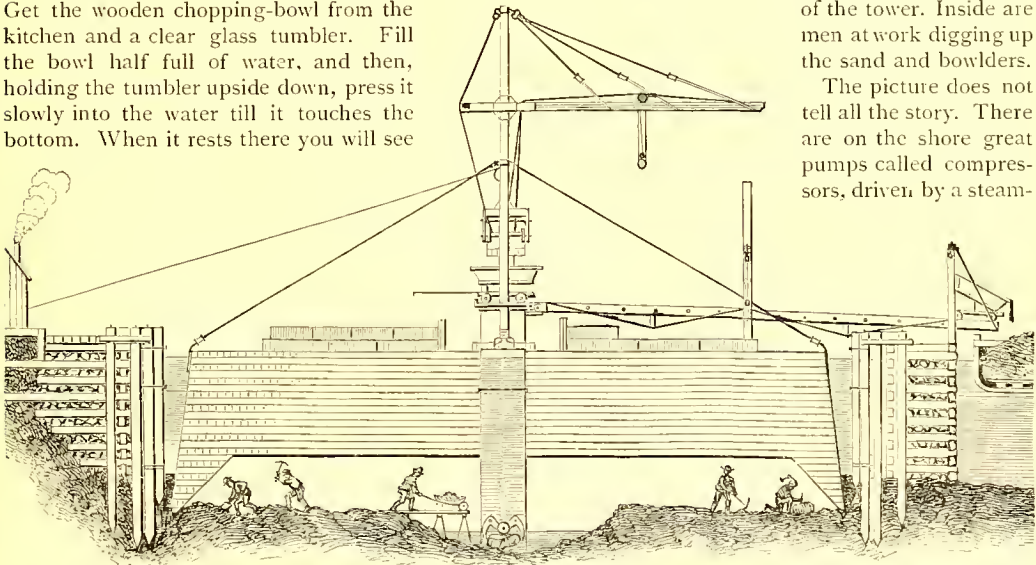


FIGURE 5.

there is no water inside the tumbler, and that the bottom of the bowl is nearly dry. The air caught under the tumbler has pushed the water away. If the tumbler were large enough, a man could stand inside and dig out the bottom of the bowl quite comfortably.

Now imagine a huge wooden box, 168 feet long and 102 feet wide. The sides of the box are nine

engine, and these compressors are pumping air through pipes into the caisson. This compresses and condenses the air under the caisson where the men are at work, and prevents the water from coming in under the sides. It is this that forces the water up into the well nearly to the top, as you see in the picture. Of course, there must be a door on top for the

men to go in. This is the most curious thing of all. If there was but one door, the moment it was opened the compressed air inside would rush out, the water would break in through the sand under the side of the caisson, the workmen below would be drowned, and the work come to a stop. So two air-tight doors are arranged, one below the other. The workman opens one door, enters the place between the two doors, closes it behind him and then opens the second door. Such a set of double doors is called an "air-lock," and it is certainly a very clever invention. The air might also rush up the well, but you see the well touches the pool of water inside, and this makes a seal to keep it air-tight. The picture below shows the inside of the caisson. One man is going up a ladder to the air-lock, and the others are busy digging in the wet sand. As the men inside the caisson dig away the sand and let it settle deeper and deeper in the water, others on top lay the foundation-stones of the tower. The weight increases with every stone laid; and thus the work proceeds, the caisson sinking and carrying the

great box, impelled by the terrible weight of the rising tower, could crush its way downward.

At last, when the caisson had sunk forty feet under water, solid ground was reached, and it would sink no further. Then the whole interior, where the men had been at work, was filled in solid with small stones and sand mixed with cement. There the box rests securely under the sea, where the heart of the old oak will remain green and sound for centuries. The lofty tower stands secure on its wooden foundation, and nothing save an earthquake can ever shake it down. The caisson under the tower built on the New York side of the river had to be carried down much deeper than on the Brooklyn side. It, too, stands on top of the great box, and the two towers thus have their feet in wooden shoes to keep them firm and dry.

By the time the sinking caissons had found a resting-place, the towers had been built high enough to begin the work of laying stone on stone up toward the clouds. Powerful steam engines were set up behind each tower, and great iron drums (or pulleys) were connected with them. On top of



INSIDE THE CAISSON.

foundation down with it, and the stone work rising higher at the same time.

But all this was not done without great difficulty and danger. Once the caisson took fire. Several times the air escaped, and rushed out of the caisson in a terrible fountain of mud and water. Stones were caught under the edge of the caisson, and much toil and time were spent in blasting them before the edge of the

the rising towers were placed iron wheels, and from the drums up to the wheel, downward to a second wheel at the foot of the tower, and then underground to the drum, was laid a strong wire rope.

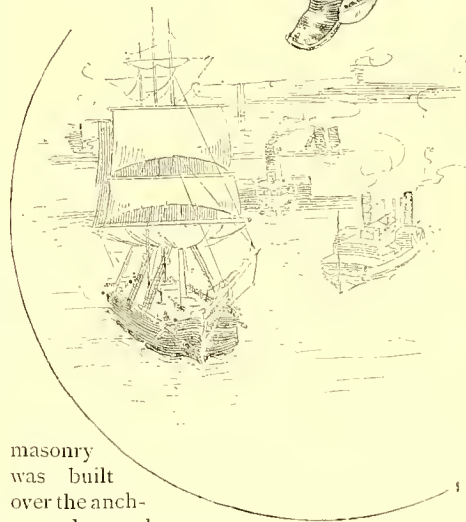
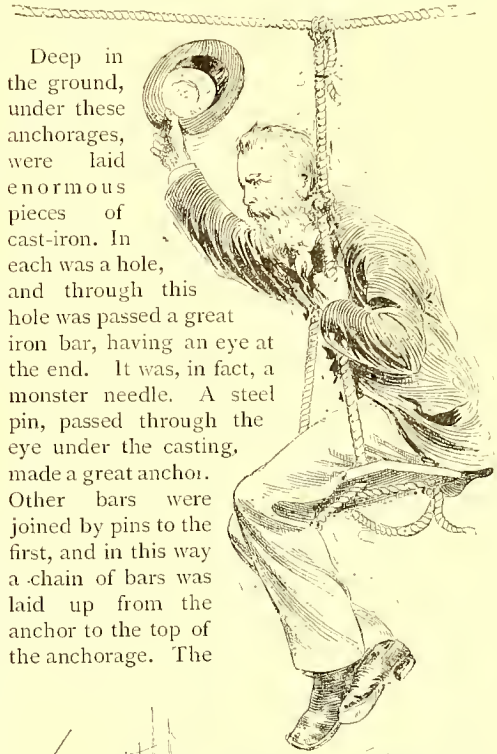
Thus, when the engine turned the drum, the rope ran up or down over the top of the tower. To raise the stones the blocks were secured by chains to this rope, and the engine whirled them away into the air. The masons worked on day by day, summer and winter, laying each stone in place, and lifting the splendid towers above the houses, above the steeples, higher and higher into the air. From time to time, the wire rope had to be made longer as the towers rose. Schooners and sloops brought the massive stones to the dock; the derricks unloaded them, block by block, and put them in reach of the men, and the engines lifted them into place. The lower part of the tower is solid; then it is hollow up to the base of the great arches, 119 feet above the water. These splendid arches rise 117 feet higher, and the cap-stones rest 271 feet above the tide.

In building a suspension bridge, it is very important to find a place where the ends of the ropes or cables can be properly fastened. Any weight put upon the bridge must be held up by the cables. These pass over the top of the towers, but they are not fastened there. The cables merely rest on the towers, and unless they were securely fastened beyond, they would give way, slip over the towers, and let the bridge fall. To fasten the cables to the towers would never do, for the weight of the bridge would pull them over into the water. The place where the ends of the cables rest is called an anchorage. It is really a stone anchor for fastening the cables into the ground so that they can not be pulled out. The anchorages for this bridge are each 930 feet behind the towers, and each consists of a great stone structure 127 feet long and 119 feet wide on the ground, and 80 feet high. As large as a church and as tall as a house, these curious stone structures make the jumping-off place where the people going over the bridge seem to leave solid ground and walk out into the air over the houses. These anchorages, with the cables fastened to them, are plainly shown in two of the pictures. One is a view from the side, and one is from the street below.

The manner of building these anchorages was very curious. An elevated railroad was built just over the place where the walls were to stand. On this lofty railroad ran a very accommodating engine, that not only picked up the big stones from the trains in the streets, but lifted each block in the air and carried it to just the place where the masons wished it laid. The strangest thing of all was the funny way the engine passed around the sharp curves of the railroad. One track was curved or bent in a half-circle. The other track turned sharply around at right angles. When the engine came to the corner, one pair of wheels ran around

the curve and the other pair stood still, just like a boy standing on one leg and turning around on his heel.

Deep in the ground, under these anchorages, were laid enormous pieces of cast-iron. In each was a hole, and through this hole was passed a great iron bar, having an eye at the end. It was, in fact, a monster needle. A steel pin, passed through the eye under the casting, made a great anchor. Other bars were joined by pins to the first, and in this way a chain of bars was laid up from the anchor to the top of the anchorage. The



HOW THE FIRST MAN CROSSED THE BRIDGE.

masonry was built over the anchorages and around the bars, and thus they were fastened down by the whole weight of the anchorage. It was to the ends of these chains of bars that the cables of the bridge were fastened. The weight of the men and horses on the bridge is thus really sustained by the stones and anchors on the hill-side, far back from the towers.

After the towers had been built and the anchorages made ready, then came the strangest work

making an endless rope, and when the engine moved, the ropes traveled to and fro over the river. For this reason they were called the "travelers."

There were, besides these travelers, two more ropes placed side by side. On these were laid short pieces of oak, thus making a foot-bridge on which the workmen could cross the river.

One of the pictures shows this slender bridge, that extended over the tops of the towers. It was taken from the New York anchorage at the time the bridge was building. Another picture shows one of the engineers of the bridge crossing on the traveling-rope—the first man to cross the river by way of the bridge.

There were also other ropes for supporting platforms, on which the men stood as the weaving went on. On each traveler was hung an iron wheel, and as the traveler moved the wheel went with it.

It took only ten minutes to send two wires over the river in this way. The men on the foot-bridge and on the platforms suspended from the other ropes guided the two wires into place, and thus the cables were woven, little by little, two slender steel wires each time, and carefully laid in place till the 5434 wires were bound together in a huge cable, fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter. The work was fairly started by the 11th of June, 1877, and the last wire was

of all.

To make the cables and then

put them over the towers would be a difficult matter. Very likely it could not be done at all. So the cables were made, just where they hang, one small wire at a time. The

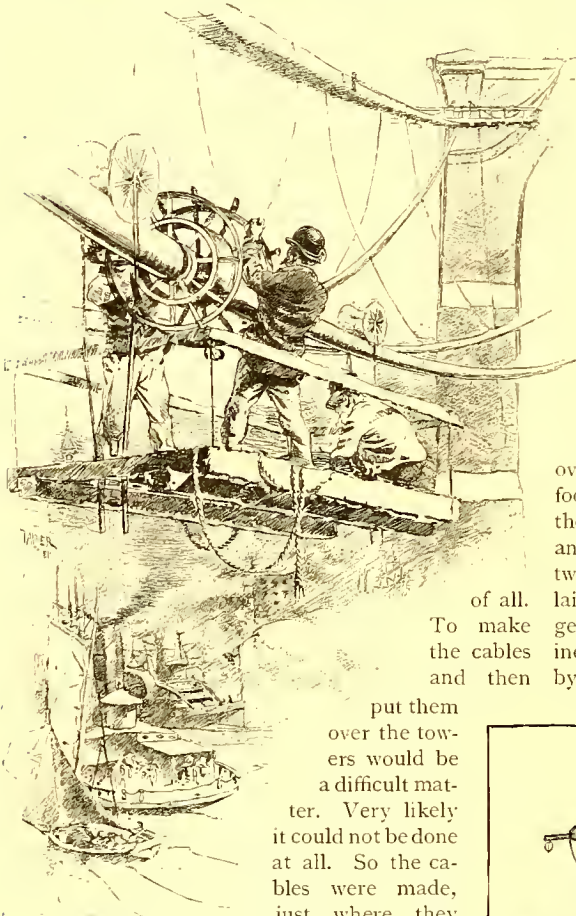
cables are not chains with links, nor are they twisted like ropes. They are bundles of straight wires laid side by side, and bound together by wires wound tightly around the outside. They called the work "weaving the cable."

At the Brooklyn anchorage was placed a powerful steam-engine, and on the top of the anchorage were placed two large wheels, and with the aid of proper machinery the engine caused these wheels to turn forward or backward. From each wheel was stretched a steel rope to the top of the Brooklyn tower, over the river, over the other tower, and down to the New York anchorage. Here it passed over another wheel, and then stretched all the way back again. The ends were fastened together,

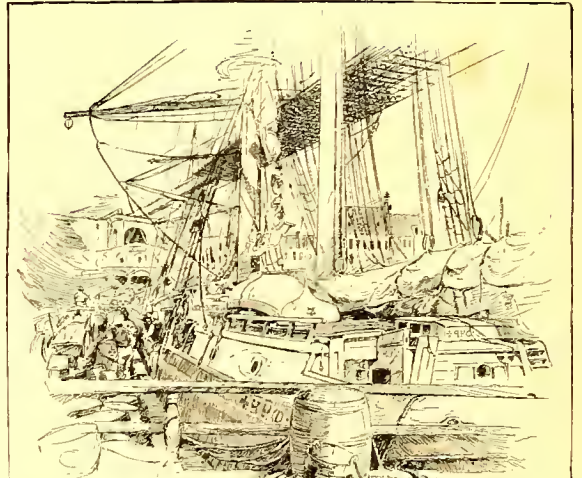
laid October 5, 1878.

There are four cables, each 3578½ feet long, and if all the wires in the four cables were placed in line, they would reach over fourteen thousand miles.

The work was long and dangerous. Sometimes



WINDING THE CABLES.



SHIPPING UNDER THE BRIDGE.

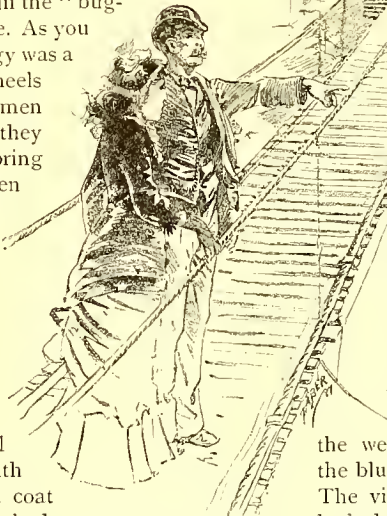
the wire would break and fall into the water, and an hour or more would be spent in hauling it up and starting once more. The men on the foot-bridge or on the cradles high in the air watched every wire as it was laid in place. To start and stop the engine, men stood on the top of the towers and waved signal flags to the engineer. Such a mass of wires would not very easily keep in place, and as the work went on, a number of wires were bound together into little bundles or ropes, and at the end all were bound together into one smooth round bundle or cable.

The next great work was to wrap the wires by winding a wire around the outside, to hold them all together and to keep out the rain and snow. The great bundles of steel wire were loose and irregular, and the first step was to put on wooden clamps to bind the bundles into something like the right shape. Then came the men riding in the "buggy"—a car suspended from the cable. As you see by the picture (p. 694), the buggy was a sort of platform, suspended from wheels that run on the cables. The workmen in it had with them a steel clamp they put around the bundle of wires to bring it into shape, and then with wooden mallets they beat on the outside of the bundle till it was hammered into the right shape. It would be very difficult to wrap the cable with wire by hand, and have it fit smooth and tight like thread on a spool. You see the wheel in the picture, riding on the cable. The men turned it round and round, and it guided the wire from the reel upon the cable. As they went on with the work they gave the wrapping a coat of white paint, so that the cables look to-day like great white cords. At the same time, the men put around the finished cable iron clasps or bracelets, to bind the entire structure together as firmly as possible.

These seem like simple things to do. But just think of it a little while! Think of working in a little wooden cage swinging and swaying two hundred and fifty feet in the air! The days were bleak and cold and the wind blew—oh! how it does blow up there sometimes! Below was the black water, perhaps dotted with ragged ice. A misstep, and—good-bye. No man would ever come back alive. There was nothing between them and death but the wire ropes steamed high over the masts of the ships. Steamers passed under, and sent up clouds of hot gas in the faces of the men. The two cities were spread out far below, and the roar of the streets came up

faint and far away. If the wind blows hard, there is no sound save the wind sighing in the ropes and the faint blast of the steam-whistles. At such times, the cities below seemed to be dumb.

The boats sail and men in the streets below move about, like



ON THE FOOT-BRIDGE.

black dots, in solemn silence. The

world seems very big. There is the sea all along the southern horizon beyond Brooklyn. To the north and east the hills of Long Island make a dim and wavy line on the horizon, and to

the west is the Hudson River and the blue Orange mountains beyond. The view is magnificent, but it is a bad place to work—cold, bleak, and dangerous, and it was a good thing when the very last ring had been put on the great white cables, and the men came down from the dizzy height.

The next thing to be done was to hang from each ring on the cables a heavy steel rope. These were called suspenders, and they are to hold up the floor on which the men and horses pass over the bridge. It took a great deal of time and hard work to hang these suspenders,—for of course there were a vast number of them.—and then came the next great task.

The endless wire rope to the top of the towers was still in use, and by its aid the wrought-iron beams were hoisted to the foot of the arches; then one by one they were fastened to the suspenders and hung in the air. As soon as a few beams were suspended, a railroad was laid on the beams

from the arches out over the river, and on this ran a car, to carry the beams to the places where they were to be hung, the railroad growing as fast as the beams were laid.

It was a strange place where the great beams hung in the air, above the ships and houses. It was easy to walk along the planks, but it was dizzy work, for you seemed to be standing in the air or on a floating cloud.

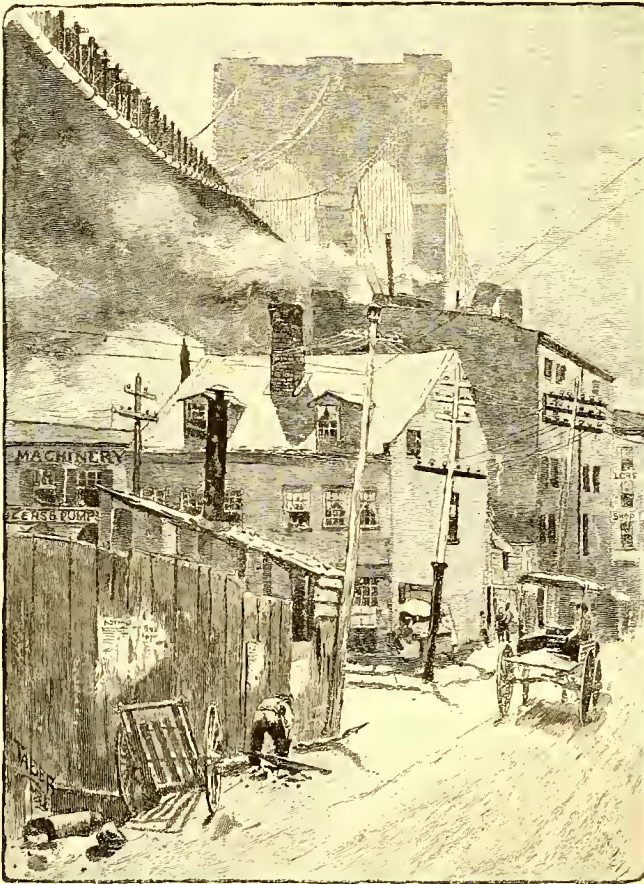
When the last beam was put in place, the structure began to look like a bridge. The high foot-bridge from the top of the towers was taken down, and there it stood—tall gray towers, slender white cables, and spider-web wires, holding up the black floor that at a distance looked like a snake caught in a web, and reaching from shore to shore.

from walking overboard, and foot-paths for the people. To accommodate every one, the bridge was divided into five parts. On each side; next the edge, are the carriage roads for teams and carriages. Inside of these roads are the railroads, and in the middle, between the tracks and raised above the cars, is the broad foot-path. This will give the people a high, wide sidewalk, raised above the dust of the road and safe from the cars, where the view will be open over the river. At the same time, there will be no danger that venturesome boys will fall off by climbing over the railing. If they should get over the rail, there is the railroad track and the carriage road to be crossed before you reach the edge of the bridge. And a glorious walk it will be, from shore to shore, up the long

incline, over the house-tops, under the arches that are like cathedral windows, out over the blue waters, and through the pure fresh air. Pedestrians will be sure to stop half-way over, if it is for nothing more than to catch the breath of the sea or the fragrant breeze from the Long Island farms. What a relief it will be from the ill-smelling streets and stuffy shops! What a happy escape from those dreadful cabins on the ferry-boats! What a grand place to stretch your legs of a bright winter's day after toiling through the streets! To go from shore to shore in one straight and jolly tramp, with the sky for a roof and the breeze for good company.

In San Francisco, Chicago, and Philadelphia are curious railroads called "cable roads." Under the street, between the tracks, is a hollow tube, and in this tube runs an endless wire rope, always traveling swiftly. Just above the rope is a narrow slit in the pavement, and down through this slit passes a curious bit of machinery like a pair of tongs, which is fastened to the car on the rails. It clutches the rope, and so the car is dragged swiftly along by the moving cable. Here on the bridge is the same kind of railroad. An endless cable stretches over the entire bridge and round a big drum under the arches on the

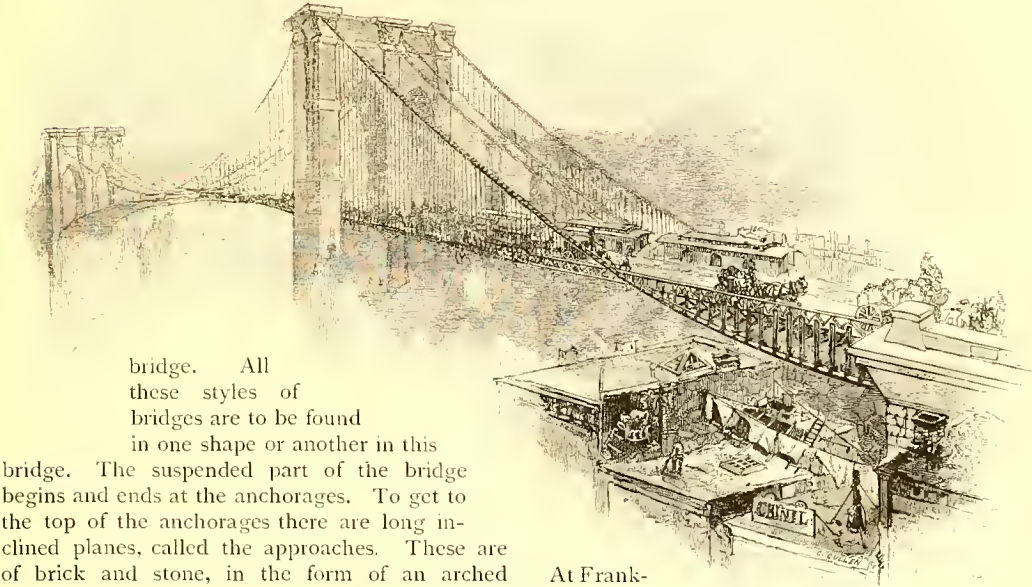
Brooklyn side. An engine turns the drum, and this makes the rope run swiftly. The cars, as in the street roads, hitch on to this rope when they wish to go over, and are quickly drawn across the bridge.



"OVER THE HOUSE-TOPS."

Still the bridge was far from finished. The beams must be firmly fastened together, and there must be braces to keep it from swaying in the wind. There must be railings to keep horses

Look once more at the diagrams showing the pile bridge, the arched bridge, and the iron-box cars to cross over the top or deck. For this reason they call this style of bridge a deck bridge.



bridge. All these styles of bridges are to be found in one shape or another in this bridge. The suspended part of the bridge begins and ends at the anchorages. To get to the top of the anchorages there are long inclined planes, called the approaches. These are of brick and stone, in the form of an arched bridge. And such grand arches! Why, you could tuck a barn or a three-story house right under one of these arches, and the people inside would think they lived under a brick sky. The picture admirably shows the incline plane, the arches, and the place where the bridge flies over the elevated railroad.

The picture on the next page gives an idea of the masonry of the great bridge. The roadway is on top, and some of these arches stretch over the streets. Some of them will also be closed up, and used for warehouses by putting up a partition, with doors and windows in front. Thus, in this part of the work, we have the arched bridge. At one point in the Brooklyn approach, there is a place where you can see the style of bridge where the roadway is supported on posts. At another place in Brooklyn you can also see the box style, or something very like it. There is really no box, but still the work is founded on that idea. Plates of iron are riveted together so as to form, as it were, great flat boards. These are set up on edge and fastened together, and, if you stand in the street below and look up at them, you will see that the bridge is a kind of box, open below, and with a place for the men, horses, and

At Franklin Square, in New York, is still another kind of bridge, that flies in one grand leap right over the side street and the elevated railroad, tracks, station, and all. This is a most curious piece of work. At the top is a massive iron beam, formed of iron plates riveted together like a long, narrow box. On the under side is a series of iron rods, placed side by side, and the two parts are joined together by a net-work of iron beams. This is a modern style of bridge, invented since the time railroads were first used. It is quite as interesting as any part of the work, for, while it looks so light and "spidery" for the great weight it has to carry, it is nearly as strong as if made of solid iron.

The method adopted for building these iron bridges over the streets was strange enough. A wooden bridge was built first, and the different parts of the iron work were carried up and put together on top. When the last piece was put in, the wooden bridge was knocked away, and there the iron work stood, light and frail in appearance,

THE END OF THE ANCHORAGE — "THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE, WHERE THE PEOPLE GOING OVER THE BRIDGE SEEM TO LEAVE SOLID GROUND AND WALK OUT INTO THE AIR."

yet so strong that it will endure for long years after we shall have gone to another country.

One of the most curious things about the bridge is the fact that it never stands still. On a warm day in summer it is three feet lower than on a cold night in winter. But the odd thing about it is that the bridge is not touched or apparently changed. The hot sun in July heats the cables, and they expand and stretch, letting the bridge sink down in the center. When the thermometer falls on bitter January nights, the cables shrink and shrink, and the center rises until it is three feet higher above the water than in summer. A lesser change of this kind -

Note the perspective between the cables, and the complicated net-work of crossing lines seen from the promenade. Even the railroad track shows the strangest vistas between the iron-work, the cables, and the suspenders. The latter hang down straight from the cables, but there are also diagonal lines or stays that cross the suspenders, as you will see in the circular picture at the left on page 688.

The insects in the cobweb are men at work painting the wires.

This whole work, bridge, approaches, anchorages, railroads, depots, and all, cost sixteen million dollars in money and thirteen years of time. What is the grand result? Is it worth all this? How many people can use it in a day?

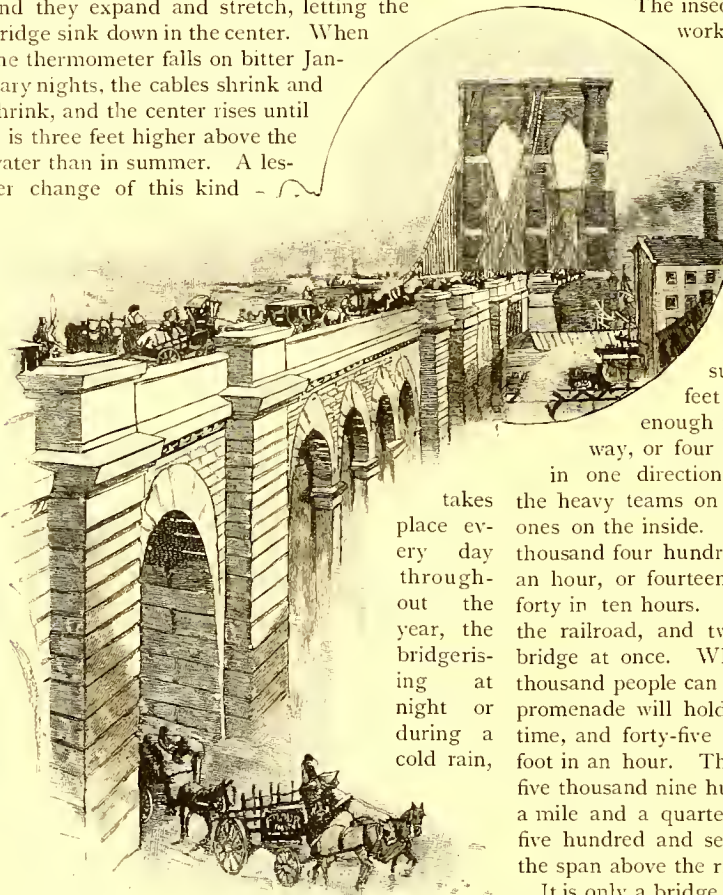
Let us see. On the approaches the bridge is one hundred feet wide. On the suspended part it is eighty-five

feet wide. This gives room

enough for two lines of teams on each way, or four in all. All the teams going

in one direction take the right-hand road, the heavy teams on the outside, and the lighter ones on the inside. The two roads will allow one thousand four hundred and forty teams to pass in an hour, or fourteen thousand four hundred and forty in ten hours. There will be eighty cars on the railroad, and twenty cars can travel on the bridge at once. When all are running, eighty thousand people can cross in an hour. The grand promenade will hold ten thousand people at one time, and forty-five thousand people can cross on foot in an hour. The total length of the walk is five thousand nine hundred and eighty feet (nearly a mile and a quarter), and of this one thousand five hundred and seventy-five feet are included in the span above the river.

It is only a bridge, but should you ever come to New York, you must take pains to see it. Walk over it and all about it. Cross in the ferries, and look up at it from below. Take your ST. NICHOLAS with you, and study it out with the help of the pictures. It will show you that every great work has a meaning. It will help you to see that everywhere in the world men spend their labor on buildings and structures that are for the benefit of all the people. It will show you that there is nothing more honorable than work, nothing more admirable than skill, patience, courage, and knowledge.



NEW YORK ANCHORAGE AND APPROACH.

and stretching and sinking in the warm sunshine.

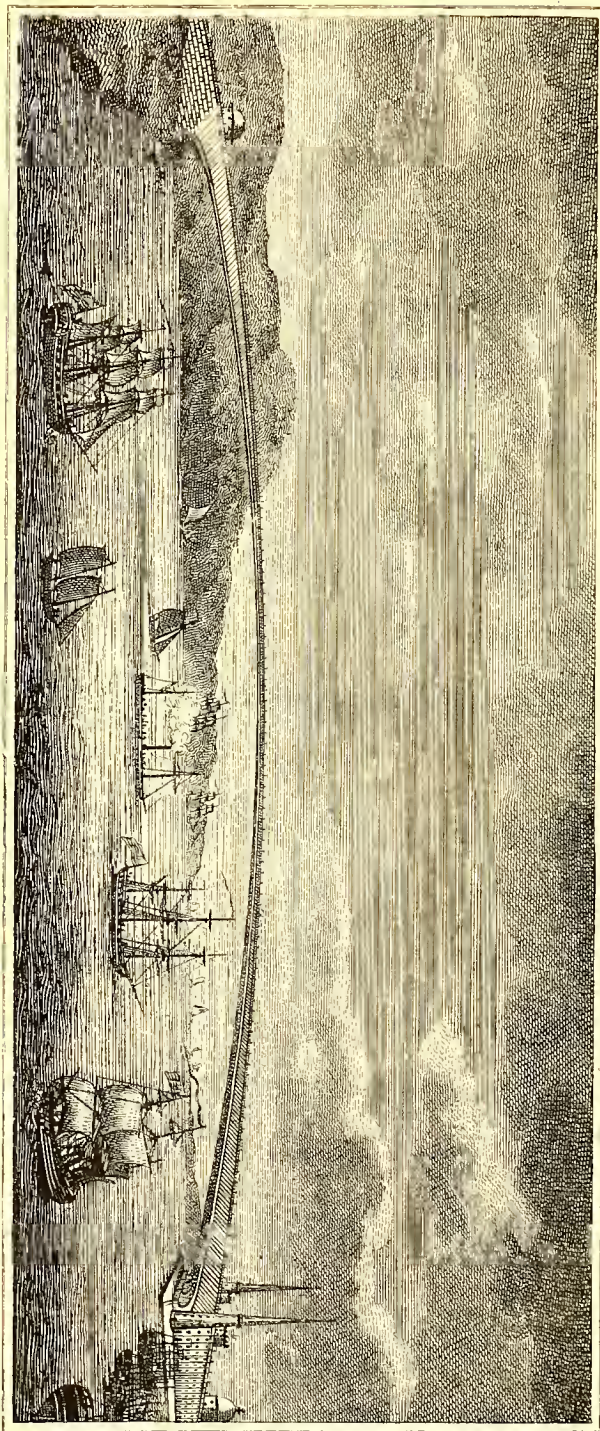
The pictures on page 688 give a good idea of the size of the great bridge. The view over the rooftops shows the grand flying leap the bridge seems to take over the cities and the river. The view from the Fulton ferry-house is one of the best, as it shows the beautiful curve of the roadway between the arches. As you walk over the bridge, the cables and the suspenders make fantastic cobwebs against the sky that change at every step.

ONE of New York's oldest citizens has favored ST. NICHOLAS with the following account of a single-span bridge which was proposed for the East River many years ago :

Perhaps few, if any, of my young readers are aware that any attempt was ever made to bridge the East River from New York to Brooklyn before the present great structure was begun. Yet a plan for bridging the river was made and published as early as 1811 by a Mr. Thomas Pope, an architect, then residing in Canal street, New York, a short distance east of Broadway. (Broadway was not then paved above Canal street, and a stone bridge then crossed the stream that ran through that street to the North River. In front of Mr. Pope's house were green fields, bordering the canal.)

Thomas Pope's specialty was bridge building. He proposed to put one across the river on the line of the present Fulton Ferry boats—namely, from Fulton street, New York, to Fulton street, Brooklyn—a bridge of a single span, sufficiently high for the largest sailing vessels to pass under. Mr. Pope made a model of his bridge, published a book with an engraving of it, and solicited aid to enable him to fulfill his project. Had he succeeded, New York long ago would have had a bridge-way to Brooklyn. But the enthusiastic engineer was doomed to disappointment. Not only was aid denied, but he was assailed with ridicule. No man in his senses, they said, would seriously propose to bridge that river, though, doubtless, if such a thing *could* be done, it would tend to make Brooklyn building-lots quite valuable.

I was a playmate with Mr. Pope's children, saw him often, and have heard many pretty anecdotes of him and his bridge. It is said that he, in company with Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, and a number of other distinguished New-Yorkers, on a certain day made a trip around the city in one of the new steam-boats. The afternoon was



VIEW OF THOMAS POPE'S FLYING-LEVER BRIDGE.

showery, and just as the boat rounded Castle Garden the rain ceased, and there was seen a rainbow spanning the East River. "See there!" says Fulton, tapping Pope on the shoulder, "there's your bridge, Pope. Heaven favors you with a good omen."

The bridge was not built, and the model was probably destroyed—just how, I do not remember, though I was intimate with the family. One account, however, says that a company of gentlemen, including Governor De Witt Clinton, had assembled at Pope's house to view the model of his bridge and see its supporting power tested, for which purpose the model had been set up in the wild, half-cultivated meadows in front of Pope's house, though at some distance from it. While they were

examining the structure, a heavy shower came up. They ran for shelter to Pope's house, where from the windows they could still see the model. Suddenly there was a terrific flash, followed by a heavy crash of thunder which startled all. A moment later, the bridge-model was discovered to be in ruins—hardly two pieces together. The bolt had entirely destroyed it. And Pope's hopes died out with it.

One of his daughters is yet living in Brooklyn, and, through her courtesy, I own a copy of the book already alluded to, which her father wrote and published concerning his proposed bridge.

The engraving which ST. NICHOLAS here shows you is a fac-simile of the frontispiece of that book, a volume which is now very rare.

THE BLUE JAY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

O BLUE JAY up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,—
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these merry fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred,
And then they said: "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VII.
BRASS WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.



Boys and girls can be taught to do many kinds of work which are generally supposed to be quite beyond their power. It is very common to hear the remark: "I have no gift for drawing; none of my children have any talent in that way; it would be time lost for us to try to learn." But the truth is that there is no person who can not in a few weeks or months learn to design decorative art patterns very well, and when this is learned it is easy to

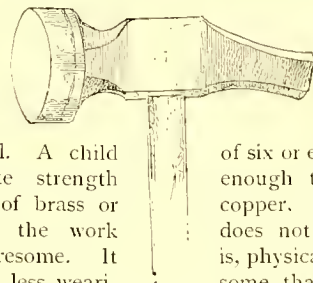
write. To *repousser*, or emboss, or chase (for the process is called by all these names) sheet brass is supposed by many to be very difficult. I am often asked of it, as of wood-carving, if it does not require a great deal of strength and much exertion. The fact is, that in learning both the one and the other, those who make no great effort are the most



MATS AND TRACERS.

master any kind of drawing. There are very few who have any "natural gift" for art. Among five hundred pupils of all ages, I have found only one who had, or seemed to have, a genius for it. But, then, of the five hundred there was not one who could not or did not learn to design, model, carve, embroider, or work in sheet brass.

It is of this latter minor art that I propose to



THE HAMMER.

successful. A child has quite strength a sheet of brass or culty of the work being tiresome. It ing, even less wear- because a girl who is work can rest. her ing. I will explain the process, and render this clear.

of six or eight years enough to emboss copper. The diffi- does not lie in its is, physically speak- some than sewing, engaged in brass- arms while hammer-

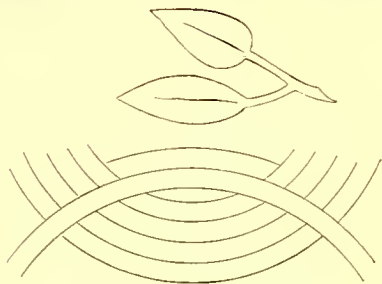
Sheet brass is made in about forty different degrecs of thickness, which are numbered. Thus, eighth brass is less than the eighth of an inch in thickness. The thinnest is not thicker than writing paper. If you take a piece of any of the

thinner kinds, you can indent it deeply with a common pointed stick or even with your thumb-nail. Of course, if you draw a pattern on this with a hard point, and then beat down the ground or the space between the edges of the pattern, your picture will stand up in low relief. To do this well, it is more important not to hit too hard than to make great exertion.

There are two ways of working sheet brass, both of which I will describe. One is to hammer the face alone; the other consists in turning the sheet around and beating the pattern out from behind. This is the true *repousser*, or embossing.

As the first is the easier and the one by which my pupils all begin, I will explain it distinctly before setting forth the other. You have, let us say, a piece of sheet brass. Let it be of No. 25. That is the best thickness for a beginner. Then take a board an inch thick, and screw the brass on it with small screws, set as near the edge as possible. Now you must have two tools, the one a tracer, and the other a mat. They are made of steel, and look like large nails without heads. The tracer has an edge like that of a very dull knife; in fact, it very much resembles a screw-driver. The end of the mat is flat, and is either simply roughened, or else crossed with very fine lines like a seal. The object of the tracer is to mark out the lines of the edge of a pattern; that of the mat is to beat in, and at the same time to roughen, the background. Thus, if the pattern is smooth and in relief while the ground is sunk and irregular, there will be a contrast of light and shade. An ingenious person will always contrive to obtain tools or make them. I have known a lady who, with only a spike nail, filed across the end, and a screw-driver, chased a plaque admirably.

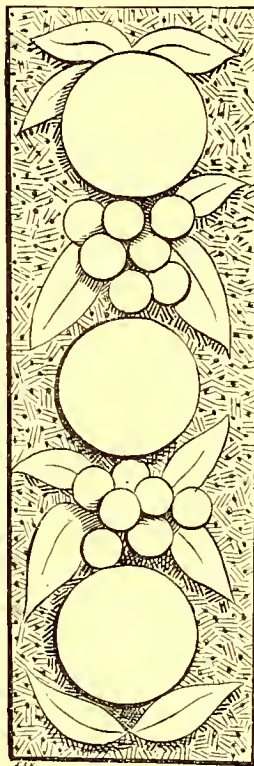
Having screwed a piece of brass down on the board, the pupil may take a lead-pencil and ruler



SIMPLE LINES FOR EARLY PRACTICE.

and draw on it as many parallel lines as he can, about an eighth of an inch apart.

Then let him take the tracer in his left hand, and in his right a small hammer with a broad head, like a shoe-maker's hammer, only much smaller. This is a chasing hammer, made for the purpose.



AN EASY PATTERN.

ing candlestick, or perhaps as one side of a frame.

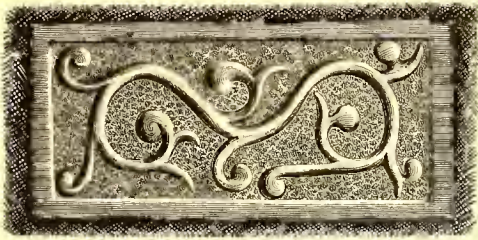
Here is such a pattern. There is an object in making in this pattern so many round objects, such as apples and grapes. Every one of these, in brass, will be a shining ball. In all ordinary work, it is advisable to avoid patterns which have inside lines, such as scales on fishes, hair, etc. Do not attempt any fine work, or picture-making. Decorative art should be looked at from a distance. Most pupils want to begin with designs full of minute details. They do not realize that broad and simple designs are the most elegant. No one, indeed, should attempt to work in brass who can not design patterns. Those who beg or buy them always bungle.

To aid my scholars, I have found it necessary to write a manual of decorative design, and one on sheet-brass work, which have been published. From these the intelligent student may readily learn to draw the simple designs suited to such art.

Now, resting the edge of the tracer on a line, move it along, and, as you move, keep tapping the upper end with the hammer. Continue to do this until you can make a perfect unbroken line. Do not strike too hard. A mere *tap-tap* will answer the purpose. After you can make such a marked straight line, then draw curves, as indicated by the curved lines in the preceding column, and work them out in the same manner.

When you can trace lines perfectly, and not till then, you should begin work. I will suppose that you want a finger-plate for a door, or a piece three inches by nine or twelve, which may serve for a hang-

When the pattern is traced or outlined so that not a break or dot can be seen in it, the pupil takes the mat and indents the background. No great care is necessary for this in certain grounds. It may be done roughly or more evenly. There are different kinds of both mats and tracers, as well as punches for making circles and rounded holes, etc. I have known a professional chaser to have nearly two thousand. The tools of best quality cost thirty cents apiece. It is well to buy from two (which is the least number sold) to six, eight, or ten.*



A SIMPLE DESIGN.

After matting the ground, you next go over the edges with the tracer again, or with a border tool, which is a tracer with the edges made like a very fine saw. Do not be in a hurry, as too many people are, to make a fine piece of work to show as your first effort. It is generally the ignorant who lay great stress on the first attempts in art. I have known scores of people to lose months of work by trying to make show pieces, instead of learning *how* to make them.

In the Philadelphia school there are boys and girls, from twelve to fifteen or sixteen years of age, who can design patterns, carve wood panels, model large and beautiful vases covered with flowers or grotesque figures, and execute sheet-brass work. I have not found their work in any respect inferior to that of adults who had studied art for the same time. And the different arts are so easy that within a few months many pupils can master several of them.

The kind of *repousser* which I have described is called cold hammering on wood. A more advanced process is hammering on pitch, during which the metal is heated from time to time to make it soft. By this means a higher relief can be given to the figures.

The way in which this is effected is as follows: A composition is made of Burgundy pitch, which is melted in a tin skillet, and when fluid is mingled with brick-dust and powdered plaster of Paris, in proportions varying with the hardness required and the time of year. When all is well stirred and mingled, the composition is poured into a bucket

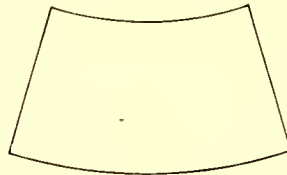
of cold water, and worked by hand into cakes. When needed for use, these cakes are melted and spread in a coat half an inch thick on the board. This process is technically known as "foxing." When the brass is screwed down on this, of course it yields more than wood, and allows a deeper relief to be made.

Hammering the brass hardens it, and the higher the relief the thinner and harder it gets, and the more liable to crack or split it becomes. Therefore, it is placed from time to time on a fire or gas-jet, to soften it. This process is called annealing. It requires some little practice and judgment to anneal well. If after cold hammering on wood any cracks are found in the work, they may be soldered. This is readily done by the tinsmith who makes up the work. That is, after making, let us say, a plate sixteen inches in diameter in a square piece, you send it to a tinsmith, who will cut it round for you, turn the edge over a wire, and solder a ring on the back by which to hang it up. This he should do for from eighteen to twenty-five cents. Any other *repousser* can be made up in like manner. All small brass articles that are to be handled require it, just as do those made from tin.

Beginners should not think of using the pitched, or annealing brass until they can work it cold on wood. Brass costs at retail from thirty-five to forty cents a pound; the tools, with a hammer and board and screws, less than two dollars. Of course, as the young artist advances, he will need more mats and tracers.

Now, it will be worth while to consider what objects may be made of sheet brass.

A plaque or a round plate is easily made, and may be used as a platter on which to serve fruit. Or you can make a square plate, which, according to its size, may be



SHAPE OF A CASE FOR FLOWER-POT.

set either in a cabinet, in a box, in the back of a chair, a clock, a sofa, or anywhere that a flat and ornamented surface is needed. Again, a square piece of ornamented sheet brass can be made by any smith into a cylindrical cup, which would look well anywhere. Boxes of sheet brass are well adapted to hold wooden boxes of flowers, and outer cases for flower-pots are quite effective. The sheet for a flower-pot cover is of the shape shown above. It will also, if made narrower, serve for a tankard or cannon-shaped goblet or can. A square piece, with the sides sloped or cut away, will "make up" into a coal-scuttle. Narrow strips can be set in picture-

* The name of the publisher of Mr. Leland's manuals, and the address of an experienced dealer in tools for brass-work, will be furnished by ST. NICHOLAS, upon application.

frames. Quivers are useful to hold canes and parasols. A very common and very pretty object is a brass-covered pair of bellows. Cups can be bought ready made of brass. These can be filled with the pitch-cement, and worked on the outside.

that time there are no other classes in the building to be disturbed.

It is a very natural question for every one to ask: "How can I sell my work when it is done? Who will buy it?" For many months, I have been



AT WORK.

The din which is made by a dozen boys and girls hammering sheet brass all at once together is appalling. Therefore, in our school, Saturday afternoon is set apart specially for this work. At

in the daily receipt of letters from every corner of our country, asking me where the writers can sell their manufactures. People who have never seen a piece of brass work, but who have heard about

it, "think they would like to learn if it would pay," and write to know if I will find them purchasers. This is very much as if one should ask an artist who buys his pictures, or a grocer how to sell sugar. If anybody living could tell exactly where anything could be sold, half the world would at once rush to sell. I have had many pupils who have sold their brass work, and some who have made a great deal of money by it, but I do not believe that even they could help any one else to sell. As I see their plaques and panels about town in shops, I know that they find dealers to dispose of them.

But, after all, the main object of learning to work in metal, or wood, or clay should not be to at once make money but to learn to use the hands and brains. The boy or girl who learns to design patterns, and work them out, is not only prepared by so doing for some more serious occu-

pation, but also becomes cleverer intellectually. If we take two boys or girls of the same age and of the same brain power, and give them the same book-studies, but allow one to occupy part of his leisure in learning to draw and work brass, while the other spends an equal amount of time in aimless amusement, it will be found, at the end of a year or two, that the former is by far the cleverer of the two. There is no doubt that such pursuits, while they are as interesting as any play, also improve the mind.

I suppose that, among the thousands who will read this article, there will be many who will like to learn to design patterns for brass work and then to execute them in the metal. Those who intend to do so will find that it will save much expense, and that they will advance far more rapidly, should they form a club, association, or school for the purpose.

SILK CULTURE FOR GIRLS.*

BY C. M. ST. DENYS.

CAN not girls raise silk as well as boys?

"Yes, *better*," says a girl who ought to know, for she has been raising silk herself for two years. "Of course, boys can feed the worms as well as girls; but when it comes to handling the delicate fibers, for reeling or other purposes, the girls have the advantage, because their fingers are more delicate. But most girls would rather embroider or paint on silk than raise it. I tell you, they don't know how interesting silk-raising is. I've been at it two years, and it grows more and more interesting to me every day."

This particular girl has a brisk step, and such bright eyes, clear complexion, and rosy cheeks as would set you wondering if she had not washed her face in May dew.

It seems she began raising silk when she was thirteen years old. At that time she was very fond of reading, and spent so much time poring over her books that her eyes were in danger of being injured. Her father, to prevent this, sought to occupy her with silk-worms; and now she has become so interested in silk that she devotes all her time to the subject.

As her family lived in the heart of the city, where there were no mulberry trees, she and her father used to start out at four o'clock every morning in the feeding-season and walk to the park, to gather fresh leaves for her worms.

This little girl's father helped her very kindly.

He made frames for her to cover with nets for her feeding-trays; and, after awhile, actually moved to a house nearer the park, so that she would not have so far to go for the mulberry leaves. So now they have only a mile to go, and need not start on their morning walk till about five o'clock. "To be sure, one runs the risk of malaria by such habits," she owned: "but then we always eat something before we start, which greatly lessens the danger."

The young silk-raiser has her room full of curiosities connected with the silk industry. It is interesting to note the difference between the boys' silk-room and this one. The boys' place looks like a real work-room, without much attempt at ornament. The girl's, on the contrary, looks like a little parlor with her collection of silk products tastefully arranged on the mantel, on tables, and in glass cases. The walls are hung with painted silk screens, with photographs of patrons of the silk cause, and letters of distinguished people who have been interested in her work. There is no reason why a boy's room should not look as neat and pretty as a girl's, and it is very seldom that girls devote too much attention to the ornamental, and not enough to the useful.

"All these things were sent as presents," said the young silk-raiser. "You see, I have orders for silk-worms' eggs constantly coming in from all parts of the country, so I have a great deal of cor-

respondence, and I make a great many friends that I never could have made in any other way. They send me these things either as gifts or in exchange."

There was a box of cocoons of wild silk, spun by the oak-feeding worms of the north of China, of which pongee is made, the light brown color characteristic of this goods being observable in the cocoon. Beside it lay an oak-leaf from the park, to which clung a cocoon spun by one of our native silk-moths. There were jars of cocoons raised by a boy of eight years, and by girls of thirteen and fourteen. There was a silk fishing-line of a pretty ultramarine tint, twisted so tight and smooth that it seemed almost as stiff and elastic as fine steel wire.

"That was made by a Georgia lady from silk produced by eggs I sent her," explained our informant. "She makes silk fishing-lines, for sale, and supplies all the men and boys in her neighborhood.

"This satin book-marker," she continued, "with the bunch of violets painted on it, was sent to me by a girl in the neighborhood; and this little screen was painted for me by an Ohio girl who is nearly blind. I value it all the more for that; but a person with good eyesight need not have been ashamed of it. But just look at these Chinese gauze screens, covered with hand-painted flowers. If that work had been done in this country it would have cost an immense sum, but we can import them at a very low price. That little model of a reel worked by Chinese figures was sent to me from a fair, and these cotton pods, closed and open, with the snowy cotton bursting out, were sent from Louisiana.

"Here is something I value highly—two bits of ribbon, labeled, 'Economy, Pa., 1832.' So, you see, as long ago as that, German emigrants made silk in this country. It is very hard to get a piece of this rare silk."

So she went on showing one interesting thing after another. There were specimens of silk in almost every form—loose, reeled, spun, twisted, woven, embroidered, cases of gay sewing-silk, wreaths of flowers of silk thread stretched on wires, and hanks of silk that looked like lovely silver-gray hair. Over the cases hung a placard with the words, "See what a worm can do." And I thought to myself that it might have said just as truthfully, "See what a girl can do."

One of the most striking objects in the room was a tall stand on which were displayed long, flowing bunches of silk of all the natural tints, from cream color to a bright yellow, which looked like the treasured tresses, flaxen or sunny gold, of so many fair maidens.

But the most valued treasures of this silk-enthusiast are displayed on the walls. Conspicuous among them is a note of thanks from Miss Mollie Garfield, saying: "Both my mamma and I are much interested in the cocoons and other specimens you sent us. We think you must be a very enterprising girl."

There, too, hangs her diploma, awarded by the State Agricultural Fair.

"I value that more than any money prize," she said, "for I can keep it always to show. I suppose it was given to me because I was so young more than for any other reason, for I had just begun silk-raising then and had n't much to show—just some eggs and cocoons in a little frame. Here is the very jar of silk I sent, labeled, 'Silk raised and reeled on her fingers by a little girl thirteen and a half years old.' I think I would go through fire and water to save that diploma. I have a fine reel now that was made in Philadelphia and given to me. There it stands in the corner. I had the water-pan made by a tinman and fitted on this old sewing-machine stand. When I use it, I set a lamp under the pan to heat the water. But I don't reel very much, only in the winter, because I keep most of my cocoons for eggs."

"Where do you feed your worms in the rearing season?" we asked.

"Right here in this room," she replied. "But as they grow we have to spread them out over three rooms, though our frames are five stories high—that is, there are five tiers of trays. I raise so many worms now that my father and two brothers have to help me carry home leaves for them every morning, and sometimes the boys have to go again in the evening. But it is only for a few days that the worms eat so much."

"It seems strange that there are not a great many other girls interested in silk as you are," we remarked.

"Yes, it does," said she. "I suppose there are some in different parts of the country. But in the city it is not easy to get mulberry leaves; and city girls who have to earn their living seem to prefer working in factories or stores to taking the trouble to help themselves by silk-raising. Now, I like it so much I would n't change it for any other employment. There is so much variety in it—so much that is interesting to learn about it; though it does n't take very much knowledge to raise silk. I've put all the necessary information in my instruction book. Have n't you seen it? It is in the third edition now."

Last year, a lame girl I know, who lives with her mother in a country village where there are a few mulberry-trees growing near the house, thought she would try raising silk. So she bought a dol-

lar's worth of eggs and a little instruction book, and began with her trays spread on the sitting-room table. At first, it was nothing but fun to watch the queer little brown things feeding. But they soon grew so large and ate so much that she was obliged to spread them out more and more, till they occupied two or three rooms instead of one table, and it kept the little lame girl and her mother both busy gathering leaves to satisfy their appetites.

But, by the end of six weeks, they had all done feeding and spun their little silken covers and gone to sleep. The lame girl had a fine lot of cocoons.

which she sold for twenty-seven dollars, and felt that she was well paid for her trouble. Besides, she got honorable mention at the grand silk fair at St. George's Hall, which was something to be proud of. So she bought four dollars' worth of eggs for the next season, hoping to make four times as much money.

I wish more girls would try silk-raising. I think you would enjoy it, girls. If it is not practicable for you to belong to a silk association, you can raise silk just as well by yourselves. But I should like to hear of a Girls' Silk-Culture Club ready to begin work next season.

MADE BY A SILK-WORM.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

MOST of the many boys and girls who already own or who intend to own silk-worms will be glad to know of a way by which the silk-spinning powers of the little creature may be turned to account so as to produce immediate results.

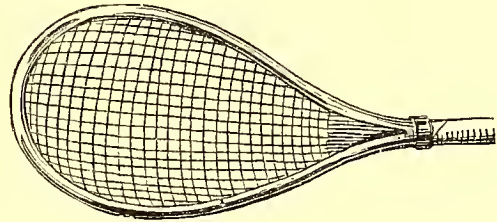
The formation of the cocoon, the reeling of the raw silk, and the final weaving into the finished sheet of silk are not only processes requiring considerable time and skill, but are, all of them, usually carried on without the assistance of the young silk-raiser. Or even if he reel off the silk from the cocoon himself, he will be little likely to attempt weaving it into cloth.

There is a way of contriving, however, so that the silk-worm will itself save you the time of its own house-building and spare you the trouble of reeling and weaving. It can, in fact, be made to produce for you, under your own supervision, a piece of beautiful, golden silk. Nor is this all: it will even shape the silk and fasten it to a fan, a tambourine, or to any other similar frame; provided, of course, that the silk-yielding capacity of the worm be not overtaxed.

The method of accomplishing this result is a very simple one, though, like many other simple things, it is not commonly known. Very many Chinese ladies, however, know it, and make use of it to divert the weary hours they usually spend in idleness.

When the worm is full-grown, and has filled its reservoir with the silk-making material, it is ready to build its house or cocoon. This you must not

permit it to do. It must instead be placed on a common Japanese fan, of the battledore or lawn-tennis bat shape.



Nature tells the worm that it must spin—spin a cocoon if possible, but spin anyhow. If permitted to have its own way, it will build on the flat surface of the fan; but if prevented, it will wander from side to side of the little platform, spinning all the while its wonderful silken thread, fastening it at the edges, and in the end covering the whole surface with a closely woven golden web almost as tough as parchment.

In relating this fact, however, we must, at the same time, impress upon the young silk-culturist that, if he tries this experiment, it had better be with only two or three worms, and that it would be wrong and cruel to divert many of the little creatures from their proper work of cocoon-making, for the sake of the ornamental fan-covers they might be made to supply. Though the result is, of course, interesting, it is decidedly not for this purpose that you are supposed to keep silk-worms.

A CONVENTION OF AMATEUR JOURNALISTS.

BY H. H. BALLARD.

THE next annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association is to be held in New York City, in July. These gatherings of enthusiastic journalists attract more and more attention, and serve to make known in widening circles the character and purposes of the N. A. P. A. Some notion of what the coming meeting will be may be gained perhaps by a glance at the members composing last year's convention as they were assembled in the New Era Hall, of Detroit, Michigan, on July 14th, 1882. Our cut is engraved from a photograph taken at that time. Although the photograph is unfortunately indistinct, it is evident that it represents a group of thoughtful boys and young men, who believe in their "cause," and who are ready to work for it.

The convention gave promise of much good for the Association, and, looking back over the history of the year, we can see that the promise has been fulfilled. The ranks of the society have been extended; many new papers have been started; the wings of the older ones have grown stronger for flight, and the general character of the papers has been raised. We note with pleasure a more manly ring in editorials, a fairer tone in critical reviews, a growing freedom from personalities, as well as higher order of literary work and better mechanical execution.

Reports of the Detroit meeting from several widely separated sources show that it was, on the whole, one of the most harmonious and satisfactory ever held. We have read, with considerable interest, detailed accounts of the political campaigns which preceded the convention, and have traced through bulky files of amateur journals the inception and development of the several parties there represented—all of which study has strengthened the belief expressed in a former article, that amateur elections are conducted with fairness and good nature, and that candidates are nominated mainly from confidence in their ability, and elected by honorable and manly methods of voting. The history of a campaign is something like this: Soon after an annual election (if not long before!) some bright, and distant-future-scanning editor, with a taste for wielding pen-power, runs carefully over his exchanges, and makes a mental estimate of his contemporaries.

(And very much can be learned of an amateur editor from a single number of his paper. Is its general appearance attractive? Is its face clean? Are its hands washed? Are its eyes wide open?

Can it hit heavy and honest blows? Is it truthful, modest, pure, sensible, bright?)

Having decided from such mental view of many papers that Pungent Pepperpot, the editor of the *Capsicum*, is likely to prove a popular and capable president, he proceeds to throw among his next week's editorials some such tentative remark as "Did any gentleman mention Pepperpot for our next president?" or to suggest that "Among those who were most active in the late campaign, none displayed more unselfish enthusiasm, or showed more marked ability, than the editor of the sprightly and well-written *Capsicum*."

Without waiting to see whether this little seed will sprout or not, our young politician next sits down and writes to a score of brother editors in different sections, and asks in varied phrase of each whether he has yet made up his mind regarding the proper man to fill the presidential chair at the expiration of the current year. He gently intimates that, if no other name has been proposed, it would be an excellent plan to unfurl the flag of Pepperpot. These letters dispatched, another must be written to no less distinguished a personage than Pungent Pepperpot himself, offering to "work" for him from date. As soon as three or four favorable responses are returned, a committee is organized, consisting of members judiciously sprinkled over the several points of the mariner's compass.

The work of the committee is then fully mapped out, and a "net-work of correspondence" is carried on in all directions.

A good plan is to have all members of the committee concentrate a fusilade of political epistles upon a doubtful amateur, so that upon the same day he may receive, by a strange coincidence, letters from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, all pointing out the critical point in its history upon which Amateurdome is now quivering, and demonstrating that the only person who can possibly place it in a position of permanent perpendicularity is Pungent Pepperpot.

Few can withstand this. Letters begin to flow toward the committee, to the following effect:

"Regarding Pepperpot, I will work for him, and give him all my influence.
SAMUEL SCRIBBLER."

"I am solid for P. P.

WM. WRITWELL."

"I shall be exceedingly happy to render you any aid that lies in my power to bring about the election of Pepperpot.

"EDWARD EDITSON."

But by this time some other politician has become aware of the danger which threatens the Associa-

tion if it allows the fiery and impetuous Pepperpot to gain the highest office in the gift of the N. A. P. A., and by substantially similar methods he rapidly organizes a boom for Zachary Zero, who edits the monthly *Teicle*. Now the fun begins. As kernels of corn over a hot fire, so paper after paper pops out in favor of one or the other of the rival nominees. Histories of each appear, introduced with eye-compelling head-lines, and illustrated with portraits or caricatures of the candidates. The Pepperpotists ridicule the chill indifference of the Zeroites, who in turn criticise the dangerous heat and fierce passions of their opponents. "Shall Amateurdum bare its back tamely to receive an application of capsicum?" "Better that, a thousand-fold, than to face the fearful fate of freezing in an untimely grave," is the undaunted reply.

As the time for the convention approaches, the interest deepens. Other candidates appear, letters of acceptance and of declination see the light, noses are counted, and estimates of attendance are made. The records of the rivals are searched for evidences of literary skill, editorial power, political penetration, honorable "stands," and general popularity on the one side; and, on the other, for proofs of incapacity or plagiarism, of weakness or narrowness of mind, indirect methods, and general impracticability. Finally, on the eve of the election, caucuses are held, speeches made, members button-holed, pledges circulated, promises given, and after the crisis is over and the photographs paid for, the next month is devoted to explaining how, if Pepper-

pot had not resigned on the very edge of victory, and if Zero had only rallied his men with more of his rival's ardent but flagging zeal, it never could have happened that the hitherto unknown editor of the *Wayback Waif* should have been quietly accepted as a compromise candidate, and triumphantly elected almost by acclamation.

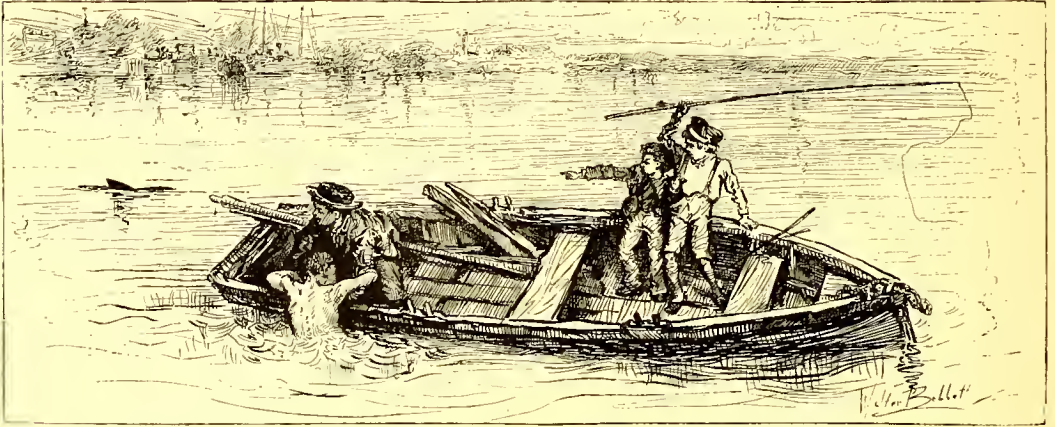
In concluding this sketch, we wish distinctly to state that it is not designed to represent under the fiery and frosty appellations of Pepperpot and Zero any of the gentlemen who were actually in the field during the campaign of 1882, which reached its climax at Detroit; nor to indicate by the name of *Wayback Waif* the paper of him who was really chosen president. In fact, last year it was not a "dark horse" that won, but a gentleman who, during most of the campaign, was generally felt to be the proper one for the place.

It was our plan to enter somewhat in detail into an account of last year's convention; but as the minor incidents of friendly greetings, eager caucuses, and ballot-counting are of interest mainly to the actors in chief, and as such a course, moreover, would cause us to thread our way through an intricate maze of dangerous personalities, we must content ourselves with congratulating the Association on its manly and dignified representation at Detroit. Those of my readers who are desirous of a closer acquaintance with the workings of the N. A. P. A., or who wish to enroll themselves among its members and attend the July convention in New York City, should address Mr. F. A. Grant, South Gardner, Mass.



“A SHARK IN SIGHT.”—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.*

BY JOHN PECK, JR. (AGED 15).



ALTHOUGH we Sandersville boys had lived all our lives within sight of the ocean, yet we did not grow tired of the sea, and never were so happy as when fishing in its depths, or rowing about over its throbbing bosom.

Almost every pleasant Saturday a party of us would charter old sailor Bob's ancient and weather-beaten boat, and spend the whole or a part of the day in fishing, or in the oft-repeated but ever pleasant task of exploring the shores of the bay in the vicinity of the village.

One bright July afternoon, four of us—Dan Blockly, George Davis, Benny Temple, and myself—secured the “Dandy” (never was there a boat that bore a name more unsuited to its appearance), and set out for a few hours' enjoyment.

Rowing over to Rock Island, as a large cluster of huge bowlders was called, that showed their black heads above their white collars of snowy sea-foam, about two miles distant from the village, we landed upon them, and rigged our lines.

Rock Island and its vicinity was noted as a good angling ground, and we enjoyed fine sport; and not until the sun began to hide itself behind the hills back of the village did we enter our boat.

As we rowed slowly homeward, we could not help admiring the beauty and clearness of the waters of the bay, which were as smooth and transparent as glass.

“I declare, boys, I must take a swim,” said Dan, at length. And hastily slipping off his clothes, he leaped overboard. “I tell you, fellows, the water is just right—neither too warm nor too cold.”

Dan swam round and round, the boat, diving,

swimming on his back, treading, and doing all the feats which boys delight in performing, and at last darted away at a lively rate, laughingly telling us that he would reach the beach before we would.

We were about to seize the oars and prove to his satisfaction that three boys in a boat can travel much more rapidly than one boy in the water, when Benny Temple called our attention to something that was speeding through the water toward the swimmer. “What is it?” asked Ben.

I had not the remotest idea what it was, until I heard George utter an exclamation of astonishment and fear, and then shout: “Dan! Dan! come back here, quick! There's a shark in sight!”

The boy addressed was some distance from the boat, but his friend's words came to his ears with terrible distinctness. For an instant he remained motionless, then turned and struck out for the boat.

Never have I seen a person swim with more speed than Dan exhibited that day. He was an excellent swimmer, and, fully comprehending his peril, he plowed desperately through the water, leaving a trail of foam and bubbles in his wake as he strained every muscle to reach the boat.

As for ourselves, we never thought of the oars, but remained motionless in the “Dandy,” terror-stricken, watching the race.

Suddenly the shark disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Our excitement and anxiety were now more intense than before, for we did not know how near the voracious monster might be to our friend, or at what moment he might be crushed in the jaws of the huge and blood-thirsty fish.

Nearer and nearer came Dan, and at last he

*See the Committee's Report, page 713.

grasped the side of the boat, and in a moment more was pulled on board.

Sarcely had he been drawn from the water, when the shark appeared at the side of our craft; but his prey had escaped him. For a moment he regarded us intently with his cunning, wicked-looking eyes, then swam slowly around the boat and disappeared.

It was one of the species of white sharks, or man-eaters, which are found in all seas. They swim

very rapidly, and usually near the surface of the water. This one, though scarcely twenty feet long, appeared a very monster to us. Its body was white below, gradually fading to a light brown above. Its mouth, as is usual in fish of this species, was on the under-side of its head, and was set with two rows of sharp, ugly-looking teeth.

It was a fearful and repulsive thing to look at, and I dare say it will be a long time before any of us forget the shark or the fright it gave us.

ROBERT BURNS.—A PRIZE COMPOSITION.

BY MARION SATTERLEE (AGED 15).

THE violet blooms both at the door of the lowly cottage and at the gate of the palace; so genius is found in the plowman as well as in the peer.

A striking instance of this is Robert Burns.

In the hamlet of Alloway, in Ayrshire, Scotland, a farmer, one William Burns, built with his own hands a cottage, a picture of which is now before us, doubtless himself making the little window through which the sun, veiled by the mists of a

land and from far across the sea, who had come to visit his early home and carry away with them a pressed flower from the threshold of him whose spirited battle-cry or whose tender love-songs had stirred their hearts.

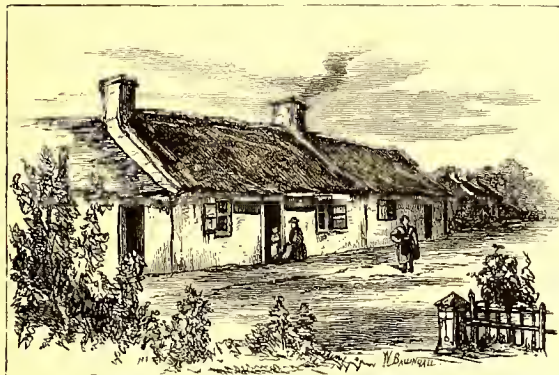
But it was with Burns as with many others before him: all this came too late. The statues and monuments raised in his memory, the biographies and essays written about him, the choice editions of his works, could not lift the great load of care and sordid poverty which made him prematurely old, and crushed out the life and buoyancy of his warm, passionate, proud heart.

Burns was born a plowman, but also a poet; as a farmer, he could not succeed; his poet soul took wings and soared far beyond the lowly calling to which he had been born. He was continually falling in love, and constantly broke out into song to some Jean, or Mary, or Nannie, who had been captivated by his dark eyes and eloquent tongue; and then his tender heart sang even about the little trifling things that he daily saw around him, such as a daisy or field-mouse's nest.

With such a nature, strive as he might, both ends would not meet, and in a fit of despondency Burns resolved to set out for the West Indies and to say farewell, perhaps forever, to his loved Scotland.

It must have been a moment of overwhelming joy to the poet, because so entirely unsuspected, when he first learned that he was famous, and that distinguished men and cultivated women were eagerly reading his recently published poems and inquiring for the gifted author.

A time of brightness now seems to have come to him; but his nature was an exceptional one: impetuous and ardent, moderation was impossible to him. He found himself at home in society such as he had never enjoyed before; but the enjoyment could not last long. During his stay in Edinburgh he acquired only a thirst for drink and a desire for



January morning in the year 1759, first shone into the birthplace of Robert Burns.

Here, at Alloway, in his boyhood, the stalwart figure of the future poet became a familiar sight to the simple farmers of the neighborhood, as he followed his plow and hummed over as he went some quaint old Scottish air, or sat at his father's table, devouring, at one and the same time his midday meal and some favorite book. Few of his associates, however, could have dreamed that, in after years, the little clay-built cottage would bear an inscription, proudly stating that there had been the birthplace of Robert Burns, the poet; and that the walls, the wood-work, and even the tables in the principal room of the house, would be covered with the names of travelers from all parts of Scot-

fame, neither of which tastes were likely to render his quiet after-life at Ellisland, where he retired in 1788, either a peaceful or a happy one. As combined farmer, exciseman, and poet, he did not prosper any better than in his earlier days. But in spite of his want of success, he might have been happy on his secluded farm, with his wife (Jean Armour) and his children; but his now uneventful life soon became irksome to him. It was not, however, of long duration: he died at the early age of thirty-

seven, after a short, sad life, full of disappointments and cares.

That the character of Burns was faulty, and that his too impulsive nature led him into frequent excesses, can not be denied; but that his heart was a great one, and that many of his aspirations were noble, can not be denied also. And it is with a feeling of affectionate interest that we turn to the humble cottage which, as the birthplace of Robert Burns, has become forever a hallowed spot.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES C. HOLENSHADE (AGED 13).

ROBERT BURNS was born in Scotland:
He was a farmer lad—
His lot in life to guide the plow,
In simple homespun clad.

He dined on cheese and oaten cake,
Or buttermilk and porridge.
And breakfasted on plain pease broth,
But longed for fame and knowledge.

He must have had a tender heart,
For in the field one day
A mouse's nest was overturned—
The creature ran away.

Then Robert wrote a little rhyme,
Quite pitiful and kind,
Bewailing the poor beastie's fate.
That showed the Poet mind;

Because, you see, a common boy
Would sure have chased the beast,
With savage yells and whirling stones,
Till out of sight at least.

And once, while seated in the church,
A lady proud and gay,
Close to him sat with scornful look,
Too frivolous to pray.

Perchance upon his homespun clothes,
Or sturdy brogans coarse,
Her scornful glances fell askance
With irritating force.

He must have thought her conduct coarse,
Unladylike, and strange,
For, moralizing o'er the fact,
Right quaintly did arrange

That well-known phrase with sense so true:
"Could we as others see us
But see ourselves, the gift, indeed,
From much that 's ill would free us!"

The merry pranks of "Halloween,"
So many years ago,
He pictures to our minds until
We long to do just so.

And surely Tam O'Shanter's mare
The lesson must convey,
That round one's house at night is far
The safest place to stay.

"The twa dogs'" long and friendly chat
Impresses on the mind
That e'en in selfish idleness
No happiness we 'll find.

His cheery heart must sore have been
The day he penned, forlorn,
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

How many men and women, too,
In life's hard struggle drear,
"A man's a man for a' that" has
Unto them given cheer!

His words for o'er a century
Have given hope and pleasure
To hopeless men, to hapless men;
Made better men of leisure.

He may have often dropped the plow,
At rhyming to take turns;
Mind, every boy that drops the plow
Can't be a Robert Burns!

THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.*

AS STATED in our Letter-Box last month, many hundreds of compositions have been received in response to our invitation on page 474 of the April number of ST. NICHOLAS. Of these, the two which seem to our Committee the best on their respective subjects, taking all points of the contest into consideration, are: "A Shark in Sight," by John Peck, Jr., and "Robert Burns," by Marion Satterlee.

Another paper on Robert Burns, written in verse by James C. Holenshad, aged twelve years, is so good, in spite of some faulty lines, that we yield to the temptation

to print it with the two already named. Payment, at the rate promised, has been sent, with our thanks, to the three young authors.

It must, however, be said that, as in the case of the "Tiger" competition (see page 235 of ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1883), the difficulty of selecting the best has been very great; and, as before, our sense of justice demands a long Roll of Honor, giving the names of those whose efforts in composition are too praiseworthy to be passed by without acknowledgment.

ROLL OF HONOR.

"A SHARK IN SIGHT."

Lottie A. Best—Carrie Lash—Will von Moody—Addie W. Bunnell—Alice P. Pendleton—R. K. Saxe—Claribel Moulton—Alice Dillingham—William Dana Orcutt—Amy Mothershead—Louise M. Knight—Peter Wade Chance—Fiddie Sabin—Hortense E. Martin—Lizzie B. Robertson—L. T. Van Santvoord—Marion Clara Smith—Edna Morse—Emma Hall—C. Louise Higgins—Gertrude Halladay—Nellie Tunnicliff—Pet Ennis—Edgar T. Keyser—Horace Wylie—Hugo Diemer—Bessie Holmes—Nellie Glass—Kate M. Bott—Geo. D. Moore—Flora Rawson—Charles T. Shider—Paul R. Towne—Orville H. Leonard—Angelo Hall—Helen B. Pendleton—Richard Payson—Dudley Garst—Harry Houck—Minerva Primm—Alex. Heron Davison—Virginia M. Reid—William Lamping—Caroline D. Elmendorf—Hilda E. Ingalls—Hallie Metcalf—Charles C. Brown—Minnie M. Wait—Harry V. Army—Wallie Wilson—May Manny—Mamie Leverich—John F. Fairchild—Mamie E. Page—Edith D. Cooper—Louise Hobby—Gertrude Bemis—Julius K. Schaefer—Arthur C. Hobart—Annie E. Lewis—Charles F. Shaw—Mary A. Fletcher—Lightfoot Meredith—Gracie Q. Bird—Mattie W. Baxter—Rosemary Baum—Genevieve Harvey—Phillips Carner—Sue D. Huntington—Milan E. Goodrich—Henry Channing Church—Carrie C. Howard—Dimple Robertson—Julia T. Pember—Lutie R. Shippey—Flossie Paul—Fred. Russell—May Gearhart—Bessie Howe—Bertha M. Sears—Henrietta Hulskamp—Martha Kennar—May Winston—D. O. Sullivan—Louise H. Lawrence—Stark R. Sweeney—Susie M. Higgins—Bardie Byrne—Katie H. Elliott—Bessie P. Sutphen—Lyle M. Foote—Reginald I. Brasher—"Woodpecker"—Truman J. Purdy—R. N.—Harry W. George—Millie G. King—Charles Lee Faries—Carrie Malen—Paul W. Brown—Lilian Scott—Josephine Kernochan—George C. Baker—Ethelind Richards—Elizabeth Pendleton—Helen G. Dawley—Clara B. Pitts—Percy F. Jamieson—Glenn J. Bowker—Andrew H. Pattison—Mary Sherman—Julie E. Avulhe—Mary Redline—E. W. Mumford—Bessie Dolfield—Aileen O'Donnell—Mary L. Barnett—Corina A. Shattuck—Harold Stebbins—Edith King Vezin—K. M. M.—Ernest Peabody—George Robinson—Stuart M. Beard—John S. Aukeny—Eva G. Hunt—Jennie C. Kissam—Thomas L. Thurber—Helen H. Baldwin—Caro Hodges—Helen M. Slade—Willie B. Trites—Evelyn P. Willing—Bessie A. Jackson—Mabel Florence Noyes—Edna Wheeler—F. Louis Grammer—A. L. Walter—Mable G. Guion—M. C. D.—Samuel Herbert Fisher—Harriet Langdon Pruyn—R. H. Caley—M. B.—L. Mabel Newman—Paul Clagstone—Vincent Zdrovski—Willie E. Galloway—Walter M. Arnold—S. F. Riches—John MacCracken—Kittie R. Kipp—Harrison Hall Schaff—Florence A. Pool—Violet A. Todd—Mary Helen Ritchie—W. Martin—A. E. Cotrel—Fauline Lattimore—E. W.—Maude Pike—Charles Richardson—"Honor Bright"—M. Louise Grozier—J. C. Loos—Lillie MacVolland—Emma L. Flagg—May B. Gray—Mary B. Boyd—Herbert P. Morton—Mary Yeager—Belle I. Miller—Magella Pool—E. M. Perry—George Shepard—Bessie Carroll—Effe Lovell—Lulie Stockton—Abbie Scott—Nellie A. Freeman—Maude Graves—Margaret G. Spring—Pearl McColl—E. C. Armstrong—Alice J. Allen—Martie Le R. Stoddard—Orie Stevens—George James Bayles—Annie Blanton—James R. Allen—Samuel Parry—Ralph W. Newcomb—Nora Brewer—William H. Allen—Lizzie Beecher—George S. Mason—Georgia A. Capen—Ed. Munger—Blackford Mills Condit—Gertrude E. Bromfield—Ned Pierson—Eugenia Winston—Clarence H. Newton—Harry C. Nesbit—Sarah M. Roberts—Eleanor McFetridge—Blanche M. Henszey—Alexander Whiteside, Jr.—Geo. Candee Gale—R. M. Hotaling—Margaret Brent—E. Heydon Baker—Grace Barstow—Louis M. Bishop—Warren P. Sheldon—Elliott Forsyth—Lulu T.—Arthur M. Dennis—Augustus L. Craig—Archie B. Jennings—L. E. Smalley—Alice B. Wilbur—Eddie Chenevert—Perry M. Rible—En. L. Hodgdon—Henry A. Bull—Edward Thomas—Minnie A. Olds—Frank Lee—Bessie Hall—Philp Ferris—Zoe E. Hulby—Mary M. Hears—Robert D. Jenks—Letand S. Boruck—Sada Tomlinson—Frederic Wm. Bailey—Helen M. Perkins—Shelton Fleetwood—Margarita Grace—Elenia Maria Grace—Emily Geiger—George Whipple—Harry Patterson—Lizzie Williams—C. R. Hervey—Theo. A. Straus—Nimmo F. Pettis—Henry F. Peake—Edmund A. Bunnham—Lizzie Warren La Mont—Willie C. Cook—Mamie Tomkinson—Lizzie S. Peabody—Mary E. Nichols—Gertie Hard—Mary Leiraux—Mabel A. J. Cornish—Theron A. Harmon—Sarah Gruntal—Miriam Gutman—Helen C. McCleary—H. V. De Hart—Andy Colvin—"Sandpiper"—Annie Armstrong—Fred A. Brady—Josie Biglow—Harry E. Witmer—Henrietta Van Cleve—Walter A. Walmesley—Fanny L. Van Cleve—"Rexie"—John Rogers Gaum—Addie House—Mabelle L. Parker—S. M. Muncaster—Fred S. Elliott—Fred. Mersil—Wm. McDowell—Jas. F. Berry—Wm. C. Henry—Annie E. Frazer—Willie C. Perry.

"ROBERT BURNS."

Mabel Ciley—Calvin W. Gibbs—Maye Boorman—Rudolph L. Grunert—Lizzie C. Roberts—Frank Shallenberger—Agnes Young—Mary Snelbaker—Clara Gilbert—Margt. Neilson Armstrong—Belle Patterson—Estelle La Paz—Lizzie H. Kniefier—Hollis C. Clark—Pare Winston—Ettie M. Withey—Herbert Sloan—Agnes B. Walker—Howard C. Ives—Helen E. Sands—Josephine E. Chapman—Helen M. Brown—Mary Hitchcock—Eleanor Ennis—Bessie L. Cary—Josie Nicholls—Edith A. Edwards—Charles T. Shider—Orville H. Leonard—Charlie M. McKee—E. P. MacMullen—Helen Thomas—Jessie S. Hoyt—Rosa Scott—Sue D. Huntington—Amy T. Briggs—Anna G. Clark—Sara Bair—Katie B. Sullivan—Edward D. Hinckley—Minnie Moreno—May Jackson—Eliza M. Grace—Annie Jenkins—May A. Morse—May Roberts—Ella Wooster—Kittie Vanderveer—Dannie B. Ruggles—Adele Bacon—Jessie Price Thomas—"Ida"—Florence P. Fay—George Moulton McIntosh—Mabel C. Craft—Evangeline H. Walker—Carrie McNaughton—Helen Loveland—Virginia C. Gardner—Mildred W. Howe—James A. Harris—Laura H. Wild—George Randolph—Maud V. Du Bois—Bennett Hornsby Armstrong—Fanny Gearhart—W. E. Borden—Clara E. Holloway—Mamie M. Bryce—Corra B. Riggs—Richard Clunan—Med E. Dey—Sallie Janney—Rachel L. Pierce—Alice Hyde—Emma M. Curran—Nannie B. Sale—Arthur W. Rice—Lillian Andrews—Laura M. White—Anna E. Wright—Charlie Scarritt—Nellie Whitcomb—Gracie E. Richardson—Mattie P. Baldwin—Jane Peoples—Harrlette R. Horsfall—Luita N. Booth—Anna Hotchkiss—Jennie F. King—Georgina C. Wolsley—Grace Goodridge—Luther Davis—J. M. Mitcheson—Mary White Morton—"Teddie"—Maud Adams—Elizabeth Alling—Alice Robinson—Blanche Brown—Laura Virginia Julian—Florence M. Tabor—M. Fanner Murphy—Hattie L. James—Otto R. Barnett—May E. Holland—Josie Nicholls—Ettie Ranbar—Josephine de Rouge—Rosaling Webling—"Honor Bright"—Abbie Hough Pierce—May Meinell—Bertody W. Stone—Adele Marsh—Mary G. Millet—Albert Clausen—Mary F. Kent—Mary D. Reeve—Herbert Crane—Gertrude R. White—Frank Smalley—Maude Burton—Walter A. Knight—May Craig—T. S. K.—Lydia B. Wiley—Mabel Barr—Edward Marlor—Joseph Barlett Acken—Gaylord Miles—Dr. H. Bates, Jr.—Nellie H. Grandino—Ellen L. Way—Annie Hughes—Florence Hyde—Edith Kurshedt—Jennie S. Thomson—Maude Graves—Etta C. Johnson—Bramwell C. Davis—Frank M. Bosworth—C. A. Horne—Margaret Deane—Mabel C. Falley.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for April, page 475.



PEACE and joy be with you, my girls and boys! Summer greets you, and sends you merry rest and play. Open your eyes and hearts wider than ever, and be glad.

And now, just for a little while before school closes, let us consider:

THE DIFFERENCE IN INTEREST.

THE other day, Deacon Green surprised the youngsters of the Red School-house very much. He was telling them what an advantage the scholars who take great interest in their studies have over those who take only little interest,—“for,” said he, bowing to the dear Little School-ma’am as he spoke, “I am sure every boy and girl in this room can not help taking some interest in even the dull-est lesson.”

Then he went on to explain to them how wonderfully interest works. “Not only now, not all at once, but in the course of life. It cumulates,” said he, “like money interest. For instance: Some boys and girls take two per cent. interest in their studies, and some take ten per cent.—and compound at that, as all interest in mental improvement must be. Well, what is the consequence? Is the ten per cent. chap in the course of years just five times better off than the two per cent. chap? No; he is many a five times better off. His mind will have widened, deepened, and filled itself, so to speak, in the most surprising way. Now, I’ll illustrate the point out of your own arithmetic,” and the Deacon turned the pages at the end of a volume that looked very well-worn in its first half, but quite clean in the other portion.

“See here,” he continued, “look at these figures and make your own application: ‘One dollar loaned at compound interest at one per cent.’ this book says, ‘would amount, in one hundred years, to *two dollars and seventy-five cents* exactly.’

Now, what do you suppose it says one dollar at twelve per cent., compound interest, would amount to in one hundred years? Why, to eighty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Is n’t that more than twelve times two dollars and seventy-five cents? And, boys, what do you suppose the one dollar loaned for one hundred years at twenty-four per cent., compound interest, would amount to? Twice eighty-four thousand, six hundred and seventy-five dollars? No, sir. It would amount (you see, I’m not guessing; I’m reading the figures right out of your own book)—it would amount to *two billions, five hundred and fifty-one millions, seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand, four hundred and four dollars!* (\$2,551,799,404). There, boys, what do you think of that?” The boys were too much astonished to speak. They looked first at the Little School-ma’am and then at the Deacon, to make sure that no joke was being played on them; and finally a manly little fellow of twelve spoke up for the whole school:

“We think, sir, that we scholars might as well go in for a high rate of interest, after this.”

A WEATHER SUNDAY.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Were you standing out-of-doors in your pretty pulpit all last Sunday, I wonder? It was a strange day here, but maybe it was different in your meadow. I live in the upper part of New York City, near the Central Park, and I must say I never saw such a day. First, when I woke and looked out of the window, I saw that the pavements were quite dry, so I thought I would wear my best bonnet to church. Then by breakfast-time it was raining, and I was afraid I must wear my waterproof. Then by church-time it was really snowing and hailing, and Mamma said I must put on my thick sacque. Off we started, the wind cutting my face like everything. During the service, we heard sounds like distant thunder, but when we walked home the storm was over and we felt only a gentle mist. By afternoon it was so bright and clear that Papa and I walked in the park and admired the willows shaking their tender green tips in the sun; and actually it was so warm before night that, on our way home, Papa had to take off his overcoat and carry it on his arm, and I nearly suffocated in my sacque. In the evening, Grandma actually asked for a fan! and there was n’t a fire nor a speck of steam-heat in the house. We had spring, summer, fall, and winter all in one Sunday, Mamma said.

Your admiring friend, JENNY B. C.

A GOOD NAME.

SAN MATEO, FLA., April 18, 1883.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I read in ST. NICHOLAS this year something about the devil’s darning-needle, and so I write to tell you that down here in Florida we call them mosquito-hawks. I thought it would be nice to write and tell you about them. The reason they call them mosquito-hawks is because they eat the mosquitoes.

I am your constant reader,

M. JENNIE P.—

FOLKS’ GLOVE.

ALMOST all of you have seen the pretty summer flower called the fox-glove. But did you ever hear that the original name was folks’ glove? “The folks,” as all good children know, is another name for the fairies; indeed, this flower to-day is called by the people of Wales the fairy-glove.

Even the Latin name of the plant is *digitalis*, which, the Little School-ma’am says, is derived from *digitus*, meaning finger. All these finger-and-glove titles come from the fact that the purple or white blossoms, as they hang in a row down the stem, resemble so many swinging glove-fingers;

but, according to my way of thinking, such titles are anything but a compliment to the fairy-folk.

A funny fairy hand, indeed, five such fingers would make! Why, a whole fairy might easily slip into one of them! Besides, the digitalis is used as a medicine by the doctors. It's poisonous, too. I don't think it belongs to the fairies at all.

JUST hear this melancholy ballad by O. I. C. :

THE INQUISITIVE FISHERMAN.



ONCE there was a fisherman
Who went to catch some fish;
He took with him a basket
And a little china dish.
"I'll use one for the fishes,
The other when I sup;
For, if they meet my wishes,
I'll cook and eat them up!"

He fished and fished the whole
day long,

From morn till late at night;
He baited hooks and watched
his bob,

But could not get a bite.
He then threw down his rod
and line,

And vowed he'd go below,
To find out what the reason
was

The fish had used him so.



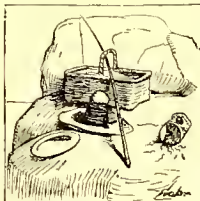
The fish all gathered round
him,
Each wagging his own tail,
From the little polly-woggy
To the great gigantic whale.
Some fish were looking scaly,
And some exceeding thin,
But all were glad to see the
man,
And offered him a fin.



They said: "We have no
china dish,

Nor basket snug and tight;
But we are very prudent fish,
Who think before we bite.
We do not need to cook our
prize'

Ere we sit down and sup."
And so, before his very eyes,
They ate that fisher up!



HELP WANTED.

THERE is something that troubles your Jack, greatly. The other day a round rubber ball, that two boys had been tossing back and forth, rolled very near to my pulpit. I examined it closely, and it seemed to be hollow. There was only one tiny hole, the size of a pin-head, in the entire ball.

Now, this is what troubles me: If that ball was made in a mold (and it seems to have been), how did they get the inner part of the mold out of that tiny hole? Or was the ball made of two hollow halves stuck together? Or do you suppose they used a mold at all?

The Little School-ma'am tells me that not only balls are made of rubber, but dolls, and toy horses, cows, sheep—in fact, the variety of shapes which this substance can be made to take is endless.

But about that ball. Do look into the hole,—I mean the subject,—my sharp-eyed chicks, and let me hear from you about it.

LINDLEY MURRAY'S LIST.

THE birds have just brought in a letter from our good friend Joel Stacy. Let us read it together:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Once I went to a Mrs. Jarley's Exhibition of Wax-works, modeled after that described in Charles Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," and there, in the scene called The Chamber of Horrors (a title borrowed from Madame Tussaud's exhibition of real wax-works in London), I saw a live "wax figure representing Lindley Murray in the act of composing his celebrated grammar." It was very funny to see the fierce way in which this figure would go through his motions when wound up, dipping his pen into an imaginary inkstand, and then, according to Mrs. Jarley, "writing them dreadful rules down into his book which it was indeed a most suitable figger for the Chamber of Horrors, as all well-edicated young people would testify."

Now, a friend has just sent me a list of books which Lindley Murray, in 1805, prepared for his niece to read.* She, Alice Colden Willett, was then a girl in her teens, and one can imagine her gratitude to her kind uncle when shown the course of reading upon which she was expected to enter with girlish alacrity. Here it is:

The Idler.	Savary's Letters in Egypt and Greece.
Guthrie's Geography.	Mandrell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem.
Morse's Geography.	Bryden's Tour through Sicily and Malta.
Dr. Emerson's Gazetteer.	Boswell's Tour through the Hebrides.
Milton's Paradise Lost.	Gisborn on the Duties of the Female Sex.
Milton's Paradise Regained.	Eliza Hamilton's Letter on Education.
Thomson's Seasons.	Blair's Sermons.
Young's Night Thoughts.	Gisborn's Sermons.
Pope's Essay on Man.	Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.
Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination.	Watts on the Improvement of the Mind.
Cowper's Poems.	Beattie's Evidences of the Christian Religion.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.	Addison's Evidences.
Goldsmith's History of Greece, of Rome, of England.	Newton on the Prophecies.
Robertson's History of the Emperor Charles V.	The Rambler, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.
History of America.	Kalm's Travels in North America.
Elizabeth Hamilton's Life of Agrippina, three volumes.	Doddridge's Family Expositor.
Middleton's Life of Cicero.	
Doddridge's Life of Gardiner.	
Aiken's View of the Character of John Howard.	
Shaw's Travels Through Barbary.	

There is the list, with many a good book in it, but rather appalling to poor Miss Alice, I should say. Did she read all these volumes? your boys and girls will inquire; and did she ever ask for more? I can not answer. I am thinking of my friend Mrs. Jarley and little Nell, and a familiar wax "figger" in the Chamber of Horrors, and Mrs. Jarley is saying: "Wind him up, old man! P'int him out, little Nell!"

Affectionately yours and the children's, JOEL STACY.

SNAKES IN INDIA.

CAN any of my chicks tell me why snakes are specially respected in certain provinces of India? I am told on good authority that the natives of such districts refuse, on account of religious principles, to kill them; and yet the latest statistics say that during last year four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three human beings died in those parts of India from snake bites.

* The original letter containing this list of books is in the Historical Society in New Haven.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of St. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

OWING to the space required for the prize compositions and the report of the Committee, we are compelled this month to omit the Very Little Folk Department.

We commend to all our readers Mr Leland's interesting article on "Brass-Work for Boys and Girls," in this month's Work and Play department, and, in connection with it, we are glad to announce that the author probably will contribute to our pages some other papers dealing with similar kinds of Work and Play, such as "Leather-Work," "Wood-Carving," and "Modeling."

That studies in these arts form both useful and enjoyable recreations for young folks has been amply proven by the success of the industrial schools in our large cities. And, indeed, the New York Society of Decorative Art lately solicited aid in extending instruction in these branches, in a circular, from which we quote the following:

"The Managers of the Society of Decorative Art are very desirous to extend their educational work in the direction of free instruction in the minor industrial arts. They wish to form large classes in plain sewing, embroidery, wood-carving, hammered brass, mosaic work, and in the rudiments of modeling and design. The experience of the past five years proves to the Managers that a broad field of usefulness lies in the training of children of both sexes, from nine to fifteen years of age, in industries which may, at the same time, be both useful and pleasant to them.

"The Managers feel that these are years when the fingers may become most expert and the perceptions quickened, as well as the brain developed; and that this teaching need not interfere, but go hand in hand—rather as recreation than otherwise—with regular school duties."

HERE is a letter, proving that The Schuyler mansion at Albany (pictured on page 666 of this number) is not the only old house in New York State which bears the marks of Indian tomahawks upon its stairway:

JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the country, two miles from Johnstown.

More than a hundred years ago, Sir William Johnson lived here, and the town was named for him. The house where he lived is standing. The banisters are all hacked up by the Indians' tomahawks.

There is an old bell in the school-house which Queen Anne sent here for a church.

There are a great many glove and mitten shops here.

My brothers and I take St. NICHOLAS. We like it so much we are going to have the numbers bound to save them. I am eleven years old. From your admiring friend, HANNAH E. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a conundrum that I hope you will be able to find a place for.

What garden flower does a man name who has paid half his debts?
Answer—Glad-i-o-lus (Glad-i-owc-less). L. D. H.

SCRANTON, PA., January 3, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle George, who lives in Minneapolis, Minn., sends me the ST. NICHOLAS every year as a Christmas present. I think it is splendid. I can hardly wait for it from one month to another. As you publish letters from the little folks, I want to tell you something my aunt, who is living at our house, told me. She is seventy-five years old. Her name is Mrs. Jane A. Winton. Her maiden name was Jane A. Pabodie. The story she told me is about George Washington. It is true, and has never been published, so far as I know. Here it is: When her father, Ephraim Pabodie, was a small lad, his father took him to see Washington, who was then visiting Providence, R. I., where they lived. When they came into the presence of Washington, the boy said, "Why, father, he is nothing but a man." Washington heard the

remark, and turning to the lad said: "No, my son, I am nothing but a man." He seemed so pleased at the speech that he put a number of pennies into the boy's hand. Aunt's father lived to be eighty-two years old, and used to tell this story about Washington with a great deal of interest. Yours truly,

GEORGE ROBERT VAN SCHOICK.

HERE is a Fourth of July picture which comes from a young contributor.



SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've had such a time this morning with my black-and-tan pup. He is only three months old. He bites my hands all the time, and I can not do a thing with him. Will not somebody give me a few rules for training him?

Please put this in the Letter-Box. I like you ever so much; please remember that, and my name is NANNIE D.

Anoint your hands well with a strong tea of bitter aloes. Then after the little darling has bitten them a few times, he will lose his appetite for you.

GARRISON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a little kitten that was given to me by the housekeeper at Fort Monroe. It was white all over, with a little black tail and a black crown on its head. It was born on Easter, and when I got it it was a week old. It would lie on its back and drink milk out of a bottle. It would hold the bottle with its hind legs, and put both its fore paws around it.

Yours truly,

K. T. D.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—TWENTY-EIGHTH REPORT.

The pleasure is ours once more of extending the thanks of the A. A. to the gentlemen who offer us assistance in our several departments. There is still room for more, especially in mineralogy. The following letters speak for themselves:

COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA.

I will send, to all of the A. A. members who will send me their addresses and postage to prepare the same, samples of various flowers, ferns, etc., found on or near this snow-belt of the Sierra Nevada mountains. I will also send, to all members of the A. A. who may desire them, specimens of minerals for the simple cost of postage and packing. Any information on minerals that I can render, I will cheerfully give to the extent of my knowledge. With me this study has a great attraction, and here I find endless fields for research.

Some of the most beautiful flowers, highly colored and delicate, new to your botanists, are found in rocky gorges and steep cañons. I can aid you, I think, in very many ways, and also the others in all the States. You are at liberty to use this letter in part or entire.

Yours truly, in the cause of education,

WM. H. BRIGGS.

After this large-hearted offer, Mr. Briggs, perhaps better known by his *nom de plume*, "Willie Fern," may look to see the Sierras prematurely whitened by a snow-fall of responsive letters.

I offer my services to the A. A. in the determination of conchological specimens.

BRUCE RICHARDS,
1726 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

I will correspond with any one on shells. THOMAS MORGAN,
Somerville, N. J.

A COURSE OF ORIGINAL STUDY FOR OUR ENTOMOLOGISTS.

We propose for an experiment to offer a short course in the observation of insects, to extend through several months. All who successfully complete this course shall receive certificates, and be qualified to enter upon a higher one next year. In order that as many as possible may enter upon the work, it has been made quite simple, and is as follows:

All members of this class will be expected to write, each month, a paper on the subject assigned, which paper is to be a record of original field observations on any one species of the order announced for the month. To make the matter perfectly clear, the subjects for the next six months follow:

- July. Lepidoptera.
- August. Hemiptera.
- September. Neuroptera.
- October. Diptera.
- November. Coleoptera.
- December. Insects in general.

The subject for this month is *Lepidoptera*, and the papers should be prepared as follows:

1. Give a brief but clear description of the *order*.
2. Give a careful report of your own observations on any one species of the order. In this report should be included:
 - a. *Description* of the insect, accurate as may be, and, if possible, accompanied by drawings, however rude; difference in coloration of the sexes; varieties observed; probable causes of such variation, such as differences of food, location, and time of year.
 - b. *Habits*.—Date of appearance and disappearance of the *perfect insect*; number of annual broods; localities most favorable, etc.
 - c. *Transformations*.—1. The egg: description, sketch, duration of this stage; where and how deposited by the female. 2. Larva: number of molts, and changes noticed in these molts; duration of each molt, and entire time consumed in this stage; food-plants of the larva; drawings. 3. Chrysalis: description; methods of protection and fastening; duration of this stage; special observations.
 4. Parasites observed during these stages (ichneumons, chalcids, etc.).
 - d. Concluding remarks, with notes drawn from various works on the subject, and a list of such references.

It will be seen that this work can be done by the youngest members, as well as the eldest, and in the award of certificates regard will be had to age as well as merit.

Prof. G. Howard Parker, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, has very kindly consented to receive and examine these papers, and to his address (corner Nineteenth and Race streets) all wishing to enter the class should send their names immediately, as also to the President of the A. A.

On the completion of the course, a list of the successful students will be printed in ST. NICHOLAS.

There are no charges for entrance to any of our classes.

A COURSE IN THE OBSERVATION AND COLLECTION OF BOTANICAL SPECIMENS.

Prof. Marcus E. Jones, of Salt Lake, Utah, will conduct a class of observers in botany. The plan is this: The members of the

class will collect all possible forms and carefully press them, and send drawings of them, arranged according to the schemes to be monthly given in ST. NICHOLAS; or in case of inability to draw, send the specimens themselves, arranged according to the same schemes.

Plants can be said to have five parts: I. ROOTS; II. STEMS; III. LEAVES; IV. FLOWERS (including fruit); V. HAIRS (*Trichomes* in general).

The collection of these several parts may be made simultaneously and as the season requires; but the drawings and specimens must be sent to Prof. Jones in such monthly installments as the printed schemes call for. The subject for this month is *Roots*, and the specimens must be arranged as follows:

I. ROOTS* are divided into

PRIMARY.† The kinds are

Tap; the shapes are (they are found in evergreens, vegetables, etc.),
cone-shaped,
spindle-shaped,
turnip-shaped,
round,
narrow,
etc. (Collect combinations of these terms also.)

Multiple (found in grasses, vines, etc.).

(For shapes, see *Tap roots*.)

SECONDARY. (Those coming from any part of the plant but the lower end of the stem, *i. e.*, rootlets.)

Underground,

from root stocks (ferns, sedges, etc.),
from true roots.

Aerial (above ground),

Used for nourishment:

from strawberry stolons,
pea-nuts,
corn,
many tropical trees,
parasites, etc.

Used not for nourishment:

mosses,
orchids (tropical),
air-plants of all kinds,
parasites,
trumpet creepers, etc.,
ivy, etc., etc.

All those who finish this course shall receive the A. A. certificate also, and have their names printed in ST. NICHOLAS. All who wish to enter the class should forward their names immediately, both to Prof. Jones and to the President of the A. A.

The reports from Chapters are more encouraging than ever this month, but are unavoidably crowded out. The following new Chapters have been organized:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	Members.	Address.
455.	Bedford, Pa. (A)	5.	W. C. Langdon, Jr.
456.	Chicago, Ill. (N)	5.	Ovington Ross, 584 W. Washington.
457.	Albany, N. Y. (C)	6.	W. L. Martin, 240 Clinton ave.
458.	Haverhill, Mass. (A)	7.	H. W. Spaulding, lock box 171.
459.	Philadelphia, Pa. (N)	4.	Harry Colby, 1520 Wellington.
460.	Georgetown, D. C. (D)	4.	F. A. Reynolds, 159 Washington.
461.	E. Orange, N. J. (A)	13.	Miss S. L. Hook, Brick Church P. O., Essex Co.
462.	N. Haven, Conn. (A)	15.	Fred. Post, 34 Edwards.
463.	Dayton, Ohio. (B)	5.	Jos. H. Jones, 233 Commercial street.
464.	Westboro, Mass. (A)	30.	Miss Kitty A. Gage.
465.	Waterville, Maine. (A)	6.	C. W. Spencer.
466.	Galconda, Ill. (A)	6.	Clarence E. Kimball.
467.	Foster's Crossing, O. (A)	4.	Miss Katherine M. Bridge.
468.	Saco, Maine (C)	20.	Miss L. F. Bradbury, box 606.
469.	W. De Pere, Wis. (A)	16.	Miss Annie Tracy.
470.	W. De Pere, Wis. (B)	25.	Samuel Willard.
471.	Germantown, Pa. (D)	10.	Miss A. E. Brobson, 106 Pastorius.
472.	Hazleton, Pa. (A)	8.	Miss Anne McNair.
473.	Washington, D. C. (H)	4.	C. Buchanan, 43 Myrtle street.
474.	Greeley, Col. (B)	12.	Miss Flora Ecker.
475.	Dundee, Scotland (A)	6.	Miss A. G. Keiller, Temple House, Longforgan.
476.	Aurora, N. Y. (A)	27.	E. L. Wilson.
477.	New York, N. Y. (M)	5.	A. C. P. Opdyke, 200 W. 57th.
478.	Comstocks, N. Y. (A)	4.	Geo. C. Baker.
479.	Durhamville, N. Y. (A)	5.	Arthur Fox.
480.	Baltimore, Md. (F)	8.	Miss R. Jones, 222 McCulloch.
481.	Newton, Mass. (A)	10.	Fred. H. Hitchcock.

* Names more deeply indented than others are considered as belonging to them: as *Tap* and *Multiple* are kinds of *Primary roots*; cone-shaped, etc., are kinds of *Tap roots*; *Underground* and *Aerial* are kinds of *Secondary roots*, etc.

† The *uses* of every kind of roots should be carefully observed.

No.	Name.	Members.	Address.
482.	Halicong, Pa.	11.	Miss Alice M. Atkinson.
483.	Albuquerque, New Mex-ico (A).	30.	Ernest D. Bowman.
484.	Old Town, Me. (A)	6.	Miss Mabel Waldron.
485.	Brooklyn Village, O. (A).	25.	Lewis B. Foote.
486.	Rutland, Vt. (A)	15.	S. W. Merrill.

Nearly 350 new members in a month! Dundee is our first Chapter in Scotland. Chapters A and C, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have united, retaining the letter and number of A, 64. Our thanks are due Wilkesbarre for an excellent group photograph of the Chapter. We wish one of each Chapter, if possible.

Chapter 131, Nevada, Cal., is again prepared to fill requests for exchange, and offers agatized wood, California flowers, *classified*, etc.—Maude M. Smith, Sec.

EXCHANGES.

Perfect spirifers and other fossils, for perfect trilobites. Correspondence in S. and W. on entomology and oölogy.—H. P. Taber, East Aurora, N. Y.

Bog ore, for tin, zinc, and nickel ore.—G. T. McGee, Jackson, Mich.

Petrified sycamore, for insects, and graphite, for rose quartz.—F. P. Stockbridge, Sec. Chap. 239.

H. L. Clark writes that he has not seen hair-snakes come out of a cricket, but has found them in a cricket, and his address is Amherst, Mass., instead of Providence, R. I.

Mocking-birds' eggs.—J. B. Russell, 95 Belleville av., Newark, N. J.

A vireo's nest and a sparrow's nest, for a tailor-bird's nest.—H. Montgomery, Saco, Maine.

Correspondence.—W. D. Shaw, Sec. 395, 34 St. Peter street, Montreal, Canada.

Cocoons.—Leo. Austin, La Porte, Ind.

Labeled minerals and fossils, for fossil cephalopods.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Correspondence.—R. E. Coe, Durham, N. Y.

Sand from Gulf of Mexico, for feldspar, geodes, or quartz crystals.—J. C. Winne, Carthage, N. Y.

Minerals.—Geo. C. Baker, Comstocks, N. Y.

All sorts, for geological, botanical, or ornithological specimens.—Clarence O. Kimball, Sec. 466, Golconda, Ill.

Marine, land, or fresh-water shells.—Send list to Thomas Morgan, Somerville, N. J.

Calcite crystal, dogtooth spar, and named fossils of Lower and Upper Silurian for offers.—Elmer H. Fauver, 50 Hess street, Dayton, Ohio. (P. S.—I should like to correspond with some one acquainted with paleontology, especially if he lives among Devonian rocks.—E. H. F.)

AWARD OF THE PRIZE OFFERED IN DECEMBER.

In response to the offer of a prize for the best essay on the life of one of the world's famous naturalists, the competition has been unusually close, and the prize has been adjudged with unexpected difficulty. Indeed, between an essay on Louis Agassiz, by Miss Mary Rhoads Garrett, of the Bryn Mawr Chapter, No. 300, and one on John James Audubon, by Miss Josie Mulford, of Madison, N. J., there is so nearly an equality of merit that we have decided to give two prizes instead of one. Honorable mention must also be made of Miss Zoä Goodwin, of Waverly, Iowa; Richard D. Bancroft, of Philadelphia; C. L. Snowdon, Oskaloosa, Iowa; and E. B. Müller, A. C. Rüdichshäuser, A. B. Conrad, Wm. T. Frohwein, and A. Nehrbas, all of the Manhattan Chapter, of New York City; F. E. Cocks, Secretary of Brooklyn, E., and Miss Bessie Deland Williams, who is only eleven years old. We print one of the prize essays, which, from its subject, is of especial interest to members of the A. A.

ESSAY ON AGASSIZ.

"He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us He made and loveth all."

—Coleridge.

LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ was born at Motiers, near Neuchâtel, May 28, 1807, when Humboldt, Cuvier, and Napoleon were thirty-eight years old. His father was a Protestant minister; and his mother, an intelligent and cultivated woman, taught Louis till he was eleven years old, when he was sent to the gymnasium of Bienne. From thence he went to the college at Lausanne, where he spent his spare time in watching insects and fishing, and then studied medicine at Zurich, Heidelberg, and Munich. During his vacations he traveled in different parts of Europe in search of fossil and fresh-water fishes, and while an undergraduate described in Latin the Spix Collection of Brazil fish, which gave him distinction as a naturalist. He graduated at Munich when twenty-three years old, and staid for some time in the family of his friend M. Cuvier. At the request of the citizens of his native place, he accepted the Professorship of Natural History at Neuchâtel. About 1833, he

went to Paris and worked in the laboratory of the *Jardin des Plantes*. As he said afterward in America, he had no time to become rich; if he had a few spare pennies, he bought a book at some second-hand stall; but he copied, as closely as possible, many volumes which he needed but could not buy.

His glacial theory, published in "Études sur les Glaciers," and "Systèmes Glaciaires," was the result of long vacations spent among the Alps. He was noted, even by the Alpine guides, for his powers of walking, and still kept up this habit when he took the Harvard students on geological excursions.

In 1846, Agassiz came to America, on a visit; but he staid here because he liked a country where he could think and speak as he pleased, and where his activity would be appreciated. He was appointed Professor of Zoölogy and Geology at Harvard University, and his lectures in Boston gave an added interest to those studies on our continent. He became a master of English composition, and spoke the language with fluency and eloquence.

Professor Agassiz was an excellent and severe critic of a zoölogical drawing, and his quick brown eye detected the slightest fault. If the artist was careful, he would reward him with, "Try it once more. 'Tis all wrong, but don't get out of patience." As a student said, "When the Professor took a class out walking, he saw more than all of us put together; for he looked, but we only stared."

A pupil, wishing to make a speciality of insects, was started by Professor Agassiz to watch a fish of the *Hæmulon* genus, without any instruments, and was told to keep the specimen wet. He soon grew disgusted with its "ancient fishy smell." The fish became dry, and he left for lunch. When he returned, he counted the scales for a variety, then took out a pencil and began to draw. The Professor came in and said: "That is right! The pencil is one of the best of eyes!" The next time he asked, "Well, what is it like?" The student told him, "You haven't yet seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal. Look again." It was now afternoon. Agassiz said, on returning: "Do you see it yet?" "I see how little I saw before." "Go home, now. Think it over; before you look at it in the morning, I'll examine you." After a restless night, he was greeted cordially by the Professor, who said, "Well, what is the conspicuous feature?" "Do you mean symmetrical sides with paired organs?" "Of course!" and the Professor was happy on that important point. "What next?" the student asked. "Oh, look at your fish! That's not all. Go on!" He did so for three days—looked at that fish! He says that the study of the *Hæmulon* for eight months, under Agassiz, was of greater value than years of later investigation in his favorite branch.

Agassiz had great powers of attraction. Old Valenciennes, at the *Jardin des Plantes*, called him "Ce cher Agassiz," and the Nahant fishermen would pull miles to bring him a rare fish, and see his delight on receiving it.

Since describing the Brazilian fish, it had been a desire of Louis Agassiz to see them in their native waters. Mr. Thayer, on hearing of his intended visit, said: "Take six assistants with you, and I will be responsible for their expenses, both personal and scientific." This offer was accepted and fully carried out till the last specimen was in the Museum. In 1868, Agassiz became non-resident Professor of Cornell University. His was a busy life: giving lectures, corresponding in three languages, superintending his assistants, and contributing to scientific literature. In his last summer school, Agassiz asked his pupils to join him in silent prayer for a blessing on their labors. He had no sympathy whatever with atheistic scientists, and his opposition to Darwinism was greatly owing to his fear that it would lead away from God. While holding to evolution in nature, he taught that types do not change. Darwin called him his most courteous opponent and most formidable.

His faith was strong in the hour of death, which came to him suddenly on December 14, 1873. He was buried at Cambridge from the chapel among the college elms. He was simple in his manners, not minding in the least carrying specimens in his handkerchief through the streets of London, and was not desirous of fame, refusing, at the height of Napoleon's power, a seat as Senator of the Empire and the Directorship of the *Jardin des Plantes*. While his was one of the most active and powerful minds, he was always glad to teach farmers and mechanics, and ready to learn himself as long as he lived.

[The following works were consulted by the author before writing the foregoing essay: *Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary*; *Recollections of Agassiz*, by Theodore Lyman, *Atlantic Monthly*; *Nature*, October, 1872; *The Net Result*, Work of U. S. Fish Commission, W. C. Wyckoff; *Character and Characteristic Men*, by Whipple; *Every Saturday*, April, 1874; *Popular Science Monthly*, vol. iv., 495; *Christian Union*; *Dr. Peabody's Funeral Sermon*; *Cruise through the Galapagos*, Agassiz; *Evolution and Permanency of Type*, by L. Agassiz (probably his last essay); *A Journey in Brazil*, by Prof. and Mrs. Agassiz; *Christian Weekly*, January, 1874.]

All who write to the scientific gentlemen who are assisting us, or to the President, will bear in mind the rules given in a late report—stamped envelope directed. The address of the President is:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

MAZE.

TRACE a path to the flag in the center without entering any of the four circles.

S. A. R.

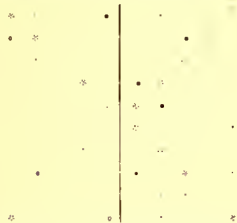
NOVEL ACROSTIC.

THE length of the words described varies from five to ten letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the second line of letters (reading downward) will spell the Christian name and the fourth line the surname of an American general upon whose tomb is inscribed, "He dared to lead where any dared to follow."

- 1. Not given to artifice. 2. The god of the healing art. 3. A mouth. 4. A species of clove-pink, having very beautiful flowers, and a rich, spicy scent. 5. A kind of evergreen remarkable for the durability of its wood, which has a fragrant odor. 6. A handsome feather, worn upon helmets.

H. H. S.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

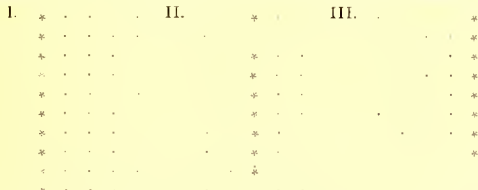


THE diagonals (reading downward) from left to right name a general famous in American history; the diagonals from right to left name a general who surrendered to him.

THE letters represented by the larger dots spell the name of the place of the surrender.

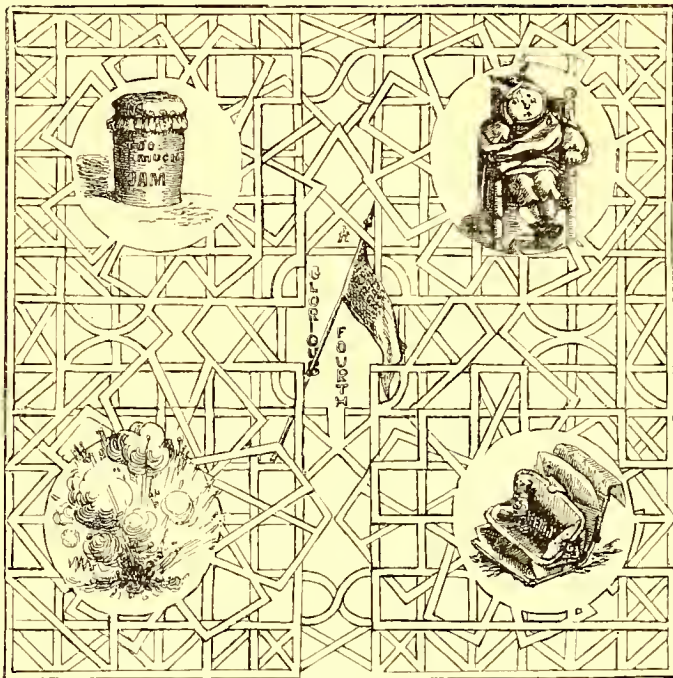
LEFT-HAND SIDE OF PERPENDICULAR LINE (words of five letters each): 1. Facetious. 2. A claw. 3. Homes of birds. 4. The people who invaded the Roman empire and defeated the Emperor Decius in 251 A. D. 5. A French word meaning listlessness. 6. A country residence. 7. Winds about. 8. Compact. 9. To compare. 10. A glossy fabric.

RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF PERPENDICULAR LINE (still reading from left to right): 1. A caper. 2. To bend. 3. Pertaining to a wall. 4. To strike. 5. Erroneous. 6. At no time. 7. A deputy. 8. A time-piece. 9. Bravery. 10. A celebrated law-maker of Athens.



I. 1. Behead inscribed, and leave mere repetition. 2. Behead to expiate, and leave a single sound. 3. Behead to upbraid, and leave frigid. 4. Behead a thicket of bushes, and leave margin. 5. Behead imaginary, and leave to distribute. 6. Behead a Latin word meaning "name," and leave an augury. 7. Behead to rub harshly, and leave a fixed price. 8. Behead to tantalize, and leave repose. 9. Behead to suppose, and leave to waste away. 10. Behead the present occasion, and leave at one time. The beheaded letters are the same as the diagonals reading from left to right.

II. 1. Syncopate a kind of nut, and leave a song of praise and triumph. 2. Syncopate to be buoyed up, and leave insipid. 3. Syncopate to tear into small pieces, and leave a rude hut. 4. Syncopate slender cords, and leave falsehoods. 5. Syncopate young animals, and leave articles much used in warm weather. 6. Syncopate locates, and leave assortments. 7. Syncopate skins of ani-



mals, and leave fondles. 8. Syncopate heaps, and leave a kind of pastry. 9. Syncopate to raise, and leave a multitude. 10. Syncopate to besiege, and leave a vegetable. The syncopated letters are the same as the diagonals reading from right to left.

III. 1. Curtail foolish, and leave the threshold. 2. Curtail a real or imaginary pool of restraint, and leave a member. 3. Curtail one who is conveyed, and leave to drive. 4. Curtail a sharp, ringing sound, and leave a tribe. 5. Curtail weak, and leave disposed. 6. Curtail a peculiar language, and leave a marine fish, something like the cod. 7. Curtail to moisten with dew, and leave the surname of the hero of a novel by George Eliot. 8. Curtail increased in size, and leave to cultivate. The curtailed letters are the same as those represented by the heavier dots in the first diagram.

HARRY B. SPARKS.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains five letters. The primals and the third row of letters (reading downward) each name a fine city; and the finals name the river on which they are located.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Aspirations. 2. To lessen. 3. The name of the composer of "Ernani." 4. To govern. 5. To follow.

CUCHEE SMITH.

BEHEADINGS.

THE initials of the beheaded words will name what our forefathers struggled for.

- 1. Behead a story, and leave a beverage. 2. Behead "so be it," and leave what Dryden says are "but children of a larger growth." 3. Behead part of a ship, and leave a fish. 4. Behead a snare, and leave a knock. 5. Behead part of a wheel, and leave anger. 6. Behead a disfigurement, and leave a conveyance. 7. Behead to breathe hard, and leave an insect. 8. Behead to spring, and leave a short sleep. 9. Behead the product of a warm country, and leave the product of a cold country. 10. Behead the subject of many poems, and leave at once. 11. Behead a paradise, and leave a cave. 12. Behead a fruit, and leave part of the body. 13. Behead to revolve, and leave to fasten. 14. Behead to repair, and leave to finish. 15. Behead to cut, and leave to bite. 16. Behead a man's name, and leave an obstruction. 17. Behead part of a boat, and leave a tree. 18. Behead was aware of, and leave recent. 19. Behead to scrutinize, and leave a chip. 20. Behead an exploit, and leave to consume.

H. H. D.

ANAGRAM.

The title of the following verse is an anagram, the letters of which may be transposed to form a well-known name. The verse is intended to give a clue to the solution:

COL. HAL. BARIMANN.

NOT in wrath the sword he drew,
But to guard the right.
Who more loyal, tender, true,
Ever fell in fight?

PAUL REESE.

CHARADE.

My *first*, a word of letters two, and sometimes even three;
And in it, when you're traveling, you're often glad to be.
My *second* is a word which naughty children say
When they are told to go to bed and mean to disobey.
My *third*'s a coin which, if thou'lt guess, perhaps I'll give to thee,
And my *whole* is what a baby is always sure to be.

ADA H. S., AGED 12.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-five letters, and am a verse from the Book of Psalms.

My 63-66-61-4-36-55 was the fourteenth President of the United States. My 38-71-44-48-30 was the surname of a man who was captured Oct. 17, 1859, at Harper's Ferry. My 70-29-27-60-9-30-13-75 was the fifteenth President of the United States. My 50-45-9-30-14-26-64-35 is the surname of America's most famous statesman. My 26-66-75-35-72-26-33 is the name of a President of the United States who met with a tragic end. My 7-13-46-23-68-43-28-35 is the name of a President of the United States who died in office. My 54-18-12-66-26-16-44-35 is the name of a distinguished American legislator who was killed in a duel. My 26-22-37 was an

able Confederate general. My 20-39-51 is what has often been the winter home of the soldier. My 26-64-41-74-65-40-42 is what our forefathers fought for. My 73-32-42 is the surname of the writer of a well-known patriotic song. My 62-17-3-10-2-34-35 is the surname of an able Union general. My 27-26-68-33-11-47-35 was a British general in the Revolutionary war. My 1-38-8-7-19-4-17-12-41-66-53 is the name of a general who fought in the French and Indian war. My 24-25-26-31-47-33 was America's first inventor of note. My 27-26-56-6 was an illustrious American orator and statesman. My 58-6-26-21-5 was Vice-President and President of the United States. My 43-52-68-26-49-17 is the name of a battle won by General Grant. My 69-27-44-59-67 is the name of an American general who fought in the Mexican war. M. T. Z.

FIRE-CRACKER MAZE.



TRACE a path through this maze, entering at figure one and passing out at figure two. W. EARLE.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

1	.	1
.	2	.
.	3	.
4	.	4

ACROSS: 1. Unyielding. 2. A raised seat. 3. Much used in August. 4. Burden.

DIAGONALS, from left to right and from right to left, each name a part of a clock. M. D. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Like the swell of some sweet tune,
May glide onward into June.
PICTURE PUZZLE. Two souls with but a single thought—
Two hearts that beat as one.
QUINCUNX. ACROSS: 1. Mash. 2. Egg. 3. Loud. 4. Rod.
5. Fray.
NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. June, user, near, errs.
CHARADE. Robin Hood.
ZIGZAG. John Wesley. Cross-words: 1. Junk 2. Port 3. AchE. 4. SpaN. 5. CoWl. 6. MEad. 7. Stem. 8. PLaY. 9. DiEt. 10. Pony.
DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Rud. 3. Peril. 4. Revival. 5. Euri-pides. 6. Divided. 7. Laden. 8. Led. 9. S.
PROGRESSIVE ANAGRAMS. 1. A. 2. Ar. 3. Are, Rae, era, ear. 4. Read, dear. 5. Andre, Arden. 6. Neared, endear, earned. 7. Yeamed, deaneyr.
EASY DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. June, July.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 10, base; from 2 to 11, idol; from 3 to 12, ball.
RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Inert. 2. Overt. 3. Eneid. 4. Tales. 5. Dents.
GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Gladstone. Across: 1. AlleGhany. 2. IreLand. 3. ItAly. 4. IDa. 5. S. 6. ITu. 7. RhOne. 8. GraNada. 9. LeicEster.
OUTLINE PUZZLE. Begin at the extreme right-hand angle; then N. W. to the corner of the oblong; S. to the lower line; N. E. to the starting point; W. to the extreme left-hand angle; S. E. to the lower line; E. to the opposite corner of the oblong; N. W. to upper corner of oblong; E. to opposite corner; S. W. to lower corner of oblong; N. to upper corner of oblong; S. W. to extreme left-hand angle.
EASY SYNCOPATIONS. 1. Horse, hose. 2. Short, shot. 3. Smite, site. 4. Blow, bow. 5. Prince, price. 6. Vast, vat. 7. Road, rod. 8. Heart, hart. 9. Ruin, run. 10. Cause, case.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the June number, from Hester Powell, Lincolnshire, England, 7—Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 8.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before April 20, from Cuche Smith—"Uncle Dick and Aunt Winsor"—Arthur Gride—"Silhouette and Co."—Arian Arnold—Helen F. Turner—J. McClinton—"The Knight Family"—"Two Subscribers"—Pinnie and Jack—Mary A. Casal—"Marna and Bae"—F. L. Atbush—C. S. C.—Hugh and Sis—Francis W. Islip.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 20, from Joe Sheffield, 4—Helen L. Towne, 1—Jessamine, 1—"Tryptolimus Titmouse," 2—Philip Embury, Jr., 10—Paul Reese, 12—Mary Wright, 2—"Daisy," 1—Bessie Brown, 3—Callie and Louise, 1—Edward Bancroft, 3—Fannie N., 1—H. Ries, 2—Ed and Tom, 5—Louis, 1—Edward E. Gisburne, 1—Mertice McC. Buck, 3—Minnie Van Buren, 1—"Jumbo and Jumbo, Jr.," 2—Adrienne M. Duysters, 1—Lydia Farnham and Gertrude Fuller, 1—Génie J. Callmeyer and M. Dumonte, 11—A. G. T., 1—Hattie Metcalf, 1—Russell K. Miller, 2—Mary E. Baker, 4—Charley Weymouth, 7—"Robin Hood," 3—"Mrs. Nickelby," 1—Annie McLaughlin, 1—S. R. T., 13—"Dilettant," 9—Bessie and Birdie, 4—"Betsey Trotwood," 2—"Partners," 11—Mary Nash, 9—Carroll S. Shepard, 1—"Sallie," 7—"Sydney Carton," 7—Florence Rosenbaum, 1—Dulce and Dorothy, 3—Lewis Fouquet, 10—Edith and Millie Kendall, 3—"The Three," 10—Alice and Lizzie Pendleton, 13—Effie K. Talboys, 10—Gaylord Bros., 5—Jessie B. H., 1—"Star," 3—Reginald H. Murphy, Jr., 1—Nellie, May, and Puss, 7—Dyic, 11—Mamie Hitchcock, 6—Hester M. F. Powell, 8—The Two Annes, 13—Minnie and Belle, 3—Hattie Nichols, 3—Clara Small and Emline Jungerich, 7—Kenneth B. Emerson, 7—Walter H. Clark, 13—The Stewart Browns, 8—L. L. 1, 9—Jennie and Birdie, 7—I. Ganeaux, 0—Sadie, May, Daisy, and Lou, 7—"Punch and Judy," 4—Katie L. Robertson, 5—Teddie Comstock, 1—"Robin Hood," 5—Emmie C. Dewees, 3—"Boston," 4—Hazel A. Dalton, 2—Charlie M. Philo, 2—Samuel Branson, 5—"Queen Mab," 5—Annie and Louis R. Custer, 11—Estelle Riley, 12—D. B. Shumway, 12—"Calla," 6—Mattie Fitzgerald, 1—Hattie Mason, 1—Ariana Moore, 12—"A. P. Owdler, Jr.," 13—"Rory O'More," 8—Clara J. Child, 12—"Nip and Tuck," 3—May Rogers, 2—Lulie M. Bradley, 13—Alice H. Foster, 3. G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 8—Lottie A. Best, 11—"Miltiades," 6—Minnie B. Murray, 11—C. H. Niemyer, 7—"Alcibiades," 13—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Charles H. Kyte, 13—F. E. and J. D. Harkness, 7—Sallie Viles, 12—Willie C. Anderson, 5—Joseph Henry Cuning, 5—Papa, Elida and Sam Whitaker, 10—"Lulu and her Mother," 4—Vessie Westover, 13—H. L. P., 6—Jeannie M. Elliott, 10—Algernon Tassin, 10—Alice Austen, 13—Eva Rodd and T. Miller, 4—Maggie Turrill, 7—Mabel Jennings, 12—Florence P. Jones, 1. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



"AND WE TURNED BACK THE HANDS
TILL THEY POINTED TO TEN."

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ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

- “ WE did not mean to do wrong,” she said,
With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed,
Like the haze of the midsummer weather.
- “ We thought you would all be as happy as we ;
But something 'most always goes wrong, you see,
When we have our play-time together.
- “ Before the dew on the grass was dry,
We were out this morning, Reuben and I,
And truly, I think that never —
For all that you and Mamma may say—
Will there be again such a happy day
In all the days of forever !
- “ The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies
Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes ;
And a soft little wind was blowing
And rocking the daisy-buds to and fro :
We played that the meadows were white with snow,
Where the crowding blossoms were growing.
- “ The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,
And there was not a thing that was sorry—not one,
That dear morning down in the meadow.
But *we* could not bear to think—Reuben and I—
That our beautiful day would be done, by and by,
And our sunshiny world dark with shadow.
- “ So into the hall we quietly stepped.
It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept
Through the door, and the birds were singing.

We stole as softly as we could go
To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,
With its big, bright pendulum swinging.

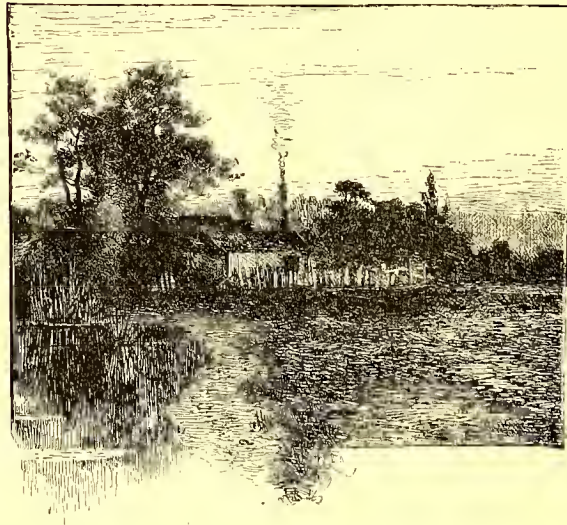
“ We knew that the sun dropped down out of heaven,
And brought the night, when the clock struck seven—
For so I had heard Mamma saying ;
And we turned back the hands till they pointed to ten,
And our beautiful day began over again,
And then ran away to our playing.

“ I'm afraid I can't tell you the rest,” she said,
With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,
And the misty brown eyes overflowing.

“ We had only been out such a few minutes more,
When, just as it always had happened before,
We found that our dear day was going.

“ The shadows grew long, and the blue skies were gray,
And the bees and the butterflies all flew away,
And the dew on the grasses was falling.
The sun did not shine in the sky any more,
And the birds did not sing, and away by the door
We heard Mamma's voice to us calling.

“ But the night will be done, I suppose, by and by ;
And we have been thinking—Reuben and I—
That perhaps,”—and she smiled through her sorrow,—
“ Perhaps it may be, after all, better so,
For if to-day lasted forever, you know,
There would never be any to-morrow !”



LINDY.

BY CHARLOTTE A. BUTTS.

"OH, Daddy!" called a clear, girlish voice from the kitchen door.

"Yes, Lindy; what 's wanted?"

"Ma wants to know how long it 'll be 'fore you 're ready."

"Oh, tell her I 'll be at the door by the time she gets her things on. Be sure you have the butter and eggs all ready to put into the wagon. We 're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed a reminder other than the new dress for which they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't we, Ma?" she asked, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply. "But don't bother me now; your pa is coming already, and I have n't my shawl on yet. Yes, Wilbur; I'm here. Just put this butter in, Lindy; I 'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now, Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or run away.

And, Elmer, be a good boy and mind Lindy. Take care of yourselves, children!"

And in a moment more the heavy lumber wagon rattled away from the door, and the children stood gazing after it, for awhile, in a half-forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon everything was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner, Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy, feeling rather lonely again, went out-of-doors for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, almost the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more which had preceded it. The sun shone brightly, and the hot winds that swept through the tall grass made that and all else it touched so dry that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box. Though her parents had but lately moved to this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies. She had been born on them, and her eyes were familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse rolling away before her until it reached the pale bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene often inspires in one not familiar with it stole gradually over her. But Lindy was far too practical to remain long under such an influence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly, and she remembered that they were still without their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house

with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind almost lifted her from the ground. It was certainly blowing with greater violence than during the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning over and over with almost lightning-like rapidity: then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught by another gust and after mile, till er obstacle was could pile up in wait till a brisk an opposite should send ing and all the B u t n o t

carried along, mile some fence or other reached, where they great drifts, and wind from direction them roll-tumbling way back. Lindy did notice the



tumble-weeds. T h e dish of c o r n had fallen from her hands, and she stood looking straight ahead with wide-open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so frightened her?

Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a line of fire, with forked flames darting high into the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from them. A beautiful relief, this bright, changing spectacle, from the brown monotony of the prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy. Her heart had given one great bound when she first saw the red line, and then it seemed to cease beating. She had seen many prairie fires: had seen her

father and other men fight them, and she knew at once the danger her home was in. What could she, a little girl, do to save it, and perhaps herself and her little brother, from the destroyer which the south wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood, white and motionless; then with a bound she was at the well. Her course was decided upon. If only time and strength were given her! Drawing two pails of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then, getting some matches, hurried out beyond the stable. She must fight fire with fire. That was her only hope; but a strong, experienced man would have shrunk from starting a back-fire in such a wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was possible to escape from otherwise inevitable destruction, and she hesitated not an instant to attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze, she stood with a wet bag in her hands, ready to smother the first unruly flame.

The great fire to the southward was rapidly approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds, driven from their nests, were flying over, uttering distressed cries. The air was full of smoke and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames could plainly be

The extremity of the danger inspired her with wonderful strength and endurance. Instead of losing courage, she increased her almost superhuman exertions, and in another brief interval the task was completed. None too soon either, for the swiftly advancing column had nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half terrible, half beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping above each other with airy, fantastic grace, seemed, cat-like, to toy with their victims before devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames shooting high into the air as they rushed together.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained there, lapping the air with their fierce, hot tongues; then, suddenly dropping, they died quickly out; and where an instant before had been a wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue smoke rising from the blackened ground, and here and there a sickly flame finishing an obstinate tuft of grass. The fire on each side, meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it darted and flashed in zigzag



LINDY FIGHTS THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

heard. It was a trying moment. The increased roar of the advancing fire warned Lindy that she had but very little time in which to complete the circle around house and barn; still, if she hurried her work too much, she would lose control of the fire she had started, and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating, the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most exhausting, but she was unconscious of these things.

lines over ridges and through hollows, farther and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" called a shrill little voice from the house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turning. But how very queer she felt! There was a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had made; everything whirled before her eyes, and the sun seemed suddenly to have ceased shining, all was so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort,

she sank, faint, dizzy, and trembling, upon the bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to cry, and, as he never did anything in a half-way manner, the result was quite wonderful. His frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon sat up, and by and by color began to return to the white face and strength to the exhausted body. Her practical nature and strong will again asserted themselves, and instead of yielding to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the chickens their long-delayed dinner.

The northern sky was very beautiful that night.

The fire itself was too distant to be seen; but the column of smoke rising from it in the then still air was brilliantly lighted, and presented a grand spectacle.

Lindy sat by the window, her new dress in her lap, and her parents' praises still sounding in her ears. She was very tired, but the scene without had a sort of fascination for her, and she could not go to bed.

Half an hour later her father found her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky reflected on her weary little face. He looked out of the window for a moment, picturing to himself the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his hard, brown hand—"a brave girl!"

THE VAIN OLD WOMAN.

(Adapted from the German.)

BY ARLO BATES.

THERE was once an old woman so very poor that she had no house, but lived in a hollow tree. One day she found a piece of money lying in the road. Full of joy at her good fortune, she began to consider what she should buy with the money.

"If I get anything to eat," she said to herself, "I shall quickly devour it, and that will be the end of the matter. That will not do at all. If I buy clothes, people will call me proud, and that will not do; and besides I have no closet to keep them in. Ah! I have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me?" she said to herself, crossly. "I wish I had bought something else!"

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old

woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light it with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil, and went on more proudly than ever, holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am somebody!"

But still she failed to attract attention, and, happening to glance at her old dress, it suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty-handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself.



YOUNG SHIP-BUILDER: "'COURSE IT 'LL FLOAT. BUT, NELLIE, YOU MUST KEEP IT FROM FLOATING OUT WHILE I KEEP IT FROM FLOATING IN."

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXX.

CALM BEFORE STORM.

It was true enough that the mill was going again that forenoon "as if nothing unusual had happened." Such rest as the boys got must have been taken before ten o'clock; for at that hour, the tide favoring, flash-boards were set and wheels and lathes merrily whirling.

"The editor ought to have added," Mart penciled at the bottom of the article in his scrap-book, "that the T. Brothers did not lose the use of their water-power for even five minutes in consequence

of the dam's having been torn away. It was ready again, and so were we, long before the water was."

To add to their triumph, the court refused to grant the injunction against rebuilding, which was actually applied for before it was known that the rebuilding was an accomplished fact.

Their position appeared now to be stronger than ever. They were running their mill in open defiance of all the power and influence that could be brought to bear against them by the Argonaut Club and the authorities of both towns, yet not in defiance of what they firmly believed to be law and justice.

Tranquil days followed. The boys were able to

keep their engagements, and also to start some new projects. In the midst of all, Mart found time to finish a wheeled chair he had for some time been making for his mother; while Lute and Rush gave their leisure moments to building a boat.

The chair was a comfortable as well as a very ingenious affair; and never was there a happier family than when, one Monday morning in May, the widow took her first airing in it, attended by all her children. She could easily work the levers and propel the wheels herself; but, bless you! the boys would not allow that, while they were there to compete for the pleasure of pushing it. And oh, what a day it was! The air was soft and fragrant with blossoms. The door-yard turf was starred with bright dandelions. The pear-trees were like white bouquets; the apple-trees pink with just opening buds. And the great willow was, as Letty said, "one glory of young leaves and yellow tassels."

The edge of the still river below — for it was full tide — was laced with the golden pollen which every breeze shook down, and the boughs were filled with the summer-like hum of bees.

To and fro, along the edge of the high bank and then about the garden, the widow rode, "like a queen in state," she said, enjoying every sight and sound and sweet scent wafted by the wind, yet taking more delight in the society of her children than in all beside. Letty wished her to see the pansies in bloom; but she found more pleasure in the rows of peas, now well up, because they were the first things ever planted by the younger boys, and they were, oh, so proud of them!

Then she returned to the bank above the river, and sat there, looking at the water and the landscape, and hearkening to the bees and the talk of the young folks, until the church-bells began to ring.

"It's a long time since I have been to church," she said, with a sigh.

"Well, you can go, now you have your c-c-carriage," said Lute.

"Any of us will be proud to be your horses," Rush added. "Will you try it next Sunday?"

"I'll see. I should like to have the Tammøset and Dempford folks know that we are not such heathens as they seem to take us for."

"There are some Dempford heathens for you," said Mart, from the tree, looking down the river.

"Members in good and regular standing of the Argonaut Club," said Rush.

"It's the B-b-buzrow," remarked Lute, adjusting his spectacles. "I wonder if he has got his c-c-crow-bar with him."

Buzrow did not have his bar; or, if he had, he did not attempt to use it, under the eyes of the

young Tinkhams in the tree. His boat, containing two young Argonauts besides himself, passed quietly up the river, to the widow's great relief.

"They don't ask me where our dam is, as they did that night," laughed Rush. "They must love the sight of it!"

"However that may be," said the widow, "I hope and pray that they have made up their minds to let it alone!"

"You hope too m-much. Mother," said Lute. "They've no more concluded to let it alone than we have to let it be t-t-taken away."

"What's that under your feet, Martin?" the widow suddenly asked.

From her chair at the end of the plank, she had discovered that the hollow formed by the circle of branches at the top of the immense willow trunk was filled with pebbles and stones — many of them as big as boys' fists.

"These?" drawled Mart, looking down, with his knee on one of the seats. "They are the boys' ammunition."

"Ammunition!" exclaimed Mrs. Tinkham.

"Of course, Mother!" cried Rupert. "And this tree is our fort. If there's another attack on the dam, you'll see! Rod and I brought the stones up here in baskets, to be all ready."

"This is the way! Look, Mother!" said Rod, in the tree. And catching up one of the pebbles, he flung it at an imaginary enemy.

He peered eagerly between the branches till it struck the water just below the dam; then dodged behind a seat, as if expecting a shot in return, at the same time catching up more pebbles.

"Stop, stop, child!" said the widow, smiling in spite of herself at his little attitudes and alert spirit. "If people should see you, they'd think we were heathens indeed!"

Meanwhile, Buzrow was saying to his companions in the boat:

"That dam makes me mad as I can be, every time I pass it. To see it still there, after all that's been said and done, and the sassy fellers on the bank laughing in their sleeves at us — it's a disgrace to the club! it's a disgrace to the towns! it's a disgrace to human natur!"

"You promised to tear it away yourself," said Ned Lufford. "We all supposed you would."

There was a tinge of sarcasm in the tone in which this was spoken, and the cow-smiter's son noticed on Ned's face a smile he didn't like.

"So I would, if I had n't waited for the club to take action," he replied, his coarse features reddening to the complexion of a dingy overgrown beet.

"You waited for the club, and the club waited for the two towns, and the two towns waited till

the mill-owners were away and only a crippled woman at home," said Ned, with a laugh.

"Then a gang of hired men did the work," added George Hawkins. "And see what it all amounts to! The dam was back again in ten or twelve hours, and there it's likely to stay."

"No, sir!" said Buzrow, bringing down that brawny fist of his with an emphatic blow on the gunwale of the boat. He felt that he was losing influence with his companions, and that some decisive step must be taken. "I've stood it long enough! If we can't tear that miserable dam away as fast as five boys can rebuild it, we're a lot of figgerheads, and don't merit the title of a club anyway."

"We have n't gained much by swapping com-mo-dores, as I see," Ned Lufford said. "Web can brag!—but what does brag amount to?"

As Buzrow had been rather louder than anybody else in the said matter of brag, he felt himself lashed over Web's shoulders.

"And what 's the use of a mill-dam committee?" said George Hawkins. "Is it going to take all summer to talk over measures, as they call it, for getting rid of a dam the owners rebuilt in one night?"

"The owners did n't stop to talk," Ned Lufford added, "but went to work like plucky fellows! Are the committee afraid of 'em? 'Scuse me, Milt! I'd forgot you was one of the committee."

Whether he had forgotten it or not, Lufford evidently, like Hawkins, took pleasure in goading their companion.

"I am one of the committee!" Buzrow exclaimed. "And I've tried my best to bring the boys to decide on something. Now, I don't wait no longer for them, nor for the club, nor for the towns. If I can get ten or a dozen fellers to go with me some night, I'll engage to have that dam away before the Tinkhams can wake up and rub their eyes open. Of course you'll agree to be one, Ned? and you, George?"

After such remarks as they had indulged in, the two could not reasonably decline.

"Now, here are three of us pledged!" said Buzrow. "And we can get seven or eight more easy enough. We must go in strong force, so as to do our work up in good shape and make it a sure thing."

"I suppose it will be as well to get the committee to move, if we can," suggested Lufford, with rapidly cooling zeal.

"And hit upon some plan for ripping out the whole thing, and not simply breaking a few boards and stakes," added Hawkins. "There's no use o' that."

"Not without we do it often enough to make

the Tinkhams sick of their bargain," Buzrow admitted. "But I've got an idea. No noise—no danger—just a little preparation—then, presto! out goes the dam in a jiffy! We don't leave the mud-sill to be put back again, neither!"

"Tell us about it!" both friends exclaimed, their zeal kindling again at the thought of the work being accomplished so melodramatically, yet without peril to themselves.

And Buzrow proceeded, with solemn charges of secrecy, to unfold his plan.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ATTACK.

IF the plan was a good one, and a sufficient number of volunteers were found for putting it in execution, then they must have had to wait some time for a night favorable to their enterprise. Two weeks went by, and the Tinkham brothers were still left in tranquil enjoyment of their water-power.

Lute was generally the one who slept in the mill, not only because a peculiar sensitiveness to sounds seemed to have been given him to compensate for his nearness of sight, but also because, as he averred, he had got used to his bed of shavings, and rather liked it.

He had one night lain down, as was his custom, with his clothes on,—merely kicking off his shoes and placing his spectacles on the end of the work-bench,—and had slept comfortably about three hours, when he was awakened by a sound like the clanking of a chain.

He was on his feet in a moment; but in his eagerness to get his glasses he knocked them off the bench into the bed of shavings. He lost no time searching for them, but hastened to the open window on the side of the dam, and softly put out his head.

There was a moon somewhere in the sky, but it was a cloudy, drizzling night, and without the help of his glasses he could not distinguish one object from another. But again he heard, though not so plainly as before, a sound like the muffled clanking of a chain.

It seemed to be on the farther bank of the river; and, listening intently, he believed he could hear footsteps moving about. Then came a little splashing of the water, quite different from the murmur of the outgoing tide where it poured through the opening in the dam.

Lute stepped quickly to the end of the bench, found the twine looped over its nail, and drew it tight with a single firm but gentle pull. That was the signal for secrecy and haste.

A responsive pull, not quite so gentle, assured him that Mart was roused. He then groped in the shavings for his spectacles, found them, and put them on. By that time, Mart had awakened Rocket, who in turn shook the sleep out of Rupe and Rod; and such a scrambling for clothes, and such a tumbling out-of-doors ensued, as that old house had never before known.

Lute was at the window again, with all his senses alert, when Mart, half dressed, in shirt and trousers and shoes, came swiftly and without noise into the mill and glided to his side.

"What's going on over there?" Lute whispered. "Do you see something?"

Dim objects could be vaguely discerned on the opposite bank, and a dull, tramping sound was heard, heavier than that made by any ordinary human footsteps. Then a light clicking or jingling, as of a trace or some part of a harness.

"Horses!" breathed Mart.

"Horses and men!" whispered Rush, who was at the window almost as soon as his brother. "The shore is covered with 'em!"

Then once more the splashing at the farther end of the dam; and Lute told of the clanking sound by which he had been awakened.

"I believe they're trying to hitch on to the mud-sill and drag the whole thing out t-t-together!" was his shrewd comment.

"That's their game!" said Mart.

He turned to the two younger ones, who were also crowding to the window by this time, and gave them swift orders what to do. While they hastened to execute them, he reached for an old shop-coat that hung over the work-bench, and put it on. This he did that he might be a less conspicuous object to the enemy, when the time should come to expose himself, than he would be if seen in his white shirt-waist.

Lute had guessed well the design of the Argonauts. Their plot had been well laid, thanks to wiser heads than Buzrow's; and it might easily have succeeded but for an unforeseen circumstance. To get a log-chain around the mud-sill, hitch to it the powerful truck-horses hired for the occasion, and then, by one strong, steady pull in the right direction, tear away the whole structure at once, breaking stakes and spilings, or pulling them up—a bright idea, was n't it? Well, this was what Buzrow had heard somebody say should have been done before when the dam was destroyed, and which it had been determined to do now.

Then the wreck, so the Argonauts reasoned, could be dragged off down the bed of the river by the horses, still attached, taken to some convenient spot, and there broken up and burned or set

adrift, at leisure. Any number of volunteers might have been enlisted in what promised to be so glorious an enterprise. But in order to insure secrecy beforehand and silence on the spot, only a dozen picked Argonauts had been let into the scheme.

They were now on the Dempford shore, with the three draught-horses and their driver, a spade, an auger, and a chain, and bars and axes to be used in an emergency. The tools had been brought in a boat, which was hauled ashore a little below the dam. The spade was for digging under the mud-sill, the auger for boring holes in the boards above and the spilings below, and the chain for passing through and locking around afterward.

This was to be done near the end of the sill, but not too near, lest the chain, in hauling, should slip off. A spot was selected about four feet from the bank. The spilings were found, and gravel enough got away from them to give the auger room to work. To bore a hole or two under water had been thought easy enough, and a much more silent operation than knocking away the boards with ax or bar.

But now the unforeseen circumstance played its little part.

Buzrow, booted and clad for the occasion, like the rest, stooped in the water, which was not now nearly so high as when the dam was first torn away, and plied the long-stemmed auger.

But neither Buzrow nor any of his fellow Argonauts had fully taken in the fact that the mud-sill, which before lay on the bed of the river, was now sunken well into it. Consequently, he bored his first hole into the timber, instead of simply boring through the spiling under it. A second hole was no more lucky. Then the spade had to be used again, to get out more gravel. At last, however, he hit the right place. Another hole was made in the board that rested on the sill. Then the chain was worked through both holes and locked about the timber.

At last everything was ready. The horses, harnessed tandem, were to start on the bank, in order to give the sill an upward slant that might draw out the spilings with it; they were then to be turned into the bed of the river, and driven off down-stream, hauling after them the dam, or as much of it as should hold together.

The driver waited for the word. Buzrow took hold of the heavy rope, which extended from the last whiffletree, in order to hook it to the chain. But the delay had caused the horses to grow impatient in their strange situation. Having started a few steps forward, they had now to be backed up again. Buzrow was straining at the rope with one hand and holding the chain with the other, and two or three Argonauts were helping him,—six

inches more and the rope would have been hooked, —when thud! patter! splash! came a volley of stones.

One hit Buzrow on the back. But he still held on, and would have hooked the chain, had not another struck the rear horse. That started him up again; and Buzrow, even if he had had the strength of the man whose fist knocked down a cow, could not have clung to both rope and chain at once, without having those burly shoulders of his dislocated. He dropped the chain, and tugged at the rope until it was jerked from his hands and he found himself hurled headlong against the bank in a heap with the assisting Argonauts.

"Whoa! whoa!" he muttered. "Can't you hold your horses?"

Evidently the driver could not, or did not care to, with more stones striking the animals' flanks and hurtling mysteriously about his own head.

There was an ignominious retreat, in which Buzrow himself was glad to join; and, in less than half a minute, not a figure of man or beast was to be seen by the Tinkham boys from the other shore.

There was a rally at the boat, where Buzrow and the boldest of his followers tried to induce the truckman to go back with his team and make another trial.

"We can hook on in a second," Milt said. "Then let the horses run if they want to! Who cares for a few stones?"

The stones had in fact ceased coming, and everything was quiet in the direction of the mill.

"If you care so little for the stones," the teamster finally said, "go and make a diversion by attacking the other end of the dam; draw their fire, so my horses will stand till we get hitched on. I'll agree to that."

A confused discussion followed. Some were for gathering "rocks" to throw at the mill; to which others objected that the volley which drove them off did not come from the mill at all, and that breaking a few windows would not do much toward breaking the dam. Their business was with that.

"We must decide on something," said Ned Lufford, "or we may as well give up and go home."

"Go home and leave that dam there!" exclaimed Buzrow, stung to fury by the hurts he had received and by the thought of such failure. "Never! Come on, boys!"

"What are you going to do?" asked George Hawkins.

"Make a diversion, as Balch says. Two of you help him hitch on to the chain. I and four or five more will pitch into the dam with our axes and bars, while the rest of you find out where the rocks come from—if any more come—and have some to fire back."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BATTLE OF THE DAM.

IMMEDIATELY all the Argonauts, except Buzrow himself, began to search for projectiles along the shore. To choose one's position and skirmish with stones seemed a much more attractive part than to walk boldly up to the dam and be stoned. Naturally, almost any boy would prefer it; and the Argonauts were human.

Then, when Buzrow put a stop to that nonsense, as he called it, and appointed only four skirmishers, all the rest wanted to assist in attaching the horses to the chain. But that would n't do, either.

"Let George Hawkins and Frank Veals go with Balch," he said. "They understand it. The rest come with me!"

While the others were gathering stones, Buzrow had taken the opportunity to stuff a big boat-sponge into the crown of his felt hat. They had no such defense against dangerous missiles, nor did they know what made him so ready to lead them into battle. No doubt they supposed it was the native Buzrow courage. But I suspect it was the boat-sponge.

"It wont take half a minute!" he declared. "As soon as the team starts and the dam begins to crack, we're out of the way!"

Those he called upon could not well refuse to follow his heroic example. They armed themselves with axes and bars, buttoned their coats, turned up the collars, and pulled their hats over their eyes. The water was nowhere leg-deep, and all had rubber boots on.

"All ready?" said Buzrow.

All were ready. They stood in the rain, facing the dam, and waiting for the word to charge. Nothing could be seen before them but the dim outline of the shore, the pale glimmer of the river, and the gloomy mass of the high bank beyond. In that deep shadow, the shape of the mill could hardly be discovered.

Balch and his team made a detour. The skirmishers advanced noiselessly up the bank. Then Buzrow, having allowed the horses time to get abreast of the dam, gave the word:

"Now, boys!"

And the intrepid six rushed into the river.

To attract attention, they made all the noise they could on their way to the dam, hoping it would begin to go before they had a chance to attack it. But Balch and his assistants were not quick enough for that.

Carrying his head well before him, conscious of the boat-sponge, Buzrow made a lunge at the dam

with his bar—not at the end nearest the mill (perhaps out of deference to Rush and his well-remembered bean-pole), but yet far enough from the Dempford shore to divert the expected volley of stones from that quarter.

Excellent strategy in that respect it proved; though the credit of suggesting it belonged not to the warlike Argonauts, but to the dull-witted driver of draught-horses.

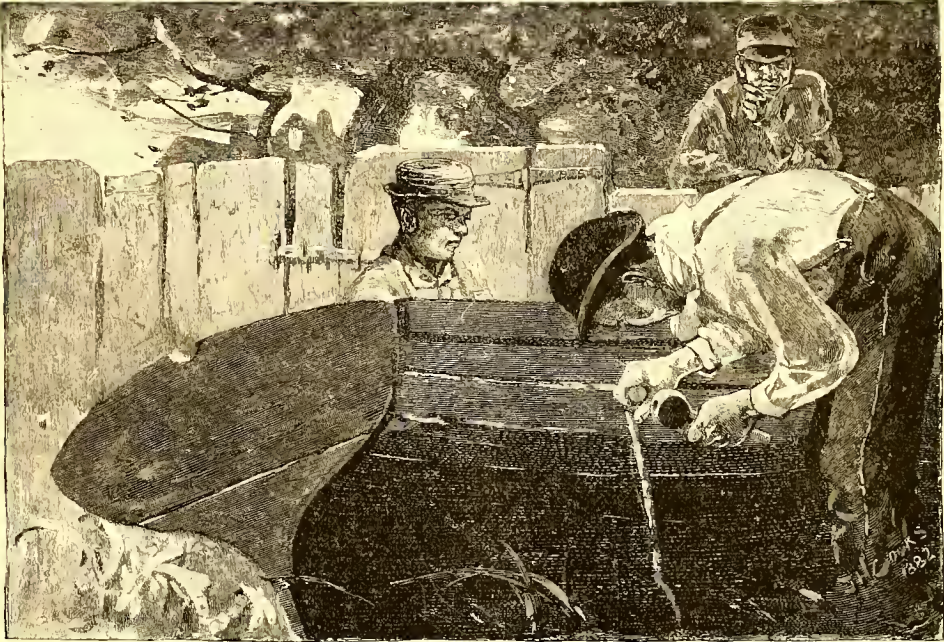
Buzrow's followers fell in at his right, considerably leaving him the honor of standing at the post of greatest danger, on the side of the mill.

hit on the shoulder. A second stone struck his left arm—a stinging but not a disabling shot, the perverse projectiles appearing to alight anywhere except on the sponge-stuffed cushion prepared for them.

“Why don't they hitch on?” he furiously exclaimed. “We must fall back if they don't!”

Ned Lufford had already fallen back, dizzy and staggering from the effect of a well-aimed pebble which found no boat-sponge inside his hat. One or two others were faltering.

Meanwhile, something quite different from a



“LUTE AND RUSH EMPLOYED THEIR LEISURE MOMENTS IN BUILDING A BOAT.” (PAGE 729.)

At the first stroke upon the dam, the stones began to come, all in the direction of the attacking party in front, not one straying far enough to interfere with the more important movement on the flank.

Whiz! thump! splash! crash!

The sounds made by the missiles mingled wildly with the noise of bars and axes smiting the dam. At the same time, the skirmishers, perceiving by the way the stones struck the water that they must come from the shore above the mill, opened a heavy return fire in that direction, without, however, silencing the Tinkham battery.

Still the mud-sill did not start, although in the excitement of battle it seemed to Buzrow that there had been time enough to pull the whole thing away.

At the very beginning of the attack he had been

pebble had once or twice touched the back of Buzrow's upturned coat-collar, and slipped away so lightly that he thought nothing of it.

It came from the door-way of the mill, and was quickly drawn back in that direction. Then it shot out again invisible, the long arm also invisible which projected it over the platform.

Then two hands hauled in—with something to haul this time.

The lightly flying, unseen object was a lasso, which, after twice missing the mark, had dropped its insinuating supple noose over the sponge-protected head, and tightened at the chin below.

Buzrow gave a suppressed yelp, dropping his bar and throwing up both hands, and in an instant started toward the mill in a most astonishing fashion.

The two hands hauling were Mart's. To them was now added another pair; and never did huge, floundering fish emerge more suddenly or more helplessly from the deep than Buzrow the valiant tumbled out of the shallow river upon the platform and into the clutches of his captors.

In vain his hands caught and struggled at the lasso. It had found a tender spot just above the coat-collar and under the chin, and to avoid instantaneous choking he had been only too ready to follow whither it led.

The Argonaut who stood beside him heard the short and quickly choked yell, and observed his sudden strange movements. Not knowing the cause, he drew the too hasty inference that Mill had been seriously hurt and that he was plunging to the shelter of the mill.

He started to follow. A third Argonaut followed him. But just as the two latter neared the platform, crack! crack! fell something more substantial than a lasso on their unprotected heads. Flashes of fire were instantly knocked out of them, together with all ideas of seeking shelter in a quarter which dispensed hospitalities of that sort.

They recoiled, reeling and stumbling, into the river. One dodged under the platform, just as the gasping and flopping Buzrow was hauled headlong over it into the mill. The other recovered himself and took to flight, keeping step to a vigorous tattoo on his back and shoulders, played by a bean-pole instead of a drumstick.

Then Rush stood alone on the platform (not knowing what was under it), brandishing his weapon, ready for fresh comers.

No fresh comers appeared, the remaining Argonauts at the dam also plashing off in a panic-stricken way down the river.

Still the mud-sill did not move! The reason for this was that the boys could not hitch to the log-chain. The reason why they could not hitch to it was that there was no log-chain there! For this, also, there was a very excellent reason.

The stratagem by which the fire of the Tinkham

battery was to be diverted was good, as I have said, as far as it went. But a counter stratagem had gone beyond that.

While the Argonauts were rallying at the boat and gathering stones on the beach, Lute had crossed the stream under cover of the dam, found the chain in the water, unlocked it, and pulled it away. He had then pushed back the loose gravel against the sill with his feet, and afterward recrossed in safety and silence before the final attack began.

Much time was lost by Hawkins and Veals in searching for the chain; then a good deal more in exploring for the bored holes, which Lute had covered. For they now hoped to get the rope around the timber in place of the chain, and haul it off in that way.

But things happened too fast for them. The Argonauts had retreated from the dam, and Buzrow was a captive in the mill, bound hand and foot, and admonished still further to keep quiet by a noose about his neck, which could be so easily tightened in an emergency! Rupe and Rod were thus left free to turn their attention to the men and horses on the bank, who were soon glad enough to retreat again out of range of the pelting stones.

Meanwhile, the skirmishers, finding their pockets nearly empty of ammunition, had reserved their last volleys until they perceived, from their position above the dam, that some action was taking place at the corner of the mill.

"There's where the rocks come from!" said one. "Let drive, boys!"

The action was already over, however. At the first stone, Rush stepped quietly inside and closed the door. A second came through the open window, but hurt nobody. A third struck the platform: while others, aimed too low, seemed to take effect under it. For now the poor fellow crouching there ran out, wildly shrieking, "It's me, boys! it's me!" and made off with a great splashing, amidst the last volleys fired by his brother Argonauts.

(To be continued.)



SIX LITTLE MAIDENS.

BY R. W. LOWRIE.

I 'LL tell you a story, I 'll sing you a song,—
It 's not very short and it 's not very long,—
Of six little maidens: in white they were dressed,
And each was the sweetest and each was the best.

Invited for four—well, now, let me see:
Waiting was dull, so they got there at three.
There were little Miss Katie and Nellie and Sue,
And little Miss Bessie and Polly and Prue.

It might have been June, if it had n't been May,
The first of the month, and a beautiful day;
They kissed when they met, as the ladies all do—
Kate, Susie, and Nell; Bess, Polly, and Prue.

They danced and they skipped and they sang and they played,
And they formed pretty groups
in the sun and the shade:
And I said, when they asked
me of which I was fond,—
“Brunettes are the dearest,
and so are the blonde.”

And that night, as I bade
them adieu at the gate,—
Bess, Polly, and Prue, and
Sue, Nellie, and Kate,—
How I wished that “good-
bye!” could have
been “how-d'y'-
do!”
And I said:
“Come at
three!” so
as to get
them at
two!



Jose Hadden.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BY EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

NOW, boys and girls, this is going to be a true story—at least, mostly true, and true stories, you know (or, if you don't know, some day or other you will find out), are often a good deal stranger and funnier than made-up ones. Not that this story is going to be very, very strange, or very, very funny, but it will be strange and funny enough, I hope, to be interesting; at any rate, it is just what might happen to any boy who should go and do what Ben Brady did. But perhaps I should begin by telling who Ben Brady was. Well, then, Ben Brady was, or rather *is* (for Ben is alive and well this very minute, and you may be sure he will stare to find himself put into ST. NICHOLAS), Ben, I say, is a nice, bright boy who lives in the pretty country town of Dashville, and is the only son of Mrs. Elizabeth Brady, a widow lady, who regards Ben as the apple of her eye. Ben is really fourteen years old; but you would never in the world suspect it, for he is n't a bit bigger than Johnny Townsend, across the way, who will not be twelve till the fifth day of next October. Now, it was just because he was so small that everybody thought what Ben did was so wonderful. It really was n't so very extremely wonderful, as you will see, but it certainly was rather odd. In the first place, he went and bought a tourograph. What! you don't know what a tourograph is? Why, my dears, it's nothing in the world but a photographic apparatus to take pictures at home. Ben had saved up a little money which he had earned doing chores out of school, and when he heard what a fashionable thing it is nowadays for young gentlemen and ladies to take pictures at home, and when he found out how easily it is done, and that it does n't cost a great deal, he quietly made up his mind, and without saying anything to anybody he went off and bought a camera, and a three-legged standard to hold the camera, and the little frames to print with, and the ruby light, and a lot of dry plates, all prepared to take pictures on, and a little piece of black cloth to go over his head and shut out the light when he squinted into the camera, and in fact the whole apparatus, and took them home to his astonished mamma.

Next, he lost no time in turning his room into a photographic gallery, moved the bed and the chairs into a corner, put up some cotton screens, made a romantic landscape, representing a weeping willow, a broken pillar, and an urn, out of some

strips of wall-paper, for his sitters to pose before; and having turned the whole room into a scene of wild confusion, made spots all over the carpet, and filled the air with a bad smell of chemicals, he declared himself ready to take pictures. He began practicing upon his mamma, his aunt Hannah, his cousin Jane, and the cook, filling in odd times with the dog and cat when he could n't get people. The fact that these early pictures were not a success, and that only the most experienced eye could distinguish his aunt Hannah from the cook, did not in the least discourage Ben; he laid the blame wholly upon the sitters themselves, declaring that he never could make any of them "look lively," or hold their chins high enough in the air, although his cousin Jane indignantly declared she held *her* chin just as high as it would go, and as for looking lively, *she* was n't going to sit ten minutes grinning at a crack in the wall for anybody.

Perhaps by this time you have all found out that Ben was a spoiled child. Well, I must confess he was, if not exactly spoiled, at least very much petted and indulged. His mother let him have his own way in everything which was not really wrong or harmful. So this was how it happened that he was allowed to go away with the Dashville cadets on their annual camping-out excursion. Ben's cousin, William Jones, was a lieutenant in the cadets, and he promised to take care of Ben if his mother would let him go. Thereupon, Ben began to tease his mother, and as he had always been a pretty good boy and had never got into serious mischief, and as she had great confidence in Lieutenant Jones, and as, moreover, she knew it would be a bitter disappointment to Ben if she said no, his mother finally consented. Then you ought to have seen Ben and heard Ben; he jumped over the chairs and he shouted "Hurrah!" till he was quite hoarse; he ran over and got Johnny Townsend, and marched up and down all the rest of the day beating a drum, and made poor Johnny go before, waving a flag till his little arms ached again.

And so, for the next day and two or three days afterward,—in fact, till it was time for them to go,—there was nothing heard but "camping out." In an unlucky moment Ben determined to take his tourograph, and that is how I came to tell this story, for if he had left the tourograph at home I should have had no story to tell.

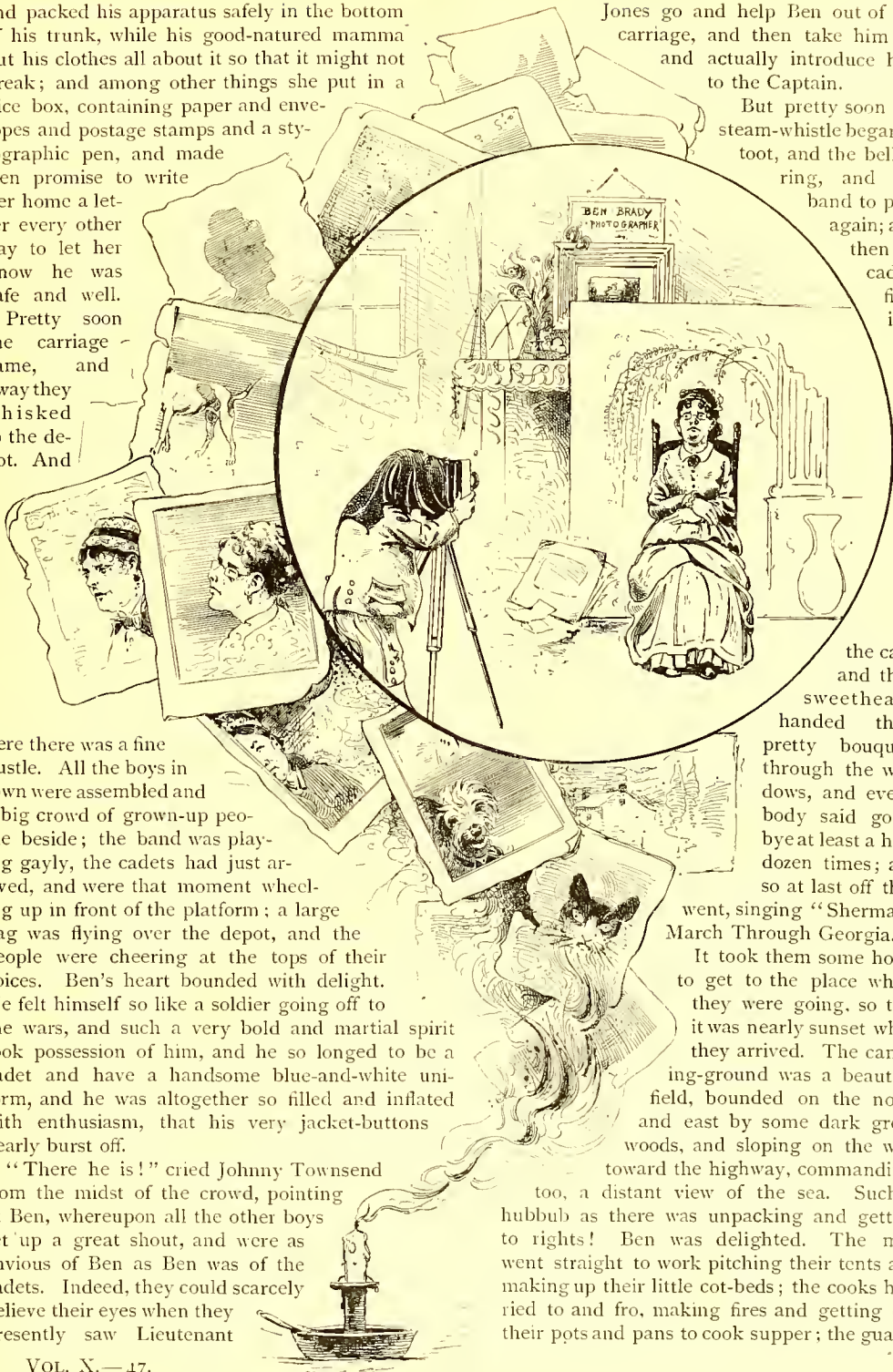
By and by the day came. Ben was up early

and packed his apparatus safely in the bottom of his trunk, while his good-natured mamma put his clothes all about it so that it might not break; and among other things she put in a nice box, containing paper and envelopes and postage stamps and a stylographic pen, and made Ben promise to write her home a letter every other day to let her know he was safe and well.

Pretty soon the carriage came, and away they whisked to the depot. And

Jones go and help Ben out of the carriage, and then take him up and actually introduce him to the Captain.

But pretty soon the steam-whistle began to toot, and the bell to ring, and the band to play again; and then the cadets filed into



here there was a fine bustle. All the boys in town were assembled and a big crowd of grown-up people beside; the band was playing gayly, the cadets had just arrived, and were that moment wheeling up in front of the platform; a large flag was flying over the depot, and the people were cheering at the tops of their voices. Ben's heart bounded with delight. He felt himself so like a soldier going off to the wars, and such a very bold and martial spirit took possession of him, and he so longed to be a cadet and have a handsome blue-and-white uniform, and he was altogether so filled and inflated with enthusiasm, that his very jacket-buttons nearly burst off.

"There he is!" cried Johnny Townsend from the midst of the crowd, pointing at Ben, whereupon all the other boys set up a great shout, and were as envious of Ben as Ben was of the cadets. Indeed, they could scarcely believe their eyes when they presently saw Lieutenant

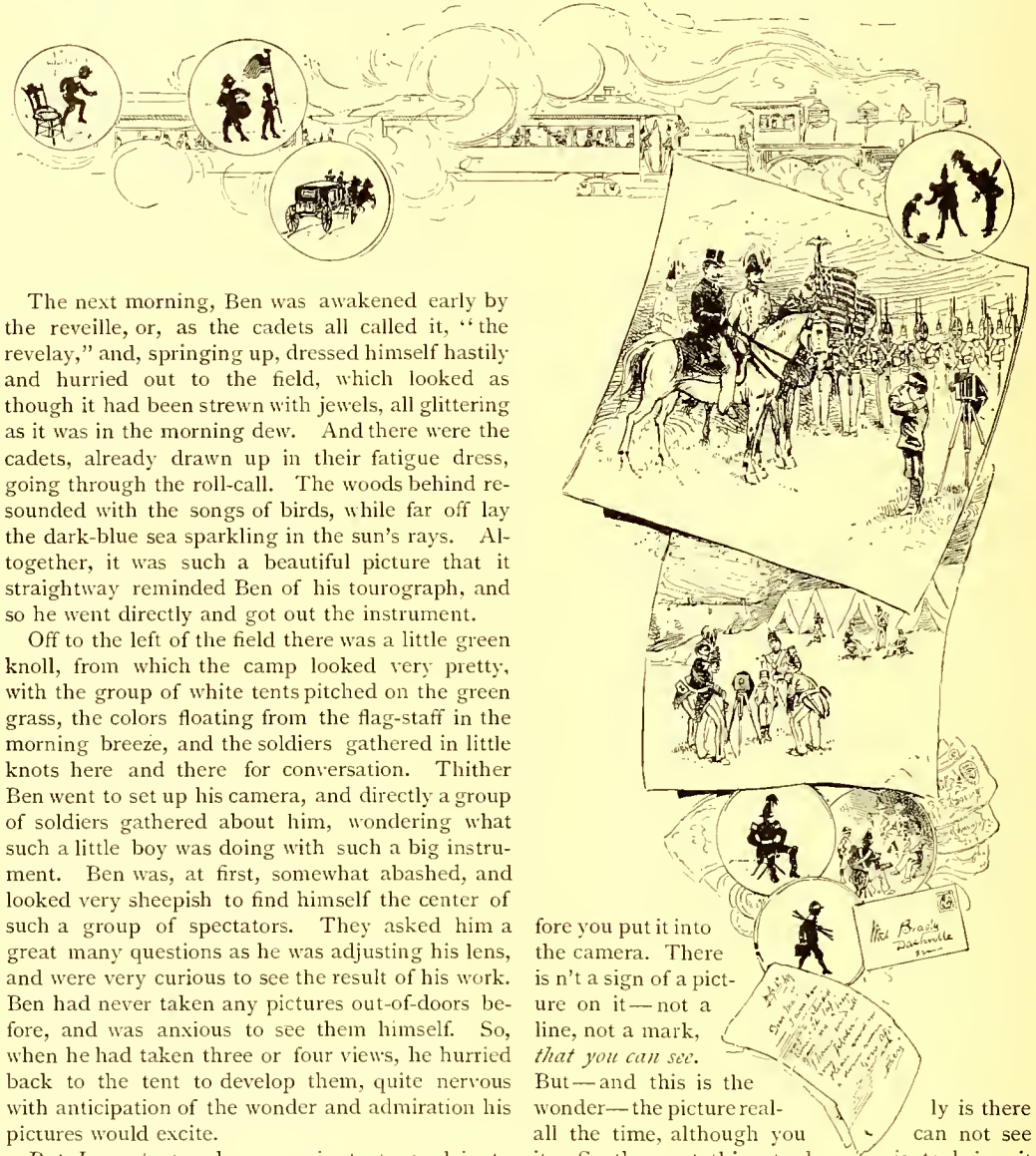
the cars, and their sweethearts handed them pretty bouquets through the windows, and everybody said good-bye at least a half-dozen times; and so at last off they went, singing "Sherman's March Through Georgia."

It took them some hours to get to the place where they were going, so that it was nearly sunset when they arrived. The camping-ground was a beautiful field, bounded on the north and east by some dark green woods, and sloping on the west toward the highway, commanding, too, a distant view of the sea. Such a hubbub as there was unpacking and getting to rights! Ben was delighted. The men went straight to work pitching their tents and making up their little cot-beds; the cooks hurried to and fro, making fires and getting out their pots and pans to cook supper; the guards

were mounted, and all were as busy 'as so many bees.

Ben was assigned to Lieutenant Jones's quarters, where, after a hearty supper, he went straight to bed, quite tired out with all the fatigue and excitement.

well that I need not explain it. Now, ever so many people think that is all there is to be done, that the picture is now taken, and there's an end of it. Well, so it is taken; but you would never know it. The plate looks just exactly as it did be-



The next morning, Ben was awakened early by the reveille, or, as the cadets all called it, "the revelay," and, springing up, dressed himself hastily and hurried out to the field, which looked as though it had been strewn with jewels, all glittering as it was in the morning dew. And there were the cadets, already drawn up in their fatigue dress, going through the roll-call. The woods behind resounded with the songs of birds, while far off lay the dark-blue sea sparkling in the sun's rays. Altogether, it was such a beautiful picture that it straightway reminded Ben of his tourograph, and so he went directly and got out the instrument.

Off to the left of the field there was a little green knoll, from which the camp looked very pretty, with the group of white tents pitched on the green grass, the colors floating from the flag-staff in the morning breeze, and the soldiers gathered in little knots here and there for conversation. Thither Ben went to set up his camera, and directly a group of soldiers gathered about him, wondering what such a little boy was doing with such a big instrument. Ben was, at first, somewhat abashed, and looked very sheepish to find himself the center of such a group of spectators. They asked him a great many questions as he was adjusting his lens, and were very curious to see the result of his work. Ben had never taken any pictures out-of-doors before, and was anxious to see them himself. So, when he had taken three or four views, he hurried back to the tent to develop them, quite nervous with anticipation of the wonder and admiration his pictures would excite.

But I must stop here a minute to explain to all those girls and boys who don't know already just how to take a photograph, that there are two or three things necessary in order to make a picture. First, you have to put your plate into the camera, pull off the little cap in front, and expose it to the sunlight. You all know that part of it so

fore you put it into the camera. There is n't a sign of a picture on it—not a line, not a mark, that you can see.

But—and this is the wonder—the picture real- all the time, although you

ly is there can not see it. So the next thing to do is to bring it out; that's what is called "developing" it. And how do you suppose they do it? Why, they take it into a very dark place, and pour on it a kind of fluid with a difficult name, and soak it in this fluid till pretty soon one little point, then another little point, then the whole outline, and at last the

entire picture, grows right out of the plate like a ship coming through a fog. It is a very strange and beautiful thing, and I solemnly assure you that not all the fairies and witches and magicians and enchanters, in all your nursery-books put together, ever did anything half so wonderful and beautiful.

And now, what do you think? Why, when Ben hurried off to the tent, with all the soldiers following behind him, to develop his pictures, he found he had forgotten to bring this mysterious fluid with the hard name, and there he was, little better off than if he had not taken his pictures, for he could not show them! He threw his hat on the bed, he stamped on the ground, he tried to tear his hair in his vexation, only fortunately it had been cut too short. But there was no help for it; he had to come out and explain to the soldiers about the magic liquid, and he felt very silly and he looked very foolish, for he had fondly hoped to strike them dumb with astonishment.

However, if he could not develop his pictures, he could at least *take* them, and keep them shut up from the light, and carry them home to develop. And so every day he went about, setting up his camera and disappearing under the mysterious black cloth, till he became a familiar object in the camp, and a group of the idle soldiers would usually gather about him whenever he appeared with his instrument.

Meantime, in the tents and at mess, he was introduced to all the officers, who thought it was so droll to see such a little boy making pictures, that they took a good deal of notice of him. Indeed, they each and all sat to him for their pictures, from the Sergeant up to the Captain, who, leaning upon his sword, with his right hand thrust into his bosom, and his mustache brushed out into very fierce points, looked almost as grand as the late Louis Napoleon.

Ben was as proud as a peacock at being trusted to take all these pictures, and explained over and over again to every sitter that, as soon as he got home, he would develop them and send to each one proofs of his own photograph. Upon the strength of this promise every officer ordered a dozen or two to be struck off, and insisted upon paying for them in advance; several of the common soldiers and the band did likewise; so that Ben soon became not only a distinguished personage in the camp, but collected such a sum of money that it quite turned his head. Straightway he began to look upon himself as an experienced artist and equal to anything. Indeed, he was called by the good-natured officers "Our Special Artist," and one of them printed these words upon a large ornamental badge, which Ben wore tied around his cap.

As a result of all this prominence, poor Ben became so puffed up with vanity that I very much doubt if a vainer little boy was ever heard of. You may easily see this for yourselves by the letters he wrote to his mamma. Here is one of them:

"CAMP BISMARCK.

"DEAR MA: I'm having royal good times. This is a jolly place. They have the best things to eat you ever saw. I wish you and Aunt Hannah could just taste the chowder. I have just as many plates of pudding as I want, and don't have any water in my coffee. I'm as fat as a pig. I've got so I can take photografs first-rate. It's just as easy as nothing now. I've taken most everybody's. I've got lots of orders, too. I think I shall leave school when I come home and go into business, and then we can have a horse and buggy and a new parlor carpet. I have made up my mind to join the cadets this fall—the officers all like me most to death. They call me *Our Special Artist*, and Lieutenant Wilder made me a badge to wear with that printed on, so you see that I put on as much style as anybody.

"Oh! I forgot to tell you I came away without my developer, and so I can't finish a single plate. It was a horrid mistake, and I felt awful cut up, at first; but I shall fetch home all my neggertives, and just go right at it and do it all up at once. You can tell Johnny Townsend that he need n't expect me to go fishing any more. I sha'n't have any time to go fooling round now with him. Please send me down two or three dozen more plates right away.

"Your affectionate son,

"BEN."

Meantime, Ben was taken about everywhere by the officers, and introduced to all the visitors at the camp as "Our Special Artist," to whom, with a great air, he always made the military salute, putting his heels close together, sticking out his forefinger, and touching the visor of his cap with a motion as stiff as a poker.

But the proudest and happiest day Ben had ever yet known was when the Governor and his staff came down to review the troops. Ben was duly marched up and introduced to his excellency, who patted him on the head, and called him "my little man," and said he should esteem it a great honor to sit to him for a picture. The Governor, of course, was merely joking, and only wanted to pay Ben a compliment; but the latter had become by this time so confident of his ability and so proud of his reputation that he took the Governor at his word, and accordingly, at dress parade in the afternoon, when his excellency was standing watching the manœuvres of the troops, surrounded by his staff in their brilliant uniforms, with plumes flying and golden epaulets gleaming in the sunshine, Ben, nothing abashed, marched boldly forth, and, setting up his instrument at a short distance, leveled it full at the distinguished party, and began adjusting the lens. Pretty soon some one pointed him out to the Governor, who was very much amused, and was good-natured enough to send a member of his staff, with his sword clanking and his black horse prancing, across to Ben, requesting him to shake a handkerchief when he was ready, and they would all stand quietly to be taken. Ben did as he was asked, and triumphantly took

the picture in the face and eyes of the whole corps and a multitude of spectators gathered to witness the review.

Afterward, when the Governor was riding from the field, he suddenly drew up at sight of Ben and his instrument, and, stooping from his horse, said:

"Good-bye, my little artist; I shall expect one of those pictures when they are done!"

Ben, rigid as a lightning-rod, gave the military salute, and almost broke his forefinger by striking it so energetically against his visor.

This event was, indeed, the crowning feather in Ben's cap thus far. His cousin, Lieutenant Jones, laughed, and said, "He has grown six inches taller already, and pretty soon we shall have to get a ladder to climb up to him!"

That same evening, as it chanced, several of the officers were gathered in one of the tents, where each in turn told some strange experiences that had happened to himself or his friends. Among others, Lieutenant Wilder related several thrilling adventures he had met with in Virginia amid the wild and beautiful scenery of the Shenandoah region, where he had lived for a time.

"Yes," he said, concluding, and at the same time patting Ben upon the head, "if I had only had 'Our Special Artist' there with me, I could have shown you some of the scenes where these things happened, and there's nothing like them in the country."

Ben was so grateful for this tribute in his honor that he asked many questions about Virginia, which led Lieutenant Wilder to go on and tell other stories of the lovely scenery of that State and the pleasant people he had met there, to all of which Ben listened with most attentive ears.

But the secret of this sudden interest in Virginia was explained at the end of the week, when the camp broke up. When everything was packed and sent off, and everybody was ready to march to the depot, "Our Special Artist" could not be found. Search was made for him high and low, up in the woods, down by the sea-shore, but all in vain, till at length, just as everybody was becoming very much alarmed, a little boy came up and handed a note to Lieutenant Jones. He opened it quickly, and read as follows:

"DEAR COUSIN BILL: I guess your eyes will stick out when you get this. I've gone to Virginia. I was going to speak to you at first, but then I thought, you'd make a fuss, and so I thought I would n't. I'm going to write to Ma; so you need n't fret about that. I wish you'd take my trunk back to Dashville — I did n't want to be bothered with it, traveling. I had a bang-up time at the camp. I'm much obliged to you for taking me. I like the cadets first-rate, and I shall join them in the fall. You can tell Ma that I have gone to take views. You know there are n't any views around Dashville worth a cent. Tell her she need n't go and get worried about me; there wont anything happen to me; I guess I know how to take care of myself, and I shall come home just as quick as I use up my plates.

Yours truly,
BEN BRADY."

Poor Lieutenant Jones turned pale, and stared at the letter in blank amazement, as if it could not be true. What could he say to Mrs. Brady, and how could he ever make her believe that he was not to blame? He thought for a moment of pursuing Ben, of writing, of telegraphing; but he soon saw it would be of no use, for there was no address to the letter and there was no way of finding out his whereabouts.

But we must leave the unhappy Lieutenant to go back to Dashville and break the news of Ben's sudden and unexpected departure as best he could to Mrs. Brady, while we follow the footsteps of "Our Special Artist."

Ben was not in the first class in geography in the Dashville High School, and his knowledge of that branch of learning was as uncertain as his spelling. He had a very vague notion that Virginia was somewhere down South; but how to get to it, he did n't know at all. By dint of inquiring, however, he found out that he must go through New York, Baltimore, and Washington. In one of these places he thought he could get some of the magic liquid with which to develop his plates.

But he had never been in a big city in his life; and when he got to New York, the tremendous crowds of people, the rush, the confusion, the tumult, so impressed him that he dared only go from one depot to the other, and even then was quaking in his boots lest he should be lost.

At the ticket-office in New York there was a man standing close by when Ben went up to purchase his ticket for Washington. Perhaps to impress the stranger with his importance and teach him that he must not always judge people by their size, Ben, with a little flourish, pulled out the roll of bank-bills which he had received from his sitters at Camp Bismarck, and made a great show counting out his fare. When he took his seat on the train, he found the same man on the seat behind him. He turned out to be a pleasant, soft-spoken man, who by and by began to talk to Ben, and when he learned where he was going gave him much good advice, and told him how to go to Virginia, and what everything would cost, and many other things. He happened to have a map in his pocket, and he came over into Ben's seat and opened his map and took out a pencil, and showed Ben his road exactly on the map, so that Ben thought he had learned more geography from the soft-spoken man, in half an hour, than he had ever learned in the Dashville school all his life. And when, presently, the stranger saw the camera under the seat and heard what it was, and drew out from Ben a description of his visit to Camp Bismarck and the pictures he had taken, not for-

getting the Governor's, the soft-spoken man declared that Ben must be a wonderful boy—in fact,

moment occurred to him to connect his loss with the soft-spoken man.

But now what was to be done? He felt in his trousers' pockets in alarm, and found he had still a little silver. He counted it with much anxiety. There was only two dollars and a half. Forced to pay a dollar and a half for his lodging and breakfast, he reached Alexandria next day with only fifty cents in his pocket. This proved to be just enough to pay his fare in the stage that was to take him to Montville, a lovely little place among the mountains which he had heard Lieu-

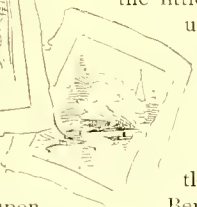
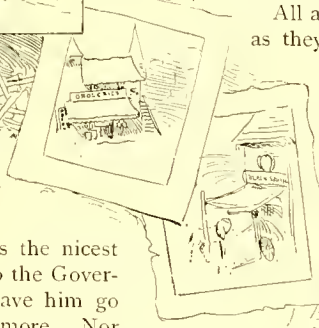
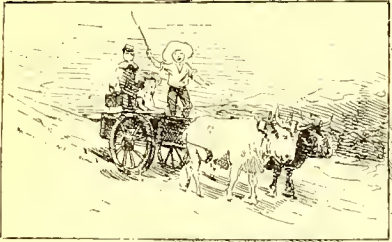
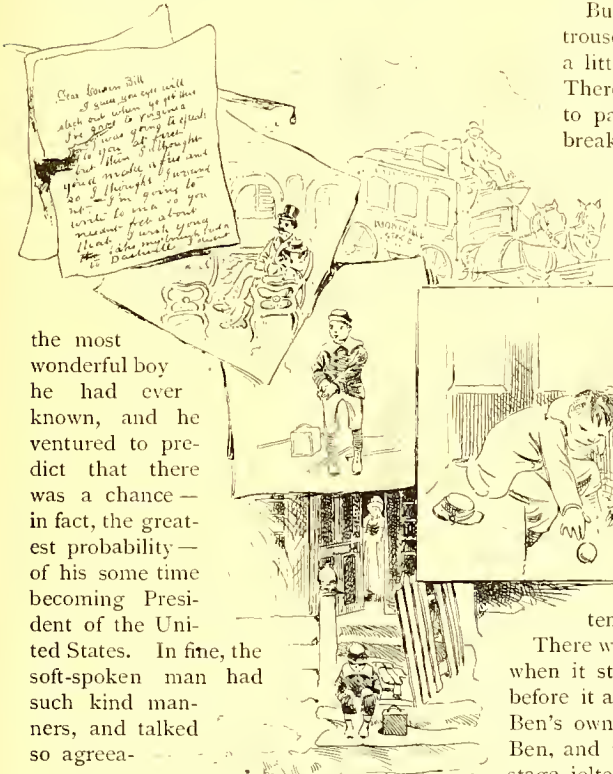
the most wonderful boy he had ever known, and he ventured to predict that there was a chance—in fact, the greatest probability—of his some time becoming President of the United States. In fine, the soft-spoken man had such kind manners, and talked so agreea-

tenant Wilder describe.

There were several passengers in the stage when it started; but one after another they all got out before it arrived at Montville, save one little girl about Ben's own age. This little girl was directly opposite Ben, and there they sat, bobbing up and down as the stage jolted along, making believe not to look at each other, but all the time wanting to speak. The little girl had a bright, merry face; she was not exactly pretty, but very good-natured looking; she had laughing blue eyes, a freckled skin, and reddish hair, which was arranged in two long braids, tied up at the ends with bits of blue ribbon. She held in her lap a very large orange, which she played with now and then when she grew tired of tossing her braids and drumming on the window.

All at once the stage gave a tremendous jolt as they passed over one of those queer hummocks in the road which the country people call "thank-you-marms," and away went the orange on the floor. In a minute, Ben sprang to pick it up and the little girl sprang to pick it up, so they met in the middle and their heads came together with a tremendous bump. Then they both sat back in their seats, and the girl began to laugh, Ben blushed and bit his lip. Then the little girl laughed harder than before: she looked out of the window and puckered up her lips,

bly, that Ben thought he was the nicest person he had ever met next to the Governor, and was very sorry to have him go when he left the train at Baltimore. Nor afterward, when Ben got to Washington and found his roll of bank-bills had mysteriously disappeared, when he stood pale and quaking with astonishment and fear at the discovery, it never for a



and put her handkerchief up to her mouth, and tried very hard indeed to stop, but all in vain; she presently burst out again, and laughed and laughed till the tears stood in her eyes. By this time Ben had become very indignant; he did not like to be laughed at—he considered himself a person of altogether too much consequence; so he got up and went across the stage, and turned his back on the little girl and looked out of the other window. Pretty soon, however, he felt a touch on his shoulder, and there was the little girl holding out half of her orange, which she had peeled for him. She did not say anything, but she looked so sorry and so eager to be friends that Ben was mollified, and so took the orange and returned to his seat.

As they sat there eating their oranges and looking rather bashful, the little girl, taking courage, suddenly asked:

“What’s your name?”

“*Mister* Ben Brady,” said Ben, thinking to impress the little girl with his dignity.

“My name is Sissy Sanderson,” she rejoined; “my father’s the town clerk. Everybody knows us.”

“Humph!” exclaimed Ben, not very politely, thinking to himself that he was somebody, and he did n’t know the Sandersons.

“What’s that thing?” asked Sissy, pointing to Ben’s apparatus, tucked down beside his seat.

“It’s a tourograph!” replied Ben, loftily.

“Oh!” exclaimed Sissy, none the wiser.

Ben gazed out of the window with a proud air, as much as to say, “Look at it now while you have the chance; you don’t see a tourograph every day!”

“Do you play on it?” asked Sissy, again.

“Nobody *plays* on it!” exclaimed Ben, indignantly. “I take pictures with it. I am an artist!”

“*You* do!” exclaimed Sissy, almost gasping with astonishment, and then she looked from Ben to the tourograph, and from the tourograph to Ben, for three whole minutes, so overcome with awe and admiration that she could not speak.

“Who taught you?” at last she asked.

“Nobody; I taught myself,” replied Ben, shortly, seeing the effect he had produced on Sissy, and now feeling that he had risen once more to his proper level.

“Where are you going?” asked Sissy, more and more interested in her new acquaintance.

“Going to Montville.”

“Why, that’s where I live. I know everybody in Montville—whose house are you going to?”

“I’m not going to anybody’s house; going to the hotel,” said Ben, haughtily.

“Why there is n’t any hotel,” said Sissy.

“Eh?” exclaimed Ben, in alarm.

“Did n’t you know the hotel was burned a long time ago?”

“Wh—wha—what shall I do then?”

The pride and haughtiness faded very suddenly out of Ben’s face, and gave place to a look of blank dismay, as he felt in his trousers’ pockets and found them empty, as he thought of himself hundreds of miles from home, with no means of getting back, and now just about entering a strange town, with no hotel, and the night coming on. He gazed ruefully down upon the tourograph, and then out of the window, and looked very, very crest-fallen and forlorn.

“Have n’t you any relations in Montville?” inquired Sissy.

“No.”

“And don’t you know anybody?”

“No.”

“Then what made you come here?”

“‘Cause Lieutenant Wilder said there were splendid views here.”

“What, Charley Wilder?”

“Yes!” cried Ben, brightening up a bit. “Do you know him?”

“Oh, yes, indeed; he was my sister Molly’s partic’ler friend when he was here. He used to come to our house often. How funny you should know *him*!”

There was a few minutes’ silence, during which the kind-hearted Sissy was busily thinking, when, suddenly, she exclaimed:

“Why, I’ll tell you what you can do. You can come to our house to supper, and bring your troorer—two—row—gr—, the *thing*, you know,” cried Sissy, in a desperate attempt to remember the name, “and I’ll ask Mother, and *she*’ll find some place where you can go.”

Ben blushed a little, and muttered out his thanks rather awkwardly. But he was glad enough to accept the invitation, which took a big load from his heart, as you may believe, and, heaving a deep sigh of relief, he cast a look of gratitude at Sissy, and for the first time began talking and laughing with her quite easily. In this way, they at length rolled into the pretty village of Montville, where they were presently set down at Mr. Sanderson’s door.

Sissy immediately stepped out of the stage and ran away, crying:

“I’ll go and tell Mother you’ve come.”

Pretty soon she came back with her mother, who proved to be a plain, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasant look in her face. They found Ben sitting on the door-step, looking very dismal. Mrs. Sanderson took him in and welcomed him heartily; and after asking him some questions about Lieutenant Wilder, and looking with much

curiosity at his tourograph, of which Sissy had already given her some account in an awed and mysterious whisper, Mrs. Sanderson called in her son Bob, a boy of about the same age as Ben, and bade him show their little guest upstairs, saying kindly :

“ If you are a friend of Lieutenant Wilder’s, you must stay with us, my dear, while you remain in Montville.”

Then Ben, with another sigh almost as big as he was himself, but with a light heart, followed Bob upstairs.

The next day, bright and early, and every morning for some time afterward, Ben started off in search of views. Up the hills and down the valleys he marched, never getting tired, stopping every now and then to take a picture, and always attended by Sissy and Bob, who were his constant admirers. Sometimes they went with Sissy’s donkey-wagon, and sometimes they went with Bob’s team, which was funnier still. Bob’s team was nothing more nor less than an ox-cart. That was rather a queer thing for Bob to have, but this is the way it happened: Two or three years before, when Mr. Sanderson was about to send off two young calves to the butcher, Bob begged so hard for them, that his father gave them to him, and he had brought them up and trained them and broken them in, till now they were the handsomest pair of oxen in the whole country-side. Bob had trained them so that he could sit in the cart and shout “ Gee ! ” and “ Haw ! ” and they would go whichever way he wished. He called one “ Jack ” and the other “ Jill ”; and when Sissy laughed at this and said Jill was a girl, Bob said he did n’t care; he liked the name of Jill, and it would do just as well for an animal as it would for a girl.

After Ben had thus photographed all the fine scenes he had heard Lieutenant Wilder describe, he began to take views of the town, and he soon became as well known and famous among the townspeople as he had been in camp. He wore his cap with the badge wherever he went, and was at once an object of envy to all the boys and of admiration to all the girls. Nobody understood very clearly why Ben did n’t finish up his pictures, but they listened in good faith to his story of the magic liquid; and as he took good care to tell all about Camp Bismarck, and how he took the officers and last of all the Governor himself, they could n’t doubt his word. Beside, there was the instrument itself—there had never been one before in town, and if it did n’t take pictures, what did it do? Again, Ben’s experienced air,—for he had now taken so many pictures that he went through the operation with great ease and quickness,—all these things tended to impress the public with his knowledge and skill.

Thus he went about the village always attended by a group of white children, a lot of ragged little darkies, a few grown-up men who had nothing better to do, and now and then a stray dog or cat. He took views of the chief buildings and objects of interest, the town-house, the pound, the grocery store, and the blacksmith’s shop. The poor smith stood with a horse’s foot in his lap, and his heavy hammer uplifted in the air, waiting until his back ached to be taken. But as soon as Ben got ready, then the horse would switch his tail to brush off a fly, or the smith would have to mind his bellows, or a pig would run in the way, or something else happen, which, of course, was not Ben’s fault.

Then at home he had to take ever so many pictures of the Sanderson family and all their friends. There was Mrs. Sanderson in her best black silk, holding a prayer-book in her hand. There was Granny Sanderson in her best cap, with her jet-black front tied on askew. There was Mr. Sanderson in his Sunday clothes, with his long locks combed down very straight and smooth, staring with a stern look at a fly on the wall. There was Bob, with his hair sticking straight up in the air, and his eyes looking a little wild. There was Sissy, with her freckles and braids, smiling helplessly, for she protested she never could keep sober with “ that thing ” pointed at her. And last, but by no means least, there was Miss Molly. I say *Miss* Molly, for she was a grown-up young lady and the beauty of the family, and not only that, but the beauty of the whole town, as everybody acknowledged. I am sorry to say that people had noticed Molly’s good looks, and silly friends had told her she was handsome, until she had become so vain of her beauty that she thought of very little else. Now, therefore, she was constantly “ posing ” to Ben for her picture. And Ben, as you may suspect, was only too glad to find his services in such demand by the belle of Montville. Accordingly, he took her in all kinds of attitudes, in which he exerted his utmost skill, and Miss Molly made frantic attempts to be fascinating. Now, in her big Gainsborough hat, almost as large round as the top of a barrel; now with her hair let down and her eyes rolled up like a Madonna; now wearing a wreath of flowers as “ The Bride,” or veiled with the mosquito-net as “ The Spirit of Light ”; now with her head turned to one side as “ The Coquette,” with her hands resting upon a parasol that lay across her lap, and with an affected smile upon her face. Our young photographer decided that this last “ would be a very good picture, only the arms and the parasol were a little out of focus.”

After a time, however, Miss Molly’s thoughts took a tragic turn. She tried attitudes for hours before the glass, and when she hit upon one that

was fine enough she would "strike it," and call for Ben to come at once to take her. Sometimes this must have been very tedious if not painful, as when one day she arrayed herself in a bed-quilt and stood in the middle of the parlor floor till nearly exhausted, brandishing the carving-knife as "Lady Macbeth"; and all this time poor Mrs. Sanderson was waiting for the knife to cut up the cold meat for dinner, but dared not ask for it, as Miss Molly insisted if she was disturbed in that attitude she could never "strike it" again, which, I believe, was true enough. Another remarkable attitude of Miss Molly's was when she put three rows of paper ruffles around her neck, dressed her hair in puffs, put on Bob's cap with the brim at the back, donned Granny's long mourning veil, and looked sorrowfully down at her feet, as Mary Queen of Scots. But her grandest and most terrible posture was where she rolled up her sleeve to the shoulder, and then, seizing in her other hand a toy snake which Bob found among his old playthings, applied it to her bare arm while she threw back her head and fixed a ferocious glare

question by tying on a red cotton handkerchief for a turban, and draping herself in one of the chintz curtains from the parlor. And if anybody had objected that this garb was very like old Aunt Dinah's in the kitchen, it might easily have been answered that no Aunt Dinah nor any other mortal cook was ever seen clutching a toy snake and rolling her eyes in that way.

What worried Ben, however, was that he had no screen, and that the corner of the melodeon, with the kerosene lamp on it, would be sure to show sticking out behind Cleopatra in the picture.

Speaking of Aunt Dinah reminds me of Ben's attempt to photograph her. After all the family had been duly taken, they suddenly thought of Aunt Dinah, and rushed into the kitchen to ask her. She beamed with delight at the suggestion, but said, in a sort of shamefaced way:

"Laws, honey, yer don't wanter tuk an ole body like me."

"Yes, yes, we do; come, Aunt Dinah! come right along!" shouted all the children in chorus.

"He, he!" chuckled the delighted Aunt Dinah,



"IT'S GWINE TO GO OFF!"

upon the ceiling. This, I hardly need to tell you, was "Cleopatra and the Asp." The whole family assembled and stood by in awe-struck and breathless suspense while Ben, with trembling haste, took the picture. No one was quite clear how Cleopatra ought to be dressed; but Molly settled the

beginning to divest herself of her kitchen apron, "ef y' aint gwine fer to take no 'scuse, s'pose I'll jes' hab to be tuk. But go 'long, honey, go 'long! I's comin', I's comin' sho'; only jes' stoppin' to find sumfin to frow ober dis yer noddle."

Sure enough, out came Aunt Dinah presently in

her best plaid apron and kerchief, a yellow turban on, and her gold ear-rings gleaming in the sun. Ben sat her on a bench in the garden among the

“Run, chil'en! Massy sakes, run! it 's gwine to go off! Seed one o' dem yer t'ings bust afore now! Done knock ebery'ting all to nuffin!”



PHOTOGRAPHING THE TWINS. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

sunflowers, and she made a first-rate picture — much better than Ben had any idea of, and far finer, after all, than Miss Molly in all her grand attitudes.

But the moment Aunt Dinah was seated she began to look grave; she grew, in fact, more and more solemn as Ben proceeded to “fix things,” till at length when all was ready she had stiffened into a really formidable grimness.

Presently Ben had everything arranged to his satisfaction, and coming to the front of the camera he said, in a warning tone, and with a grand air that never failed to strike terror to the heart of the ignorant sitter: “All ready now, take care!” and immediately pulled off the little brass cap.

Aunt Dinah had been looking in another direction, but at these words turned quickly toward the instrument, and whether startled by Ben’s action or tone, or both combined, it would be impossible to say; but she suddenly started from her seat and fled toward the house, looking back over her shoulder with a terrified face, as she cried:

The children all laughed and shouted at poor Aunt Dinah’s fright, but nothing could induce her to go back and have her picture taken.

“Dis ole nigger seed too many dem yer shootin’ t’ings in de war,” she said, solemnly. “Yo’ kin go on ef ye wanter, jes’ go right on, but I’s tell yer, honey, tell yer sho’, dat ar’s gwine ter go off one o’ dese yer fine days, an’ den whar’ll ye be? Whar’ll ye be den?” she repeated, shaking her head, warningly. “Wont be nuff o’ yer lef’ to wipe up de flo’.”

Beside the Sandersons, Ben was called upon in due time to take some of the neighbors. His greatest trial, however, was with the Mallory twins. Mrs. Mallory was very fond and proud of the twins — so extravagantly fond of them that she often said they were good enough to eat. They were as like each other as two peas: indeed, Ben thought they were a good deal more alike than any two peas he had ever seen. They were just one year and two months old. Why Mrs. Mallory

was so proud of the twins, except for the fact that there were two of them, nobody was ever able to find out: but she was, and that was enough for Mrs. Mallory, and indeed for Mr. Mallory, too—they were both very proud of the twins, and the taking of their pictures was a great event in the Mallory family.

The appointed day arrived. Ben was told to come with his instrument at eleven o'clock precisely, for that was the time the twins awoke from their morning naps. He went accordingly. He was shown into the parlor, where the whole family was gathered awaiting him. Ben by this time felt quite experienced; he had taken almost everything else but a baby, and, although it was a bold thing to begin with twins, Ben felt pretty sure of himself. Presently the twins were brought in, and straightway there was a chorus of admiring relatives—"Darlings," "angels," "cherubs," "pets," "lambs," "little dears," etc. Ben did n't join in the chorus; he did n't exactly know what to do, and so only stood and twirled his thumbs, and looked foolish. He knew very little about babies, and still less about twins; "but," as he told Sissy privately, "he could n't see anything to make a fuss over; he should a great deal rather have a couple of nice rabbits." They were chubby babies; and it must be confessed that they were not handsome. They were dressed in long white dresses, tied up at the shoulders with pink ribbons. They were girls, and their names, which their mother had made it a point to get as nearly alike as possible, were Emeline Anna and Eveline Hannah.

And now there was a great dispute as to how they should be taken. Some thought in the cradle, some thought in the baby-wagon, some thought on their mother's lap, some thought on their father's lap, while their Aunt Jane said they looked "too cunning for anything" in the clothes-basket. But soon Mrs. Mallory settled the question by emphatically taking them one on each knee. Now Ben went to work; he pointed his instrument, adjusted his lens, looked under the black cloth, and was just upon the point of saying the word, when suddenly Emeline Anna set up a cry. Three aunts at once rushed to the rescue, which made her cry louder than before. Mrs. Mallory then sent the aunts away, and by some stratagem of her own secured silence. In a few minutes they were all ready to start again, when, unhappily, Eveline Hannah espied the ribbon on a little blue-and-white sock, sticking out from under her dress, and directly was seized with a wild desire to clutch it. This endeavor brought the three aunts and the father promptly to the scene. All at once, it occurred to their Aunt Jane that it would be "so sweet" to have them "looking up." Thereupon

she went and got the dust-pan, and, standing on a chair behind Ben and the camera, she pounded it with a clothes-pin. This struck Papa Mallory as such a very clever thing to do, that he went and got the poker and tongs, and stood on another chair and banged them together. This produced



BEN'S PHOTOGRAPH OF MOLLY AS "LADY MACBETH."

the desired effect. The four eyes were strained upward in a gaze of dumb astonishment.

"Now, quick, quick!" cried everybody.

Ben, in a flutter, pulled off the cap. The whole family stood rigid with suspense for several seconds. Ben, at length, replaced the cap, crying triumphantly, "Done!" Alas! in another moment he found that, in the confusion and excitement of getting the twins fixed, he had forgotten to put in the plate, and of course there was no picture.

Up went Papa Mallory and up went Aunt Jane on the chairs again, bang went the poker and tongs, and clang went the clothes-pin and the dust-pan. This time, however, the plan did not work. Eveline Hannah suddenly took it into her "precious little head" to be scared at the noise, and at once set up a cry which, when Emeline Anna presently joined in, became a loud and prolonged duet. It was plain that something else must be tried. It was, therefore, decided to let Papa Mallory hold the twins, while Mamma Mallory amused them. This promised at first to succeed.

Mamma Mallory knelt down before the darlings, and, clapping her hands, cried softly:

"Goo—goo! Googly—goo!"

Now, children, I wish I could explain those words to you, but I can not. I have not the least idea what they mean. But—will you believe it?—the twins did; they knew what it meant at once, and burst into the sweetest smile of which they were capable. Everybody again cried:

"Quick, quick; take 'em now! Take 'em now!"

But Ben, squinting under his black cloth, found he could see nothing at all but Mrs. Mallory's back hair. "Oh, dear!" she cried, when Ben told her of this. "If I go away, they'll be sure to cry!"

But it seemed now as if the twins had exhausted their ingenuity for the time, and had stopped to think up something else to do. They puckered their mouths, and looked pensively at the floor. "Now," thought Ben, "I'll catch 'em on the sly!" And so he did. They were quiet; they sat still; and neither Ben nor anybody else in the room noticed that Papa Mallory *had been trotting each knee gently all the time*. After this utter failure, Ben gave up the twins in despair.

But although the Mallorys and many of the other neighbors were very willing to employ Ben, and even in some cases to order a dozen pictures, it never seemed to occur to anybody to pay in advance, and Ben had not the courage to demand it. So, instead of the great fortune he expected to make, he was not only without a penny, but depending on the kind-hearted Sandersons for his board. At last, one morning, he made the startling discovery that he had used up all his plates. Now, instead of a millionaire and a celebrated artist as he had fancied himself when on the way to Virginia, all at once it occurred to him that he was only a boy a very long way from home, and with no means of getting back there. He began, too, to want to see his mother; he even felt like crying a little, and the world looked very, very dark and dismal. Just at this moment Sissy came up, and, seeing Ben look so doleful, asked him what was the matter. He told her everything. Thereupon the sensible Sissy said:

"Well, you ought to go right away and sit down and write your mother a good long letter, and tell her all about it!"

And so Ben did; and his poor mother, who had been nearly distracted with anxiety, sent back an answer at once by telegraph, saying that his cousin Lieutenant Jones would come on to Montville immediately to bring him back.

Very much ashamed was Ben to meet his cousin, you may be sure, after all the trouble he had caused; and very silly and guilty he felt, like little

boys who play truant from school. Still more ashamed was he to confess that he had been depending all this time on the hospitality of the Sandersons.

However, good, kind Mrs. Sanderson would n't hear of taking a cent from Lieutenant Jones; she said they would be all well repaid when Ben sent them on their pictures which he had taken. Indeed, I think Miss Molly was rather eager to have him go—she was so anxious to see her pictures.

They arrived at home in two days; and during the journey, Lieutenant Jones, as the mother's spokesman, delivered a severe lecture to our artist. So before the boy saw her again he had come to understand the fright and anxiety he had caused her. And when they met, Ben burst into tears, which told his mother how sorry and ashamed he was better than a thousand words could have done.

Two days after he got up before sunrise and went to work developing his plates. Eager, curious, trembling with anticipation, he took them one by



BEN IS NOT SATISFIED WITH HIS PLATES.

one into the dark closet and applied the magic liquid. He watched, he waited, he peered through the gloom by the light of his ruby lamp, he scanned each little line and point. What was the matter? Why did n't they come? He took them out to the daylight. He soaked them again and again in the liquid. What did it mean, all these misty, cloudy, confused-looking objects? What was this meant for? And this? Where were the tents? the camp views? the officers? Where, oh, where was the

Governor? Where were the beautiful views in Virginia? Where were the Sandersons? Where Miss Molly's "The Coquette," the "Cleopatra," the "Spirit of Light," "Lady Macbeth," and the "Queen of Scots"?

A more dreadful set of pictures was never seen, I am sure—a more dismal failure never heard of! What did it mean? Why, it only meant that Ben did n't know how to take pictures; it meant that he did n't make any distinction between work-

to eat when he went to tell his mother of his disappointment. He walked up and down his chamber floor a long time before he could gather courage to do it. His mother did not seem at all surprised; but when she went on gravely and told Ben that now she must pay back to the officers the money they had advanced, and pay the Sandersons for his board, and that, in short, with the expense of sending after him to Virginia and everything else, his career as an artist would cost her over a hun-



MOLLY AS A COQUETTE—"OUR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE A GOOD PICTURE, ONLY THE ARMS AND THE PARASOL WERE A LITTLE OUT OF FOCUS."

ing out-doors, where the light is fierce and strong and the picture takes in a second, and in-doors, where the light is weak and the picture does not take in less than a whole minute. It means that, not having his magic liquid with him, he could not see his mistakes, and so could not learn experience from them. Poor Ben! He was stunned. He was staggered. He leaned up against the wall. Long had he been waiting for the moment of triumph, when he should bring forth his views to the light to convince his mother, and show all Dashville what a genius he was, to repay all the favors of the cadets, to return the compliment of the Governor, to requite the long-continued hospitality of the Sandersons, and last—far worse than anything else—to *earn the money he had taken in advance from the officers!*

It was a great big piece of humble-pic Ben had

dred dollars, poor Ben was very much dismayed, and was quite thoughtful and downcast all the rest of the day.

The next morning, he got up early and went and tuckered his tourograph away in the darkest corner of the garret, and never mentioned it again. That afternoon, as he was standing at the window, he suddenly saw Johnny Townsend come out of his house across the way with his fishing-rod and basket and go down the street. Ben stood a moment struggling with his pride; then he ran out and called:

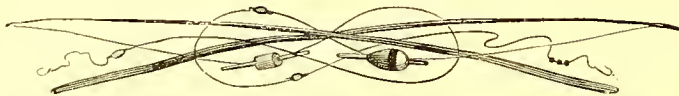
"Johnny!—John—nee!"

"Wha-a-t?"

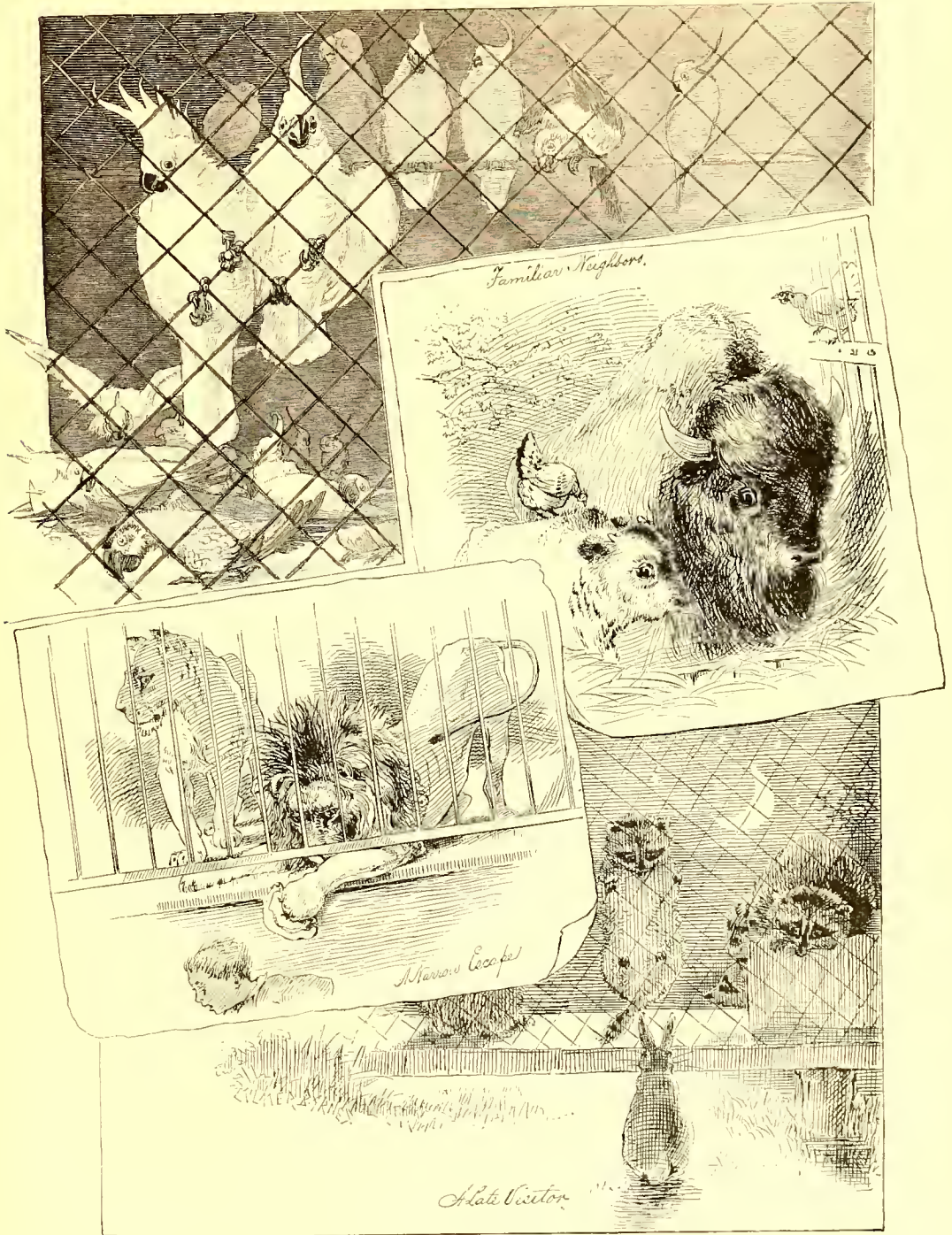
"Got bait enough for two?"

"Ye-es."

"Then hold on; I 'll go with you—if Ma 'll let me!"



MEMORIES OF THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.



THE YOUNG MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

BY W. M. CARY.

I ONCE knew a hunter, living near a mining town in Montana, who made a business of selling wild game that he brought in from the surrounding mountains. In his excursions, he would often happen upon the young of various wild animals,

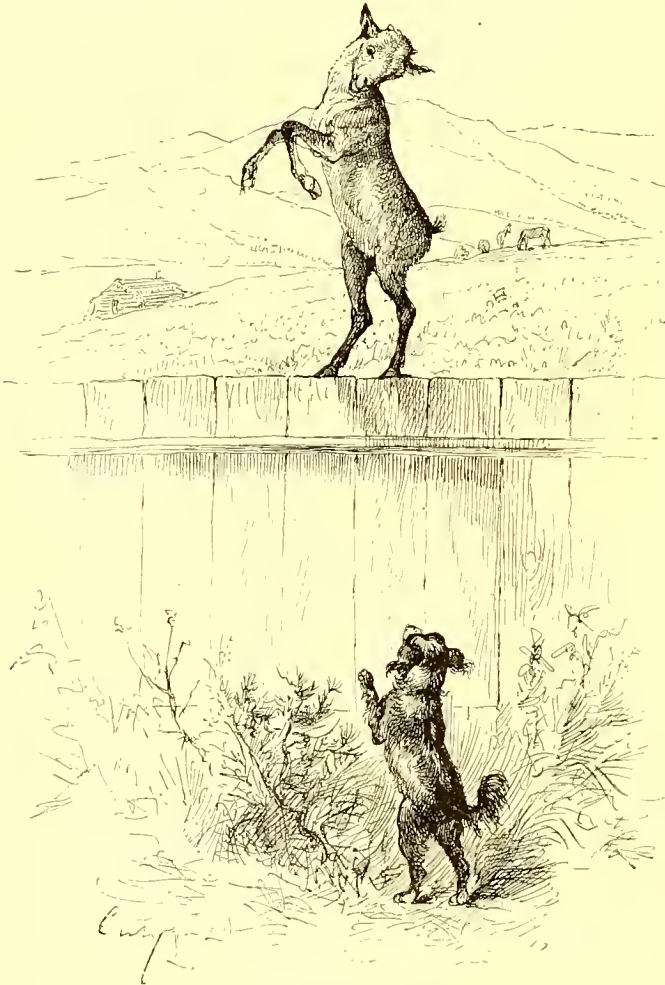
and many a baby buffalo has he brought home to his children. These, when they grew large, were either sold or turned in with the cattle, of which he owned a large herd.

One day I was riding by his cabin, and noticed that he had built around it an inclosure of common rough planks, put close together, and sawed off at an even height, making a board fence such as you have often seen in towns or villages. While looking at this fence, my attention was attracted by a curious little animal running along the top of the fence. At a little distance it looked like a kid or lamb, yet no one ever saw a lamb run along the top of a board fence, skipping and dancing as freely as when on the ground. It would suddenly stop and stand on its hind legs, and shake its head as if at some enemy on the other side of the inclosure or fence.

My curiosity being aroused, I drove up to see what this curious creature was. It did not appear to be afraid of me, and came close up to where I stood, now and then shaking its head ominously, however, as if to say, "I should like to try a fight with you, too." At that moment I heard a sudden bark, and a small Newfoundland dog dashed around the fence. Away went the strange creature, leaping down the fence and dashing across the yard, the dog after it, but both in play, as I could see. Their jumps and gambols would have astonished you. But always, when hard pressed, the queer animal would wheel, and with one spring land on the very top of the board fence again.

Its powers of leaping and balancing were truly marvelous.

I shouted to the hunter, whom I now discovered unsaddling his horse at the door of his stable near by, saying, "What do you call this lively thing?"



A FOUR-LEGGED ACROBAT.

and bring them home to his cabin as pets for his children. In fact, he had made considerable money by rearing some of these young animals and afterward sending them to the Eastern States to be sold to menageries. He captured young grizzlies, mountain lions, panthers, and lynxes,

"That 's a kind of a Chinese puzzle on legs," said he, in reply. "Did you ever see any circus clown beat him at jumping?"

I replied by asking, "Well, what do you call the creature when cooked?"

This question he did not evade, but answered, promptly: "We call it mutton or lamb. That, sir, is a young mountain sheep. These animals resemble our sheep in many ways, but not in their straight, coarse, yellowish-brown hair. But beneath this rough coat they have a fine, short wool covering their bodies. They used to be called *goats*, but the wise men of the country have decided that they are really *sheep*."

I had seen these strange sheep at a distance, in little bands, but never any so young as the one now playing about my friend's fence.

The older sheep have a dark brown streak down the back of the hind legs, and also the same kind of a mark down the front of the fore leg. Their

eyes are very large, resembling those of a deer or antelope.

They feed on the bunch grass, lichens, and moss that grow on the rocks, on sage, and on the bark of trees. They are very difficult to approach in their wild state, yet, when captured young, are easily tamed.

Hunters have very laborious sport when hunting these animals, as they seek the most elevated peaks of the mountains, and very seldom descend to the valleys. It is the object of the hunter to get *above* his game, if possible, when in pursuit of the mountain sheep, for they are so quick of eye, ear, and foot that, if he meets them on the same level with himself, he stands but little chance of bagging his game. So he strives to get above them. Then a stone thrown down among them will suffice to frighten them, and they will immediately begin ascending the mountain; and as they can not scent the hunter, who lies in wait above them, they will then fall an easy prey to quick and true shots from his rifle.



THE STORY OF THE CASTLE.

BY CELIA THAXTER.



CLEAR shone the cordial sun of June —
 Summer was come again :
 In the still, dreamy afternoon,
 Upon the grassy plain,

The children, with the patient sheep
 About the shepherd old,
 Watched the long, lazy shadows creep
 Across the sunshine's gold.

Up to the high crag, castle-crowned,
 Beyond the rushing Rhine,
 With curious eyes they looked where frowned
 The walls of Falkenstein.

And Hans and Fritz and Max the bold,
 And little Rosel sweet,
 Coaxed and caressed the shepherd old,
 And gathered round his feet.

“ Tell us a story, Gottfried good,
 Of the tall towers that shine,
 And how the small sprites of the wood
 Crept up to Falkenstein !

“ Tell us that story, Gottfried, please,
 About the castle grand ! ”
 And on the soft grass, at their ease,
 They curled on either hand.

The sun made yellow all the steep,
 No sound the silence broke,
 The good dog watched the drowsy sheep,
 And thus the shepherd spoke :

“ Rough was the knight of Falkenstein —
 Harsh and morose was he ;
 Yet was his daughter half divine,
 The lovely Odilie !

“ Like some old bare and gnarled tree,
 He lived upon his height;
 But she, the lovely Odilie,
 Was like a blossom bright,

“ And lovers flew as thick as bees
 Her rosy smiles to gain.
 But one alone the maid could please—
 The brave Kuno von Sayn.

“ He asked her of her father stern.
 The cruel lord replied:
 ‘ If you my daughter’s hand would earn,
 And win her for your bride,

“ ‘ Level a smooth road from my door
 Down to the open plain
 Ere morning breaks, or nevermore
 Look in her face again!’

“ A path down that tremendous crag!
 Alas! for brave von Sayn,
 Who climbed the rocks like some bold stag
 Her rosy smiles to gain!

“ No mortal hands a way might make
 Down such a mountain-side;
 But Kuno, with heart fit to break,
 Swift to his miners hied:

“ ‘ Now all my fortune yours shall be,
 If up the dizzy height
 A road for my good steed and me
 You ’ll make ere morning light.’

“ They gazed at him with pitying eyes,
 And whispered, while they smiled,
 ‘ Our master once was grave and wise,
 But love has made him wild!’

“ Then dull despair caught at his heart,
 And to the woods he sped.
 Frantic with grief, he struck apart
 The close boughs overhead,

“ And pushed through clustering underbrush,
 With reckless stride, his way,
 Intent to the world’s end to rush,
 Hating the light of day.

“ Careless, yet not so blind was he
 But that his quick eye caught
 A scarlet gleam not hard to see.
 He paused as swift as thought.
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“ Was it some bird or butterfly
 That glimmered bright before?
 Patient he waited, with a sigh,
 To see the creature soar.

“ When, lo! a tiny voice piped shrill:
 ‘ Take heart, thou brave, true knight,
 Who would’st no helpless creature kill!
 Thou shaft have thy delight.’

“ And there upon the vivid moss
 A little kobold gray,
 With yellow plumes the wind did toss,
 And scarlet cloak so gay,

“ Stood, quaint and small, with hand on hip
 And grand of mien. Said he:
 ‘ Ere down the west the moon shall dip,
 Thy road shall finished be.’

“ Did Kuno dream? Where did he go?
 In vain he sought to find
 That fairy man above, below,
 Who spake with words so kind.

“ Then in his heart hope rose elate.
 He turned and left the wood,
 And entered his own castle gate
 And slept in peaceful mood.

“ But round the walls of Falkenstein,
 Throughout that mystic night,
 Did thunder roll and lightning shine,
 And fill the folk with fright.

“ To heaven, the saints, and Mary mild
 The rough old Ritter prayed:
 But still went on the tumult wild,
 And all his soul dismayed.

“ With raps and taps and clinks and thumps
 Was cracked the ancient stone;
 Ten thousand hatchets split the stumps,
 Ten thousand hammers shone:

“ For twenty thousand gnomes had sped
 The barriers to destroy.
 And when at last the morning red
 Kissed all the world to joy,

“ And Kuno on his coal-black steed
 Came riding gallantly,
 There was the finished road, indeed—
 A miracle to see;

“Up, up, and up he galloped gay,
Till, at the portal grim,
He saw the Ritter old and gray
Come out to welcome him;
“And by her white and slender hand
He led his daughter fair.

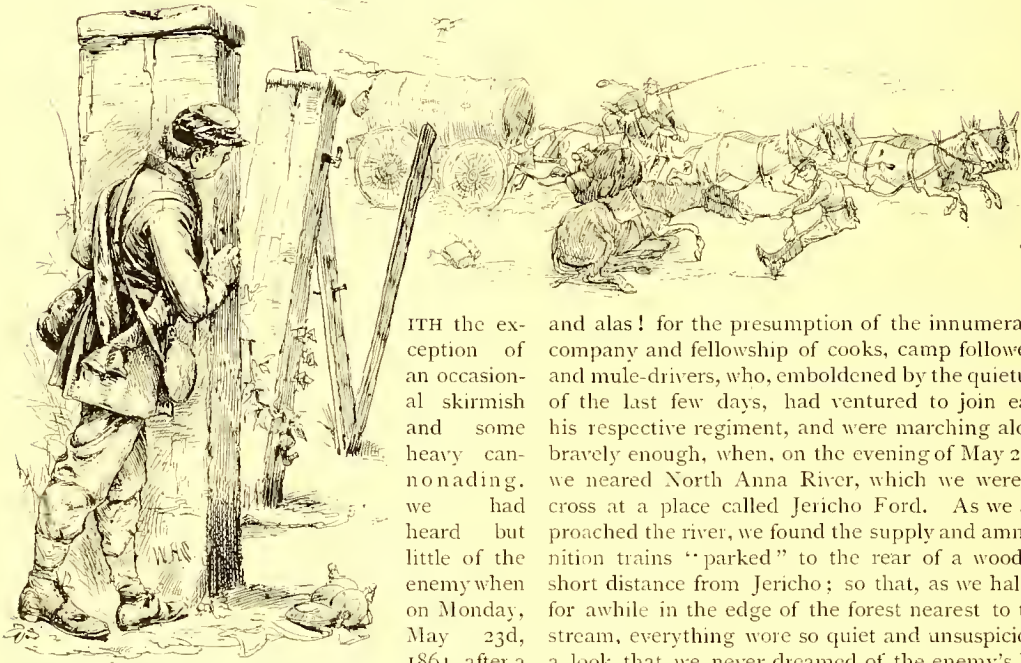
‘Take her,’ he cried, ‘you who command
The powers of earth and air!’
“And Kuno looked in her sweet eyes,
And rapturously obeyed;
And so he won his matchless prize,
The snow-and-rose-bloom maid.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

III. “HOW WE WENT DOWN TO JERICO AND FELL AMONG THIEVES.”



WITH the exception of an occasional skirmish and some heavy cannonading, we had heard but little of the enemy when on Monday, May 23d, 1864, after a good sleep, we started at six in the morning and marched rapidly all day in a southerly direction, “straight for Richmond,” according to our somewhat bewildered conception of the geography of those parts. Indeed, we had seen and heard but very little of the enemy for several days. Where he was we did not know. We only hoped he had at last taken to his heels and run away—

“Away down South, in Dixie’s land,
Away, away,”

and that we should never again see anything of him but his back. Alas! for the presumption:

and alas! for the presumption of the innumerable company and fellowship of cooks, camp followers, and mule-drivers, who, emboldened by the quietude of the last few days, had ventured to join each his respective regiment, and were marching along bravely enough, when, on the evening of May 23d, we neared North Anna River, which we were to cross at a place called Jericho Ford. As we approached the river, we found the supply and ammunition trains “parked” to the rear of a woods a short distance from Jericho; so that, as we halted for awhile in the edge of the forest nearest to the stream, everything wore so quiet and unsuspecting a look that we never dreamed of the enemy’s being near at hand. Under the impression that we would probably halt there for the night, I gathered up a number of the boys’ canteens and started in search of water, taking my course toward an open meadow which lay to the right and near the river’s edge. There was a corn-field off to the left, across which I could see the troops marching in the direction of the bridge. As I stooped down to fill my canteens at the spring, another man came up, bent upon the same errand as myself. From where I stood I could see the bridge full of troops and the rabble of camp followers carelessly crossing. But hardly had I more than half-filled my first

canteen, when the enemy, lying concealed in the woods, across the river, opened fire. Boom! Bang! Whir-r-r! *Chuck!*

"Heigho!" said I to my companion, "the ball is going to open!"

"Yes," answered he, with a drawl and a supercilious look, as if few beside himself had ever heard a shell crack before—"yes; but when you've heard as many shells bursting about your head as I have——"

Whir-r-r! *Chuck!* I could hear the sharp *thud* of the pieces of shell as they tore up the meadow sod to the right and left of us, whereupon my brave and boastful friend, leaving his sentence to be completed and his canteens to be filled some other day, cut for the rear at full speed, ducking his head as he went. Finding an old gate-way near by, with high stone posts on either side, I took refuge there, and, feeling tolerably safe behind my tall defense, turned about and looked toward the river.

And laughable indeed was the scene which greeted my eyes. Everything was in confusion, and all was helter-skelter, skurry, and skedaddle.

ing or being tumbled off the bridge, while others were swept irresistibly over to the other side, and there began to plunge forthwith into the dirty ooze of the stream, with the intention of getting beyond the enemy's range as quickly as possible, while all the time the shells flew shrieking and screaming through the air in pursuit. Between me and the river was a last year's corn-field, over which the rabble came pell-mell, fear furnishing wings for the flight, and happy indeed was he who had no mule to take care of! One poor fellow, hatless and out of breath, who had had his mule heavily laden with camp equipage, was making for the rear at a full trot, minus saddle, bag, and baggage, and having nothing left but himself, the mule, and the halter. Another, immediately in my front, had come on well enough until he arrived in the middle of the open field, where the shells were falling with unpleasant frequency, when his mule took it into his head to retreat no further—not an inch. There he stood like a rock, the poor driver pulling at his halter and frantically kicking the beast in the ribs, but all to no avail; while around him and past him swept the crowd



"ANDY HAD CONCLUDED THE BARGAIN, AND HAD BOUGHT THE SORREL FOR TEN DOLLARS." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

There was the bridge in full view, crowded with a struggling mass of men, horses, and mules; the troops trying to force their way over to the other side, and the yelling crowd of camp followers equally bent on forcing their way back; some jump-

of his fellow-cooks and coffee-coolers in full flight for the rear.

As the firing began to slacken a little, I started off for the regiment, which had meanwhile changed position. In searching for it I passed the forage

and ammunition trains, which were parked to the rear of the woods and within easy range of the enemy's guns.

Unless he has actually seen them, no one can form any adequate idea of the vast numbers of white-covered wagons which followed our armies, carrying food, forage, and ammunition; nor can any one, who has not actually witnessed a panic among the drivers of these wagons, form any conception of the terror into which they were sometimes thrown. The drivers of the ammunition wagons were especially anxious to keep well out of range of shells; and no wonder, for if a shot were to fall among a lot of wagons laden with percussion shell, the result may perhaps be imagined. It was not strange, therefore, that the driver of an ammunition wagon, with six mules in front of him and several tons of death and destruction behind him, felt somewhat nervous when he heard the whirl of the shells over the tops of the pines.

In looking for my regiment, I passed one of these trains. The commissary was dealing out forage to his men, who were standing around him in a circle, each holding open a bag for his oats, which the commissary was alternately dealing out to them with a bucket—a bucketful to this man, then to the next, and so on around the circle. It was clear, however, that he was more concerned about the shells than interested in the oats, for he ducked his head almost every time he poured a bucketful into a bag.

While I was looking at them, Page, a Michigan boy, orderly to our brigadier-general, came up on his horse in search of our division train, for he wanted oats for his horses. Stopping a moment to contemplate the scene I was admiring, he said to me in a low tone:

“You just keep an eye on my horse, will you? and I'll show you how I get my oats.”

It was well known that Page could get oats when nobody else could. Though the wagon trains were miles and miles in the rear, and had not been seen for a week, Page was determined his horses should not go to bed supperless. It was whispered about that, if necessary, he would sit up half the night after a hard day's march, and wait till everybody was asleep, and then quietly slip out from under the very heads of the orderlies of other commands the oat-bags which, to make sure of them, they used for pillows. Oats for the general's horse Page would have by hook or by crook.

“You see that commissary yonder,” said Page, as he dismounted and threw a bag over his arm. “He's a coward, he is—more interested in the shells than anything else. Don't know whether he's dealing out oats to the right man or not. Just keep an eye on my horse, will you?”

Now, Page had not the least right to draw forage there, for that was not our division train. But as he did not know where our division train was, and as all the oats belonged to Uncle Sam any way, where was the harm, he reasoned, in getting your forage wherever you could?

Pushing his way into the circle of teamsters, who were too much engaged in watching for shells to notice the presence of a stranger, Page opened his bag while Mr. Commissary, ducking his head at every crack of the cannon, poured in four buckets of oats, whereupon Page shouldered his prize, and returning, mounted his horse, with a laugh, and a wink at me.

In the wild *mêlée* of that May evening there at Jericho,—where we fell among thieves,—there was no little confusion as to the rights of property. Some horses had lost their owners, and some owners had lost their horses. So that, by the time things grew quiet again, some of the boys had picked up horses or bought them for a mere song. When I came up with the regiment, I found that Andy had just concluded a bargain of this sort. He had bought a sorrel horse. The animal was a great, ungainly beast, built after the Gothic style of architecture, and would have made an admirable sign for a feed-store up North, as a substitute for “Oats wanted. Inquire within.” However, when I arrived, Andy had concluded the bargain, and had bought the sorrel for ten dollars.

“Why, Andy!” exclaimed I, “what in the world do you want with a horse? Going to join the cavalry?”

“Well,” said Andy, smiling rather sheepishly, “I took him on a speculation. I'm going to feed him up a little——”

“Glad to hear it!” said I. “I'm sure he needs it sadly.”

“Yes: I mean to feed him up, and then sell him to somebody, and double my money on him, you see. You may ride him on the march and carry our traps. I guess the colonel will give you permission. And you know that'll be a capital thing for you; for you're so sick and weak that you're often left behind.”

“Thank you, old boy,” said I, with a friendly shrug. “But, between joining the general cavalcade of coffee-coolers on this old barebones of yours and marching afoot, I believe I'd prefer the infantry.”

However, we tied a rope around the neck of “Bonaparte,” as we significantly called him, fastened him to a stake, rubbed him down, begged some oats from Page, and, pulling some handfuls of young grass for him, left him for the night.

Early the next morning, Andy rolled out from under the blankets and went to look after Bona-

parte. I was building a fire when he came back. It seemed to me that he looked a little solemn and downcast.

“How 's Bony this morning, Andy?” I inquired.

Andy whistled a bit, stuck his hands into his pockets, mounted a log, took off his cap, and said:

“Comrades and fellow-citizens: Lend me your

ears, and be silent that you may hear. This is my first and last speculation in horses. *Bony is gone!*”

It was indeed true. We had fallen among thieves, and they had even baffled Andy's plan for future money-making. For none of us ever laid eyes upon Bony again.

(To be continued.)



The CRITICS

SUNRISE—A RUSSIAN FOLK-STORY.

RETOLD IN ENGLISH BY ELISABETH ABERCROMBIE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who owned a small but comfortable homestead—the house in which they lived, a couple of stalls for the cows, together with a cellar and a roomy shed in which to keep their various stores. They were careful to keep their horses, sheep, and cattle provided with good, wholesome food; while a single week was never allowed to pass in which they did not employ themselves either in enriching the soil, plowing or sowing, reaping or mowing, or gathering in the crops, each according to the proper season. Indeed, it was only in comparison to the greater possessions of their neighbors that their property could be called a small one.

Toward the west, the country was all free and open, and many little homesteads very like to theirs were dotted over the land here and there; but to the east there was nothing to be seen but a thick forest.

There were no paths leading into this great forest. No one ever thought of entering it, even to gather up wood for burning. The people collected the wood for their fires from the thick growth of bushes and brambles which they found along the banks of the lake or the brooks; and so it happened that the forest trees had grown quite matted together and had become very old, but just how large the forest was, or just what was its condition inside, nobody knew.

One bright day, the man and his wife were made very happy, for a child was born to them—a little daughter.

“Now,” they both said, “we must be more saving and more industrious than ever, for now we know for whom we are working, and who it is, in fact, that will have need of our working.”

As the child grew, she had very pleasant and winsome ways. You had only to look at her to feel your heart grow light. It did not matter to whom she stretched out her tiny hand—whoever it might be, he was always ready to do whatever she wished; it did not matter whom she ran to meet, for that person would always gladly have walked far out of his way to see her bright, smiling face. So it was from her earliest baby days, and so it went on as she grew larger and larger. During the day, each one of the manservants or maids who went to and fro about the house sought to get a peep at the child. Somehow it seemed to them that the brightness of the

day had not yet risen until this had been done. She was so entirely the darling of the household that her baptismal name was almost forgotten, while with one consent she was called, by all who knew her, “Little Sunrise.”

When Sunrise had grown to be quite a large girl, her parents said to each other:

“Now, it is time that she should be learning how to do some work, for what is the use of property or prosperity if you have n’t industry, and the habit of taking care of property, and the ability to add something to it from time to time?”

And a light task was accordingly given to the child. From the first, however, she showed herself a very capable and willing little girl about everything that was given her to do. She never seemed in the least over-tired by her work. On the contrary, she always finished everything a great deal sooner even than was expected of her, while it never once occurred that a mistake could be detected on account of the swiftness with which her nimble fingers completed their task.

When Sunrise had grown older and her strength had increased so that it was no longer necessary for her to work under her mother’s eye, but she could be allowed to join in the work going on in the garden, meadows, and fields, her presence brought much happiness to the other laborers.

Mingled with this happiness, however, were certain other features that were far from pleasing to Sunrise’s father and mother, for, go where she would, somebody was sure to step up to the little girl and say:

“Just you look at us, Sunrise, dear. You’re our little mistress, you know, and we’ll soon get your share done for you.”

Then, while Sunrise was making a struggle to push aside the offered help, behold! somebody else would step in, and, before she knew it, the greater part of her work would be done.

Her parents had no need of being discontented with the labor that was completed after this fashion; for, wherever their child appeared, all lassitude or weariness seemed to vanish from among the servants, and as the evening of each day came around, instead of finding evidence of neglect, they found rather that double and three times the work had always been done, if Sunrise had been out in the fields. Still, as far as their little girl was concerned, so much devotion on the

part of their hirelings was not according to their wish.

"She will learn to be a perfect little do-nothing," they said, "and haughtiness and pride will creep into her heart."

A little later, when such thoughts came into their minds, others began to mingle with them.

"It is not good always to be laughing and playing," they murmured. "Work promotes seriousness. People who do things so quickly and so easily are not the most capable after all, but those who exercise perseverance and self-control." And they began to repent of not having earlier put a check upon such a child as this.

"We ought never to have allowed her to be called Sunrise," they said. "Is n't it natural that she should think herself something different from all the rest of mankind?"

Then both father and mother decided to make her live as the common people did. "Now that you are a well-grown girl, it is high time that you were learning to work and to live and to speak like other people, and as suits our position," they said.

And with this, Sunrise's mother put a great mass of flax into her daughter's hand, bidding her go with it alone into the spinning-room, and not to come back again until it had all been spun.

It was already well on in the day, and the twilight not far off. In the big open fire-place a bright fire was burning. Just as the last lingering ray of daylight had vanished from the sky, a little mouse came running out of his hole. Scampering across the floor to the spinning-wheel, it sprang up on the shoulder of the industrious little maiden, and said:

"Sunrise, give me something to eat."

Then the little girl answered:

"I would gladly give you something to eat, mousie, but I have nothing, and I dare not go out of this room to get you anything. But if you'll eat a bit of this piece of fat that I have to grease my spinning-wheel with, you're very welcome to it. I'll make shift without it."

The mouse thanked her and ate up the fat.

While it was still eating, there was a growling and a fumbling at the door, and in came a monstrous bear. Slowly he shambled and tramped across the floor till he had come up to the spinning-wheel. Then he looked straight at the little girl with his great wild eyes, and said:

"Come, Sunrise, I want you to play blind-man's-buff with me."

At this, Sunrise was terribly frightened.

"Oh, dear!" she thought, "if somebody would only help me get away from this bear! If he touches me with those great claws of his, he will wound me terribly."

But, before Sunrise had fairly finished thinking this, the mouse ran and perched itself on her shoulder on the side farthest from the bear, and whispered in her ear:

"Don't be afraid, Sunrise. Say to him, 'Oh, yes, we'll have a game if you like'; then put the fire out on the hearth, and sit down to your spinning-wheel in the corner. While you are hidden there, I'll run around the room in your place, ringing some little bells as I go, and the bear will think all the time he is hearing those tiny round balls on your necklace tinkling."

So the little girl said bravely, out loud:

"Oh, yes, bear, we'll have a game of blind-man's-buff if you like — very willingly, I'm sure. But first I must put this fire out on the hearth, lest you should see me, you know. So go away from me, like a good bear, please, and wait till I am ready for the game."

The bear then withdrew to the other end of the room, while the little girl extinguished the fire, put the spinning-wheel into the corner, and hid herself behind it.

Meanwhile, the little mouse had begun to run around with his two tiny bells. At the sound of these the bear immediately began to grope his way in that direction. Away sprang the mouse again, and the bells sounded quite at the other end of the room. Again the poor bear danced off after him. But the mouse had nimble little legs and could make long jumps, while the bear, with his great, clumsy paws, shuffled along but slowly, so that wherever he might go he always heard the bells tinkling far in the opposite direction. Still, the mousie ran merrily on. Bruin, however, was getting more and more tired. Every now and then he would cry:

"I'll catch you yet; I'll catch you yet, Sunrise!"

But the hours went by, and the little bells seemed as far off from poor Bruin as ever.

Midnight had passed; the cocks were crowing to tell people that morning had come, and still the weary chase went on — the mouse was here, there, and everywhere; now making a bold run under the bear, now taking a flying leap right over his back. Now the little bells sounded on one side of the room; an instant later, far away on the other. It seemed to the bear as if they were ringing in all the four corners of the room at once.

"Oh, ho! Sunrise, now I've caught you!" the bear would cry, springing off to the right. No sooner had he done so than away would fly mousie with his bells to the left. At last, from such long and constant turnings, the bear began to grow dizzy. He staggered and fell, panting with weariness.

"Enough, enough, Sunrise!" he cried. "I'll acknowledge you can beat me at blind-man's-buff."

Then the little girl felt moved with compassion toward the tired bear, and came out of the corner to fan him with her handkerchief.

"Oh, woe is me!" said the bear, with a sigh.

so that, half-blinded, they were forced to shut their eyes. But when, a moment afterward, Sunrise opened hers again—behold!—whose hand was she holding? And who was it that was holding hers?

"We are in our own castle," said the prince,



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"COME, SUNRISE, I WANT YOU TO PLAY BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF WITH ME."

"that does n't cool me a bit. You must take me out of my skin."

"How can I take you out of your skin?" asked Sunrise.

"Here, take hold of this right paw," was the answer.

And scarcely had Sunrise touched the long fur that was as black as night when a great shining light fell over them, both the maiden and the bear,

who stood before her, his face beaming all over with joy. "You have delivered me and disenchanting the wood. You will now rule over my entire kingdom. Every day you shall drive out through the land in my golden coach, and you will lighten the hearts of all my people by your glance, so that their toil and labor will be turned into joy and pleasure, and there will never be heard again a complaint of misery or a cry of distress. I have

sent your father and mother, as a compensation for the loss of you, a herd of horses and twelve wagons full of newly cut wheat."

Sunrise now reigned by the side of her young consort over the great kingdom where formerly, to the east of her father's little homestead, had stood the dense, dark forest.

And as she drove each day through the country roads, she turned a little aside in order to visit the home of her childhood, and to greet as of old her father and mother and all who loved her bright, sweet face.

And her father and mother were both very

happy over the good fortune that had befallen their daughter.

But the first law that Sunrise begged her husband to make, after she went to help him rule over his land, was that every cat in the kingdom should be obliged to wear a small bell tied around its neck night and day.

"Is that because the cats all play at blind-man's-buff with the mice?" asked the prince, with a roguish smile.

And when Sunrise had given her husband a light nod of assent, the prince immediately ordered the law to be enforced.

SWEPT AWAY.*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

JACK presently dipped the broad paddle in the yellow current and began working the scow over toward the western shore. He had no special purpose in this, except the feeling that possibly there might be more safety nearer land than in the middle of the ocean of water. The sky remained cloudy and overcast. Several times a few drops of water fell, but fortunately these threatening demonstrations were all they felt of the storm. Crab resumed his coat, and, as Dollie kept her shawl wrapped around her, she was quite comfortable.

As Jack was in need of sleep (having scarcely closed his eyes during the preceding night), it was now arranged that he should take a nap while the others remained on the lookout. He told Crab to hold the boat nearly parallel with the stream, to guard against running in among the tree-tops, and to work his way toward the west; in case he caught sight of any steamer, he was to awaken him, and to make for it with might and main.

The faithful fellow promised to follow these directions, so Jack stretched himself out in the boat, with his head resting against the slope of the stern, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

Crab followed Jack's instructions implicitly. He was accustomed to hard work, was strong and active, and he plied the paddle with such vigor that the scow made considerable progress in the desired direction. Possibly an hour had passed,

when both Crab and Dollie began to be alarmed by the increasing turbulence of the water. It was agitated all about them, as if fretted by some great disturbance beneath. It was cut up into numerous short, chopping waves, and broken by eddies and cross currents, while the main body of the stream rolled over and upon itself in such a wild fashion that Crab feared the boat would be swamped.

But, though frightened, he saw no way in which Jack could help them, so he permitted him to sleep on undisturbed. The scow was tossed hither and thither like a cockle-shell, and more than once water was flung into the boat. Crab did his best for a time with the paddle; but, as all his efforts to steady the boat proved unavailing, he presently threw down the paddle, and convulsively grasped the gunwale.

"Hold fast!" he said to Dollie. "so dat, if de boat flops ober, you 'll be dar all de same."

Dollie obediently grasped the other side with all her strength, and, thus steadying herself, looked wonderingly at her brother.

"How can he sleep through all this?" she asked herself, half envying him. "He must be *very* tired."

Undoubtedly he was, for though he stirred several times he did not open his eyes. The swinging and rocking of the boat had a soothing effect on him, which, after all, was fortunate, for the rest he was thus enabled to gain gave him renewed strength for the trials that were at hand.

The disturbance which so alarmed Crab and Dollie was due to the fact that they were passing a point where the waters of some other river

poured into the Mississippi. The violent agitation lasted fully an hour, when they gradually swept into a smoother current.

With a sigh of relief Crab resumed his paddle, and soon had the scow moving steadily again toward the western boundary of the flood. As by far the greater portion of the overflow lay to the eastward, the scow had not gone very far in this direction before Dollie exclaimed:

"Yonder are houses that are standing still!"

Crab looked at them a few minutes before he understood the cause.

"Ob course dey am," he then replied, "for dey 're restin' on de ground. See, away back behind 'em am woods, so dat must be de new bank ob de Massassip."

The town in sight was one of the numerous partially submerged ones along the river: that is, the greater portion was under water, but enough was above to keep the buildings from floating off with the current. There were about a hundred buildings in all, and the streets could be easily traced from the boat. The water, in most cases, reached to the second story, and a great many people were seen grouped on the roofs and passing between the buildings in flats and dug-outs. As the submerged town was still some distance below them, Crab exerted himself to the utmost to reach it before they were carried past, though he did not know that anything would thus be gained save the mere gratification of his curiosity, for it was not likely that such an afflicted settlement was in a condition to extend hospitality to others.

Dollie watched the strange scene before her with much interest, though it presently became evident that the swift current would carry them past before they could reach the vicinity of the houses. Many of the settlers or citizens seemed to be taking matters philosophically; two were seen seated on a roof near the chimney, with their knees drawn up, smoking their pipes. On the flat top of another house a fire was burning in a stove, the pipe of which extended a dozen feet into the air.

At one point a large flat-boat was moored to a chimney, and fully twenty pigs and cattle were crowded upon it, the owners administering as best they could to the wants of the unfortunate animals from their scanty store.

On still another roof a family were engaged in their household duties. The mother was hanging clothes on an extemporized line, a servant was washing, and the head of the family was rocking a cradle, which, it is to be presumed, contained a baby, though it was not visible to Crab and Dollie. Many of these people waved salutes to the children, and asked where they were from, and where

they were going. The former question was much easier to answer than the latter, but they nevertheless replied to all inquiries in the same cheerful spirit in which they were made.

Shortly after the scow had drifted by this collection of houses, Jack opened his eyes and rose to a sitting position. The change in the lookout rather surprised him, but he commended Crab for what he had done, adding:

"I think it is much better for us to be close to shore than out in the middle of the river."

"Dat's de way I feel 'bout it," said Crab, "though I don't zackly know why."

"Why, of course we should be safer if we were on the land than we are on the water," explained Jack; "and if anything happens to injure the boat, we have a better chance of getting ashore if we are close in."

Crab heaved a great sigh, as though a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He had been trying to decide why it was he was so desirous of keeping land in sight, and now he was relieved to find some one who could tell him.

Jack stood erect in the boat, and, as he had often done before, looked anxiously in every direction. The scene differed little from that with which he was already but too familiar, except in the appearance of the partially submerged district on the Arkansas side. Here and there tracts of land could be seen above the water, while in other places the river reached only to the lower floors of the houses within sight. There were some places where the current ran on both sides of dwellings, which, standing on slight elevations, had been made islands by the flood. Crab was still vigorously sculling, when Jack observed three houses on a small island, between which and the main-land was at least a half-mile of water. Only the upper portions of the buildings were visible, and people were on the roofs.

"Run in closer," said Jack. "I should like to say something to those people."

"Do you want to stop there?" asked Crab, temporarily suspending his sculling, and drawing his oar inside the boat.

"No. Keep off some distance," said Jack. "How fast the river is running!" he added, looking at the houses, which, being stationary, gave a good idea of the swiftness of the mighty current that was hurrying them onward.

"One of those persons is waving something," said Dollie, who was looking intently at the buildings on the island.

Such was undoubtedly the fact. A man was standing erect on the highest portion of one of the roofs, swinging a blanket, evidently signaling the little party in the boat to come closer.

"He wants us to come nearer," said Jack. "Something must be the matter: that looks like a signal of distress."

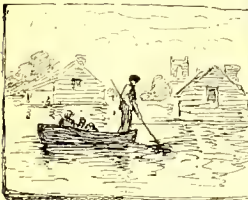
CHAPTER XV.

THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

THERE could be no doubt that the people on one of the roofs were anxious that the boat should approach them, and Crab, therefore, applied himself to the paddle with all his strength. He sent the boat quartering over the water with such speed that the landing (if such it may be termed) was certain to be made.

The roof on which stood the man who had signaled to them was of planking and sloped very little. Beside him crouched a woman, evidently his wife, while a young girl, no older than Dollie, lay with her head in her mother's lap.

The children observed, as they rapidly drew near, that the man who had signaled them was tall and powerfully built, with a full beard, and without hat, coat, or vest. There was a wild, haggard look in his eye, and the appearance of the family generally was expressive of suffering.



"Can we do anything for you?" asked Jack, as Crab skillfully brought the scow against the side of the building.

"Have you anything to eat?" inquired the stranger, huskily.

"We have a little food," answered Jack.

"In the name of pity give us some!" said the man. "We are almost starving!"

And moving down the incline of the roof, the famishing supplicant extended his arms for the food, while his wife seemed to brighten visibly at the sound of the word.

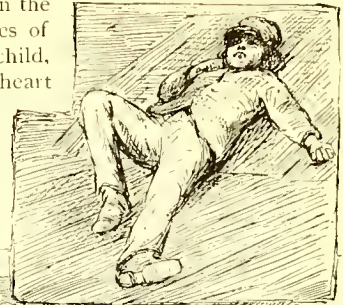
Crab, who at first had heard this request with dismay, was now filled with sympathy at the sight

of their pleasure, and, with a revulsion of feeling, caught up the bag, exclaiming, as he handed it to the stranger:

"Take it all—take it all! If you's dat hungry, I'll go widout supper an' breakfas'."

Jack was about to interpose, for he feared some of the food would be wasted, but when he saw the yearning look on the sad, hungry faces of the mother and child, he had not the heart to do so.

Dollie sat looking upon them with tears of pity in her



eyes, while she forgot, in the very excess of her sympathy, to stir or say a word.

Eagerly the poor man drew some of the crumbling corn-bread from within the bag, and handed it to his wife and child, saying, in a husky, tremulous voice:

"Food at last, Mary! Give some to Jennie, and eat, both of you!"

Mother-like, the woman placed the first piece in the hands of the child, who began eating slowly at first, but soon with a ravenous eagerness that was painful to witness.

The mother ate with more care and restraint, but all saw that her hunger was no less severe than that of her child.

The haggard face of the father seemed to lighten up, as he saw the sufferings of his dear ones relieved.

"May I give them a little more?" he asked, when the last crumb had vanished, addressing himself to Jack.

"Give them as much as you think best," was the unhesitating answer.

Another piece of the precious corn-bread was handed to the mother, who broke it in two and shared it with her child, saying to her husband:

"That is enough, I think."

At this moment, Crab, who was holding the boat against the side of the building, said in a low whisper to Jack:

"De man hisself has n't eat a moufful!"

Jack turned to him, and inquired:

"Why don't you eat, sir?"

"It is more pleasure to see my wife and child eat," he replied, with a faint smile.

"But are n't you hungry?" persisted Jack.

"There is no need of asking that," replied the man, "for I have n't had anything to eat for days;

"Words can not tell how much I thank you," said the man, handing the bag back to Jack, who took it after inviting him to eat more; "we were discouraged and almost starving. I do not know whether we can live much longer, as it is, but we thank you none the less on that account."

"Why do you talk in that way?" asked Jack. "You have as good a chance as we to be picked up, and we are hopeful that some steamer will take us aboard very soon."

"No, you have a much better prospect," said the stranger, "for you are moving about on the river,



THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

but you have not very much yourself, and I will not rob you. Here!"

And he handed the bag to Jack, who was the one nearest to him in the boat. But the boy refused to receive it.

"There is more bread in there, and bacon and ham," said he. "We have not lost a meal; help yourself. *You must.*"

The stranger protested, but finally consented; and, as he stood erect and slowly ate a large piece of the bread and a slice of bacon, it would be hard to say who was the happier—the starving man, tasting again the food he so sorely needed, or the children who had so generously shared with entire strangers their most precious possession.

while none of the boats come near enough for me to hail them."

"But you are to get in the boat and go with us," said Jack, heartily.

The invitation was indeed a surprise to the stranger, but it was a most grateful one, and he accepted it without hesitation, and with many expressions of gratitude.

There were only a few effects gathered on the roof, and but a part of these were taken. There was some extra clothing and a couple of loose planks, which were placed across the scow, from side to side, so as to afford rude seats for the passengers. The mother and her child were quite well clad, though the former was compelled to use

her shawl as a covering for her head. The girl had a neat hat, which had been lying beside her. This she now placed on her head, and the father helped the two from the roof to the boat. The stranger, who had evidently been a strong man but a few weeks before, moved slowly and feebly, while the girl was scarcely able to stand. Dollie's eyes filled with tears, as she reached out and helped her aboard.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WESTERN SHORE.

DOLLIE LAWRENCE, indeed, took charge of the stranger girl from the moment she stepped on board. She urged her to eat more, and the child would have been only too glad to do so; but when she looked at her mother, the latter shook her head.

"My name is Dollie Lawrence," said the youthful hostess, presently; "what is yours?"

"Jennie Wheeler," was the reply. "I'm eight years old," she added.

"So am I," said Dollie.

"The river came clear up to my house," remarked Dollie, looking expectantly at her new friend, who promptly rejoined:

"So it did to mine."

"It came very near drowning us," continued Dollie, quickly.

"And we thought it would surely drown us," rejoined Jennie; and by this time, as their arms were locked, the two children were almost laughing at the similarity of their experiences. Dollie hastened to add:

"We took some bread and meat with us."

"So did ——"

Jennie stopped herself with a look of dismay; to her sorrow, the chain of extraordinary coincidences between her friend's history and her own ended here. But Dollie instantly began again.

"We knew the river was coming," she said, "so Jack (that's my big brother over there) helped me cook some bread and bacon, and we got all ready. When we knew the house was going to start, we got out on the roof, and we've been floating ever since."

"We were all asleep," said Jennie, "and Father told us we need n't bother, for the river would never get up near our house, 'cause it had never done so; and so we did n't worry or get ready for it. When Father woke us in the night, the water was up to our beds in the second story, and we had just time to get out on the roof. We could n't take anything to eat, and only some clothes that were above the water."

"Did n't you feel sad?" asked Dollie, sympathetically.

"Yes — very sad," responded Jennie, solemnly. "Then Father sat down beside Mother, and I saw tears running down their cheeks, and that made me feel worse than ever. I heard him say we could n't stand it much longer, and then I seemed to get weak, and so did Mother, and we sat down almost half-asleep, and I did n't feel near so badly as I did when I began to get hungry."

At this moment, the company in the boat were startled by such terrific screaming that their ears tingled. The screams seemed to be close at hand, and sounded as if some one were in very great agony.

All involuntarily turned to Mr. Wheeler. To their surprise, he was leaning over the side of the boat, and grappling with something in the water. Before any one could understand what it all meant, he threw his shoulders back and lifted a small pig into the boat. It struggled fiercely, and uttered such squeals that the girls put up their hands to shut out the sound. But its captor flung it on its back, held it motionless with one hand, and speedily dispatched it with a bowie-like knife which he drew from a belt at his hip.

"This little fellow may serve us well before we get out of the boat," explained Mr. Wheeler, who seemed to be recovering his strength and spirits rapidly. "I don't see any good way of cooking it, but we shall find a way, and I am hungry enough this minute to eat it cooked in almost any style. It's much better than starving to death," he added, as he proceeded to dress the pig.

There were other pigs in the water, as the rest of the party now observed, on looking around. There were fully fifty of them, and they were swimming powerfully and swiftly, as those animals always do. It had been a happy thought of Mr. Wheeler to secure a young one that was passing quite close to him.

"Where did they come from?" asked Jack, as he watched them shying off toward shore.

"I do not know," replied Mr. Wheeler. "They may have started from some bluff or piece of land a half-dozen miles up the river."

"Where are they going?" pursued Jack, naturally anxious for information.

"They don't know themselves," was the reply.

Mr. Wheeler showed much skill in dressing the pig, remarking that, if he only had the facilities, he would roast it and give his friends as good a meal as they could get anywhere.

"Why not land and roast it?" asked Jack.

"Dat 's de idea," said Crab, enthusiastically, and, dipping the paddle into the water with renewed energy, he at once headed the craft in the

direction of the wooded shore, which was now at no great distance.

"I think it will be a wise proceeding," observed Mr. Wheeler. "and when you are tired, Crab (as I notice they call you), let me take a hand."

"I will relieve him," said Jack: "you have been without food so long, you must need rest."

"I did feel weak," said Mr. Wheeler; "but what I have eaten, and, more than that, the sight of the relief that you gave my wife and child, have put new life and strength into me."

And, in proof of this assertion, he presently insisted that he had been cramped so long on the roof that he really needed some exercise, and so Crab yielded the paddle to him. He handled it with considerable skill, and the scow steadily approached the land to the westward. As they came nearer, however, they saw to their disappointment that the trees were partly submerged, and that it would do no good to push the boat in among them. However, they kept well in, gliding rapidly downward until an opening was seen some distance below. Mr. Wheeler exerted himself, and soon the boat was driven against the land. He nimbly sprang ashore, and, catching hold of the bow, he drew it up so far that it was beyond the reach of the powerful current.

"We must n't forget," said he, "that probably the river is still rising, and if we leave the scow for any length of time, it will float off."

"Den we'll keep our eye on it," replied Crab, looking intently at the craft, as if to warn it that it must attempt no tricks on its own account.

As soon as the scow was "anchored," there was a universal scramble for shore, Dollie and Jennie laughing as though they were just starting out on a ramble and frolic through the woods. The spot where they had landed was a stretch of ground that had never been cultivated. Only a little way beyond was a growth of heavy timber extending far into the interior. There were no houses visible, nor any living creature. A more desolate spot could not have been found in the wilds of Africa or among the islands of the sea. And yet it was like a haven of refuge to the little party that had been drifting aimlessly on the wide waste of waters.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE EXPLORING PARTY.

A GENERAL scattering took place, all being anxious to collect fuel for the fire which Mr. Wheeler needed to prepare the meal of roast pig, and it was not long before they had gathered much more than was needed. Leaves, twigs,

dried branches, and pieces of dead limbs were thrown together, and speedily set on fire by the settler, who always carried matches with him in a little rubber safe.

As he had camped out many a time, when hunting in the lowlands of Arkansas, he was not at a loss as to the proper course to pursue. As they were not suffering for food, he said, the pig should be roasted to a turn now before being served, and, as that would take considerable time, the others had better enjoy themselves as they saw fit.

Mrs. Wheeler decided to stay with her husband, that she might give him any needed assistance, while Dollie and Jennie preferred to ramble in the woods near at hand, promising to keep within hailing distance.

"If you feel like taking exercise," said Mr. Wheeler to Jack, "you may as well go with them."

"So I will," said he, and he had already started when Mr. Wheeler suggested that he had better take his gun, adding:

"There's no telling what you may find in these woods at such a time, and you know the saying is that, when you want fire-arms in Arkansas, you want them very badly."

"I hope I sha'n't need them," remarked Jack, lifting the gun from the scow, however, and telling the girls to run ahead. Then he asked Crab:

"Don't you want to go with us?"

"No, I thank you," replied that individual. "I'm goin' to camp on the ground heah an' help Masser Wheeler. Dat will help me get up an appetite for de meal when it am ready."

All laughed heartily at this remark—all but Crab, who firmly refused to leave the spot.

While Jack was holding a short conversation with Mr. Wheeler, Dollie and Jennie had entered the woods near at hand, and, strolling along arm-in-arm, forgot all their past trials in their present enjoyment. The forest consisted mainly of pine, with considerable undergrowth; and, as the ground was quite high and no rain of any account had fallen recently, the ramble was an inviting one.

Mr. Wheeler had spoken truly when he intimated that, at such times, there was no telling what one might encounter in the woods, and it was well for any one entering them to carry a gun. Laughing, chatting, and talking in the aimless way natural to childhood, the girls strolled along, paying no heed to their direction, but taking care not to wander beyond call of their friends. Dollie was strong and active, and so was Jennie naturally, but her late sufferings had taken something from her powers of endurance, and they had gone but a very short distance when she complained of feeling tired.

"Let us sit down and rest awhile," she proposed, looking around for some suitable place.

"Yonder is a log," said Dollie, starting toward a fallen pine near at hand. Walking faster than her friend she was soon near the tree, when she uttered a scream and ran back to Jennie.

"What is the matter?" asked the other, in alarm.

"I saw a big snake coiled near the stump of that tree," replied Dollie, glancing furtively over her shoulder, as though she expected it was coming after them.

"I want to see it, too," said Jennie, beginning



JACK KILLS THE RATTLESNAKE.

to move on tiptoe toward the pine, as though to get close to the reptile without being discovered.

Dollie caught her arm.

"Don't! Don't, I beg of you!" she entreated. "It is a rattlesnake, and if it bites you it will kill you!"

"But I am not going to let it bite me," said Jennie, stoutly, still edging away from her friend.

"But how can you prevent it?" asked Dollie.

"It did n't bite you, did it?" demanded Jennie.

"No," was Dollie's reply; "but that was because I saw it in time and got away."

"Well," said Jennie, "I guess I can see as well as you, and you need n't be afraid of my getting bitten."

As she was resolved on going, Dollie decided to go along to take care of her.

The alarm of Dollie was well founded. The two had not gone far when they caught sight of the most terrible-looking rattlesnake they had ever seen. It was of immense size, and was coiled near the stump, with its head slightly raised from the center, while its rattle was gently vibrating and giving forth that peculiar sound which no one who has heard it can ever forget.

The children were almost fascinated by the sight, though both had seen similar serpents before. None, however, had been so large as this one, which fastened its tiny black eyes on them, as though meditating an attack.

Their fear was too great to permit them to approach dangerously near, and so from a distance they commented in awed whispers on the frightful appearance of the reptile.

"Now that you have had a good look at it, please step aside and let me take a view," said a well-known voice.

The girls turned and saw Jack at their elbow, with one of the hammers of his gun raised. Dollie and Jennie hurriedly moved behind him. Taking careful aim, Jack discharged a load of shot which ended the life of the *Crotalus*, one of the most easily killed of the reptile species.

"Now, girls," said Jack, "that shows that you must not wander too far; I will stay by you."

They were glad enough to have Jack's company, for he was full of life and jollity, and he devoted himself to entertaining them.

"We have plenty of time to spare," said he, "so we will go a little farther in the woods."

He led the way, the girls laughing and playing about him, while all kept their eyes wide open to prevent running into any new danger.

"Remember," he cautioned, "I have only one charge left in the gun, and, if we come across any wild animal, it will be best to run, unless he drives us into a corner — Ha! What is that, yonder?"

(To be continued.)



AN AUGUST DAY BY THE SEA-SHORE.

ZINTHA'S FORTUNE.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

WHIZ ! whiz ! whir ! whir ! puff ! puff ! — and the Through Pacific Express, on its way to the Golden Gate, paused before the station at Fremont, Nebraska. The engine drew a long breath, like a boy after a race. The passengers hurried out to get some dinner at the refreshment-room near by ; the train dispatcher, conductors, and telegraph operators joked each other merrily ; and every one was smiling and happy, although the day was unusually warm for June.

On one side of the track stood a large grain elevator, and many men were busy loading some cars with barley destined for the New York market. The elevator platform, like that of the station, was crowded with people. A little apart from the crowd stood a girl of twelve, with long braids of hair down her back and a sturdy baby boy in her arms. At the open window of a Pullman car a young lady and two children sat watching this girl. A strange, wistful look in her eyes attracted them.

"Come here, little girl," said the young lady ; "come and get some candy for your little brother."

"He is not my brother, and she bids me never cross the track alone," said the girl, and her large brown eyes grew more wistful. The pretty children in the car reached out and tried to toss some chocolates across to her ; they all fell, however, on the track near the wheels of the grain cars.

"Is 'she' your mother?" asked the young lady.

"No ; my mother is dead," replied the girl.

"Oh, Aunt Sue, do you hear?" cried the girl in the car. "She has n't any mother — just like Hal and me. I'm so sorry."

"Yes, Vesta, I hear," said the young lady ; "the poor child looks unhappy."

Just then the conductor came in to say that some Chinese were engaged in cooking their dinner on the prairie close by, and to inquire if Miss Perkins, with her little niece and nephew, would like to visit them.

Miss Perkins was delighted, and at once nodded to the little girl that she was coming out.

"Can you tell me anything about that child?" she asked, as the conductor assisted the party across the track.

"The one with the baby?" said he. "No ; I have noticed her here frequently, sometimes when it storms hard, and she is always holding that heavy boy."

"She looks like a picture I once saw in Rome,"

said Miss Perkins, "and I want to speak to her. Shall we take her with us to see the Chinese?"

"Certainly, if you wish." And, stepping up to her, the conductor took the baby and lifted him down from the platform, and then smiled as the girl leaped lightly to the ground.

"Must you carry that big boy?" said Miss Perkins to her, as she was about to take up the baby again. "You look tired. He can walk, can he not?"

"Yes, Miss, but he does not like to."

Miss Perkins took the little fellow's fat hand in hers, saying, "Now baby will walk like a big man," and the party soon joined Hal and Vesta, who were already watching the industrious foreigners, and calling to Aunt Sue to "come quick." It was a curious sight. Groups of Chinamen were gathered around fires built upon the ground, with various queer-looking utensils lying about. Hal walked around one man, trying in vain to count his pockets, for every moment he emptied a fresh one. Miss Perkins said that the inmost recesses of his clothing must be all pockets. Hal was anxious to buy some chopsticks then and there, but his auntie told him he would see them frequently, for the servants in his father's new home at Los Angeles were all Chinamen. The wearers of pigtailed would not answer any questions save with the words, "No talkee." The children soon became tired, and were glad to return to the car, taking the stranger girl with them.

"What is your name, dear?" asked Miss Perkins, when the child was seated by Vesta, with the baby between them.

"Zintha Dierke," she replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"Out on the prairie yonder."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody but myself."

"But you live with some one?"

"Yes, Miss, with Hans's mother," explained Zintha. "I mind him for my board ; my father is away, and I look for him every day."

"Where is your father?" said Miss Perkins.

"I can not tell, Miss," was the reply. "He has gone to work, and when he has made plenty of money he will come and take me. If I could know where he was I should be happy. If I ask Mrs. Hansen, she says, 'You will hear in good time' ; but the good time never comes."

"I am very sorry, dear," said Miss Perkins, "but I am sure your father will come."

"I come always to the cars," continued the girl. "I can not keep away. He kissed me and said, 'Be brave, my Zintha, and I will come for you.' But my eyes ache with looking, and he does not come."

"Brave is a grand word, little Zintha," said Miss Perkins, as she kissed the sad little face. "So kind a father must have written, and some time all will be well. You should go to school, my dear, and learn to read and write."

"I read now, Miss," replied Zintha, "but I can not go to the school. Mrs. Hansen has a smaller baby, and she keeps me to mind Hans. My father wished me to go to the school every day, but I can not."

Miss Perkins looked very sober for a few moments, then she said: "Zintha, I shall always remember you, and you must not forget me. Here is a card with my name upon it. I have two homes, one in Los Angeles,—printed here, as you see,—and one in New York. For one year I shall be with my brother in Los Angeles, perhaps longer. Will you keep trying to write, and by and by send me a letter there?"

"I will, Miss—I try every day," said Zintha, eagerly.

"I take Hans to the big lumber-yard over there, and make him a place between the pile of boards, and then I write. See this pencil: it was given me by the nice man who measures the lumber, and I do many lessons on the boards. I write my father's name often. I love to write that. Heinrich Dierke is his name."

When the passengers came back into the cars, Miss Perkins knew that she must send her little friend away. Hal and Vesta filled a box with bonbons for her, and Miss Perkins gave her some pictorial papers and a bag full of crackers made in shapes like animals, and then the conductor lifted Zintha and the baby out upon the platform.

"I think she wanted your book, Aunt Sue," said Hal; "she kept looking at it so earnestly."

"Poor child!" said Miss Perkins. "If it were not my precious copy of Whittier's poems, with his own handwriting on the fly-leaf, I should certainly give it to her."

A sudden thought came into her head. She turned over the leaves quickly, and wrote upon a scrap of paper four lines from one of the poems:

"The dear God hears and pities all:
He knoweth all our wants,
And what we blindly ask of him,
His love withholds or grants."

Aunt Sue hurried to the door with the paper, just as the conductor cried, "All aboard!"

"Do give this to that little girl," she said.

"With pleasure," replied that polite official; and he immediately reached over the heads of those about, saying, "Here, little girl, the lady sends you this. May be it will prove a fortune."

Some of the by-standers smiled. How could such a scrap of paper prove a fortune, and if it should, what would that sad-eyed child holding a fat German baby do with it?

Again the train moved on its way, and in due time reached California. There General Perkins met his sister, and bore her away with his children to his orange groves near Los Angeles.

Aunt Sue enjoyed every moment of the restful, indolent life, and wondered if she should ever care again for the noise and bustle of her native city. Hal gloried in his freedom. As for Vesta, she was not too happy to think of Zintha, and Aunt Sue was constantly teased to tell her own fancies concerning the little maid who carried baby Hans.

Aunt Sue never told all she thought about it, but night after night she saw again Zintha's wistful look, large brown eyes, and heavy braids of hair, and the stolid face of little Hans.

How was it with Zintha?

Every day, when the weather was fair, she carried Hans to the lumber-yard and wrote or figured upon the boards. Sometimes she had a bit of paper before her, held down by two bricks, to keep it from being blown away.

"See here, little one," said the foreman one day, "what are these verses you are scribbling all over my matched boards?"

"Something a kind lady gave me, sir," she answered, timidly. "I hope it is not wrong, sir."

"No harm done," said the foreman, "only some of the men spoke of it, and the boss might n't like it, you know." The next day this kind friend brought Zintha a large blank-book.

"There, sis," said he, "when you've written that full you will be ready to copy sermons for the minister."

Sometimes the foreman asked Zintha to figure up a sale for him, in advance of his own reckoning. Before long, he gave her rules for measurement, and told her the names and grades of the lumber. She soon understood the difference between flooring and sheathing, joists and planks, and no one about the yard knew the best places for piling up, or how high each pile was, better than Zintha.

One day, the foreman was cross. Mr. Brown, the clerk, was sick with the mumps, and the doctor said he would not be out for a fortnight.

"If it had happened at any other time I should n't have cared," exclaimed the foreman; "but the boss is in Chicago, and he's very particular about letters being answered promptly."

"Could n't I write them?" asked Zintha. "You

have been so kind to me, I should like to do something for you, and I write quite well now."

The foreman looked at her keenly for a moment, and then said: "You're a trump, little one; perhaps you can. Trot into the office, and I'll be in there in a few moments."

Zintha was already perched on Mr. Brown's high stool when he entered and began looking over the letters. "Tell this man," said he, putting a letter before her, "that we will fill his order on the 10th inst., if we can get the cars. Put your date up there—so; the printed heads will help you."

"I know how to do that," said Zintha, simply. "I did it for Mr. Brown when he wanted to go to a party. I know it all the way down to 'Yours respectfully.'"

"Upon my word, you do!" said the foreman, when the letter was finished; "and if you can get rid of that baby of Hansen's, I can give you plenty of work until the boss comes back."

Zintha's eyes sparkled. At noon, she hurried home to Mrs. Hansen and told her the good news. Hans was fast asleep.

"May I go again this afternoon?" asked Zintha.

"I care not where you are," said the tired woman, "while Hans is sleeping."

"I will earn some money for you, Mrs. Hansen," said the girl, "and you shall have a new dress to wear to the church."

"I can not have a gown while my man cares so much for his beer," returned Mrs. Hansen, rather grimly. "With plenty babies comes plenty trouble, and all goes wrong. But you are a good girl, Zintha, and I do wrong to speak you a cross word."

Zintha thanked Mrs. Hansen twice, and hurried away to set the table. When the dishes were washed and the house made clean and tidy, she returned to the office.

Zintha had written letters for nearly two weeks when the proprietor of the yard returned. He frowned a little when he saw a young girl seated on the office stool, but the foreman whispered a few words to him and gave him some letters to read; then he smiled and said: "Equal to Brown's, anyhow."

When Brown returned, Zintha was told that she need not go away, for the business was increasing, and the foreman bought a little chair for her, which he placed in the private office. All day long Zintha wrote and wrote, and when night came she went back to the Hansen's house to sleep on her hard bed with little Hans. She often thought of the kind lady in the Pullman car, whom the children had called Aunt Sue, and she said to herself, "Now I can write her a fine long letter, if she ever writes to me."

One day, when the train came in from California,

the expressman left a box in the station addressed to Zintha Dierke, and a boy in the telegraph office hurried away with it to the lumber-yard.

Great was the joy of Zintha. Her employer opened it himself, and seemed greatly pleased when the young girl took out two pretty dresses, made with "tucks to let down as Zintha grew" (as the accompanying letter stated), and all manner of pretty presents from Vesta, Hal, and the dear, kind lady.

"Now, Zintha," said her employer that afternoon, "I have a little plan for you. My foreman has a spare room in his cottage, and his wife, who is a good, motherly soul, will board you until we hear from your father. It is not a nice place for you at Hansen's, since he drinks so much, and it is too far for you to go to your evening lessons. Now that your kind friends have sent you these gifts, I think you had better send them at once to your new room, and I will see Mrs. Hansen for you."

"Ah, I can never thank you," said Zintha, "and these kind friends, who do so much for me."

"Never mind the thanks," he replied, briskly. "I've a girl of my own, and I mean to give you a chance to surprise your father when he comes."

So the boxful of pretty presents went to Mr. Gordon's house that night, and, before Zintha slept, she wrote this letter to her friends in California:

"**MOST DEAR AND KIND PEOPLE:** The beautiful box came to me this day, and I could cry, my heart is so happy. I am writing now every day in the office, and every week my kind master pays me for it. I learned to write, as you told me to do, and twice every week I say lessons to a young lady who teaches in one of the schools. It is very beautiful, and I thank the dear God and you. The sweet words you wrote me have made my fortune. I copied them day after day on the boards, until my kind friend gave me a book. How pleased my dear father would be! I hear not a word from him yet. And I am tired waiting. My master says he will 'come some day when I am not thinking of him.' Ah, dear lady, that is never! I always think of him and pray for his return. I pray for you, too, dear lady, for I can not thank you. The books, the dresses, and all the pretty clothing make me too happy to sleep. Some time we may meet again, and then I may be wiser and better able to tell the beautiful thoughts I have of you and the pretty children.
ZINTHA DIERKE."

Why Aunt Sue cried over that little letter no one could tell, and even General Perkins, her brother, sat very still for a long time after he had read it.

Six months after the box reached Zintha, General Perkins himself walked into the office at the lumber-yard, and there he found a tall, slender girl, bending over some writing. He chatted some time before he made himself known, and then Zintha's happy face made him ample return for "the bother of stopping over to humor Sue's whim." He tried in vain to persuade her to leave her position and go with him to Los Angeles, when he should return from the East, but she only answered:

"I thank all your kind family, General, but my dear father must find me here when he returns."

Her refusal did not prevent the General from stopping again on his way back to the orange groves, to leave a large bundle of books and some presents from New York friends to whom he had told Zintha's story.

Thus two years passed, with frequent letters between Los Angeles and Fremont, and at each Christmas a box for Zintha. Aunt Sue still lingered in California. She had grown stronger, her brother thought, and the children could not spare her.

One bright May day, Aunt Sue drove up the avenue leading to Roselawn, as General Perkins's place at Los Angeles was called. She had been out with Vesta, and was just returning with the mail.

"It is strange that Zintha does not write," said she; "I positively find myself worried if the child misses one month."

"Perhaps she is ill or very tired," said Vesta. "But see, Aunt Sue, we have company: Papa is talking with a young lady, and there is a gentleman in the hammock."

Aunt Sue did look. There was no mistaking those brown eyes, and, as the ponies halted, she sprang out and caught Zintha in her arms.

"Ah, dear, dear lady, I have come at last, and here is the dear father with me!" said the girl, holding the lady's hand tightly in her own.

"Yes, madam, I am here," said a fine-looking man, advancing, "and all my life I shall thank you for the love you have given my little girl."

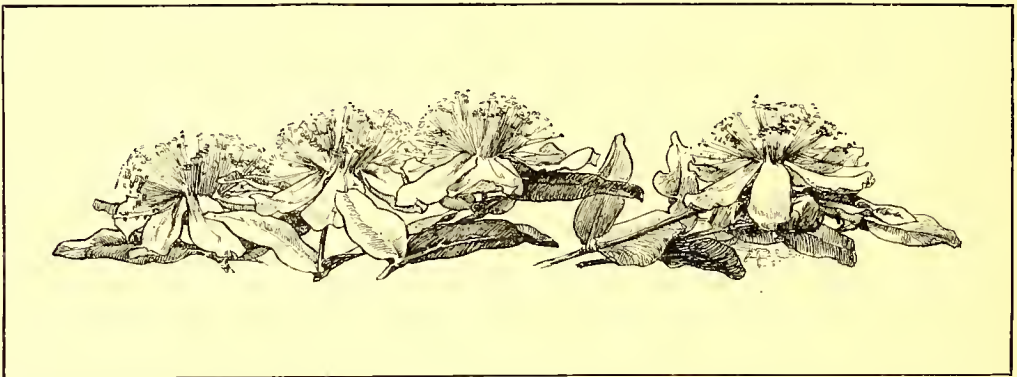
What a happy party Rosclawn held that night! What a long, long story it was which Zintha's father told—how he found work at once, and afterward went into business for himself at Salt Lake City; how he had often written to Hansen, sending money and letters to his darling little girl; how Hansen wrote that the child was well, and learning fast in school. Then he was ill, very ill, for a long time. When he began to recover, his

first thought was for Zintha, but no word came. One day, when he grew stronger, he went down the road to build a new store-house. While the men were at work one of them picked up a board with a little verse on it. He carried it to the "boss" (who was no other than himself), who read it as a hungry man eats bread. There was his darling's name, with his own, beneath the poet's words. He laughed aloud for joy, and the men said: "Ah, his head is not quite right since the fever." But his head was right, and his heart, too. He wrote at once to his child, and heard all the long, sad story. "The words of the poet, dear friends," said he, as he concluded his long story, "proved better than the telegraph; it was a message from my own loved one when I was anxious about her. Then I made haste to get to her as soon as I could, and here we are together at last, and trying to thank you for all you have done."

Here Zintha's hand rested lovingly on his arm, and Zintha's voice, quivering with love and joy, said: "When the dear father builds his house, the words which brought us together shall be carved over the door, to commemorate the happy fortune they have brought me."

"Brave little Zintha!" said the General. "It was not the words alone, but your patient, earnest work which won the good fortune. But come, Sue, let us have some music."

Then Aunt Sue took down her guitar, and they all sang the evening hymn, which floated on and on through the fragrant air. It chanced that the music fitted the verse that had brought Zintha's fortune; so Miss Perkins added that stanza to the hymn. And as she noted the fervor with which they all joined in singing that verse, she could not help wishing that it might have been heard by the beloved and venerable poet in his New England home.



THE LADY OF THE (CHINGACHGOOK

BY REV. CHARLES R. TALBOT.



THE "Chingachgook" lay at her berth off Boardman's wharf, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight." Her mainsail and her jib were hoisted, her ensign and signal set; and she was tugging with all her might at her mooring-line, evidently fretting to be off. The "Chingachgook" was a boat, of course, and not an Indian; but she was as lithe and fleet as any chieftain that ever tracked a foe, and there were those who would have insisted that she was quite as intelligent and full of life. She was a center-board boat, sloop-rigged, twenty-four feet and four inches in length over all, and therefore only a "third-class sloop," according to the tables of the Seaconnet Yacht Club, to which she belonged. But with proper time allowance, according to her dimensions, her youthful owner believed that she could beat any vessel afloat; and this day he expected to do something toward proving it. There was to be a race over the Blowaway Island course, open to third-class sloops and cat-boats of all sizes, for which the "Chingachgook"

was entered. It shall be added here, for what it is worth to the reader, that, except for a change of names, there is such a club as the Seaconnet Yacht Club; there is such a boat as the "Chingachgook"; and there is such a young lady as the heroine of this story.

The crew of the "Chingachgook"—Cassius Thorne by name and aged fifteen—having, with a good deal of dogged labor, gotten up the mainsail single-handed, had now seated himself on the starboard rail and was idly kicking the heels of his boating-shoes together over the side, and humming to himself a song while he waited for the Captain to come on board. The words of this song were by W. S. Gilbert, but the music—if music it could be called—was by Cassius Thorne himself. However, the words were fairly applicable to the facts of his own case and were as follows:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Cassius called himself the "crew" of the "Chingachgook," though he wore the same uniform as "Captain" Rodman and was his social equal. The difference was that Rodman owned the boat. But that difference was important, in the eyes of Cassius Thorne. If there was anything that the latter worshiped, it was a boat. A horse he never looked at; a bicycle he held in profound contempt; even for young ladies he cared not a crust of bread. But give him a boat, and he was made. Put him on the water, and he was in his element. Indeed, speaking of young ladies, it is not enough to say that Cassius did not care for them. He abominated them. That, I think, is the same as saying that he was afraid of them—which was the fact. He always avoided them if he could; he never raised his eyes when forced to meet them; and, rather than walk up to one and speak directly to her, he would have gone on board the "Chingachgook" and sailed the boat, before a howling tempest, straight in among four hundred sea-serpents. All Cassius Thorne asked of the girls was that they let him alone; I am sorry to say that the dreadful creatures did not always do it.

This being understood, the feelings of Master Thorne may be imagined when, presently, sitting there on the rail and looking shoreward, he perceived a boat, pulled by a man and conveying a girl, seemingly of about his own age, approaching the "Chingachgook" with the evident intention of boarding her. The boatman, reversing his stroke at length, and then slowly backing around, brought his boat stern-foremost directly up to the quarter of the "Chingachgook," and a moment later the girl stepped lightly on board.

Cassius had risen at the last and now stood looking toward the stranger, with a sort of "All-hands-stand-by-to-repel-boarders!" air, but by no means showing a disposition to advance. He was, in truth, a good deal overcome, and he grasped the shroud beside him for support. There must be some mistake, of course. No such person as this was expected on board the "Chingachgook," or had any business there.

Then the young lady looked at him. She was a very attractive figure as she stood there, habited in a dainty navy-blue sailor suit, with a daring bit of scarlet visible here and there about it, and with a jaunty hat on her head that did not pretend to protect her brown face from the sun. For the face itself, Cassius did not know whether it was pretty or not. He was conscious of nothing about it but the eyes. They were the kind of eyes that he had always detested—eyes that, brimful of mirth and mischief, are forever following a fellow about and compelling him to look up in spite of himself, and that, back of everything, he always *knows* are making fun of him.

"Good-morning," said she, sweetly.

Cassius said good-morning rather thickly, and took off his yachting cap. He had sisters at home, who taught him good manners, although they had never been able to cure him of his diffidence.

"This is the 'Chingachgook,' is it not?" she continued.

"Yes, ma'am,—that is,—yes, this is the 'Chingachgook.'" Cassius blushed, and bit his tongue. A tongue that made him say "ma'am" to a girl evidently not a day older than he himself deserved to be bitten.

"Ah, then I am all right," said she, complacently.

And so saying, she turned and stepped steadily over into the stern-sheets. There she sat down, and, taking a small bundle from her pocket, began unrolling it. It appeared to be some sort of fancy work. She spread it upon her lap, and, having threaded her needle from a tangled mass of worsted, she at length set serenely to work, evidently disposed to make herself at home. Cassius, without moving from his place, had regarded her with growing amazement—until, all at once, she looked

up and caught him at it. Then he turned away in confusion, stealing off forward like a guilty thing. He went and gave another pull at the peak-hal-yards; and he stood about a long time, squinting up at the boat's colors, possessed of a sudden anxiety as to their being properly set, and all the while he cast numerous stealthy glances toward the mysterious personage in the stern-sheets. Finally, he went and stood at the bow, gazing mournfully down into the water, as though he contemplated a plunge beneath its surface. He wished that Rodman would come. He felt that something ought to be done; but—well, it was not for him to take the responsibility of doing it, before the Captain came on board.

Rodman was seen at last, appearing suddenly among the crowd of people on the wharf, and, without stopping to speak to any of them, jumping into his gig and sculling himself swiftly toward the "Chingachgook." The sloop carried only one boat, name of which varied according to the use to which it was put. When the Captain used it, it was a gig. "Cash," he would say, "bring around the gig; I want to go ashore." But when the crew used it, it was the dinghy. "Cash, you take the dinghy, will you, and go and get that piece of ice that Evans has left for us on the head of the wharf." They were very punctilious as to terms on board the "Chingachgook."

Rodman had discovered with wonderment the girl sitting in his yacht. He directed his boat toward the forward part of the sloop, presently drawing in his oar and walking to the bow, and then, with the painter in his hand, he stepped easily to the vessel's deck. He was not in the best of humor. He had just come from an interview with the judges, and things had not gone to his mind.

"Tony Boardman is bound to have everything his own way, or else he 'wont run'," he said, savagely. "But just let him wait until we get started! Somebody else will have something to say then, he 'll find." Then he lowered his voice, motioning with his head in the direction of the young lady. "Who in Honduras is *that*, Cash?"

Cash raised his eyes an instant to those of his commander; but at once they fell again, wandering off sidewise toward the subject mentioned.

"I don't know," he answered, defensively. "She did n't hoist any signal when she came up." (Cassius always spoke the language of the yachting service.) "She came aboard, and sat herself down there without a word."

"What!" Rodman scowled and looked aft again. The young lady was sitting there as calmly as ever, industriously drawing her needle in and out. "Why did you *let* her?"

"How could I help it?" returned Cassius, drearily.

"Why did n't you ask her what she wanted?"

Cassius made no reply to this, and Rodman, after a moment, turned with a contemptuous "Umph!" and strode away aft. He would see what was the meaning of this. He slackened his pace a little, necessarily, as he passed along beside the sloop's cabin and stepped over the wash-board. The stranger looked up at him.

"Good-morning," said she, exactly as she had said it to Cassius, as sweetly and with the same audacious light in her eyes.

But Rodman was not afraid of her eyes. He had seen girls before. He lifted his cap stiffly. "Was there anything that you wanted?" inquired he, his tone and manner politely hostile.

"Oh, *no*, indeed; thank you." Her attitude quite bore out her words. She went on with her work, evidently entirely satisfied with things as they were and in want of nothing in the world.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said Rodman, grimly; "but we are going to get under way now for the race, and it will be necessary for you to—to——" He hesitated an instant, casting about for some not too offensive phrase in which to order her ashore.

She quickly took it upon herself to finish his sentence for him.

"And you want me to move, do you? Why, certainly. I ought to have known better than to plant myself right here in the way." She got up and moved across to the corner, close by the cabin. And then, even while Rodman's lips were set again to say his say, she ran glibly on. "You want to ship the tiller, I suppose. Is n't that what you call it—the tiller?" She pointed with her needle to the article named, as it lay on the seat. "Oh, I am quite a sailor, I assure you. I don't mean to make any trouble or get in the way. Indeed, I do not!"

"I beg your pardon," Rodman began again. It was impossible to be rude or harsh in the face of such persistent sweetness and innocence as this. "I think you must have made some mistake. You——"

"Mistake!" She dropped her work into her lap. "What—about the tiller? Then it *is* n't the tiller at all?" She seemed deeply mortified. "Is it—is it the *guff*, then?" she asked eagerly, after a moment.

This was so funny that Rodman forgot his dignity and laughed aloud. Whereupon she exhibited such extreme distress that he felt himself in the wrong, and begged her pardon once more. Then he hastened to harden himself again.

"I meant mistaken about the *boat*," he explained.

"Oh, mistaken about the boat!" She complacently resumed her work, receiving this as though it were an apology, and seeming to consider it an ample one. Then, again, without giving him a chance to speak, she hurried on, telling him how fond she was of sailing, and how she should like to know all about a boat, and the names of all the spars and ropes. It did not seem to have occurred to her that she was where she was not wanted and where she had no business to be. She appeared entirely at home and at her ease. Rodman stared at her as she talked, and his wonder grew. What did it all mean? Who was she, any way, and what did she want?—or what did she think she wanted? *Could n't* she be made to understand that she must go ashore? He resolved upon another effort.

"Do you know, Miss, what boat this is?" he was able, by and by, very solemnly to inquire.

"What boat!" She raised her eyes in pretty wonder. "Why, to be sure! It is the 'Chingachgook,' is n't it? I'm sure there is n't any danger of mistaking her. There is n't another boat in the harbor like her. I think she is just splendid! And 'Chingachgook' is the very name for her, too. I suppose she is named after that old Indian chief—the 'Last of the Mohicans.' Or was he the last but one? Do you know, I just *adore* Cooper! It is n't very often you find a girl who does, but *I* do. I think his novels are about as fascinating as any I ever read—even more interesting than Sir Walter Scott's. And those—those 'Leather Stocking' stories I like best of all. Don't *you* think they are the best?" She looked up anxiously with her question, as if his opinion on the subject was the most important matter in the world to her.

Rodman groaned inwardly. What *was* the use of trying to make a girl like this comprehend that she was where she was n't wanted and could not possibly be allowed to remain. He uttered a sort of grunt, worthy of the immortal Chingachgook himself, and turned savagely away, picking up the tiller and fitting it into the rudder-head.

All at once the report of a cannon was heard, apparently from on board a small boat that had, a few minutes before, gone out and posted itself a short distance down the stream, and from which, as they looked up now, a cloud of smoke was lightly floating off. The visitor uttered a little cry of dismay, and anxiously inquired:

"Oh! what was that?"

"It was the first gun," said Rodman, crossly. "They'll fire another in just fifteen minutes from now, and we must cross the line before that, for all the time it takes us after that will be deducted from our time in the race." He explained this in

the hope that, when she understood that the start was at hand, she herself would say something about going ashore. But she did not.

"I hate guns!" she declared instead. "It always makes me nervous to hear them. I feel as if I should fly this moment!"

"I'm sorry I have n't a pair of wings for you," observed Rodman, sincerely. Then he raised his voice and called out to Cassius. This was getting to be a serious matter. "Everything all ready, Cash?"

"Ay, ay. All ready."

"Have you fastened the dinghy to the mooring? We can't take her with us. We don't want a sin-

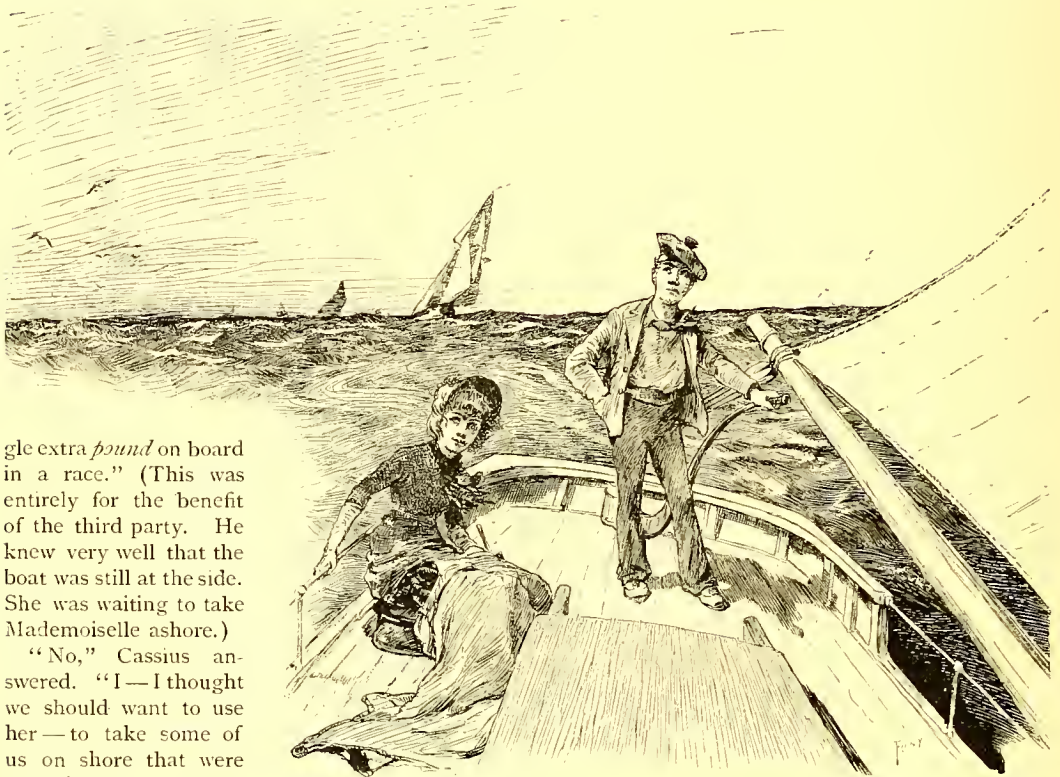
thousand dollars. It is the worst piece of luck! What did you let her come on board for, any way?"

"Did you tell her she must go ashore?" asked Cassius.

"Tell her!" Rodman almost choked with exasperation. "Tell her! Perhaps you think it is an easy thing to do. Very well! you go aft yourself, and say to her that she must go ashore. Come, now—go on, and see how you like it."

Cassius looked blank. "I would n't do it," said he, "not if you'd give me a brand-new hundred-ton steam yacht, fitted and furnished throughout."

"Look here!" exclaimed Rodman, with sudden



gle extra pound on board in a race." (This was entirely for the benefit of the third party. He knew very well that the boat was still at the side. She was waiting to take Mademoiselle ashore.)

"No," Cassius answered. "I—I thought we should want to use her—to take some of us on shore that were n't going."

Rodman glanced at the girl again. Surely she would understand this. Alas! she seemed not even to have heard it. A timely snarl occupied her entire attention. He uttered another aboriginal grunt, and went forward himself.

"Cash, this will never do!" He looked at his watch. "We've got just about twelve minutes. How are we going to get rid of that girl? We can't take her with us; that is out of the question. I would n't have the 'Thoughtless' beat me for a

sternness. This idea of sending Cash aft had suddenly acquired value in his eyes. "Are n't you the crew of this sloop?"

"Crew? Of course, I am!" Cash was far from being disposed to deny the fact.

"And did n't you agree to obey orders when I shipped you instead of Walt Hubbard?"

"Don't I obey orders. I'd like to know?" demanded Cassius, with spirit. Certainly, he did

RODMAN STOOD AT THE HELM, AND THE UNKNOWN, UNEXPLAINED, AND UNWELCOME YOUNG LADY STILL SAT QUIETLY BY HERSELF. [SEE PAGE 778.]

obey orders. The commands of his superior officer were sacred to him.

"Well, then, why don't you do as I order you?"

"Order me! What did you order me?"

"I ordered you to go and tell that girl we should have to set her ashore," said Rodman, inflexibly.

Cash actually turned pale. "Oh, if you put it that way," said he.—"I did n't know it was an order."

"Well, you know now!"

Rodman was obliged to be a little brutal. He knew that this was not a fair thing, and his conscience smote him.

"Of course, I'll obey orders," said Cassius hoarsely, unconsciously buttoning up his coat and even turning up his collar, exactly as though he were going out into a storm. "What shall I tell her?"

"Tell her? Tell her that we don't want her here—we've no use for her. Tell her we're going to sail for Europe, and won't be back till the year nineteen hundred. Tell her it's against the rules for a boat to carry women in a race. Tell her what you please, only get rid of her. And be quick about it, too! Every boat that's entered except this one is leaving her moorings this minute."

So poor Cassius set his teeth together, and turned away with the air of one who has said good-bye forever. To him there was only one thing in the world worse than facing a young lady under such circumstances; but that one thing was disobedience of orders. He made his way slowly aft, and at length planted his sturdy figure before the stranger, cap in hand, and addressed her in a voice husky and quavering:

"Madame—Miss—the Captain has sent me to tell you that—to say to you that—ahem!—to—to call your attention to the rule on the subject of Crews—Rule Ninth of the Sailing Regulations: 'Yachts contending for prizes may carry one man for every five feet of length on deck and fractional part thereof.'" His voice gained something of firmness as he recited the rule. It was hardly likely that she would make light of the sailing regulations.

Her eyes were fixed upon him all the while, though he felt rather than saw them. "Is that one of your sailing rules, do you say?" she asked, as he finished. "How interesting! And how many men do you carry on board the 'Chingachgook'?" She laughed merrily. "You are the crew here, are you not? Do you consider yourself equal to as many men as the boat is feet long divided by five?"

Cassius blushed so fiercely that the red showed plainly through the coat of tan upon his face. He felt himself to be utterly helpless in the hands of

this young lady, as he had known he should be. Nevertheless, there were the Captain's orders and the regulations.

"We are allowed to carry *less* than the rule mentions," he forced himself to say, "but we can not carry *more*." And then, with sudden desperation, he added, "And we consider *you* more."

She laughed outright at this—a peal of musical, girlish laughter, delicious in itself, but to Cassius, at this moment, very dreadful indeed. "More?" she exclaimed. "Well, I should think so! I should consider myself equal to all the men you could get on board, upstairs and down-stairs, and all over the deck. More, indeed!" She laughed again, and then sat waiting for what he might have further to say, but still never taking her eyes from his face. His own glance went round and round and all about her, until it again fell at her feet. He knew very well what would sooner or later surely happen. She would drive him away with her eyes, and he would go back defeated and demoralized, without having accomplished at all what he had come for. The thought nerved him to a final effort.

"But—but—" he stammered, "the rule does n't say a single word—you can see it for yourself—about *women* being allowed on board."

She raised her eyebrows. "Well, and what of it, pray?" she inquired, with painful directness.

Sure enough. What of it? He stood a moment, and, as clearly as he could, reflected. He had thought that the rule covered the whole case and would be quite convincing and sufficient. And now she asked him, *What of it?* And all at once he seemed to become aware that there was nothing "of it." He did not see, himself, now, that the rule applied at all. He was utterly confounded and unable to answer.

"Had n't you better go and ask the *Captain*?" she suggested, maliciously.

"I—I— Perhaps I had," he murmured. For his life, he could not have said anything else; and he felt that he *must* get away. The next moment he was going to the Captain with his report.

But Rodman did not wish for any report. He had watched the interview throughout and understood it.

"I don't want to hear a single word," cried he. "There is n't time to set her ashore now, any way. We've only four minutes more before the second gun. Let her stay, if she's bound to. I'll give her enough of it before we are through, see if I don't! Here, take hold of this mooring. I've made the dinghy fast to it already. Wait until I get aft, and then give her a sheer. As for that girl, we won't say another word to her the whole trip. We'll *ignore* her."

So saying, Rodman went back to the helm; Cash gave a pull at the mooring, and, then dropping it, held the jib to windward; and the "Chingachgook," catching the wind all in an instant, suddenly gathered way and darted off.

The race about to begin was not a regular regatta of the Seaconnet Yacht Club (which was an organization having to do with the whole bay), but a much less important and less formal affair, in which the contestants were only from among the smaller craft of the club. The prizes were sums of money, the first of twenty-five, and the second of fifteen dollars. There had been six entries, two of which were sloops. The "Chingachgook," as has been stated, was the last of the six to get under way. All six were now standing to and fro across the river, none having yet crossed the line, although it was almost time for the second signal. This "line" was an imaginary one, drawn from the judges' boat across the river to a house on the opposite shore. The start was to be a "flying" one. The boats were at liberty to cross the line and start in the race at any time after the first signal, their time being taken as they made the crossing. A boat crossing *after* the second signal, however, would have her time taken from the time of that signal. The object of each boat was to cross the line as late as possible within the limits of the two signals, the boat crossing last (within those limits) having all the other boats in front of her as to position but behind her as to time.

Two minutes before the second signal, the first boat—one of the cat-boats—crossed the line, the fact being announced from the judges' boat by a blast from a fog-horn. She was almost immediately followed by two others of the smaller boats. Thirty seconds after this the "Thoughtless" also went over. The "Thoughtless" was the other sloop, and the only boat of the five which might be considered a rival of the "Chingachgook." She had found herself in good position, and her captain, Tony Boardman, had not dared tack again, so near the final signal. Rodman, on board the "Chingachgook," shouted with glee when he saw this. The next instant, he came about himself and started for the line, the "Chingachgook" and the remaining cat-boat crossing together, and so near the final moment that the sound of the horn was lost in the report of the second gun. Then, at 11.15 o'clock, with a fresh breeze from the southward and all the boats close-hauled, the race was fairly begun.

Meanwhile, on board the "Chingachgook," nothing worthy of special mention had taken place. Rodman stood at the helm, Cash kept his place forward, and the unknown, unexplained, and unwelcome young lady still sat quietly by her-

self, holding her fancy work, although watching all the while with lively interest the opening of the race. Almost nothing had been said—nothing at all that involved, on the part of the two lads, any further recognition of the young lady's presence. Rodman's policy of ignoring her had been faithfully adhered to, although the girl herself did not seem to mind it.

Off Polygon Point the boats all eased off a bit, heading now, by a course hardly south of west, toward the northernmost point of Blowaway Island. At this time the "Chingachgook," having already left behind one of the cat-boats, was rapidly overhauling the other three. The "Thoughtless," however, with her minute's start, seemed to have kept easily the advance this had given her, and even, to Rodman's anxious eyes, to have slightly increased it. The latter called out to Cassius:

"Cash, I do believe she's gaining on us! How is it?"

But Cassius, crouched down in front of the mast, shook his head very positively as he looked out ahead, and replied:

"Not a bit of it! She did gain on us, of course, after she slacked her sheet, when we were still running close. But we shall make that up quick enough. I'll venture my head against a played-out croquet-ball" (Cassius was always very reckless about venturing his head) "that we'll pass her this side the Spindle. Hallo there on board the 'Warbler!'" (this to one of the cat-boats whose stern at this moment was only a short distance from where he sat)—"get out of the track, will you? We don't want to go around you." Then he added, contemptuously, to himself: "'Warbler,' indeed! 'Wobbler' I should spell it. Sam Peckham handles that boat as if she were a bicycle and he was taking his first riding lesson."

They held on so for twenty minutes and then hauled their wind again,—the "Thoughtless" first, and then a minute later the "Chingachgook,"—turning south once more with a distance of four miles, dead to windward, to make before rounding the Spindle. It was now a clear contest between the two sloops. The other boats were all behind them, and would soon be left to have it out among themselves.

"Now, says I!" Rodman exclaimed, dropping the tiller long enough to rub his hands together, "now we've got it all to ourselves. And if the 'Chingachgook' can't beat the 'Thoughtless' sailing into the wind's eye, then I'll eat her!"

"Pray let me go on shore first—before you eat her," spoke up the girl-passenger, precisely as though he had addressed himself to her.

Rodman looked at her. He had not intended to speak to her, but her eyes were full upon him again, and he could not very well help it.

"It's too late to go on shore now," he said, frigidly.

"Then I suppose that if you *should* decide to eat the 'Chingachgook,' I should have to stay on board and be devoured also?" She smiled as she said it.

Rodman thought to himself that she looked pretty enough to be devoured, and his heart softened toward her. He could not forbear smiling himself as he replied, "I don't believe I shall have to eat the sloop this trip. I mean to win the race instead—in spite of all drawbacks." The drawback which he especially had in mind was the young lady herself.

The wind was blowing fresher out here beyond the island; and, with her sheet hauled down, the "Chingachgook" bent over before it, thrusting her head into a big "waker" now and then, and, as she rose and shook herself, flinging a shower of silver spray along her deck. By and by, there came a plunge of unusual violence, and a sheet of salt water flew aft into the very face and eyes of the unwelcome passenger. Possibly a sudden twist of the helm had had something to do with this, although, at the moment, Rodman was, to all appearances, entirely absorbed in the race. The girl uttered a little cry.

"Oh, Mr. Rodman! Oh! Oh! Why, this is dreadful!"

"Ah!" said Rodman, coolly. "Did it wet you? I'm very sorry, but such things can't be avoided. Besides," he grimly added, "that was n't a circumstance to what we shall have presently. Wait till we get down off the south end of Blowaway. It will blow great guns by that time."

"Oh, dear!" she cried, in dismay. "Will it, *truly?*" She examined his face to be sure he was sincere, and then added, cheerfully, "At any rate, I can go below if it gets *very* bad."

"Yes," said Rodman, "only you'll be sea-sick. People always are if they go below."

"Shall I, really?" she again inquired. "Oh, dear, dear!"

"I thought you said you were quite a sailor?" said Rodman.

"Well, I don't care so much for myself. But I don't want to get my griffins all wet." She glanced ruefully at her worsted work. "This is for a gentleman's traveling bag, and the salt water will ruin it."

"I don't know that it would make your griffins sick to put *them* below," suggested Rodman.

"I believe I *will* put them down there, if I may," she answered, gratefully.

She made her way as well as she could—Rodman expressing his regret that he could not leave the helm to help her—down the companion-way. When she came up again, she declared herself delighted with the sloop's cabin, characterizing it as a "perfect love of a place," and being sure that the young gentlemen who sailed the "Chingachgook" must have "right jolly times" when off upon their cruises. This was a subject by no means disagreeable to Rodman, and he found himself talking away presently in a style that fairly matched the volubility of the young lady herself. Meanwhile, he still puzzled himself over the problem of her presence. He was unable, upon reflection, to see how she could in any way be the victim of a mistake. She seemed to have known what boat she was in; and just now she had spoken his own name—though possibly Cash had called him by that in her hearing. Beside, there was all the time a laughing, mischievous light in her eyes, as though, all to herself, she was enjoying the situation as a successful joke of her own invention. Well, if it was a joke, it was not a very bad one. He was rather enjoying it himself; and it was not seriously interfering with the race, either. It was certain now that the "Chingachgook" was gaining on the "Thoughtless," and there was every reason to believe that they would round the Spindle together.

And round the Spindle together they did—so close together that Rodman, taking necessarily the outer track, but anxious to go no farther away than he must, narrowly escaped driving the "Thoughtless" against the rocks, and thus forfeiting the "Chingachgook's" chance for the prize. Then it was "ready about" again, and off they flew, with the wind abeam, the two boats, each with its black hull and glistening canvas, a thing beautiful to see, holding their way side by side, and with seemingly equal speed, toward the south end of Blowaway.

For some minutes the excitement was intense on board both the boats. But at such times it is not excitement or anxiety or one's wishes that avail, but skill and the qualities of one's craft; and it was the gallant "Chingachgook" that, after a little, was perceived to be slowly but certainly drawing ahead. Cassius Thorne, from his post before the mast, was the first to discover the fact; and, regardless of propriety, he snatched off his cap and cheered like the whole ship's crew that he was. Then Captain Rodman patted the tiller-head and began talking to his sloop as if she were a live thing to be praised and encouraged; and the little lady near him, with a sigh of relief as she, too, realized the tremendous fact, fairly stood on tiptoe and clapped her hands in glee.

Thus minute after minute went by, and foot after foot the "Thoughtless" dropped astern, until, half an hour later, as the homeward track up the east side of Blowaway came fully into view on board the "Chingachgook," her rival was well nigh half a mile to the rear. Then it was up with the center-board altogether, and give her all the sheet she wants both fore and aft, and away, away, straight for home, and with that suddenly quieter and easier motion that always follows the putting of a boat before the wind.

"Why!" cried the young lady, "how slowly we are going all at once!"

"Humph!" returned Rodman, seating himself now for the first time, "she's going about three times as fast as she was before."

"Now the race is *surely* ours!" said the young lady, looking up to him in triumph.

Rodman smiled. That word "ours," and the way it was spoken, were irresistible. She seemed

glance, falling from these, wandered off toward the plunging bow. Suddenly he turned pale and uttered a cry.

"Oh! Oh! Look there! Oh! *what shall we do?*"

Just how it happened—or *could* happen, as things were—they never knew. But Rodman, looking forward, had seen the block of the jib, loosened somehow and lashed about violently by the wind, strike Cassius a cruel blow upon the head, knocking him senseless into the sea. This he saw, and realized instantly the full extent of the calamity. With no boat on board, his friend unconscious, and only this thoughtless girl on deck if he should trust himself to the water, what could be done? No wonder he cried out in helpless agony. Even as he spoke they caught sight, over the side as the sloop rushed on, of a white, upturned face, half-submerged and drifting quickly astern.

But Rodman was not the lad to stand and do



THE START.

to assume her right to a due share of the glory. And, indeed, Rodman was hardly disposed, now, to deny the claim. Somehow or other she no longer seemed to have no business on board the "Chingachgook." He was beginning to feel as though she belonged there along with himself and Cash.

"Yes," he said, complacently. "I think there is no doubt about it now. The race is *ours*. Hurrah for the 'Chingachgook'! She is a brick—of the first water."

Rodman glanced proudly up at the white sails and the straight mast above him; and then his

nothing. God helps those who help themselves. In an instant he had let go the helm, and, hand over hand, was pulling in the sheet like mad. The sloop swept swiftly round in a great curve; and the girl, standing dazed and horrified, knew that her companion was talking to her in fierce, excited tones.

"Listen to me!" he cried. "Listen to every word! I am going overboard. I must. There is nothing else. *It may depend upon you* whether both of us drown or not!" He paused a moment, seizing the helm again and holding the sheet in his hand, looking anxiously ahead to know how to

steer. "Ah! there he is. Listen! You manage her by the sheet, this rope here, and the tiller. If she gets away from you, you can drop the sheet and bring her up into the wind—as I shall do now. I tell you this so that you can do it, if you should have to. Perhaps you will not have to do anything. Do you understand?"

She nodded mutely.

He did not say another word. Indeed, there was no time to say more. There was poor Cash out there in the water, unable to help himself, and he might sink out of sight at any moment. Rodman tore off his jacket and threw his cap down upon the deck. Then all at once he put his helm hard down, the "Chingachgook" came up into the wind and stood there, shivering fore and aft, and the next instant Rodman plunged headlong from the rail.

He came up at once and struck out bravely toward his friend. And from on board the sloop the girl watched him helplessly. There was nothing for *her* to do but to watch—to stand there and watch and wring her hands. She looked at him as he swam away; she looked anxiously back along their track to see if the "Thoughtless" had yet appeared around the island; she looked up at the sails of the "Chingachgook," and, with almost a sob of agony, she realized that the sloop was drifting fast to leeward and that the distance between her and the boys in the water was rapidly widening. Oh, was there *nothing* she could do in this terrible emergency?

Then she saw that Rodman had reached his friend—the latter, poor fellow, still senseless as a log. Rodman grasped him firmly by the shoulder, and turned toward the sloop. The moment he saw her he uttered a groan. He knew that he could never reach her with all that space between, and she all the while drifting farther and farther away. He called out hoarsely to the girl:

"Take hold of the sheet and push the helm over—from you.—Push it hard and quick.—She'll get way on herself, if you only give her half a chance."

She heard and comprehended. She seized the sheet with both hands and then with her body she pushed the helm to port. Few boats could have been made to catch the wind in such a way, but the "Chingachgook" did it. Rodman had not trusted her in vain. Perhaps she realized something of her master's fearful need, and, swift to save as ever had been her noble namesake in the old-time wars, of her own effort she turned her canvas to the breeze. The girl, sheet and tiller in hand, felt in them both the impulse that seized the gallant sloop. Slowly the bow fell off, the mainsail filled, and the "Chingachgook" began to move ahead.

She who was at the helm remembered what Rodman had said to her. "You manage her with the sheet and tiller." She slacked the sheet a little as she felt it draw the harder; and then she met it with the helm as the sensitive boat sprang forward. Hurrah! Hurrah! She heard Rodman shouting to her: "Don't let go the sheet! Steer her straight this way." In half a minute's time she was close upon them. Rodman shouted again: "Carefully! Don't run us down! Keep her off a bit. *Now!* Let go the sheet and push the helm this way. Over with it. Good for you! All right! All right! Now let her alone and go forward and fling us a rope—that coil of halyards that hangs on the pin by the shrouds."

The rest of it was easy. The "Chingachgook" was shaking in the wind again and Rodman had swum up under the side. Then the rope that she threw down to him was knotted about Cassius's body, beneath the arms; and Rodman, first climbing on board himself, quickly drew his unfortunate comrade up after him.

They laid him on the deck, and, by rubbing his hands and using some restoratives which Rodman had at hand, presently revived him. He opened his eyes, and, looking languidly from one of his attendants to the other, seemed at once to comprehend the situation.

"I'm glad you picked me up," were his first words.

Rodman burst out laughing, overjoyed to see his friend revive. "Well, old fellow, I should think you might be!" he exclaimed. "Did you suppose we would leave you there!"

"Because," continued Cassius, gravely, "you know there is Section Four of Rule Twelve: 'Each yacht must bring back all and the same persons with whom it started.' If you had n't picked me up, you would have lost the race." Suddenly he raised himself upon his elbow and looked out forward. "Where *is* the 'Thoughtless,' any way?"

"Never mind the 'Thoughtless,'" said Rodman. "You just keep quiet."

But Cash had caught sight of the other sloop, not an eighth of a mile away, and coming on like the wind itself. "Why, Rod," he cried, "she is almost up with us! We must get the 'Chingachgook' before the wind. Come, what are we thinking of, loafing here in this way?"

He tried to get upon his feet, but a dizziness seized him, and he sank back against the rail.

Then the young lady spoke. "You sit still, right where you are," said she with an air of authority. "I'll tend the jib." Then she turned to Rodman. "Mr. Rodman, I really don't think there is any necessity of our losing the race. You

know I am quite a sailor." She spoke almost gayly, although she was still pale and trembling.

"Quite a sailor!" exclaimed Rodman. "I should think you were! Where would Cash and I be this minute but for the way you handled the 'Chingachook'?" He jumped up. "But we'll pass you a vote of thanks later," said he, "when we have more time. Cash can sit here,—he'll be all right presently,—and you and I will sail the sloop. We *must* beat the 'Thoughtless.' You go forward, please, and I'll tell you what to do."

And they did beat the "Thoughtless." The "Chingachook" was got before the wind again just as her rival came up, and for some minutes it was a close race. Then the "Chingachook" slowly drew ahead again, and, gradually increasing her lead, crossed the line half an hour later, winner of the first prize, and in advance of her chief antagonist by two minutes of actual time. It was a proud moment for her owner as he presently stood over to his mooring place, while the people, men and women, who crowded the wharves, shouted and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs.

A little later the Captain's gig was brought around, and Rodman helped the young lady on board. Cassius, with his face still very white, and a linen handkerchief bound about his head in place of his regulation cap, looked hardly fit for duty; but he insisted upon taking his place at the oars.

They pulled ashore and went up the steps at the wharf. The first people Rodman saw were his mother and sisters. Millie, the eldest sister, stepped forward excitedly; but, to Rodman's surprise, it was not to him she addressed herself, but to his lady companion.

"Why, Edith Hasbrouck! I never thought you would really *do* it."

Rodman exhibited considerable surprise. So this was their cousin, Edith Hasbrouck. He had often heard of her, but had never seen her before. She had always lived with her parents in the West, until she had joined Millie at an Eastern boarding-school a few months before the day of this adventure. It had been settled that Edith should visit Millie during the summer vacation, and she had unexpectedly arrived that very morning while Rodman was absent preparing for the race.

Now that he knew who his lady passenger was, he turned and looked at her. She was doing something that he had not seen her do before—she was blushing and looking confused.

"I thought you did n't take any passengers in a race," continued Millie, turning to Rodman; "at least, no lady passengers?"

"I don't," said Rodman, laughing. "when I can help myself. But it was lucky I did take one this morning." He grew suddenly sober. "I tell you what, if it had n't been for Miss—Cousin Edith,—Cash and I would both have—Well, to-day's sail would have been our last, that's all." Then Edith spoke. She was very sober, too, and her voice not quite steady. A girl does not go through so terrible an ordeal as that through which she had passed without some signs of it.

"I want to beg your pardon for that whole matter, Rodman. I did a very foolish thing, and I am ashamed of it! I would not do it now, I am sure."

Rodman looked from her to his sister, with a perplexed expression.

"Don't you understand, sir?" cried Millie. "I *dared* her to do it—and she never takes a dare. I said you would n't let anybody go down with you, and she declared you would let *her* go."

"Oh!" murmured Rodman, thoughtfully, slowly comprehending. Then he suddenly gave vent to a burst of admiration. "Well, all *I* have to say is that she did it *beautifully!*"

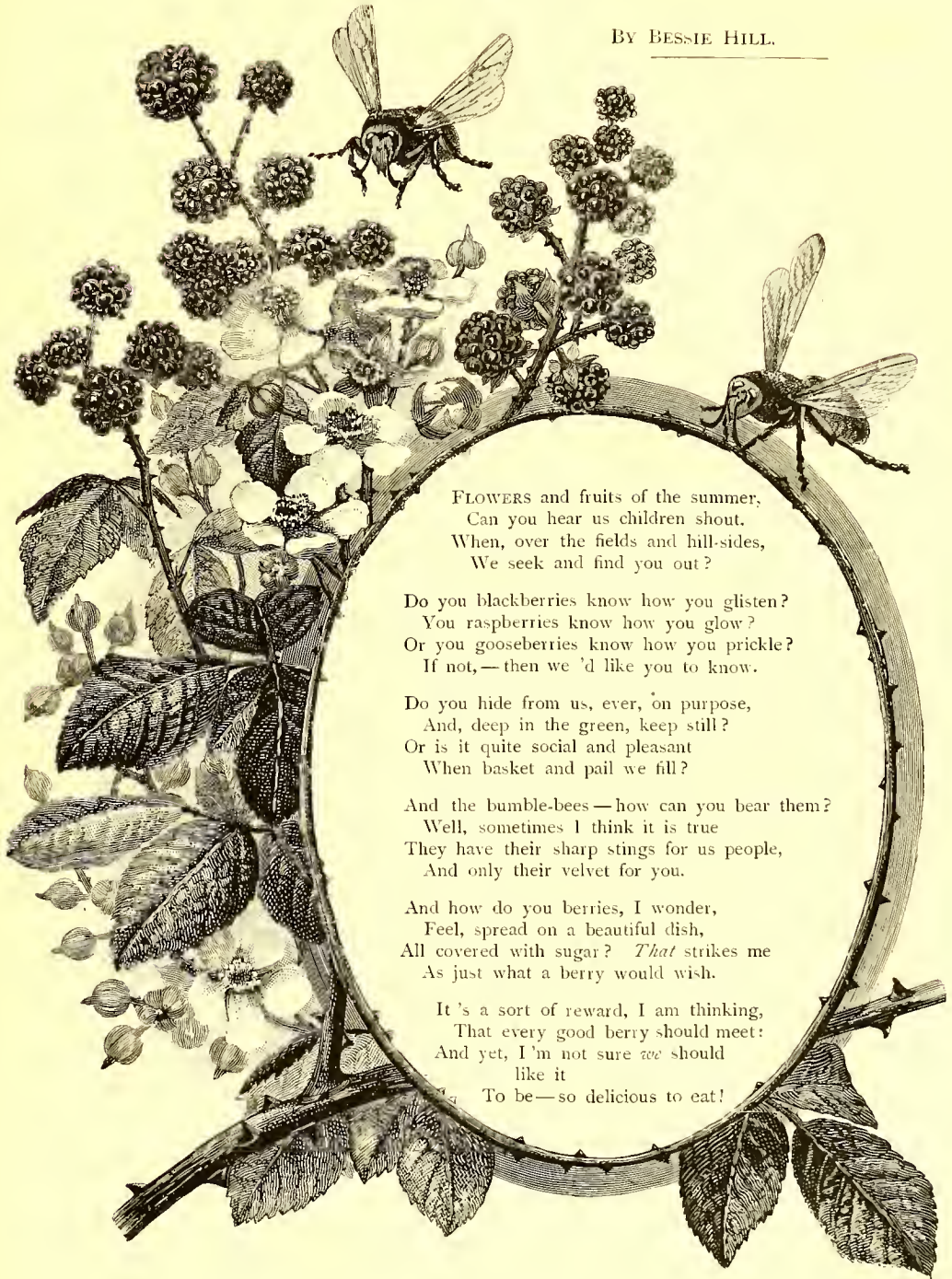
"Beautifully! Well, now, I should say so!" This came very unexpectedly from Cassius Thorne. Cassius had been standing on one side, feeling that he ought in some way formally to acknowledge his obligation to this young lady who had helped to save his life, but utterly unable to bring himself to do it. But now he braced himself heroically and advanced toward her with extended hand. He looked very funny with his tied-up head and his solemn air; but nobody thought of laughing at him then, poor fellow.

"And I want to thank her for it, too," he went on, resolutely. "If it had n't been for her, Rod and I *would* have gone down, as sure as shoe-strings—a dead loss to the underwriters. For my part, I am much obliged to her, and I wish she would sail in the 'Chingachook,' hereafter, every race she enters. If the rules don't allow it,—then so much the worse for the rules, I say."

He made Miss Edith a regulation bow as he finished. And, venturing to meet again those terrible eyes of hers, he saw in them now something that flashed and glistened and quite overcame him; but it certainly was not the mocking, ridiculing light that had overcome him before.

IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY BESSIE HILL.



FLOWERS and fruits of the summer,
 Can you hear us children shout,
 When, over the fields and hill-sides,
 We seek and find you out?

Do you blackberries know how you glisten?
 You raspberries know how you glow?
 Or you gooseberries know how you prickle?
 If not,—then we 'd like you to know.

Do you hide from us, ever, on purpose,
 And, deep in the green, keep still?
 Or is it quite social and pleasant
 When basket and pail we fill?

And the bumble-bees—how can you bear them?
 Well, sometimes I think it is true
 They have their sharp stings for us people,
 And only their velvet for you.

And how do you berries, I wonder,
 Feel, spread on a beautiful dish,
 All covered with sugar? *That* strikes me
 As just what a berry would wish.

It's a sort of reward, I am thinking,
 That every good berry should meet:
 And yet, I'm not sure *we* should
 like it
 To be—so delicious to eat!

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. VIII.

FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

ONE exciting and healthful sport has been exclusively enjoyed by grown-up men; but I think that boys and girls could enjoy it as well. I speak of fly-fishing, by which is not meant fishing for flies,—a thing not to be classed with good sports,—but angling for fish with artificial flies, a means of out-door recreation that has been enjoyed by many great and good men for hundreds of years. Of course, you must not understand me to mean that any good man ever fished hundreds of years, though Izaak Walton, the most famous of all anglers, was nearly a century old when he died, and he spent much of his long, happy life beside the brooks and rivers, in pursuit of his favorite pastime. He wrote a book called "The Complete Angler," which, although now more than two hundred years old, is still read and admired by all who enjoy quaint conceits and happy descriptions of out-door things. George Washington and Daniel Webster, as well as many another of our distinguished men, were very fond of angling.

Now most boys know perfectly well how to fish with rod and line, and I have seen some girls who were quite expert at catching shiners and sunperch in the small streams of the Middle and Southern States. But when it comes to fly-fishing, the genuine angling, boys and girls seem to know almost nothing about it. I have often thought of this and wondered at it, for there is no sport more fascinating, more healthful, or more easily attainable.

Fishing-tackle for angling with the fly is very simple and beautiful, and can be bought of any dealer in sportsmen's goods. A fly-rod, a click-reel, and some twenty or thirty yards of fishing-line are the first things to purchase. With these in hand, you are ready to learn how to "cast," a thing you must pretty thoroughly master before you think of going to a brook for trout or black bass.

Your fly-rod will usually be made of three pieces, with socket joints, so as to be taken apart when not in use. These three pieces are called the butt, the middle-piece, and the tip. The click-reel is to be fastened on the under side of the butt, at the larger extremity, just below the place where the hand must grasp the rod when using it. The line—a slender silk or linen one—is evenly wound upon the reel, with an end free to pass through small

brass loops or eyes on the under side of the rod to the extremity of the tip, where it goes through a little ring, whence it may be drawn out as long as you like, or until it is all unwound from the reel.

Now let us try to cast the line. To do this, as a mere matter of preliminary practice, tie a small weight, say a little block of wood, an inch long and as thick as your little finger, to the free end of your line, which has been drawn out through the tipping some eight or nine feet. Now, standing firmly erect in an easy position, take the rod in the right hand, grasping it by the handle just above the reel; with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand take light hold of the bit of wood at the line's end. You are now ready for a cast. The rod is nearly vertical and the line is drawn taut. By a motion gradually increasing in rapidity, wave the rod backward over the left shoulder, at the same time loosing the bit of wood and allowing the line to swing straight out behind you. Then, before the wood can touch the ground in your rear, wave the rod, by a gradually quickening motion and with a slight curve to the right, forward so as to whip the line to the full length that is unwound, straight out before you, allowing the block, which at present is your fly, to settle lightly on the ground. Now, to cast again, wind off, by turning the reel, a foot more of line, and then, by a gentle sweep of the rod upward and backward, fling the line full length straight behind you, and before it can fall to the ground throw it forward again as in the first cast. Try this over and over, until you get so that you can fling out twelve feet of line every time and make your bit of wood go to just the spot you aim at. This accomplished, you are ready to begin practice on water with a fly. You must now "rig your cast," as anglers say; that is, you must loop six feet of heavy "silk-gut," called a stretcher, on to the end of your line, to which stretcher two flies must be attached by short pieces of like material, one at the end of the stretcher and the other two or three feet from the end. The short line by which the fly is attached to the stretcher is called a snell or snood.

Artificial flies are made mostly of feathers, tied upon a hook in such a way as to somewhat resemble some one or another of the insects that sport about the streams in summer. Anglers have discoursed at great length on the subject of flies.



F. S. R. Walker

Some like white or light-colored flies; others prefer gay feathers, such as ibis, golden pheasant, peacock, woodpecker, and wood-duck; while others still use different flies for different days, and vary the shape and color as the season advances. The making of an artificial fly is technically called "tying the fly," and is so minute and difficult an operation that it is better to buy flies of the dealers than to attempt to tie them yourself.

The angler usually carries a supply of flies in a pocket case called a fly-book.

The fly attached to the end of the stretcher is called the "tail-fly," and the one attached further up is called the "dropper," or "bob-fly."

Now, having "rigged your cast," you may go to the nearest water and practice casting the fly, just as you learned with the bit of wood.

You will find this exercise rather tiresome to the right arm at first, but you can soon overcome every difficulty. In the beginning, you should choose a smooth, open space of water on which to practice, until you can cast well enough to begin angling for game.

Girls can use a fly-rod just as well as boys, and they will find it a new and delightful means of enjoyment.

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When you have thoroughly mastered the method of casting and are ready to go angling, you must dress yourself for the water, for sometimes you may have to wade in the shallow parts of the brook.

Girls should wear short dresses and wading stockings; the latter are made of rubber cloth, and may be ordered of any dealer in fishing goods. Over these stockings, which are waterproof, shoes must be worn, the older and easier the better.

Boys, as a rule, will not care for these stockings, preferring to roll up their trouser-legs and wade "just so."

Now for the fun!

"But where are any trout brooks?" you inquire.

Trout brooks are rather scarce, it is true, but bass streams are not. The black bass is found in nearly all the brooks and rivers of a large portion of the United States, and it is the gamest and boldest fish that swims. It will take the fly, if properly offered, more readily than salmon, trout, or grayling.

So, girls and boys, let us go a-fishing for black bass. A good brook or rivulet is close by almost any country house or town. A short drive or walk takes us to where we can hear the bubble and murmur, and see the pure water rippling and gleaming among the shining stones. The big plane-trees, sometimes called sycamores, lean over the brook's current, and there is a woody fragrance and freshness in the air. Birds sing overhead and round about in the thickets.

We walk cautiously along the brook-side until we find a place where the water is dashing merrily among big stones and whirling in shining circles, frothed with clots of snowy foam. This is a promising place for a cast. Let us try. Give way, boys, and let one of the girls have the first cast. Now! See her take the fly in her left hand, lightly between the thumb and forefinger, her beautiful slender rod held almost vertically in her right hand. She waves the rod backward over her left shoulder, at the same time loosing the fly, then she whips the rod forward with a slight whirl to the right, and away spins the fly. But it falls somewhat short. Quickly and deftly she slips a few feet more of line from the reel, gracefully whirls the rod backward again, and, as the line straightens behind her, she casts as before. Again and again she does this, lengthening the line a little at each cast, until, at last, the gay fly falls lightly among the shining waves close by a little whirlpool. Splash! What a fine fish leaps up! You see his scales gleam and his fins flash as he "flips" himself almost bodily above the water and seizes the fly. And what does my little lady with

the rod? She quickly "strikes"—that is, she gives a short, sharp jerk with her right hand, and then the fight begins. The rod is bent like a whip; whiz goes the click-reel as the strong fish pulls off yard after yard of the line. Hold him back, quick! Now, as our little girl changes the rod from her right hand to her left, in order to manage the reel, the fish makes a big lunge and turns a somersault clear out of the water. The hook is an extra good one, or it would have broken under that strain. We all look on with tremulous excitement as the bass falls back again into the swirling current and begins to dart this way and that, making the line sing and whirl. Now our determined little angler begins to force the fight. She turns the butt of the rod more forward, thus raising the tip, and begins to steadily turn the reel-crank with her right hand. See the slender rod bend almost double! Hurry, boys,—some one of you,—get the landing-net and be ready to dip up the game! As the line is shortened, the bass is drawn nearer and nearer to the grassy bank. There! his prickly dorsal fin cuts the water! Now get the landing-net under him. Good! he is ours, and he weighs a full pound and a quarter. That was a well-managed campaign on the part of our young lady. Which one of the boys can beat it?

You may think that it would be a very easy task to manage a fish weighing no more than a pound and a half; but when a live and stubborn bass of that size is at the end of ten or twelve yards of line, and your rod is as limber as a whip, the thing is n't so easy after all. I have seen grown men fail in the undertaking.

One of the most difficult things in fly-fishing is to get your fly to fall just where you wish it to. It requires no little skill to be able to cast out twenty feet of line and make your gaudy insect drop exactly where you aim. Sometimes bass are very stupid, or very cunning, or not very hungry, or lazy, for they will balance themselves in a clear current, with their heads up-stream, and, no matter how cleverly you present your fly, not a rise will they make. At other times, they will take your fly as fast as you can offer it.

A great many pleasant things come to pass when you are down by the brook. In fact, a brook always seems to flow through the very heart of nature. Most wild things love the cool streams in summer. The birds go there to bathe; the raccoons go there to catch craw-fish and water-snails. You will see muskrats swimming along with their noses above the surface, and now and then a mink may dart into a heap of drift-wood. The beautiful wood-duck and the queer green herons haunt our bass brooks, and so do the kingfisher and the small white heron. When you are slipping stealth-

ily along beside the stream, looking for a good place to cast your fly, you often come upon these wild things unaware, which gives you an excellent opportunity for studying their habits.

ted in a tuft of grass. No sooner had it touched than something grabbed it savagely, and, when I reeled in my line, I found that I had caught a bull-frog!

In fly-fishing for bass, you find the streams more easily approached than trout brooks, and there is less in your way when casting. In fact, I can say with confidence to the girls and boys of the ST. NICHOLAS household, that they could not wish for better sport than they can get from fly-angling in almost any of our larger brooks, when once the secret of the gentle art is discovered by them. It seems strange that even enthusiastic anglers are just beginning to find out the great merits of the black bass as a game fish to be taken with the fly. All these years men have been making long journeys to Canada and to northern Michigan for trout and salmon, when the streams that flow through every county of nearly all our States are teeming with bass gamier than

are teeming with bass gamier than salmon and more voracious than trout!

Bass brooks, as a rule, are shallow, so that there is little danger of drowning in them, and you can wade where you please. Some girls

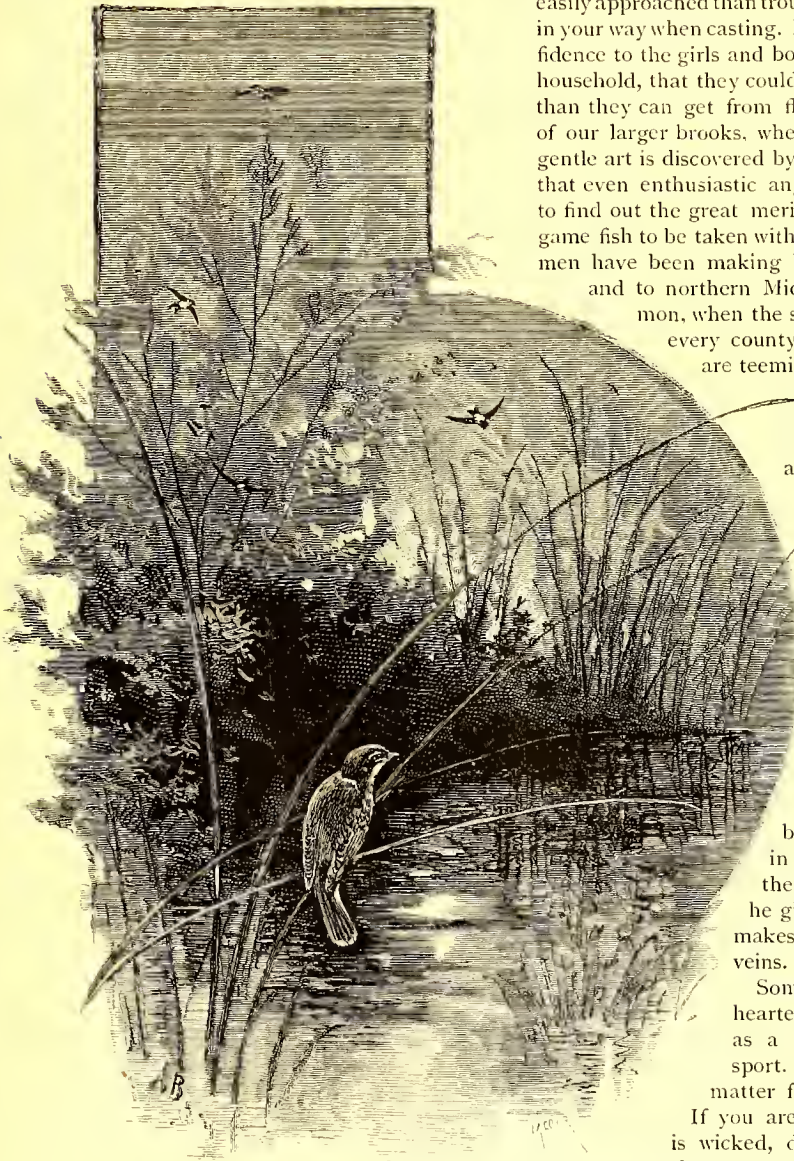
may think angling is too much like boys' sport for them; but if they will try it once, some sweet June day, they will change their minds. There is a

great deal more fun in wading a clear, running brook, than in wallowing in the surf of the sea; and then, if you get a big bass, he gives you excitement that makes the blood leap in your veins.

Some very good and tender-hearted people think of angling as a most cruel and wicked sport. I can not decide this matter for any one but myself.

If you are afraid that killing fish is wicked, don't angle, for a timid angler never gets a rise, or, if he does, he strikes too feebly or too late to get

the game. To succeed at fly-fishing, one must go at it with a clear conscience and a steady nerve. Be sure you are right, and then don't let the fish get away—that is my rule!



One day, some years ago, I was casting in a narrow, weedy stream in the South, and was trying to make my fly fall upon a small pool near the opposite bank, when it went a little too far and set-

THE HOME-MADE MOTHER GOOSE.

BY ADELIA B. BEARD.

THE collecting of pictured advertisement cards has become so common among boys and girls during the last few years that, we doubt not, many

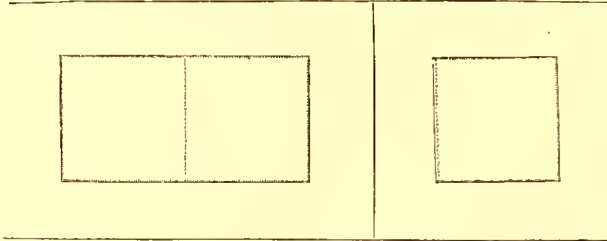


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

of our young readers have at the present time more than they know what to do with—in fact, so many that the young connoisseurs are almost

ored worsted, then place the squares neatly together and stitch them directly through the center with strong thread. (Fig. 1.) Fold them over, stitch again, as in Fig. 2, and your book is finished and ready for the pictures.

It is in the preparation of these pictures that you will find the novelty of the plan I propose. Instead of pasting in those cards which have become too familiar to awaken much interest, let the young book-makers design and form their own pictures by cutting special figures, or parts of figures, from different cards, and then pasting them together so as to form new combina-

tions. Any subject which pleases the fancy can be illustrated in this way, and you will soon be deeply interested in the work, and delighted at the



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

wearry of looking them over. A great many young folk paste their cards into scrap-books. While examining one of these volumes a short time ago, it occurred to me that the cards might be utilized in a new way, by dividing and combining them. Let me, then, try to show you how, with the aid of scissors and mucilage, the pictures that have become so familiar may be made to undergo transformations that are indeed wonderful.

The nursery scrap-books made of linen or paper cambric are, perhaps, familiar to most of my readers; but for the benefit of those who may not yet have seen these durable little books, I will give the following directions for making one: Cut from a piece of strong linen, colored paper cambric, or white muslin, four squares, twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide. Button-hole-stitch the edges all around with some bright-col-

strange and striking pictorial characters that can be produced by ingenious combinations.

Stories and little poems may be very nicely and aptly illustrated; but the "Mother Goose Melodies" are, perhaps, the most suitable subjects with which to interest younger children, as they will be easily recognized by the little folk. Take, for instance, the "Three Wise Men of Gotham" who went to



FIG. 6.

sea in a bowl. Will not Figure 4 serve very well as an illustration of this subject? Yet these figures are cut from advertising cards, and no two from

stituting a dress and pair of feet clipped from another card. The Christmas pie in his lap is from still another picture.



the same card. Fig. 3 shows the materials, Fig. 4 the result of combining them. Again, the little man dancing so gayly (Fig. 5) is transformed into "Little Jacky Horner" eating his Christmas pie (Fig. 6) by simply cutting off his legs and sub-

sult of a little ingenuity in clipping and pasting; and the book composed in this way not only affords amusement during the making, but presents, when finished, a unique and original addition to the home stock of picture-books.



COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

BY M. LOUISE TANNER.

"GOOD-BYE!" shouted John Travis, as the boat containing his friends obeyed the first stroke of the oars, and shot off from the sloping white sand.

"Good-bye!" replied a chorus of boy voices, "and many happy returns of the day!"

"We've had a delightful time," called out Ned Grover, the oarsman. "Wish you had another birthday to-morrow. Three cheers for Travis!"

How the welkin rang! And the surrounding woods took up the loud cheers and reëchoed them to the startled night-birds perched high up among the tall pines.

Then the little group on the shore, consisting of John Travis and his two brothers and sister, sent back a shout of acknowledgment to the little boat, now far out toward the middle of the lovely lake, glinting under the rays of the full moon.

A yellow glare from the fire of lightwood knots and oak "grubs," which was burning at a distance, and which had contributed to the fun of the birthday celebration, made the moonlight look green in contrast, and produced some curious effects of light and shade. Prue, the sister, was the first to notice the weird beauty which the newly risen moon had brought out from the shadows. "It's just like a scene in a fairy story, is n't it?" she said. "Look under those great live-oaks, where the moss is hanging so low. It looks like a mysterious cave—the home of some terrible giant——"

"And here he comes now to carry off the beautiful princess," muttered a low, deep voice at her elbow; and Prue found herself seized and borne away, but only to a rustic seat under a graceful china-tree.

"Oh, John! how you frightened me! What did you do that for?" remonstrated the little princess, in a tone half-pettish, half-laughing.

"Oh, just for fun," he replied. "Don't be a goosey. It is n't nine o'clock yet, and Mother says we may stay up awhile longer, if we wish, as it my birthday. I ran up to ask her while you were mooning. What shall we do?"

"Let's tell stories," said Harry.

"Yes," said Prue. "You tell it, John—tell us a fairy story."

"Well, let me see," said John, musingly. Then, in a somewhat serious tone, he began:

"Once there were three brothers——"

"Did they come over in the 'Mayflower'?" asked Harry, with a mischievous smile.

"And one sister," continued John, unheeding

the interruption; "and they lived in a large city, where they all went to school every day. But their father was taken ill, and the doctors said that he must go to a warm climate, away from chilling winds. So the family left the northern city, where they had always lived, and went to a beautiful wild place in Florida, where the sun shone warm all winter, and you could pick roses out-of-doors at Christmas—and oranges, too, if you had any trees."

"Why, that's just like ourselves," said Prue. "It's almost two years now since we came, is n't it? But I thought this was to be a fairy story."

"Children should be seen and not heard," Sissy," said Harry, sententiously. "Proceed, Mr. Speaker; I'll keep order in the galleries."

"Well," continued John, good-naturedly, "the three boys and their sister enjoyed the change very much, at first; especially the one next to the eldest, who, I am sorry to say, was a little lazy, and not particularly fond of study."

"That's *you*, Mr. Harry," piped out Freddie. "Interruptions are out of order, small boy," rejoined Harry, with much dignity.

"They lived near a lake," went on the patient story-teller, "and they used to set lines for soft-shelled turtles, which are very choice eating."

"Yum, yum!" whispered Harry, in an aside. "And they used to go fishing and catch quantities of bass. And one of the boys learned to use a gun, and he used to shoot rabbits and quail and doves and reed-birds, and sometimes a wild turkey. Well, all this was great sport, and yet——"

"And yet he was not happy," ejaculated the irrepressible Harry.

"No," responded John, severely. "He was quite unlike his younger brother, who would have been satisfied to do nothing but fish and hunt all his life, I am afraid, if the other had not battled with him continually to make him study, and keep up with other boys of his age. But one day, when the elder brother was moping by himself, and wondering rather sorrowfully if he should ever be able to do as he wished,—which was, first of all, to go away to college,—a fairy presented herself before him, and pointing to a large orange which had been given him, and which he held in his hand, she told him to plant the seeds, and wait to see what would come."

"That was Mamma, I know," said Prue. "She told us to plant the seeds of all the fruit we ate.

Mrs. Selden gave me a pomegranate on my birthday, and I planted the seeds, and now I have over twenty little plants. The chickens got in and scratched up the rest. In three years, I shall have pomegranates of my own."

"Yes, and I have twenty-seven almond trees, nearly a foot high," chimed in Freddie, rousing himself from a momentary drowse.

"But when you want lemons, gentlemen, just step over to my grove," said Harry, grandly. "Lemons! h'm! I should think so. Did n't Mamma give me all the seeds from the lemons she used in her citron preserves last summer? Why, I have over a hundred little trees already. I saw a large tree the other day with two thousand lemons on it just beginning to turn yellow. Two thousand times one hundred—two hundred thousand. Two hundred thousand lemons! Take one."

"Very good," said John, loftily; "and I have a thousand young orange trees, half of them nearly two years old. Next spring, Father says, they can be grafted with buds from bearing trees of the best varieties and then set out from the nursery, and my orange grove is fairly started. In three years from that time they will begin to bear a little fruit, and then keep on bearing more and more for years and years. Let me see: in five years, I shall be twenty years old. That is too old to begin my college education. But then there are my fifty-four peach trees, and my forty-nine plum trees that Father grafted last spring with choice varieties. They will bear fruit in two years, any way. Just think what lots of fruit we shall have in a few years! and all for planting a few little seeds now and then, as we got the fruit to eat."

"Yes, and then there are all the young trees started from cuttings," said Harry; "quinces, Le Conte pears, pomegranates, and figs: beside all the young grape-vines."

"John, you did n't finish your fairy story," said Prue. "Go on."

"You finish it," answered her brother; "you have more of a talent for fairy stories than I have."

Prue was looking up at the white moon, and

she did not speak for a minute. A light cloud drifted across its face, and the children sat in shadow; but a delicate rim of light appeared in another instant, and soon the whole fair moon shone forth again. And Prue wove in her thread of the story as follows:

"The boy obeyed the fairy and planted the orange seeds. They came up in six weeks, and the boy was so rejoiced when he saw them that he could talk of nothing else to his brothers and sister. Then they planted the seeds of other fruit, and the different kinds of fruit trees all grew and grew and grew, till by and by the whole hill was covered with trees, and acres and acres beside. The eldest brother, who wanted to go to college, had an orange grove of two thousand trees, and every tree bore three or four thousand oranges; his next younger brother had a grove of a thousand lemon trees, and they bore a hundred thousand lemons, so he had all the lemonade he wanted the rest of his life; and the little brother had an almond grove that bore bushels and bushels of almonds. The sister had pomegranates and many other kinds of fruit, and she sold a lot of it every year, and went to Europe and learned to make beautiful pictures. And the mother had lots of chickens that laid so many eggs you could n't count them, and she had custard-pie for dinner every day. And the father had sheep and cows and horses and everything he wanted, so he never was sick any more.

"By and by, the sister came home from Europe, and one day she received a letter from her big brother, who had just graduated at college, and was coming home the very next day. So she put flowers all over the house, and then she went to meet him in a beautiful carriage, drawn by lovely black ponies, and ——"

"Come, children, it is ten o'clock!" called out the mother. "Time for bed. What are you doing down there?"

"Counting our chickens before they are hatched," said Harry.

And they left the still lake shining under the moon, and went up the long hill to the little log-house at the top.



HELLO!

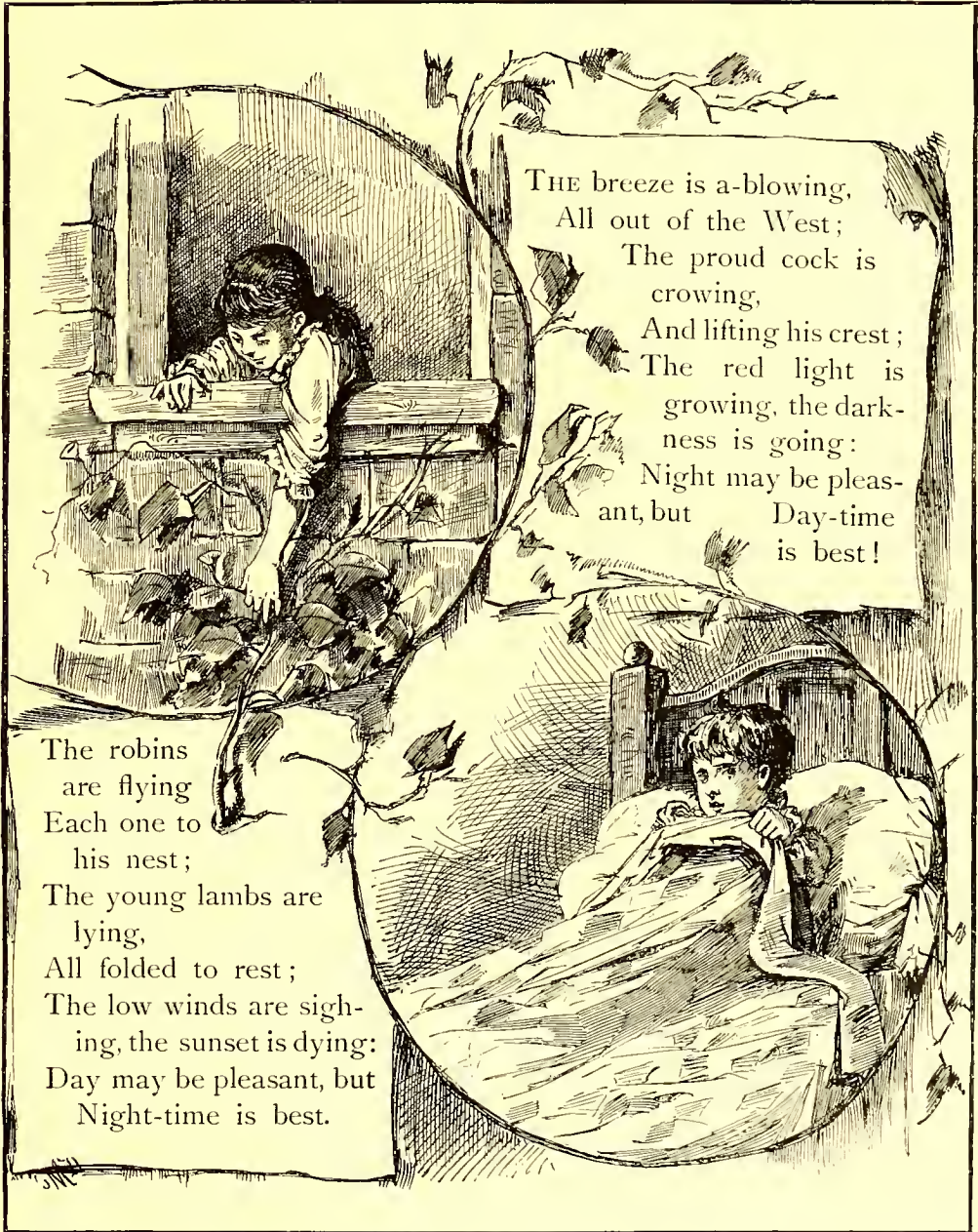


FRED is a dear lit-tle boy. He is not yet two years old, but he can say a great man-y words, and he can do a great man-y fun-ny things. One day, his mam-ma was talk-ing in the tel-e-phone. Fred want-ed to talk, too, but his mam-ma said, "No, Fred-dy, not now. Run a-way." What do you sup-pose Fred did then? He did not cry, but he ran off to the nurs-er-y. His mam-ma did not know what he was go-ing to do. Pret-ty soon he came tod-dling back. He had in his hand his cup and ball. You will see them in the pict-ure.

What do you think he was go-ing to do with them? Catch the ball in the cup? No. He walked straight up to the wall un-der the tel-e-phone, and put the cup up to his ear. Then he looked up to Mam-ma with a fun-ny lit-tle smile, and shout-ed "Hel-lo!"

DAY AND NIGHT.

By M. J.



THE breeze is a-blowing,
 All out of the West;
 The proud cock is
 crowing,
 And lifting his crest;
 The red light is
 growing, the dark-
 ness is going:
 Night may be pleas-
 ant, but Day-time
 is best!

The robins
 are flying
 Each one to
 his nest;
 The young lambs are
 lying,
 All folded to rest;
 The low winds are sigh-
 ing, the sunset is dying:
 Day may be pleasant, but
 Night-time is best.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

So BRIGHT Little School-ma'ams and great big school-masters all over the land have turned you out-of-doors—have they?

And they 'll not let you in again until the middle of September?

Well, that is too bad! Poor dears! You have my deepest sympathy.

OH, DEAR ME!

WHO knows the meaning of this very common exclamation? Girls use it more often than boys; and yet, I once heard even Deacon Green say it. That was one day when he was stung by a bumble-bee. After the good man had finished the little dance that he performed in honor of the occasion, and the dear Little School-ma'am had soothed the angry wound with a poultice of wet clay, she said, "Oh, dear me!" too, but that was because she saw suddenly a beautiful bird flying past.

Now, why should the Deacon dear him at the sting of the bumble-bee, and the Little School-ma'am dear her at the sight of the bird?

I'll tell you, my hearers, and when I get through, you'll agree with me that the Deacon used the expression more appropriately than the Little School-ma'am:

My friend the owl, who lived a whole winter in a library, says that "Oh, dear me!" is a corruption of the Spanish *Ay de mí*, meaning woe is me, or words to that effect—and I am sure the owl is right, because the Little School-ma'am thinks he is.

HOW FAR THAT LITTLE THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND CANDLE THROWS ITS BEAMS!

DEAR, dear! what will my birds tell me next! According to their account, there's a wonderful pole now standing in Minneapolis (which the Little School-ma'am says is in Minnesota) that rears itself

higher than the tallest trees. Folk call it an electric mast, but it's not a lightning-rod; no, indeed; it's a sort of electric chandelier, as near as I can make it out. It holds up eight electric lights (ST. NICHOLAS has told you about electric lights, I believe*), and these eight lights shine out so modestly, that, for almost a full mile from it in every direction, those natives who happen to have watches can tell the time of night without the aid of any other light.

Minneapolis is a large city, and it takes a good deal to light it; but I am told that some of the smaller Western towns require but one of these electric masts apiece to make them bright as need be.

It's a new-fangled thing, this electrical illuminating business, and yet there's something pleasantly old-fashioned about it, too, when we think of one of those Western towns, with the corporation, like a good old mother, standing there holding out her one great candle to light the whole town to bed.

FISHING BY LIGHTNING.

TALKING of electric light, do you know that even the fishermen are using it now? Yes, so my sea-birds tell me. And the scientific folk who study the wenders of the deep also are employing it. They have a new invention called the "search-light," which is three electric lights sealed in a tight glass ease, and this case inclosed in a very, very strong glass globe. Now, the plan is to sink the globe into the deep sea and illuminate the lower waters with it; of course, this will attract the fish,—deep-water fish, that are not known on the surface,—and these, by means of a net attached in some way to the search-light, may then be caught and drawn up, and in the broad light of day be introduced, like so many distinguished strangers, to the naturalists.

Well, well, what next?

BLACK SNAKES AMONG THE FISH.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you know that black snakes will catch and eat fish, if they have an opportunity? It is the truth. One day this last summer, another boy and I saw two black snakes chase three little fish in a shallow pool, and form themselves into a sort of "hollow square," until they closed in upon the little swimmers. We should have defended the fish, I suppose, by driving the snakes away, but we did not do so.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN C. MCK.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

FLOATING SAND.

DEACON GREEN went to an academy the other evening, and heard a wise man "read a paper"—at least, that's what it was called; but the Deacon says the gentleman only stood up and talked in a pleasant sort of way about the bottom of the deep ocean. But one thing in his remarks surprised the Deacon very much. And it was about floating sand.

The Professor said that out in the deep sea, away beyond the Gulf-stream, if you drag a net or cloth in the water you will find many grains of sand sticking to it; also, that when a dredge is sunk to the bottom (or one of those plummets that

bring up a sample of what they have touched sticking to the tallow with which they are coated), the same fine beach-sand is found, mixed with other matters. The Professor said that this sand could not have been drifted out from shore in the sediment brought down by rivers, because anything of that kind will not be washed, at the farthest, more than forty or fifty miles out before sinking. He said he thought the only way the sand became spread all over the wide ocean bottom was by its floating out upon the surface after the rising of every tide, which picks the grains off the dry beaches and sets them adrift. Now, the question that puzzles Deacon Green and your own Jack is—how can sand float at all; or, if some of it can, why does n't all sand float instead of sinking; and why does the sand which has floated far out to sea sink at last?

We have not asked the dear Little School-ma'am yet. But we have agreed to do so before long. Bless you! That wonderful little lady never fails us. She always knows the Reason Why, or else she tells us the reason why she does n't know it.

Meantime, let us hear from you, my friends. How would you explain this floating-sand business? Ask Father, Mother, or some of the big folk in your neighborhood, or, better still, ask your own busy little noddles. It would be a good joke, now—would n't it?—if we could find the right answer after all, without troubling that blessed Little School-ma'am.

LATEST REPORTS.

ALL goes swimmingly, my birds tell me, with the boys who are enjoying their summer vacation within reach of sea-side, river, brook, lake, pond, or anything that can be called water! So far, so good.

Ah, me! What wonder if they sometimes find the books pretty dry by contrast when they go back to land.

HOW KING VICTOR EMANUEL EARNED EIGHT CENTS.

DEAR JACK: I am a little Jersey girl, aged twelve years. My papa has a fine, brave-looking likeness of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. That is, he was King of Sardinia, and in 1871 he entered Rome as King of United Italy. He died five years ago this last winter, my papa says, when he was only fifty-eight. That is n't old, you know, for a king.

A few days ago, I found a nice true story about Victor Emanuel written during the King's life-time, by Mr. A. T. Trollope. It is in Papa's scrap-book, and he said I might copy it for your St. NICHOLAS boys and girls. So here it is:

"Victor Emanuel is an ardent sportsman and a first-rate shot. Not many years ago, having in a mountain expedition wandered away from all those who were with him, he came to a solitary mountain farm, just after he had shot a hare. The farmer, who had seen the shot, complimented the stranger sportsman on the excellence of his shooting. The King admitted that he did consider himself a pretty fair shot. 'I wish to heaven,' said the farmer, looking at him wistfully, 'that you could shoot a fox that robs my poultry-yard almost every night! I'd give a motta [an obsolete Piedmontese piece, worth eight cents] to have him killed!' 'Perhaps I could!' said the King. 'But you must be here by three o'clock in the morning. That's about the time he always comes.' 'Well, a motta you say? I'll try for it. I'll be here about that time to-morrow morning.' Accordingly, without allowing any one to know the errand on which he was bound, the King found himself at the mountain homestead at the appointed hour, and posted himself in a favorable position for watching the proceedings of the depredator of the farm-yard. Reynard did not make himself long waited for, and he fell dead at the first shot of the royal marksman, to the great delight of the farmer, who, true to his word, came down with his motta handsomely. The King pocketed the coin, and went off to exhibit it with great glee, as 'the first money he had ever earned by the work of his own hands!'"

Your sincere young friend,

ESTHER G.—

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: May we ask you a question? Perhaps some of your birds can tell.

I have sometimes seen stars fall, or seem to. We want to know if they really do fall, and what becomes of them afterward; where do they go to? do they ever shine again?

Ask some of your readers this, if you please.

Your very great friends,

LULU CLARKE and NELLIE CALDWELL.

CHIVALRY.

THE funny boy of the Red-School-house asks your Jack to show this romantic picture to the St. NICHOLAS boys and girls:



NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a subscription of six dollars to The Children's Garfield Fund, sent by "Our Little General." This generous gift will enable three of the poor children of New York to spend a happy week at the sea-side. The ST. NICHOLAS subscriptions to the Fund now amount to \$502.79.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In lots of my books I read about the girls fixing up their rooms and making them look so cosy, and I have been very much interested in it, and have tried to make my room look pretty and cosy. I have not succeeded very well, and I happened to think ST. NICHOLAS might give me some ideas, and so I wrote. Please answer through the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-box. I don't want to go to much expense. Your interested reader, DAISY.

Read H. H.'s article entitled "The Expression of Rooms," in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1876.

MRS. S. C. L.: Your letter concerning the proposed club interested us very much, and we have held it, thinking that perhaps we would follow out the idea, but finally have decided that we can not do so for the present, at least.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to present the following suggestions to the many young readers of the good ST. NICHOLAS:

Will not the happy boys and girls in these glad vacation days remember the "wee folk" whose lives are less favored, and for whom the summer brings small pleasure? Remember them by collecting and mending old toys and games—relinquishing a few minutes of each day to the repairing process; by making bright scrap-books; by gathering sweet flowers and ferns, and, in the early autumn, richly colored leaves. In a word, make these holidays of some use to others. The little ones at Bellevue and other hospitals, and throughout the tenements, might be made so joyful and pleased by these souvenirs of other child-thought.

Very sincerely, "AUNT LOLO."

CARRIZO SPRINGS, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I go to school at home, as we live one hundred and forty miles from San Antonio. I have four sisters and three brothers. I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS a year, and like it so much. When it comes, all the children want to look at it at once. We are twenty-five miles from a post-office and seven miles from the Rio Grande. We do not get lonesome, as we take so many papers. We have an organ and piano. We often have company, and entertain them with recitations and music. Can you tell me what causes the mirage on this far-off table-land? Once we saw what looked like an ocean. Ships and steamers were at anchor near a beautiful city. Another time we saw a clear lake, and we wanted to go and see it. Sometimes we can see tall grass waving. We can see the Santa Rosa mountains, ninety miles from here, away over in Mexico. We are going to move to San Antonio next summer.

MATTIE V.

Place a lighted oil lamp near the window. Roll a sheet of paper into a tube. Stand behind the lamp, and look with one eye through the tube at the top of the lamp chimney. Then raise the tube till you can see a tree or other object at the window. If the tree is directly over the lamp chimney, it will appear to quiver or tremble. Blow out the lamp and look again in the same way. The tree now appears to stand perfectly still.

Why is this? The hot air rises vertically from the lamp chimney, and you see the tree through this hot air. The heat of the lamp expands the air, and just over the chimney the air is expanded and thinner than the air all about it. You see the tree because it sends rays of light reflected from the sun in a straight line to your eye. When light, moving from an object to the eye, meets a thinner place in the air, as when it is hot, or when it meets any thicker substance, like glass, it is bent or turned aside. You know this to be so because you have seen how a lens, like an eye-glass, bends the light that passes through it, and our little experiment with the lamp shows the same thing.

This is the cause of the mirage on the plains, or the "loom-

ing" seen on the sea-shore on bright, hot days. The air about you is heated by the sun, and everything seen through it appears distorted. Distant islands rise above the horizon and appear to swim on the sky. Ships appear double, and sometimes upside down. Distant hills or woods seem to rise above the edge of the plain, and the very ground seems to you as if it were water. In every case it is the same. The heated air acts as a great lens, distorting the vision, and, like the lens of a telescope, bringing into view things you could not see without it.

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for five years, but have not been able to muster up courage enough to write to you. I send a poem called "The Sea," which, I hope, will be published in the next number.

THE SEA.

Oh, deceitful and treacherous deep, give up thy stolen treasure;
Ever thou thy vigils keep to deep, monotonous measure.

Thou cruel, cruel deep, give back the dead thou hast won;
Many a new-born babe, and many a loved one gone.

Sometimes thou art pretty blue, but often a treacherous gray;
Many a life is lost through you, for that's what the wild waves say.

As I must now close, I say *Au revoir*.

FREDERICK C. B. (11 years).

SIMONSVILLE, VT., May 18, 1873.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the last number of your excellent magazine, I saw an inquiry by "F. I. G.," asking who was the author of "There was a little girl," etc. I send you an article clipped from *The Youth's Companion*, hoping it will prove satisfactory, if not too lengthy to publish.

Yours sincerely, S. C.

"Mrs. Macchetta (Blanche Roosevelt Tucker) relates an embarrassing experience that she had in an interview with Mr. Longfellow. The poet in conversation with her (at his home and in the presence of his family) had said, referring to certain specimens of absurd current rhymes: 'I often wondered how such things ever came to be printed'; but he added, with his usual justice: 'My failure to appreciate it, however, no sign that a reason does not exist for writing it. Many persons in this world may like and admire what I could not give a second thought to.' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. Macchetta, 'there is no accounting for the rubbish that will find its way to publicity; the authors are never known, and, perhaps, it is as well. I can at present call to mind only one instance under the head of poetry, which runs as follows; or,—I stopped (says the lady), with an inquiring look around, as if retracting my idea of repeating it; but an earnest 'Pray, go on,' in which the Professor's voice was uppermost, insisted on hearing the aforesaid 'rubbish,' whereupon I proceeded:

" 'There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
That hung in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good,
She was very very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.'

"Imagine my confusion when the poet raised his eyes, and, with a faint smile, said: 'Why, those are my words, are they not, Annie?' turning to his youngest daughter, who at that moment was gracefully stepping out upon the terrace through the low window, and, strange to say, was humming to herself the very same rhymes and had just characterized as 'rubbish.' 'Why, of course, Papa,' said Annie, laughing, 'that comes in your nursery collection. Don't you remember when Edith was a little girl and did n't want to have her hair curled, you took her up in your arms, and shaking your finger at her, began, 'There was a little girl,' etc.?' The poet laughed, they all laughed, and I, in spite of my discomfort, had to join in the general merriment. But I could not forget my awkward position. The poet was too good-natured to say anything, but it was impossible not to laugh, and my self-esteem dropped lower and lower, till it was lost in humiliation." READER.

We have received many other letters stating that Longfellow wrote the verse in question.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—TWENTY-NINTH REPORT.

The subject for study this month in Entomology is *Hemiptera*. Records of original observation should be prepared in accordance with the plan presented in the July ST. NICHOLAS, and sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. French, of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., meets with very favorable responses to his invitation to exchange 100 specimens of plants, and generously offers the following prizes: To the Chapter making the most complete collection of pressed plants from their county, a choice between an excellent compound microscope, costing not less than \$20, and a complete set of North American ferns, more than 150 different species. The second best collection shall take the one of the two prizes not chosen by the successful Chapter. The sets are to be sent to Prof. French by Nov. 1st. The collections, excepting the best two, shall be broken up and distributed among such smaller Chapters as earn their by faithful work during the summer.

The subject for the class in Botany this month is *Stems*, and the specimens are to be prepared (as explained in the July ST. NICHOLAS) in accordance with the following scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones:

II. STEMS.

UNDER-GROUND:

Root-stocks (mints, sedges, ferns, etc.),
shapes,
uses (to the plants, to animals, to man).

Corms (lily family, violets, etc.),
shapes,
uses (see root-stocks' uses).

Bulbs,

tunicated (leeks, etc.),
scaly (lily, oxalis, etc.),
shapes,
uses (see above).

ÆRIAL (above ground).

Position:

erect,
diffuse,
declined,
ascending,
decumbent,
prostrate,
creeping,
climbing

by tendrils,
petioles,
rootlets,
twining,
right,
left.

Texture:

herbaceous,
suffrutescent (slightly shrubby),
suffruticose (shrubby),
arborescent (tree-like),
arborescent (trees).

Kinds:

ordinary forms (simple and branched),
caudex,
culms,
suckers,
offsets,
runners,
stolons,
tendrils,
spines,
thorns, etc.

Shapes:

round (grasses, most herbs),
oval,
half-round,
triangular (sedges, etc.),
sharp-angled,
obtusely-angled,
convex-sided,
concave-sided,
square (mints, etc.),
flat forms (see triangular),
fluted (grasses, etc.),
striate (grasses, etc.), etc.

Appendages:

wings,
etc. (see hair).

Uses:

to the plants,
to animals and man,
special uses,
as leaves (cactaceæ, etc.), etc.

Arrangement of branches:

see phyllotaxy of leaves.
see inflorescence.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
487	Salt Lake City, Utah (B).	9.	Wm. W. Brown.
488	Elmira, N. Y. (A)	8.	Ausburn F. Townner.
489	Gettysburg, Pa. (A)	4.	Morris W. Croll.
490	New York, N. Y. (N)	6.	Stephen D. Sammis, 221½ E. 105.
491	Rochester, Ind. (A)	6.	Miss Nellie Scull, Box S.
492	Peru, Mass. (A)	6.	Miss H. Ada Stowell.
493	Buffalo, N. Y. (F)	12.	Miss Lizzie Schugens, 322 Elliott street.
494	Northfield, Vt. (A)	10.	Miss Clara E. Harwood, Box 228.
495	Salt Lake City, Utah (C)	7.	Arthur Loomis, Box 1220.
496	Boston, Mass. (E)	6.	G. A. Orrok, Olney street, Ward 24.
497	Trenton, N. J. (B)	9.	H. C. Allen, Jackson street.
498	Pittsburgh, Pa. (E)	6.	Wm. Searight, 23d and Liberty.

NOTES.

(22) I have observed with great interest the rise and progress of the A. A., and write this note to contribute a suggestion for their use. One of the most desirable modes of research would be to raise wild plants from seed, for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of variation in certain groups. Especially interesting for this inquiry are the Canadian section of *Solidago*, *Vaccinium Pennsylvanicum*, *Aster corymbosus* and *laevis*, and *Datura Stramonium*. Let each person collect the seeds of a single plant only, which should be carefully identified, and sow and cultivate them till maturity.

WM. H. SEAMAN, Prof. Chem., Washington, D. C.

(23) *Hawthorn leaves*.—The yellow spots on hawthorn leaves (see N. 21) are usually caused by a fungus, a *Koestelia*, of which there are several species. W. H. SEAMAN.

(24) *Spiders* (answer to 1).—This is a common habit of running spiders (*Lycosidae*). The female carries her cocoon attached to the spinnerets, and also carries the young for some time on her body. G. HOWARD PARKER.

(25) *Wingless Moths* (answer to 6).—The female of the common vapor moth (*Orygia leucostigma*) is wingless, and lives but a few hours. The male has wings. G. H. P.

(26) *Spiders* (answer to 9).—There was a very fine thread on which the spider ran out into the air. G. H. P.

(27) *Frogs*.—Last summer I killed a frog which stretched about nine inches. On cutting it open a live mussel was found in its stomach. The shell measured 2½ x 1¼ inches. A. C. G.

(28) *Pollen*.—It always seemed to me that wind fertilization must depend greatly on chance, and the instances where a grain fell on the pistil of another plant must be rare. But I happened to shake a spray of cones in the sunlight, and at once I understood the arrangement better. The air was filled with a cloud of yellow dust, and a quantity, seeming very small when collected on a glass, separated into thousands of grains, each showing clearly in the sunlight. The air in spring-time must be filled with pollen-grains. G.

(29) *Entomological Supplies*.—By an error, the A. A. handbook makes Professor Ward, of Rochester, deal in insect pins, etc. They can be obtained from Southwick & Jencks, Providence, R. I.

(30) *Nematus Ventricosus*.—Found on currant, June 3, ¼ in. long; head black; 2d and 11th segments yellow; others light green. Head covered with short hairs. Six true legs, black, with green at joints. Sixteen false legs, soft and green. Row of black warts on each side of middle of back, and two rows on each side. Dorsal black patch on last segment. Cast spotted skin, and became pale green. Larva raised posterior segments when disturbed. Some entered ground and made rough pupal cases. One made none. One made a fine silken cocoon and attached itself to a leaf. Remained in pupal state from June 8 to June 20. Imago ♂ expands half an inch; body five-sixteenths of an inch long. Head black; thorax black and dark yellow. Abdomen dark yellow, with four spots and four stripes. Legs dark yellow. Antenna nine-jointed. Eggs small, white, laid on mid-rib of currant leaf. F. W. GREELEY, Nashua, N. H.

(31) *Mantis Religiosa*.—The insect which "Old Boy" speaks of as "Devil's Coach-horse" is here called the "Rear Horse." It is described in "Chambers's Cyclopaedia," and seems to be identical with the *Mantis religiosa*, plentiful in southern France and Italy. They fight fiercely and often, until one or both combatants are dead. J. A. S., Washington, D. C.

(32) *Chickadees*.—Chickadees do not eat their food on the ground as other birds do, but fly with it to a tree, and eat it, holding it with their claws and picking at it. N.

(33) *Savannah Cricket Frog*.—This beautiful animal, which is known in New Jersey as the "peeper," "rattler," etc., and scientifically as *Acris crepitans* (Baird), is very changeable in color. Of a series of twenty, which I have long had confined in a glass fish-globe, hardly any two are of the same shade. Some are almost black; some have the dorsal stripe a bright red; some have an

emerald green stripe; and others are clay color. One inch is about the average length, and the weight is from forty-two to forty-four grains. They may be readily distinguished by a dark triangular patch between the eyes, and oblique blotches of the same shade on the sides. On a closer examination, a minute white line may be traced between the eye and ear. I found one partly digested in the stomach of a small pike (*Esox reticulatus*), and have repeatedly seen snakes eat them. During the early spring, and up to about the 20th of May, they range in incalculable numbers along the brook-sides, or, in fact, in almost any damp, shady place; but after that date, a very noticeable diminution in their numbers takes place, and by the 20th of the following month not a single specimen is to be seen. It is thought by some that, with the maturing of the ova and the labor of depositing it, their vigor culminates, and having spawned, they have no vital force remaining, and in the course of a few days die. The eggs are laid on the blades of that coarse grass which is so common by brook-sides. From these are hatched tadpoles, which mature about the middle of August.

SHIPPENSBURG, PA.

(34) *Spiders*.—We have many spiders—especially one as large as a marble, of a jet black with yellow stripes. When it sings or spins, if you stand ten feet away, you would think you were near a bumble-bee's nest.

C. P. HUBLEY.

(35) *Spiders*.—I have noticed that a spider, in running over his web, makes no use of his hind pair of legs.

NASHUA, N. H.

F. W. GREELEY.

(36) *Lizards*.—I have several lizards. Their home is in the area, around the basement window. They are dark-green, with yellowish spots, and are from six to eight inches long. When it rains they come out. They eat insects.

KATHERINE E. GOLD.

(37) *Whydah*.—The "A. A." is extremely interesting, and I should like to join it. The only pets I can keep in London are birds. I have twelve in an aviary. I have a curious bird called a Paradise Whydah. In the winter he is just like a house-sparrow, but in the summer he goes through a complete transformation. His tail grows out to the length of twelve inches, and he changes color completely. This goes on every year.

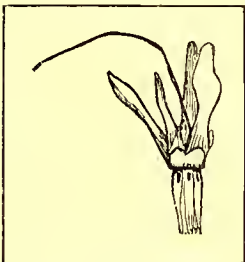
MAUD BENDALL, London, Eng.

(38) *Bees-cells*.—Henry Franc, Jr., says: "I think it is clearly proven that the form of a bee's cell is not the result of chance. Professors MacLaurin and Sköning have found, by the calculus, that the greatest angle should be one hundred and nine degrees twenty six minutes, and the smallest seventy degrees thirty-four minutes, the very angles which the bee adopts. We further find that the middle of every cell on one side is directly opposite the point where the three partitions meet on the other side. By this arrangement the cell receives additional strength."

(39) *Turtle*.—Pauline Falconar, one of our most faithful little members, has a turtle, and notes that it feeds on worms and snails.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

Salt Lake City A reports greatly increasing interest, constant visits from friends, open meetings well attended, lectures, and excursions.—The Sec. of 109 is in Switzerland, and writes: "A child of four years here walks five miles with ease, and the young ladies almost twenty without being tired."—445 picks up crinoid stems "by the hundred."—Beverly, Mass., has two cabinets, is successful in raising butterflies, and has held a fair.—Neillsville, Wis., has bought several good books, a handsome walnut case, a scrap-book, and is full of enthusiasm.—Brooklyn E is analyzing flowers and holding debates, and has proved that iron, eagles, dogs, and mosquitoes are more useful, respectively, than gold, vultures, cats, and bees.—448 has answered questions in back reports from St. NICHOLAS, receives specimens at every meeting, has appointed a "Scrap-pist," and has a populous cocoon-box; and we can not forbear quoting a few lines relative to an expedition recently made to Georgetown Heights: "Near a charming old place possessing unique garden borders formed of wild flowers, either English or American, we could recognize among the former only the pale yellow primrose, delicately fragrant. A lavender drooping flower, our hostess said, was once found in the neighboring woods, but is now found near here only in this border. It is mentioned by H. H. in one of her books of travel. She saw it in California, growing in a



cleft of a rock." (We present a picture of this delicate flower herewith.)—93 had handsome programmes printed on the occasion of their

second anniversary, which they celebrated by a fine entertainment on Agassiz's birthday.—Brooklyn A, after a special debate of four hours, has decided that the destruction of birds' eggs is "productive of evil effects to vegetation and to morals," and has resolved to "abstain from collecting them."—North Adams, Mass., has grown so popular that the number of members has been strictly limited to members of the High School and persons over fifteen years old. [Room there for Chapter B—for the little folks!]

382 has acquired a good elementary acquaintance with lithology and entomology during the year, but has been deeply saddened by the death of one of the founders and a dearly beloved member, Paul Van Ingen, who died April 23, 1883. The whole Association will share the sorrow of this Chapter in the loss of one of its most earnest workers and most lovely characters.—All the Chapters of De Pere, Wis., united for a picnic on Agassiz's birthday, and, "under a beautiful festoon of flowers, where the name of Louis Agassiz was also wrought in flowers, each member took his or her position, and producing some new specimen, gave a short description of it, and laid it on the society's table." After this came a dinner and a search for specimens.—Newton Upper Falls has been "steadily advancing," and one member is learning how to stuff birds, having already succeeded nicely with a blue-jay.—229 makes expeditions nearly every week, attends the meetings of the City Scientific Society, conducts its meetings by parliamentary rules, has essays and debates, and is going to exhibit its collection in the "famous Exposition this fall."—Plantsville, Conn., rounds out its first year with an excellent report, having held meetings every two weeks with scarcely an exception. The members spend a little part of each meeting in looking over the S. S. lesson for next Sunday; and, imitating the example of Prof. Agassiz, they open all their meetings with prayer.

188 "continues to flourish, and has spent most of its time among the birds, but is now going to the ant"—Chittenango, No. 447, "talks of opening a public library," and we would that every Chapter, wherever there is not already such a library, would not only "talk of," but actually *do* one. It can be done by a few earnest workers.—179 has progressed, and is aiming at a still higher "mark." Six of them captured a "42-inch black snake, alive." [It is to be hoped that does n't mean 42-inch caliber.]

EXCHANGES AND QUESTIONS.

Correspondence with distant Chapters.—Miss Marie MacKenna, box 1313, Baraboo, Wis.

Petrified wood, for mounted sea-weed or star-fish.—D. W. Rice, box 193, Brandon, Vt.

Insects and skulls, for fossils.—Ernest L. Stephan, Pine City, Minnesota.

Fossils.—F. C. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y.

Shells, for fossils and minerals.—W. D. Grier, 590 Tremont, Boston.

Geodes, agates, etc., for fern impressions, star-fish, or insects.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood ave., Jackson, Mich.

Where can gilt insect-pins be procured?

Meteorite, agates, silver ore, figured mica, etc., for minerals, fossils, or shells.—Frank Jay, 2510 Indiana ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Chalcopyrite, tourmaline, turquoise, platinum, etc. All letters answered. Send postal.—Ezra R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

Southern and Northern woods, for labeled woods. Write first for particulars.—Isaac Ford, Ch. 394.

Chapter 229 offers for four best sets of lepidoptera (three insects in each set)—for best, 15 fine minerals; 2d best, 10; 3d, 5; and 4th, 3. The specimens shall weigh not less than 1½ ounces each, and include silver ore, malachite, azurite, topaz, tourmaline, etc.—E. R. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

Electrical apparatus (\$5), for minerals.—Kenneth Hartley, Ft. Scott, Kansas.

Sets and single eggs, for single eggs.—F. D. Lisle, 486 Bond st., Providence, R. I.

Is the color of the beaver's incisors natural or caused by the sap of the trees it gnaws?

PRIZE.

The prize for the essay on "Evidences of Design in Nature" is awarded to Mr. M. Blake, of Chapter A, Taunton, Mass. Our crowded columns will not allow us to print his paper, and we can only say that Mr. Blake draws his arguments from his *own observations*, on "wadlers," crabs, clams, and other sea-side creatures, and from some inhabitants of the land, such as ants and aphides. Honorable mention must be made of Mrs. Rachel Mellon, Miss Ethel Gillis, P. C. Benedict, A. C. Bent, E. L. Stephan, R. P. Miller, Eleanor D. Munger, C. B. Davenport, H. H. Bice, F. W. Wentworth, Marian Armstrong, and W. W. Mills.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of LENOX ACADEMY, LENOX, MASS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

CHARADE.

In my *whole* to the country Jehosaphat went;
 There my *second* he happened to see.
 He gazed with my *first* at the terrible sight,
 And my *whole* he declared it to be. W. H. A.

SYNCOPIATIONS.

THE syncooped words, read in the order here given, will spell the surname of a president of the United States who was born in 1784.

1. Syncope a word meaning morning, and leave principal. 2. Syncope to supplicate, and leave to inspect closely. 3. Syncope to move spirally, and leave an iron frame for holding fuel. 4. Syncope to gaze earnestly, and leave a horned animal. 5. Syncope a small animal, and leave to ponder. 6. Syncope a district or region, and leave adroitness. PAUL R.

HALF-SQUARE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous French general, who was born on August 15, over a hundred years ago. 2. Worshipers. 3. To think upon deliberately. 4. A command. 5. An affected look. 6. To make a mistake. 7. A bone. 8. In general. S. F.

MUSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Weber, but not in Bach;
 In Paganini, but not in Mozart;
 In Ernst, but not in David;
 In Chopin, but not in Liszt;
 In Bellini, but not in Spohr;
 In Schumann, but not in Rossini;
 In Wagner, but not in Beethoven;
 In Mendelssohn, but not in Donizetti;
 In Gluck, but not in Haydn;
 In Rubenstein, but not in Von Bulow.
 My whole was a famous violinist. HELEN F. T.

RIDDLE.

I AM composed of seven letters, and am liked by Germans, but not by Jews. If I am divided into two parts, I am an injunction to a wise man to work. If I am divided differently into two parts, I tell what impertinent children do to their elders.

"MARN A AND BAE."

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

I.	*
	*
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	*
	*
	*

I.—1. Behead tidy and leave to consume. 2. Behead a paradise and leave a cave. 3. Behead at what time and leave a fowl. 4. Behead an opening and leave metal. 5. Behead to disclose and leave an inclosure. 6. Behead behind and leave part of the head. 7. Behead a journey and leave to unfasten. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a summer resort.

II.—1. Behead a vessel and leave part of the body. 2. Behead very dry and leave to free from. 3. Behead ire and leave era. 4. Behead a pious utterance and leave human beings. 5. Behead to rend and leave the spike of grain containing the kernels. 6. Behead a sign and leave "children of a larger growth." 7. Behead what all

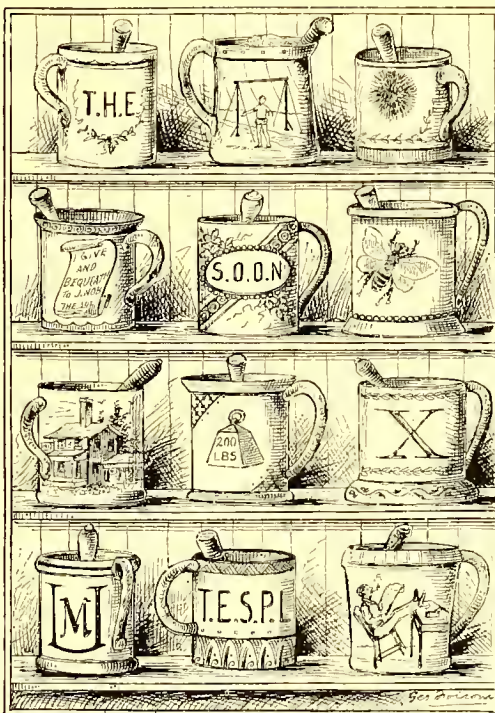
wish for and leave aged. 8. Behead a pious utterance and leave human beings. The beheaded letters will spell the name of a summer resort.

The fifteen words, before being beheaded, may be used in the following sentences, to replace the dashes:

_____ the _____, the _____ admiral commanding, took a _____ in the _____ sea, on a hot day in August, the sky suddenly became overcast, and the rain fell in torrents. It seemed as if the _____s of heaven opened; the sea _____d and the wind was furious enough to _____ each sail so shreds. But soon after bright sky appeared, and the sun shone forth like _____ on _____ sands. Then the people rejoiced at the good _____ and cried _____.

L. W. D.

THE BARBER'S PUZZLE.



THE barber was out; and a customer, after looking carefully at the cups, concluded to await his return. What did he find on the twelve cups?

G. F.

WORD-BUILDING.

BEGIN the word with a beverage,
 But with one letter name it;
 Prefix a letter, and at once
 The prepositions claim it;
 Prefix, again, an animal;
 Annex at what price stated;
 Prefix a kind of wicker-work
 In which nice fruit is freighted;
 Annex, a mouth you will have then,
 But not of animals or men. H. H. D.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name an indefinite substance; one is black, and one is white.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A Greek tragic poet. 2. A brief space of time. 3. A tropical fruit. 4. A peninsula of Asia. 5. A place for commerce. FRANCIS W. L.

DIAMOND.

1. In gander. 2. A fondling. 3. Subject to a penalty. 4. A wild flower. 5. What comets have. 6. Three-fourths of a wooden mold. 7. In gander.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. Behead and curtail a jewel, and leave the organ of hearing. 2. Behead and curtail a large pair of scissors, and leave to listen to. 3. Behead and curtail very angry, and leave a small animal. 4. Behead and curtail the subject of a discourse, and leave a border. 5. Behead and curtail to disembark, and leave a useful article.

The beheaded letters, when transposed, form a word meaning to divide. The curtailed letters, when transposed, form the name of a city in England.

W. ST. L.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence: 1. Tom wondered, as he drew near to the house, that not even Ponto remembered him. 2. At St. Malo, every one admires the famous harbor. 3. There is the bad man who beats our dog nearly every day. 4. Tom and Jack together drove the large flock of sheep to the upper pasture.

KARL.

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I.—1. A tube. 2. A beloved object. 3. The place where an election is held. 4. A girl's name.

II.—1. A kind of grain. 2. A melody. 3. To drive. 4. A shout of joy.

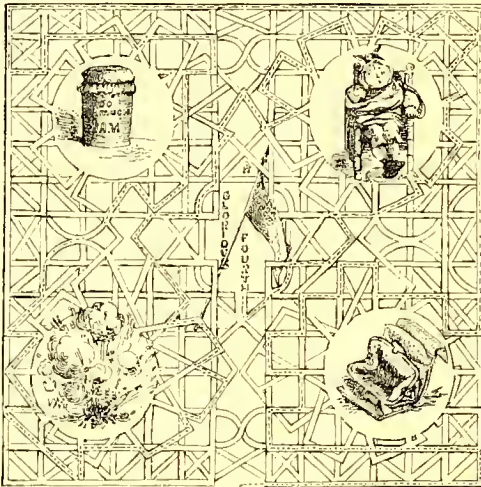
III.—1. Attitude. 2. Resembling oak. 3. An island near Scotland. 4. Views.

ALEX. LAIDLAW.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS. American Independence. Cross-words: 1. T-ale. 2. A-men. 3. K-eel. 4. T-rap. 5. T-ire. 6. S-car. 7. P-ant. 8. S-nap. 9. R-ice. 10. S-now. 11. E-den. 12. P-ear. 13. S-pin. 14. M-end. 15. S-nip. 16. A-dam. 17. H-elm. 18. K-new. 19. S-can. 20. F-eat.

MAZE.



DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Hand—dial. Cross-words: 1. Hard. 2. Dais. 3. Fans. 4. Load.

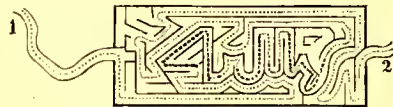
ANAGRAM. Abraham Lincoln.

CHARADE. Innocent.

HISTORICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.—Proverbs xv. 13.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Israel Putnam. Cross-words: 1. SImPle. 2. ESCUlapius. 3. CRATer. 4. CARNation. 5. CEDAr. 6. PLuMe.

FIRE-CRACKER MAZE.



COMBINATION PUZZLE. Diagonals, Washington and Cornwallis. Place of surrender, Yorktown. Left-hand side of perpendicular: 1. Witty. 2. Talon. 3. Nests. 4. Goths. 5. Ennui. 6. Villa. 7. Coils. 8. Solid. 9. Liken. 10. Satin. Right-hand side: 1. Antic. 2. Stoop. 3. Mural. 4. Knock. 5. Wrong. 6. Never. 7. Agent. 8. Watch. 9. Valor. 10. Solon. I.—Beheaded letters, Washington. Cross-words: 1. W-rote. 2. A-tone. 3. S-cold. 4. H-edge. 5. I-deal. 6. N-omen. 7. G-rate. 8. T-case. 9. O-pine. 10. N-once. II.—Syncopated letters, Cornwallis. Cross-words: 1. Pe-C-an. 2. Fl-O-at. 3. Sh-R-ed. 4. Li-N-es. 5. Fa-W-ns. 6. Se-A-ts. 7. Pe-L-ts. 8. Pi-L-es. 9. Ho-I-st. 10. Be-S-et. III.—Curtailed letters, Yorktown. Cross-words: 1. Sill-V. 2. Limb-O. 3. Ride-R. 4. Clan-K. 5. Fain-T. 6. Ling-O. 7. Bede-W. 8. Grow-N.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Havre, Paris, Seine. Cross-words: 1. HoPes. 2. AbAtE. 3. VeRdi. 4. ReIcN. 5. EnSuE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the July number, from Bell Macdonald, Lyttelton, New Zealand, 12—Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 8—Isabel Purington, 6—H. and F. Davis, 13.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from Cuchee Smith—Two Subscribers—Arthur Gride—"Marna and Bae"—Pearl Francis Stevens—Heath Sutherland—Helen C. McCleary—M. S. T.—"Blythe"—Alice H. J.—Jennie and Birdie—Louise M. Knight—Lucretia—Minnie B. Murray—"Cold Moon"—The Houghton Family—"Butterfly and June Bug"—Arian Arnold—Dexter S. Crosby, Jr., and Harry W. Chandler, Jr.—G. A. Lyon—A. P. Owder, Jr.—George Drafer—P. S. Clarkson—"Richmond, Ky."—Bessie H. Smith—"Alcibiades"—Emma and Jennie Elliott—F. and H. Davis—Walter E. Angell—Florence Wilkinson—Bessie and Birdie—Violet—Maggie T. Turrill—C. S. C.—X. V. Z.—J. Maud Bugbee—Florence E. Provost—Hugh and Cis—D. B. Shumway—Francis W. Islip—Walter Fisk—Génie J. Callmeyer—G. Lansing and J. Wallace—Pinnie and Jack—The Stewart Browns—X. Y. and Z.—Chas. H. Parmlay—Lottie A. Best—Madeleine Vultee—Lulu M. Stabler—Estelle Riley—Clara J. Child—No Name.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 20, from "Jessamine," 2—G. M. W., 1—Fannie S., 1—Julian R. Keeler, 1—Bertie French, 1—Adrienne Duysters, 1—"Bookworm," 4—Arthur B. Phelan, 1—"Extension," 6—Theodore Yankauer, 5—J. N. D. Dickinson, 2—Livingston Ham, 6—Annette M. Ham, 1—Lizzie S., 3—"Hen and Chickens," 8—Ruth and Samuel H. Camp, 12—"The Two Annies," 13—Florence Williams, 1—Pessie A., 4—Emmet and Frankie Nicolai, 2—Herbert Perrin, 1—Philip Fmbury, Jr., 12—Bessie Comstock, 2—"Star," 5—Emeline Ingerich and Clara Small, 11—May A. Cornell and Sister, 13—Lizzie F. S., 1—Little Gracie, 3—Belle and Mary Patterson, 7—"Ignoramus and Nonentity," 11—Carrie and Alice Williams, 7—Edith L. B., 6—E. Bancroft, 5—"Captain Cuttle," 8—Ethel, 3—Elsie Prentiss, 1—Geo. B. Maggini, 2—James M. Barr, 2—T. A. Russell, 1—Daisy, 3—G. H. Dennison, 6—Austin H. Pease, 9—Horace R. Parker, 1—E. W., 1—J. W. Pettit, 2—"Blossom," 5—Abbie Schermerhorn, 3—Lewis P. Robinson, 5—Hugh Meckleston, 1—Daisy Talman, 4—P. O. Hartough, Jr., 6—Marie A., 2—Effie K. Talboys, 11—"Clover and Arbutus," 3—"Nip and Tuck," 7—Estella Jane Spencer, 2—J. J. Lee, 1—A. S. Pennington, 1—L. I., 10—Louisa, 6—Helen Merriam, 6—Paul Reese, 13—Christine Oberfelder, 3—G. Ranium, 3—Edward L. Hunt, 3—Frank Mitchell, 11—Lee W. Earnest, 3—Cabell Chadwick, 1—Mary E. Baker, 8—Florence Reeves, 6—Ruth C. Schropp, 12—Subscriber, 1—The Newsome Family, 11—"Fordyce Aimee," 13—Anna E. B. H., 1—M. T. H., 5—Frank Shallenberger, 10—Alex. H. Laidlaw, 9—Dora Jackson, 3—G. Blanchard Dodge, 4—Hessie, 3—Charles H. Wright, 13—"Liliput," 2—W. R. Gaylord, 2—George W. Dessalet, 5—Philip Davis, 2—May M. Brunson, 2—George Lyman Waterhouse, 12—Carl H. Niemyer, 8—"Robin Hood," 9—Cambridge Livingston, 4—Florence Budd, 4—The Coates Family, 8—Ella Fisher, 1—Matic Martin, 3—Calla, 6—Florence P. Jones, 1—Estelle Weiler, 9—Mamma and Nellie, 11—Myrick Rheem, 8—Professor and Co., 10—"Phil. O. Sophy," 5—E. E. V. and A. B. J., 3—G. M. Lawton, 4—Marguerite Kyte, 1—Charles H. Kyte, 4—Bessie and Sadie Rhodes, 12—Edith L. F., and M. D. F., 3—Gertie and Ed Ward, 12—Isabella Ganeaux, 11—Louis R. Custer, 12—"Caedmon," 12—Susie and Papa, 6—Kari, 7—Mary and Nathalie, 6—Algernon Tassin. 11—Lulu Culver, 8. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



"OUR GEOGRAPHIES TOLD US THAT TOYS WERE MADE IN NUREMBERG."

[See "The Playthings and Amusements of an Old-Fashioned Boy," page 864.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 11.

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LITTLE PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

PART I.

IF any one had asked Johnny Morris who were his best friends, he would have answered :

“The sun and the wind, next to Mother.”

Johnny lived in a little court that led off from one of the busiest streets in the city—a noisy street, where horse-car bells tinkled and omnibuses rumbled all day long, going and coming from several great depots near by. The court was a dull place, with only two or three shabby houses in it, and a high blank wall at the end.

The people who hurried by were too busy to do more than to glance at the lame boy who sat in the sunshine against the wall, or to guess that there was a picture gallery and a circulating library in the court. But Johnny had both, and took such comfort in them that he never could be grateful enough to the wind that brought him his books and pictures, nor to the sun that made it possible for him to enjoy them in the open air, far more than richer folk enjoy their fine galleries and libraries.

A bad fall, some months before the time this story begins, did something to Johnny's back which made his poor legs nearly useless, and changed the lively, rosy boy into a pale cripple. His mother took in fine washing, and worked hard to pay doctors' bills and feed and clothe her boy, who could no longer run errands, help with the heavy tubs, nor go to school. He could only pick out laces for her to iron, lie on his bed in pain for

hours, and, each fair day, hobble out to sit in a little old chair between the water-butt and the leaky tin boiler in which he kept his library.

But he was a happy boy, in spite of poverty and pain; and the day a great gust came, blowing fragments of a gay placard and a dusty newspaper down the court to his feet, was the beginning of good fortune for patient Johnny. There was a theater in the street beyond, and other pictured bits found their way to him; for the frolicsome wind liked to whisk the papers around the corner, and chase them here and there till they settled under the chair or flew wildly over the wall.

Faces, animals, people, and big letters, all came to cheer the boy, who was never tired of collecting these waifs and strays: cutting out the big pictures to paste on the wall with the leavings of mother's starch, and the smaller in the scrap-book he made out of stout brown wrappers or newspapers, when he had read the latter carefully. Soon it was a very gay wall, for mother helped, standing on a chair, to put the large pictures up, when Johnny had covered all the space he could reach. The books were laid carefully away in the boiler, after being smoothly ironed out and named to suit Johnny's fancy by pasting letters on the back. This was the circulating library: for not only did the papers whisk about the court to begin with, but the books they afterward made went the rounds among the neighbors till they were worn out.

The old cobbler next door enjoyed reading the

anecdotes on Sunday when he could not work, the pale seamstress upstairs liked to look over advertisements of the fine things which she longed for, and Patsey Flynn, the newsboy, who went by each day to sell his papers at the station, often paused to look at the play-bills; for he adored the theater, and entertained Johnny with descriptions of the splendors there to be beheld, till he felt as if he had really been, and had known all the famous actors, from Buffalo Bill to the great Salvini.

Now and then, a flock of dirty children would stray into the court and ask to see the "pretty picters." Then Johnny was a proud and happy boy; for, armed with a clothes-pole, he pointed out and explained the beauties of his gallery, feeling that he was a public benefactor when the poor babies thanked him warmly, and promised to come again and bring all the nice papers they could pick up.

These were Johnny's pleasures; but he had two sorrows,—one, a very real one, his aching back, and the other, a boyish longing to climb the wall and see what was on the other side; for it seemed a most wonderful and delightful place to the poor child, shut up in that dismal court, with no play-mates and few comforts.

He amused himself with imagining how it looked over there, and nearly every night added some new charm to this unseen country, when his mother told him fairy tales to get him to sleep. He peopled it with the dear old characters all children know and love. The white cat that sat on the wall was Puss in Boots to him, or Whittington's good friend. Blue Beard's wives were hidden in the house of whose upper windows the boy could just catch glimpses. Red Riding Hood met the wolf in the grove of chestnuts that rustled over there, and Jack's Beanstalk grew up just such a wall as that, he was sure.

But the story he liked best was the "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," for he was sure some lovely creature lived in that garden, and he longed to get in to find and play with her. He actually planted a bean in a bit of damp earth behind the water-barrel, and watched it grow, hoping for as strong a ladder as Jack's. But the vine grew very slowly, and Johnny was so impatient that he promised Patsey his best book "for his ownty-donty," if he would climb up and report what was to be seen in that enchanted garden.

"Faix, and I will, thin," and up went good-natured Pat, after laying an old board over the hogshead to stand on; for there were spikes all along the top of the wall, and only cats and sparrows could walk there.

Alas for Johnny's eager hopes, and alas for Pat's Sunday best! The board broke, and splash went

the climber, with a wild Irish howl that startled Johnny half out of his wits and brought both Mrs. Morris and the cobbler to the rescue.

After this sad event, Pat kept away for a time in high dudgeon, and Johnny was more lonely than ever. But he was a cheery little soul, so he was grateful for what joys he had, and worked away at his wall; for the March winds had brought him many treasures, and after April rains were over, May sunshine made the court warm enough for him to be out nearly all day.

"I'm so sorry Pat is mad, 'cause he saw this piece and told me about it, and he'd like to help me put up these pictures," said Johnny to himself, one breezy morning, as he sat examining a big poster which the wind had sent flying into his lap a few minutes before.

The play was Monte Cristo, and the pictures represented the hero getting out of prison by making holes in the wall, among other remarkable performances.

"This is a jolly red one! Now where will I put it to show best and not spoil the other beauties?"

As he spoke, Johnny turned his chair around and surveyed his gallery with as much pride and satisfaction as if it held all the wonders of art.

It really *was* quite splendid, for every sort of picture shone in the sun: simpering ladies, tragic scenes, circus parades, labels from tin cans, rosy tomatoes, yellow peaches and purple plums, funny advertisements, and gay bills of all kinds. None were perfect, but they were arranged with care, and the effect was very fine, Johnny thought.

Presently his eyes wandered from these treasures to the budding bushes that nodded so tantalizingly over the wall. A grape-vine ran along the top, trying to hide the sharp spikes; lilacs tossed their purple plumes above it, and several tall chestnuts rose over all, making green tents with their broad leaves, where spires of blossom began to show like candles on a mammoth Christmas tree. Sparrows were chirping gayly everywhere; the white cat, with a fresh blue bow, basked on the coping of the wall, and from the depths of the enchanted garden came a sweet voice singing:

"And she bids you to come in,
With a dimple in your chin,
Billy boy, Billy boy."

Johnny smiled as he listened, and put his finger to the little dent in his own chin, wishing the singer would finish this pleasing song. But she never did, though he often heard that, as well as other childish ditties, sung in the same gay voice, with bursts of laughter and the sound of lively feet tripping up and down the boarded walks. Johnny longed intensely to know who the singer was, for

her music cheered his solitude, and the mysterious sounds he heard in the garden increased his wonder and his longing day by day.

Sometimes, a man's voice called, "Fay, where are you?" and Johnny was sure "Fay" was short for Fairy. Another voice was often heard talking in a strange, soft language, full of exclamations and pretty sounds. A little dog barked, and answered to the name Pippo. Canaries caroled, and some elfish bird scolded, screamed, and laughed so like a human being, that Johnny felt sure that magic of some sort was at work next door.

A delicious fragrance was now wafted over the wall as of flowers, and the poor boy imagined untold loveliness behind that cruel wall, as he tended the dandelions his mother brought him from the common, when she had time to stop and gather them; for he loved flowers dearly and tried to make them out of colored paper, since he could have no sweeter sort.

Now and then, a soft, rushing sound excited his curiosity to such a pitch, that once he hobbled painfully up the court till he could see into the trees, and once his eager eyes caught glimpses of a little creature, all blue and white and gold, who peeped out from the green fans and nodded and tried to toss him a cluster of the chestnut flowers. He stretched his hands to her with speechless delight, forgetting his crutches, and would have fallen, if he had not caught by the shutter of a window so quickly that he gave the poor back a sad wrench; and when he could look up again, the fairy had vanished, and nothing was to be seen but the leaves dancing in the wind.

Johnny dared not try this again for fear of a fall, and every step cost him a pang; but he never forgot it, and was thinking of it as he sat staring at the wall on that memorable May day.

"How I *should* like to peek in and see just how it all really looks. It sounds and smells so summery and nice in there. I know it must be splendid. I say, Pussy, can't you tell a fellow what you see?"

Johnny laughed as he spoke, and the white cat purred politely, for she liked the boy who never threw stones at her nor disturbed her naps. But Puss could not describe the beauties of the happy hunting-ground below, and, to console himself for the disappointment, Johnny went back to his new picture.

"Now, if this man in the play dug his way out through a wall ten feet thick with a rusty nail and a broken knife, I don't see why I could n't pick away one brick and get a peek. It's all quiet in there now; here's a good place, and nobody will know, if I stick a picture over the hole. And I'll try it, I declare I will!"

Fired with the idea of acting Monte Cristo on a small scale, Johnny caught up the old scissors in his lap, and began to dig out the mortar around a brick already loose, and crumbling at the corners. His mother smiled at his energy, then sighed and said, as she clapped her laces with a heavy heart:

"Ah, poor dear, if he only had his health he'd make his way in the world. But now he's like to find a blank wall before him while he lives, and none to help him over."

Puss, in her white boots, sat aloft and looked on, wise as the cat in the story, but offered no advice. The toad who lived behind the water-barrel hopped under the few leaves of the struggling bean, like Jack waiting to climb, and just then the noon bells began to ring as if they sang clear and loud, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

So, cheered by his friends, Johnny scraped and dug vigorously till the old brick fell out, showing another behind it. Only pausing to take breath, he caught up his crutch and gave two or three hearty pokes, which soon cleared the way and let the sunshine stream through, while the wind tossed the lilacs like triumphal banners, and the jolly sparrows chirped:

"Hail, the conquering hero comes!"

Rather scared by his unexpected success, the boy sat silent for a moment to see what would happen. But all was still, and presently, with a beating heart, Johnny leaned forward to enjoy the long desired "peek." He could not see much, but that little increased his curiosity and delight, for it seemed like looking into fairyland, after the dust and noise and dingy houses of the court.

A bed of splendid tulips tossed their gay garments in the middle of a grass-plot; a strange and brilliant bird sat dressing its feathers on a golden cage; a little white dog dozed in the sun, and on a red carpet under the trees lay the princess, fast asleep.

"It's all right," said Johnny, with a long sigh of pleasure; "that's the sleeping beauty, sure enough. There's the blue gown, the white fur cloak sweeping 'round, the pretty hair, and—yes—there's the old nurse, spinning and nodding, just as she did in the picture-book Mother got me when I cried because I could n't go to see the play."

This last discovery really did bewilder Johnny, and make him believe that fairy tales *might* be true, after all; for how could he know that the strange woman was an Italian servant, in her native dress, with a distaff in her hand. After pausing a moment to rub his eyes, he took another look, and made fresh discoveries by twisting his head about. A basket of oranges stood near the princess, a striped curtain hung from a limb of the tree to keep the wind off, and several books fluttered their

pictured leaves temptingly before Johnny's long-eyed eyes.

"Oh, if I could only go in and eat 'em and read 'em and speak to 'em and see all the splendid things!" thought the poor boy, as he looked from one delight to another, and felt shut out from all. "I can't go and wake her like the Prince did, but I do wish she'd get up and do something, now I *can* see. I dare n't throw a stone, it might hit some one, or holler, it might scare her. Pussy wont help, and the sparrows are too busy scolding one another. I know! I'll fly a kite over, and that will please her any way. Don't believe she has kites; girls never do."

Eager to carry out his plan, Johnny tied a long string to his gayest poster, and then fastening it to the pole with which he sometimes fished in the water-cask, held it up to catch the fresh breezes blowing down the court. His good friend, the wind, soon caught the idea, and with a strong breath sent the red paper whisking over the wall, to hang a moment on the trees and then drop among the tulips, where its frantic struggles to escape waked the dog and set him to racing and barking, as Johnny hurriedly let the string go and put his eye to his peep-hole.

The eyes of the princess were wide open now, and she clapped her hands when Pippo brought the gay picture for her to see; while the old woman, with a long yawn, went away, carrying her distaff, like a gun, over her shoulder.

"She likes it! I'm so glad. Wish I had some more to send over. This will come off; I'll poke it through, and may be she will see it."

Very much excited, Johnny recklessly tore from the wall his most cherished picture, a gay flower-piece, just put up, and folding it, he thrust it through the hole and waited to see what followed.

Nothing but a rustle, a bark, and a queer croak from the splendid bird, which set the canaries to trilling sweetly.

"She don't see; may be she will hear," said Johnny, and he began to whistle like a mocking-bird, for this was his one accomplishment, and he was proud of it.

Presently he heard a funny burst of laughter from the parrot, and then the voice said:

"No, Polly, you can't sing like that bird. I wonder where he is? Among the bushes over there, I think. Come, Pippo, let us go and find him."

"Now she 's coming!" and Johnny grew red in the face trying to give his best trills and chirrups.

Nearer and nearer came the steps, the lilacs rustled as if shaken, and presently the roll of paper vanished. A pause, and then the little voice exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise:

"Why, there 's a hole! I never saw it before. Oh! I can see the street. How nice! How nice!"

"She likes the hole! I wonder if she will like me," and, emboldened by these various successes, Johnny took another peep. This was the most delicious one of all, for he looked right into a great blue eye, with glimpses of golden hair above, a little round nose in the middle, and red lips below. It was like a flash of sunshine, and Johnny winked, as if dazzled; for the eye sparkled, the nose sniffed daintily, and the pretty mouth broke into a laugh as the voice cried out delightedly:

"I see some one! Who are you? Come and tell me!"

"I'm Johnny Morris," answered the boy, quite trembling with pleasure.

"Did you make this nice hole?"

"I just poked a brick, and it fell out."

"Papa wont mind. Is that your bird?"

"No, it's me. I whistled."

"It's very pretty. Do it again," commanded the voice, as if used to give orders.

Johnny obeyed, and when he paused, out of breath, a small hand came through the hole, grasping as many lilies of the valley as it could hold, and the princess graciously expressed her pleasure by saying, "I like it; you shall do it again, by and by. Here are some flowers for you. Now we will talk. Are you a nice boy?"

This was a poser, and Johnny answered meekly, with his nose luxuriously buried in the lovely flowers:

"Not very — I'm lame — I can't play like other fellers."

"*Porverino!*" sighed the little voice, full of pity; and, in a moment, three red-and-yellow tulips fell at Johnny's feet, making him feel as if he really had slipped into fairy-land through that delightful hole.

"Oh, thank you! Aren't they just elegant! I never see such beauties," stammered the poor boy, grasping his treasures as if he feared they might vanish away.

"You shall have as many as you like. Nanna will scold, but Papa wont mind. Tell me more. What do you do over there?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Nothing but paste pictures and make books, when I don't ache too bad. I used to help Mother, but I got hurt, and I can't do much now," answered the boy, ashamed to mention how many laces he patiently picked or clapped, since it was all he could do to help.

"If you like pictures, you shall come and see mine some day. I do a great many. Papa shows me how. His are splendid. Do you draw, or paint yours?"

"I only cut 'em out of papers and stick 'em on

this wall, or put 'em in scrap-books. I can't draw, and I have n't got no paints," answered Johnny.

"You should say 'have n't any paints.' I will come and see you some day, and if I like you, I will let you have my old paint-box. Do you want it?"

"Guess I do!"

"I think I *shall* like you, so I'll bring it when I come. Do you ache much?"

"Awfully, sometimes. Have to lay down all day, and can't do a thing."

"Do you cry?"

"No! I'm too big for that. I whistle."

"I *know* I shall like you, because you are brave!" cried the impetuous voice, with its pretty accent; and then an orange came tumbling through the hole, as if the new acquaintance longed to do something to help the "ache."

"Is n't that a rouser! I do love 'em, but Mother can't afford 'em often," and Johnny took one delicious taste on the spot.

"Then I shall give you many. We have loads at home, much finer than these. Ah, you should see our garden there!"

"Where do you live?" Johnny ventured to ask, for there was a homesick sound to the voice as it said those last words.

"In Rome. Here we only stay a year, while Papa arranges his affairs; then we go back, and I am happy."

"I should think you'd be happy in there. It looks real splendid to me, and I've been longing to see it ever since I could come out."

"It's a dull place to me. I like better to be where it's always warm, and people are more beautiful than here. Are *you* beautiful?"

"What queer questions she does ask!" and poor Johnny was so perplexed he could only stammer with a laugh:

"I guess not. Boys don't care for looks."

"Peep, and let me see. I like pretty persons," commanded the voice.

"Don't she order 'round," thought Johnny, as

he obeyed. But he liked it, and showed such a smiling face at the peep-hole, that Princess Fay was pleased to say, after a long look at him:

"No, you are not beautiful, but your eyes are bright, and you look pleasant; so I don't mind the freckles on your nose and the whiteness of your face. I think you are good; I am sorry for you, and I shall lend you a book to read when the pain comes."

"I could n't wait for that if I had a book. I do *love* so to read!" and Johnny laughed out from sheer delight at the thought of a new book, for he seldom got one, being too poor to buy them, and too helpless to enjoy the free libraries of the city.

"Then you shall have it *now*," and there was another quick rush in the garden, followed by the appearance of a fat little book, slowly pushed through the hole in the wall.

"This is the only one that will pass. You will like Hans Andersen's fairy tales, I know. Keep it as long as you please. I have many more."

"You're so good! I wish I had something for you," said the boy, quite overcome by this sweet friendliness.

"Let me see one of *your* books. They will be new to me. I'm tired of all mine."

Quick as a flash, off went the cover of the old boiler, and out came half a dozen of Johnny's best works, to be crammed through the wall, with the earnest request:

"Keep 'em all; they're not good for much, but they're the best I've got. I'll do some prettier ones as soon as I can find more nice pictures and pieces."

"They look very interesting. I thank you. I shall go and read them now, and then come and talk again. *Addio, Giovanni.*"

"Good-bye, Miss."

Thus ended the first interview of little Pyramus and Thisbe through the hole in the wall, while Puss sat up above and played moonshine with her yellow eyes.

(To be concluded.)



THE ROSY SAIL.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OVER the level, sparkling sand,
 All through the golden afternoon,
 The sisters wandered hand in hand
 To hear the winds and waters croon.

The waves sang low, the waves sang sweet,
 With mellow murmur full and deep;
 The ocean glittered in the heat,
 The warm wind breathed like onc asleep.

The white gull shone in depths of blue,
 On airy pinions floating wide;
 And slowly, slowly downward drew,
 With lapsing soft, the ebbing tide.

Silently westward sank the sun;
 A whisper skimmed the broad expanse;
 The ripples hastened one by one
 Along the sand to leap and dance.

The elder spoke: "'T is late, Janet;
 The lengthening shadows deeper grow,
 The reddening sun will soon have set;
 Come, dearest sister, let us go."

The younger answered: "Look, Louise,
 How yonder far-off, idle sail,
 Rose-flushed, is filling with the breeze.
 Stay,—Watch it take the loitering gale."

They paused to watch the rosy sail,
 While fondly the caressing air
 Kissed their bright cheeks and foreheads pale,
 And lingered in their lovely hair.

The great sun touched the ocean's rim.
 "Ah, come, Janet, we must not wait!
 The cliffs are looming tall and grim;
 Come, dear Janet, we stay too late."

As speeds the slender, swift beach-bird,
 Homeward they turned along the shore:
 What was the boding sound they heard?
 The rapid tide had turned before!

The lazy tide that ebb'd so slow,
 Returning, hurried fast as fate,
 And barred the way they strove to go
 With breathless haste—alas, too late!

"O sister, fly! But reach the ledge
 We clambered down, and we are safe!"
 Ripples grew waves along the edge;
 The rousing sea began to chafe:

A trampling as of myriad feet
 Heavily charging up the land!
 They shuddered,—there was no retreat,—
 Straight rock-walls rose on either hand.

The friendly ledge they could not reach
 Afar was tossing plumes of spray;
 The billows swallowed up the beach,
 Like monsters cold in dreadful play.

Ah, me! with what a different voice
 The sea raved, that had sung so soft!
 A rush, a roar of deafening noise,
 And clouds of foam that leaped aloft.

At the cliff's foot, upon the sands,
 The sisters stood; no help was nigh;
 The breakers stretched white, eager hands
 To drag them roughly down to die.

They clung about each other close;
 The wind, grown wild, blew their rich hair
 This way and that; the waters rose;
 They waited mute in still despair.

Sudden, the elder's voice rang clear:
 "Janet, Janet! the rosy sail!
 This way 't is coming, near, more near!"
 In the dim twilight, glimmering pale,

They called aloud across the sea,
 A high, sweet, piercing clarion scream!
 The boatmen heard—"What can it be?
 Some mermaid shrieking, or a dream?"

Again! The sailors turned the prow,
 They trimmed the sail, they plied the oar;
 No second to be wasted now!
 Down to the cliff the stout boat bore.

"Janet, Janet, keep up your heart!
 They 're coming, dearest, help is near!
 Let not the sea tear us apart—
 They shout, Janet! they 're almost here."



The breakers clasped each
slender waist
With cruel arms that fiercely
clung,
And dragged them down with
hungry haste,
And forth upon the tumult flung

Each trembling form. — But they
were cast
To their salvation! Quick as thought,
Breathless, from death to life they
passed,
By strong, kind hands securely caught.

And clinging close together still
They sailed, with eyes all tearful-bright,
Till up the coast, from its green hill,
Their home sent out its beckoning light.

HALCYON DAYS AND HALCYON WAYS.

BY DE COST SMITH.

WHERE is the country boy who does not know his daring feats and eccentric ways; who has not seen him plunge fearlessly into the rushing stream, and heard his brisk rattle echo along its banks? But though he is one of our commonest and most interesting birds, few persons are sufficiently observant to be acquainted with the details of his life and habits.

The kingfisher family (*Alcedinidae*) is made up of a great many different species, and is scattered throughout the world, almost every country possessing one or more representatives. In the northern United States and in Canada, though the country is intersected by numerous rivers and lakes abounding in fish, we have but one species, the belted kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*); while near the Mexican border the green kingfisher (*Ceryle*

of life; in fact, were he differently constructed, he would be an utter failure as a fisherman. The small, delicate feet enable him to perch securely upon the slender twigs usually found overhanging the water, or even, as I once observed, upon a telegraph wire—a feat of balancing which would have been impossible for most birds of his size. (I have seen the robin—a much smaller bird—attempt the same feat, but with very poor success.) The weight of the kingfisher's head serves to balance and carry him with greater swiftness in his downward, arrow-like plunges; and the long bill, with its rough, sharp edges, enables him to hold fast the slippery, wriggling minnows which form his principal food. The entire length of the bird is about twelve and three-quarter inches, of which the head alone, from the tip of the bill to the end of the crest, measures nearly five. The upper parts, the band or belt across the breast, and a few irregular markings under the wings, are of an ashy-blue color, darkest about the head; while the under parts and throat, as also a small spot in front of the eye, another just beneath it, and numerous narrow bars across the under side of the tail, are of a beautiful white. The female and young differ from the adult male in having the sides of the body and the belt flecked and spotted with a tinge of bright chestnut.

Although the kingfisher sometimes remains in the Northern States during mild winters, he is usually only a summer visitor, arriving from the South about the first of April; and, feeding as he does almost exclusively upon various kinds of fish and crustaceans, he is generally found along the banks of streams, rivers, lakes, salt-water inlets, or wherever his food is abundant. Like most of his craft, he prefers being alone. Two are rarely seen fishing near each other. His favorite perch is a post, stump, or branch projecting over the water, and at times he takes advantage of the masts and booms of small boats at anchor.

Upon some such convenient object he often sits for an hour at a time, looking into the water and watching intently for unsuspecting minnows to approach the surface, or for a craw-fish, the claws of which are projecting from beneath a sheltering stone, to emerge and wander about over the pebbles. From time to time he changes the position of his head, first to one side, then to the other, and often in so doing twitches his tail in a nervous, impatient manner. At last he sees his chance.

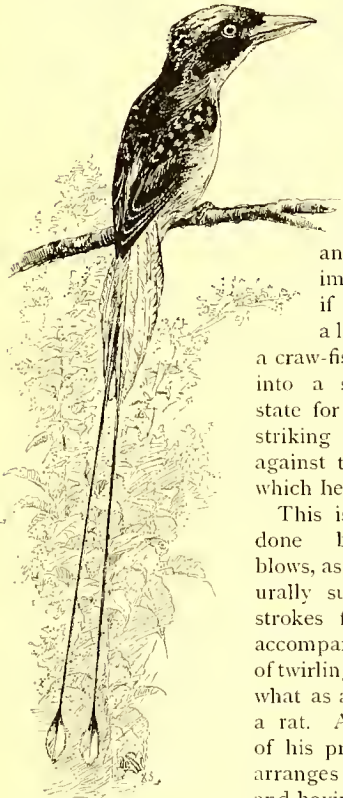


THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

Americana), is occasionally met with, though not so frequently as the former species. And it is chiefly about the belted kingfisher that I wish to tell you here.

At the first glance we are struck with the peculiar form of this bird. The head seems enormously large and the feet look ridiculously small in proportion to the wings, tail, and body. But upon closer investigation we realize how admirably this apparent disproportion adapts him to his mode

He lowers his crest, looks steadily at one spot, makes a sudden movement forward, but checks himself, waits a second or two, then with a rapid sweep dives into the water, catches his victim



THE LONG-TAILED KINGFISHER, NEW GUINEA.

in his strong bill, and flies back to his post. If the captive happens to be a fish of convenient size, the bird throws back his head and swallows it immediately. But if he has caught a large minnow or a craw-fish, he batters it into a sufficiently soft state for swallowing by striking it repeatedly against the object upon which he is sitting.

This is not generally done by downward blows, as one would naturally suppose, but by strokes from the side, accompanied by a sort of twirling motion, somewhat as a terrier shakes a rat. After disposing of his prey he daintily arranges his feathers, and having winked once or twice, and slowly raised and lowered his crest with a very satisfied air, he settles himself again upon his perch and is ready for another meal.

Convenient objects upon which to alight are not, however, always at hand. In many places shoals exist at considerable distances from shore; in others, long stretches of beach intervene between the bank and the water's edge; and in places of this kind his food is frequently abundant. In order to get a good view of the fish in such situations, he is obliged to mount into the air a distance of about fifty feet, and by a rapid, fluttering movement of his wings keep himself suspended until he has singled out a likely victim, when, darting down, he secures it, and flies away to the shore.

Often he descends to within two or three feet of the water, and then rises again without diving, probably finding before reaching the surface that he would be unsuccessful. At times he plunges into the water, but misses his mark altogether; at

others, after a short struggle, he emerges with nothing in his bill, the game having wriggled loose and escaped, even so skillful a sportsman as he, it would seem, not being entirely exempt from the uncertainties of "fishermen's luck."

In some localities where the shores of the lakes and rivers are stony, minnows are often scarce, and the kingfishers feed almost exclusively on craw-fish. In picking up these small, lobster-like animals from the bottom, they sometimes strike their bills against the stones with considerable force; and I once obtained a specimen which had its lower mandible worn quite blunt at the point, while the tip of the upper one was splintered and broken for nearly a quarter of an inch.

An artist friend of mine once had a most remarkable kingfisher adventure. While sketching on the shore of a river, he saw one of these birds flying across the water directly toward him. He watched its approach, expecting every moment to see it change its course, but, to his astonishment, the bird, swerving neither to the right nor left, came straight at his face. His hands were filled with palette and brushes. He raised his foot to shield himself. "Thud!" came the bird against it, falling to the ground stunned by the shock; but, recovering quickly, it again took wing and disappeared around a bend in the shore. Now, the snowy owl (*Nyctea scandiaca*) is said to alight at times upon the heads of sportsmen while they are crouching quietly among the reeds watching for



THE AUSTRALIAN KINGFISHER, OR LAUGHING JACKASS.

wild geese and ducks, probably mistaking them for stumps or something of that sort. But to suppose that the kingfisher may have taken my friend for a stump would not be complimentary to either the bird or the artist.

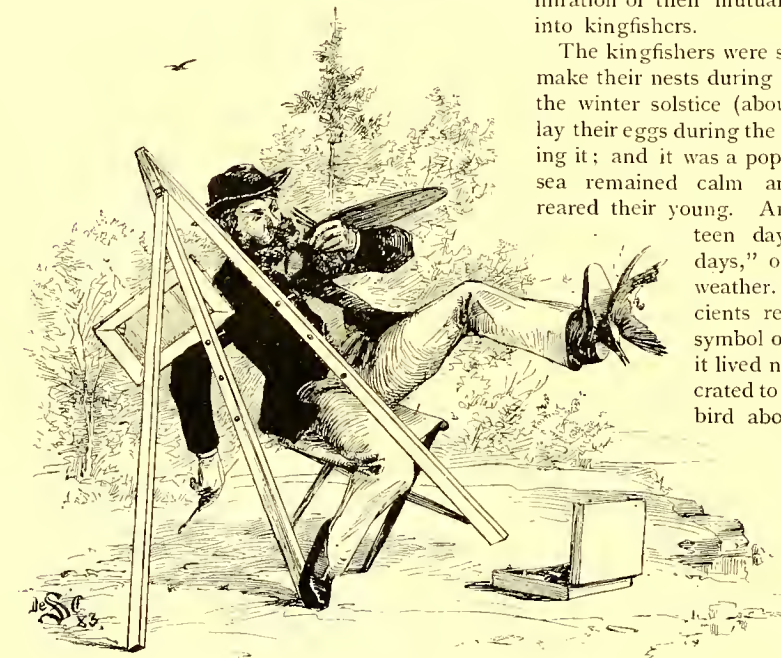
Soon after the arrival of the kingfishers in the spring, they choose mates and begin nest-building. The nest is rather curious, and differs from that of most birds in being placed under-ground, at the end of a narrow tunnel from four to fifteen feet in length, dug into the steep bank of a stream or lake, the opening being usually several feet above the water. Both birds work diligently at the excavation, which becomes wider as it deepens, until, at the end, it is large enough to contain the nest and the young birds. The kingfisher's cry is said to resemble the sound of a watchman's rattle (an instrument that is no longer in use, except in a modified form as a child's toy), and is heard at all times; but while the birds are engaged in nesting and caring for their young, it is kept up almost incessantly. The eggs, which are generally six in number, nearly spherical, and beautifully clear

upon removing the skin, the body is found enveloped in a coating of fat nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. This great quantity of blubber is, I suppose, stored up and kept in reserve, to serve as a source of supply during the famine of the late autumn, when many of the streams are frozen, and also during the fatiguing southward migration.

According to the ancients, the kingfisher, called in Greek, Halcyon, or ἁλκυών (from ἅλις, the sea, and κύων, brooding upon), was so named from Halcyone, a daughter of Æolus, and the wife of Ceyx. The story goes that Ceyx was drowned while on his way to consult the oracle, and that, in a dream that night, Halcyone was informed of the fate of her husband. Next morning, as she wandered disconsolately upon the shore, she found his body washed up by the waves, and, overcome with grief, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in admiration of their mutual affection, changed them into kingfishers.

The kingfishers were supposed, at that time, to make their nests during the seven days preceding the winter solstice (about December 21st), and to lay their eggs during the seven days directly following it; and it was a popular superstition that the sea remained calm and tranquil while they reared their young. And, therefore, these fourteen days were called "halcyon days," or days of calm, pleasant weather. On this account the halcyon as a symbol of tranquillity, and because it lived near the water it was consecrated to Thetis, a sea-nymph. The bird about which such wonderful stories were told was probably nothing more than the common kingfisher of Europe (*Alcedo isphida*), the habits of which are very much like those of the belted kingfisher.

New Guinea and some of the neighboring islands are the home of

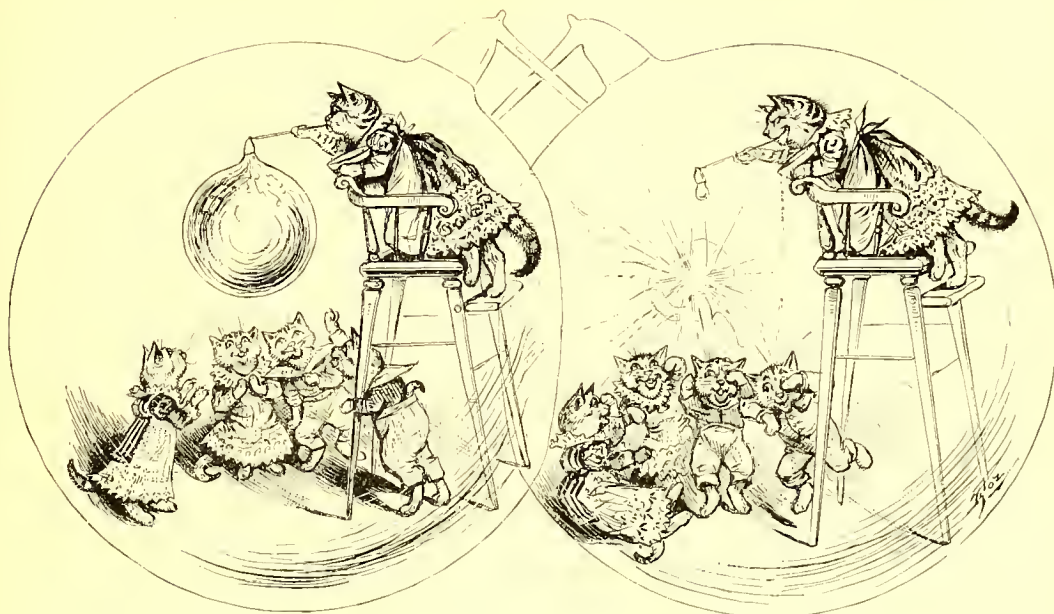


A KINGFISHER ATTACKS AN ARTIST.

and white, are laid, according to some writers, upon the bare sand at the end of the burrow, while others affirm that they are protected by a rudely made nest of feathers, dry grass, and fish-bones.

Toward the latter part of summer, when the young have left the nest and are capable of taking care of themselves, the kingfishers lose to some extent their shy watchfulness and become very fat and lazy. When shot at this season, the fat will actually ooze through the shot-holes and spread like oil over the surface of the water where the bird falls, while,

several beautiful and curious species, among which are the exquisitely colored long-tailed kingfishers, rivaling in their brilliant plumage even the humming-birds themselves, while the "laughing kingfisher" (*Alcedo gigas*), quite frequently seen in menageries, is a native of Australia. The last named is the largest of all, and, from its harsh, chattering cry, is commonly known by the name of "laughing jackass." All of these feed less upon fish than the belted kingfisher, and include in their bill of fare snails, reptiles, beetles, and insects.



CHORUS: "OH! MY EYE!"

CHORUS: "OH, MY EYES!"

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VICTORY.

MRS. TINKHAM had been awakened by the boys leaving the house, and much of the noise of the conflict had reached her ears. She was up and dressed, with lamp lighted, waiting in extreme anxiety, when Rupert came running into the house. He was breathless with haste and excitement. Before he could tell his news, she knew it was good news. "We've beat 'em off!" he panted. "They've hurt the dam a little. But we don't care for that. We've got one prisoner, — Buzrow, — the worst rowdy of 'em all!"

"Anybody hurt?" was the widow's anxious inquiry.

"Nobody on our side; only one stone glanced from a limb and hit me on the leg. But I did n't mind it a bit! Rod and I were in the tree, and we let 'em have about a bushel of stones. Nearly all they fired at us came too low; we could hear 'em strike the trunk under us, or thump against the bank."

"And your prisoner?"

"Mart caught him by the lasso over his neck. He and Lute got him into the mill, and kept him well choked till he gave up. Then he begged like a good fellow; but they would n't let him off. And what do you think we found in his hat, after we got the lantern lit? A sponge as big as your head, such as they use for sopping out leaky boats! His hat had dropped off on the platform, where Rocket found it."

"Have the rest gone away?" asked the mother.

"We don't know. They may come around

again, and try to rescue Buzrow. I must hurry back, to help fight 'em if they do. The boys are on the lookout; but they told me to run in and tell you we're all safe. Mart has got his lasso ready to catch another Argonaut, if they give him a chance."

"Are any of *their* side hurt?"

"I hope so! Buzrow got a jolly choking, any way. And Rocket thrashed two with a bean-pole. And I'll bet our stones hit a few heads and shoulders! Oh, I tell you, it's the greatest fun you ever saw!"

And before she could ask any more questions, the wild youngster rushed out again.

Meanwhile, the lantern was placed on the platform, and lighted lamps were set in the windows of the threatened tide-mill, to shine up and down the river.

"We may as well let folks know we are at home and prepared to receive company," said Mart.

This bold course disconcerted the Argonauts, who were even then planning an assault, with the view of carrying off the captive. Still they did not give him up; but instead of making a fierce onset, they advanced within range of the misty rays, as if for a parley. Rush, posted in shadow, saw them coming up the Tammoset shore. Mart went out promptly and demanded what they wanted.

"We want the fellow you've got there in the mill," said Ned Lufford, halting at a safe distance, a little in advance of his comrades.

"You make a rather cheeky request," Mart replied. "We came honestly by him,—as the woman said when she found a frog in the milk,—and we mean to keep him. Not that we really care any more for him than the woman did for the frog; but she thought he would do to show to the milkman."

"If you wont give him up peaceably," said Lufford, "we will break in the mill and take him by force."

"That's a trick you're quite welcome to try," Mart answered, his drawl sounding oddly in contrast with the Argonaut's blustering tone. "We've handled your chap as tenderly as a cat carries her kittens, so far; but attempt to break doors, and you'll wake up in a hospital and find something else broken. Meanwhile, you are respectfully informed that we have room for three or four more quiet and well-behaved prisoners, and can take 'em, too, if as many of you should care to set foot on our premises!"

Mart stood where a lamp at the window shone upon his shoulder and side, and the Argonauts could see that he held something like a coil of stout cord in his left hand. The mysterious man-

ner of Buzrow's headlong plunge into the mill required no further explanation.

"Do you want anything more?" Mart asked, after they had remained a few moments in consultation. "If not, excuse me if I don't waste any more time in the mere forms of politeness."

He went back into the mill, and, after a little delay, the Argonauts disappeared behind a clump of willows.

They still lingered near their boat, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing him and Lute come out on the platform, get down into the river, and with stakes and boards proceed to repair the dam by the light of the lantern.

It was soon patched. Then the flash-boards were set, and the water being shut back, the Tinkhams, lantern in hand, appeared to be looking for something in the draining bed of the stream. At the same time, the boat was becoming hopelessly grounded.

"I can't stand this any longer!" exclaimed George Hawkins.

"Nor I!" said Frank Veals.

And yet the Argonauts did stand it long enough to see the brothers pick up two axes and a crow-bar and heave them in at the mill door.

"We ought to have swooped in and stopped that!" said Ned Lufford.

And now that it was too late, he did make a feeble movement toward the mill, followed by his comrades. Mart turned and faced them, in the halo made by the lantern in the drizzling rain.

"Stop there! and tell me what you want!"

Hawkins stopped, and finding himself in an awkward position, said:

"Take out your flash-boards and give us water, so we can float our boat."

"That's an humble and not very unreasonable request," Mart replied. "We've taken out our flash-boards for you, with all the good nature in the world, on various occasions. Very likely we shall do it again, but not at this hour of the night, now or any time. We'll give you water, though, in another way."

He had reëntered the mill, and the humble petitioners were wondering what he meant, when the water-wheel began to splash and turn, and a scanty stream came gurgling down toward the stranded boat.

"The mill is going!" said the astonished Argonauts.

It was going, indeed, and it continued to go during the remainder of the night; the Tinkhams, with characteristic "impudence" (the local newspaper's word), having resolved to make the most of their time while guarding their premises and their prisoner.

Buzrow, seated on the floor with his back against Lute's work-bench, to which he was fast bound, had an excellent opportunity of seeing how extremely impudent they were.

"If you're b-b-bright," Lute remarked to him pleasantly, "you may pick up a little of our trade. It's a very good trade when it is n't inter-f-f-fered with."

Buzrow, in his sullen rage, did not look as if he cared to pick up anything but himself just then, or to interfere with anybody's trade in future.

The younger boys kept their mother informed of what was going on, and it was not long before they announced that they had heard the Argonauts dragging their boat away down the river. Balch had gone off with his team long before.

In fact, no rescue was attempted,—a wise determination, as Buzrow himself was obliged to admit afterward, having seen how dangerous it would have been to attack the brothers in their own mill.

Daylight came, the tide turned, the mill stopped, the lights were extinguished, and the Tinkhams had not only their dam in good repair, but some useful work and a prisoner to show, as a reward for their trouble.

It seemed a great triumph. Yet the sequel must be told.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PRISONER.

AFTER congratulations and rejoicings, and a deliberate breakfast, Mart and Rush set off in a slow, dull rain to march the cow-smiter's son (his hands still tied behind him) to Tammoset village and the house of Judge Hanks.

Early and rainy as it was, they had a lively following of youngsters at their heels before they reached the door; and Buzrow, who was only too well known to them as a Dempford boaster, was greeted with, "Turn up your cuffs!" "Scratch yer nose, Milt!" (the nose, by the way, was battle-smear'd) "What be ye goin' to do with them two chaps?" "Does your mother know?" and other like soothing remarks.

Judge Hanks was a conscientious justice of the peace; yet he, too, was under the influence of the popular prejudice against the dam. He was much disturbed when called from his breakfast-table into his office-room and informed of his visitors' business. But he could not refuse to hear the complaint against Buzrow.

"Untie his hands first," he said. "Proceed in the proper way."

"If we catch a marauder destroying our property in the middle of the night, is n't the proper

way to tie him and take him before the nearest magistrate?" Mart inquired.

"You have a right to capture him," Judge Hanks replied, "but you have no right to hold him a prisoner any longer than is necessary. Untie him!"

"I hate to do it about as badly as the old miser hated to buy his wife shoes," Mart dryly remarked; "but we'll have everything proper, Judge."

Manifestly, the knots were not made to untie, and he used his knife. He then made his formal complaint, while Buzrow stood by, gloomily rubbing his wrists.

"Whereabouts in the river do you say he was?" Judge Hanks stopped writing, to inquire.

"Not far from the middle, but I should think a little nearer the Tammoset side," Mart answered.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I'm not positive as to that. I only know he came to our side pretty quick after he was noosed!"

Buzrow, being asked if he wished to make any statement, began with the old hackneyed denunciation of the obstruction in the river. The judge interrupted him.

"On which side of the center of the river were you? I wish to know"—this was spoken very significantly—"which town the offense was committed in. Was it Tammoset or Dempford?"

Buzrow took the hint. "In Dempford," he answered, stoutly.

Could he swear it? He could swear it. Judge Hanks then said:

"The complainant is uncertain which town the offense was committed in, but thinks it was in Tammoset. The defendant is positive it was in Dempford. Dempford being in another judicial district, this Court has no authority in the case. It is accordingly dismissed."

"Is this—what you call—the proper thing, Judge?" Mart asked. "Aint it a funny kind of law?"

"How so?" said the judge, severely.

"Why," Mart explained, "if it could be proved he did the act with one foot in Tammoset and the other in Dempford,—he illustrated his point by setting two fingers astride a crack in the judge's table,—"then, I suppose, you would have jurisdiction over one leg,"—lifting a finger,—"while the Dempford court would have jurisdiction over the other leg,"—comically crooking up finger number two. "Funny kind of law, Judge, I should say!"

Even the Court had to smile, and there was a broad grin on the blood-smear'd Buzrow countenance, as the bearer, who had, perhaps, the best reason to laugh of anybody, walked out of the door a free man.

The Tinkhams had still further experience of the curiosities of the law when, complaint having been duly made before a Dempford magistrate, warrant issued, and offender arrested, they confronted him on the evening set for his examination.

Lawyer Snow, employed by Buzrow, cross-examined Mart.

"Which side of the river was he on when you saw and captured him?"

"Very near the center," said Mart; "but he says he was on the Dempford side."

But it turned out that Buzrow did not wish to swear at all, now that he was in a Dempford court of justice. Consequently, as there was no evidence that he had committed any offense in that town (the Tinkhams being unable to summon any of his companions as witnesses), the case was again dismissed.

Yet the brothers enjoyed a moral, if not a legal, triumph. Mart had an opportunity to describe in open court, in the presence of spectators, the manner in which Buzrow was lassoed and bound,



THE TINKHAMS LEAD BUZROW TO THE HALLS OF JUSTICE.

"No matter what he says. I want to know what you say."

"He swore before Judge Hanks——"

"I don't care what he swore before Judge Hanks! Which side of the center of the river do you say he was on?"

"I am willing to take his word in this matter," said Mart, "though, perhaps, I would n't in anything else."

"We want *your* word, and no hearsay evidence," said the lawyer. "Did n't you swear, in your complaint made to Judge Hanks, that you thought the defendant was nearer the Tammoset than the Dempford shore? Did you or did you not?"

"I did," said Mart. "But he swore——"

"No matter what he swore there! He will have a chance to swear here, if he wishes to."

how the sponge was found in his hat, and how he was marched into Tammoset village that rainy morning; which, with other particulars, related in the oldest brother's droll way, covered with ridicule the braggart Buzrow, and did not greatly help the cause of the Argonauts.

One point especially served to exunguish the boaster's pretensions.

"I suppose I ought to have been afraid of his fists," Mart said, incidentally, describing the capture; "for I had heard they were like his father's, and that his father once knocked down——"

"Never mind about that!" broke in Lawyer Snow, amidst an uproar of laughter.

Mart had said enough. Buzrow never liked to hear the feat of the paternal fist alluded to after that.

Seeing that the public enjoyed a good laugh at the burly pretender, the local editor had the tact to print a pretty full report of the trial, which now lies before me, filling a page and a half of Mart's scrap-book.

The same number of the paper contained an advertisement of articles found by the Tinkham brothers:

"The boat-sponge Mr. Buzrow carried in his hat. Left on the premises.

"Two axes and a crowbar, picked up in the river. One ax badly damaged.

"Also a log-chain, found locked about the mud-sill. In good condition.

"All which the owners can have by calling at the Tinkham Brothers' mill, proving property, and paying for this advertisement."

Needless to say, the articles were never called for.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A BOAT-LOAD OF GIRLS.

AND now the dam got into politics. Crowbar and log-chain measures had so far failed. The injunction business had fallen through. Strenuous but futile efforts had likewise been made, as the brothers learned, to have it indicted as a nuisance by a grand jury.

So now, Tammoset and Dempford were clamoring to have it abolished by statute!

The next election of representatives to the State legislature was to turn upon this important question. All other issues were to be sunk, and no candidates countenanced who were not pledged to "some measure for promoting the free navigation of our beautiful river."

"An act defining navigable streams in terms broad enough to cover our beloved Tammoset is what we demand, and what we are bound to have. Look to it, voters of Tammoset and Dempford! Who shall carry our banner the coming year?"

The local newspaper furnished a good many paragraphs of this sort, which the Tinkham brothers read with amusement and cut out for their scrap-book.

And the tide-mill was still going!

Business was good. The pin-wheels, rocket-sticks, and other wooden fixtures were finished and delivered to Cole & Company, to be manufactured into fireworks for the "Glorious Fourth." From dolls' carriages, the brothers advanced to baby carriages; and Lute was inventing an improved seed-sower, of which he got a hint while watching the farmers at their work.

The boat was also completed and launched; and on a still evening, just at sunset, Letty, with Mart and Rush and Rupe, made a trial trip in it

on the lake. They floated under the overhanging trees; they landed to pick ferns and wild flowers; even Letty tried her hand at the oars; and all agreed that no better boat ever sailed on a lovelier sheet of water.

And now, in the fine June weather, the widow spent many an hour with Letty in the willow-tree, and enjoyed more than one enchanting row, at sundown, on river and lake.

The Tinkhams were beginning to be respected. Mrs. Tinkham went to church in her wheeled chair, with Lute and Letty, and the minister called on her.

"Perhaps he expected to convert you from the evil of your ways in maintaining a d-d-dam," said Lute.

But the conversion was on the other side. "I found her a remarkably intelligent, fine-spirited woman," the parson was reported as saying. "As for the mill question, she is in the right from her point of view. She has a very interesting family."

Then the wife of a prominent physician called. "Partly in the way of business, I suppose," Mrs. Tinkham smilingly explained to her children. "We are naturally looked upon as the doctor's possible patients."

The mill troubles had kept the younger children from entering school. But since the rebuilding of the dam—admired as a heroic feat even by its enemies—the acquaintance of Rupe and Rod had been sought by neighboring boys not in the club. Their popularity now extended even to Tammoset village, where the capture of Buzrow melted many hearts.

Then what a day it was when Tilly Loring came up from Dempford in a boat, at flood tide, with three other girls, stopped at the mill, and inquired of Rush—who went out to them, with joyful trepidation—if Letty was at home!

Letty was at home. He made the boat fast to the platform, and steadied it while they got out. And what a happy, foolish, blushing boy he was, in his paper cap, with paint on his hands, which he awkwardly wiped on his workman's frock, and yet did not dare offer, by way of help, to one of those light-footed, disembarking girls!

He was not afraid of Miss Loring. Oh, no! Nor of her friend Sarah Ball, whom he had seen with her once or twice in the city. But there was something about the other two girls which made him almost think they regarded him as a joke.

A dazzling vision of one of them had appeared to him before in that old mill. How well he remembered the charming Syl Bartland, who had brought her brother's message! The other was her companion of that day, whom he did not see, and who was so piqued at having missed seeing him.

If Rush had known how much they had talked of him and his brothers and their exploits, and how nervously eager, yet half afraid, Miss Mollie Kent had been to meet him, he would have guessed why they looked so amusingly conscious of hidden fun, and he, too, would have wanted to laugh.

Tilly Loring took her companions up the path over the bank, and then what little screams and kisses and joyful exclamations there were, as Letty met them at the door!

They were not gone long. They could stay but five minutes, they said. But Letty would not let them off so. She took them to the seats in the willow-tree, after they left the house; and the charm of the place or of their own society was such, that there they remained for at least half an hour longer, making a picture to the eyes and music to the ears of the boys behind the open windows of the mill.

The mill was not going, and if the brothers had stopped hammering they might have heard every word that was said. They were, indeed, tempted to listen, when the talk grew lively and loud on the subject of the Argonauts and the dam.

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed Lute, "that sister of the late c-c-commodore actually stands up for 'em!"

"Was it she who said the most of 'em are good fellows and want only what is right?" Mart asked. "Well! that may be so, but they've an odd way of showing it."

Rush would n't believe it was Miss Bartland who said it. But Lute was sure.

"The r-r-rest," he insisted, "are all on our side. I'm confident they are. I g-g-guess Tilly has talked 'em over."

At length, the girls left the tree, and Letty took them into the mill to appeal to her brothers on some point in dispute and to show where Buzrow had been caught.

Once in the mill, they became interested in other things. Rush was painting a doll's carriage; and Syl Bartland, with the prettiest arch smile, asked him to explain how the wheels were

made,—merely to make him talk for Mollie Kent, he half believed.

Then some of Lute's toys attracted attention, one especially which he was at work on at the time.

He called it a water-glass. It was like a big tunnel, two feet long, except that the smaller end



"THE BOAT WAS ALSO COMPLETED AND LAUNCHED."

was shaped to fit a pair of eyes, and in the large end a disk of plain glass was fitted. On one side was a handle.

It was not exactly a t-t-toy, he said, and he was not making it to sell. It was for use in examining objects beneath the surface of the water.

"Plunge the glass below the r-r-ripples and reflections," he explained, "then shut out the light from this other end as you look in, and you'll be ast-t-tonished to find how distinctly you can see objects at the b-b-bottom, even of a deep pond."

"It's nothing but a toy, after all," said Syl Bartland. "I did n't know young men cared for toys!"

She laughed. Lute smiled behind his spectacles, and said, simply, "P-p-perhaps!" not deeming it expedient to explain further what the "toy" was for.

He had lately hung a little bell under his work-bench, and had connected with it a copper wire running down under the mill floor, and extending the whole length of the mud-sill, in such a way that any tampering with the foundations of the dam would instantly give a signal tinkle. The water-glass was designed for the occasional rapid examination of this wire, to see that it remained in place.

A toy, indeed! But whether it was to prove useful or not in providing against the machinations of the Argonauts, it was destined soon to serve a more serious purpose, little suspected now by the laughing Syl, or even by Lute himself.

The brothers, especially Lute and Rush, were a little nervous under the fire of the visitors' bright eyes. But their diffidence became them well; they could hardly have appeared to better advantage in swallow-tail coats, at a ball, than they did there in the mill, with their simple, modest manners, and in their working-day clothes. What a quaint, unpretending, noble fellow was Mart! Where was there another boy of seventeen so frank, fresh-looking, and sensible as Rush? And Lute; how earnest, sympathetic, and interesting, with his delightful stammer! How proud Letty was of them all!

"And these," said Tilly Loring, when once more afloat with her three companions, returning to Dempford with the ebb, "these are the mean, obstinate men who take all the water for their factory and don't leave any for the boats! Oh, what a goose I was!"

"But you must admit," Syl Bartland replied, "that sometimes when it is low water, they *do* shut it off so there is very little left, and that the dam *is* in the way!"

"I don't care if it is!" cried Mollie Kent, merrily, as with gloved hand she pulled her oar. "I hope they'll keep it; and I think it will be fun to come up some time, just we girls, and make them pull up their flash-boards for us! Will you?"

"O Mollie! Mollie! you are incorrigible!" said Syl. But she, too, looked as if she thought it would be fun.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE."

HAVING seen the girls off, Mart went straight to his work-bench and pulled a folded bit of paper out of a crack.

"What's that?" cried Rush. "Where did it come from?"

"It came from a pretty pair of fingers," Mart answered. "I'm going to see what it is."

He unfolded the paper and read these words, penciled in a pretty, school-girl hand:

"In strictest confidence. Look out for your dam on the night of the Fourth."

He showed it to Lute and Rush, who read it with puzzled surprise, wondering whether it were meant for a serious warning or a joke.

"Which pair of p-p-pretty fingers left it?" Lute asked. "I think it was that Miss Kent, and she is a little b-b-bundle of mischief!"

"No, it was n't Miss Kent."

"It could n't be that demure Sarah Ball!" exclaimed Rush. Mart shook his head. "Nor Tilly?"

"Nor Tilly! Guess again."

"There's only one more guess, and that's absurd. Miss Bartland defends the Argonauts; and if she left it, why," Rush exclaimed, "then I'm sure it's a joke!"

"She left it," replied Mart; "and if you had seen the look she gave me at the time, you would be as sure as I am that it's no joke at all."

"She's d-d-deep!" commented Lute, reading again the words of warning.

"Anyhow," said Mart, "she's no light feather of a girl, to be blown this way and that in her opinions by the people she happens to be with. To tell the truth, I thought all the more of her for standing up a little stiffly for the Argonauts, when Letty and Tilly were abusing 'em."

"Well, I forgive her!" said Rush, with a radiant look at the billet. "We'll act as if it was no joke, anyway! They must n't catch us napping on the night of the Fourth."

"Nor any night, for that m-m-matter. I've fancied all along they were getting ready for something sudden and t-t-tremendous," said Lute. "I've an idea!"

"Something new?" said Mart.

"R-r-rather new. I've been e-e-considering it. There's that old pump-log we got with Dushee's rubbish. We can make a e-c-cannon of it."

"A cannon!" exclaimed Rush. "How so? What for?"

"Plug one end; put iron b-b-bands around the butt. Then load with sand, to sweep the d-d-dam, in case of any v-v-very sudden attack."

"O Lute!" said Rush, almost dancing with delight. "We'll get it all ready, and fire it off on the Fourth to try it!"

"Are n't you afraid you'll hurt some of the Argonauts, or frighten their horses?" said Mart, with drawling seriousness; but there was a twinkle in his eye which boded danger to marauders. "You're a reckless fellow, Lute! Let's go and look at your log."

It was, indeed, no false word of warning which the brothers had received. This time, the little commodore had taken the matter in charge; he

had consulted a mining engineer, and with his help had formed a plan which could hardly fail to succeed.

There was to be no stealthy attempt at carrying it out. On the contrary, the Argonauts were to come down the river in a fleet of boats on the night of the Fourth, making a great noise of singing and cheering and laughter and splashing of oars; under cover of which, quick and precise preparation was to be made by scientific hands for blowing up the dam.

"That 's the way to do it!" said Web Foote to the committee on obstructions, flinging back his hair.

"That 's the way to do it!" one of the said committee repeated to his friend Lew Bartland, one evening, at the late commodore's home,—“in strictest confidence,” as he declared.

Lew was not pleased with the plot, yet felt himself in honor bound not to divulge it. But a part of the conversation had been accidentally overheard by one who had fewer scruples.

Sylvia had learned of her brother to respect the attitude of the mill-owners. And though she believed the Argonauts had a right to the river, she was equally sure that in their manner of

enforcing that right they had put themselves outrageously in the wrong. She had not wished to hear the disclosure of their latest plot; she had tried to shut her ears against it. But she had been compelled to listen to it, and it had filled her with indignation.

"Can't they carry on their little war against those boys—fifty against five," she said to herself, (for the club was now so large)—“without getting help from professional men outside? I'm ashamed of them!"

Then came the opportunity to go up the river with her friends; and sitting with them in the willow-tree, hearing Letty's eloquent story of her brothers' wrongs, the impulse seized her to scribble those words of warning on the blank leaf of a letter; “in strictest confidence,” quoting the Argonautic phrase. She trembled afterward to think what she had done. But how could she be sorry?

This was on the first. By the fourth, arrangements on both sides, for attack and defense, were as complete as they could be made, while the Tinkhams remained ignorant of the details of the plot, and the Argonauts knew nothing of the alarm-wire and the wooden cannon loaded with sand.

(To be concluded.)

THE SQUASH CLASS.

BY J. G. HADDINGTON.

THE Mayfair household were in a state of great commotion. It was the morning of the first Monday in September, and the day when school was to begin, after the long summer vacation.

The children had been in high glee half an hour before. Their tongues had made a perfect Babel of the house since their early waking; school-mates had been talked about, school-seats, school-desks, school-satchels, and school-games; and when the last shoe had been buttoned, the last bow tied, they simultaneously uttered the word “*school-books!*” and rushed in a body to the room where, late in June, they had left their manuals in neatly arranged rows. They stopped short in their merry tumble over each other; for one instant there was ominous silence; then a variously pitched wail broke forth, for the shelves which should have held their books confronted them with staring emptiness.

Their helplessness and indignation took expression according to their peculiar characters. Ned

kicked the door-panel, and banged with his pudgy fists till the sound reëchoed through the house. Mabel began to take the starch out of her clean white apron with her tears. Georgie lay prone on the floor in sullen silence, and Mollie rushed about exclaiming in shrill, angry tones:

“It's that good-for-nothing Roxie again! I'll just shake her, I will!”

Mamma, followed by three-year old baby Roxie, came up in haste to see what dreadful disturbance had arisen among her little folk. At sight of the little toddler, the wrath of the elder children seemed, if possible, to increase.

“We can't go to school now, you naughty little thing!” shouted Ned; and Mollie's threatening “Tell us where they are! Tell us where they are!” made the generally petted baby-sister run and hide for protection in the mother's skirts.

Plainly, Roxie was the offender. But Mamma sought to adjust matters, and said calmly:

"Roxie, where are the books? Think carefully, and tell us!"

But the little quivering lips only stammered:

"*Roxie has n't me-mem-ber!*" and all knew at once that the only thing to be done was to search and search until the missing books were found. So, with Mamma leading, the children filed out gloomily and began to look in all directions. Upstairs and down-stairs they went, Papa and aunts joining in the general hunt as the case grew more mysterious. All the rooms were gone through; all the passage-ways investigated;—little Roxie accompanying and seeming to enjoy it all, as if it were some game like "Hunt the thimble." But would the books be found in time for school! It grew near the time when the children should be off, and still the search was unsuccessful.

Roxie had mislaid books before; had been talked to, and even mildly punished for it. Lest you should think she did it maliciously, we will explain for her.

Almost every child has a mania for *playing* school-teacher, after once beginning to attend school; and Roxie had been seized with this mania early. She had never yet been in a school-room, nor did she know a single letter of the alphabet. All her conception of study, gathered from watching her brothers and sisters, consisted in holding a book in her lap, lowering her face close over it, and swaying her little body back and forth with a buzzing accompaniment of lips and voice that was very comical to witness. She had a perfect craze for books at the time of our story; and when the children were out at play their methodically arranged piles of school-books were often ruthlessly mixed and scattered, so that when they were again wanted the woful owners went complaining to Mamma over Little Mischief's doings. Sometimes the missing books were found lying open on different chairs, each of which Roxie had peopled with a scholar; sometimes distributed in the same way over the steps of the hall or cellar stairs, until there were fears that some one would be dangerously hurt by stumbling over them.

But where could she have been teaching last? Where could the missing books be, this morning? The more hopeless the search became, the more

animated the searchers grew. School hour came and passed, and the excited children exclaimed that they never would forgive Roxie for this crowning piece of mischief.

Papa, who also was detained from his office, finally took the little culprit aside, lifted her on his knee, and tried to help her recollect what seemed to have slipped out of her memory altogether. His effort was in vain. Little Roxie felt the importance of the occasion, and her position as the central figure, and, giving her imagination loose rein, named most impossible places: "*New 'Ork*" (a hundred miles away); "*At Auntie Em's*" (a day's ride in the country); and such like answers. Every part



THE SQUASH CLASS.

of the house and yard had been searched. The family stood waiting upon every chance word that fell from the child's lips, if possibly any one of them might give a clew; for the books had to be found; the children would have to go to school in the afternoon. Some one suggested the barn, and a rush thither ensued. A row of eggs in regular order showed that Roxie had been drilling scholars there; but a thorough search afforded no trace of the books.

It was getting near the dinner-hour by this time, and Mamma, pausing in the search to give orders to Bridget, chanced to mention "squashes" as among the things to be prepared for the meal. But at the sound of the word, Roxie instantly flew toward the garden, exclaiming, "*My skosh! My booful skosh!*" They hardly knew why they followed her, for squashes had no association with books; but, reaching the plot in the garden, each and every one of them was convulsed with laughter.

The search for the books was over.

The artist auntie begged that Roxie's garden school should be left undisturbed till the books were needed for the afternoon; and, hurrying to the house, she brought camp-stool, drawing materials, and an umbrella. At the dinner table she presented, for the amusement and appreciation of all, a sketch of Roxie's squash class, just as she had left it. The children all voted it

should be sent at once to ST. NICHOLAS, and so here it is.

As for little Roxie, she esteemed herself a heroine instead of a baby in disgrace. And she still delights to point out in the picture, for Mamma's benefit, the "skosh" that would n't study, the one that grew sleepy and would n't stand straight, the one that *would* whisper, and the good one that studied *so* hard.

DORA.

BY HELEN HAYES.

It was a dull, dark day, and a short one. The sun went down behind the hills early, leaving a little cottage, where an old woman sat knitting, even more dismal and dark than it had been before. It was not much better than a hut, with two or three rooms, and was wretchedly old and worn out; and the old woman who lived in it was quite as forlorn. She was a bent, withered, wrinkled dame, too mean and miserly to keep herself comfortable. She had money, but it was hidden away in old stockings, and they were hidden in out-of-the-way places, in crevices and crannies, under old broken bowls, or between the layers of her rickety bed.

The house was tumbling down for want of repair; there was not a chair nor a table in it that did not need a leg; the shelf for dishes had not a cup that was not cracked nor a plate without a nip out of it. The pitchers all had broken noses, the pails had no handles, the tea-pot was without a spout, and the iron kettles were rusty and leaky. But this did not matter, for no one ever shared the old dame's crusts, and even beggars thought the place too ill-looking to stop there and ask alms. The neighbors, and none were very near, never crossed her threshold; the only live thing in the hut besides herself was the cat. Had it not been for the many mice and an occasional squirrel, even the cat could not have lived there, for she was never fed by the old woman, whose own food was of the plainest, coarsest kind. Once a week, she hobbled into the town for a little tea, a bit of meat, and a small pail of flour. Upon this very same dark, dismal day, she had bought her supplies, and had come home very weary; so she put a stick on the fire, hung the kettle over it, and took up an unfinished stocking to knit till the water should boil.

Blacker and blacker grew the sky, and the rising

wind made the old shutters creak and the old boards tremble. Dry leaves whirled in the air, but they were the only moving things on the road.

Click, click, went the old dame's needles, for she was used to knitting in the dark, and would not have lighted a candle for the world: such a useless expense as that; no, indeed!

The cat yawned and stretched herself by the scanty blaze on the hearth, then drew up and sat in dignified silence. She seemed to be listening.

There certainly was a sound not made by the wind! It was not unlike the sobbing of a child. It came nearer, then stopped, and a little knock was heard on the door.

The dame thought she must have been dreaming; no one ever knocked at that door, so she went on knitting,—clickety click, clickety click. The cat opened her eyes wider and gave a little flourish of her tail.

Knock, knock! There it was again! So the dame shuffled over to the door, and, poking out her head, cried:

"Who's there?"

"Me, ma'am," said a tiny voice.

"And what do you want?"

"I'm so hungry."

"This is no place to come for food: I have n't enough for myself."

"But I am very tired."

"So am I." And with that the old woman banged the door and came back to the fire.

The sobbing began again, and the wind muttered and growled in the chimney and moaned about the eaves. The cat's eyes grew greener, and her tail lashed about. She drew herself up even more than before; and then, to the dame's utter surprise, the cat said:

"You have made a great mistake."

"How so?" returned the dame, dropping the knitting, and peering over her glasses, as if it was their fault she had not heard aright.

"You have turned away peace and plenty from your door," said the cat, very grandly.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old woman.

"I tell you again, you will rue it," said the cat.

"Are you sure?" asked the dame, impressed by the cat's dignified and positive manner.

"Quite sure," said the cat; "she would have brought you GOLD."

That magic word made the dame start.

"Who would have brought me gold?" she asked.

"The child."

"Who is she?"

"No matter," said the cat.

"Is it too late to call her back?" inquired the old woman anxiously, and shuffling again toward the door.

"Try," said the cat.

The dame opened the door, but the night was too dark to see anything. In spite of her deafness, however, she thought she heard a cry. She groped her way in its direction, and there, crouching under a corner of the rickety old fence, was the self-same child.

"Come with me," said the dame; and the child arose and followed her.

When they had come back to the house, they found the cat curled up in a heap, and apparently asleep. The dame muttered angrily about being so foolish as to listen to what a cat said. But just then she heard a low "Take care!"

It could have come only from the cat, for the child was warming its poor little hands before the tiny blaze, and the kettle had begun to sing.

Then the old woman took out a candle, lighted it, and surveyed the child.

She was a little creature, thin, and half-starved looking, but her eyes were of the soft blue of wild violets, and her hair was yellow as sunshine.

"What is your name?" demanded the dame, peering at the little girl.

"Theodora, or 'Dora' as Mamma called me."

"Where is your mother?"

"In heaven."

"And you: where did you come from; where are you going?"

"I'm trying to find Mamma."

Nothing more could the old woman draw from the sobbing little creature. But her old, withered heart began to pain her. Some dim, far-off recollection stirred a faint feeling of pity; something in the child's words and wistfulness roused the old dame to warm the little feet and bathe the little

face, and give the child a taste of food and drink, and place her beneath the warm bed-clothes.

The dame rose early next day, and made a fire while the child still slept; and as she was blowing the embers, she was sure the cat, who was stretching herself in the chimney-corner, said:

"Be kind! Be careful!"

When the child awoke and had risen, she fell upon her knees and prayed; and the old dame, listening, felt a tear trickle down the wrinkles and fall upon her hand. At once she went to the cupboard and cut a thick slice of bread; and then she watched the child eat it, with a new sensation of pleasure. But the little one, having eaten, came and kissed her, and the poor old woman sat down and cried; for no human being had so much as spoken a kind word to her in years. Then little Dora seemed so sorry, that the old woman dried her tears and began the household work; but Dora begged so hard to do a share, and was so active and handy, that the old dame just sat down and simply watched her.

Hither and thither went the little girl, like a busy domestic fairy. She swept the room, she polished the candlestick, she wiped the table, and folded the cloth; she fed the cat, and the dame said never a word in objection; she filled the kettle and replenished the fire, and then she sat down and asked for some knitting. It took the dame's misty eyes a long time to find extra needles and yarn; but when she saw how fast Dora's little fingers made the yarn spin out, and how swiftly and deftly the stocking grew, she determined to go to the village, that very day, and get some more wool to knit with.

This was a wonderful thing for the dame to do, and, more wonderful still, she sought for one of the old stockings in which she had hid the money, and, taking out a goodly coin, she put it in her pocket and departed.

Never had the dame known the sun to shine so brightly, or her old limbs to feel so light and agile. She laughed at the squirrels that seemed to chatter at her from the tree tops, and she trotted on, with a new, strange feeling underneath her kerchief. In the village, she bought the yarn, and the shop-woman gazed in surprise at the change in her face: where had been a gloomy frown was now a merry twinkle.

Then the old woman bought some pretty blue stuff and a ribbon to match; and a poulterer opened his eyes when she asked the price of a pair of fowls, and paid for them on the spot,—real live rooster and hen. And she tied them by the legs, swung them over her arm, and left the village.

As she neared the hut, she almost feared to enter. What if Dora had gone? What if some one had

come and lured the child away? Where, then, would have been the use of all this expenditure?

But Dora had not gone. At the door, with open arms, and eager face all sunny with smiles, stood the child, and the cat beside her.

They entered the house, and then Dora laughed and danced and clapped her hands to see the old dame stare; for the little hut seemed turned into a bower. Boughs and branches of green hid the once bare walls and the broken places; a bright fire burned on the hearth; the table was set with its homely appointments, but it had also a pitcher filled with purple asters and bright red leaves; a nice little loaf of bread was on the table, too; the floor had been swept, and the kettle sang a merry welcome.

"Where did you get the loaf, child?" asked the old woman.

"I made it, Granny, all by myself, and baked it in the ashes.

"Oh I can bake, and I can brew, and I can fill the kettle too," sang Dora, dancing about, and holding up her little skirts; then, catching up the cat, she romped about till the old dame shook with laughter.

But when the cock and hen were put upon the floor, and their legs untied, Dora was wild with delight. And away she went to look for something to make a house for their comfort. Soon she returned with an old box she had seen out-of-doors, saying:

"This will do nicely. Now we will have fresh eggs every day! I will keep them in this, till you get somebody to make a nice chicken-coop, Granny; and somebody, too, must come with a hammer and nails and mend things up for us; and we will make a rag carpet, and you shall have a new bed. Oh, it will be so nice!"

But Granny looked grave and shook her head; when the cat suddenly drew up and looked very solemn, and Granny was sure she heard a low

"Take care!"

But Dora did not hear. She only danced up to the old woman and kissed her, took off her shawl and folded it, and, putting some tea to draw, made "Granny" sit still by the fire and eat a bit of the little loaf.

The child's kiss again had a strange effect upon the dame; it brought tears to the old eyes, and made her willing to do just as Dora wished.

Then the blue stuff for Dora's dress and the ribbon to match were shown, and there was another shout of glee and a dance of delight, and once more the cat was hugged and old Granny kissed.

Never had the dame known such a day. Never

had her old heart been so gladdened. She seemed to have become a child again, young and fresh and happy. And when night sent long shadows upon the hearth, and the child, after saying her few words of prayer, crept into bed, the old dame knelt down, too, and cried:

"Oh, Lord God! forgive me all my miserly wickedness."

From that day forward, there was a great change in the old hut and its owner. Dirt and untidiness vanished. Dora knitted so fast that the old dame had to send her twice a week for yarn, and the stockings and mittens she made were so strong and so warm, that every one was glad to buy them. More chickens were bought, and there were so many eggs that some had to be sold. A carpenter came from the village and mended the chairs and tables, and put on a new roof. At evening, a ruddy light gleamed through bright window-panes, and in the morning Dora might be seen, with pail on arm, going to milk a meek brown cow which the dame had bought. Good, thick, rich cream was now in the cat's bowl, and she no more had to hunt squirrels and mice. A bright-faced clock ticked over the fire-place, white curtains draped the snowy bed, and peace and plenty abode in the old dame's home.

Dora grew tall and strong, and more and more helpful. The dame sat beside the fire in spotless cap, and did nothing but knit. Neighbors and friends came in and chatted, and were welcome. No more the hungry beggar passed by the door, for all who saw Dora knew that pity and kindness were within her heart. Flowers blossomed in the door-way, and vines crept up the door-posts.

The cat grew older and older, and purred out her happiness; never again had she spoken in audible words, but peace and plenty, ay, and gold, had come to the old dame's hearth.

A strange clergyman, passing one day, asked for a draught to quench his thirst. Dora brought him a brimming glass of sweetest milk.

"Whom shall I thank?" he asked, as he glanced at her lovely face.

"My name is Theodora," she returned.

"That means '*The gift of God*,'" said the stranger, reverently.

Sometimes, the thought of what she would have lost that dreary night, had she refused shelter to the little sobbing child, would come to the old dame's mind; and then she would shiver and bend down to pat the purring pussy. Was it, then, conscience or the cat that had spoken? Whichever it was, the dame never regretted opening her cottage and her heart to little Theodora.

THE BOY AND THE TOOT.

BY M. S.



There was a small boy, with a toot,
 Whom the neighbors all threatened to shoot:
 But the toot the next day,
 Was filled full of clay,
 Which stopped all the toot of the toot



TOM, DICK, AND HARRY, IN FLORIDA.

BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

THE sun that brings perpetual summer to balmy southern climes was shining brightly over the white houses of Pilatka. Amid the shade trees along the streets, the golden yallahaltmacks (sour oranges) hung in bright contrast to the dark and shining foliage of their loftier companions. Graceful festoons of gray Spanish moss draped the boughs of the wild magnolias, whose sweet fragrance, mingling with the scent of many flowers unknown to northern latitudes, perfumes the soft May air; while along the water's edge the presence of myriads of mosquito-like insects suggested



"A PEEP INTO THE FOREST ON THE BANKS OF THE OCLAWAHA"

one of the characteristic discomforts which are mingled with the attractions of life in Florida.

The perfume-laden breeze fanned alike the cheeks of the sallow southern planter, the sun-tanned tourist, the swarthy negro, and the wan and feeble invalid, as they lazily grouped themselves in picturesque lounging attitudes on the dock to watch three lively, bustling youths, who were engaged in hoisting the anchor and setting the sail of a small flat-bottomed boat.

"I say, fellows," presently called out the tallest of the boys, "it's a shame to leave such a chance for a sketch! If those people were posing especially for a picture, they could not form themselves into a finer tableau."

"Oh, give us a rest on sketching and take the tiller!" replied one who answered to the name of Dick. "There, old fellow, now let's show that old 'corn-cracker' down yonder that we Yankee boys can sail a boat."

"Ay! Ay! Dick;—Hard-a-lee!" was the response. "Look out, Tom, or that luggage will be overboard."

And with a loud answering cry of "Hi-yi!" to the farewell cheer from the group on the landing, our three heroes, Tom, Dick, and Harry, went skimming merrily over the coffee-colored waters of the St. John's River.

"Ah!" sighed Harry, while tugging at the rude oar that answered for a rudder. "If we only had the 'Nomad' down here now."

"Yes," answered Tom;—"but this scow-shaped craft can make good time with the wind astern. There,—make the sheet fast with a hitch,—that's it. See how small the people on the dock look now! The 'Nomad,'" he continued, "is a beauty, and no one can deny that she is just the boat for a cruise on Long Island Sound. Yet this open, flat-bottomed boat possesses advantages not to be overlooked. See! she draws but a few inches of water, is as tight as a drum, and what better or more convenient lockers could a fellow want for his luggage than the two water-tight compartments in the square bow and stern? The mast can be taken down at pleasure, and, when supported by the two crotches that I had made at Pilatka, forms an excellent ridge-pole for a tent made of the sail. And last, but not least in your eyes, Harry, this comical little boat is more picturesque than the trim yacht on board of which we made the trip to the Desert Island* last year."

"True," replied Harry, thoughtfully. "There seems to be a natural fitness even in man's handiwork that harmonizes with nature's surroundings."

"Now, Harry, I really must protest," Tom was beginning, with an air of long-suffering endurance finally worn out, when Harry interrupted him in his turn.

"Let me alone, Tom; I never interrupt you when you talk natural history. As I was saying, this craft is a natural accompaniment to the scene.

* See "One Day on a Desert Island," ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1862.

What an entirely to the rough, cold

“There he is go-

But Harry was bound to finish, and placidly continued:

“What a peaceful, quiet warmth pervades everything here! See how the white houses of distant Pilatka shine out from among the trees! And look at the bold dash of color on yonder lawn ——”

“Ye-s,” again interrupted Tom, as he busied himself soaking blotting paper with chloroform, and fitting the pieces into wide-mouthed glass vials; “ye-s,” he repeated, as he tightly corked the last bottle and placed it in a side pocket, “the scene has a sleepy look, and that lawn reminds me of a big red patch in a green bed-quilt. It excited my curiosity when ashore, and I found on examination that, instead of grass, the ground is covered with a mass of red flowers growing very closely together. It was not until I leaned over the fence that I could tell to a certainty what gave such a brilliant hue to the vegetation. But I say, Harry, what’s the matter with Dick? He sits up in the bow like a knot on a log, as solemn as an owl! There, let me have the tiller while you rouse him!”

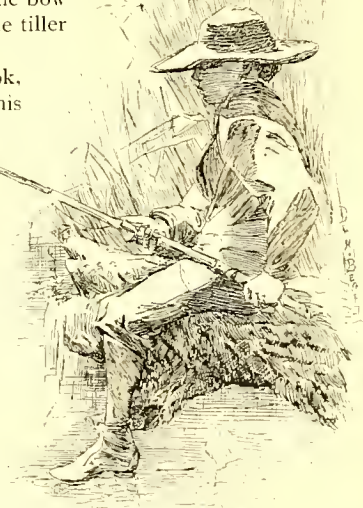
Dick’s usually jolly face had indeed a solemn and abstracted look, and he did not deign to reply to Tom’s chaff. The fact was, that this tireless sportsman was beginning to be a little disappointed. Florida had, so far, failed to come up to his expectations. Where were the myriads of ducks? Where the banks lined with the martial-looking flocks of the heron tribes? Where the much talked of alligators?

These were the questions the young hunter was mentally revolving, and which gave his countenance its present woe-begone look. He replied to his companion’s half-joking inquiry by an impatient gesture, and, pointing to some distant ducks, he muttered something very uncomplimentary to the race of beings whom he denominated “pot hunters.”*

“Why, Harry,” exclaimed he, “when we were aboard the steamer I sometimes felt ashamed of my gun-case,—not that it is shabby-looking,” he added quickly, “nor because ‘old Baldface’” (here he affectionately patted the clean brown barrels of his breech-loader) “ever did ought to shame his owner: but because every man, woman, and child aboard that boat seemed to have fire-arms of some description, with which they kept up a constant fusillade, aimed at every living thing we

different theme for a picture we have here, in strong contrast sentiment of our rocky old Sound!”

ing it on pictures again,” protested the naturalist.



* A term applied to those who shoot game out of season.

passed. I shall be ashamed to look game in the face——”

“Perhaps that unpleasant contingency will not be forced upon you,” interrupted Harry.

“Well,” said Dick, quite soberly, “there is not, I am sure, an alligator left in the St. John’s large enough to frighten a cat.”

Hardly were the last words out of Dick’s mouth, when there was a terrible splash alongside the boat.

“Look out! there, she jibes! Goodness! what *was* that?” said Harry, as he perched himself upon the gunwale of the boat and wiped the water from his eyes. “I thought you knew better, Tom, than to jibe a cranky boat like this, when going before the wind!”

“It was all my fault,” acknowledged Tom. “I attempted to sail up close to that old log to see why it looked so peculiar, and when the boat was so near that I could almost touch the log with my hand, the old snag split in two, and half of it came near tumbling into the boat. Strangest thing I ever saw!”

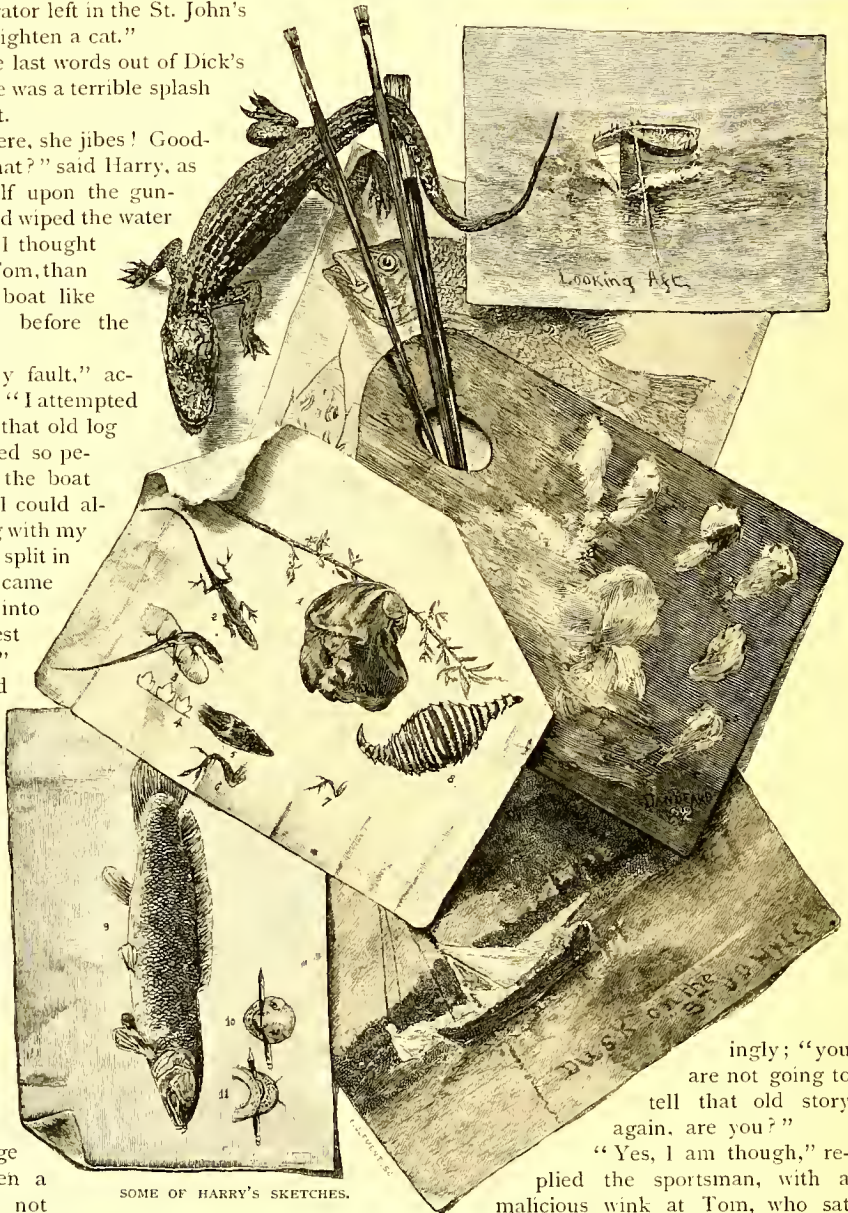
“Yes,” answered Harry, dryly, as he pointed to some object that was swimming off, leaving a long wake in the water; “it was a very lively *log*! And there it goes, with the tip of its scaly yellow and black tail and the end of its snout above the water. A *log*, indeed! It is one of Dick’s little ‘gators, not large enough to frighten a cat! It really is not

more than twelve feet long,—the little dear! Oh! oh!” laughed the artist. “Tom, the celebrated naturalist, mistakes an alligator for a log, and Dick, the nimrod, is too astonished to shoot!”

“Harry,” retorted Dick, “how about that sand-

hill crane at Jacksonville—or rather, that pair of cranes? I think that is too good a joke to keep. I’m going to tell it to Tom. You deserve to be laughed at; so here goes.”

“Now, Dick,” remonstrated Harry, half laugh-



SOME OF HARRY'S SKETCHES.

ingly; “you are not going to tell that old story again, are you?”

“Yes, I am though,” replied the sportsman, with a malicious wink at Tom, who sat looking back at him, the picture of expectancy.

“No, let me make a donation of myself and tell the story,” pleaded Harry.

“Too late, my boy,” laughed Dick. “As I said before, here goes. Tom, you remember how the

old fish-hawk prevented Harry from sketching her nest? Well, our bold knight of the pencil has had another brush."

"There!" retorted Harry, "you know you only wanted to tell that story in order to gain the dishonor of that bad pun."

"While we were looking through the shops of Jacksonville, and waiting for the boat," continued Dick, unheeding the interruption, "Harry went off to make a sketch. Some tame sand-hill cranes, belonging to the curiosity-shop man, were stalking around town, showing off before strangers and picking up dainty morsels here and there, when they espied Harry hard at work painting. Now these birds possess a great amount of curiosity, and the strange position and actions of our artist excited in them a desire to see what the funny human animal was doing, so they both slyly approached him. The foremost bird, the better to investigate the matter, thrust his head quietly under the arm of our industrious, preoccupied friend. As the latter looked down to select a proper tint from his palette, imagine his astonishment to see a red-topped, long-beaked head between him and his colors. Jumping to his feet, Harry administered a blow with the painty side of his board, which made a highly artistic landscape of the bird's head and set it cackling with rage, flapping its wings and calling to its mate. The two cranes darted at the now terrified artist and chased him through the streets of Jacksonville, to the great delight of the colored boys, who shouted with glee to see the Yankee boy run from a pair of "red-tops."

"That's about all, Dick," said Harry. "I have now been duly punished, and will never again dare to poke fun at so magnanimous and great a hunter."

Thus a running fire of conversation was kept up, each one of the boys laughing with a hearty good will at the sallies of his companions, even if the joke happened to be upon himself, until at last Harry called out:

"There is the island, boys! Let me see the notes. Tom. Ah, here it is. 'Rembert or Drayton's Island; N. E. side, low and swampy; higher lands back; shell formation; wooded with sweet-gum, live oaks, smooth-barked hickory, and magnolias.' Yes, this must be the place. Let's put into that cove, Tom."

"All right," answered the helmsman. "Stand by the down-haul, and be ready to drop sail."

"Ay! ay!" answered the other boys, and in a few moments the flat bottom of the boat slid noisily over the moist shore, as the bow ran up on the beach

Just as the boys were about to jump ashore, Tom stepped forward excitedly and cried out in great alarm: "For your life, Dick, don't move!"

Dick naturally stood as motionless as a rock, while Harry stared first at one and then the other of his companions. The naturalist thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a wide-mouthed bottle, uncorked it, and with a lead-pencil skillfully knocked into it a small object from the sleeve of the horror-stricken Dick.

"A mule-killer! Hurrah!" shouted Tom, in rapture, as he quickly replaced the cork in the bottle. "Look at that sting, Dick!—fully one and one half inches long."

"Thanks for the implied compliment," retorted Dick, upon whose brow the beads of cold perspiration stood. "But if I am a mule, I had much rather die at work in my harness than be killed by any such horrid-looking, scaly brown bug as that!"

"It is not a bug, Dick," replied Tom, as he gazed fondly upon his prize, which the chloroform had already either stupefied or killed. "It is a kind of scorpion."

"Tom is always the first fellow to find game," said Harry, "and now that he has settled the mule-killer, let us pick out our camping ground and cook something, for I am as hungry as a wolf. It must be about half-past two."

"Yes, lacking three minutes, New York time," said Dick.

The three boys sprang ashore, and before long had discovered a plantation where there was a well of good water, some orange-trees, and a banana grove with ripe and unripe fruit.

This, indeed, looked something like the Florida they had read about. While they were examining some tall, strange-looking palm-trees, which Tom pronounced to be date palms, a gentleman came from the house, and observing the three boys, evidently strangers, hospitably invited them in to a dinner of unlimited fruit, corn-bread, and pork.

With the exception of two plantations (the Calhoun orange grove, eighty or more years old, and Wright's place), Rembert Island appeared to be unoccupied, and was wild and tropical enough to satisfy even the fastidious taste of Dick.

Harry was delighted with the odd forms assumed by the vegetation. There were the decorative fan-shaped leaves of the *latinia*, or scrub palmetto, which covered the waste places with almost impenetrable thickets, and here and there along the edge of the clearings were the trunks of a strange plant, which twisted like a serpent on the ground, and then, turning up at the end, presented a crown armed with a formidable array of sharp, spike-like leaves, from which the plant derives its name of Spanish bayonet.

The thickets and swamps afforded a safe retreat for many wild animals, which there lived almost as free a life as did their ancestors, when the moc-

eased foot of the painted savage left its print in the yielding soil, and was the only sign of human life in the vast southern wilderness.

There was a pond upon the island frequented by a large number of water-fowl, where Tom, one morning, secured a pair of beautiful roseate spoon-bills, and where Dick was wont to travel, the report of his gun, "Old Baldface," always telling of a new specimen for the naturalist, or a dinner of fresh meat for them all.

Harry tramped or sailed about on voyages of discovery, until there was not a picturesque cove or vine-covered tree, within a circuit of ten miles, of which he did not have one or two sketches in his portfolio.

And Tom, with his pins and fatal bottles, played havoc among the creeping and flying insects; while his collection of bird-skins was destined to be the envy of many a stay-at-home book-naturalist, as Tom contemptuously termed them.

Late one afternoon, the boys were seated around a crackling camp fire of blazing pine knots, feeling very comfortable with the prospect of a good cup of tea and a relish of crackers and cheese before them, when a strange step was heard, and, looking up, the boys saw as odd a boy as they had ever encountered. He had high cheek-bones and a copper-colored face, and instead of wearing the traditional ivory-displaying grin of the conventional negro, his countenance was subdued even to gloom. He was attired in an old buckskin coat, two sizes too large for him, and a pair of superannuated overalls. But his face brightened into a positive smile at the sight of their preparations for supper, as he unceremoniously seated himself by the fire. He looked from one to the other of the boys for a moment, and then ejaculated:

"I s'pose yo' s havin' a good time, an' ef yo' wants some fun, old Unele Enos told me dat dar am one of dem young eats pesterin' de chickens. De old eat am dun killed a month ago."

"We're not hunting pussies," said Dick, in a superior manner.

"Dis heah 's no pussy," retorted the lad, "he am a wild-cat; an' I knows whar to fin' him. Ef yo' 's a mind to hab a hunt I'll show yo' de way."

And without waiting for an answer, the young savage started off, leaving the boys undecided what to do.

"I move we eat first and hunt afterward," suggested Tom.

"I'm with you," assented Harry.

Dick looked first at his gun and then at the simmering tea, and laconically remarked: "Tea,—or game? The majority rules."

"Pass around the majority," laughed Harry, as Tom commenced pouring out the tea.

Thoughts of both eat and boy soon faded from the minds of the tired and hungry boys as, with keen appetites, they devoured their evening meal.

The sun was setting when the boys retired to their sleeping quarters, which consisted of a bed of blanket-covered boards in their boat, over which they had pitched an A-shaped tent, open for ventilation at the ends, which, however, were protected by mosquito netting.

The boat was anchored out a little from the land, and all was ready for the night, when a voice rang out through the still air:

"I've got 'im! I've got 'im."

"What 's that? Listen!" said Tom.

"I've got 'im!" repeated the voice, now recognized as belonging to their late visitor.

Without more ado, the three boys jumped into the skiff, and in a few moments were ashore, stumbling over roots, and splashing through water like mad, running pell-mell toward the spot where they had heard the voice.

"He is on the high land," cried Dick. "This way!" and leaping over a fallen tree, he disappeared in the jungle.

"Wonder what he 's got?" queried Harry as, with perspiring face and torn garments, he rested against a palmetto tree.

"The eat, of course," replied Tom, as he bound his handkerchief around his wrist where a sharp thorn had lacerated it.

"Well," quoth Harry, "if the wild eat is anything like those that I have seen in cages, the boy is welcome to keep it, and I don't see why I hurried so."

"Dick must be there by this time," said Tom. "and possibly may need our help."

There was a sudden crackling of branches; and Dick ran by, laughing and mutely pointing back. Tom and Harry ran in the direction indicated, and soon discovered the young Indian in a half-kneeling posture, holding tightly to something under an old root.

The something proved to be a short, scrubby tail, the owner of which was struggling frantically to crawl down the hole; and Harry said it was only a question of how long the tail would last.

Tom was thunderstruck. The bare idea of catching a wild-cat by the tail made the well-read young naturalist shiver; but the ignorant Indian lad knew more of the nature and habits of such creatures than books could teach, and, therefore, when he saw the animal dive into the hole, he knew that, if caught by the tail, it would pull one way as long as he pulled the other. And as the hole was too narrow for the beast to turn, he was safe from claws and teeth until help arrived.

In a little while, the required help came in the shape of Dick, who, all out of breath, bore in his hand a pair of canvas overalls. Thrusting one arm through the lower end of one leg of the trousers, he caught the cat's tail with a firm grasp.

The negro now let go, and while Tom and Harry were gone to the camp for some twine, he pulled the top of the trousers leg over the hole and held it there securely. Dick then slowly pulled the frightened but ferocious animal backward out of the hole

A few days after this adventure, Harry went out for a tramp, and returned to camp, his face radiant with pleasure and self-satisfaction.

"Tom," said he, "I have caught for you some black, some yellow, and some brown lizards. Little beauties, I can tell you!"

Then he carefully opened an old cigar-box in which he usually carried his paints and, as he peeped inside, his eyes opened and his whole face expressed the utmost astonishment.



THE INDIAN BOY CATCHES THE WILD-CAT.

"What is the matter?" asked Tom. "Have they escaped?"

"Escaped! No," said he. "But either I am bewitched, or some wood-nymph has played a trick upon me; for here is a box full of pea-green lizards!"

"*Carolina anolis!*" sententiously remarked Tom.

"Who's she? The wood-nymph? Do you know her?" asked Harry, as he shut the box with a snap. "Well, what I want to know is, how Carrie what's-her-name painted all my specimens bright-green, for I am willing to vouch that nothing green touched that box."

"Except yourself," laughed Tom. "You have

into the trousers leg, not letting go his hold on the tail until the Indian had gathered the top of the trousers together over the animal's head, and tied them securely.

When Tom and Harry returned, the cat was a prisoner, and Dick was scolding and laughing, by turns, at the poor, enraged brute's futile efforts to escape from the improvised bag, which danced and tumbled about in a most comical manner.

been catching what are commonly known as Florida chameleons, and they have changed color in the box. If I were to put them all in alcohol now, they



A COMICAL CAPTIVE.

would again change color, and remain of a dirty yellow hue."

From the mysterious depths of his pockets Tom produced a magnifying-glass. Then, thrusting his hands into the cigar-box, he pulled out one of the squirming reptiles, and, holding it between his thumb and forefinger, handed Harry the glass, saying:

"Look and see how old Dame Nature has adapted the feet of these little rascals for climbing."

Harry looked and saw that the under side of each toe was a cushion, the surface of which was pleated like an old-fashioned shirt-front,—the pleats on the hinder part having their edges turned toward the end of the toe, and the pleats on the forward part having their edges turned toward the heel, thus dividing the cushion in the middle just as the band for the studs divided the shirt-front.

"What's that for, Tom?" asked Harry.

"Look again and see," answered Tom, in a lofty, professor-like manner.

Upon looking a second time, Harry discovered that the edges of the pleats were armed with rows of needle-like points, and the mechanical principles upon which the foot acted dawned upon him.

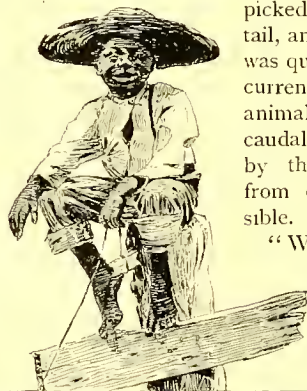
"I see, I see!" he exclaimed. "When the little rascal runs up a wall, the soft pads upon his toes fit and fill any little uneven place beneath them, acting like the leather suckers we used to make; while, at the same time, the little spines pointing downward are brought to bear upon the surface of the wall. But," he continued, "should Mr. Bright Eyes run down the wall, the pads perform their part just as well and are aided by the opposite set of spines and pleats. Hurrah for Tom, the great naturalist!" he shouted, and in his enthusiasm dropped the box from under his arm.

The inmates immediately took advantage of the opportunity to scatter in every direction; seeing which, Harry grabbed at one and caught it by the tail. His sudden cry of horror startled Tom from his fit of laughter; but when a tailless chameleon darted under a stick at his feet, and he saw Harry gazing with consternation on a squirming tail which he held in his hand for a moment, and then dropped twisting and writhing on the ground, he broke out afresh and laughed immoderately.

Harry looked up at last, muttering something about its being his belief that the box had contained imps instead of reptiles.

He was then about to start away, when Tom picked up the still lively tail, and explained that it was quite an ordinary occurrence for this curious animal to part with its caudal appendage, when, by that means, escape from captivity was possible.

"Well," said Harry, changing the subject, "what do you think of this?"



A STUDY OF BIPEDS.

With these words, he opened his sketch-book, and showed it to his companion. Tom's eyes sparkled, and he exclaimed joyously:

“Ha, old fellow! Where *did* you make that sketch?”

“Oh,” replied Harry, in his turn assuming a patronizing air, “the negro fisher-boy I ‘copied from the life,’ and as to those other bipeds, I was creeping up slyly on nothing, after the manner Chitta,* the Indian boy, has taught us, pretending I was stalking a deer, when something across the water caught my eye.

The sun had not yet risen, and there was a slight mist on the river, through which

I saw a lot of long-legged, red-bodied creatures wading and posing

in such a grotesque manner that I forgot the imagi-

nary deer, and,

producing my sketch-book, made the drawing.”

“They are flamingoes, Harry,” said Tom. “Oh! if I had only been with you! Let us go now.”

“Too late,” said Harry. “I slipped off the log in trying to assume a more comfortable position; and although the birds were quite a long distance away, up they flew, their long legs hanging out behind, and disappeared in the distance.”

“The big storm that passed through Florida just before we arrived here must have



HARRY'S ADVENTURE WITH THE CRANES.

driven them inland,” remarked Tom; “for, if I am rightly informed, flamingoes are never seen here. However, from the naturalness of the poses in your sketch, I know that the drawings were made from nature. How happy I should have been to see them!”



* A name meaning “snake.”

"Thanks," remarked Harry to the naturalist, "more for the compliment to my sketch than for the implied doubt of my word. But I suppose you scientific fellows must have hard facts, so here is a sketch of a fish-stork, though I call the whole lot river pirates."

"Harry! Harry!" cried Tom, "that can not be true to nature!"

"There you go again, Tom," said the naturalist, in an injured tone. "Now, I tell you I did not get up before daylight, and tramp and crawl around through mud and water all day without any dinner, merely to draw on my imagination. Old Uncle Enos will bear witness to this."

"He was out fishing this morning, and as I was acting the spy on all nature I watched him. I saw him row ashore and pull up his boat high and dry. Then he went away for

RIVER



something; but he had n't been gone for more than a few minutes, when along came two big birds about the size of swans, but with great long heads with bags hanging from the under side of them.

"'There is something for Tom,' thought I, and as I had no gun, I took out my pencil. Suddenly, to my surprise, one of the birds made for the boat, waddled ashore, and with an awkward flap of its wings tumbled its great body into the skiff. Uncle Enos evidently caught sight of the bird just then; for as it was making a tremendous effort to swallow a whole string of fish at once, the old man shouted at it. At the sound of the voice away went the bird, flapping its huge wings on

the water, and with the string of fish dangling behind."

"That was a pelican, Harry," said Tom. "You have seen enough of them before; so don't pretend ignorance, just to add to the improbable possibilities of your story."

"I say, boys," interrupted Dick at this point, "I do not like to propose it, any more than you; but do you know our time is up? I think that we had better devote to-morrow to gathering our traps together and packing. We must hurry, too, to reach home on time!"

"That is a *home thrust*; but you are right, Dick," responded Tom, with a regretful sigh for the delights he was called upon to leave.

Not many days afterward, the boys landed safely in New York, and were looking after the careful handling of their numerous odd-shaped packages and bundles, which, as might be surmised from the alligator's

foot and an odd-looking bird's head which protruded from one and another, contained their curiosities, trophies, and specimens.

"It does not seem possible, and I can hardly realize the fact, that we are back in New York," remarked Harry. "This whirling a fellow from the wild, silent depths of a Floridian swamp into the midst of the every-day, practical, bustling world, rather upsets me."

"Well, good-bye, boys," said Dick, as they took leave of one another on the pier. "I have ordered all the boxes sent to my house, as we agreed; and if you should feel sufficiently civilized by to-morrow to resume your ordinary store clothes, come around, and we'll unpack them together."

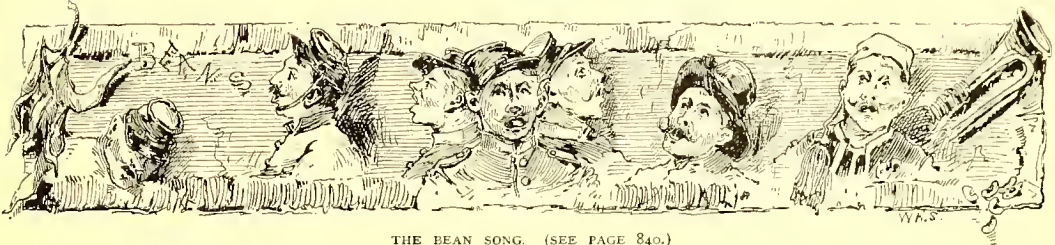
The friends then separated. And so ended their trip to Florida.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

NEW SERIES.

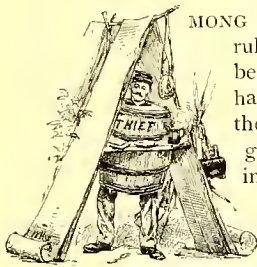
BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.



THE BEAN SONG. (SEE PAGE 840.)

CHAPTER IV.

PAINS AND PENALTIES.



AMONG all civilized nations, the rules of war seem to have been written with an iron hand. The laws by which the soldier in the field is governed are, of necessity, inexorable; for strict discipline is the chief excellence of an army, and a ready obedience the chief virtue of a soldier. Nothing can be more admirable in the character of the true soldier than his prompt and unquestioning response to the trumpet-call of duty. The world can never forget, nor ever sufficiently admire, a Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, the Roman soldier on guard at the gates of perishing Pompeii, or the gallant six hundred charging into the "valley of death" at Balaklava. Disobedience to orders is the great sin of the soldier, and one which is sure to be punished; for at no other time does Justice wear so stern and severe a look as when she sits enthroned amidst the camps of armed men.

In different sections of the army, various expedients were resorted to for the purpose of correcting minor offenses. What particular shape the punishment should assume depended very much upon the inventive faculty of the Field and Staff, or of such officers of the line as might have charge of the case.

Before taking the field, a few citizen sneak-thieves were discovered prowling about among the tents. These were promptly drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogues' March," the whole regiment shouting in derision as the miser-

able fellows took to their heels when the procession reached the limits of the camp, where they were told to be gone, and never show their faces in camp again on pain of a more severe handling.

If, as very seldom happened, it was an enlisted man who was caught stealing, he was often punished in the following way: A barrel, having one end knocked out, and in the other end a hole large enough to allow the culprit's head to go through, was drawn over his shoulders. On the outside of the barrel, the word THIEF! was printed in large letters. In this dress, he presented the ludicrous appearance of an animated meal barrel; for you could see nothing of him but his head and legs — his hands being very significantly confined. Sometimes he was obliged to stand, or sit, as best he could, about the guard-house, or near the Colonel's quarters, all day long. At other times he was compelled to march through the company streets and make the tour of the camp under guard.

Once in the field, however, sneak-thieves soon disappeared. Nor was there frequent occasion to punish the men for any other offenses. Nearly, if not quite, all of the punishments inflicted in the field were for disobedience, in some form or other. Not that the men were at any time willfully disobedient. It very rarely happened, even amid the greatest fatigue after a hard day's march, or in the face of the most imminent danger, that any one refused his duty. But after a long and severe march, a man is so completely exhausted that he is likely to become irritable, and to manifest a temper quite foreign to his usual habit. He is then not himself, and may, in such circumstances, do what at other times he would not think of doing.

If, while we were lying in camp, a man refused to do his duty, he was at once taken to the guard-house, which is the military name for "lock-up." Once there, at the discretion of the officers, he was either simply confined and put on bread and water,

or else ordered to carry a log of wood, or a knapsack filled with stones, "two hours on and two off," day and night, until such time as he was deemed to have done sufficient penance. In more extreme cases, a court-martial was held, and the penalty of forfeiture of all pay due, with hard labor for thirty days, or the like, was inflicted.

In some regiments they had a high wooden horse, which the offender was made to mount; and there he was kept for hours in a seat as conspicuous as it was uncomfortable.

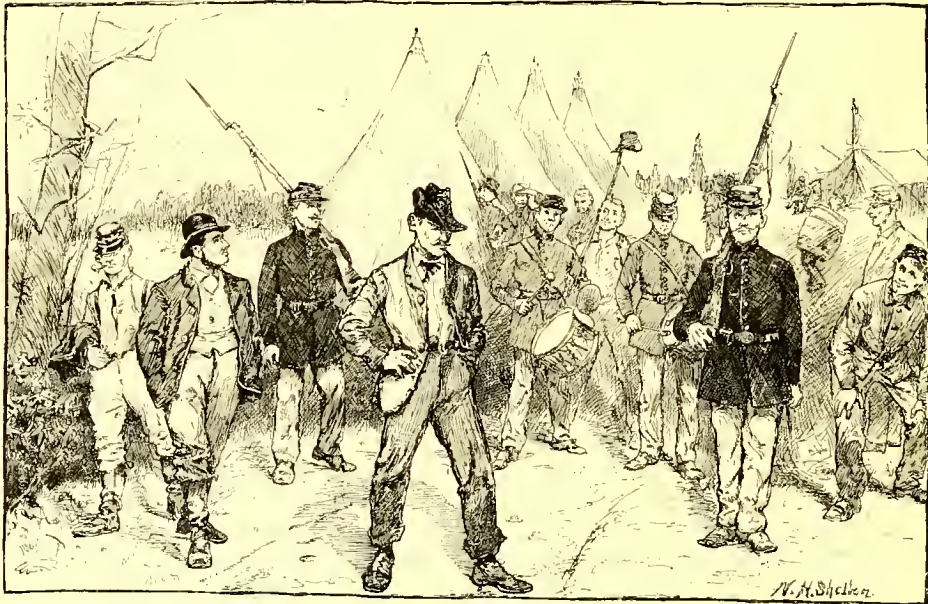
One day, down in front of Petersburg, a number of us had been making a friendly call on some acquaintances over in another regiment. As we were returning home, we came across what we took to be a well, and, wishing a drink, we all stopped. The well in question, as was usual there, was nothing but a barrel sunk in the ground; for at some places the ground was so full of springs that, in order to get water, all you had to do was to sink a box or barrel, and the water

"Why," said the guard, who was standing near by, and whom we had taken for the customary guard of the spring, "you see, comrades, our Colonel has his own way of punishin' the boys. One thing he wont let 'em do—he wont let 'em get intoxicated. If they do, they go into the gopher hole. Jim, there, is in the gopher hole now. That hole has a spring at the bottom, and the water comes in pretty fast; and if Jim wants to keep dry, he's got to keep dippin' all the time, or else stand in the water up to his waist—and Jim is n't so mighty fond o' water, neither."

CHAPTER V.

FUN AND FROLIC.

IN what way to account for it I know not, but so it is, that soldiers always have been, and I suppose always will be, merry-hearted fellows and full of good spirits. One would naturally think that,



DRUMMING SNEAK-THIEVES-OUT OF CAMP.

would soon collect of its own accord. Stooping down and looking into the barrel in question, Andy discovered a man standing in the well, engaged in bailing out the water.

"What's he doing down there in that hole?" asked some one of our company.

"He says he's in the gopher hole," replied Andy, who had already exchanged a few words with the man.

"Gopher hole! What's a gopher hole?"

having every day so much to do with hardship and danger, they would be sober and serious enough. But such was by no means the case with our boys in blue. In camp, on the march, ay, even in the solemn hour of battle, they were always merry. However severe the hardship or nigh the danger, there was ever and anon a laugh passing down the line, or some sport going on in or about the tents. Seldom was there wanting some one noted for his powers of story-telling to beguile the weary hours

about the camp-fire at the lower end of the company street, or out among the pines on picket. Few companies could be found without some native-born wag or wit, whose comical songs or quaint remarks kept the boys in good humor, while,

We always believed that Harter had somehow smuggled a cartridge into that beef of ours while our backs were turned.

A famous and favorite kind of sport, especially when we had been



THE GOPHER HOLE.

at the same time, all were given to playing practical jokes of one kind or other for the general enlivenment of the camp.

We were lying down along the Rappahannock some time in the fall of 1863, when Andy said one day: "Look here, Harry: let's have some *roast* beef once. I'm tired of this everlasting frying and frizzling, and my mouth waters for a good roast. And I've just learned how to do it, too; for I saw a fellow over there in another camp at it, and I tell you it was a success! You see, you take your chunk of beef and wrap it up in a cloth or newspaper, and then you get some clay and cover it thick all over with the clay, until it looks like a big forty-pound cannon-ball; and then you put it in among the red-hot coals, and it bakes hard like a brick; and when it's done, you simply crack the shell off, and out comes your roast, just prime!"

We at once set to work, and all went well enough till Corporal Harter came along. While Andy was off for more clay, and I was looking after more paper, Harter fumbled around our beef, saying he did n't believe we could roast it that way.

"Just you wait, now," said Andy, coming in with the clay; "we'll show you."

So we covered our beef thickly with tough clay, and rolled the great ball into the camp-fire, burying it among the hot ashes and coals, and sat down to watch it, while the rest of the boys were boiling their coffee and frying their steaks for dinner. The fire was a good one, and there were about a dozen black tin cups dangling on as many long sticks, their several owners lounging about in a circle, when, all of a sudden, with a terrific bang! amid a shower of sparks and ashes, the coffee-boilers were scattered to right and left, and a dozen quarts of coffee sent hissing and sizzling into the fire—and our poor roast beef was a sorry looking mess indeed when we picked it out of the general wreck.

lying in camp for some time in summer, or were established in winter quarters, was what was known as "raiding the sutler."

We heard a great deal in those days about "raids"; and it was only natural, therefore, for us when growing weary of the dull monotony of camp life, to look about for some one to "raid." Very often the sutler was the chosen victim. He was selected, not because he was a civilian and wore citizens' clothes, but chiefly because of what seemed to the boys the questionable character of his pursuit—making money out of the soldiers. "Here we are," they would reason; "here we have left home and taken our lives in our hands—in for three years or sooner shot." We get thirteen dollars a month and live on hard-tack, and over there is the sutler, at whose shop a man may spend a whole month's pay and hardly get enough to make a single good meal. It's a mean business."

The sutler never enjoyed much respect; how could he, when he flourished and fattened on our hungry stomachs? Of course, if a man spent the whole of his month's wages for ginger-cakes and sardines it was his own fault; but it was hardly in human nature to live on pork, bean soup, and hard-tack, and not feel the mouth water at the sight of the sutler's counter, with its array of luxuries, poor and common though they were. Besides, the sutler usually charged most exorbitant prices—two ginger-cakes for five cents, four apples for a quarter, eighty cents for a small can of condensed milk, and ninety for a pound of butter. Perhaps his charges were none too high, when his risks were duly considered: for he was usually obliged to transport his goods a great distance, over almost impassable roads, and was often liable to capture by the enemy's foraging parties, beside being exposed to other fortunes of war whereby he might lose all in an hour. But soldiers in

search of sport were not much disposed to take a just and fair view of all these circumstances. What they saw was only this—that they wanted somebody to raid, and who could be a fitter subject than the sutler?

The sutler's establishment was a large wall tent, which was usually pitched on the side of the camp furthest away from the Colonel's quarters. It was, therefore, in a somewhat exposed and tempting position. Whenever it was thought well to raid him, the men of his own regiment would make to the men of some neighboring regiment a proposition in some such terms as this:

"You fellows come over here some night and raid our sutler, and we'll come over to your camp some night and raid yours. Will you do it?"

This courteous offer of friendly offices was usually agreed to; and great was the sport which often resulted. For, when all was duly arranged and made ready, on a dark night when the sutler was sleeping soundly in his tent, a skirmish line from the neighboring regiment would cautiously pick its way down the hill and through the brush, and silently surround the tent. One party, creeping close in by the wall of the tent, would loosen the ropes and remove them from the stakes on one side, while another party on the other side, at a given signal, would pull the whole concern down over the sutler's head. And then would arise yells and cheers for a few moments, followed by immediate silence, as the raiding party would steal quietly away.

Did they steal his goods? Very seldom. For soldiers were not thieves, and plunder was not the object, but only fun. Why did not the officers punish the men for doing this? Well, sometimes they did. But sometimes the officers believed the sutler to be exorbitant in his charges and oppressive to the men, and cared little how soon he was cleared out and sent a-packing; and therefore they enjoyed the sport quite as well as the men, and often imitated Nelson's example when he put his blind eye to the telescope and declared he did not see the signal to cease firing. They winked at the frolic, and came on the scene usually in ample time to condole with the sutler, but quite too late to do him any service.

The sutler's tent was often a favorite lounging place with the officers. One evening early, a party of about a dozen officers were seated on boxes and barrels in the sutler's establishment. All of them wanted cigars, but no one liked to call for them, for cigars were so dear that no one cared about footing the bill for the whole party, and yet could not venture to be so impolite as to call for one for himself alone. As they sat there, with the flaps of the tent thrown back, they could see quite across the camp to the Colonel's quarters beyond.

"Now, boys," said Captain K—, "I see the chaplain coming down Company C street, and I think he is coming here; and if he comes here, we'll have some fun out of him. We all want cigars, and we might as well confess what is an open secret—that none of us dares to call for a cigar for himself alone nor feels like footing the bill for the whole party. Well, let the sutler set out a few boxes of cigars on the counter, so as to have them handy, and you just follow my lead, and I'll see whether we can't somehow or other make the chaplain yonder pay for the reckoning."

The chaplain, it should be said, made some pretension to literature, and considered himself quite an authority in the camp on all questions pertaining to orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, and presumed to be an umpire in all matters under discussion in the realm of letters. So, when he came into the sutler's tent, Captain K— exclaimed: "Good evening, Chaplain. You're just the very man we want to see. We've been having a little discussion here, and as we saw you coming, we thought we'd submit the question to you for decision."

"Well, gentlemen," said the chaplain, with a smile, "I shall be only too happy to render you what assistance I can. May I inquire what is the matter in dispute?"

"It is but a little thing," replied the captain. "You would, I suppose, call it *more a matter of taste* than anything else. It concerns a question of emphasis, or rather, perhaps, of inflection, and it is this: would you say, 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-ár?' or 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-àr?'"

Pushing his hat forward, as he thoughtfully scratched his head, the chaplain, after a pause, responded: "Well, there does n't seem to be much difference between the two. But I believe I should say, 'Gentlemen, will you have a cig-àr?'"

"*Certainly!*" exclaimed they all, in full and hearty chorus, as they rushed up to the counter in a body, and each took a handful of cigars with a "Thank you, Chaplain!" leaving their literary umpire to pay the bill—which, for the credit of his cloth, I am told he did.

CHAPTER VI.

CHIEFLY CULINARY.

IT is a self-evident truth that, if you want men to fight well, you must feed them well.

Of provisions, Uncle Sam usually gave us a sufficiency; but the table to which he invited his boys was furnished with no delicacies and but little variety. On first entering the service, the drawing

of rations was quite an undertaking, for there were nearly a hundred of us in the company, and it takes quite a weight of bread and pork to feed a hundred hungry stomachs. But after we had been in the field a year or two, the call of "Fall in for

the appearance of an ordinary soda biscuit. If you take it in your hand, you will find it somewhat heavier than an ordinary biscuit, and if you bite it—but, no; I will not let you bite it, for I wish to see how long I can keep it. But if you were to re-



A DINNER OF HARD-TACK, COFFEE, AND RICE.

duce it to a fine powder, you would find that it would absorb a greater quantity of water than an equal weight of ordinary flour. You would also observe that it is very hard. This you may, perhaps, think is to be attributed to its great age. But if you imagine that its age is to be measured only by your hard-tack!" was leisurely responded to by only about a dozen men—lean, sinewy, hungry-looking fellows, each with his haversack in hand. I can see them yet, as they sat around a gum blanket spread on the ground, on which were a small heap of sugar, another of coffee, and another of rice, may be, which the corporal was dealing out by successive spoonfuls, as the boys held open their black bags to receive their portion, while near by lay a piece of salt pork or beef, or possibly a dozen potatoes.

Much depended, of course, on the cooking of the provisions furnished us. At first we tried a company cook; but we soon learned that the saying of Miles Standish—"If you want a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others"—applied to cooking quite as well as to courting. We therefore soon dispensed with our cook, and though, when we took the field, scarcely any of us knew how to cook so much as a cup of coffee, a keen appetite, aided by that necessity which is ever the mother of invention, soon taught us how bean soup should be made and hard-tack prepared.

As I write, there lies before me on my table an innocent looking cracker, which I have faithfully preserved for years. It is about the size and has

the years which have elapsed since the war, you are greatly mistaken; for there was a common belief among the boys that our hard-tack had been baked long before the commencement of the Christian era! This opinion was based upon the fact that the letters B.C. were stamped on many, if not, indeed, all of the cracker boxes. To be sure, there were some skeptics who shook their heads, and maintained that these mysterious letters were the initials of the name of some army contractor or inspector of supplies, but the belief was wide-spread and deep-seated that they were certainly intended to set forth the era in which our bread had been baked.

For our hard-tack were very hard. It was difficult to break them with the teeth. Some of them you could not fracture with your fist. Still, there was an immense amount of nourishment in them—when once you had learned how to get at it. It required some experience and no little hunger to enable one to appreciate hard-tack aright, and it demanded no small amount of inventive power to understand how to cook hard-tack as they ought to be cooked. If I remember correctly, in our section of the army we had not less than fifteen different ways of preparing them. In other parts, I understand, they had discovered one or two more

ways; but with us, fifteen was the limit of the culinary art when hard-tack was on the board.

On the march they were usually not cooked at all, but eaten in the raw state. In order, however, to make them somewhat more palatable, you simply cut down a slice of nice fat pork, laid the pork on your cracker, put a spoonful of brown sugar on top of the pork, and you had a dish fit for a soldier. Of course, the pork had just come out of the pickle, and was consequently quite raw. When we halted for coffee, we sometimes had fricasseed hard-tack—prepared by toasting them before the hot coals, thus making them soft and spongy. If there was time for frying, we either dropped them into the fat in the dry state, and did them brown to a turn, or soaked them in cold water and then fried them, or pounded them into a powder, mixed this with boiled rice or wheat flour, and made griddle-cakes and honey. (The honey, however, was usually dispensed with till “this cruel war” was over. Brown sugar was good enough for a soldier.) When, as was generally the case on a march, our hard-tack had been broken into small pieces in our haversacks, we soaked these in water and fried them in pork fat, stirring well, and seasoning with salt and sutler’s pepper, thus making what was commonly known as a “hishy-hashy,” or a “hot-fired stew.”

But, to my mind, the great triumph of the culinary art in camp was a hard-tack pudding. This was made by placing the biscuit in a stout canvas bag and pounding bag and contents with a club on a log, until the biscuit were reduced to a powder. Then you added a little wheat flour (the more the better), and made a stiff dough, which was rolled out on a cracker-box like pie-crust. Then you covered this all over with stewed dried apples, dropping in here and there a raisin or two, just for “auld lang syne’s” sake. The whole was then rolled together, wrapped in a cloth, boiled for an hour or so, and eaten with wine sauce. Usually the wine was omitted and hunger inserted in its stead.

Thus you see what vast and unsuspected possi-

bilities reside in this innocent looking three-and-a-half inch square hard-tack lying here on my table before me. Three like this specimen made a meal, and nine were a ration; and this is what fought the battles for the Union.

The army hard-tack had only one rival, and that was the army bean. A small, white, roundish, soup bean it was, such as you have no doubt often seen. It was not so plastic an edible as the hard-tack, indeed, nor susceptible of so wide a range of use; but the one great dish which might be made of it was so excellent that it threw hishy-hashy and hard-tack pudding quite into the shade. This was “baked beans.” Of course, bean soup was very good, as it was also very common—but, oh, “baked beans!”

I had heard of the dish before, but had never even remotely imagined what toothsome enjoyment lurked in the recesses of a camp-kettle of beans baked after the orthodox backwoods fashion until, one day, Bill Strickland, who hailed from the lumber regions, where the dish was no doubt first invented, invited me to a breakfast of baked beans prepared by himself. Now, if my good reader has ever eaten baked beans, I need not prove to him that they are good; and if he has not, then I can not prove it. The only trouble with a camp-kettle of this delicious food was, that it was gone so soon. How *did* it go so soon? It was something like Father Tom’s quart of ale,—“an irrational quantity, indade; for it was too much for one and too little for two!”

Still, too much of a good thing *is* too much; and one might get too much of beans (except in the state above described), as you will find if you ask some friend or acquaintance who was in the war to sing you the song of “The Army Bean.” And remember, please, to ask him to sing the refrain to the tune called “Days of Absence,” and to pull up sharp on the last word:

“Beans for breakfast,
Beans for dinner,
Beans for supper—
BEANS!”

(To be continued.)

PERSEVERANCE.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

DEAR Polly, these are joyful days!
Your feet can choose their own sweet ways:
You have no care of anything,
Free as a swallow on the wing,
You hunt the hay-field over
To find a four-leaved clover.

But this I tell you, Polly dear,
One thing in life you need not fear:
Bad luck, I’m certain, never haunts
A child who works for what she wants,
And hunts a hay-field over
To find a four-leaved clover!



The little leaf is not so wise
 As it may seem in foolish eyes;
 But then, dear Polly, don't you see,
 Since you were willing carefully
 To hunt the hay-field over,
 You found your four-leaved clover!

Your patience may have long to wait,
 Whether in little things or great,
 But all good luck, you soon will learn,
 Must come to those who nobly earn.
 Who hunts the hay-field over
 Will find the four-leaved clover.

SWEEP AWAY.*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

THE exclamation of Jack Lawrence was caused by the sight of water directly ahead. They had been walking away from the camp, at right angles to the course of the river, and he naturally supposed, as did all the others, that they were upon the main-land. Advancing through the wood, they presently found, however, that they were still separated from the main-land by an arm of the overflow, fully a half-mile wide. This, they presumed, marked the limit of the flood in that direction.

The long stretch of forest and open meadow upon which they had landed was, after all, only a large island.

After gazing awhile at the turbulent river that effectually barred their further progress, Jack philosophically remarked:

"I am sure you two feel like eating some tender roast meat, and I guess Mr. Wheeler has some ready for us by this time."

And so saying, he turned about and started toward camp, pursuing, however, a different course from that followed when leaving it.

But this ramble through the woods was destined to afford them more surprises than they suspected. They had probably passed half the intervening distance, when bright-eyed Dollie called out:

"Oh, is n't that funny? There's a house!"

Such was the fact. Partly concealed by trees, they all now saw a log cabin, of the class common to the poorer districts of the South-west. It was small, containing only two rooms, and there was no evidence of the adjoining ground having been cultivated.

The party had come upon the cabin from the front, on which side were a closed door and a small window, without any panes. This window was open and without curtain; but though they all looked in, they could discover no traces of present occupancy.

"I guess the owners must have gone away," said Dollie, "or they would show themselves."

"You are mistaken, Dollie; some one must live there," replied Jack, who, happening to glance upward at that moment, had observed a thin column of smoke rising from the wooden chimney. His first impulse was to proceed toward the boat, without pausing to inquire into the condition of

any one who might be within; but his conscience told him that would not be right. Somehow or other, since Jack's rescue of Mr. Wheeler and his family, he began to feel as though he were a young Crusader. He had a mission which, if not so grand as that which led the mailed knights of King Richard and Godfrey of Bouillon into Palestine, was equally noble. For hundreds of miles along the overflowing Mississippi there were multitudes perishing from starvation and exposure; and, since some slight means had been placed at his command, he felt that he was in duty bound to do what he could to relieve the sufferings of any who might be more unfortunate than himself.



"JACK THEN KNOCKED ON THE DOOR."

"Stay here where you are," he said, addressing the little girls, "while I go forward and see whether any one needs our help."

Jack then knocked smartly on the door, though the latch-string was hanging out. Receiving no answer, he repeated the summons, when, instead

of being bidden to enter, he heard some one shuffling across the floor to the door, which was opened the next minute, and the occupant of the cabin stood before the startled boy.

He was a man who was really younger than Mr. Wheeler, but he stooped over, as he walked, like a man of fourscore. His face was wan and haggard, and his large black eyes shone with feverish luster. His grizzled beard was short and scraggy, and his long black hair was unkempt. He held to the door for support, and stared wonderingly at the lad before him as he asked, in a weak voice:

"Where did you come from?"

"I came down the river in a boat," replied Jack, "and thought maybe I could help you. Are you ill?"

"Yes, ill for the want of food," said the man.

"I have been deserted and betrayed, and have given up hope. Why do you come to disturb me?"

"I have just told you," said Jack, who feared that the man was out of his mind, probably on account of his sufferings.

"Did you fire that gun I heard a few minutes ago?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied Jack.

"I thought it was a dream of mine," continued the man. "I was dozing by the fire, and when I heard that, I got up and looked out of the window. But as I did n't see any one, I concluded that I had been mistaken."

"You were not," said Jack; "it was I, and I am glad to say I can give you the food which you seem sorely to need."

The poor fellow stared at Jack like a wild man, and began breathing faster and harder, as though laboring under great and increasing excitement.

Jack began to feel uneasy, and recoiled a step or two, still keeping his eyes fixed on the strange individual.

Suddenly, the latter gave utterance to a half shriek or shout, and, springing through the door, he seized the arms of the boy with a grip that made him wince with pain.

Jack was now sure the man was crazy, and was greatly frightened. Both Dollie and Jennie began crying, and the former exclaimed:

"Please don't hurt Jack, for he is a good boy, and will bring you something to eat."

The stranger paid no attention to her remonstrance, but continued staring savagely at the boy, as though about to rend him like a wild beast. Then he stooped down, so as to bring his face close to Jack's, and asked in a low, intense voice:

"Did I understand you to say you could give me something to eat?"

The man's strange conduct was enough to terrify any one, but Jack strove to conceal his trepidation. He had heard his father say that one should never show fear in the presence of an insane person, and that the only way to conquer such people is by the force of a stronger will. There-



"DID YOU SAY YOU COULD GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT?"

fore, though hardly able to refrain from crying out with the pain caused by the vise-like grip on his arm, he replied in a bold, stern voice:

"Of course, I can give you food; but you sha'n't have it if you don't behave yourself."

The man did not loosen his clutch, nor did he remove his glaring eyes from the face of the boy. The latter felt that he could not stand the torture any longer, and by a violent jerk he wrenched himself free. Then, springing back several steps, he called out in a savage voice:

"Don't you put your hands on me again or you'll get hurt!"

These threatening words were accompanied by a bravado of manner that would have deceived no one but a lunatic; but when Jack, himself comprehending this fact, ran for his gun which he had left leaning against a tree, and, raising it, held it so that he could use it the instant it should be needed, the starving stranger seemed suddenly to feel that he was standing before his master.

His whole demeanor changed. Trembling from head to foot, he looked so pitifully at the boy, that Jack's feeling of resentment and fear vanished on the instant.

"Don't shoot! don't shoot!" begged the man; "I did n't intend to hurt you—I only wanted to look at you. You remind me of a little boy that I once had—but he is gone now. Such a long time ago. I thought you were my Frank; but no, it can not be. Did you say you would give me something to eat?"

"Yes," replied Jack, heartily, no longer fearing any violence. "I will give you as good a meal as you ever ate in all your life. So come out of your house and go with me."

At this instant, the man noticed the two girls for the first time and fixed his eyes upon them.

"Why, I have seen them before," he said to himself, and immediately began walking slowly toward them. Upon this, Dollie and Jennie screamed and started on a run for the shore. In their haste they fell several times, which only added to their fright.

Jack saw that he must interfere, and so he called out in a commanding voice:

"Stop! Never mind about those girls. Walk along with me, and I'll take you where you can get a good supper."

The man checked himself abruptly, gazed at the boy, and then said meekly:

"I beg pardon. I did n't know what I was doing. Yes, I will go with you; show me the way."

"Walk straight ahead, not too fast, and I will tell you when to turn," replied Jack.

"I believe there is nothing the matter with him but hunger,—craving, gnawing hunger,—unless it may be he has been frightened by something. But it wont do for him to gormandize on roast pig, which can not be called the most digestible of food. Give him some bread first, and then I will take him in hand."

Mr. Wheeler's prudent suggestion was carried out. The stranger, in the presence of the company, was the picture of meekness. He did what he was told to do, and showed a childish fear of displeasing his new-found friends. Although he was evidently ravenously hungry, yet he stopped eating when told to do so, and appeared at all times to be anxiously awaiting orders.

The meal finished, it was decided to keep on down the river until dark, when, if they chose, they could land and encamp for the night. Several hours of daylight yet remained; and, although it



ON THE WAY TO THE BOAT.

The stranger did as directed, and the entire party then proceeded on their way toward the boat.

All the way to camp, Jack could not help recalling the words of the man, when he declared he was ill from starvation, and that he had been deserted and betrayed.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER RESCUE.

WHEN Jack and his party reached the camp, they found that the interesting process of roasting the pig was just completed. Mr. Wheeler, as soon as Jack had put him in possession of the facts connected with the finding of the stranger, studied the man intently for a few moments, and then remarked:

was a question whether anything would be gained by leaving the island, it seemed certain nothing could be lost.

Their patient, if such he might be called, was eager to accompany them, and, though they felt a little shy of him, they knew it was their duty to care for him. So he was placed in the stern, the others entered, and they shoved off. They were scarcely clear of the shore when the stranger was found to be in a sound slumber.

"It is the best thing for him," said Mr. Wheeler, much pleased. "If nothing else is the matter with him, complete rest and freedom from anxiety will soon restore him."

There was hope on the part of all that they would be able to hail some steamer before night; and so, while Jack, Crab, and Mr. Wheeler took

turns in using the paddle, the others scanned the waters for the hoped-for sight. Soon afterward they saw two steamers laboriously working their way up the river, but they were so far to the eastward that it was impossible to attract their notice. The scow was paddled further out into the river, and when, just as night was closing in, a third was discovered steaming southward at full speed, strenuous efforts were made to attract her attention. But for the gathering darkness they probably would have succeeded. As it was, they missed the opportunity so narrowly that lamentations were expressed by all.

"We came so near success," said Mr. Wheeler, "that we forget the thankfulness due for our present comparative comfort and safety. My family suffered a great deal, it is true, but it may be that our sufferings were far less than those of this poor fellow."

At this point, Mrs. Wheeler nudged him, and whispered:

"He is awake, and I think he intends to say something."

The actions of the stranger were now watched with much interest by all. He was sitting bolt upright, carefully studying the faces of those around him. He looked first at one and then at another,

and then he gazed abstractedly at the flood on which they were drifting. A moment later he pressed his hand to his forehead. It was evident he was trying to solve the question as to how he came to be with these strangers. All at once his haggard visage lit up with a pleasant smile, and, gently touching the arm of Mr. Wheeler, he said:

"Please tell me how it all happened."

"He is the one to tell the story," said Mr. Wheeler, indicating Jack Lawrence.

"Ah; I will be extremely obliged if you will enlighten me," said the stranger, turning to the boy. His manner, more than his words, convinced Jack that he was himself again.

The lad told the story, which, as may be supposed, was of intense interest to his hearer, who was profuse in his thanks.

When the narrative was completed, he gave his

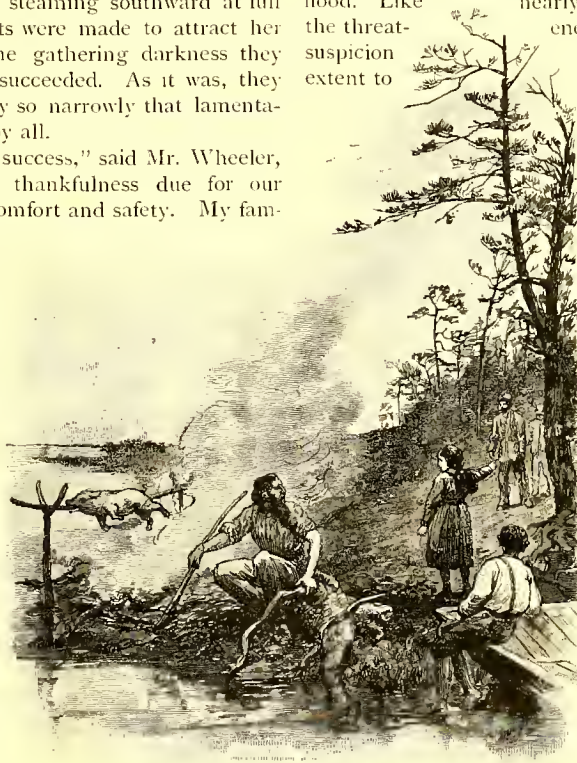
own history. He was a gentleman of means, whose home was in Little Rock, the capital of the State. He had started on horseback to visit some lands which he intended buying. He had dressed himself plainly, as he feared he might be brought into contact with dangerous characters, and was in this section when he found himself caught by the flood. Like nearly every one who lived in the threatened region, he had no suspicion of the extent to which the unprecedented

of the unprecedented which the overflow would extend. When he took refuge in the settler's cabin, and they told him he was as secure there as if in the city of St. Louis, he gave himself no further concern. He was tired and worn out, and, without waiting for supper, lay down to sleep.

But the settler and his family were among the few who appreciated the impending danger. During the night they gathered a few of their household goods, took the horse belonging to Mr. Strawton (their stranger guest), and made their way to the water on the westward, where

they crossed to the main-land in a large scow belonging to themselves. The torrent which had made an island of the tract of land where the cabin stood had not yet forced its way through when Mr. Strawton had ridden across the space in the middle of the afternoon; but it had appeared within an hour after, and, when paddled over by the settler and his family, must have been fully a hundred yards in width.

Strawton slept heavily, and did not awake until long after day, and several hours more elapsed before he was fully acquainted with what had happened. When he saw that he had been deserted and betrayed, his indignation knew no bounds. But he was unable to help himself for the only boat that could have taken him to the main-land was gone. It must have cost the settler and his family a great deal of work to get the lum-



MR. WHEELER BECOMES COOK FOR THE PARTY.

bering craft from the river through the cut-off to the rear of the island, but they had succeeded.

Strawton shouted and fired his gun, but saw no living person for days. He went down to the shore of the river, in the hope of attracting the attention of some steam-boat, but they were all so far out that he failed. He finally gave up in despair, and went back to the cabin to die.

How long he had been there when Jack Lawrence, like a gallant Crusader, came to his rescue, he could not even guess; but judging from his sad condition when found, it must have been a number of days.

While Mr. Strawton was talking, night had set in and it was becoming quite dark. Jack was standing erect, paddle in hand, gazing on the face of the speaker, which was gradually growing more dim and misty in the gloom, when all were somewhat startled by hearing a voice shouting:

"Halloo, there, strangers! Can't you take us aboard?"

Only a short distance from them was the broken roof of a house, on which a man was seen standing, with a long pole or paddle in his hand, which he had probably been using to impel his awkward craft toward the scow. Near him sat his wife, with a baby in her arms. The group and the surroundings reminded both boys in the same instant of the plight in which they had found the Wheeler family.

Jack stared for a moment at the strangers, and then was about to paddle toward them, when Crab interposed.

"It's my turn," said he. "You picked up dat wild man, and now I'll gather in some folks dat are tame."

Jack did not object, and so Crab, taking the paddle, moved the boat in the direction of the party on the roof, who watched their approach with no little anxiety.

The scow was laid alongside the floating roof without difficulty, and the three were taken aboard. The man shook hands all around and expressed his obligations, but his wife, with bowed head, took the seat proffered her, and remained silent. She seemed to be weighed down by sorrow, and all regarded her with sympathy.

CHAPTER XX.

A NARROW NECK OF LAND.

"OUR lot has been a sad one," presently said the man just picked up, his remark being intended as an explanation of his wife's apparent sorrow. "We have been on the river for two days and nights; we had time enough before starting to snatch up a little food and some extra clothing,

but it rained the first night, and we suffered a good deal.

"When we began sailing down the river, we had our little boy, Harry, six years old, as well as the baby, Katie. I made up the best sort of bed I could for them, but when morning came, and we could again see one another, Harry was gone!"

"What had become of him?" inquired Jack.

"I do not know," said the man, with a sigh. "He must have rolled off into the water during his sleep, without being missed until daylight. We must have been asleep ourselves at the time, or his mother or I would have discovered it."

The story was indeed a sad one and secured the deep sympathy of all.

"We have lost every dollar in the world," added the father, "and we must depend on charity for awhile to escape starvation; but what is that to our other loss?"

No one spoke in reply, for all felt that mere words were of no avail. The silence had not continued long when it was broken by the most extraordinary uproar. From across the water were heard the bellowing of cows, the grunting and squealing of pigs, the whinneying of horses, the braying of mules, and apparently a dozen other horrid discords.

When those in the scow had listened a moment, Mr. Wheeler remarked, thoughtfully:

"That sounds to me as though it came from some point *below* us, if not further out in the river."

"So it does," said Mr. Strawton, and all the others agreed with them.

Our party was not long in doubt. A few minutes later a dark bank loomed up to view below them, extending out into the great Mississippi further than the eye could penetrate in the gloom and darkness.

All presently discovered that a long cape projected from the western shore into the river, and that this neck of land was swarming with domestic stock that had taken refuge there to escape the flood. Tormented by hunger and insects, they rent the air with cries for relief which could not be given. This was certainly not a desirable place to land, but the scow was forced upon shore, despite the efforts of the occupants to prevent it. The boat, it will be borne in mind, was heavily loaded, so that it was now managed with difficulty. The single paddle was in the strong grasp of Mr. Wheeler, and the pole was used by Jack. They did all that was possible, but the swift current gave the craft such momentum that it did not respond to the abrupt turn of the current on the upper end of this cape. As a consequence, the scow struck the soft shore with such force that every one was

thrown forward. Then it immediately swung around and began filling with water. A general scramble followed, and all landed with little trouble, though with wet feet. The boat was drawn up on the beach, with a view of keeping it beyond reach of the river, and then the company looked about them. The scene was anything but a pleasant one.

The cape was not more than a hundred yards across at the point where it joined the main-land, from which it extended a furlong or more. A few stunted pines were growing on the neck, which was swarming with cows, oxen, pigs, horses, and mules, who were in such torture from the pangs of hunger and buffalo gnats that they were already in a dangerous mood. In many places, they were crowding and fighting with each other, and the uproar was terrifying to the last degree. Graminivorous animals, like those on the island, may be driven to such a point of hunger that they will devour flesh; so there was no certainty that they would not attack the party from the boat, unless relief was soon given. In the deafening racket, our friends could make themselves heard only by shouting close to one another's ears. The moment the party had

landed, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Strawton hurriedly removed from the boat all the clothing and food it contained, as well as the boards that had been used for seats.

"Is there no way of escaping from here?" asked the man they had last picked up. "Any place would be preferable to this; these wild beasts will soon attack us, I fear."

These words were shouted in the ear of Mr. Wheeler, and he replied at the top of his voice:

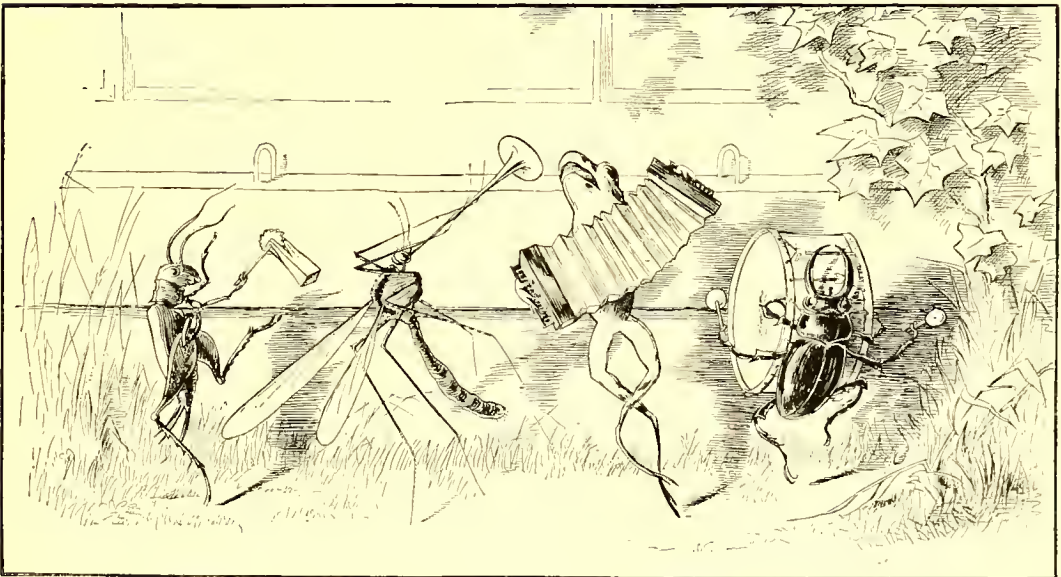
"I am afraid not at present. The current is too strong just here for us to work our heavy scow against it; and as for escape by land, those maddened animals occupy almost every foot of space save the spot on which we stand. I fear that we must pass the night where we are, and perhaps daylight will bring relief in some form."

"I am not so sure that we could not manage the scow," returned the man. "Come here, and I will show you what I mean."

And he led the way to the spot where they had left the flat-boat at the time of their hasty landing.

But the proverbially treacherous Mississippi had stolen a march upon them in their brief absence. The boat was gone!

(To be concluded.)



A RURAL QUARTETTE.

COUNTING UP AND DOWN.

·v̇·



ONE LADY'S LAP-DOG LOOKED A WINDOW TROUGH,
SAW HIS LIKENESS IN THE GLASS AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.

TWO MERRY MERMEN MARCHING THROUGH THE SEA,
MET ANOTHER LIKE THEM & THEN THERE WERE THREE.

THREE LAZY LOBSTERS LYING ON THE SHORE

THE SEA WASHED ANOTHER UP & THEN THERE WERE FOUR

FIVE
LEARNED
LAWYERS
FAIRLY IN
A FIX



ONE CAME
TO HELP
THEM OUT
AND THEN
THERE
WERE SIX.

SIX DROWSY DRAYMEN DRIVING DOWN IN DEVON,
ONE DREAMED HIS MATE HAD COME, & THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.

SEVEN STUPID SCHOOLBOYS SUMMING ON A SLATE,
ONE MULTIPLIED HIMSELF, & THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.

EIGHT SINGLE SLIP-KNOTS IN A STRING OF TWINE,
ONE BECAME A DOUBLE KNOT, AND THEN THERE WERE NINE.

NINE GREAT GRIZZLY BEARS MEETING IN A DEN,
ONE BROUGHT A LITTLE CUB, AND THEN THERE WERE TEN.

DOWN.

TEN TICKLISH TUMBLING TROUT PLAYING ROUND A LINE,
ONE SEIZED THE BAIT AND HOOK, & THEN THERE WERE NINE.

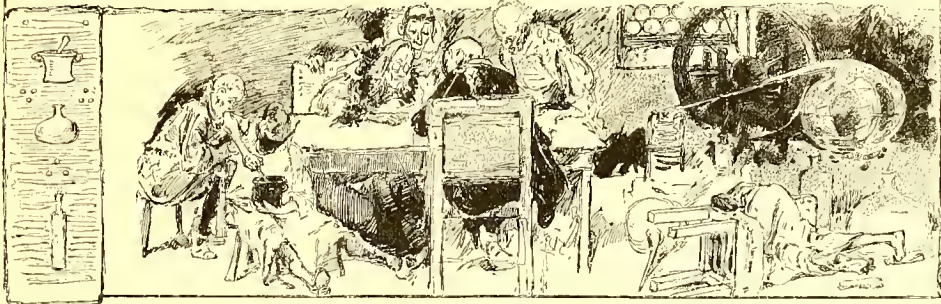
NINE ROSY ROVING LADS RIDING ON A GATE.

ONE TUMBLED IN THE MUD, & THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.

EIGHT SILVER-NOTED LARKS SOARING IN THE HEAVEN.

ONE TRIED TO KISS THE SUN, & THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.

SEVEN QUEER GUIBBLING QUACKS TRYING PILLS TO MIX,
ONE SWALLOWED SOME HIMSELF, & THEN THERE WERE SIX.



SIX BOOMING BUMBLE BEES BUZZING IN THE HIVE,
ONE FELL AMONG THE WAX, & THEN THERE WERE FIVE.

FIVE MEALY MINDED MICE LIVING 'NEATH THE FLOOR,
ONE RAN TOO NEAR THE CAT, & THEN THERE WERE FOUR.

FOUR FRIGHTENED FOXES FLEEING O'ER THE LEA,
ONE HID HIM IN A HOLE, & THEN THERE WERE THREE.

THREE WITHERED WITCHES LIVING IN A SHOE,
ONE LEFT FOR WANT OF ROOM, & THEN THERE WERE ^{TWO.}

TWO CLUMSY COUNTRYMEN CLUTCHING AT A GUN,
ONE PULLED THE TRIGGER HARD, & THEN THERE WAS ^{ONE.}

ONE FULL OF FEAR & FRET AT THE DANGER DONE,
& WENT AND DIED FOR WANT OF BREATH,
AND THEN THERE WAS NONE.

KING PHILIP—CHIEF OF A SCHOOL TRIBE.

BY JOHN CLOVER.

ONE cool, cloudy September afternoon, many years ago, Philip Moss and I, neighbor boys and school-fellows, were sauntering down Hackberry Lane, with our backs to the great Gypsy Woods, where we had been investigating the nearing nut-harvest. The ground was dry and firm, and a faintly perfumed west wind gently rustled the leaves overhead. Many of the birds had gone south for the winter, and those remaining had mostly stopped their idle singing to bustle about and pack up for leaving. The crickets and grasshoppers among the grasses were singing away merrily, unconscious (poor things!) that Jack Frost would soon put an end to their songs and their lives. The squirrels, too, were frisky and chatty, apparently glad, as were we, that they were to remain and enjoy the big nut crop. It was just the kind of weather for a field and forest ramble—for implanting in a boy's mind memories and sentiments that would last him a life-time.

As we came down Pilgrim Hill, a covered wagon turned from the highway into the lane and toiled toward us. A man and a boy walked ahead of the jaded horses. A cow was led behind the wagon. After her trudged a great gray-and-white dog, that at first we had mistaken for a calf. When we had nearly met, the weary procession turned aside and halted at the door of an old, deserted cabin that stood a hundred paces from the lane, at the foot of a wide, briery slope—an open waste, over which the cows of the neighborhood wandered at will. It was a famous place for blackberries and black-snakes.

From the mouth of the cavernous wagon a little girl sprang lightly into the arms of the man. A woman followed more deliberately and was tenderly handed down. Her face and hands looked very white in contrast with her black dress. She must be an invalid, we thought. Curiosity prompted a thousand suggestions, for strangers were rare in that inland Ohio settlement; but the instinct of good manners prevented us from intruding. We had seen enough, however, to satisfy us that these people had come from a distance to take possession of the old cabin, which in our recollection had been tenanted but once, and that for only a few months, by a wood-chopper's family. We were not slow to communicate our observations. Soon the newcomers were the talk of the neighborhood. Surprise and suspicion of them developed into wild and cruel stories. The days of belief in witchcraft were over, but I am disposed to think there was

a slight lingering taint of it in that community of ours. The new people seemed shy and did not go about introducing themselves. One day, my friend Philip's grandfather, Uncle Joe Moss, a kind-hearted though inquisitive old man, called at the cabin when he happened to pass that way. He was received by the woman with civility and the utmost frankness. Her story was brief and straightforward. They had come from the eastern side of the Alleghany Mountains, the State, county, and town all being plainly shown in our school atlases. The woman, a widow of a year, was named Mary Rankin. Her husband, John Rankin, had been a carpenter, and had died, after long suffering, from injuries received in a fall from a house-top, leaving his family in poverty. Her children were named Robert and Katie. The man with them was her brother, Thomas Van Cleve. He was an invalid, but his ailment was of the mind rather than of the body. When his poor head became confused, he began to wander about, and he would take to the road and tramp, tramp, tramp wherever a beaten path might lead him. This Ohio estate (a long strip of rugged land along the creek) came into her possession through her father—a soldier's inheritance from the grateful country which he had served, and which had bestowed it upon him because, perhaps, it had nothing poorer to give. So she had come with her loved ones and settled down here, hoping that the land might yield them subsistence and afford them a home; that her children might be reared and educated in a quiet, respectable neighborhood; and that new scenes and employments might benefit her unfortunate brother and overcome his disposition to stroll. She thanked her visitor for the friendly interest he had shown; trusted his friends and neighbors were all well and prosperous; prayed God they would think kindly of her and hers; and, with a cheerful faith in divine goodness, expressed her belief that she and her brother and children would be happy and contented in their new home.

Time passed. Few, if any, were the visits to the shabby old house in the lonely lane. There were no visits from it—whether because the widow was too retiring or too busy, because she was not invited, or because she was too ill and weak, I can not say. Thomas Van Cleve was at first sprightly and energetic. It seemed that he was trying to make acquaintances and friends, though he was not much encouraged. With his sister's scrawny team and the implements brought from

Pennsylvania, he plowed a few acres of the best land and sowed some wheat. But presently he began to show uneasiness. The "fit" was coming on. One morning, he and his traveling companion, the big gray-and-white dog, were absent—gone on the road again!

On a cold, blustery Monday morning in November, after our school-master had arrived and settled his awkward squad at their books, a knock was heard at the door, and in were ushered a clear, keen-eyed young fellow, followed by a timid, brown-haired little girl. The boy carried an arm-load of books, slates, sponges, and rulers. They were Robert Rankin and his sister Katie. We all, the children of substantial farmers, were clothed by careful mothers in winter costumes, which, though homespun and of clumsy cut, were snug and warm, while the garments of the young strangers, though clean, were pitifully scant, worn, and thin. During the morning the new scholars were the objects of our sharp scrutiny and whispered criticism. At recess time they were more freely and familiarly ogled and commented on. It was a trying ordeal for them. The leading tormentor of the school, a glib-tongued girl, began the attack with sarcastic, cutting remarks that raised a laugh. She was not long without allies. To the dishonor of the school be it said that, of the twenty-five or thirty girls and boys present that day, there was not one to utter a word of remonstrance in behalf of the helpless victims, who looked appealingly into this face and that for a friendly glance, but in vain. Even the teacher, a dull old man, did not interfere. "For shame!" cried a voice in my heart. But I quickly smothered it and joined the laughing wretches. I have often heard that voice since, like a whispering echo, when it was too late to undo the wrong. I have reasoned about that morning, too, and have come to the conclusion that we were a pack of young savages.

When school was again called, the Rankin boy was white with rage under the insults offered and his sister was in tears. These were the children a sick mother had brought over the mountains, to be educated in a quiet, respectable neighborhood!

At dinner-time, Robert, after some hesitation, left his sister at the school-yard gate and sped down the road as fast as his legs could carry him. He went to look after his mother, who was alone at home, nearly a mile away. The distance was too great for Katie to traverse in the time allowed. She watched him longingly until he disappeared over a hill, then, with a brave effort, entered the house, and in her timid, gentle way essayed to make friends with the girls. By this time a feeling of pity for the forlorn one began to manifest itself. Kindlier words were spoken. The shabby clothing

was seemingly unnoticed. But the knife had already struck home. The smiles and the hazel eyes were pleading for love, but the heart felt very sore. Robert returned, hot and panting, with a kiss from mother to daughter and a hopeful word.

That evening, at dismissal, the school relapsed into the savage state. The strangers were attacked with redoubled fury. At length the boy, furious with pain and anger, his face deadly pale, and grasping in one of his clenched hands an open knife, turned at the gate, defied his persecutors and dared them to utter another insulting word. His sister clung in terror to his menacing arm and with tears begged him to desist. Her prayer prevailed. The savages, awed by the scene, permitted their victims to proceed home without further molestation.

Philip Moss was not at school that day. In passing by his home, I heard a muffled drumming in the barn, and rightly surmised that he was helping his father to winnow his grain.

The Rankins did not appear next day, nor the next; but on the third Robert came, at noon, for their books. Philip was present. He asked Robert his reason for leaving school. The latter answered by showing a note from his mother to the teacher, asking that her children be excused from further attendance, as she desired their presence at home. But Philip was not satisfied with this. He suspected something of what had taken place, and pressed his new acquaintance for an explanation, which was reluctantly given. Philip pondered the matter awhile and then said:

"You and your sister come along to school. I'll stand by you. The boy who offers a word or a wink against you without cause is no friend of mine, and he'll soon find it out. As for the girls, I think I can answer for them, too."

I remember his words well. That day we were engaged in our favorite amusement of "playing Indian." The conversation between Philip and Robert was held at the door of the "wigwam," under the big oak tree that ornamented our playground. The wind was sighing among the tough, dry leaves overhead. Near by, with little blaze and much smoke, a "council-fire" was burning. A prisoner—"a hunter and trapper"—had been captured on the confines of our hunting-ground. He had been "tried, and condemned to death by burning at the stake," after being most basely betrayed into making a gallant struggle for his life by "running the gauntlet." The "death-sentence" was, however, withdrawn through the intercession of Philip, the chief of our tribe. He had been our leader in Indian and other games for more than a year and was known as "King Philip, Chief of the Pawpaw Tribe."

Cooper's novels had found their way into our settlement, and the farmers' meager libraries bristled with histories of Indian wars. Philip's title was suggested by our reading in the New England annals of the famous warrior of that name, to whose courage and many virtues our school history bore testimony. Quiet, earnest, brave, eloquent, and persuasive, young Philip outranked all his fellows. From the twelfth to the fifteenth years of his age, or until he left school, none disputed his sway. The whole school, both girls and boys, were included in his tribe. The girls frequently joined us in our Indian games. They delighted to figure as "princesses," "queens," "squaws," and "pale-face captive maidens." Beaded with red haws and sweet-brier berries, and bedecked with flowers, they shone in beauty among the "braves," hideous in their poke-berry war-paint and turkey-feathers. Philip excelled in all sports—in leaping, in throwing, catching, and batting the ball, in fox-chasing, and in exercise with the bow and arrow. He was not a wonderful scholar. Others led him in the school-room, for he took only to such books as pleased his taste. He was fond of natural subjects and delighted in learning about the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the inhabitants of the water, and the substances in the earth. For a boy, he had much information of this kind. He learned more reading at his father's fireside and in roving the fields and forest than he ever did at school.

The next morning, the Rankin children were at school. Philip had visited their home the evening before and completed the treaty with their mother. He met them in the road in the morning, accompanied them into the school-room, and gave them his countenance and support. He issued no formal proclamation, but without ceremony adopted them into the "Pawpaw Tribe." Katie became a beautiful "little princess," and was much beloved, while Robert donned the war-paint as one of the most highly respected "braves."

At ten o'clock, A. M., on the Saturday closing the following week, there was a council-meeting of the tribe at the school-house. About all the members were present except the Rankins. In came the braves and squaws, bearing baskets, boxes, and bundles, and when they had all assembled, with King Philip in the lead, they filed out and proceeded straight to the cabin of the Widow Rankin. This they surrounded and captured without resistance. Philip explained that it was a surprise-party. His explanation was unnecessary. A dinner was prepared for the hungry though happy tribe from the materials they had brought. Besides, they offered as presents to the widow and her children many delicate, ornamental, and plain, useful articles, such as a rustie neighborhood might afford.

The mother hesitated to accept, but Philip insisted in a most eloquent speech. He said the older folks had just given what they called a donation-party to the minister's family at the village, and that "The Pawpaw Tribe" did not propose to be outdone. Mrs. Rankin could no longer hesitate and with the rest entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. A happy day was spent at the cabin, and for many, many days thereafter a brighter light shone in and around it. The invasion of the school tribe broke down the barriers. Neighborly visits were frequently made by farmers' wives and mothers, and were returned. One day, several men, handy with the saw and hammer, met by appointment, and put the old house in comfortable shape for the winter. Loads of wood, ready for the fire, were piled by the door, and the stable-loft was filled with fodder for the horses and cow. It having been ascertained that Mrs. Rankin was a skilled needle-woman, she was also given all the sewing she cared to do and at fair prices.

In the spring, the widow had an offer for her lands. Though the price was small, she was about to accept it and move back over the mountains, for the rough hills were apparently valueless, except as a pasture range and for the timber on them. About that time, Philip's uncle, Professor White, principal of an Ohio academy which in a year or two Philip expected to attend, paid the Moss family a visit. The Professor was quite a geologist. On one of his rambles in search of specimens, accompanied by Philip, they traversed the bed of the stony creek that wound through the Rankin lands. A rock jutted out from a clay bank. The Professor broke off a piece and examined it. He broke off other pieces along the creek and examined them also. Presently he observed, "It is the true grindstone grit. The hills are full of it. There is a fortune here for the owners of these lands." The valuable material was piled up, one layer on another, walling up the stream on either side. The Professor put a few of the chips into his knapsack, and went on looking after something else, more interested in getting rare specimens for his cabinet than in opening rich mines.

But not so with Philip. He thought the matter over, informed the widow of the discovery, and finally prevailed upon his father to write to John Lennox, the quarryman. Mr. Lennox came, took a look among the rocks, and pronounced the material the best he had yet found. It was the true grit and of superior quality. A few months afterward quarries were opened, and soon their products were distributed throughout the country. Ponderous stones from the Rankin quarries whirled amid the sparks and flashing steel blades in the largest factories; smaller ones were turned by farmers' boys in wood-sheds; scythe-stones made

merry music among the meadow-larks and song-sparrows, and Rankin whetstones squealed on the edge of the woodman's ax from Maine to Missouri. The widow's income from the quarries was large. A new life opened to her and her children. Her weak-headed brother, although he continued to wander, now went about with money in his pocket.

"The Pawpaw Tribe" scattered as widely as the famous products of the grindstone quarry. Its noble chief went West, established a little tribe that bore his own name, led a regiment into the war, and died for his country. A year ago I went to where his ashes lie, pulled away the weeds, and laid a handful of wild flowers on his grave.

THE SHIP IN THE MOON.

BY S. T. R.

MOST of the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS have probably seen the sea, either at some one of those crowded resorts,—Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, Asbury Park, and Coney Island,—or else at one of the little hamlets or fishing villages scattered along the coast. And, perhaps, some of these boys and girls have seen the curious sight reproduced in the accompanying illustration. But as I have never had the good fortune to behold it more than once, I want to tell you of the incident.

One sultry August day, I left the hot city with a party of friends in search of a cool and restful holiday by the sea. Before night-fall, we found a pleasant place on the New Jersey coast, and after a hearty supper we hastened down to the beach. Crowds of people were strolling up and down the board walk that formed a promenade along the shore; but we were tired, and so threw ourselves immediately upon the sand, where we soon made comfortable resting-places in which to listen to the

roar of the surf and look out over the sea. Vessels of all sorts and sizes were moving slowly along in the twilight, and at last one fine steamer came up out of the southern horizon on her way to New York harbor, leaving a long cloud of black smoke behind. As she passed by, she saluted the crowd on shore with a deep, hoarse whistle, while the people waved their handkerchiefs, hats, and shawls in response. By and by, as it grew darker, the throng dwindled, and at last we roused ourselves from our rapt enjoyment of the scene to find that we were almost alone upon the beach. We jumped up, and were preparing to leave the shore, when one of our number called attention to a faint flush on the eastern horizon, and with one simultaneous cry, "The moon!" we settled ourselves again upon the sand in expectation of a magnificent spectacle.

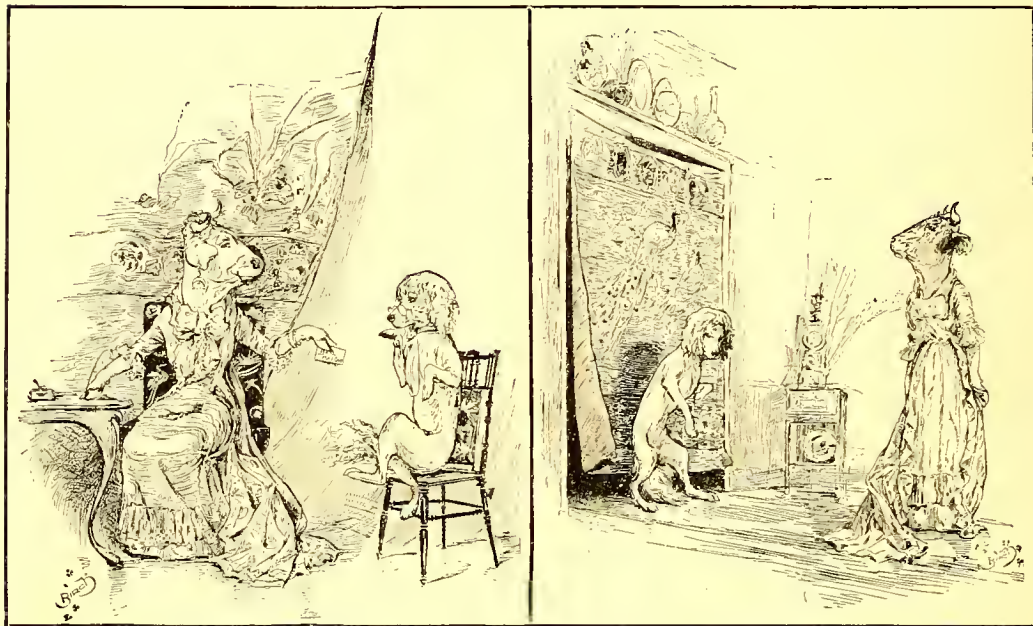
And you may be sure we were not disappointed. The color in the far distance, looking at first like the glow of some great fire, gradually grew larger and larger, rounder and rounder, until finally a hemisphere of red light rested upon the farthest edge of the ocean. Just at that moment, we observed on the horizon a ship or sloop, seemingly almost as far away as the ball of light, but moving toward it. It drew swiftly nearer and nearer, and, finally, at the very moment when the great red globe drew itself wholly out of the water, the ship appeared upon its face, with all sail set, the whole outline of the vessel inclosed within the circle of the moon.

It was only for an instant, and the dark sloop passed out of the magic ring as quickly as it had entered it. But we who saw it have never forgotten the beautiful sight it gave us as it photographed itself for that one moment upon that wonderful screen. And, though I have many times watched for a repetition of the coincidence, I have never beheld a second ship in the moon. Have you?



WAYS AND MEANS.

BY ONE BEHIND THE SCENES.



“OH, wont you purchase tickets, Mr. Poodle, for the ball?
 We’ve engaged two famous singers, Signor Screech and Madame Squall,
 And a lovely little German band to fiddle in the hall.
 You can bring your charming family—we’d like to see them all.”

Mr. Poodle looked considerate. “It would be pleasant, quite;
 Should one even not participate, ’t would be a beauteous sight;
 But, if I purchase tickets, my purse will be so light,
 There’ll be nothing left for fancy-dress, so we needs must come in white,
 And I fear, my dear Miss Shorthorn, that you would not think this right!”

Miss Shorthorn’s manner froze at once. “It is a *fancy* ball;
 If folks can not come in costume, they’d best not come at all!
 The expense of it would be quite too ridiculously small——”
 And she looked at Mr. Poodle just as if he’d been a wall
 Mr. Poodle meekly bowed himself out backward through the hall—
 Then he murmured, with a pleasant grin, “Ah, pride will have a fall!”

The evening came, and—fancy it!—the Poodles all were there!
 There were some attired in Persian dyes that looked both rich and rare,
 And some in simple garments, most innocently fair;
 There were some in high-necked robes, and some with arms and shoulders bare,
 And two with fluffy trains were thought a very charming pair;
 The crowd all turned to look at them, as they went up the stair,

LOST IN THE WOODS.

(A True Story.)

BY MARY J. SAFFORD AND HELEN D. BROWN.

FAR up in the northern part of the State of Michigan, a peninsula, called Keweenaw Point, extends for fifty miles into Lake Superior. Along its western shore runs the main road, from which branch many others, leading to the numerous copper mines situated in this region—among which the Calumet and Hecla, Allouez, Phœnix, Delaware, and Schoolcraft are most famous. The eastern shore, being still covered with wild woods, is overgrown with thick underbrush, and intersected here and there by short, swift streams.

During the week, the men of this peninsula are almost all at work under the earth, and the country seems deserted, though many little wooden houses and log-huts with shingle roofs dot the region near the mines. But on Sundays men literally spring up out of the ground, and groups of miners appear everywhere, enjoying the only day they have to see the sunshine, the lake, the trees, and the flowers.

Amid the dense forests to the south and east grow quantities of berries and wild small fruits; and on the morning of Friday, July 21, 1882, a merry party of four children started into the woods, expecting to fill their tin pails with blueberries before many hours. The children were Mary Palson, a girl of thirteen; her younger sister, Margaret Palson; Theodore Lorrè, a boy of nine; and his sister, Arminda Lorrè, who was but seven years old. They proceeded on their journey in gay spirits and came ere long to the mouth of one of the mines, called "The Wolverine," where the father of the Lorrès was employed. Alas, for their day's sport! The father happened to see his children, and, fearful of their getting lost in the dense woods, he bade them go back to their home. All four of the children obeyed his injunction; but on the return journey they mistakenly followed another road than that by which they had come, until they finally discovered that, instead of bringing them nearer home, it was really leading them farther and farther into the forest.

After plodding patiently on for an hour, the boy asked the three girls to sit down and wait while he searched for the right road. But his little sister clung to his hand, preferring to go along with him; and so the children separated in pairs. The Palson sisters chose a path leading to the north,

and followed it all day and until they came at last to the bank of a river, where they were found on the evening of the next day, and returned in safety to their home.

But the Lorrès? They had not returned when their late companions were brought in, nor had any news been heard of them. Mary and Margaret could only indicate vaguely the locality of the spot in the woods where they had last seen the brother and sister, as they bade them good-bye; but several parties immediately started out in search. The father and older brother of the children, in company with friends, had been seeking the missing ones during Saturday, and on Sunday night a party discovered the children's tracks in the soft ground near a river. But they were soon lost in the mud, and the most thorough search in the neighboring woods proved fruitless, while loud and repeated halloos brought no response.

Monday morning came and the children had not been found. But now, large parties of men, sympathizing with the parents' agony, began to search the forest in all directions. Most of these, however, were miners, ignorant of woodcraft, and knowing little of the upper world, and so they discovered no sign of the children, and many even lost their own way, and found the path home with difficulty. On Tuesday, by a generous action of the proprietors, all the employés of the Allouez mine were given permission to share in the search, and large numbers from the Calumet and Red Jacket joined them.

As the evening of this day closed in, a terrible storm arose, and every home in the surrounding country was filled with exclamations of pity for the lost boy and girl who had to face the tempest alone in the wilds. Gradually the men, wearied and almost hopeless, returned with sorrowful faces from the vain search, without having found even a trace of the lost children.

Wednesday and Thursday passed, and still the almost frantic parents had no tidings of their absent ones. But on Friday morning, as a final endeavor, all the men employed in the Calumet and Hecla mines, together with many citizens of Red Jacket, set off for the woods, where they were met by more laborers from the Allouez, Centennial, and Wolverine mines; and before noon of that day nearly

thirteen hundred men plunged into the forest in search of the lost boy and girl.

It was while this army of searchers was scouring the woods in all directions, beating through the wild shrubs and tangled thickets, and frightening timid birds and animals with their loud "hal-loo-oo-s," that, in another part of the forest, a brave nine-year-old boy trudged wearily through the underbrush, carrying his sister upon his back.



THEODORE AND ARMINDA LORRÉ. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR ST. NICHOLAS.)

Both their faces were pale and white with exhaustion, and the little girl's bore the mark of tears. But Theodore Lorré was a plucky lad and had by no means lost heart. He had kept up his courage and cheered his little sister through all the days

and nights that they had spent in the woods, and he had even thought out a way of escape, and planned a route which he felt must bring them out of their prison—for the vastness and shadow of a mighty forest can form as strong and gloomy a prison, if you do not know some way out from it, as was ever made by stone walls and iron bars.

As he toiled painfully along on that afternoon, with vision strained to catch some break in the endless rows of trees that stretched in every direction, he kept revolving in his mind a plan which he had made, and was as happy as a lost boy can be when he found, by and by, that the plan was working well. In other words, he had resolved the day before to follow steadily the course of a small stream which they had chanced upon, as he knew that it must flow into a larger stream, and that in turn into a still larger, until at last some one of them would lead him out of the forest! So much his wise young head had taught him; and the reason of his joy that afternoon was, that the little stream had just fulfilled his expectation and brought him to the edge of a larger one—in fact, to a river. But, after reaching it, he felt that he could make no effort to follow it that day, for his sister was too weak and tired to walk, and he himself so weary and foot-sore that his knees seemed ready to sink under him.

He saw a fallen tree-trunk near by, and, making a little bed of dry leaves against one side of it, he placed his sister upon it, while he sat down upon the log beside her. And so they rested, while the shadows grew longer and darker among the trees. They spoke but little; but whenever Arminda seemed frightened or ready to cry, Theodore took her hand in his and cheered and soothed her by encouraging words.

"But," you will ask, "how did they live? What had they to eat?"

In order to answer these questions fully, we must retrace their wanderings.

After parting from the Palson sisters (one whole week before they arrived at the resting-place where we have just seen them), Theodore and Arminda wandered on, seeking constantly for some path or road, until day began to fade. As the darkness closed in upon them, little Arminda could not keep back the tears, and her heart was filled with dread. But Theodore was not easily frightened. "Cheer up, Sis," he said; "it'll be just like campin' out—that's all," and he took out his pocket-knife and proceeded to cut some bushes for a bed.

"Mother wont like it and will be dreadfully scared," said Arminda.

"Well, I don't know as I like it any better 'n Mother," said Theodore. "But I'm not going to be scared."

Arminda, however, seemed to have something on her mind.

"Did you ever see a bear?" she whispered, as if she feared that Mr. Bruin might even then be in the thicket and overhear what she said. "I saw a picture of one, once," she went on, "and he was eatin' up a great big man. I guess that man was scared, I guess he was."

"Well, I don't let old make-believe pictures scare me," said Theodore.

Nevertheless, Arminda's words recalled to Theodore a certain bear story that a few days before had filled him with delight. It was not quite so pleasant now to think of the great brown bear that, according to the story, had crossed the forest road and frightened a woman almost out of her wits, as she was driving over to the Wolverine mine.

The woods were fast growing dark, and little Arminda clung closer to her brother, till at last they lay down on some soft moss and leaves which Theodore had gathered, and he told his sister to go to sleep. He watched the stars and the moon,—the same moon that was looking down into the door-yard at home,—and wished that it could somehow show him the way thither.

Meantime, the little sister was breathing softly; and soon these modern babes in the wood, wearied with the day's travel, were fast asleep.

The morning sunlight was just creeping into the forest when Theodore awoke.

"Halloo!" said he, looking about him in confusion at the strange surroundings.

Little Arminda started, and opened her eyes, too, in a daze. "Why, I slept all night with

my dress on! Why, we've runned away!" she exclaimed.

"That's what the folks'll say, I s'pose," replied her practical brother, jumping up cheerily now that daylight was at hand. "And they'll say we ought to be whipped, too, I guess. But I'd be willin' to be whipped when I get home, if I only could get there. And oh, but aint I hungry?"

"So am I," said Arminda.



"Well, let's have some breakfast, then," suggested Theodore. "There are nice, big berries all 'round here. I see some. Just you wait."

He soon came back with an armful of branches from the heavily laden bushes, and they both devoured an unlawful quantity.

"I guess they 'll make us sick, such a lot," said Arminda, in a cheerful tone; "but there 's a lot more in the pails; and we must n't lose our pails," she added. "And if we carry 'em home full of berries, then they 'll like it better."

"We must pick our pails full," said Theodore, "so that, if we don't find any more, we wont starve." And he proceeded to fill the pails.

"I'm all skeeter-bites!" sobbed Arminda. And the spiteful insects had indeed cruelly wounded the little girl's face and neck and soft, round arms; and Theodore, too, bore many a mark of their sharp stings. "Well, we must hurry and get home," said he, "and Mother 'll cure 'em."

So they set out on their journey, eating the big ripe huckleberries from the bushes as they walked, filling their pails, in case they should come to places where there were no berries, and quenching their thirst at the creeks and small streams which they chanced upon at intervals. This day, too, wore slowly away, and once more they made a rude bed at the spot where darkness overtook them, and slept as best they could. Sunday came and passed. The little ones, walking hand-in-hand through the dense underbrush, could find no clew to guide them out of the wilderness. Yet all day they kept moving on. When they looked up to the tops of the tall trees, they felt lost and lonely; and when they grew tired, the great stillness subdued them, like the height of the trees. Now and then, the chirp of a bird or the crackle of a dead branch made little Arminda shiver and sink her voice to a low whisper.

But that night — the third which they had passed in the woods — they heard another sound far away in the distance.

"O-ho! O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!"

Theodore recognized his brother's voice and shouted loudly in answer, Arminda joining. They called again and again. But the wind was against them. The sound they had heard grew fainter — their brother was evidently moving away. At last, only a poor little echo answered their cry, and then the great woods seemed more silent than ever.

The next day, while they were walking along, Theodore thought he heard a call, and they stopped to listen. "'T was over yonder," said the boy. "You wait here a minute, and I 'll go and see if I can get a sight of 'em." He rushed through the brake a few rods, shouting and calling, and at last thought he saw a man moving among the trees in the dim distance. But the figure soon faded from sight, and, as Theodore turned to go back to his sister, he found that, in his eagerness, he had gone much farther away from her than he supposed. He called and called, but got no answer. He looked about him, faltered, stopped short. How far he

had run he could not tell, and the way back to his little sister was lost completely in the bewildering sameness of the forest. He plunged into the bushes, first in one direction, then in another, but seemed to get no nearer to the spot he had left. He leaned at last against a tree, dashed his fist across his eyes, and with a great gulp cried hoarsely, "I have lost her!"

But he would not give up; and he set to work to find the path he had taken through the thicket after leaving her. While seeking this, he caught sight of a fluttering bit of rag on a bush a few rods away. It flashed upon Theodore that here was a guide: these bits of calico belonged to Arminda's dress, and he had only to follow their lead to find his sister. He took the poor little rags tenderly from the bushes, and when at last he did find his sister, the thrifty little soul insisted on putting them, with other pieces that she had preserved, in her own pocket, "as Mother would need them when she mended the dress."

In the early dawn of the next morning, Theodore leaped suddenly from the bed of leaves where he was lying, and looked wildly about him in every direction. He had heard it again, that far-off "O-ho-o! O-ho-o-o!" And what was that, now up, now down, dancing in and out among the dark trees? Could it be a light? Could it be the light of his father's lantern? Yes, it was! As the daylight grew, he could distinctly see his father with a lantern in the distance. But all his frantic shouts failed to reach the searcher's ear, and, in his terror at losing his sister the day before, Theodore had resolved that nothing should tempt him to leave her again. And this determination he kept now, since he preferred to starve in the terrible woods rather than save his life by deserting her.

In the evening of the next day came the storm. The stillness of the forest began to be broken by the stirring and rustling of leaves, and then by long sighs of the wind, that deepened into a groaning and grumbling. Every moment the sky grew blacker, and down among the shadows of the great trees night had already come.

It found the two children at the foot of a pine tree, near which (and, indeed, half-covered by the boughs of the pine) lay a fallen trunk. Theodore had chosen this as the best place he could find in which to meet the storm; and on the lee side of the fallen trunk he had made a sort of rude tent, or covering, of loose brush that he had gathered, weaving together the crooked branches that they might not blow away. The poor little shelter was ready none too soon; for by this time the wind was tearing madly through the forest, bending and twisting the trees, and hurling to the ground small branches and twigs thick with leaves. Just as

heavy drops of rain began to fall, little Arminda crept into the rude "house" which Theodore had made for her, and drew close to the side of the huge log, which lay between her and the wind. The "house" was not large enough to hold Theodore, too, and so he made his bed upon a stone just outside. Down came the rain, while the thunder drew nearer and nearer, till the forest seemed one vast crash and roar. Through the dark trees the children saw the lightning darting and dancing over the sky. Arminda sobbed and trembled; but Theodore comforted her by telling her not to be frightened, "for *he* was there with her." Perhaps even his stout little heart would have quailed had he not been sustained by his pride in his "house."

"What 's goin' to hurt us here?" he shouted, proudly, amid the tumult of sound. "I like to be out in the rain."

"I like to get wet, too," Arminda answered weakly. "It makes my skeeter-bites feel good."

The lightning by degrees grew fainter and the thunder farther away; but all night long the wind and rain kept on together. The children clung to each other and whispered that they were not afraid.

Morning came at last, but still the tempest raged. Theodore looked ruefully about him when he arose, and resorted immediately for comfort to the pail of berries he had wisely sheltered. "I'm getting sick of this," he remarked to Arminda. "We must get home to-day."

But alas for such hopes! The whole day was spent in patient but fruitless plodding over the wet leaves, with the rain still falling, and that night they had to seek their rest upon a huge, sloping stone under the projecting boughs of a thick-leaved tree—since that was the driest bed that they could find.

By this time, you may be sure, they were in a sorry plight. Their hands and heads fairly ached from the bites of swarming mosquitoes; they were scratched and bruised by their scrambles through the tangle of the underbrush; and though they managed to keep their pails filled with berries, they were becoming very hungry for some more satisfying food. Arminda was now too foot-sore to walk more than a few steps at a time, and Theodore had to carry her. Their clothes had become so soaked that they were a heavy burden: even Theodore was too weary to tramp very far in a day; and poor little Arminda was almost sick with fatigue and hunger.

On the next day, however, they came upon a brook and began to follow it as Theodore had planned, and made what progress they could. The wind had died down, and, save for the "drip, drip" of the drenched trees, the great storm was over. It left the little wanderers pitifully weak and

sore, but still brave and hopeful, and they kept on their way along the bank of the brook, until, in the afternoon of Friday, they reached, as we have seen, the edge of a larger stream. Content with this triumph of his new plan, Theodore prepared the little couch of leaves for his sister to rest upon, as already described, and sat down on the log beside her. And when she dropped asleep from weariness, he began to wonder how long it would take them to get home by following the river shore, and whether his poor little sister would have strength to stand the journey, or he to carry her.

But a speedier deliverance was even then at hand. It was on that day that the great woods reëchoed in all directions with the calls and shouts of thirteen hundred men; yet none of their loud halloos had reached Theodore, as he sat upon the log that afternoon, all unconscious that he and his sister were the objects of such a great expedition. Indeed, it was late in the day, and the army had really failed like the other smaller searching parties, having passed beyond or far to the side of the spot where the children were now resting;—and yet it had not failed either, as you shall see. It so happened that four men belonging to the searching regiment lagged behind their companions, and, failing to catch up with them, went straying hither and thither, forgetting the children entirely in their desire to rejoin their fellows. But being miners, and having little knowledge of woodcraft, they soon found themselves hopelessly bewildered, and had to confess that, instead of finding the lost children, they were in the unpleasant predicament of being themselves lost in the woods.

It can not be said that, considering how much older they were, they bore this discovery with any better courage than the children had shown. But all they could do was to keep up a constant halloo, in the hope that some of the returning parties would hear them. This, therefore, they set about doing as lustily as possible, but for a long time without reply. At last, however, as they stood silent, listening after one of their loud calls, one of the men said: "Hark! What was that?" Faint and weak through the far distance came an answering "Halloo—oo!" They moved over in the direction whence it came and again repeated their call, and stopped to listen. Again it was answered, more clearly this time, but on the instant one of the men said, breathlessly, "That is a *boy's* voice!"

They ran forward quickly, and before long came in sight of the boy himself, and one of the party shouted to him, "Who are you?"

"I am Theodore Lorrè," was the answer.

"Where do you live?"

"At Allouez."

"Is there any one with you?"

"Yes, my little sister."

Imagine the surprise and joy with which the men discovered that they had at last found those for whom all were seeking. Ragged, foot-sore,

and tired, they continued their way, and the whole party,—miners as well as children,—being lost, a consultation was held about the direction to be pursued. The miners said that it would be useless to follow the river, because it flowed into Lake Superior, and would lead them farther and farther from home; but the boy stoutly maintained that all the water on that side of Keweenaw Point flowed into Torch Lake. At last, persuaded by his entreaties, and aware of their own ignorance of the locality, the men yielded, and slowly forced a path along the bank down the stream, a course which, to their great delight, brought them ere long to a region where they recognized several landmarks, and whence they soon and easily made their way to Calumet.

Meantime, in the town, parties were sadly preparing to resume the apparently hopeless search, when the news flew from mouth to mouth that the lost ones had been found. At first, the report was not believed; but before night-fall the miners, carrying the children on their shoulders, came in sight, and the crowd burst into shouts and cheers of joy. A gentleman took the little ones into his buggy, and drove along the street toward their home while the crowd thronged about the horse and vehicle clamoring for a sight of the children, who had to be constantly held up to their view and saluted with cheers. A friend had run forward to inform the almost frenzied parents, who wept with joy on hearing the news; and in a few minutes the father and mother clasped to their hearts the lost ones whom they had begun to mourn as dead.

Theodore's boots could be taken off only by cutting them away from his feet with a knife; and



HOME AT LAST!

bruised, and exhausted, the children still showed that they had not lost their courage, and the men, overjoyed with their success,—for few had hoped after so many days to find the brother and sister alive,—lifted them on their shoulders and carried them till dark, when they encamped for the night on the bank of the stream near which the little ones had been found.

Early Saturday morning, they prepared to con-

as the poor boy had had his leg broken hardly a year before, it seemed marvelous that he could have endured all he did. Both children were terribly foot-sore, and several days passed before the brave lad could leave his bed. For eight long days and nights he had wandered with his little sister, refusing, even to save his life, to leave her a moment, lest she should be hopelessly lost. And during the last two days, hardly able to drag

himself along, he carried her on his back. He had shown through all that had happened a courage and endurance that many a man might envy, and it is good to know that, in the days following his return, hundreds of friends and neighbors visited the family, and in many ways testified their appreciation of the children's bravery.

Through the kind assistance of a friendly correspondent,* ST. NICHOLAS is enabled to show you photographs of the two children in the clothes which they wore during their wanderings in the woods; and, looking at them, we seem to see in the faces something of the brave and patient en-

durance that carried them safely through that terrible week. Perhaps they were remembering it all in those few minutes when they stood before the camera; but, whether that were true or not, the devotion and courage shown by this boy of nine are truly remarkable and worthy of all praise. And when we remember that his own wise little head had really discovered a way out of the woods before he was found by the miners, and that he in fact guided them out afterward by persuading them to follow the route he had determined upon, we could not blame the sturdy lad for hesitating to admit that he was really *lost* in the woods.

* [We are indebted, for the faithful and striking pictures of the Lorrè children accompanying this story, to Mrs. Sarah J. Penniman, of Calumet, Michigan, who made the photographs from which our engravings are copied. "A few evenings ago," writes Mrs. Penniman, in a letter received just as the story is going to press, "I went to see the Lorrè children, who interest me very much. It is difficult for me to converse with the father and mother, because they are Swedes, and I am not very familiar with the Swedish language; but Theodore interprets for me. A lady in Boston sent me a fine pocket-compass for Theodore and a dress for Arminda, so my last visit was especially interesting. The lady was an utter stranger, and sent the gifts from the admiration she felt for the children after hearing the story of their adventure. Some time ago, a gentleman in Cleveland sent Theodore twenty-five dollars and a suit of clothes in compliment to his bravery. I am sure that the ST. NICHOLAS account of the children's week in the woods will greatly interest, not only the people of this locality, but all the readers of the magazine.

"In making the photographs, I had to reward the children for consenting to be taken in the garments they wore in the woods by giving them a photograph of themselves arrayed in their Sunday best. They did not like the idea of 'those old clothes.'"—ED.]

LOVELINESS.

BY MARIA LOCEY.

"BEAUTIFUL thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

ONCE I knew a little girl,
 Very plain;
 You might try her hair to curl,
 All in vain;
 On her cheek no tint of rose
 Paled and blushed, or sought repose:
 She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
 Came and went,
 As a recompense for pain,
 Angels sent:
 So full many a beauteous thing,
 In her young soul blossoming,
 Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
 Pure and true;
 And in time the homely face
 Lovelier grew;
 With a heavenly radiance bright,
 From the soul's reflected light
 Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
 Plain or poor,
 If your thoughts are undefiled,
 You are sure
 Of the loveliness of worth;—
 And this beauty not of earth
 Will endure.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

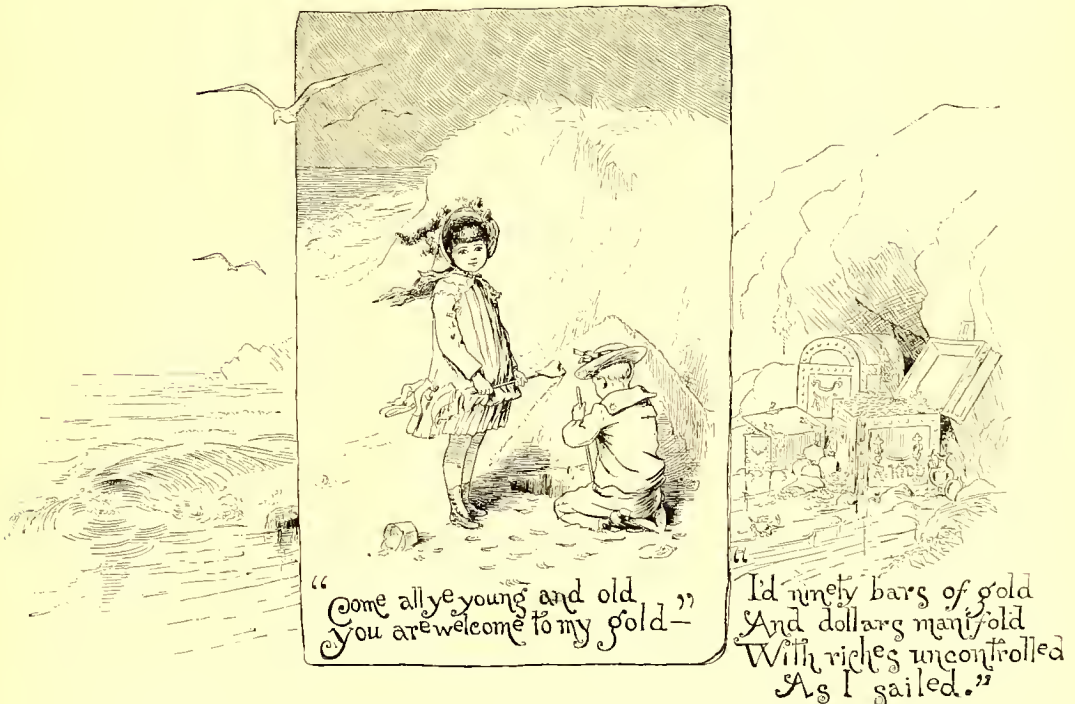
BY AUNT FANNY.

SHAKE, shake the branches!
 Make the beauties drop!
 Pity 't is the reddest ones
 Are always at the top!
 Oh, what a merry chime!
 (Sing all together!)
 Trip in time and ring a rhyme,
 In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!
 Gather every one,
 Rosy-golden rogues they are,
 Ripening in the sun!

Tommy holds his apron white,
 (Sing all together!)
 Fire bright will roast 'em right,
 In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!
 Down, down they fall;
 We 're to have a bun apiece
 If we gather all.
 Now we 're marching home again
 (Sing all together!)
 Let the rain fall amain—
 We 'll not mind the weather!



ELSIE: "NOW, FRED, I JUST DON'T BELIEVE THAT STORY ABOUT CAPTAIN KIDD IS TRUE. BESIDES, I 'M TOO TIRED TO DIG ANY FURTHER."

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. IX.

THE PLAYTHINGS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.

AT the time when my companions and I were boys, there was scarcely such a thing known as a manufactured toy. The few of such toys as came over to America were soon used up in the larger cities, so that none of them ever came to the village where I had my home. Our geographies told us that large quantities of toys were made in Nuremberg, and we never ceased to wonder at that far-away place where toys could actually be bought all ready for use. How much labor, we thought, that would save us if we could only get a sight of those coveted toys from Nuremberg, so that we might copy after them—for, with hardly a single exception, all the toys that we had we made ourselves.

Perhaps it was just as well that we did. Our geographies opened with heavy arguments from the *North American Review*, *The Journal of Education*, Maria Edgeworth, and Pestalozzi, to show that the book was so plainly written as to be easily understood by the most stupid pupil. The following titles sufficiently indicate the character of the illustrations: "Railroad Car"—of the olden style; "Freemen's Meeting Displaying the Flag of 'Equal Rights'"; the "Hudson River, Palisades, and Steamer Oregon"; "A Despot Giving Orders"; "Indians Attacking the First Settlers"; "Lion Carrying Off a Hottentot"; "Death of Captain Cook"; "Capture of a Boa-Constrictor"; "Capitol at Washington," as it was originally built; "Portraits of the Presidents of the United States"—Polk being the last, and ten the whole number, instead of twenty-one, as at the present time.

A glance at our "children's book-case"—as it is called to-day—shows that the best of our books were: "Robinson Crusoe"; "Swiss Family Robinson," and the sequel; "Paul Preston's Voyages," with engravings; Captain Marryatt's "Children of the New Forest"; "Hugh Fisher, or Home Principles Carried Out"; "Letters to the Young," by Miss Jewsbury; and "Glimpses of the Past," by Charlotte Elizabeth. Beside these, we had the "Franconia Stories"; the earlier numbers of *Merry's Museum* and *The Youth's Cabinet*; and "Peter Parley's Tales."

This was the kind of reading that we had, instead of the lighter kind, with beautiful pictures, which almost every boy and girl of to-day can enjoy. We had no such fine books in those days,

and we had no fine toys either. Do you wonder, then, that we were, and that we grew up, old-fashioned boys and girls?

As soon as we were well along in our studies, our teacher made us spend a part of our play-time in knitting with a spool. This is the way it was done: Four pins were driven into the end of the spool, close to the hole that runs through it. A loop was tied in the yarn and slipped over the head of one of the pins. The yarn was then carried around the other three pins, and the work of knitting was ready to proceed. A loose pin was taken between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, by means of which a bit of the loose yarn was pried up. It was then pulled through the loop, put over the head of the pin that stood upright, and pressed back to its place again. Another stitch was taken at the next pin, and so on. After working in this way for awhile, the knitted part began to appear through the other end of the hole in the spool, where it would grow gradually longer. When it was long enough, it was cut off and sewed together in the form of a mat. Instead of a spool, some of us were so much better off than the rest as to have a cork, through which a large hole was made. I will not draw a picture of this knitting-machine, because it has lately made its appearance at the toy-shops as a new invention, and for a few cents you can easily have one that will be a great deal better than mine ever was.

We boys soon became tired of "cork knitting," "grace hoops," "battledoor and shuttlecocks," and other games, which the teacher had us play. Such games we left for the girls, while we took up marbles and tops. From that time, our sports and games were as different as could be from those which the girls enjoyed; and, if you will let me, I will tell you how three or four of us—all under the age of twelve—made our own toys and playthings, and managed to have a good time generally, although we were obliged to do without "store" toys. For the sake of convenience, I will divide my story into chapters, in this way:

CHAPTER I.

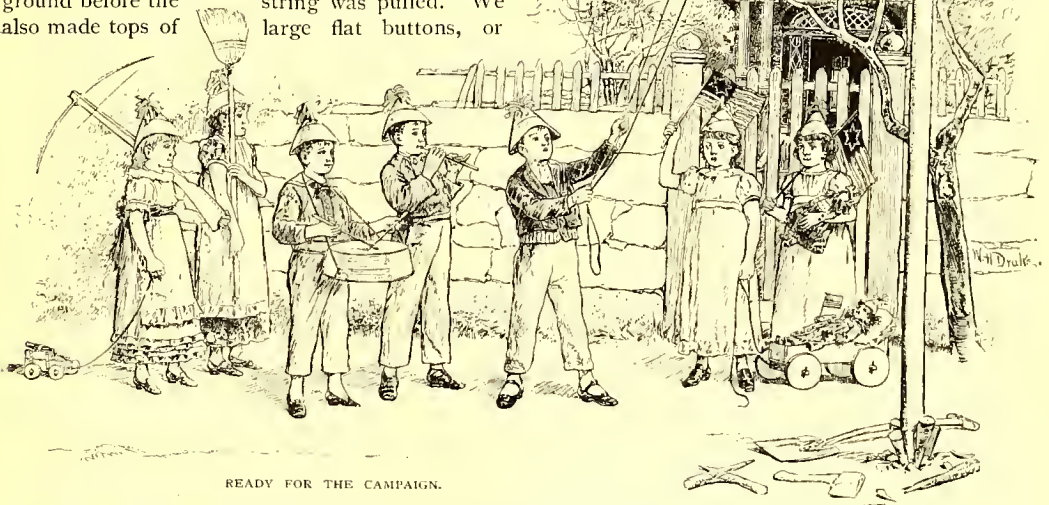
TOPS, KITES, AND FLAG-POLES.

SOMEBODY has said that, when marbles, tops, and kites make their appearance, we may know

that winter is over and spring has come. This is truer of marbles than of the other things we have named. The tops that we made were of two kinds. The first kind was of the shape shown at Fig. 1 (p. 866), with a spiral groove running from the upper part down to the lower end, where a nail had been driven into the wood and filed to a point. The work of cutting this groove was difficult, for it had to be very evenly done, or else the leathern string—or whip-lash—would slip over the point of the top. When everything was ready, the whip-lash was wound in the groove, and the boy threw the top away from him toward the ground, taking care to hold the lash and the whip-handle in his hand. If the point struck the ground, the top would keep on spinning for a little time; but it would soon stop unless the boy whipped it with a great deal of force, and even then it would stop if he did not strike it in the right way. You will not see many of these tops nowadays, because boys do not like to work so hard with a whip when they play. Another kind of top (see Fig. 2) was spun by wrapping a string around the handle, which was held in one hand, while the string was pulled with the other. The body of the top was near the point, and this made it spin for a long time, but we were careful to put the point close to the ground before the string was pulled. We also made tops of

short piece, *f c*, were fastened at the center, *g* (Fig. 3). Notches were cut in the ends of the sticks, and a string was slipped into the notches, at *a, b, c, d, e*, and *f*. Four other notches, about *g*, were made for the two cross-loops of string—the “belly-bands”—to which was fastened the long string that “fled” the kite. Other notches, at *e* and *d*, secured a crossstring, which held the tail. The whole surface, *a, b, c*, and round to *a* again, was covered with newspapers that were cut large enough to fold over the outer string, and to be secured with flour-paste on the under side.

The next thing to fly-
ing a



READY FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

wooden button-molds (see Fig. 2), with holes in the center of each. A broom-splint made the handle, and, by turning the top over and making a point of the handle, we enjoyed the antics of what we called “a long-legged top.”

Our kites were very simply made from paper, string, and three bits of lath split in two, lengthwise. For a fair-sized kite, two of the laths were three feet long, and the third lath was two feet long. The two long pieces, *a d* and *b e*, and the

kite, in our opinion, was the flying of a flag or banner of some sort. Of course, the flag or the banner was “home-made.” The flag was of white cotton, red cambric, and blue cambric. The banner was usually of white cotton, with some political motto or sentiment, like “We are all Whigs here,” painted upon it. In order to float these flags or banners, we were obliged to go into the woods and cut small tamarack or hemlock trees. Having trimmed these and stripped off the bark, we had very

smooth and straight poles, from twenty to twenty-five feet long. When we wanted longer poles, we cut two trees, and "spliced" one at the end of the other. Then came the fun of "rigging" a pulley at the smaller end, through which the rope or string that held the flag might run. After that came the greatest fun of all, the digging of a hole in the ground for the planting of the pole. When this was done we were ready, and even anxious, for the next political campaign to begin.

had to go to the house after a drink of water and some of Grandma's "jumbles," as a spur to industry. The deeper we dug, the less you could see of us above the ground, and when our shoulders were below the surface it was hard work to

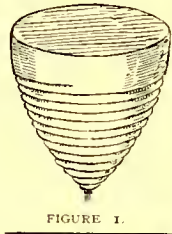


FIGURE 1.



FIGURE 2. OLD-FASHIONED TOPS.

CHAPTER II.
EXCAVATIONS.

AND in speaking of the digging of holes in the ground, I am reminded of larger holes, real excavations, that we dug every spring for a number of years—for, at that time, we had never been told that in digging into the earth we ran the risk of malaria. Our method of working was very simple. Having selected a place that suited us, we marked upon the ground a circle of perhaps

throw the earth up and so far away from the hole that it would not tumble back again. So we covered all the edges of the hole with boards, and, while one threw up the earth from below, another would take it from the boards and throw it further away.

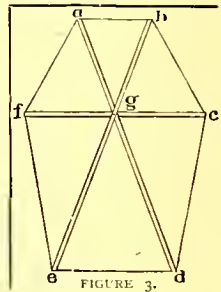


FIGURE 3.

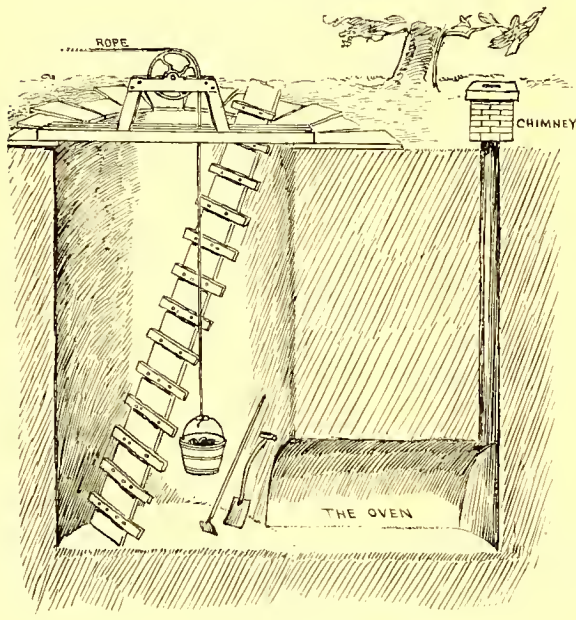


FIGURE 4. A JUVENILE MINE.

six feet in diameter. Three of us worked together, and each took a shovel. For awhile the work went on bravely. But it was not long before we

Pretty soon the hole became so deep that we could not throw the earth out. Then we brought an old pulley-wheel, fastened it to a beam which we had placed across the hole, and dropped a pail into the hole by a rope that ran over the pulley. The pail being filled with earth below, it was drawn up by pulling on the rope above. In this way we went down to a depth of perhaps ten or twelve feet, taking care to go no further lest the banks should give way and cover us. A rough ladder was then made by nailing short sticks across a long board, and on this ladder we were able to go down to the bottom of the hole and to come up to the surface again. (Fig. 4.)

But this was only a small part of the pleasure of "digging a hole," as we called it. After enjoying the cool air at the bottom, we marked the outline of an oven at one side, and dug with spades and hoes until we had made a very large

open space. Carefully measuring the depth of the oven, we came up to the surface, marked off the distance, and dug a small hole downward. When this small hole met the oven, we built up the top with bricks and called it the chimney.



FIGURE 6.

Everything was now ready for "the bake." A fire was built, and while it was roaring we gathered corn and potatoes. Bearing

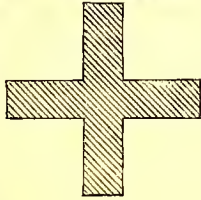


FIGURE 5.

these to the oven, we waited till only the coals and hot ashes were left, and then, throwing in the potatoes and the corn and covering them with grass, we waited till "the bake" was done. You can not imagine how much better the corn and the potatoes tasted than any that we ever had at the table. After two or three

fires had been built in the oven, the earth became so dry as to cave in—and this was always the end of "the hole." After that the gardener threw in whatever rubbish he wanted to dispose of, and there was nothing left for us boys but to fill up the hole. This was not as much fun as it was to dig it—but we always managed to do the filling, because we knew that, if we did not, we could not have permission to dig another hole when another spring came around.

CHAPTER III.

WOODEN CHAINS, BUZZ-SAWS, AND FLAP-JACKS.

WE spoiled or broke many a two-bladed jack-knife in the process of whittling chains, etc., from blocks of wood. The blocks (for a beginner) were about an inch and a half square at each end and a foot long. Pine was the wood first selected, but as we learned how to avoid breaking our knives or splitting the wood, we took black walnut instead, because the links "finished" more handsomely. As we became more expert, we reduced

the size of the blocks until we were able to use them when they were as small as an inch or even three-quarters of an inch at the end. The first thing, after trimming the stick so that it would be perfectly square, was to dig out the four corners, so that each end would look like Fig. 5, which is made from what the lumber dealers call "inch stuff." Once in awhile, when we felt too lazy to dig the corners out with our knives, we had a carpenter plane them out with his tools. Our next move was to mark out the links so that they should be of a uniform length. If we were working in "inch stuff," the links were an inch and three-quarters long; but if we were working in "inch-and-a-half stuff," the links were two and a quarter inches long. You will see by Fig. 6 how we cut each link away from the rest, and how the whole chain was made out of a single piece of wood. Great care was taken not to split the wood at the place marked *a*. The links were very rough when they became loose, and each one was smoothed and afterward oiled. Sometimes we left the corners as they were at one end of the block and cut the open spaces at *b* and *c* (Fig. 7). This gave us a block which we afterward whittled into the shape of a ball. At other times, when we had more of the virtue of patience than usual, we cut from a

single piece of inch or inch-and-a-half board a number of pincers, with joints at *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* (Fig. 8), that would allow them to open and shut. Another joint, at *e*, was so cut that the smallest pair of pincers worked at right angles to the others. There were also small chains of wood which held a draughtsman's compass, a bugle, and a pair of scissors—the whole, as I have said before, being made from a single block of wood.

What we called "buzz-saws" were imitations of the circular saws at the saw-mills. In order to make them, we first pounded the cover of an old blacking-box until the rim came off. Hav-

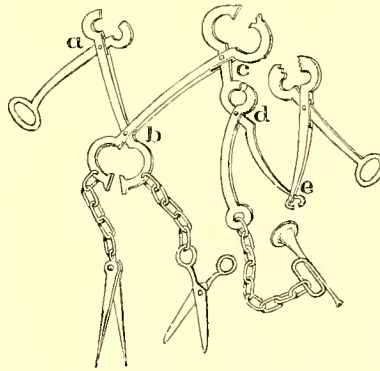


FIGURE 8. SOME TRIUMPHS OF WHITTILING.

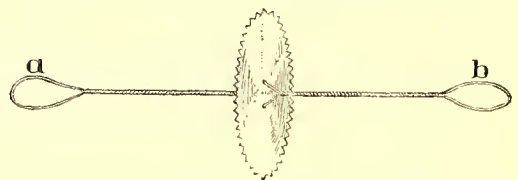
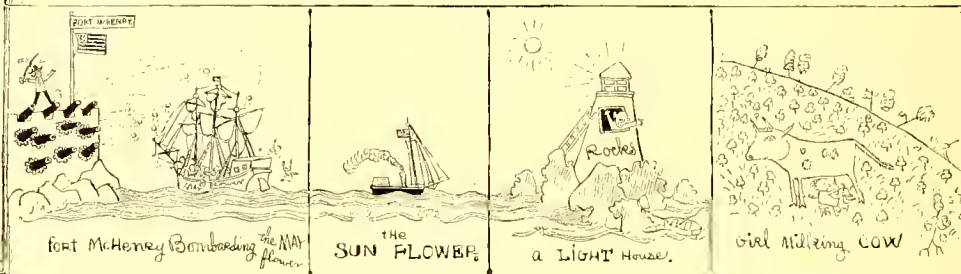


FIGURE 9.

ing flattened the round part, we punched two holes through it close to the center and perhaps half an inch apart. The holes were at the same distance

from the center. A string nearly four feet long was run through the holes, and the ends were tied together. One hand was placed

buzz-saw turned rapidly in the other direction. By thus bringing the hands nearer together and then pulling them apart, the buzz-saw would twirl



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

in the loop *a*, and the other in the loop *b* (Fig. 9). The hands being then about two feet apart, they were pulled still farther apart. This motion caused the string

as long as we wished. Of course, we cut teeth in the edge of the tin, so that we could cut notches in any bit of wood that we came across. But when we had such a toy, you may be sure that we were



"THE FLAPJACK TURNED HEELS OVER HEAD WITH A GREAT NOISE." [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

to twist, thus bringing the hands nearer together. Another motion of the hands outward, and the

not allowed to use it in the parlor. We sometimes made a safer and less noisy toy, similar in char-

acter but much smaller, by using buttons instead of the cover of the blacking-box.

So far as I know, my grandfather was the in-

were cut—usually an advertisement-card of some insurance company, the white side of which was as good for our purpose as if the whole card had been



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

ventor of the "flapjack"—a plaything that he taught us to make and to use. The fork of a tree was selected—the two branches being about eighteen inches long and not more than one inch thick. Near the ends of the two branches there were cut notches, into which a double string was closely fitted. A flat stick—a little longer than the distance between the string and the place where the branches came together—was slipped between the double string, and twisted until the shortened string brought the ends of the branches very much closer. Then the flat stick was shoved down a little beyond the point where the two branches came together. The stick did not want to stay in that position, and therefore it was fastened to the fork with a piece of warm wax at *a* (Fig. 10). Stoves were higher from the floor in those days than they are now; and when the flapjack had been placed—stick side down—where the warm air under the stove would strike it, the wax became softer, and the flapjack turned heels over head with a great noise. And yet nobody was hurt; for the flapjack simply made people jump, because it jumped so suddenly itself.

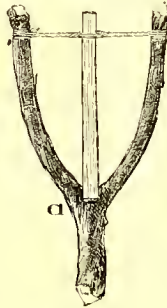


FIGURE 10.

blank. Each of the eight pieces was six inches wide from *a* to *b* (Fig. 11). The height from *a* to *c* was four inches; but we sometimes made each card a trifle higher than the one before it, so that the lower card—if they were laid one on another—would be an inch more from *a* to *c* than the upper card, or five inches instead of four inches. The upper card was then cut in the manner shown by the straight and curved lines in Fig. 11. The second card was cut with the same figure, only a trifle smaller: and so on—the eighth card having the smallest openings of all. Strips of thin brown wrapping-paper were pasted upon the edges of the cards in the manner shown in Fig. 12, so that the whole might fold together like an accordion. This done, the next thing was to cut small ships and boats from the illustrated papers, and to paste two or three of them on each card along the upper edge. Blue paint made these upper edges resemble the water. Small men, and horses drawing carts—which had also been cut from the papers and adjusted within the curved openings—gave the appearance (Fig. 13) of a great crowd passing through the celebrated tunnel under the Thames River in London, England.

But the painting of panoramas was a source of far greater amusement to us. Of course, we painted several, and I have time only to describe one, which is a good specimen of them all. It lies on the table before me as I write—a roll of yellowish paper, that was originally white, wound upon a round hickory stick (Fig. 14), eleven inches long and half an inch in diameter. The bottom part was an inch thick, and supported a tin plate. Heavy wires or nails were driven into the bottom of each roller. The opposite ends were provided with wire handles, with which we turned our rollers. The panorama itself was made by cutting blank sheets of newspaper into three strips, and then pasting them together. We thus had a roll of paper nine inches wide and as long as we chose, on

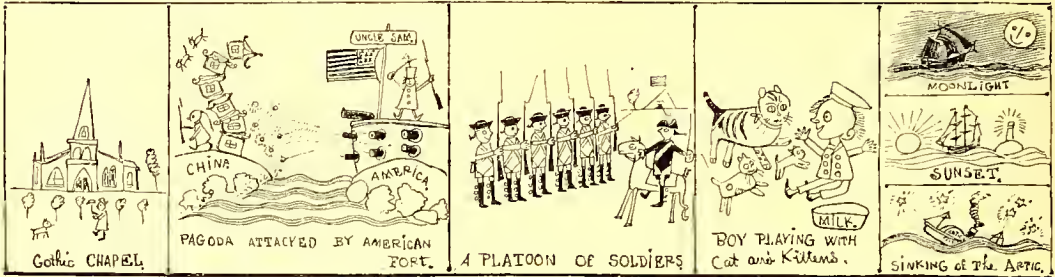
CHAPTER IV.

PANORAMAS AND THE LIKE.

OF course, we had a glimpse of a magic-lantern once in awhile; but a really good lantern was unknown in the neighborhood. Nor was there any such thing as a stereopticon in existence. We thought ourselves fortunate when—at the suggestion of the older people—we were able to make a "Thames Tunnel." Eight pieces of card-board

which we drew the pictures that were afterward painted. Here is a list of a part of the "pictures" in the panorama I have mentioned: "Fort

thatched cottage; a yellow country tavern, with horse-sheds; an American railway depot; a landscape in Italy—porphyry columns, overgrown



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA.

McHenry bombarding the 'Mayflower'; a mite of a steamer, named "The Sunflower"; a light-

with ivy; a castle, with draw-bridge and moat; views of Harvard College, and the Champs de Mars, Paris; Niagara Falls emptying into the ocean; an iceberg, painted dark brown; Minot's Ledge light-house; the wreck of the schooner "Hesperus"; again the "Mayflower," with a green hull, red masts, and blue booms; Columbus's vessel, the "Santa Maria"; a black, three-masted

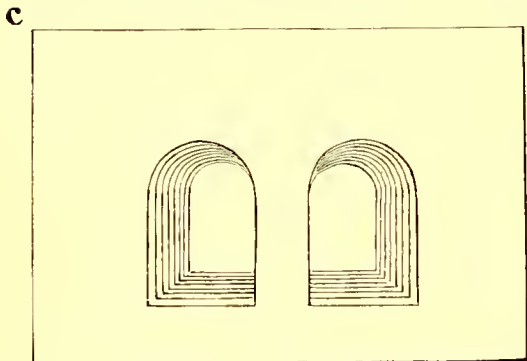


FIGURE 11.

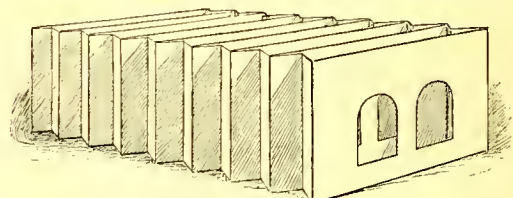


FIGURE 12.

house, on which was the sign "Rocks"; a girl milking a very sick-looking cow; another girl reading a book on the roof of a red house, with a yellow cornice; the heathen in Madagascar chopping off a rope and letting the missionaries fall headlong on the rocks below; St. Peter's Church in Rome; a bird's nest in a tree; a Chinese fort; a Turkish soldier (taller than the tree and twice as tall as the fort); the Grand Mufti—who stands taller than the spire of a Gothic chapel near by; a Chinese pagoda—into which an American fort is firing cannon-balls; a platoon of soldiers that are almost as tall as a cat and kittens with which a chestnut-haired boy is playing; a series of marine views—all shades of blue water—including Gosnold's ship, red, yellow, and brown schooners, pink steamers, and purple yachts with red sails; the sinking of the steamer "Arctic"; groups of cottages, with pink or purple roofs and red or blue doors and windows; Windsor Castle, as it was originally built; a grove of peacock-blue trees; a "lone fisherman," all in yellow; the ruins of Kenilworth Castle; a

gun-boat—the only really artistic picture in the lot; and, finally, the "Port of London"—a perfect maze of vessels—which concluded the exhibition.

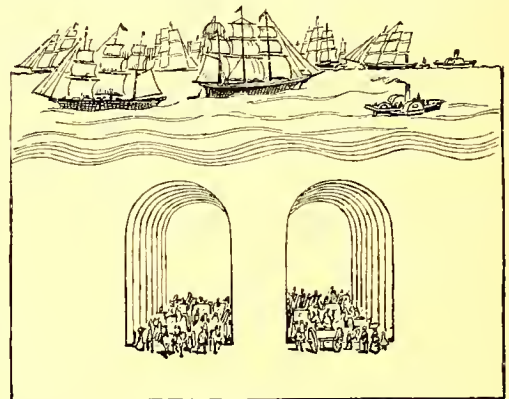
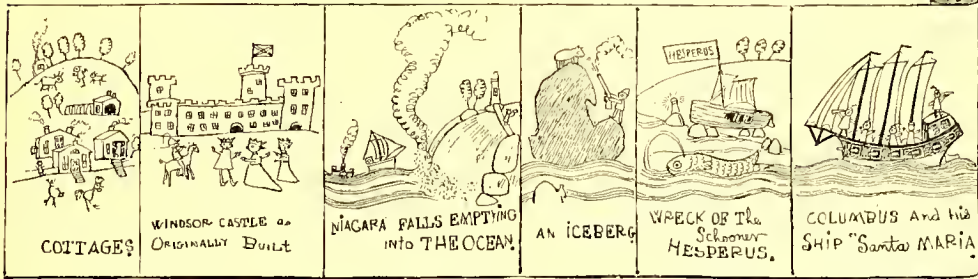


FIGURE 13.

Only a part of the pictures are mentioned above—for it would be too tiresome for any one to read a complete list. When the panorama was to be

shown, the roll (Fig. 14) was placed in one end of the box, at *b* (Fig. 15), and another roller just like it was placed at the point *a*. The loose end of the

pictures. One of the younger sisters, whom we called "Peggotty," was employed to turn the crank, while some of "us



SCENES FROM THE PANORAMA. (FIGURE 14.)



panorama having been fastened to the roller *a*, the crank was slowly turned, thus bringing the pan-

boys" explained the views to "the audience." This is the way in which a certain juvenile paper of the day spoke of the performance :

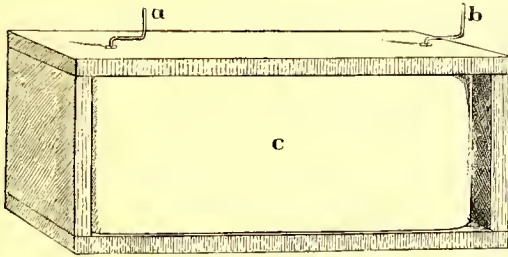
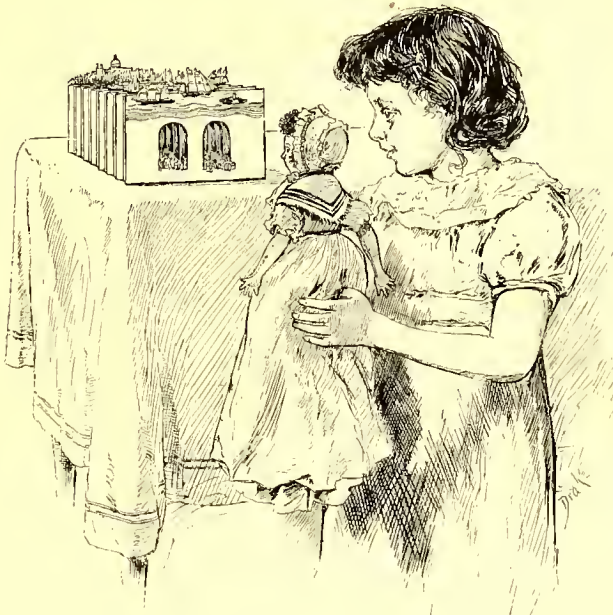


FIGURE 15.

orama into view at *c*. At the rear were two or three candles or a lamp, used to "light up" the

"PANORAMA.—This panorama was exhibited last Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. The place where the panorama was exhibited was an unfinished room over the kitchen. A part of the room was divided from the rest by sheets; and a small hole, eighteen inches long and eight wide, was left in which to show the panorama. The audience consisted of nine persons, and the tickets were two cents apiece. The first thing was the first house in Wilmington, N. C., and a moonlight view of a bombardment by Fort McHenry. After crossing over a strip of water, we come into China; and after this, among other things, we have views of the following: Windsor Castle; the house at Genoa, in Italy, in which Columbus was born; the corner of a Mexican temple; the first church that was built in Cincinnati, Ohio; the mosaic temple in Benares; Gosnold's ship in 1602; some Indians; the steam-ship "Arabia"; a revenue cutter; a Spanish vessel; an American pirate ship, and the port of London. The panorama is nearly one hundred feet long, and I intend to have another part to it, which will be composed mostly of views in the Eastern continent and in South America."

(To be concluded.)



DOLLY ENJOYS A VIEW OF THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THE STORY OF THE PAPER DOLLIES.

BY BESSIE HILL.

ONCE there was a ver-y nice girl who lived in the coun-try. Her name was Kate. She had a lit-tle sis-ter named Ma-bel; and Kate and Ma-bel would play out-of-doors ev-er-y fine day. Some-times they took their dog Car-lo with them, and he would leap be-fore them and bark with joy. Then Kate would throw a stick,—oh, so far!—for him to catch. She could throw a stick twice as far as Ma-bel could. If Ma-bel tried too hard she would fall down, and then Car-lo would try to lift her up, and she would put her lit-tle arms a-round his neck to help him all she could. Some-times Kate and Ma-bel found flow-ers and ber-ries in the field for Mam-ma, and some-times they would go to the brook and watch the lit-tle fish swim past. Or else they would roll a hoo-ple down the iong gar-den walk, or jump a rope, or Kate would put lit-tle roll-er skates on Ma-bel and teach her to skate.

But on rain-y days they would stay in the house. Kate oft-en had work to do, or lessons to stud-y, but as soon as she had a mo-nient to spare, Ma-bel would say, in a fun-ny, coax-ing way, “Now, Ka-ty, please ’muse me.” “Ver-y well,” Kate would say; “I ’ll a-muse you, you dar-ling. What shall we do?”

Ma-bel knew Kate could do so man-y things, that it was hard to make a choice. Play-ing stage with the chairs was great fun; so was look-ing at a pict-ure-book; so was dress-ing the dol-lies; so was play-ing hide-and-seek; and so was hear-ing sto-ries, for Kate could tell ev-er so man-y nice sto-ries. But oft-en Ma-bel would not choose an-y of these things. No. She would run in-stead, and beg her Mam-ma for some sheets of pa-per and the scis-sors, and then Kate would laugh and say:

“I know what you want now! You want some pa-per dol-lies.”

“Yes,” Ma-bel would say, nod-ding her head and get-ting down on the floor close to Ka-tie’s feet, “I want pa-per dol-lies.”

Then Kate would cut, and cut, and cut till Ma-bel had as many as she wished.

One day Ma-bel looked out of the win-dow, and there sat a poor lit-tle girl by the fence.

“What ’s your name, lit-tle girl?” called out Ma-bel, as Kate o-pened the win-dow. “You ’ll get wet there. Come in-to my house. It ’s rain-ing.”

But the poor lit-tle girl was a-fraid to o-pen the gate. She be-gan to cry. "Don't cry!" called Ma-bel. "Oh, Ka-ty, Ka-ty! She 's cry-ing!"

Then Kate went down and brought the lit-tle girl in, and let her sit by the kitch-en fire till she felt warm and dry. Then she and Ma-bel gave the lit-tle girl some bread and tea and cake, and Kate found a bas-ket and filled



KATE CUTS OUT THE PAPER DOLLIES FOR MABEL.

it full of bread and meat and eggs and tea for the lit-tle girl to take home with her. And you may be sure the lit-tle girl did not cry then.

And Ma-bel put in all the pa-per dolls she had, and kissed the lit-tle girl for "Good-bye."

"Come a-gain, lit-tle girl," she said, "and Ka-ty 'll make you more pa-per dol-lies."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—"TING-A-LING!-A-LING!-A-LING!"—Yes, my dears, it's getting nearer and clearer every day—the sound of that school-bell. But, before it grows so loud and pressing as to drive all other sounds quite out of hearing, we'll have time to look into the subject of

WAR ON THE SPARROWS.

ABOUT fourteen years ago, Deacon Green tells me, America's own poet, William Cullen Bryant, wrote in verse a beautiful welcome to the English sparrow—the "Stranger Bird," as he called it, then a new-comer (brought over from England) and an object of general interest. The little stranger birds very soon made themselves at home in our towns and cities. They went to housekeeping, reared their families, chirped and quarreled and struggled for a living very much as their biped brother man did. Soon the country round about knew the little birds, and even the farmers gave them a sort of grudging welcome. Children watched them with a kindly courtesy, and even men and women would pause in their busy ways to wonder at the active, hardy little emigrants, who were so willing to go west, east, north, or south in the new land and settle. But that was a dozen years ago. The little stranger bird soon grew familiar, then abundant, and now people rise against them and tell them to begone. Letters are written to the newspapers proposing various ways of destroying them. They are welcome no longer. It's a free country, but not free to the sparrows.

Perhaps I ought to feel differently, my children, and tell you that the little creatures have become troublesome, that they drive away better birds, that they don't eat insects and slugs, and they do

eat fruit and grain. Perhaps I ought to read you a lesson from all this, and say, Behold, my children, the effects of ill-doing! But I can not. I am only a Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and there are so many things worse than sparrows!

Think of it! Only fourteen years since the old poet sang in his kindness:

I hear the note of a stranger bird
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race;
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain,
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,
And crumbs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear,
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here!

THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

Now and then my birds bring me a letter from some learned scientific man—pretty heavy for them to carry, and yet too interesting to be thrown down under my pulpit (the letter, I mean, not the learned scientific man). Here is one, for instance, that can be accepted word for word as a true account. So many of my youngsters have been by the sea and on the sea during the past summer that, for their sakes, I. E. shall have a hearty welcome and a hearing:

DEAR JACK: If you will give me room, I would like to say a few words to your school-boys and school-girls about deep sea soundings: When, half a dozen years ago, the English men of science in the "Challenger" sent word that they had succeeded in sinking their sounding-lead to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean through water 3862 fathoms deep, everybody thought it very wonderful. But last winter, the officers of the Coast Survey steamer "Blake" made a record with their lead-line (of piano-wire) of 4561 fathoms, at a point seventy-five miles north of San Juan, Porto Rico, in the West Indies. But a greater abyss than this even has been reached by another American steamer, the "Tuscarora," for her officers say that, between Japan and the Aleutian Islands, they "found bottom" at a depth of 4643 fathoms. A fathom is six feet, and a mile contains only 5280 feet; so that this depth is almost six miles. There is only one mountain in the world that stands as high as that above the surface, yet probably thousands of square miles of ocean bottom are much more than this depth below it. In Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's little book, "Old Ocean," he says that if Nature were to plane down the earth with its mountain ranges in order to fill the ocean valleys, and so make a perfectly smooth surface all over the globe, "she would find it needful to dig away all the dry land of the globe and also much which is submerged, and then salt water would cover everything with a uniform depth of over a mile." This means that the general average of land surface is sunk a mile deeper below the level of the ocean beach than it is raised above by all the mountain masses. I. E.

A PET RABBIT.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am ten years old. I have a pet rabbit; he has black ears, feet, and nose, and the rest is white, and his eyes are pink. He used to go under the parlor table just at dusk, but now he goes upstairs and finds shelter in some dark corner. One night, he got under the bed, and we had quite a hard time to get him out. He likes bread and gingerbread very much, and if I have either he follows me wherever I go until he gets some. One night I thought he was lost, and we hunted everywhere and could not find him. At last, we looked under the outer kitchen and he was there. We tried to coax him out with cantelope, and he drew it under; then we tried bread, and he came out. One day he was chased by a dog, and I heard the bell on the dog and the one on the rabbit, and I chased the dog out and the rabbit went under the porch. The dog was a good ratter and mistook Bunny for a rat. WALTER L. F.

Now, Walter, Jack wishes you to ask some wise body this question, if you can not answer it yourself: If a dog can make a *mistake* of that kind,

does it, or does it not, prove that a dog can think? My birds tell me, though, that the dog knew it was Bunny, but *thought* he would try a rabbit for a change.

AN IMPORTANT INSECT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Have your birds ever told you about the insect which, according to "Cassell's Family Magazine," has lately been discovered in Yucatan, Central America, by an American explorer? And, if so, do you know what it looks like? I do not. But hear what my book says of its possible performances:

It is called Neen, and belongs to the Coccus family, which feeds on the mango tree, and swarms in these regions. It is of considerable size, yellowish-brown in color, and emits a peculiar odor. The body of the insect contains a large proportion of grease, which is highly prized by the natives for applying to the skin on account of its medicinal properties. When exposed to great heat, the lighter oils of the grease volatilize, leaving behind a tough wax which resembles shellac, and may be used for making varnish or lacquer. When burnt, this wax produces a thick semi-fluid mass, like a solution of india rubber, and it is expected that this glutinous liquid will be very valuable for cement and water-proofing.

Yours truly,

JANET C. W.

No, my birds have not described this identical sort of gifted insect, but a little quail of my acquaintance says if he ever should taste one he would be sure to know it. Neither the Little School-ma'am, who is much interested in the account, nor the Deacon, can give me any further particulars about the newly discovered insect.

A RAILWAY VELOCIPÈDE.



THE Deacon, by the way, wishes me to show you this picture of what he calls "A Railway Velocipede," and he says it will interest all the young ST. NICHOLAS "wheelmen," whoever they may be. The Deacon adds that the queer velocipede is an actual "machine," and is explained by this letter to him from a certain C. J.:

DEAR DEACON GREEN: The accompanying picture shows a velocipede designed to transport the employes of a railway company along the lines.

It is now used in most of the railways round Lake Michigan. The machine is propelled by the rider working the hand-lever, as shown; but the feet can also be called into play in order to insure greater speed. As the friction on the rails is very slight, the driver can readily attain a speed of twelve miles an hour; and if a train should be seen approaching, he can dismount very quickly and cant it off the rails.

Yours truly,

C. J.

A BULL-DOG ANT.

HAVE any of my young observers in this part of the world ever seen a fly attack an ant, or an ant trouble a fly? Probably not. But according to

a brave traveler named Livingstone, a certain species of small ant in Africa will worry flies in a sort of bull-dog way that can not be commended. One of these little insects will conquer even the house-fly, by seizing his wing or leg and holding on. The fly goes about as usual for awhile, but by and by he is tired out and gives up. Then the persevering ant devours the poor fellow without further ceremony.

A BUTTERFLY-HUNT IN RIO JANEIRO.

DEAR JACK: During two days which we spent in Rio Janeiro, we visited the Botanical Gardens, and saw the beautiful avenues of palms which distinguish them. I did not know before that palms were so beautiful, so strange, and yet so graceful. Their pictures always seemed to me like grown-up feather-dusters.

We soon found ourselves in a part of the garden where tropical plants of every kind are allowed to run wild, forming a tangled underbrush, through which run well-kept walks.

We had been here but a minute when we saw, resting on a flower, a butterfly, more beautiful than ever I had seen. He was of a pale-green, with markings. I thought immediately of the Agassiz Association. Alas! he flew away, and we saw him no more. Hardly was he gone when a purple one, of so brilliant metallic luster that he seemed to reflect the sunlight, flitted by us.

A gentleman with us sprang over a little stream in order to catch him, and sank deep into a bog. So that one, too, was lost. Then began a regular chase for butterflies, and during the next ten minutes I saw more different kinds of butterflies than I had seen during the thirteen years of my previous existence. The largest was a pale-blue one, fully as large as a bat. Not one did we catch, so I can do nothing but tantalize butterfly hunters by any description of their beauties. One was jet-black, with a light blue spot on each of his front wings, and a crimson one on each of his hind wings. There were a good many of these on the other side of a fence, which we could not get over. Truly your friend,

A. B. G.

Now that is just the kind of a butterfly-hunt your Jack likes. Butterflies beautiful and abundant, atmosphere sunny, scenery picturesque, hunters enthusiastic and active, and nobody hurt. Not one joyous butterfly less in the world than when the chase began.

Not that your Jack is down on the naturalists — oh, no. But then a butterfly has such a short time to live at best, and your naturalists can try again, summer after summer.

A SCORPION MOTHER.

Now don't suppose, my hearers, that I am going to tell you about a very cruel and unnatural parent. Not at all. There is no reason to suppose that a scorpion mother is harder by nature, or more irritable in her feelings, than a turtle-dove mother. I merely propose to show you part of a letter from a good correspondent who, being, like A. B. G., a member of the ST. NICHOLAS Agassiz Association, sometimes takes notes about what she sees and hears:

LAKE WORTH, Florida.

** I have been very much interested in watching a family of scorpions. I caught a fine scorpion and put it in a bottle. Next morning its back was covered with eggs, about as large as pin heads, not round, but oval. We counted twenty-two. They were in straight, regular rows. When they hatched, the little scorpions remained on the old scorpion's back, without moving, for several days. When we pushed them off with a stick they scrambled back, climbing up their mother's claws and tail. Sometimes she picked them up in her claws and put them on her back. In a week the old scorpion found herself, much in the condition of the "Old woman who lived in a shoe." These were the common scorpions (*Buthus Carolinianus*), I think.

LIDA BROWN.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

July, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer, we four girls have a little Reading Club, and every two or three afternoons in the week we start off with our book to a charming place on the bank of a river. We will describe this place to you the best we can, and see if you can't give us some nice name for it. It is on the bank overlooking a small river; here is a large oak tree, the limbs being arranged so as to make a nice, cozy seat for the reader, while the rest of us sit around on the grass, sketching, sewing, or doing anything we like. Up the river a little way is an island covered with trees, ferns, and vines; right by this island another river flows down to meet this one, and all along the banks are drooping trees. Down the river are rocks, and stones, and an old mill, making the scenery very picturesque. Do give us a name for our nook.

BELLE, MAY, FAUN, and KATE

Why not name the chosen spot of your Reading Club "Oak Knoll," after the present home of the poet Whittier?—or "The Talking Oak," after the title of one of Tennyson's most celebrated poems? If you prefer a special name of your own, how would THE RIVER GLEN do?

NEW YORK, July, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Rome, N. Y., and I am at school here in New York. I take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much. I read what you said in the last number about the way rubber balls are made. I think they are made in two parts, and then joined together, because I had a rubber ball once and it broke apart right through the center.

Your constant reader, DAISY W.

Thanks, Daisy. Has anybody another theory to suggest?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your correspondent's sensible suggestion, to fix important dates in children's minds by means of easy rhymes, reminds me of how the poet Southey taught his little daughter some facts in natural history and in grammar at the same time:

"A cow's daughter is called a calf;
A sheep's child is a lamb.
My darling must not say 'I are,'
But must always say 'I am'"

How would the following do as a short history lesson?

In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine
Two baby boys saw the light,
Who, long before your time or mine,
Met in a desperate fight.

On Waterloo's red battle-field
France lost, and England won;
Napoleon there was forced to yield
To the Duke of Wellington.

Yours truly, L. B.

CHARDON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It says in the dictionary that "lurid" means ghastly pale, gloomy. Therefore, Mr. Trowbridge is right, and Mr. Forbes is wrong.

Yours respectfully, GEORGIE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and take the ST. NICHOLAS, which I think is the best magazine published. I guess about all its readers agree with me in that.

We came out West here to live because Papa's health was so poor, and I think this is a lovely place.

In winter it was very cold, the thermometer at one time being thirty below zero! We did n't do much those days but keep warm.

Then in a few days it was so warm that we could go out without any outside wraps on.

It is very different here from Newton, Mass., where I used to live. Manitou, the "Saratoga of the West," is right next to us, about five miles off, and I have tasted all the Springs,—Iron, Soda, and Sulphur,—and I think they are all horrid!

I liked "Donald and Dorothy" and "Jack and Jill" ever and ever so much.

I always like every one of your stories, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I like the subjects for compositions, too, and should try for the prizes if you got to me soon enough.

Give my love to Deacon Green and the "Little School-ma'am," who are both as nice as can be.

Your constant and loving reader, BESSIE H. B.

HERE is one more letter about the rhyme of the little girl who had a little curl. We print it because it settles the question of the authorship of the verse beyond dispute:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In behalf of my little ones, Jessie and Harold, aged 8 and 4, who take great delight in your monthly visits, I answer your query as to the author of the jingle,

"There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl," etc.,

by telling you that I have a letter from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. Longfellow's publishers, saying that Mr. Longfellow did compose the one stanza beginning as above, but never published it. The subsequent additions, or parodies, however ("There was a little hoy," etc.), were made by other persons.

Yours truly,
A. H. NELSON.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and have been reading your precious pages four years. I live on the Guilford battle-ground, where Greene and Cornwallis fought; we find many relics of the battle—bullets and human bones, etc. And I have found in the kitchen garret, covered with the dust and cobwebs of all these years, a lovely spinning-wheel, with the date 1717 and the letters M. C. cut in it. It was my great-great-grandmother's.

SUSIE B. H.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are very kind to wish to hear if I am still good, and I wanted to tell you that I'm most lost my May ST. NICHOLAS, but Papa says I'd best wait awhile before I say how good (!) you make me.

I have two canaries, and they have a nest with four little eggs in it, for all the world like the picture in this May number—the spots and all. They sit on the side of the nest, and look just as wise as the eggs as yours do. (Papa says they are from Germany, and are wondering whether there is any germ in the shells.)

I wish you could see them—but I will send you one of the little birds when the eggs grow up.

Your fond friend, CUCHEE SMITH.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. I go to No. 4 School, and am in the fourth class. I am going to tell you how we get your magazine in our class. We have a bank on which is engraved, "Pass around the hat." The scholars drop in the pennies they have to spare.

We also received fifty cents from our principal for selling tickets for an entertainment. He gave us twenty-five per cent. on every dollar's worth we sold; and as we sold two dollars' worth, we raised money enough in that way for two magazines. We have six months in all.

We like ST. NICHOLAS very much, and we read it in the class instead of our Readers, which have n't very nice pieces, and those that are interesting are so short.

Yours, very respectfully, SOPHIE K.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine since 1875, and like it very much.

I like your magazine better than any other that I have read; and although I am fourteen years old, I expect to take your magazine for several years longer.

I have read all of the serial stories that have been in ST. NICHOLAS for seven or eight years, and have enjoyed them all. G. M. L.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTIETH REPORT.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

In response to the call in a late number of *St. Nicholas* for specialists in conchology, I will undertake to answer any queries in regard to, or identify, any specimens of land or fresh-water shells of North America; will also "ex." for good specimens.

H. A. PILSBRY.

The number of members joining our summer classes is quite gratifying. It is not yet too late to begin. The subject for the month in Entomology is *Neuroptera*. Records of original observations are to be prepared after the plan given in July *St. Nicholas*, and sent to Prof. G. Howard Parker, Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Botany Class will take up *Leaves* this month, and specimens—or better, drawings (see July number)—should be prepared at once, in accordance with the following scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones, Salt Lake City, Utah:

III. LEAVES.

ORDINARY LEAVES—SIMPLE.

PARTS:

<i>Stipules:</i>	<i>Tip (continued):</i>
foliaceous (for shapes, see blade),	cuspidate,
scale-like (for shapes, see blade),	aristate,
thorny,	mucronate,
glandular (for kinds, see hairs),	obtuse,
attachment,	truncate,
free,	retuse,
adnate,	emarginate,
connate,	obcordate,
sheathing, etc.	combinations.
uses,	<i>Base:</i>
common,	acuminate,
special (bud scales, ligules, etc.).	acute,
<i>Petiole:</i>	obtuse,
shapes (see stems),	truncate,
lengths,	retuse,
appendages,	emarginate,
wings,	auriculate,
glands,	sagittate,
teeth,	hastate,
etc. (see hairs).	cordate,
<i>Uses:</i>	reniform.
ordinary,	<i>Edge:</i>
special,	entire.
as leaves (phyllodia)	serrate,
tendrils,	simple,
water-catchers,	double,
store-houses, etc.	spinulose,
<i>Blade:</i>	sharp,
shapes.	obtuse,
<i>Body:</i>	glandular, etc.
linear,	dentate (for kinds, see serrate),
lanceolate,	scalloped,
oblanceolate,	sinuate,
ovate,	incised,
obovate,	lobed,
spatulate,	palmate,
cuneate,	pinnate,
elliptical,	number,
orbicular,	cleft,
peltate,	simple,
combinations.	compound,
<i>Tip:</i>	palmate,
acuminate,	pinnate,
acute,	parted (for kinds, see cleft),
	number,
	divided (for kinds, see parted).

NEW CHAPTERS

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
499	Princeton, Ill. (C)	6.	Harry Bailey.
500	Stockbridge, Mass. (A)	46.	Miss Bessie C. Chaffee.
501	Philadelphia, Pa. (O)	5.	Mrs. E. P. McCormick, 1525 Bouvier.
502	Herkimer, N. Y. (A)	5	Geo. W. Nellis.
503	Nassau, N. Y. (A)	6.	Miss Emily P. Sherman.
504	Oswego, N. Y. (B)	28.	Miss Alice T. Weed, 108 W. 7.
505	Brazil, Ind. (B)	7.	Hugh T. Montgomery.
506	Port Henry, N. Y. (A)	4	John Thomas.
507	Tonawanda, N. Y. (A)	5.	Miss Jennie Faulkner.
508	Middlebury, Vt. (B)	4	Miss May A. Bolton.
509	Macomb, Ill. (A)	10.	Miss Nellie Tunnickiff.
510	Burlington, Wis. (A)	4	Miss Clara Keuper.
511	Blackwater, Fla. (A)	8.	Miss Kitty C. Roberts.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

363, Saco, combines music with science, having "four violinists, two guitarists, two pianists, and two flutists." Hear the origin of an enthusiastic girl's museum: "We decided that it wasn't fair for the boys to do *everything*, so we decided *we* would start a museum. We started with a few shells we found on the shore and some cones we found in the woods. Our friends gave us some things, till, in all, we had about one hundred specimens. Now I have full possession of a room in which to keep my treasures. I have some *beautiful* nests. I've fossilized wood, teeth, bones, and shells, and a great many minerals," etc., etc., through six delightful pages, which we must pass over to make room for Keyport, N. J., whose secretary, Phelps Cherry, says: "Our president gave us each one of the orders of insects, and we made a study of them and brought in a composition about each order."—The Chapters of Greely, Col., 425 and 474, had a union meeting on Agassiz's birthday. The secretary writes: "Whenever a member goes abroad, let him seek out a Chapter, and let that Chapter entertain him. Get up a spirit like this all over, and every one would enjoy himself. I wish to see a brotherly feeling all over the United States about this. And another thing, if the Association could hold conventions of ten or twelve Chapters in different places, what a good thing it would be. When I go East, next summer, I want to meet different Chapters and tell them about our Western country." [There is much good sense in all this, and we are growing into just that sort of "brotherly spirit" all the time.]—Linwood M. Howe writes from Hallowell, Maine: "I have been able, though alone and unaided, to collect over seventy geological specimens. I have a note-book, and jot down anything of interest. I find that it takes just one month for a rohin (counting from the laying of the egg) to fly."—Belpre, O., writes: "I begin to think that our little 'one hoss' Chapter may do something. I should like to know if any other members have noticed that birds sing the same song in different keys? The other day, I noticed a little bluebird singing a song. It paused, and then transposed it into another key, sang in that strain awhile, and then changed the same song into a third key."—Fannie Rathbone, Lockport, N. Y. (our largest Chapter), writes: "Truly, our record is a bright one. We have a membership of 130: a fine cabinet filled with splendid specimens, and containing the nucleus of a natural history library, furnishes us with much interesting knowledge."—Robert H. McGrath, 1038 Third street, Brooklyn, has some excellent hooks, and "will send all the information that I can on eggs or spiders, on receipt of postal card or stamp."—Francis Parsons, Hartford, Conn., B, writes: "We keep note-books about birds that we see, the weather, first snow-storm, etc. A friend of ours hangs out meat-bones, and watches the chickadees, creepers, and nut-hatches that come and feed on them."—Rosemont, Pa., is "growing more interested" [and consequently more interesting]. Grace Austin Smith, their secretary, writes: "We are making two herbariums, and the general collection is increasing."—Abington, Mass., has celebrated its anniversary. After the address of welcome, the secretary read a report for the year. Recitation, "Birthday of Agassiz"; essay, "The day we spent at White Rock"; treasurer's report; bountiful collation. The president then introduced the toast-master, who proposed the following: "Our Association," "Our Poetess," "The Ladies," "Our Younger Members." During the year the membership had increased from four to fifteen. [A most excellent record—who can excel it?—Wiconisco (231) is holding the "even tenor of our way," and has increased to above twenty members, and has fossils to exchange.—Jessie P. Smith, secretary of Amherst, writes that her Chapter proposes to undertake silk-worm culture.

NEILLSVILLE, WIS.

H. H. BALLARD.—*Dear Sir:* Our Chapter grows in interest. We have been studying mainly from books, which, though not according to your advice, is good to keep young people busy. An essay each evening has been one of our plans, and we find it a good one. Our cabinet—two and a half feet by six feet—is full, not room for another article. Another must be built. True, we had most of these specimens before we organized a Chapter; but the new ones are not the least valuable. The best of it all, to me, is the interest, the alertness of the children.

YOURS, etc., MRS. M. F. BRADSHAW.

NOTES.

(40) *Frog-hoppers*.—The drops of froth found on grasses in the spring contain little insects: at first, a yellow worm; later, a green insect; at last, the perfect little black bug. Can any one give the scientific name? LILLIAN E. ROGERS.

(41) *Caddis-flies*.—I found some caddis-fly cases in the brook, and put them in water at home. The grubs crawled about. They have three pairs of legs: a long pair close to the cases; a shorter pair next, and a still shorter pair next to the head, which is black. HERBERT FORSYTH.

(42) *Hair-snake*.—I saw it pulling a stone along in the bottle in which I kept it. As I stood looking at it, it tied itself up into a knot and died. OWEN B. ADAMS.

(43) *Bittern*.—One of our friends has a bittern; his diet is frogs, snakes, and insects. He will not eat toads. FRANK BURDICK.

(44) *Microscopic Photography*.—A friend showed me some very fine photographs which he had taken through a microscope, and they surprised me by their size and clearness. EDWARD McDOWELL.

(45) *Spiders*.—There were found under a bowlder what appeared at first to be white, silken cocoons, but on examination they were found to contain spiders, that came out when warmed. The spiders are about one centimeter long and five millimeters wide. The legs are five millimeters long. The cephalo-thorax is black on top and gray on the sides. The abdomen is black, spotted with white on top and gray on the sides. The underside is gray and covered with hairs. GEO. AYER.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

(46) *Electric Fish*.—I wrote you in my letter of July 17th about a fish, the substance of which you kindly published in the ST. NICHOLAS for December. It is a rare fish in our Southern waters. To-day, I received a letter from W. C. Phillips, of New Bedford, who supposed it to be the *Torpedo oculata* or eyed torpedo—a mistake probably arising from the fact that the eyed torpedo is the only electrical fish found on the Massachusetts coast. It is a kind of ray or skate. The ray is plentiful in the Gulf of Mexico, and I am perfectly familiar with its different families. To have compared the fish I described, or a red gurnard (which I mentioned as its shape), with an eyed torpedo would have been absurd. It resembles it as little in appearance as it does the *Gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel, although each is armed with an electric apparatus, differently located, and similar but in effect. The fish I mentioned was neither of these; it belongs to South American waters; it is described as in possession of an electrical apparatus or battery intermediate in character between those of gymnotus and torpedo, though of much finer texture. The details of the interior arrangement are too lengthy to form a part of this letter. The direction of the current is probably from the head to the tail; the cephalic extremity being positive and the caudal negative. It is the *Malapterus electricus*—the *Silurus electricus* of the old authors. PHILIP C. TUCKER, JR.

EXCHANGES AND QUESTIONS.

- Pressed plants.—D. F. Carpenter, New Salem, Mass.
- Are there pink anemists?—J. F. Stevens, 1127 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Correspondence on birds and rocks.—George B. Hudson, Wareham, Mass.
- What forms the cement in coquina?
- 449. Richmond B, has 30 members, instead of 6.
- For best three varieties of fossils received within three months, I will give a collection of thirty varieties of same—all fine, labeled specimens.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.
- Petrified wood agates and geodes, for insects and birds' eggs.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood avenue, Jackson, Mich.
- Birds' eggs.—Harry Bailey, Princeton, Illinois.
- Copper for quartz.—Linwood Howe, box 353, Hallowell, Me.
- Labeled shells for same.—H. B. Shaw, 253 S. Union street, Burlington, Vt.
- Turtles' eggs.—Charlotte H. Cochrane, Sixth avenue, Newark, N. J.
- Beetles of Illinois.—Chas. F. Gettemy, 208 N. Academy street, Galesburg, Ill.
- Eggs.—Dr. E. A. Patton, 721 Nicollet ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Many varieties to exchange for well-identified side-blown specimens.
- Red and black iron ore and calcite, for specimens from West and South.—John P. Gavit, 3 La Fayette Place, Albany, N. Y.
- Moths and cocoons.—Mabel Adams, secretary 113, 307 N. Third street, Camden, N. J. (Have large moths any probosces?)
- Gold and other ores.—W. D. Burnham, 697 Curtis street, Denver, Col.
- Very fine insects.—Edward McDowell, 264 W. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Prof. French is having such remarkable success with our botanical members that we gladly append his exchange list. Members of each of these Chapters are preparing sets of 100 plants for exchange.

No. of EXCHANGE LIST.

- Chap. Canada:
- 451 Beech Hill.—Sydney Mines, C. B., Margaret S. Brown.
- Maine:
- 368 } Saco.—Helen Montgomery.
- 446 }
- 442 Waldoboro.—Thomas Brown
- 443 Brunswick.—E. B. Young.
- New Hampshire:
- 440 Keene.—Frank H. Foster.
- 284 Marlboro Depot.—Lucy A. Whitcomb. (Swanzy, N. H.)

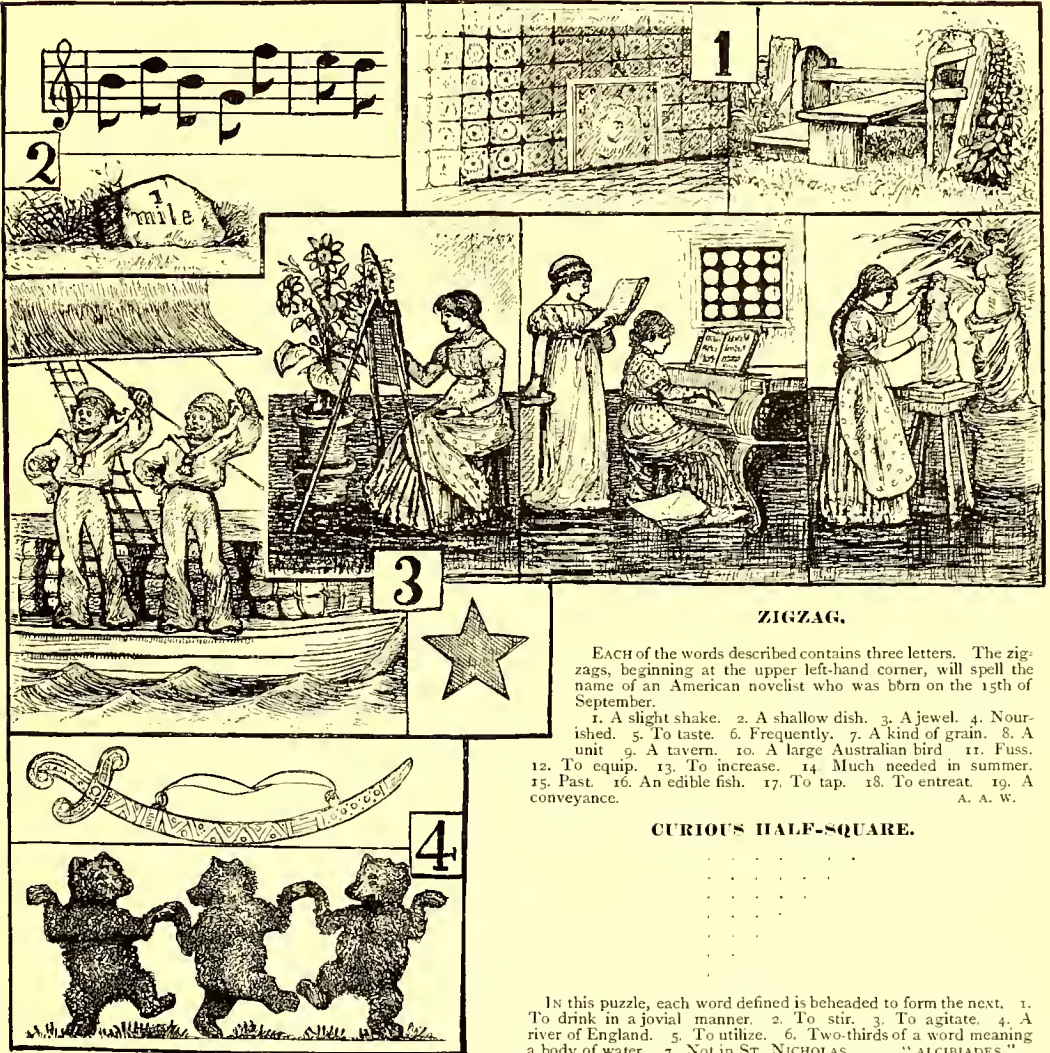
- Massachusetts:
- 1 Lenox.—Harlan H. Ballard.
- 92 N. Cambridge.—Fred E. Keay.
- 124 Jamaica Plain.—Geo. W. Wheelwright, Jr.
- 203 Framingham.—Chester Cutting.
- 256 Newton Upper Falls.—Josie M. Hopkins.
- 352 Amherst.—Edith S. Field.
- 367 Boston.—Annie Darling, 47 Concord Square.
- 269 Waltham.—H. I. Hancock, box 1339.
- 283 Greenfield.—C. H. K. Sanderson.
- 231 Webster.—Robert Leavitt.
- 438 Somerville.—Chas. E. Perkins.
- Connecticut:
- 123 Waterbury.—Herbert N. Johnson.
- New York:
- 87 New York.—Geo. Aery, Jr., 257 Madison street.
- 114 Auburn.—S. E. Robb, pres.
- 191 New York.—Buckner Van Amringe, 51 E. Forty-fourth street.
- 215 Tioga Center.—Angie Latimer.
- 286 Stockport.—Willard J. Fisher.
- 336 Auburn.—E. L. Hickok, 13 Aurelius avenue.
- 374 Brooklyn.—F. E. Cocks, 136 Seventh street.
- 409 Sag Harbor.—C. R. Sleight.
- 476 Aurora.—E. L. French.
- 272 Westown.—W. Evans.
- 462 Cayuga.—H. D. Willard.
- New Jersey:
- 113 Camden.—Mabel Adams, 307 N. Third street.
- 403 Newark.—C. H. Barrows.
- 423 Perth Amboy.—Bertha Mitchell.
- Pennsylvania:
- 77 Wilkes Barre.—Helen M. Reynolds.
- 110 Frankford, Phila.—R. T. Taylor, 4701 Leiper street.
- 206 State College.—Geo. C. McKee.
- 289 Cambria Station.—Ellis P. Oberholzer.
- 314 Lancaster.—E. R. Heitshu.
- 255 Chester.—F. R. Gilbert.
- 258 Reading.—W. W. Mills.
- Ohio:
- 154 Jefferson.—Clara L. Northway.
- 310 Belpre.—Fanny Rathbone.
- 323 Bryan.—Ethel Gillis.
- Indiana:
- 431 Terre Haute.—Jacob Greiner, 432 Center street.
- Illinois:
- 153 Chicago.—Frank W. Wentworth, 1337 Michigan avenue.
- 229 Chicago.—Ezra Larned, 2546 Dearborn street.
- Michigan:
- 328 Buchanan.—William Talbot.
- 50 Flint.—Hattie Lovell.
- Wisconsin:
- 134 De Pere.—Annie S. Gilbert.
- 253 Poynette.—Harry Russell.
- 344 Monroe.—J. J. Schindler.
- Baraboo.—Marie MacKenna, box 1313.
- Iowa:
- 285 Dubuque.—Alvin Wheeler.
- 330 Cedar Rapids.—Charles R. Eastman.
- Minnesota:
- 121 St. Paul.—Frank Ramaley.
- Missouri:
- 366 Webster Groves.—Edwin R. Allen.
- Kentucky:
- 133 Erlanger.—L. M. Bedinger.
- 207 Bowling Green.—Jennie P. Glenn.
- Florida:
- 282 Zellwood.—Mary E. Robinson.
- Colorado:
- 262 Denver.—Ernest L. Roberts.
- California:
- 296 San Francisco.—Bertha L. Rowell.

Plants for identification may be sent to the following experts, always inclosing postal card or stamped envelope for reply:

- I. N. E. States and Canada.....Prof. C. H. K. Sanderson, Greenfield, Mass.
- II. Middle States.....Dr. Charles Atwood, Moravia, N. Y.
- III. Southern States.....Dr. Chapman, Apalachicola, Fla.
- IV. Western States to Colorado...Dr. Aug. F. Foerste, Dayton, O.
- V. Far West and North-west....Dr. Marcus L. Jones, Denver, Col.
- VI. Ferns, Sedges, and Grasses specially....Prof. W. R. Dudley, Ithaca, N. Y.

Address all communications to the President, HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains three letters. The zigzags, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of an American novelist who was born on the 15th of September.

- 1. A slight shake. 2. A shallow dish. 3. A jewel. 4. Nourished. 5. To taste. 6. Frequently. 7. A kind of grain. 8. A unit. 9. A tavern. 10. A large Australian bird. 11. Fuss. 12. To equip. 13. To increase. 14. Much needed in summer. 15. Past. 16. An edible fish. 17. To tap. 18. To entreat. 19. A conveyance.

A. A. W.

CURIOUS HALF-SQUARE.

In this puzzle, each word defined is beheaded to form the next. 1. To drink in a jovial manner. 2. To stir. 3. To agitate. 4. A river of England. 5. To utilize. 6. Two-thirds of a word meaning a body of water. 7. Not in St. NICHOLAS. "ALCIBIADES."

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.

In the above illustration there are four anagrams, and four sets of pictures to correspond. The puzzle is to be solved by taking the letters of a word that describes one picture of each set, and rearranging them so as to spell the words which will describe the remaining pictures of the same set. In the illustration, each number is placed so as to indicate the pictures belonging to its set.

A. S. R.

PI.

Ti si eth starveH noMo! no digdel vesna
 Dan sorof fo galvesil, no dolwonad cress
 Nad hirc realai bighshodoneor fo nesst
 Reedtesd, no eth rancuted donwiw-snape
 Fo smoro hewer hendric pleso, no nutory slean
 Dan hastrev-slifed, sit syctim dorspnel stres! G. W.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-seven letters, and am four lines of a poem by James Russell Lowell.

My 79-27-91-31-57-33-76 is a name applied to Egyptian kings.
 My 9-65-70-42-22 is disgrace. My 29-5-59-72-80 is anger. My 38-89-88 is a metal. My 63-18-37-6-67-16-25-71 is thoughtless. My 3-77-84-68 is comfortable. My 92-21-80-30-19 is to glow. My 62-1-51-93 is very small. My 46-35-54-40-41-61-82 is a favorite pastime with boys. My 74-48-96 is a domestic bird. My 85-64-44-69 is to grieve. My 30-66-88 is a projection on a wheel. My 14-94-83 is a plaything. My 43-78-39-11-45 is to damage. My 23-15-53-12-81 is a very young person. My 80-4-90-34 is to gape. My 10-56-82-20-49 is batrachian reptiles. My 8-73-32-28-13 is a kind of seat. My 26-2-24-56 is to melt. My 47-50-97-75 is large. My 17-95-37-7-31 is a sweet substance.

STROXTON.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE.

The first word of the square is the answer to the following cross-word enigma:

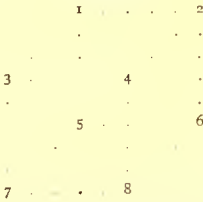
My first is in month, but not in May;
My second in loam, but not in clay;
My third is in look, but not in sight;
My fourth in conquest, but not in fight;
My whole comes often, but not in the night.

The second word of the square is the answer to the following cross-word enigma:

My first is in soon, but not in near;
My second in terror, but not in fear;
My third is in heat, but not in fire;
My fourth is in hoop, but not in tire;
My whole, a name heard in the German Empire.

The third word is the same as the second, and the fourth word is the same as the first.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, to manifest; from 2 to 6, dominion; from 5 to 6, to pour out freely; from 1 to 5, fit to be eaten; from 3 to 4, to give power; from 4 to 8, to obliterate; from 7 to 8, complete; from 3 to 7, a mechanical contrivance; from 1 to 3, a river in Germany; from 2 to 4, a large lake of North America; from 6 to 8, facility; from 5 to 7, margin.

G. E. M.

CHARADE.

A COMMON nickname is my first,
A preposition is my next;
A definitive adjective is my third,
From my fourth is read the text.
Of my whole you've no doubt heard—
'T is a flower and not a bird.

B.

DIAMOND.

1. In perform. 2. A cavity. 3. A substance which exudes from certain trees. 4. Small, smooth stones. 5. False religion. 6. Husbandry. 7. To whinny. 8. To observe. 9. In perform. "A. P. OWDER, JR."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in candle, but not in lamp;
My second in soldier, but not in camp;
My third is in carrot, but not in beet;
My fourth is in summer, but not in heat;
My fifth is in shepherd, but not in crook;
My sixth is in meadow, but not in brook;
My seventh in carol, but not in trill;
My eighth is in feather, but not in quill;
My ninth is in saddle, but not in spur;
My tenth is in velvet, but not in fur;
My eleventh in dungeon, but not in cave;
My twelfth is in villain, but not in knave;
My thirteenth in giant, but not in elf;
My fourteenth in mantle, but not in shelf;
My fifteenth in weaver, but not in loom;
'T is also in servant, but not in groom.
My whole—why, my whole is my whole, nothing more—
No doubt you will guess it ere I shall count four.

M. C. D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CHARADE. August.
SYNCOPIATIONS. Taylor. 1. Ma-T.in. 2. Pr-A.y. 3. G-Y-rate.
4. G-L-oat. 5. M-O-use. 6. T.R-act.
HALF-SQUARE. 1. Napoleon. 2. Adorers. 3. Ponder. 4.
Order. 5. Leer. 6. Err. 7. Os. 8. N.
MUSICAL CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Wieniawski.
RIDDLE. Sausage.
COMBINATION PUZZLE. I. 1. N-eat. 2. E-den. 3. W-hen.
4. P-ore. 5. O-pen. 6. R-ear. 7. T-rip. II. 1. A-rid. 2. A-rid.
3. R-age. 4. A-men. 5. T-ear. 6. O-men. 7. G-old. 8.
A-men. The blanks may be replaced by these words, in the following order: When, neat, ship, Eden, rear, trip, open, pore, rage, tear, gold, aid, omen, amen.
THE BARBER'S PUZZLE. "The barber will soon be in. Wait ten minutes, please."

WORD-BUILDING. 1. T. 2. At. 3. Rat. 4. Rate. 5. Crate.
6. Crater.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, smoke; finals, steam. Cross-words: 1. SophocleS. 2. MomenT. 3. OrangE. 4. KamchatkA.
5. EmporiumM.
DIAMOND. I. G. 2. Pet. 3. Penal. 4. Gentian. 5. Tails.
6. Last(). 7. N.
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Beheaded letters, when transposed, split; curtailed letters, when transposed, Leeds. 1. P-ear-l.
2. S-hears-. 3. L-rat-c. 4. T-hem-c. 5. L-an-d.
CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Dash. 2. Aloe. 3. Sour. 4.
Hard.
EASY WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Pipe. 2. Idol. 3. Poll. 4. Ella.
II. 1. Com. 2. Olio. 3. Ride. 4. Noel. III. 1. Pose. 2. Oaky.
3. Skye. 4. Eyes.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the August number, from D. Caine, London, England, 3—George S. Hayter, London, England, 12—David H. Dodge, England, 8—Edith McKeever and her cousin, Heidelberg, Germany, 10—Hester M. F. Powell, Grantham, England, 6—I. P., Trebizond, Turkey, 2.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from Helen C. McClary—Lottie A. Best—Frank J. Siefert and Walter S. McVay—"Two Subscribers"—Virginia Pegram—Lulu M. Stabler—Arthur Grude—Frederica and Andrew Davis—"Demosthenes"—Pinnie and Jack—E. Werneburg—Maggie T. Turrill—Helen F. Turner—Mabel Florence Noyes—Estelle Riley—Clara J. Child—George Lyman Waterhouse—Isabella Ganeaux—P. S. Clarkson—"Marna and Bae."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 20, from J. Jay Pardee, Jr., 1—O. K. Fagundus, 1—E. M. Perry, 2—Spencer Weart, 1—Walter McIndoo, 2—Louise Pitkin and Kitty Atkins, 2—Annie M. Wadsworth, 2—Grace E. and Emilie D. Murtay, 1—Paul Reese, 8—Russell K. Miller, 3—"Simple Simon," 1—Grace Johnson, 1—G. F. Blandy, 2—Eleanor E. Du Bois, 1—S. R. T., 8—M. E. M., 8—Sophie M. du Pont, 1—W. W. S. Hoffman, 1—John W. Stebbins, 3—Clara Gilbert, and Edna and Mary Higley, 4—Rosa Fleetwood, 1—W. M. Richards, 9—W. N. Carlton, 1—Dora Jackson, 8—Mary K. Doherty, 1—"Tom Thumb" and "Goliath," 1—C. Roy Macfarlane, 1—Horace R. Parker, 3—"Nitor," 2—Tiny Rhodes, 3—Alice F. Wann, 2—Eunice Johnson, 1—"Robin Hood," 3—Grace Taylor Lyman, 1—M. L. G., 5—Viola S. C., 3—Frank E. Brewer, 4—George Denton, 1—Gene J. Callmeyer, 8—Louise W. Bunce, 2—Anna Calkins, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—"Solomon John" and "Elizabeth Eliza," 4—Marion, 4—Philip Embury, Jr., 7—Herbert Tremaine, 1—Annie Kuhnert, 2—"Pleasant Beach," 2—"Crab-apple Jackson," 3—A. and B., 4—Mabel B. Canon, 5—Mabel Cilley, 5—Raymond Cilley, 3—Berta and George, 5—"Quincy, Ill.," 3—Lizette A. Fisher and H. Hobart Keoch, 1—Gillet and Stewart, 8—Eugene and Miriam, 2—Helen Merriam, 2—Dydie, 6—Edward J. V. Shipsey, 5—Darie Hawkins, 6—Charlotte H. Holloway, 3—Madeleine Vittee, 8—Theodore C. Janeway, 1—Louise M. Knight, 6—Mattie Fitzgerald, 3—Florence E. Provost, 5—Gertie and Ed, 7—"Silhouette & Co.," 9—R. Coates & Co., 6—Charles H. Wright, 4—Lester W. Walker, 2—M. H. Johnson, 1—Edward B. Huckleley, 8—Hattie Judd, 2—"Butterfly and June Bug," 5—S. L. P., and John Hobbie, 9—"Alcibiades," 8—Adelaide and Ethel Gardiner, 8—T. B. A., 3—Frank E. Schermerhorn, 2—"Eisess Sregor," 6—Hester Bruce, 6—Samuel Branson, 2—Gertrude Cosgrave, 7—Annie S. Clift, 4—Alex. Laidlaw, 4—Hattie Brown, 6—"Kathleen," 2—Hester M. F. Powell, 6—H. L. P. and S. E. M. Jr., 3—"E.," 1—Nona Fritz, 8—Sophia and Mary Lamb, 1—Hattie I. Weisel, 1. Numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



SUMMER MUST GO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 12.

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SUMMER CHANGES.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

SANG the lily, and sang the rose,
Out of the heart of my garden close,
“O joy! O joy of the summer tide!”
Sang the wind, as it moved above them,
“Roses were sent for the sun to love them,
Dear little buds in the leaves that hide!”

Sang the trees, as they rustled together,
“Oh, the joy of the summer weather!
Roses and lilies, how do you fare?”
Sang the red rose, and sang the white:
“Glad we are of the sun’s large light,
And the songs of birds that dart through the air.”

Lily and rose, and tall green tree,
Swaying boughs where the bright birds nestle—
Thrilled by music and thrilled by wings,
How glad they were on that summer day!
Little they thought of cold skies and gray,
And the dreary dirge that a storm-wind sings.

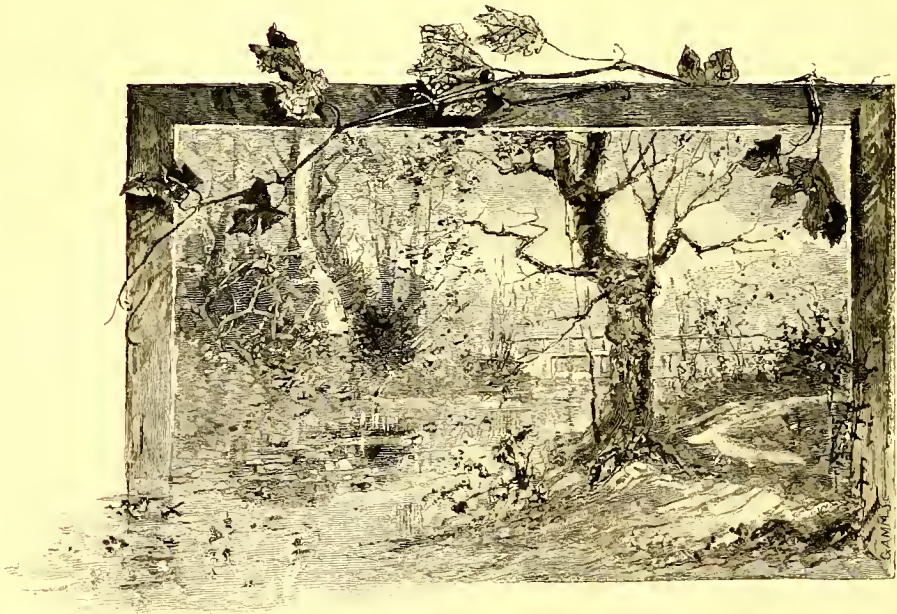
Golden butterflies gleam in the sun.
Laugh at the flowers, and kiss each one,
And great bees come with their sleepy tune

To sip their honey and circle round,
And the flowers are lulled by that drowsy sound,
And fall asleep in the heart of the noon.

A small white cloud in a sky of blue,
Roses and lilies, what will they do?
For a wind springs up and sings in the trees!
Down comes the rain—the garden's awake,
Roses and lilies begin to quake,
That were rocked to sleep by the gentle breeze.

Ah, roses and lilies! each delicate petal
The wind and the rain with fear unsettle;
This way and that way the tall trees sway.
But the wind goes by, and the rain stops soon,
And smiles again the face of the noon,
And the flowers are glad in the sun's warm ray.

Sing, my lilies, and sing, my roses,
With never a dream that the summer closes;
But the trees are old, and I fancy they tell,
Each unto each, how the summer flies;
They remember the last year's wintry skies.
But that summer returns the trees know well.



LITTLE PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

PART II.

AFTER that day a new life began for Johnny, and he flourished like a poor little plant that has struggled out of some dark corner into the sunshine. All sorts of delightful things happened, and good times really seemed to have come. The mysterious Papa made no objection to the liberties taken with his wall, being busy with his own affairs, and glad to have his little girl happy. Old Nanna, being more careful, came to see the new neighbors, and was disarmed at once by the affliction of the boy and the gentle manners of the mother. She brought all the curtains of the house for Mrs. Morris to do up, and in her pretty broken English praised Johnny's gallery and library, promising to bring Fay to see him some day.

Meantime, the little people prattled daily together, and all manner of things came and went between them. Flowers, fruit, books, and bonbons kept Johnny in a state of bliss, and inspired him with such brilliant inventions that the princess never knew what agreeable surprise would come next. Astonishing kites flew over the wall, and tissue balloons exploded in the flower-beds. All the birds of the air seemed to live in that court, for the boy whistled and piped till he was hoarse, because she liked it. The last of the long-hoarded cents came out of his tin bank to buy paper and pictures for the gay little books he made for her. His side of the wall was ravaged that hers might be adorned, and, as the last offering his grateful heart could give, he poked the toad through the hole, to live among the lilies and eat the flies that began to buzz about her highness when she came to give her orders to her devoted subjects.

She always called the lad "Giovanni," because she thought it a prettier name than John, and she was never tired of telling stories, asking questions, and making plans. The favorite one was what they would do when Johnny came to see her, as she had been promised he should when Papa was not too busy to let them enjoy the charms of the studio; for Fay was a true artist's child, and thought nothing so lovely as pictures. Johnny thought so too, and dreamed of the happy day when he should go and see the wonders his little friend described so well.

"I think it will be to-morrow, for Papa has a lazy fit coming on, and then he always plays with me and lets me rummage where I like, while

he goes out or smokes in the garden. So be ready, and if he says you can come, I will have the flag up early and you can hurry."

These agreeable remarks were breathed into Johnny's willing ear about a fortnight after the acquaintance began, and he hastened to promise, adding soberly, a minute after:

"Mother says she's afraid it will be too much for me to go around and up steps, and see new things, for I get tired so easy, and then the pain comes on. But I don't care how I ache if I can only see the pictures—and you."

"Wont you ever be any better? Nanna thinks you might."

"So does Mother, if we had money to go away in the country, and eat nice things, and have doctors. But we can't, so it's no use worrying," and Johnny gave a great sigh.

"I wish Papa was rich, then he would give you money. He works hard to make enough to go back to Italy, so I can not ask him; but perhaps I can sell *my* pictures also, and get a little. Papa's friends often offer me sweets for kisses; I will have money instead, and that will help. Yes, I shall do it," and Fay clapped her hands decidedly.

"Don't you mind about it. I'm going to learn to mend shoes. Mr. Pegget says he'll teach me. That does n't need legs, and he gets enough to live on very well."

"It is n't pretty work. Nanna can teach you to braid straw as she did at home; that is easy and nice, and the baskets sell very well, she says. I shall speak to her about it, and you can try to-morrow when you come."

"I will. Do you really think I *can* come, then?" and Johnny stood up to try his legs, for he dreaded the long walk as it seemed to him.

"I will go at once and ask Papa."

Away flew Fay, and soon came back with a glad "yes!" that sent Johnny hobbling in to tell his mother, and beg her to mend the elbows of his only jacket; for, suddenly, his old clothes looked so shabby he feared to show himself to the neighbors he so longed to see.

"Hurrah! I'm really going to-morrow. And you, too. Mammy dear," cried the boy, waving his crutch so vigorously that he slipped and fell.

"Never mind; I'm used to it. Pull me up, and I'll rest while we talk about it," he said cheerily, as his mother helped him to the bed.

where he forgot his pain in thinking of the delights in store for him.

Next day, the flag was flying from the wall and Fay early at the hole, but no Johnny came; and when Nanna went to see what kept him, she returned with the sad news that the poor boy was suffering much, and would not be able to stir for some days.

"Let me go and see him," begged Fay, imploringly.

"*Cara mia*, it is no place for you. So dark, so damp, so poor, it is enough to break the heart," said Nanna, decidedly.

"If Papa was here he would let me go. I shall not play; I shall sit here and make some plans for my poor boy."

Nanna left her indignant little mistress and went to cook a nice bowl of soup for Johnny, while Fay concocted a fine plan, and, what was more remarkable, carried it out.

For a week it rained, for a week Johnny lay in pain, and for a week Fay worked quietly at her little easel in the corner of the studio, while her father put the last touches to his fine picture, too busy to take much notice of the child. On Saturday the sun shone, Johnny was better, and the great picture was done. So were the small ones; for as her father sat resting after his work, Fay went to him with a tired but happy face, and, putting several drawings into his hand, told her cherished plan.

"Papa, you said you would pay me a dollar for every good copy I made of the cast you gave me. I tried very hard, and here are three. I want some money very, very much. Could you pay for these?"

"They are excellent," said the artist, after carefully looking at them. "You *have* tried, my good child, and here are your well-earned dollars. What do you want them for?"

"To help my boy. I want him to come in here and see the pictures, and let Nanna teach him to plait baskets; and he can rest, and you will like him, and he might get well if he had some money, and I have three quarters the friends gave me instead of bonbons. Would that be enough to send poor Giovanni into the country and have doctors?"

No wonder Fay's papa was bewildered by this queer jumble, because, being absorbed in his work, he had never heard half the child had told him, and had forgotten all about Johnny. Now he listened with half an ear, studying the effect of sunshine upon his picture meantime, while Fay told him the little story, and begged to know how much money it would take to make Johnny's back well.

"Bless your sweet soul, my darling, it would need more than I can spare or you earn in a year. By and by, when I am at leisure, we will see what can be done," answered Papa, smoking comfort-

ably, as he lay on the sofa in the large studio at the top of the house.

"You say that about a great many things, Papa. 'By and by' wont be long enough to do all you promise then. I like *now* much better, and poor Giovanni needs the country more than you need cigars or I new frocks," said Fay, stroking her father's tired forehead and looking at him with an imploring face.

"My dear, I can not give up my cigar, for in this soothing smoke I find inspiration, and though you are a little angel, you must be clothed; so wait a bit, and we will attend to the boy—later." He was going to say "by and by" again, but paused just in time, with a laugh.

"Then I shall take him to the country all myself. I can not wait for this hateful 'by and by.' I know how I shall do it, and at once. Now, now!" cried Fay, losing patience, and with an indignant glance at the lazy Papa, who seemed going to sleep, she dashed out of the room, down many stairs, through the kitchen, startling Nanna and scattering the salad as if a whirlwind had gone by, and never paused for breath till she stood before the garden wall with a little hatchet in her hand.

"This shall be the country for him till I get enough money to send him away. I will show what I can do. He pulled out two bricks. I will beat down the wall, and he *shall* come in at once," panted Fay, and she gave a great blow at the bricks, bent on having her will without delay; for she was an impetuous little creature, full of love and pity for the poor boy pining for the fresh air and sunshine, of which she had so much.

Bang, bang went the little hatchet, and down came one brick after another, till the hole was large enough for Fay to thrust her head through, and, being breathless by that time, she paused to rest and take a look at Johnny's court.

Meanwhile, Nanna, having collected her lettuce leaves and her wits, went to see what the child was about, and finding her at work like a little fury, the old woman hurried up to tell "the Signor," Fay's papa, that his little daughter was about to destroy the garden and bury herself under the ruins of the wall. This report, delivered with groans and wringing of the hands, roused the artist and sent him to the rescue, as he well knew that his angel was a very energetic one, and capable of great destruction.

When he arrived, he beheld a cloud of dust, a pile of bricks among the lilies, and the feet of his child sticking out of a large hole in the wall, while her head and shoulders were on the other side. Much amused, yet fearful that the stone coping might come down on her, he pulled her back with the assurance that he would listen and help her now, immediately, if there was such need of haste.

But he grew sober when he saw Fay's face, for it was bathed in tears, her hands were bleeding, and dust covered her from head to foot.

"My darling, what afflicts you? Tell Papa, and he will do anything you wish."

"No, you will forget; you will say 'Wait,' and now that I have seen it all I can not stop till I get him out of that dreadful place. Look, look, and see if it is not sad to live there all in pain and darkness, and so poor."

As she spoke, Fay urged her father toward the hole, and to please her he looked, seeing the dull court, the noisy street beyond, and close by the low room, where Johnny's mother worked all day, while the poor boy's pale face was dimly seen as he lay on his bed waiting for deliverance.

"Well, well! it *is* a pitiful case! and easily mended, since Fay is so cager about it. Hope the lad is all she says, and nothing catching about his illness. Nanna can tell me."

Then he drew back his head, and leading Fay to the seat, took her on his knee, all flushed, dirty, and tearful as she was, soothing her by saying, tenderly:

"Now let me hear all about it, and be sure I'll not forget. What shall I do to please you, dear, before you pull down the house about my ears?"

Then Fay told her tale all over again, and being no longer busy, her father found it very touching, with the dear, grimy little face looking into his, and the wounded hands clasped beseechingly as she pleaded for poor Johnny.

"God bless your tender heart, child; you shall have him in here to-morrow, and we will see what can be done for those pathetic legs of his. But listen, Fay, I have an easier way to do it than yours and a grand surprise for the boy. Time is short, but it can be done; and to show you that I am in earnest, I will go this instant and begin the work. Come and wash your face while I get on my boots, and then we will go together."

At these words, Fay threw her arms about Papa's neck and gave him many grateful kisses, stopping in the midst to ask, "Truly, *now*?"

"See if it is not so," and, putting her down, Papa went off with great strides, while she ran laughing after him, all her doubts set at rest by this agreeable energy on his part.

If Johnny had not been asleep in the back room, he would have seen strange and pleasant sights that afternoon and evening, for something went on in the court that delighted his mother, amused the artist, and made Fay the happiest child in Boston. No one was to tell till next day, that Johnny's surprise might be quite perfect, and Mrs. Morris sat up till eleven to get his old clothes in order; for Fay's papa had been to see her, and became inter-

ested in the boy, as no one could help being when they saw his patient little face.

So hammers rang, trowels scraped, shovels dug, and wonderful changes were made, while Fay danced about in the moonlight, like Puck intent upon some pretty prank, and Papa quoted *Snout** the tinker's parting words, as appropriate to the hour:

"Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

PART III.

A LOVELY Sunday morning dawned without a cloud, and even in the dingy court the May sunshine shone warmly, and the spring breezes blew freshly from green fields far away. Johnny begged to go out, and being much better, his mother consented, helping him to dress with such a bright face and eager hands that the boy said, innocently:

"How glad you are when I get over a bad turn! I don't know what you'd do if I ever got well."

"My poor dear, I begin to think you *will* pick up, now the good weather has come and you have got a little friend to play with. God bless her!"

Why his mother should suddenly hug him tight, and then brush his hair so carefully, with tears in her eyes, he did not understand, but was in such a hurry to get out, he could only give her a good kiss and hobble away to see how his gallery fared after the rain, and to take a joyful "peek" at the enchanted garden.

Mrs. Morris kept close behind him, and it was well she did, for he nearly tumbled down, so great was his surprise when he beheld the old familiar wall after the good fairies Love and Pity had worked their pretty miracle in the moonlight.

The ragged hole had changed to a little arched door, painted red. On either side stood a green tub, with a tall oleander in full bloom; from the arch above hung a great bunch of gay flowers; and before the threshold lay a letter directed to "Signor Giovanni Morris," in a childish hand.

As soon as he recovered from the agreeable shock of this splendid transformation scene, Johnny sank into his chair, where a soft cushion had been placed, and read his note, with little sighs of rapture at the charming prospect opening before him.

"DEAR GIOVANNI: Papa has made this nice gate so you can come in when you like and not be tired. We are to have two keys, and no one else can open it. A little bell is to ring when we pull the cord, and we can run and see what we want. The paint is wet. Papa did it, and the men put up the door last night. I helped them, and did not go in my bed till ten. It was very nice to do it so. I hope you will like it. Come in as soon as you can: I am all ready.

"Your friend, FAY."

"Mother, she must be a real fairy to do all that, must n't she?" said Johnny, leaning back

* A character in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

to look at the dear door behind which lay such happiness for him.

"Yes, my soonly, she is the right sort of good fairy, and I just wish I could do her washing for love the rest of her blessed little life," answered Mrs. Morris, in a burst of grateful ardor.

"You shall! you shall! Do come in! I can not wait another minute!" cried an eager little voice as the red door flew open, and there stood Fay, looking very like a happy elf in her fresh white frock, a wreath of spring flowers on her pretty hair, and a tall green wand in her hand; while the brilliant bird sat on her shoulder, and the little white dog danced about her feet.

"So she bids you to come in
With a dimple in your chin,
Billy boy, Billy boy,"

sang the child, remembering how Johnny liked that song, and, waving her wand, she went slowly backward as the boy, with a shining face, passed under the blooming arch into a new world, full of sunshine, liberty, and sweet companionship.

Neither Johnny nor his mother ever forgot that happy day, for it was the beginning of help and hope to both just when life seemed hardest and the future looked darkest.

Papa kept out of sight, but enjoyed peeps at the little party as they sat under the chestnuts, Nanna and Fay doing the honors of the garden to their guests with Italian grace and skill, while the poor mother folded her tired hands with unutterable content, and the boy looked like a happy soul in heaven.

Sabbath silence, broken only by the chime of bells and the feet of church-goers, brooded over the city; sunshine made golden shadows on the grass; the sweet wind brought spring odors from the woods, and every flower seemed to nod and beckon, as if welcoming the new playmate to their lovely home.

While the women talked together, Fay led Johnny up and down her little world, showing all her favorite nooks, making him rest often on the seats that stood all about, and amusing him immensely by relating the various fanciful plays with which she beguiled her loneliness.

"Now we can have much nicer ones, for you will tell me yours, and we can do great things," she said, when she had displayed her big rocking-horse, her grötto full of ferns, her mimic sea, where a fleet of toy boats lay at anchor in the basin of an old fountain, her fairy-land under the lilacs, with paper elves sitting among the leaves, her swing, that tossed one high up among the green boughs, and the basket of white kittens, where Topaz, the yellow-eyed cat, now purred with

maternal pride. Books were piled on the rustic table, and all the pictures Fay thought worthy to be seen.

Here also appeared a nice lunch, before the visitors could remember it was noon and tear themselves away. Such enchanted grapes and oranges Johnny never ate before; such delightful little tarts and Italian messes of various sorts; even the bread and butter seemed glorified because served in a plate trimmed with leaves and cut in dainty bits. Coffee that perfumed the air put heart into poor Mrs. Morris, who half-starved herself that the boy might be fed; and he drank milk till Nanna said, laughing, as she refilled the pitcher:

"He takes more than both the blessed lambs we used to feed for St. Agnes in the convent at home. And he is truly welcome, the dear child, to the best we have, for he is as innocent and helpless as they."

"What does she mean?" whispered Johnny to Fay, rather abashed at having forgotten his manners in the satisfaction which three mugs full of good milk had given him.

So, sitting in the big rustic chair beside him, Fay told the pretty story of the lambs who are dedicated to St. Agnes, with ribbons tied to their snowy wool, and then raised with care till their fleeces are shorn to make garments for the Pope. A fit tale for the day, the child thought, and went on to tell about the wonders of Rome till Johnny's head was filled with a splendid confusion of new ideas, in which St. Peters and apple tarts, holy lambs and red doors, ancient images and dear little girls, were delightfully mixed. It all seemed like a fairy tale, and nothing was too wonderful or lovely to happen on that memorable day.

So when Fay's papa at last appeared, finding it impossible to keep away from the happy little party any longer, Johnny decided at once that the handsome man in the velvet coat was the king of the enchanted land, and gazed at him with reverence and awe. A most gracious king he proved to be, for, after talking pleasantly to Mrs. Morris, and joking Fay on storming the walls, he proposed to carry Johnny off, and catching him up, strode away with the astonished boy on his shoulder, while the little girl danced before to open doors and clear the way.

Johnny thought he could n't be surprised any more, but when he had mounted many stairs and found himself in a great room with a glass roof, full of rich curtains, strange armor, pretty things and pictures everywhere, he just sat in the big chair where he was placed, and stared in silent delight.

"This is Papa's studio, and that the famous picture, and here is where I work: and is n't it pleas-

ant? and are n't you glad to see it?" said Fay, skipping about to do the honors of the place.

"I don't believe heaven is beautifuller," an-

pretty children at play among the crumbling statues and fountains.

"I'm glad you like it, for we mean to have you



"THE PICTURE WAS DONE."

swered Johnny, in a low tone, as his eyes went from the green tree-tops peeping in at the windows to the great sunny picture of a Roman garden, with

come here a great deal. I sit to Papa very often, and get *so* tired; and you can talk to me, and then you can see me draw and model in clay, and then

we'll go in the garden, and Nanna will show you how to make baskets, and *then* we'll play."

Johnny nodded and beamed at this charming prospect, and for an hour explored the mysteries of the studio, with Fay for a guide and Papa for an amused spectator. He liked the boy more and more, and was glad Fay had so harmless a playmate to expend her energies and compassion upon. He assented to every plan proposed, and really hoped to be able to help these poor neighbors, for he had a kind heart and loved his little daughter even more than his art.

When at last Mrs. Morris found courage to call Johnny away, he went without a word, and lay down in the dingy room, his face still shining with the happy thoughts that filled his mind, hungry for just such pleasures, and never fed before.

After that day everything went smoothly, and both children blossomed like the flowers in that pleasant garden, where the magic of love and pity, fresh air and sunshine, soon worked miracles. Fay learned patience and gentleness from Johnny; he grew daily stronger on the better food Nanna gave him and the exercise he was tempted to take, and both spent very happy days working and playing, sometimes under the trees, where the pretty baskets were made, or in the studio, where both pairs of small hands modeled graceful things in clay, or daubed amazing pictures with the artist's old brushes and discarded canvases.

Mrs. Morris washed everything washable in the house, and did up Fay's frocks so daintily that she looked more like an elf than ever when her head shone out from the fluted frills, like the yellow middle of a daisy with its white petals all spread.

As he watched the children playing together, the artist, having no great work in hand, made several pretty sketches of them, and then had a fine idea of painting the garden scene where Fay first talked to Johnny. It pleased his fancy, and the little people sat for him nicely; so he made a charming thing of it, putting in the cat, dog, bird, and toad as the various characters in Shakespeare's lovely play, while the flowers were the elves, peeping and listening in all manner of merry, pretty ways.

He called it "Little Pyramus and Thisbe," and it so pleased a certain rich lady that she paid a large price for it, and then, discovering that it told a true story, she generously added enough to send Johnny and his mother to the country when Fay and her father were ready to go.

But it was to a lovelier land than the boy had ever read of in his fairy books, and to a happier life than mending shoes in the dingy court. In the autumn they all sailed gayly away together to live for years in sunny Italy, where Johnny grew tall and strong, and learned to paint with a kind master and a faithful young friend, who always rejoiced that she found and delivered him, thanks to the wonderful hole in the wall.



THIS SEAT RESERVED.



BY E. T. CORBETT.

I.

"I 'M going a-drumming!" said Marmaduke Mumm;
 So he strapped on his drum,
 With a rat-tat-tat, and a rum-tum-tum,
 And he marched down the street,
 While his head and his feet
 Kept time to the music his drumsticks beat;
 And the folks who heard him cried: "My!
 how sweet!
 How finely he plays on that big bass-drum!
 Clever Marmaduke Mumm!"

II.

He marched up the street, he marched down
 the hill;
 The miller ran out to the door of his mill;
 The babies stopped crying, the cows stood still;
 And all the cross dogs grew suddenly dumb,
 When they heard the tum-tum
 Of that wonderful drum,
 And knew it was played by Marmaduke Mumm!

III.

Gayly young Marmaduke marched along,
 Drumming and singing, and this was his song:
 "Rumty, tumty, tum!"
 But the hill was steep, and the hill was long,
 And his legs were weak, though his voice was
 strong;
 He tripped and fell—he rolled like a lump,
 Over and over, with many a bump,
 And twist, and jolt, and terrible thump;
 While the big bass-drum
 Said "tum, TUM, TUM!"
 And "lumpety-LUMPETY-LUMP!"

IV.

"I 'm bruised black and blue!" muttered Mar-
 maduke Mumm,
 As he crept from under his big bass-drum.
 He rubbed his poor head—
 'T was all that he said,
 Though he certainly looked very glum.

V.

He picked himself up, and went marching once
 more,
 And he traveled so fast
 That the village was passed,
 When, oh! from the woods came a horrible roar,
 And a growl like thunder at last!
 Poor Marmaduke shook—never, never before
 Had he heard such a sound!
 He looked all around,
 Up at the sky, and down on the ground;
 When, behind a big tree,
 What a sight did he see—
 A bear who was just making ready to bound!

VI.

"I must run, I must fly!"
 Did Marmaduke cry,
 "For if he should catch me, I'd certainly die!"
 Then, with terror half-dead,
 He broke in the head
 Of his drum, and jumped in. "I 'm safe now!"
 he said;
 "In this drum I will lie
 Till the beast shall go by:
 He can't eat my drum, and he'll think I have
 fled."

VII.

Well, the bear made a spring and his paws
struck the drum—

It said: "Bum-*bum*-BUM!"

The bear was astonished—he gave it a pat—

It answered: "Rat-tat!"

"Ho! ho!" said the bear. "This is queer,
I declare;

If this is a trap, I would better
beware."

So he trotted away without further
delay,

And growled as he went:

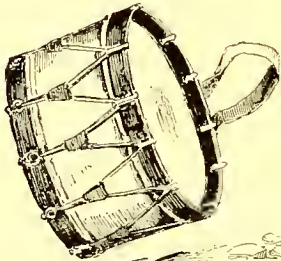
"G-o-o-d day!
g-o-o-d day!"

VIII.

Then out of his hiding-place
Marmaduke crept,

And most bitterly wept.

"Alas! I have utterly ruined
my drum,



My big bass-drum,
With its marvelous, musical *tum-tum-tum*;
For, if I can't mend this hole in its head,
Its voice will grow dumb."
And bitter,—oh, bitter the tears he shed—
Poor Marmaduke Mumm!

IX.

Just at this moment a cat drew nigh—
A very obliging, friendly cat.

She stopped and said: "May I ask you *why*
You are weeping like that?

Is n't there something I can do
To comfort you?"

"N-no, nothing at all—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"



"HE TRIPPED AND FELL, WHILE THE BIG
BASS-DRUM SAID: 'TUM-TUM-TUM!'"

X.

"Miou! Miou!" said the cat. "There 's
a hole in your drum!

Is *that* the cause of your grief? Now,
come,

I 'll help you to mend it—see! just
so—

I 'll sit on the drum, and the hole wont
show!

Is n't that a good way?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Mar-
maduke Mumm,

Beginning to play;

"You're the nicest old cat—rum, tum-ty, tum-
tum,

Fol-rol-de-rol-*ray*!"

XI.

So this friendly cat on the drum-head sat,
While Marmaduke sounded his rat-tat-tat.
Her tail kept time to the drumsticks' rhyme,
With a gentle thump and a graceful pat;

And the folks would stare,
 When they met the pair,
 And ask, "Is he beating the drum or the cat?"
 But Marmaduke Mumm
 Answered only, "Rum-tum!
 Rum-de-dum; row-de-dow; rat-tat-tat!"

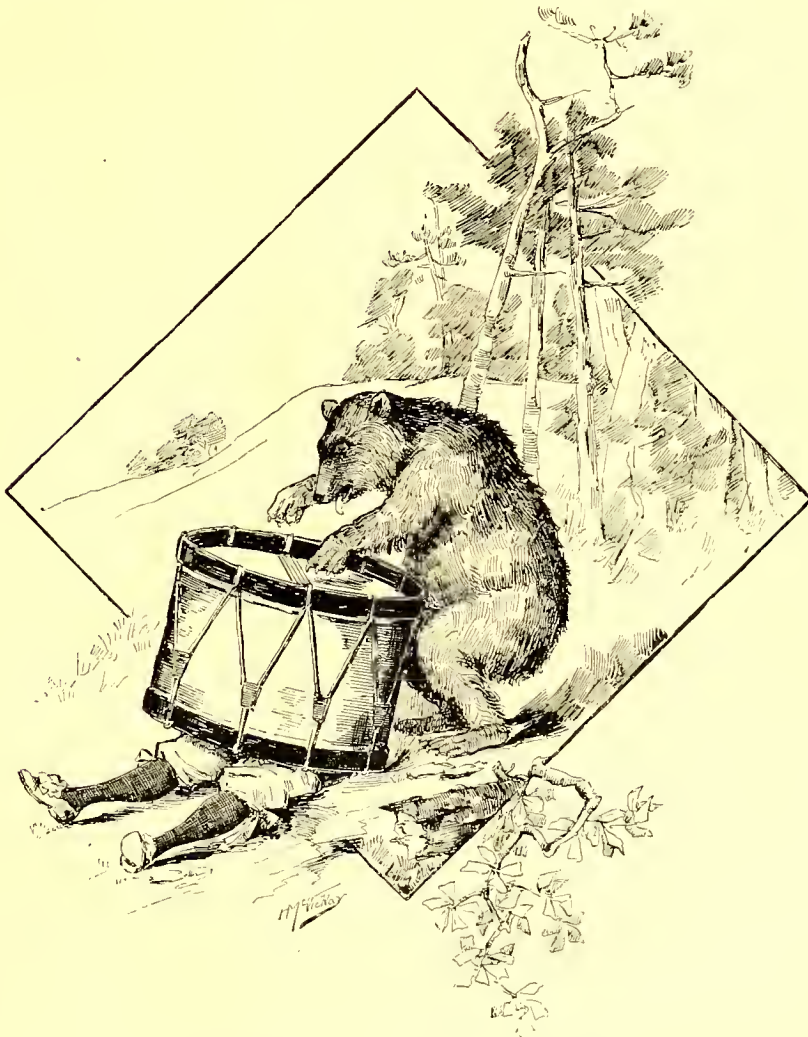
XII.

So they traveled on, till at last they met
 A fierce old man, who chuckled, "Ho! ho!
 This is the pair I wanted to get
 For my '*Great Zoölogical Traveling Show!*'
 The boy and the cat,

The drum and all that,
 Will make all the children laugh, I know!
 Come on, boy, come,
 Bring your cat and your drum:
 You belong to my circus—you need n't say no!"

XIII.

So the cat and the drum,
 And Marmaduke Mumm,
 Went with the queer old man, you know.
 You will find them to-day
 (So people say)
 In the "*Great Zoölogical Traveling Show!*"



"HIS PAWS STRUCK THE DRUM—IT SAID, "BUM-BUM-BUM!"

THE TINKHAM BROTHERS' TIDE-MILL.*

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TUB-RACE.

THE Fourth was a great day on the lake; a great day especially for Commodore Web Foote. If he was n't the pivot on which the world turned, until about twelve o'clock. I should like to know who was!

It was a bright, breezy morning—indeed, almost too breezy for the rowing matches. But what were they compared with the grand race in which a dozen sail-boats were to take part? It was a good wind for them—a good wind particularly for the Commodore's new yacht, which (not to keep the reader in suspense) won easily not only the prize-cup, but almost too much glory for one little man.

After the drama, the farce. After the regattas, the tub-race.

That was for small boys; and the Tinkhams were interested in it. Rod having been induced by some of his young Tammoset friends to join in that rough sport. Three prizes had been offered by the club, indiscriminately, to all competitors; and if even the least of them could be won by a Tinkham, would n't it (as Lute said) be j-j-jolly? To get anything out of the Argonauts!

The youngsters were ranged along one side of the float, each with his tub—Rod amongst them, bare-legged and bare-armed, in shirt and tights, with Rupe at his back, to assist in launching him or in pulling him out of the water. His companions kept him in countenance; yet he could n't help feeling a little abashed in that rig, before so many people.

A gay-colored throng covered the shore. The balcony, full of pretty girls in holiday dresses, looked like a hanging-basket of flowers. Door-way and windows were crowded; and the float was half the time under water, borne down by its weight of Argonauts. Outside of all was a circle of boats full of spectators.

One of the boats belonged to the Tinkham brothers, and in it were Mrs. Tinkham and Letty, with Lute and Rush. Lute had his water-glass with him, and, while waiting for the tub-race to begin, amused himself by looking down into the depths of the lake.

"She is laughing at you!" whispered Rush, who could not keep his eyes from glancing up at

the balcony, where a good many eyes were looking down. The pair he alluded to belonged to a certain young girl in a white straw hat, light-blue scarf and pink dress, with a rosebud mouth which did indeed blossom in a mirthful smile when she saw Lute leaning over the side of the boat with his "toy."

Lute held it up with a gesture of inquiry—would she like to try it? She answered with a laughing "I 'll see!" sort of nod, and gave another, still more decided, when Letty motioned her to come down and take a seat beside her in the boat.

"They 're going to start!" said Mrs. Tinkham. "I wish they would make haste, for Rod's sake; he does n't like making a show of himself!"

Rush could have wished the tub-race in Jericho until after they had got Miss Bartland into the boat. He was longing to ask her a question or two regarding the Argonauts' plot.

Commodore Foote, standing on a chair, to get well above the crowd on the float and to keep his feet out of the water, which occasionally washed over it, swung his cap, tossed back his hair, and gave the signal. The half-naked youngsters had been ready and waiting some time, impatient to start; but he had delayed, in order to let Tammoset and Dempford know that nothing could be done without him.

Amidst hand-clapping and cheers, five boys in five tubs started to paddle around a flag-buoy not more than twenty yards off. It looked to be an easy feat; and so it might have proved for some of them in calm weather. One turned round and round in a ludicrously helpless fashion. Another, too big for his tub, capsized at the start, and was greeted with roars of laughter as he scrambled out of the water. The other three made progress; but a little way from the float the wind struck them and the waves tossed them, and over went a sandy-haired lubber, who managed in his plunge to upset the next tub, which was Rodman's.

"It 's Dick Dushee! He did it on purpose!" exclaimed Rush.

Whether Dick did it purposely or not, Rod was in the water, and there was nothing for him to do but to get back to the float with his tub and try again.

Before he made another start, the only tub that had not upset was rounding the buoy; and it looked as if the lucky navigator must win the first

prize. But the wind, which had been in his favor when outward bound, was against him on the return voyage. He sat with legs hanging over the side of the tub, and bearing it down; so that, in meeting the waves, it soon took in water enough to founder, and he who had been first in the race must now begin again as the last.

Rod knelt in his tub, balancing it well, and paddling steadily with a pair of wooden scoops. Some used little coal-shovels, attached by strings to the handles of their tubs, so that they might not lose them when they capsized and had to swim. One lost his, nevertheless. That left only four competitors. Of these, the two who next passed the buoy were Rod and Dick Dushee.

The strife between these two became exciting. The trick by which Rod was upset had been noticed, and it won him the sympathy of the spectators.

"Who is that fine-looking boy?" the mother heard some one ask.

"It's a Tinkham! It's one of the Tinkhams!" went from mouth to mouth in reply.

As the two neared the float almost abreast, they were greeted by loud cries from some of the small fry present. "Scratch water, Dick!" "Put in, Tinkham! pay him for that tip-over!"—followed soon by a chorus of shouts from small and great. Dick, in his hurry, had gone down within two yards of the float.

Looking straight before him, heeding nobody, paddling steadily, Rod quickly came within reach of Rupe's outstretched hand, and a burst of applause told that the first prize, a handsome hammock, had been won. Thereupon the little Commodore disappeared in the boat-house, frowning with huge disgust; and a man on the shore, with a vast, sandy desert of a face, uttered a dismal groan.

But others took a more cheerful view of the result.

"I declare!" said Mrs. Tinkham, wiping bright tears from her eyes, "I would n't have believed a bit of foolishness could ever interest me so much!"

"It's the honor of the T-tinkham's that's at stake!" said Lute, radiant behind his spectacles. "I wish Mart was here to enj-j-joy it!" But Mart had staid at home to guard the premises.

Rush and Letty were in the gayest spirits; nor was their happiness lessened when they looked up at the balcony and saw Syl Bartland clapping hands with delight at Rod's triumph.

They took little interest in the rest of the race, except to see that Dick Dushee did not win a prize.

"Now get her to come down into our boat," said Rush.

"She's coming," replied Letty.

There was a movement on the balcony. Sylvia disappeared. The Tinkhams pushed in between two yachts that lay beside the float.

"Make room here! make room for the ladies!" cried a shrill, authoritative voice within the lower door-way.

The crowd there opened, and Sylvia's rosy face was seen emerging. With her came Mollie Kent, laughing as at some merry adventure. Rush stepped out upon the float, and placed a board so that they could reach the boat without wetting their feet. But behold! three other young girls were following; and now the same peremptory voice called out again:

"Haul the Commodore's yacht a little ahead!"

It was the voice of the Commodore himself; and if ever a boy's heart was stepped on and flattened out by mighty disappointment, elephantine chagrin, that heart was Rush Tinkham's, when the girls tripped past him, lightly holding their skirts, and titteringly catching at each other as they stepped aboard the yacht.

The owner followed and took the helm. The yacht was shoved off, the sheet was hauled, the flapping canvas filled, the Commodore's broad pennant streamed in the wind, and away went Web with his lovely cargo of girls, Sylvia and Mollie smiling and fluttering their handkerchiefs (in mockery, Rush angrily thought) at their friends in the boat.

"I never saw anything so provoking," whispered Letty, as Rush jumped aboard and pushed away.

"You could n't expect a Dempford girl to go over openly and publicly to the enemy, could you?" said Mrs. Tinkham, "under the eyes of all the Argonauts!"

"I was a fool!" muttered Rush, imagining everybody was laughing at him. "Let's get out of this!"

There was to be a swimming race after the tub-race. But the Tinkhams took no interest in it; and, leaving Rod with Rupe to dress and get the hammock, they took a row up the lake.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT LUTE SAW IN HIS WATER-GLASS.

RUSH was not in a happy mood. To see the yacht go flying over the water under her broad sail, with her stern conspicuously lettered, "THE COMMODORE," was irritating to a boy of good taste and fine feelings. And the nervous, laughing screams of the girls as she careened to the breeze were not soothing sounds.

"The Commodore carries too much c-c-canvas," said Lute.

"It will do for racing," said Rush. "Fellows can take risks when they've only themselves aboard. But look at that!"

"O dear! They will go over!" exclaimed Letty.

"He l-luffed just in time," said Lute. "The girls don't trim her as the fellows did he had with him in the race."

"She took in water over the rail, even with them aboard; I saw it," replied Rush.

"I declare," said Mrs. Tinkham, indignantly. "It is criminal to trifle with the lives of young girls in that way!"

"Only a conceited blockhead would do it," said Rush. "The Commodore thinks nobody can sail a boat like him—that an accident can't possibly happen with him at the helm. His looks show that."

"He is n't like me," remarked Lute. "I should be the biggest c-c-coward in the world in his place now."

"He's coming for us, to show how smart he is," said Rush.

The yacht went rushing past, ripping the water with a loud noise, and sped on her course, leaving the prosaic little row-boat lying like a log in her wake. Not a glance from the girls, who had ceased to giggle, and appeared to be begging the Commodore to take them back.

It was very provoking. Rush resolved not to look at the yacht any more. He was rowing steadily along, with Lute behind him in the bow, and his mother and sister in the stern, when suddenly Mrs. Tinkham started forward with a frightened scream, in which Letty joined.

The five girls had been seated on the yacht's windward side, which ran high and higher with every gust. Then all at once the wind, made fitful by the high, wooded shores, veered about, the sail jibed suddenly and violently, the boat gave an unexpected roll, the enormous sail going over in the buffet of the flaw.

Rush looked in time to see the gunwale dip, carried down by the weight of girls. They threw up their arms with wild gestures, starting to their feet, and their screams came over the water.

In an instant all was confusion, the iron-ballasted yacht filling and settling rapidly, and the wind still playing with the upper part of the sail, while the lower part was disappearing in the lake. Down, down it went, until at last only the mast-head was seen, like a slanting stake, with the pennant still flying above the surface, where two or three vague objects tossed.

Letty sobbed and laughed hysterically.

"They'll all be drowned!" said her mother, with white lips.

"Pull! pull!" muttered Lute, snatching an oar from Rush and striking it into one of the forward rowlocks. "Wait a moment! Now!"

"Not another boat in sight!" said Mrs. Tinkham, casting a swift glance around. "Boys! it all depends on you!"

Screams were heard again. That was encouraging. Lute and Rush pulled as no champion oarsmen had pulled on the lake that day. They could not take time to glance over their shoulders; their mother told them how to row.

"Not quite so hard, Lute! You're too much for Rocket. There! there! Now straight ahead!"

"Do you see them?" Lute asked.

"There's somebody clinging to the mast," said Letty, with a convulsive laugh. "And somebody swimming. Row! row, boys! And a head above water. No! it's a floating bonnet."

"Only two?" Rush breathed between strokes.

"That's all I see," said Mrs. Tinkham. "Hold your oar, Lute! That's it, Rocket! Now straight ahead again!" Then, as they drew nearer, "There are two swimming!"

"One must be the Commodore," said Letty. "Oh! he is saving somebody! He is helping her get hold of the mast. No, not the mast, but the halyards."

"Bravely, boys!" cried the mother. "You'll soon be there! Two girls now at the mast! One has hold of the pennant. Look where you're going, Lute!"

"Oh!" said Letty, in wild despair, "I saw two hands come up and go down again! If we had only been a little sooner!"

"It was while he was saving the other," said Mrs. Tinkham. "Now he is swimming where we saw that one go down. Too late! Careful! careful, boys!"

"Hold, Rocket!" cried Lute. "Take the oar!" He sprang to the bow as the boat, with slackening speed, neared the tragical scene, and called out, "We'll have you in a m-m-moment!" Even at such a time, the poor fellow had to stammer.

"Don't mind us!" said one of the gasping creatures at the mast. "We can hold on. Look for the others!"

It was Mollie Kent, recognizable even with her agonized face and dripping hair.

"There are three more!" said her companion, an older girl whom the Tinkhams had never seen until that day. "Three drowned—unless you can save them!"

"One went down right here!" cried the little Commodore, paddling helplessly about, wild-eyed,

his black locks washed over his brows. "Can you dive? Oh Heaven! I can't!"

He had hitherto supposed he could, and had taken from a platform many a plunge which he thought the world ought to admire. But he could no more go down fifteen or eighteen feet, even to save a life he had so recklessly imperiled, than he could fly in the air.

Neither were the Tinkham boys at all expert at diving. In their limited swimming experience, their endeavor had generally been to keep as near the surface as possible.

Yet Rush had already kicked off his shoes and thrown down his hat and coat. And now he stood

hand and drawing up something entangled in the other.

"Here! here!" cried Letty, reaching to help him. "I've got hold of her!"

Up came a gasping and strangling face. Lute and Letty pulled the drowning girl into the boat. She was the youngest of the sailing party—a child not more than thirteen years old.

"It's Isabel! It's your sister, Web!" cried Mollie Kent. "Is she alive?"

"She is alive," said Mrs. Tinkham, who at once took the girl in charge. "Turn her on her face! Poor thing! poor thing! She was going down for the last time."



"THE YACHT WENT RUSHING PAST."

ready to leap, while he kept the boat in place with a single oar.

"There! there!" shrieked Letty.

Something like floating hair appeared on the opposite side of the boat from the poor, paddling Commodore. It was slowly settling down again, when Rush saw it, and, using his one oar as a lever, tried to force the boat over broadside toward it. Failing in that, and seeing it about to disappear, he gave a headlong jump, which nearly threw Lute overboard.

Lute saved himself, however. He seized the oar and brought the boat around just as Rush, after a brief struggle in the water, emerged with blinded eyes and dripping face, swimming with one free

Rush scrambled into the boat, to be ready for any further discovery that might be made. Lute also pulled in the little Commodore, who by this time was nearly exhausted with fatigue and fright.

"There are two more missing," said the wretched youth.

"Sylvia Bartland is one of them," said Mollie Kent, in tones of wildest affliction. "I have n't seen her at all! She would n't have gone in the yacht, if I had n't urged her."

The wind had lulled, and yet the boat was drifting off. Rush took an oar to bring it back.

"What are you doing?" he said to Lute.

Lute had bethought him of his water-glass. He hauled up the big, bungling "toy" from

under the thwart, thrust the broad end into the water, and, leaning low over the rail, looked down.

What he saw was quite beyond his stammering astonishment to utter.

On the dark bottom of the lake lay the handsome new yacht, partly on one side. Bright, waving gleams danced over it, caused by the sunshine passing through the waves. The deck, the tiller, the sloping mast, the sail sweeping off over the lower beam, were distinctly visible, with one object most wonderful of all.

Down there, in the perfectly clear water, a young girl. She was resting partly on the deck, seemingly inclined to float; but two little hands in black lace mitts grasped a rope, which prevented her from rising. Dressed in pale pink, with a light blue scarf clasped by a gold pin; loose auburn hair, to which the white straw hat was still tied; and a sweet, beautiful, almost smiling face, with open eyes staring at vacancy—all played over by the chasing ripples of sun and shade.

It did not look like death. It was more like a scene of enchantment, a fairy realm in the deep.

"L-l-look!" said Lute, giving the instrument to Rush. "Keep the boat up, w-w-will you?" to the little Commodore, who obeyed with the meekness of utter despair and remorse.

Rush looked, and was overboard the next moment, in a headlong plunge.

Lute watched him through the glass, and saw with dismay that he did not descend half-way to the drowning girl, but soon began to swim off in a lateral direction, coming up while he still believed he was going down.

"I can't see in the water!" said Rush, blowing at the surface. "If I could only keep my eyes open! I'll try again!"

"It wont d-d-do!" said Lute. "Put the boat ahead, will you?" to the little Commodore. "This is the rope she has hold of!"

It was one of the halyards to which Mollie and her companion were clinging above. Sylvia, with the blind desperation of a drowning person, had caught hold and was clinging fast below. Thus the very effort she was instinctively making to save her life was destroying it.

"May be I can shake off her hold," said Lute. "or b-break the rope."

The two at the mast were taken aboard. He then shook and pulled, but in vain. The unconscious girl held fast, and the unstable skiff afforded but a poor support when he tried to free the halyard from its fastening at the deck.

"Wait!" Rush exclaimed. "I can get her."

He could n't dive far; but, laying hold of the halyard, he could go down hand under hand to the yacht.

This he did, sliding his fingers along till they reached those of the drowning girl. He endeavored to unclasp them with one hand, holding one of her wrists with the other. To do so without violence was not so easy a task as he had supposed. His breath, which he was unable to retain, rose in bubbles to the surface. But he was resolved not to loose his hold of that wrist, and never to return to the upper world alone.

He was struggling and groping, believing that something still held her down, when there came a rushing sound in his ears, and behold! he was at the surface with Sylvia Bartland in his arms.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FROM THE SUNKEN YACHT.

THE place where the yacht went down was hidden from the boat-house by a curve of the shore. But the news had reached there in the midst of the excitement over the swimming race. The crowd separated in a panic, and now boats were coming to the rescue.

Mrs. Tinkham had never before had any experience in resuscitating the drowned. But she did not need to be taught that less water and more air was in such cases the immediate necessity, and she knew something of the right theory of producing that result.

The Commodore's young sister was already so far restored as to be able to care for herself. She went over to the other two rescued girls in the bow, while Mrs. Tinkham and Letty took Sylvia in hand. Letty had quite got over her first hysterical emotion, and she now obeyed and helped her mother in a manner worthy of a Tinkham.

They first turned Sylvia on her face, depressing her head, and opening her mouth to let the water run out. At the same time they compressed her lungs gently, to expel the exhausted air, allowing the chest to expand again and inhale fresh, by its own elastic force. While they continued these movements at intervals, trying to give her life with artificial breath, the boys were searching with the water-glass for the other missing girl.

They discovered her under the shadow of the sail on the other side of the yacht. By this time the first boats had arrived. They had swimmers and even divers aboard. The Tinkhams, therefore, left them, with Commodore Foote, to recover the last of his victims, and with the other four pulled for home.

How they pulled! People in boats or running wildly up the shore shouted at them; but they gave no heed. What Mollie Kent answered, they hardly heard or cared.

Suddenly a boat, rowing furiously, turned in their wake, and the boys had a glimpse of a face they knew—a sternly anxious face, white and terrible in its excitement, sending after them looks of entreaty, with wild words:

“Tell me, I say! is she dead?”

“No! no! I think not! I hope not!” replied Mollie Kent, excitedly. “It’s Lew Bartland and my brother!” she said, sobbing again.

The boat came alongside, and, after a few words exchanged, darted off toward the shore. The Tinkham boys all this time neither spoke word nor missed stroke, but continued to row their heavily freighted boat as if more than their own lives were at stake.

Into the outlet they pulled, then down the river with the tide, to the mill. There, fortunately, they found Mart, who had remained to guard the premises and prepare still further for the Argonauts’ expected attack.

How quickly and utterly all thoughts of that were put out of his mind by the arrival of the boat with the shipwrecked girls! Sylvia was by this time recovering consciousness, in great bodily distress. He took her from his mother and sister, and bore her in his arms to the house; Lute and Rush and Letty following up the path over the bank with Mrs. Tinkham, in her wheeled chair, and the other drenched ones on their own feet.

They had hardly entered the house, when Charley Kent and Lew Bartland arrived with a doctor they had picked up on the lake shore. Rupe and Rod came running after, carrying their tub, with the hammock, between them, and behind them flocked a crowd of people. Many of the spectators of the races had gone up toward the sunken yacht; others followed the rescued girls; so that in a few minutes there was on and about the premises more people than had ever been there before, except on the day when it seemed as if half Dempford and Tammoset assembled to see the dam destroyed.

Very different motives brought them now—not curiosity merely and the love of sensation, but anxious sympathy and eagerness to help.

Women offered their services. These were welcome, Mrs. Tinkham being well-nigh exhausted as well as lame, and the servant being away. Hot drinks were soon prepared, dry clothing was got for the wet ones, and Sylvia was warmed in bed.

“The worst is over,” the doctor had said, as soon as he touched her wrist. And now only good nursing was necessary to her complete restoration.

Assured of this, Bartland and Kent and the two older Tinkhams embarked in Lew’s boat and rowed with speed up the lake.

They were too late to render any assistance to the lost girl. This was Kate Mcdway, one of the happiest of the five who were seen to set off so gayly in the Commodore’s yacht less than an hour before. She had been taken from the water and borne to the nearest house, followed by a throng of horrified spectators, many of whom knew her and loved her; among them the little Commodore, capless, drenched, his wet hair not yet tossed back from his brow—a stricken, despairing man.

A physician was on the spot. But either she had remained too long in the water, or the right thing had not been done for her the moment she was taken out. Neither skill nor love nor pity nor remorse could help her now. She was an only child; her father and mother were yet to be sent for. Who could bear to tell them the heart-rending news?

The Tinkhams returned home with Bartland and Kent, having a little talk by the way. It was strange that not one of them spoke harshly of the author of the catastrophe. Only Lew said, “I always thought Web knew how to sail a boat!” Nothing more.

CHAPTER XL.

THE TIDE TURNS.

WHEN all was over, and the four girls who were saved had been taken home by their grateful friends, and she who perished had also been taken home; when the lake was deserted, and a strange quiet reigned where there had been so much movement and merriment in the morning; then Mart, late that afternoon, said to his brothers, as they sat together in the willow-tree:

“I was intending to put a lamp in the upper mill-window, where it would shine all night across the dam. I was going to be on hand myself, below, with the door open and the wooden cannon in position, and fire that charge of sand at the first marauders that came within range. I meant to let Dempford and Tammoset know that we were getting the least mite tired of being trifled with.”

“It seemed to be about t-time,” said Lute.

“But I’ve changed my mind,” Mart continued. “We’ll stop in the house to-night. I’ve a sort of notion that we’ve tried war long enough. I believe there’s something better. You’ve had a chance to try that to-day, boys,—you and Mother,—and you’ve done well. Now, after what has happened, if there are Argonauts who want to meddle with our dam to-night, I say let ’em!”

“And let the w-w-world know it!” said Lute.

“It’s the best way!” Rush declared. “We have had fighting enough. I’m sick of it!”

Even the younger boys were satisfied with this decision. When it was announced to Mrs. Tinkham, she exclaimed, fervently :

"I am thankful, boys! I said to myself in the presence of death to-day, when praying that we might be able to save those precious lives, I said then I would never repine at petty trials after this, but accept the ways of Providence in all things, as I had never done before. What if the dam is destroyed? You can still rebuild it. Or you can do something else. We will live in peace, and be just to all men; and if we can not prosper, we will at least deserve to."

"I know we shall prosper!" said Letty, overjoyed. "I would n't have had the boys stop fighting from cowardice. But if they stop from a better motive, we shall never be sorry, I am sure!"

Thus, the events of the day had softened and deepened all their hearts.

The boys went down at dusk and fired off their wooden gun, well satisfied to see the charge tear the water and throw over a post they had set up against the dam.

"What if that had been an Argonaut?" said Rod, with a chuckle of triumph.

"I'm rather glad, on the whole, it was n't," said Mart.

"There 's a wire-alarm to sell or to let!" laughed Rush. But the boys did not regret the labor that it had cost.

"If it had n't been for that," said Lute, "I should n't have made the w-w-water-glass. And if it had n't been for that——"

It was terrible to think what might have happened but for that "toy"!

The boys then shut the mill, and soon after went to bed, leaving the dam to its fate.

In the morning it was still there, and there it remained.

The Argonauts were coming to their senses. The light of Buzrow's influence had been extinguished in ridicule, and Web Foote's brand-new popularity, which carried so much sail of self-conceit, had suddenly sunk deeper than ever yacht went down. On the other hand, the true characters of the Tinkhams were beginning to be appreciated.

The yacht was raised; but it quietly disappeared, and was never seen again on Tammoset waters. Web likewise tried to lift his lost reputation—a more difficult task. He did not have the grace to resign his office; but at the annual meeting of the club, which took place in August, he

was quietly dropped, Lew Bartland being reëlected commodore by a unanimous vote.

Not long after, what new members do you suppose were proposed by him, and admitted with scarcely any opposition? The three older Tinkham boys!

"I don't know that they will consent to join us," Lew said, in advocating their election. "But I hope they will; and if they do, it will be more an honor to us than to them. At any rate, I want the club to pay them this tribute."

The Tinkhams did consent, the more readily as they were made aware that they had done the Argonauts, in one particular, great injustice.

The mischief done that night when the mill-wheel was broken was not, after all, the work of any members of the club, but of vicious youngsters outside, ambitious of getting into it. He who had shown his zeal by creeping into the shop, stealing the sledge-hammer, and using it to smash the paddle-blades before throwing it into the river, was—whom do you think?

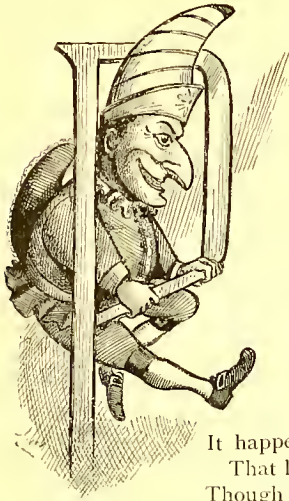
Dick Dushee!

That fact having been discovered by Rupert in his growing intimacy with Tammoset boys, and the damage to the wheel having been paid by Dick's utterly disgusted papa, the older Tinkhams became Argonauts; and those whom a conflict of interests had made enemies, found that they ought all along to have been friends.

The dam was as much in the way as ever. But the readiness of the Tinkhams to pull up their flash-boards for passing boats, and a little patience and forbearance on the part of the boatmen, made the difficulty, which had once loomed so great, dwindle to a very small matter—like so many things in life over which hatred and selfishness may fight, or reason and good-will clasp hands.

Not that all opposition to the dam was ended, by any means. Curiously enough, it was at last abolished by statute, a law having been enacted placing all such waters as the Tammoset, as far as the tides from a harbor rise and fall two feet, under the authority of harbor commissioners, and declaring them to be navigable streams. But this was after the business of the Tinkham Brothers had outgrown their old quarters, and they had bought a large factory, with steam-power, nearer town.

Meanwhile, a delightful intimacy had grown up between the Tinkhams in Tammoset and the Bartlands and Kents in Dempford, the story of which has not much to do with the Tide-Mill, and so need not be related here.



PUNCH AND THE SERIOUS LITTLE BOY.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THERE was once a serious little boy,
Who never smiled, and who rarely spoke;
Arithmetic was his only joy,
And he could not be made to take a joke.

If ever any one chanced to read
Or tell him a joke, in accents chilly,
To an older person he said, "Indeed?"
To a younger person, "That is silly."

It happened one day, when he went to school,
That his tender mother wrapped up his lunch—
Though such was not her general rule—
In a leaf from a recent number of *Punch*.

When noontime came, and he spread it out,
The picture attracted his notice at once;
And he said, with scorn, "Beyond a doubt,
There are people who like to play the dunce!"

Now, what this picture was, my dears,
I would gladly tell you, if I knew,
For I should not be troubled by any fears
That what happened to him might happen to you.

He read the joke—'t was a brand-new joke—
And then for a minute sat perfectly still.
Then he went as if he were going to choke,
And said, with an effort, "That is sill—"

A violent chuckle stopped him here;
He did not know what to make of it.
He said to himself, "This is very queer—
I wonder if it can be a fit?"

"The sensation is singular and new,
I can not be laughing; I've too much sense."
Once more a chuckle shook him all through,
And he tumbled abruptly off the fence.

He had never laughed in his life before;
He was just eleven years old, and so
When he tried to stop, he laughed the more,
For he 'd all that time to make up, you know.

His mother chanced to be passing by;
She was sensible, as well as kind,
So she did not stop to scream and cry,
But showed at once her presence of mind.



She leaned him up against the fence,—
 For to stand alone he was quite unable,—
 She put him through pounds, shillings, and pence,
 And then the multiplication-table.

By the time he had got to ten times ten,
 He had almost recovered his self-command;
 He was only smiling a little then.
 And by twelve times twelve he was able to stand.



But his mother was fully convinced that day
 That it 's safer to laugh as one goes along.
 For if it accumulates in this way,
 It acquires a force that is terribly strong.

So now she keeps telling him little jokes,
 And he 's learned an almost agreeable smile.
 He may some day laugh, as do other folks.
 But she can not expect that yet awhile.

The moral is plain to be seen, of course—
 We should all learn laughing while we are small;
 If we don't, it may come with alarming force,
 Or—more dreadful still—never come at all!

THE MIDGET SHEEP.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.



SHEEP have been the friends of man for so many ages that all trace of their wild ancestors is lost, and we can only guess at their origin. There has been a wonderful change in this creature's nature during the long ages since it first was tamed. The domestic sheep is one of the most timid and delicate of animals, while the wild sheep is second to no animal in courage and hardiness.

One of the peculiarities of the sheep is the manner in which it adapts itself to its surroundings, and no doubt it is this ability to suit itself to the circumstances of its dwelling-place that has given us so many varieties of domestic sheep. There is the large merino sheep, so famous for fine wool, and the small Welsh sheep, just as famous for its delicate flavor when cooked. There is the sheep of middle Asia, used for carrying burdens, and even for riding upon, and the sheep of southern and eastern Asia, with its enormous tail, that must be provided with a little cart to keep it from dragging in the dirt—a veritable Bo-peep sheep

that carries its tail behind it. There is the Persian sheep, with its black head and white body, and the Shetland sheep, so good for the wool which ladies like for crochet work; and then there are a great many more sheep that are good for nothing particularly—not very good to eat, and very poor wool producers.

Last of all, because it is the very smallest, is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for, of course, it can not have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat a whole one at a meal. It is so small when full-grown that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

But if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle and loving, and, because it is so small, is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary. It would need to be a very large little girl—a giant girl, indeed

—who could take an ordinary sheep in her lap and cuddle it there; but any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep quite as easily as for one of those very ugly little dogs called by the ugly name of pug.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up as a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness. If any person whom it likes a great deal is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, the person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will cvince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will also fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it such evident distress that only a cruel person could be otherwise than gentle with such a pet.

This strange delicacy of feeling once led to a very happy result, and helped a little girl named Jessie out of a difficulty which was at the same time dangerous and ludicrous.

Away off in one corner of the large garden, Jessie had what she called her house. James, the gardener, had nailed some boards to the fence to make a roof, and there Jessie used to go on summer afternoons with her dolls and her favorite pet, the little Midget sheep. One afternoon, Jessie was tired of staying in her house, and concluded to try the roof. By putting her chair on the starch-box that served for Ethel Araminta's bed, Jessie contrived to mount upon the roof.

Once there, she lay down upon the roof, and, after a deal of reaching, caught the back of the chair and pulled it up. Then she placed it against the fence, stood upon it, and looked over. There was nothing specially interesting there to look at, and Jessie concluded to do something else. The first thing that suggested itself was to sit upon the fence. It was not easy to do, but she finally accomplished it, and when she had recovered her breath, she found her perch very pleasant, until by and by she heard a dog bark. Looking over the fence, she exclaimed:

“Oh! it's that dreadful big bull-dog that belongs to Mr. Wainright. And here he comes. I guess I'll get down. No I wont, either. He can't catch me; it's too high for him. Boo! I'm not afraid of you.”

The bull-dog by this time was right under Jessie, barking furiously, for he looked upon her as an intruder. She was too high for him to reach her, but he was a faithful dog, and determined to do the best he could. He jumped hard. He could not reach her, but her frock hung over the

fence, and into that he fastened his teeth just as Jessie, in a fright, slipped from her seat to reach the roof.

She did not reach it, however, for, unfortunately, her frock was new and strong, and would not tear; so she hung on one side of the fence, and the dog on the other. She screamed and wept, but it was too far from the house for her voice to be heard, and she might have hung there until her frock tore (for the dog would not loose his hold), if little Midget had not come to the rescue.

She did not know what was the matter, probably; but she did know that Jessie was in great trouble, and the dear little creature was driven almost frantic with sympathy. She trembled all over, then ran madly about, then stopped and shook again. Finally, she ran like a crazy sheep toward the house, and, in fact, acted so strangely that Ann saw her from the kitchen window, and, thinking her mad, called Jessie's mother. She knew in a moment that something was wrong with her little girl, and, fortunately, a particularly loud scream from Jessie just then caught her ear. She did not stop to explain, but ran as quickly as she could toward where Jessie was.

Ann, like a faithful servant, never stopped to ask why, but followed her mistress, calling at the same time for James, who was just entering the gate. James obeyed the summons, and, being the swiftest, reached the spot first. There hung Jessie, still sobbing and screaming. This so excited James that he forgot how frail the little house was, and sprang upon it at one effort. Crash it went under him, and he fell with it all in a heap to the ground.

What a hubbub there was then! But James was soon up again, and had brought a ladder. Ann was so eager to help that she started to run up just as James did, and the consequence was that a collision took place, and Ann sat down on the grass. James flew up, looked over, comprehended the situation, and, knowing he could not make the dog let go, whipped out his knife and cut Jessie's frock.

It took some time for the story to be told, and for everybody to recover composure; but when it was all understood, it was declared that Midget was a heroine, and that nothing was too good for her. They all believed that Midget had purposely run to the house to let them know there that Jessie was in trouble; but very likely Midget was so excited by Jessie's cries that she did not know what she was doing; for long after everybody else was composed, and even able to laugh at the picture of Jessie on one side of the fence and the dog on the other, Midget continued to tremble as if with ague.



SIX O'CLOCK THE SUN GOES:
 BIRDS AND BABES AT SEVEN:
 EIGHT TO NINE THE CHILDREN:
 ELDERS, TEN TO ELEVEN:
 LOVERS, GHAT TO MIDNIGHT:
 STUDENTS READ 'TILL TWO.
 WALK, YOU WEARY WATCHMAN,
 ALL ARE OFF BUT YOU.

A RHYME OF BEDTIME

THE LOLLIPOPS' VACATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I WANT to go where they let you break in colts, and the circus comes 'round every week," said the second Master Lollipop, named Granbury, but commonly called Cranberry by his friends, who thought Cranberry Lollipop sounded particularly well.

"I think it is time that I entered fashionable society," said the eldest Miss Lollipop, who was past sixteen.

"I always think first of my children," said the fourth Miss Lollipop, who was called Cherry, and who was the mother of ten dolls, — just as many as she had brothers and sisters, — "and Christabel Marie is suffering for sea-bathing."

"I want to go where there are sunsets and no cows," said Jujube Lollipop, who was fifteen, and painted in water-colors.

"I'm not going where a fellow has to wear his best clothes and there *must* be cherry pudding every day."

This was the third Master Lollipop, who had been christened Adonijam, but seldom had the benefit of anything but the last syllable of that dignified appellation, Jam Lollipop being thought a very appropriate name for him. Indeed, all the Lollipops' names were capable of being shortened into such very appropriate ones that most people believed they had been christened with this nick-naming in view. The eldest Miss Lollipop was named Araminta, and her name was usually shortened to Minty, or Mint, and people who wanted to tease her even went so far as to call her Peppermint Lollipop; but she did not like that, and was cultivating a dignified manner in the hope of preventing it. Julia Lollipop was always called Jujube, and Tryphena was Taffy, both at home and abroad. Carrie Amelia was called Caramel, by common consent, and Margaret Nutter (named after her grandmother, who had always been called plain Margaret) was called Nutmeg oftener than anything else. Charity was always Cherry, and Molly, Molasses. And the boys did not fare much better. Sherburne was nicknamed Sherbet, and Erastus was never called anything but Raspberry. They did not mind it very much, though Sherbet was sometimes heard to say that he wished they did n't all make people think of something good to eat. Papa Lollipop had been a confectioner, and people *would* say that he had become confused, and thought he was naming his candy when he named his children.

All these stories would probably be very soon forgotten, now, for Papa Lollipop had retired from business, with a fortune; they had moved from the rooms over the shop, where they had always lived, into a fine, large house, on a fashionable street, and if any of the younger children made any reference to the shop, and the times when Papa was a confectioner, all the others said, "'Sh! 'sh!'"

And it was because they were rich people now, and were trying to live as rich people did, that they were going to take a vacation trip. They had never taken one before, except out to Aunt Jane's in Popleyville. Aunt Jane kept a candy-shop in one corner of a big dilapidated old house, on the main street. Papa Lollipop had kept her supplied with candy. The upper shelf of her shop had eight large glass jars, filled with sugar-plums artistically arranged in lines of contrasting color, and intended merely for ornament. Those jars had stood there for twenty years, and all the babies in Popleyville had cried lustily for them; but Aunt Jane, whose heart was torn by a baby's cry for anything else, had never relented so far as to take one sugar-plum out of them. Babies of sense and discretion soon learned to look at them with the silent and hopeless longing with which they looked at the moon. On the next shelf were the sticks of candy, of every color and flavor known to the confectioner's art, and always fresh and crisp. Then came, on a lower shelf, jars of mint-drops and lozenges, sugared almonds and pea-nuts, cream-dates and walnuts, and caramels of every flavor; and on the lowest shelf of all were trays of molasses candy, pea-nut taffy, and corn-balls. The contents of that lowest shelf were always made by Aunt Jane's own hands, and her pride in them was only a trifle less than in the ornamental jars.

And though Aunt Jane's wares were so superior, it was universally acknowledged that there was "more for a cent" to be got there than anywhere else in town. Moreover, Aunt Jane had a most unbusiness-like way of slipping a square of pea-nut taffy or a corn-ball into a penniless little pocket; and when she saw a sad and longing little face glued to the outside of her window-pane, she mysteriously beckoned it in, and it went away a jolly little face that you would n't have known for the same one. Of course, the natural result of this unusual fashion of shop-keeping was that the penniless pockets and the mournful little faces came

often, and Papa Lollipop shook his head gravely, and declared that Jane would be ruined.

But Aunt Jane was n't ruined. She proved herself to be possessed of a Yankee bump for trading, with all her generosity. Everybody in the town was her customer, from sixty-years-old Deacon Judkins, down to the newest baby, who was never thought to have properly made its entrance into Popleyville society until it had been taken to Aunt Jane's shop; and the summer visitors who came to Osprey, the sea-shore resort, only five miles away, were always driving over to Popleyville for the express purpose of buying some of Aunt Jane's candy. She did not make a fortune, but she made enough money to enable her to support herself, and care for several household pets, including two dogs, three cats, and four or five canary-birds, and also to have a very stiff and rustling black silk dress to wear to church and to neighborhood tea-drinkings. If greater happiness than that was to be found in the world, Aunt Jane never sighed for it. But when the eleven Lollipops came out to spend the summer vacation, her cup of joy overflowed. Some people might have thought that there were too many of them, but if Aunt Jane had a regret, it was that they were only eleven. As for the little Lollipops, they thought there was nothing in this world so much like Paradise as Aunt Jane's.

But now that they had become rich and fashionable, of course going to Aunt Jane's was not to be thought of. It would have been such a dreadful thing if any of their fashionable friends had discovered that they had an aunt who kept a little candy-shop in a queer old dilapidated house, that was running over with birds, and cats, and dogs, and who kept no servant except a little lame pauper girl whom she had taken out of pity, and whom she waited upon as tenderly as she did upon the birds. No, indeed! fashionable society could not be expected to recognize people with such an Aunt Jane as that, so, although it was a great pity, they never could visit Aunt Jane any more.

In the family council that they were holding to decide where they should go for the summer, nobody mentioned Aunt Jane's.

"It never will do to have it said that the Lollipop family went anywhere but to Newport or Saratoga," said Mamma Lollipop, who had been a plump and jolly little woman, but had grown wrinkled and anxious-looking since they became fashionable.

"I don't want to go to Saratoga," said Taffy Lollipop, with deep feeling, "because the Krauts go there, and they say they wont associate with us!"

"Well, I sha'n't allow my children to associate with *them!*" said Mamma Lollipop, with decision.

"If the Krauts go to Saratoga, we'll go to Newport!"

"There are several confectioners in Newport who bought all their supplies from me, and I'd rather not go there, anyhow," said Papa Lollipop.

"We might go to Europe," said Taffy Lollipop.

"The ship might go down," said Sherbet.

Mamma Lollipop turned pale. She was very timid; and Europe's fate was sealed.

They looked at each other in dismay. There did n't seem to be anywhere to go. They had never felt any inconvenience from want of space before; but now the world was not large enough for the Lollipops.

Papa Lollipop, who was a nervous little man, walked up and down the room, and mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, as if he were very warm indeed. But suddenly such a bright idea seemed to strike him, that he cut a little caper to relieve his excited feelings.

"I have an idea! We'll all go everywhere, and we wont any of us go anywhere!" he cried, with the delight of one who has made a great discovery.

All the other Lollipops were delighted, too. It was a rather mysterious idea, but it sounded as if it solved all their difficulties, and the way things sound makes a great difference in this world.

"My idea," he went on, addressing Mamma Lollipop, "is to let 'em all go just where they please, each by himself or herself, if they like. We've got servants enough, so that each one of the children can take one as a companion. That will make the servants of some use, and keep me from being all worn out trying to find something for 'em to do! You and I will take the same privilege. I'll go where I please, and you can go where you please! And as I am in something of a hurry, I'll leave you to lock up the house!"

Out of the room hurried Papa Lollipop, and in less than ten minutes they heard the hall door shut with a bang, and, looking out of the window, they saw Papa Lollipop rushing down the street, with a huge traveling bag, in too great a hurry to remember that he now kept a carriage.

Mamma Lollipop looked after him, admiringly.

"My dears," she said, "your father has a great mind. I thought so when his marsh-mallow caramels took the first prize —"

"'Sh! 'sh!" cried Minty. But Mamma Lollipop went on, firmly:

"I thought so then, but I know it now. We will do just as he said."

"I do wonder where he has gone, in such a hurry," said Taffy, who was the inquisitive one of the family.

Mamma Lollipop, who was a very shrewd woman,

looked at the newspaper which Papa Lollipop had just been reading, and saw a notice of a Confectioners' Convention in Chicago. It was almost a thousand miles away; but what were miles to a mind like Papa Lollipop's?

The door opened, and there stood Master Cranberry Lollipop, with a bundle of clothes slung over his shoulder upon a stout walking-stick; behind him stood Coffee, the colored boy who cleaned the knives and did the cook's errands, and he was similarly equipped for traveling.

"We 're goin'—good-bye!" said Cranberry. "Mebbe we shall come back some time, but if you hear of orle piruts on the high seas, it 's us."

Mamma Lollipop thought of screaming and fainting at this dreadful announcement, but she remembered what a mind Papa Lollipop had, and decided to have perfect faith in his plan.

And Cranberry and Coffee marched off, with fierce determination in their looks.

The next to go was Miss Minty, who first had her hair dressed so it would last all summer, if she did n't sleep in it, bought seventeen new bracelets for each arm, and a pair of eye-glasses, though she was not in the least near-sighted, had seven Saratoga trunks packed, ordered the carriage, and took her own maid with her.

Jam and Taffy were the only ones who told each other where they were going, and they happened to be going to the very same place. Jam and Taffy were twins, and thought just alike about everything. They seemed very happy in their plans, Jam occasionally giving expression to his feelings by uttering whoops and turning somersaults; but they evidently felt at the same time that they were going to do something rash and dreadful, and it was generally suspected that they meant to distinguish themselves by doing something even more terrible than turning pirates; and it severely tested Mamma Lollipop's faith in Papa Lollipop's plan to let them go. But they took Betty, who had been their maid-of-all-work in the old days, when they lived over the shop, and Betty had brains; she could make jujube paste and pipe-stem candy that rivaled everybody's except Aunt Jane's; even if Jam should decide to be a wild man of Borneo, like one he had read of and was always longing to imitate, Mamma Lollipop felt that Betty would be equal to the occasion.

Sherbet took his drum with him, and hinted, darkly, that he might be heard from on the field of battle; so it was generally supposed that he had gone to be a soldier, though where and whom he was to fight remained a mystery. Mamma Lollipop looked anxious, but did not attempt to influence him; she merely reminded him that for soldiers and pirates, as well as for less warlike

members of society, school began on the twenty-ninth of September.

Raspberry was seen negotiating with the proprietor of a hand-organ; it was evident that he intended to attain to the great ambition of his life, and enter the organ-grinding profession.

Jujube, who had just begun to paint in water-colors, bought artist's materials of all kinds, enough to last her a year, if she painted every day from morning till night, and went off with "Picturesque America" under one arm and the "Tourist's Guide" under the other, and entirely forgot her trunk.

Caramel wanted to go where there was a Sunday-school picnic every day in the week, and she was supposed to have gone in search of such a place, as she had all her cambric dresses freshly done up, and bought two new umbrellas.

Nutmeg had taken her nurse with her and gone, it was thought from her remarks, in search of a fairy who would tap her with her wand three times lightly and make diamonds and pearls fall from her mouth. Nutmeg was the youngest of the Lollipops, and believed firmly in fairies.

Cherry went off with her ten dolls and their wardrobes. It was thought probable that she had gone where there was sea-bathing to be had, and also where it was cool—as her wax children were seriously affected by heat.

Molly wanted to find a kitten with double claws, to be a gypsy, to go up in a balloon, to dig clams, and to see Queen Victoria. It was evident that she was much perplexed by these varied desires, and her destination was shrouded in deep mystery, as the only baggage she took was a book, almost as big as herself, from the top shelf in the library, entitled, "The Guide to True Happiness."

Last of all, Mamma Lollipop, having dismissed the coachman and her own maid, the only servants who were left, locked the doors of the house, and sauntered off down a little side street.

Aunt Jane was in trouble. Everybody in Popleyville seemed to have developed a sweet tooth, since her supplies from Papa Lollipop's manufactory had been cut off. Osprey and even Popleyville itself were full of summer visitors, who thronged her shop and complained that the acid drops were sweet, and the barley-sugar sour, that the chocolate creams tasted like flour-paste, and the caramels were burnt. It was just because they had been accustomed to Papa Lollipop's candy that they thought so; of course, there was no candy to be found like that. There was nothing that tasted as it used to, they said, but the corn-balls and the pea-nut taffy, and Aunt Jane had to make corn-balls and pea-nut taffy into the small hours

every night. And the circus was coming, to say nothing of a menagerie, and two small shows, and a military celebration and excursion parties and picnics almost every day. The demand for candy would be stupendous, and already a rival establishment was set up in the town, prepared to seize Aunt Jane's trade.

If she had n't been a Lollipop, she should have gone crazy. She knew she should, Aunt Jane said. Nobody to help her the least bit! Her little maid-of-all-work was willing, but she had no talent for confectionery; it was not to be expected; she did n't come from a talented family; her plain molasses candy was streaked and lumpy. Now, the little Lollipops, down to the youngest, had talent to their fingers' ends. Jam, at the age of three, had made taffy that was fit to set before the king, Aunt Jane proudly told her neighbors; and Cherry's cayenne lozenges would draw tears from a stone, so they would.

But alas! just when she wanted them most, the Lollipops had all written to say they were not coming!

Aunt Jane was standing in front of her door, with a tame squirrel perched on one shoulder and a kitten on the other. She was tasting the wares of a wholesale dealer in confectionery, who drove a pair of prancing steeds, and a huge wagon as gayly painted as if it belonged to a circus. As soon as she had tasted the candy herself, she gave a bit to the squirrel and offered a bit to the kitten, who declined, but rubbed his head against it as a token of gratitude for the attention.

But Aunt Jane did not find the candies satisfactory, and the candy dealer was so angry at her disparagement of his wares that he drove off and left Aunt Jane standing there, candy-less, with several of her empty jars staring at her from the window.

Aunt Jane would have tried to call him back; but, at that moment, her attention was arrested by the driving up of the stage, and the appearance of three unexpected visitors—Jam and Taffy and Betty!

She was so overjoyed that she ran forward eagerly and hugged them all, even Betty, till they were almost purple in the face.

For with Jam and Taffy and Betty to help her, there was no more fear of the rival shop!

"But you must n't let Mamma or Papa or any of them know that we are here!" said Taffy, earnestly, "because you know Popleyville is n't fashionable!" She did not want to say that it was n't fashionable to have an aunt who kept a candy-shop, for fear of wounding Aunt Jane's feelings, and Aunt Jane did n't suspect anything of the kind, for she thought her little shop was some-

thing to be proud of, and would n't have changed places with a queen on her throne.

They all made candy for three days, and great fun it was; they might not have enjoyed it so much once, but now it was new. And Aunt Jane's empty jars were filled, and people were quick to find out that they were filled with real Lollipop candy. The shop-bell was kept jingling nearly all the morning, and very few persons lifted the latch of the rival shop-door.

On the next afternoon, Jam and Taffy thought they would like a little variety, so they hired a donkey and cart of the man next door, took six tin pails and three baskets of luncheon and the little servant, and started to go a-berrying.

Before they had gone half a mile out of the village, on the road to the nearest railroad station, they met two very ragged and forlorn-looking boys. Both looked bruised and torn, as if they had been fighting, and one was limping painfully. The other one was a colored boy, and Taffy remarked that from a distance he did not look unlike their Coffee, only that Coffee was always so spick and span. When they came nearer, they saw that it was Coffee, and his companion, the poor limping lad with a blackened face, was Cranberry.

"Hello, pirates!" called Jam, cheerfully. "A short cruise and a merry one, was n't it?" Jam was always provoking.

"We carried off a boat from a wharf, and the owners did n't understand the first principles of piracy; they took us for thieves!" said Cranberry, in an aggrieved tone. "And Coffee was seasick, and I had to pay all my money for the boat, and it was n't like a book, anyway. There 's more fun in Popleyville any day!"

Jam helped them into the donkey-cart, and drove them to Aunt Jane's, where they received such a welcome as is not often accorded to pirates returned from the high seas.

Jam and Taffy had scarcely started again upon their berrying excursion, when they met a fine carriage driving through the main street. A head was thrust out of the carriage window: the countenance was a very singular one, though strangely familiar; it looked very hot and flurried, and was surrounded by a mass of disheveled auburn hair, ringlets, braids, and puffs—all fluttering in the wind.

"I had to come home," said the piteous voice of Minty. "There were many more stylish dresses than mine, and a girl said my bracclets were brass, and I got entangled in the points of my parasol and had to be taken to pieces. And I 'll never be fashionable again!" And off whirled the carriage bearing Minty to Aunt Jane's comforting arms.

Before they had gone half a mile farther they

met the stage, and there sat Jujube on the top, making a sketch.

"There are no sunsets anywhere but in Popleyville, so I had to come," she explained, calmly working away at her sketch. Inside the stage sat Caramel lurching off a hard-boiled egg and a pickle.

"Could n't you find enough picnics?" asked Jam and Taffy both together.

"I am sure that there are more picnics in Popleyville than anywhere in the known world!" replied Caramel, between her mouthfuls.

Before Jam and Taffy reached the railroad station, they met Raspberry, with a monkey perched on his shoulder and a tambourine in his hand.

"I had an organ, but it was too heavy," he announced as soon as they came within hearing. "Monkeys draw better in Popleyville than they do anywhere else. You'll just see fun, I can tell you! I suppose you have n't a quarter that you could lend a fellow? The hand-organ business is very expensive."

Of course, they had to carry Raspberry to Aunt Jane's, if they never got any berries, but it did seem very queer that before they had gone a mile on their way again, they should meet Sherbet, with his drum on his back, and his arm in a sling.

"Had a good time?" demanded Jam.

"Splendid! only off on a furlough now, till my country needs me again," said Sherbet, and that was all he would say. Sherbet was n't one to say much, but he looked as if serving his country had been hard work.

The berrying party went on; they had promised Aunt Jane some berries, and they must be had, however attractive the family reunion at Aunt Jane's might seem. When they got as far as the railroad station, whom should they see alighting from the cars but Nutmeg and her nurse.

"Nobody seems to know anything about fairies except Aunt Jane, and I don't believe they live anywhere but in Popleyville. And ignorant people laugh at one, so I came here," said Nutmeg, with dignity.

At the other end of the platform they espied Cherry, who had evidently come in the same train. She was negotiating with a man for a baby carriage to transport her ten children in. They were in a truly pitiable condition, some with saw-dust oozing from every pore, some with broken limbs, and noses, and some, alas! who had evidently been where it was very warm, had quite lost the shape of humanity and were nothing but lumps of wax.

"Traveling did n't agree with the poor dears," explained Cherry. "People with large families

never ought to travel. Popleyville is just the place to bring up children in. I don't think I shall ever go anywhere else."

The donkey-cart with its load went on, after taking Cherry's ten dolls upon the back seat, and making them as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

Just at sunset, the donkey-cart started for home, with the six tin pails full to the very top and the luncheon baskets empty to the very bottom. As they drew near the house Jam and Taffy saw, walking ahead of them, a very familiar figure. It was a lady with a richly embroidered shawl over her shoulders.

Yes, it was Mamma Lollipop and the drab parrot, and a jubilee the Lollipops had, you may be quite sure, when they got together in Aunt Jane's house.

"I went back to the old rooms over the shop where we were so happy before we got rich," said Mamma Lollipop; "but I was lonely without any of you, so I thought I would come to see Aunt Jane. But I should n't care to have your father know——"

Just then the door of Aunt Jane's kitchen, whence came a delicious odor of cooking candy, was opened, and there stood Papa Lollipop, looking happier than they had ever seen him look since he retired from business!

It seemed that he had come early that morning, and Aunt Jane had kept him hidden.

"It was a miserable affair—that convention," said he; "they openly favored using terra alba and poisonous coloring stuff. The American people will be poisoned if I don't return to the business! It is my duty, and I will!" At which announcement all the children clapped their hands with delight.

"But where is poor little Molasses? She is the only one missing!" said Mamma Lollipop.

At that very moment a knocking was heard at the door, and, when it was opened, there stood Molly, panting for breath, and with her cheeks all stained with dust and tears. She had a few torn leaves of the big "Guide to Happiness" still clutched in her hand, but she tossed them away as Aunt Jane caught her in her arms.

"It's a silly old book," sobbed Molly, "all full of big words that don't say anything about good times. Aunt Jane knows ten times as much about 'em, so I came here!"

Popleyville never was so pleasant in the world as it was that summer, and I only wish I had space to tell you of all the fun that the Lollipops got out of their vacation, after all!

A BIG BITE.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.



MAMMA gave our Nelly an apple,
So round, and big, and red;
It seemed, beside dainty wee Nelly,
To almost eclipse her head.

Beside her, young Neddie was standing—
And Neddie loves apples, too.
“Ah, Nelly,” said Neddie, “give Brother
A bite of your apple—ah, do!”

Dear Nelly held out the big apple;
Ned opened his mouth very wide—
So wide that the startled red apple
Could, almost, have gone inside!

And oh! what a bite he gave it!
The apple looked small, I declare,
When Ned gave it back to his sister,
Leaving that big bite there.

Poor Nelly looked frightened a moment,
Then a thought made her face grow
bright:
“Here, Ned, you can take the apple—
I'd rather have the bite!”

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

NEW SERIES.

BY HARRY M. KIEFFER.

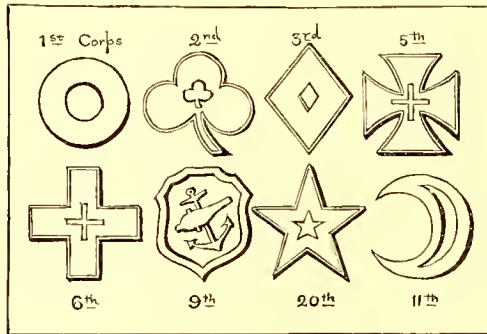
CHAPTER VII.

A BIVOUAC FOR THE NIGHT.

IF, from any cause whatsoever, any one happened to have lost his command, or to have strayed away from or been left behind by his regiment, he could usually tell with tolerable certainty, as he trudged along the road among the men of another command, what part of the army he was with, and whether any of his own corps or division were anywhere near by. And he could tell this at a glance, moreover, and without so much as stopping to ask a question. Do you ask how? I answer, by the badges the men wore on their caps.

An admirable and significant system of badges was adopted for the entire Union Army. The different corps were distinguished by the *shapes*, the different divisions by the *colors*, of their several badges. Thus, the First Corps wore a round badge, the Second a clover leaf, the Third a diamond, the Fifth a Maltese cross, the Sixth a Roman cross, the Ninth a shield, the Eleventh a crescent, the Twentieth a star, and so on. As each corps included three divisions, and as it was necessary to distinguish each of these from the other two, the three good old colors of the flag were chosen for the purpose—red, white, and blue; red for the first division of each corps, white for the second, and blue for the third. Thus, a round

red badge meant First Division, First Corps; a round white, Second Division, First Corps; a round blue, Third Division, First Corps; and so on of the other corps. Division and corps head-quarters



SOME OF THE ARMY BADGES.

could always be known by their flags bearing the badges of their respective commands. As the men were all obliged to wear their proper badges, cut out of flannel or colored leather, on the top of their caps, one could always tell at a glance what part of the Army of the Potomac he was in. In addition to this, some regiments were distinguished by some peculiarity of uniform. Our own brigade was everywhere known as "The Buck-tails," for we all wore buck-tails on the sides of our caps.

It was in this way that I was able to tell that none of my own brigade, division, or even corps, were anywhere near me as, one evening along in the middle of May, 1864, I wearily trudged along the road in the neighborhood of Spottsylvania Court-house, in search of my regiment. I had lost the regiment early in the day; for I was so sick and weak when we started in the morning that it was scarcely possible for me to drag one foot after the other, much less to keep up at the lively pace the men were marching. Thus it had happened that I had been left far behind. However, after having trudged along all day as best I could, when night-fall came on I threw myself down under a pine tree beside the road, faint from exhaustion, stiff and sore in limb, and half-bewildered by a burning fever. All around me the woods were full of men making ready their bivouac for the night. Some were cooking coffee and frying pork, some were pitching their shelters, and some were already sound asleep; but they all, alas! wore the red Roman cross. Could I only have espied a Maltese cross somewhere I should have felt at home, for then I would have known that the good old Fifth Corps was near at hand. But no blue Maltese cross (the badge of my own division) was anywhere to be seen. As I lay there, with half-closed eyes,

feverishly wondering where in the world I was, and heartily wishing for the sight of some one wearing a buck-tail on his cap, I heard a well-known voice talking with some one out in the road, and leaning upon my elbow, called out:

"Harter! Hello, Harter!"

"Hello! Who are you?" replied the sergeant, peering in amongst the trees. "Why, Harry! Where's the regiment?"

"That's just what I'd like to know," answered I. "I could n't keep up, and was left behind, and have been lost all day. But where have you been?"

"Well," said he, as he brought his gun down to a rest and leaned his two hands on the muzzle, "you see the Johnnies spoiled my good looks a little back there in the wilderness, and I was sent to the hospital. But I could n't stand it there, and concluded I would start out and try to find the boys. Look here," continued he, taking off a hand-gage from the side of his face, and displaying an ugly looking bullet-hole in his right cheek: "see that hole? It goes clean through, and I can blow through it. But it does n't hurt very much, and will heal up before the next fight, I guess. Anyhow, I have the chunk of lead that made that hole here in my jacket pocket. See that?" said he, taking out a flattened ball from his vest pocket and rolling it around in his palm. "Lodged in my mouth right between my teeth. But I'm tired nearly to death. Let's put up for the night. Shall we strike up a tent, or bunk down here under the pines?"

We concluded to put up a shelter—or rather, I should say, Harter did so, for I was too sick and weak to think of anything but rest and sleep, and lay there at full length on a bed of pine branches, dreamily watching the sergeant's preparations for the night. Throwing off his knapsack, haversack, and accouterments, he got out his light hatchet, trimmed away the lower branches of two pine saplings some six feet apart, cut a straight pole and laid it across from one to the other of these saplings, buttoned together two shelters and threw them across the ridge-pole, staked them down firmly at the corners, and, throwing in his traps, exclaimed:

"There you are, 'snug as a bug in a rug.' And now for fire and a supper."

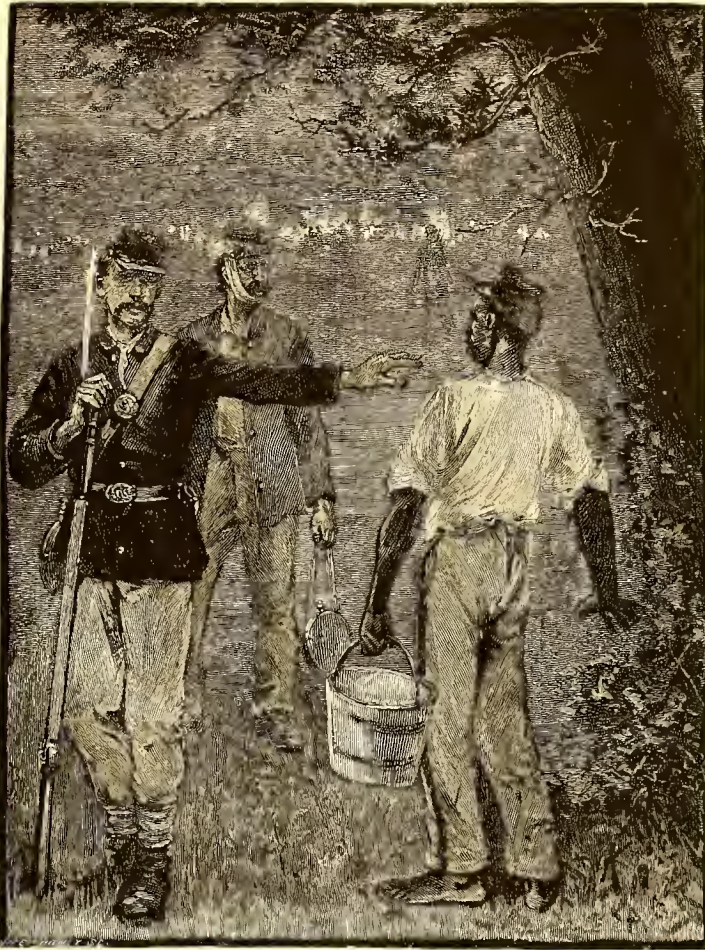
A fire was soon and easily built, for dry wood was plenty, and soon the flames were crackling and lighting up the dusky woods. Taking our two canteens, Harter started off in search of water, leaving me to stretch myself out in the tent—and heartily wish myself at home.

"I tell you, Harry," said the sergeant, as he flung down the canteens on his return, "there is n't anything like military discipline. I went

down the road here about a quarter of a mile, and came out near General Grant's head-quarters in a clearing. Down at the foot of a hill in front of his head-quarters is a spring; but it seems the surgeon of some hospital near by had got there before the General, and put a guard on the spring to keep the water for the wounded. As I came up

"The darcy, saying that 'he 'd see about dat,' went up the hill to head-quarters, and returned in a few moments, declaring that 'Gen'l Grant said dat you got to gib me water.'

"'You go back and tell General Grant,' said the corporal of the guard, coming up at the moment, 'that neither he nor any other general



"GENERAL GRANT CAN'T HAVE ANY WATER FROM THIS SPRING TILL MY ORDERS ARE CHANGED!"

I heard the guard say to a darcy who had come to the spring for water with a bucket:

"'Get out of that, you black rascal! You can't have any water here.'

"'Guess I kin,' said the darcy. 'I want dis yer water fer Gen'l Grant; an' aint he command-in' dis yer army?'

"'You touch that water and I'll run my bayonet through you!' said the guard. 'General Grant can't have any water from this spring till my orders are changed.'

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can get water at this spring until my orders are changed.'

"Now you see, Harry," continued Harter, as he gave me a tin cup on a stick to hold over the fire for coffee, while he cut down a slice of pork. "that's what I call discipline."

Supper was soon disposed of, and without further delay, while the shadows deepened into night in the forest, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and stretched ourselves out with our feet to the fire. Dreamily watching the blazing light of our

little camp-fire, and thinking each his own thoughts of things which had been, and things which might be, we soon fell sound asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TALE OF A SQUIRREL AND THREE BLIND MICE.

"ANDY, what is a shade-tail?"

We were encamped in an oak forest on the eastern bank of the Rappahannock, late in the fall of 1863. We had built no winter quarters yet, although the nights were growing rather frosty, and had to content ourselves with our little "dog-tents," as we called our shelters, some dozen or so of which now constituted our company row. I had just come in from a trip through the woods, in quest of water at a spring near an old, deserted log-house about a half-mile to the south of our camp, when, throwing down my heavy canteens, I made the above interrogatory of my chum.

Andy was lazily lying at full length on his back in the tent, reclining on a soft bed of pine branches, or "Virginia feathers" as we called them, with his hands clasped behind his head, lustily singing:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again!"—

"What's that?" asked he, ceasing his song before finishing the stanza and raising himself on his elbow.

"I asked," said I, "whether you could tell me what a shade-tail is?"

"A shade-tail! Never heard of it before. I know what a buck-tail is, though. There's one," said he, pulling a fine specimen out from under his knapsack. "That just came in the mail while you were gone. The old buck that chased the flies with that brush for many a year was shot up among the Buffalo mountains last winter, and my father bought his tail of the man who killed him, and has just sent it to me. It cost him just one dollar."

Buck-tails were in great demand with us in those days, and happy was the man who could secure so fine a specimen as Andy held in his hand.

"But is n't it rather large?" asked I. "And it's nearly all white, and would make a mighty fine mark for some Johnny to shoot at. Eh?"

"Never you fear for that. 'Old Trusty' up there," said he, pointing to his gun hanging along underneath the ridge-pole of the tent,—"'Old Trusty' and I will take care of Johnny Reb."

"But, Andy," continued I, "you have n't answered my question yet. What is a shade-tail?"

"A shade-tail," said he, meditatively. "How should I know? I know what a *detail* is, though, and I'm on one for to-morrow. We go across the river to throw up breastworks."

"I forgot," said I, "that you have not studied Greek yet. If you live to get home and go back to school again at the old Academy and begin to dig Greek roots, you will find that a shade-tail is a—squirrel. For that's what the old Greeks called the bonny bush-tail. Because, don't you see, when a squirrel sits up on a tree with his tail turned up over his back, he makes a shade for himself with his tail, and sits, as it were, under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree."

"Well," said Andy, "and what if he does? What's to hinder him?"

"Nothing," answered I, entering the tent and lying down beside him on the pile of "Virginia feathers"—"only I saw one out here in the woods as I came along, and I think I know where his nest is, and if you and I can catch him, or, what would be better still, if we can capture one of his young ones (if he has any), why we might tame him and keep him for a pet. I've often thought it would be a fine thing for us to have a pet of some kind or other. Over in the Second Division there is one regiment that has a pet crow, and another has a kitten. They go with the men on all their marches, and I am told that the kitten has actually been wounded in battle, and no doubt will some day be taken or sent up North, and be a great curiosity. Now, why could n't we catch and tame a shade-tail?"

"Yes," said Andy, getting a little interested. "He could be taught to perch on Pointer's buck-horns in camp, and could ride on your drum on the march!"

Pointer, you must know, was the tallest man in the company, and therefore stood at the head of the line when the company was formed. When we enlisted, he brought with him a pair of deer antlers as an appropriate symbol for a buck-tail company. Now, the idea of having a live, tame squirrel to perch on Pointer's buck-horns was a capital one indeed.

But as the first thing to be done in cooking a rabbit is to catch the rabbit, so we concluded that the first thing to be done in taming a squirrel was to catch the squirrel. This gave us a world of thought. It would not do to shoot him. We could not trap him. After discussing the merits of smoking him out of his hole, we determined at last to risk cutting down the tree in which he had his home, and trying to catch him in a bag.

That afternoon, when we thought he would

probably be at home taking a nap, having provided ourselves with an ax, an old oat-bag, and a lot of tent-rope, we cautiously proceeded to the old beech-tree on the outskirts of the camp where our intended pet had his home.

"Now you see, Andy," said I, pointing up to a crotch in the tree, "up there is his front door. There he goes out and comes in. My plan is this: One of us must climb the tree and tie the mouth of the bag over that hole somehow, and come down. Then we will cut the tree down, and when it falls, if old shade-tail is at home, like as not he 'll run into the bag; and then, if we can be quick enough, we can tie a string around the bag, and there he is!"

Andy climbed the tree and tied the bag. After he had descended, we set vigorously to work at cutting down the beech. It took us about half an hour to make any serious inroad upon the tough trunk; but by and by we had the satisfaction of seeing the tree apparently shiver under our blows, and, at last, down it came with a great crash. We both ran toward the bag as fast as we could, ready to secure our prize; but we found, alas! that squirrels sometimes have two holes to their houses, and that while we had hoped to bag our bush-tail at the front door, he had merrily skipped away out of his back door. For, as soon as the tree touched the ground, we both beheld our pet leaping out of the branches, and running up a neighboring tree as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Plague take it!" said Andy, wiping the perspiration from his face. "What 'll we do now? I guess you 'd better run to camp and get a little salt to throw on his tail!"

"Never mind," said I. "We 'll get him yet, somehow. I see him up there behind that old dry limb peeping out at us. There he goes!"

Sure enough, there he did go, from tree-top to tree-top, "lickitty-splitt," as Andy expressed it, and we after him, quite losing our heads, and shouting like Indians.

As ill luck would have it, our shade-tail was making straight for the camp, on the outskirts of which he was discovered by one of the men, who at once gave the alarm—"A squirrel! a squirrel!" It seemed hardly an instant before all the boys in camp not on duty came running pell-mell, Sergeant Kensill's black-and-tan terrier "Little Jim" leading the way. I suppose there must have been about a hundred men in all, and all yelling and shouting, so that the poor squirrel checked his headlong course high up on the dead limb of a great oak-tree. Then, forming a circle around the tree, with "Little Jim" in the midst, the boys began to shout as when on the charge—"Yi—yi—yi! Yi—yi—yi!" whereat the poor

squirrel was so terrified that, leaping straight up and out in sheer affright and despair, down he came, tumbling tail-over-head, into the midst of the circle, which rapidly closed about him as he neared the ground. With yells and cheers that made the woods ring, a hundred hands were stretched out as if to catch him as he came down; but "Little Jim" beat them all. True to his terrier blood and training, he suddenly leaped up like a shot, seized the squirrel by the nape of the neck, gave him a few angry shakes which ended his agony, and carried him off triumphantly in his mouth to the tent of his owner, Sergeant Kensill, of Company F.

That evening, as we sat in our tent eating our fried hard-tack, Andy remarked, while sipping his coffee from his black tin cup, that "if buck-tails were as hard to catch as shade-tails, they were well worth a dollar apiece any day, and that he believed a crow or something of that sort would make a better pet than a squirrel, anyhow."

"Never mind, Andy," said I, "we 'll make a pet out of something or other yet."

It was some months later, and not until we were safely established in winter quarters, that we finally succeeded in our purpose of having something to pet. I was over at brigade head-quarters one day, visiting a friend who had charge of several supply wagons. Being present while he was engaged in overhauling his stores, I found in the bottom of a large box, in which blankets had been packed, a whole family of mice. The father of the family promptly made his escape, the mother was killed in the capture, and one little fellow was so injured that he soon died; but the remainder, three in number, I took out unhurt. As I laid them in the palm of my hand, they at once struck me as perfect little beauties. They were very young, and very small, being no larger than the end of my finger, with scarcely any fur, and their eyes were shut. Putting them into my pocket, and covering them with some cotton which my friend gave me, I started home with my prize. Stopping at the surgeon's tent on the way, I begged a large empty bottle (which I afterward found had been lately filled with pulverized gum arabic), and somewhere secured an old tin can of the same diameter as the bottle. Then I got a strong twine, went down to my tent, and asked Andy to help me make a cage for my pets, as I took them out of my pockets, with pride, and set them to crawling and nosing about on a warm blanket.

"What are you going to do with that bottle?" inquired Andy.

"Going to cut it in two with this string," said I, holding up my piece of twine.

"Can't be done!" asserted he.

"Wait and see," answered I.

Procuring a mess-pan full of cold water, and placing it on the floor of the tent near the bunk on which we were sitting, I wound the twine once around the bottle, a few inches from the bottom, in such fashion that Andy could hold one end of the bottle and pull one end of the twine one way, while I held the other end of the bottle and pulled the other end of the twine the other way, thus causing the string, by means of its rapid friction, to heat the bottle in a narrow straight line all around. After sawing away in this style for several minutes, I suddenly plunged the bottle into the pan of cold water, when it at once snapped in two along the line where the twine had passed around it, and as clean and clear as if it had been cut by a diamond. Then, melting off the top of the old tin can by placing it in the fire, I fastened the body of the can to the top part of the bottle. When finished, the whole arrangement looked like a large bottle, the upper part of which was glass and the lower tin. Thus I accomplished the double purpose of providing my pets with a dark chamber and a well-lighted apartment, at the same time preventing them from running away. Placing some cotton on the inside of both can and bottle for a bed, and thrusting a small sponge moistened with sweetened water into the neck of the bottle, I then put my pets into their new home. Of course, they could not see, for their eyes were not yet open, neither did they know how to eat; but as necessity is the mother of invention with mice as well as with men, they soon learned to toddle forward to the neck of the bottle and suck their sweet sponge. In a short time they learned to nibble also at a bit of apple, and by and by could crunch their hard-tack like veritable veterans. Gradually they grew larger and very lively and became quite tame, so that we could take them out of their house into our hands, and let them hunt about in our pockets for apple-seeds or pieces of hard-tack. We called them Jack, Jill, and Jenny, and they seemed to know their names. When let out of their cage occasionally, for a romp on the blankets, they would climb over everything, running along the eave-boards and ridge-pole, but never succeeded in getting away from us. It was a comical sight to see "Little Jim," the black-and-tan terrier of Company F, inspect our pets. A mouse was almost the highest possible excitement to Jim, for a mouse was second cousin to a rat, no doubt, as Jim looked at matters; and just say "Rats!" to Jim, if you wanted to see him jump! He would come in and look at the mice, turn his head from one side to the other, and wrinkle his brow and whine and bark; but we were determined he should not kill our mousies as he had killed our shade-tail a few months before.

What to do with our pets when spring came on and winter quarters were nearly at an end, we knew not. We did not like to leave them behind in the deserted and dismantled camp to go back to the barbarous habits of their ancestors. On consideration, therefore, we determined to take them back to the wagon-train and leave them with the wagoner, who, though he at first demurred to our proposal, at last consented to let us turn them loose among his oat-bags, where I doubt not they had a merry time indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

"THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT."

IT must not be supposed that the pet-making disposition which had led Andy and myself to take so much trouble with our mice was confined to ourselves alone. The disposition was quite natural, and therefore very general among the men of all commands. Pets of any and all kinds, whether chosen from the wild or the domestic animals, were everywhere in great esteem, and happy was the regiment which possessed a tame crow, squirrel, coon, or even a kitten.

Although not pertaining to the writer's own personal recollections, there yet may appropriately be introduced here some brief mention of another pet, who, from being the "pride of his regiment," gradually arose to the dignity of national fame. I mean "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

Whoever it may have been that first conceived the idea, it was certainly a happy thought to make a pet of an eagle. For the eagle is our national bird, and to carry an eagle along with the colors of a regiment, on the march and in battle, was surely very appropriate indeed.

"Old Abe's" perch was on a shield which was carried by a soldier, to whom, and to whom alone, he looked as to a master. He would not allow any one to handle or to carry him except this soldier, nor would he ever receive his food from any other person's hands. He seemed to have sense enough to know that he was sometimes a burden to his master on the march, and, as if to relieve him, would occasionally spread his wings and soar aloft to a great height, the men of all the regiments along the line cheering him as he went up. He regularly received his rations from the commissary, the same as any enlisted man. Whenever fresh meat was scarce and none could be found for him by foraging parties, he would take things into his own claws, as it were, and go out on a foraging expedition himself. Sometimes he would be gone

two or three days at a time; but he would invariably return, and seldom came back without a young lamb or a chicken in his talons. His long absences occasioned his regiment no concern, for the men knew that, though he might fly many miles away, he would be quite sure to find them again.

In what way he distinguished the two hostile armies, so that he never was known to mistake the gray for the blue, no one can tell; but it is said to be a fact that he never alighted save in his own camp and among his own men.

At Jackson, Mississippi, during the hottest of the battle before that city, "Old Abe" soared up into the air and remained there from morning till the fight closed at night, having greatly enjoyed, no doubt, his rare bird's-eye view of the battle. He did the same at Mission Ridge. He was, I believe, struck by the enemy's bullets two or three times, but his feathers were so thick that his body was not much hurt. The shield on which he was carried, however, showed so many marks of the enemy's balls, that it looked on top as if a groove-plane had been run over it.

At the Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia in 1876, "Old Abe" occupied a prominent place, on his perch, on the west side of the nave in the Agricultural building. He was still alive, though growing old, and was the observed of all observers. Thousands of visitors, from all sections of the country, paid their respects to the grand old bird, who, apparently conscious of the honors conferred upon him, overlooked, with entire satisfaction, the sale of his photographs and biography going on beneath his perch. As was but just and right, the soldier who had carried him during the war continued to have charge of him after the war was over, until the day of his death, which occurred at the capital of Michigan two or three years ago.

Our own regiment had a pet of great value and high regard in "Little Jim," of whom some incidental mention has already been made. As "Little Jim" enlisted with the regiment, and was honorably mustered out with it at the close of the war, after three years of as faithful service as so little a creature as he could render to the flag of his country, some brief account of him here may not be amiss.

"Little Jim," then, was a small rat-terrier of fine blooded stock, his immediate maternal ancestor having won a silver collar in a celebrated rat-pit in Philadelphia. Late in 1859, while yet a pup, he was given by a friend to John C. Kensill, with whom he was mustered into the United States service "for three years, or during the war," on Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., August, 1862. Around his neck was a silver collar with the inscription, "Jim Kensill, Co. F, 150th Regt. P. V."

He soon came to be a great favorite with the boys, not only of his own company, but of the entire regiment as well, the men of the different companies thinking quite as much of him as if he



"OLD ABE," THE WISCONSIN WAR-EAGLE.*

belonged to each of them individually, and not to Sergeant Kensill alone. On the march he would often be caught up from the roadside where he was trotting along, and given a ride on the arms of the men, who would pet and talk to him as if he were a child and not a dog. In winter quarters, however, he would not sleep anywhere except on Kensill's arm and underneath the blankets; nor was he ever known to spend a night away from home. On first taking the field, rations were scarce with us, and for several days fresh meat could not be had for poor Jim, and he nearly starved. Gradually, however, his master taught him to take a hard-tack between his fore paws and, holding it there, to munch and crunch at it till he had consumed it. He soon learned to like hard-tack, and grew fat on it, too. On the march to Chancellorsville he was lost for two whole days, to the great grief of the men. When his master learned that he had been seen with a neighboring regiment, he started off in search of him at once. As soon as Jim heard his owner's sharp whistle, he came bounding and barking to his side, overjoyed to be at home again, albeit he had lost his

* See ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1876, page 799.

collar, which his thievish captors had cut from his neck in order the better to lay claim to him.

He was a good soldier, too, being no coward and caring not a wag of his tail for the biggest shells the Johnnies could toss over at us. He was with us under our first shell fire at "Clarke's Mills," a few miles below Fredericksburg, in May, 1863, and ran after the very first shell that came screaming over our heads. When the shell had buried itself in the ground, Jim went up close to it, crouching down on all fours, while the boys cried, "Rats! Rats! Shake him, Jim! Shake him, Jim!" Fortunately that first shell did not explode, and when others came that did explode, Jim, with true military instinct, soon learned to run after them and bark, but to keep a respectful distance from them.

On the march to Gettysburg he was with us all the way; but when we came near the enemy his master sent him back to William Wiggins, the wagoner, as he thought too much of Jim to run the risk of losing him in battle. It was a pity Jim was n't with us out in front of the Seminary the morning of the first day, when the fight opened; for as soon as the cannon began to boom the rabbits began to run in all directions, as if scared out of their poor little wits; and there would have been fine sport for Jim, had he been there.

In the first day's fight, Jim's owner, Sergeant John C. Kensill, while bravely leading the charge for the recapture of the 149th Pennsylvania Regiment's battle-flags (of which an account has elsewhere been given), was wounded and left for dead on the field, with a bullet through his head. He, however, so far recovered from his wound that in October following he rejoined the regiment, which was then lying down along the Rappahannock. In looking for the regiment, on his return from a northern hospital, Sergeant Kensill chanced to pass the wagon train, and saw Jim busy at a bone under a wagon. Hearing a familiar whistle, Jim at once looked up, saw his master, left his bone, and came leaping and barking in greatest delight to his owner's arm.

On the march he was sometimes sent back to the wagon. Once he came near being killed. To keep him from following the regiment, or from straying away in search of it, the wagoner had tied him to the rear axle of his wagon with a strong cord. In crossing a stream, in his anxiety to get his team over safely, the wagoner forgot all about poor little Jim, who was dragged and slashed through the waters in a most unmerciful way. After getting over, the teamster, looking back, found poor Jim under the rear of the wagon, being dragged along by the neck, and more dead than alive. He was then put on the sick list for a

few days, but with this single exception never had a mishap of any kind.

His master having been honorably discharged before the close of the war because of wounds, Jim was left with the regiment in care of Wiggins, the wagoner. When the regiment was mustered out of service at the end of the war, "Little Jim" was mustered out too. He stood up in rank with the boys, and wagged his tail for joy that peace had come and that we were all going home. I understand that his discharge papers were regularly made out, the same as those of the men, and that they read thus:

"To all whom it may concern. Know ye, that *Jim Kensill*, Private, Co. F, 150th Regiment, Penna. Vols., who was enrolled on the 22d day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, to serve three years or during the war, is hereby DISCHARGED from the service of the United States, this twenty-third day of June, 1865, at Elmira, New York, by direction of the Secretary of War.

"(No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist.) Said *Jim Kensill* was born in Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, is six years of age, six inches high, dark complexion, black eyes, black-and-tan hair, and by occupation when enrolled a ratterier.

"Given at Elmira, New York, this twenty-third day of June, 1865.

JAMES R. REID,

"Capt. 10th U. S. Inf'y, A. C. M."

Before parting with him, the boys bought him a silver collar, which they had suitably inscribed, and which, having honorably earned in the service of his country in war, he proudly wore in peace to the day of his death.

But the Twelfth Indiana Regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed Wisconsin eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days—the youngest drummer-boy and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and child-like appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drum-sticks, never failed to make an impression not soon to fade from the memory. Some brief and honorable mention of "Little Tommy," the pride of the Twelfth Indiana Regiment, should not be omitted in these "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen Co., Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war, his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men in response to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old.

The regiment to which the company was as-

signed was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" reënlisted and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, with whom he was a constant favorite. It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the great civil war. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the

latest survivor of the great army of which he was the youngest member. With the swift advancing years, the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are rapidly being thinned out, and those who yet remain are fast showing signs of age. "The boys in blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into "the boys in gray"; and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.

THE END.

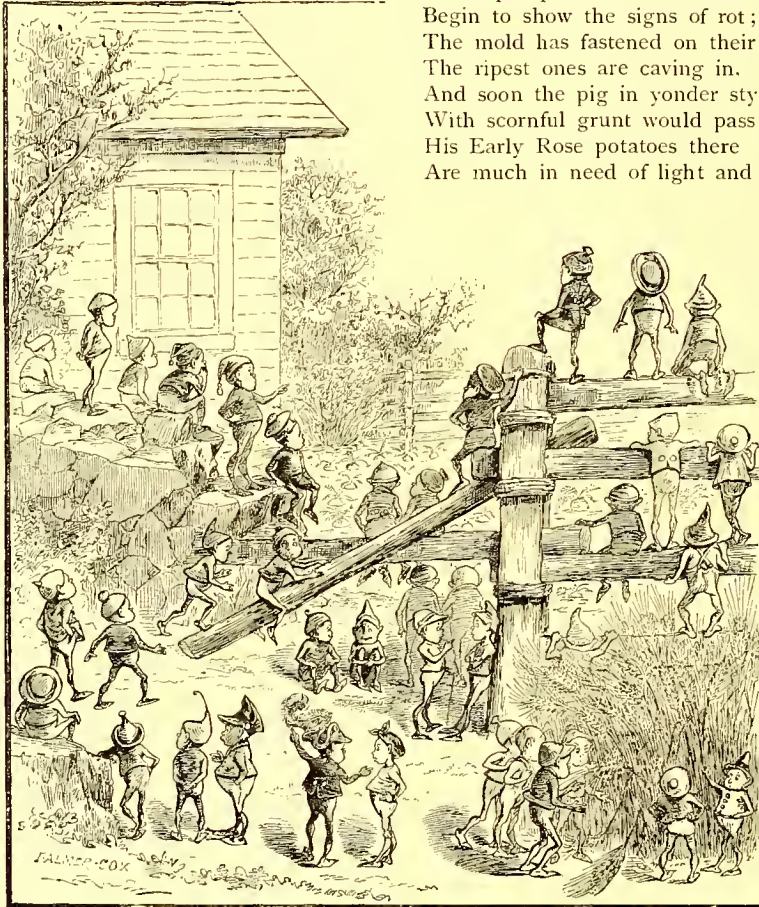


MOTHERLESS.

THE BROWNIES' GOOD WORK.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE time, while Brownies passed around
An honest farmer's piece of ground,
They paused to view the garden fair
And fields of grain that needed care.



Now overripe his harvest stands
In waiting for the reaper's hands;
The piece of wheat we lately passed
Is shelling out at every blast;
Those pumpkins in that corner plot
Begin to show the signs of rot;
The mold has fastened on their skin,
The ripest ones are caving in.
And soon the pig in yonder sty
With scornful grunt would pass them by.
His Early Rose potatoes there
Are much in need of light and air;

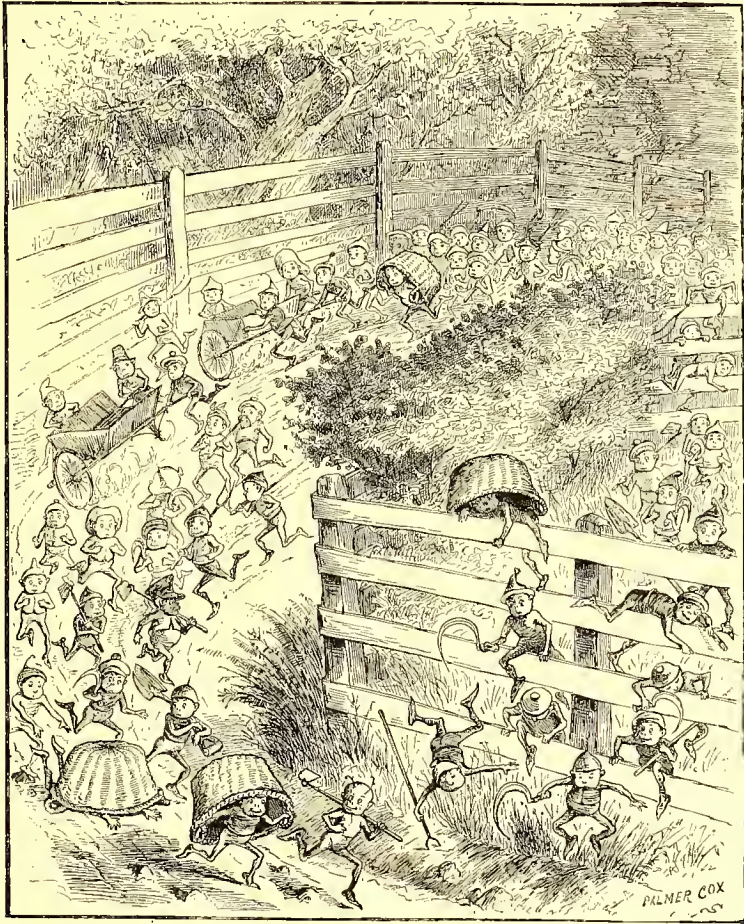
“ My friends,” said one who often spoke
About the ways of human folk,
“ Now here’s a case in point, I claim,
Where neighbors scarce deserve the name :
This farmer on his back is laid
With broken ribs and shoulder blade,
Received, I hear, some weeks ago,
While at the village here below —
He checked a running team, to save
Some children from an early grave.

The turnip withers where it lies,
The beet and carrot want to rise.
‘ Oh, pull us up ! ’ they seem to cry
To every one that passes by ;
‘ The frost will finish our repose,
The grubs are working at our toes ;
Without you come and save us soon,
We ’ ll not be worth a picayune ! ’
The corn is breaking from the stalk,
The hens around the hill can walk,

And with their ever ready bill
May pick the kernels at their will.

“ His neighbors are a sordid crowd,
Who've such a shameful waste allowed ;
So wrapped in self some men can be,
Beyond their purse they seldom see ;
'T is left for us to play the friend
And here a helping hand extend.

Prepared to give this farmer aid
With basket, barrow, hook, and spade.
But, ere we part, one caution more :
Let some one reach a druggist's store,
And bring along a coated pill ;
We'll dose the dog to keep him still ;
For barking dogs, however kind,
Can oft disturb a person's mind.”

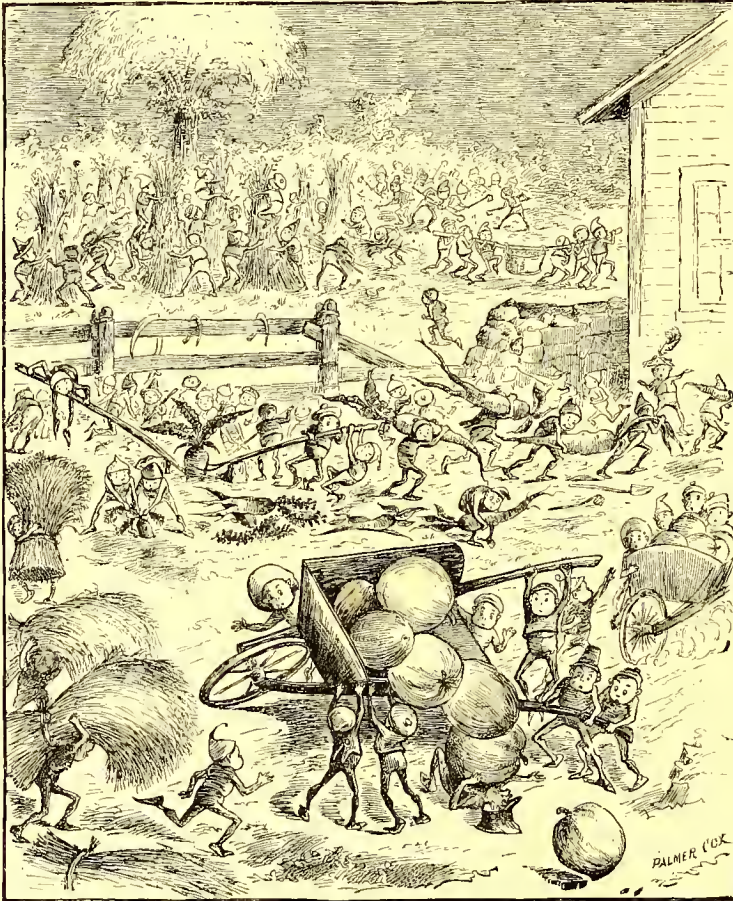


“ But as the wakeful chanticleer
Is crowing in the stable near,
Too little of the present night
Is left to set the matter right.
To-morrow eve, at that dark hour
When birds grow still in leafy bower
And bats forsake the ruined pile
To exercise their wings awhile,
In yonder shady grove we'll meet,
With all our active force complete,

When next the bat of evening flew,
And drowsy things of day withdrew,
When beetles droned across the lea,
And turkeys sought the safest tree
To form aloft a social row
And criticise the fox below,—
Then cunning Brownies might be seen
Advancing from the forest green.
Now jumping fences, as they ran,
Now crawling through (a safer plan) :

Now keeping to the roads awhile,
 Now cutting corners, country style;
 Some bearing hoes, and baskets more,
 Some pushing barrows on before,
 While others, swinging sickles bright,
 Seemed eager for the grain in sight.
 But in advance of all the throng
 A daring couple moved along,
 Whose duty was to venture close
 And give the barking dog his dose.

For garden ground or larger field
 Alike a busy crowd revealed:
 Some pulling carrots from their bed,
 Some bearing burdens on their head,
 Or working at a fever heat
 While prying out a monster beet.
 Now here two heavy loads have met,
 And there a barrow has upset,
 While workers every effort strain
 The rolling pumpkins to regain;



Now soon the work was under way,
 Each chose the part he was to play:
 While some who handled hoes the best
 Brought Early Roses from their nest,
 To turnip tops some laid their hands,
 More plied the hook, or twisted bands.
 And soon the sheaves lay piled around,
 Like heroes on disputed ground.
 Now let the eye turn where it might,
 A pleasing prospect was in sight;

And long before the stars withdrew
 The crop was safe, the work was through.
 In shocks the corn, secure and good,
 Now like a Sioux encampment stood;
 The wheat was safely stowed away,
 In bins the Early Roses lay,
 While carrots, turnips, beets, and all
 Received attention, great and small.
 When morning dawned, no sight or sound
 Of friendly Brownies could be found;

And when at last old Towser broke
 The spell, and from his slumber woke,
 He rushed around, believing still
 Some mischief lay behind the pill;
 But though the fields looked bare and strange,
 His mind could hardly grasp the change.
 And when the farmer learned at morn
 That safe from harm was wheat and corn,
 That all his barley, oats, and rye
 Were in the barn, secure and dry,
 That carrots, beets, and turnips round
 Were safely taken from the ground,
 The honest farmer thought, of course,
 His neighbors had turned out in force

While helpless on the bed he lay,
 And kindly stowed his crop away.
 But when he thanked them for their aid,
 And hoped they yet might be repaid
 For acting such a friendly part,
 His words appeared to pierce each heart;
 For well they knew that other hands
 Than theirs had laid his grain in bands,
 That other backs had bent in toil
 To save the products of the soil.
 And then they felt as people will
 Who fail to nobly act, until
 Some other person, stepping in,
 Doth all the praise and honor win.

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS—THIRTEENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

PAINTING IN HOLLAND.

IT is not possible to give a clear account of the earliest painters of Holland, or of the Dutch school, as it is called. It is certain that they executed wall-paintings and other works, which have been destroyed, and we know that, in the beginning, the Dutch masters painted devotional subjects almost without exception. About 1580 the famous school of Dutch portrait-painters had its origin, and soon after, scenes from common life, or *genre* subjects, became the favorite works of Dutch artists and their patrons. As time passed on, there were added to these the pictures of luxurious interiors, still-life, fruit, flowers, and game, both living and dead. In all these subjects the Dutch masters reached great excellence, for their habit was to reproduce exactly what they saw, and to lavish that infinite care and labor upon the execution of details which makes the perfection of pictures of still-life and kindred subjects.

Thus it results that no painters have excelled the Dutch in the painting of drapery, furniture, glass, metals, satin, and other objects which are made beautiful by strong effects of light and shade. Some of the night, or candle-light, scenes of this school are unequaled by any others in the world. There were, of course, landscape and marine painters, as well as painters of animals, in Holland, who attained high rank in their way; but the portraits and still-life subjects are especially characteristic of the Dutch school. The latter subjects are of two sorts: the smaller number represent

scenes from elegant life, which require fine apartments for a background—such as a music-lesson, a ceremonious call, a doctor's visit, or some occasion which permits the artist to show his skill in painting marbles, woods, china, stuffs, and all sorts of beautiful things. The larger number are scenes from peasant life—fairs and fêtes, dancing villagers, and rude, ungainly boys—or interiors of inns, with coarse boors drinking, smoking, playing cards, or perpetrating rude practical jokes.

There are many famous Dutch masters, but we can study but one—

REMBRANDT VAN RYN,

the greatest painter of his school, and one who may be called preëminent in art by reason of his remarkable excellence in many departments of painting and engraving. He was the son of Hermann Gerritszoon van Ryn, and was born at Leyden, in 1607. He was sent to school when a boy, but he had so little liking for his books that he was soon allowed to follow his natural taste, and study art under J. J. van Swanenburg; and when he was about sixteen years old he entered the studio of Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam, where he remained but six months. He then returned to Leyden, where he spent seven years. During this time he studied Nature in all her forms—the splendid and varied scenery about him dividing his attention with the infinite variety of human faces which could be seen in the rare old city of Leyden, with its university, its free markets, and its ever brilliant

festivals. He also profited by the exhibitions of foreign pictures which were admitted to Leyden only, and by the collections of paintings, jewels,

represented in so many portraits by her husband that her face is familiar to all who know his works.

Three pictures of her, painted during the year of their betrothal, show her in all the loveliness of youth, with dazzling complexion, rosy lips, great, expressive eyes, and auburn hair; and though later portraits are of a more serious cast, and have a more matronly bearing, yet they represent a joyous, happy woman, and may all be called young, since she died before she was thirty years old.

The years of his life that were passed with Saskia were the happiest that ever came to Rembrandt. He was beloved, honored, and rich. His house was fine and furnished with exquisite taste. On the first floor were the ante-chamber and *salons*, with beautiful mirrors, upholstery and drapery, oaken chests and presses, marble wine-coolers and many other rare objects, while the walls were covered with pictures and engravings of foreign artists as well as his own works. On the floor above were his studios and a great art-chamber, or museum, in which was a splendid collection, of which I will speak later. In this beautiful home the artist and his wife lived a happy, simple



NEMBRANDT AND HIS WIFE. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

books, choice stuffs, and other beautiful objects frequently to be seen in the city hall.

Meantime he worked industriously, and by his earliest paintings and etchings gained a name which brought him a student (the afterward famous Gerard Dow) and obtained for him various commissions from the Hague and Amsterdam.

In 1630, when twenty-three years old, Rembrandt established himself in Amsterdam, where he spent the remainder of his life. He soon became famous, and many students flocked to him, making his life a busy one. Here he executed his first large picture, "The Presentation in the Temple," now in the Gallery at the Hague. Within two years of his settlement at Amsterdam he also painted many smaller pictures, and made at least forty engravings. From this time his career as an artist was but one success after another, and in 1634 he married Saskia von Ulmburg, a very beautiful girl, to whom he was devotedly attached. She was of an aristocratic family, an orphan, and had a large fortune in her own name. She is

life, devoted to each other and to their children, one of whom alone outlived his mother—a son, called Titus.

At her death Saskia left her fortune to her husband, with one request—that he should educate their child and give him a marriage portion. But in spite of this, and of his success as an artist and as a teacher,—for he had many scholars who paid him well.—Rembrandt became poor, and at length, in 1657, his household goods and his fine collection were sold at auction to satisfy his creditors.

There is always a temptation to say that an unusual thing which we see in a picture is not natural; but when we think about it, and observe Nature for that purpose, we find that scarcely anything could be too strange to be true; and this is all the more noticeable when, as in the pictures of Rembrandt, the great effects are those of light and shade. If you want to prove to yourself how wonderful these effects are, choose some landscape which has a variety of objects in it, and study its aspects on a dull, cloudy day. With no sun and no

shadow, how little interest it has. Go to the same spot on a bright day, and see how the sun will make the clump of trees stand out and look as if each separate twig was joyous with life; see the brook shimmer like rippling silver where the sunlight falls on it, and note how dark and cold it looks in the shade; see how black the rock is

Now, Rembrandt had a quick eye for all these marvelous effects of light, and he painted just such things as he had seen, and nothing else. In every picture there are particular points upon which to fix the eye, and, though the whole was painted with exquisite skill, and the smaller details would bear examination just as the blades of grass and



A RABBI. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

under the wide-spreading tree, and how the grass, that is like an emerald in the light places, grows dull and brown where the sunshine does not reach it. Could there be stronger contrasts than those you see, side by side, when you give your thought to it? And perhaps you wonder that you have not remarked all this before.

the smallest flowers in a landscape would do, we do not care to examine them; the one great interest holds our attention, and we are satisfied with that. The execution of the pictures of Rembrandt is marvelous. He painted some very ugly, and even vulgar, pictures; he disregarded all rules of costume and of the fitness of things in many ways;

he parodied many ideal subjects, and he painted scenes from Scripture history in which he put the exact portraits of the coarse and common people about him. But, in spite of all these faults, his simplicity, truthfulness, and earnestness make his pictures masterpieces, and we can not turn away

value. The one which represents "Christ Healing the Sick" is called the "Hundred Guilder Print," because that is the price the master set upon it. But eight of the first proofs of this engraving exist in the world, and five of these are in Great Britain. In 1847, one of them was sold in London for \$600; the same copy was again sold in 1867, and brought \$5000. The proofs from his portraits, as well as from the portraits of himself, are also very valuable.

The works of Rembrandt are so numerous and so important that one can not speak justly of them in our present space. His pictures number about 600, and his engravings 400, and these embrace not only many subjects, but many variations of these subjects. The chief picture of his earliest manner is the "Anatomical Lecture," now in the Gallery of the Hague.

In 1642 he painted his largest picture, which is also considered as his chief work. It is called the "Night Watch," and is in the Amsterdam Museum. It represents a company of guardsmen, and others, issuing from a public building into a space where there are many officers, soldiers, musicians, young girls, and other figures, the great standard of the city being in the foreground. One feels that the portraits of all the principal persons must be good. The color is splendid, and the blending of lights and shades is marvelous in its beauty. He painted other pictures, in which there were numbers of portraits of burghers, or men who were connected with important institutions and undertakings.

Rembrandt painted but few pictures from profane history, and his landscapes are rare, but the few that exist are worthy of so great a master, and one who so loved everything that God has spread out before us in Nature. His scenes from common life are beyond criticism, but sometimes his picturing of repulsive things makes us turn away, though we must admire the power with which they are painted. His portraits were of the highest order, and very numerous; no other artist ever made so many portraits of himself, and in them he is seen from the days of youthful hope to ripened age. At a sale in Paris, in 1876, "A Portrait of a Man" by Rembrandt brought \$34,000; at the San Donato sale, in 1880, "Lucretia" sold for \$29,200, "A Portrait of a Young Woman" for \$27,500, and others for equally large prices.

After the breaking up of his beautiful home, where he had lived so happily with Saskia, Rem-



JOSEPH RELATING HIS DREAM TO HIS BRETHERN. (FROM AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.)

from them carelessly; they attract us and hold us with a powerful spell.

Rembrandt's style was not always the same. Before 1633 he preferred the open daylight, in which everything was distinctly seen, and his flesh tones were warm and clear; after that time, he preferred the light which breaks over certain objects and leaves the rest in shade, while his touch became very spirited, and his flesh tones were so golden that they were less natural than before.

Rembrandt's engraving is very famous. He is called the "Prince of Etchers." He really established a new school of engraving; by his own genius invented a process, the charm of which can not be expressed in words. His wonderful use of the effects of light and shade is seen in his engravings as well as in his paintings. His etchings are now of great

brandt hired another house, where he remained until his death. His last home was comfortable; he had many friends; the younger artists respected and admired him, and we have no reason to believe that he was unhappy here—and certainly his pictures indicate no failure of his powers or any discouragement of feeling. We see rather, that, with rare exceptions, he worked with unceasing energy and vigor. He died in 1669,

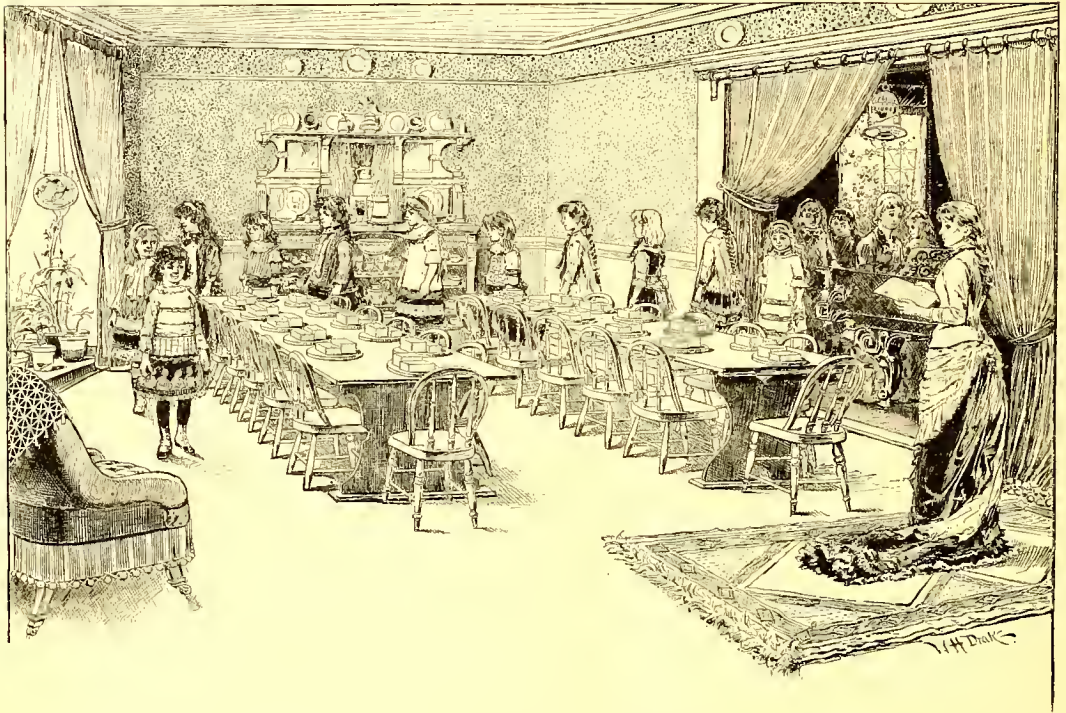
when sixty-two years old, and was buried in the Westerkerk. The registered fees of his burial are but fifteen florins. When we consider the enormous amount of his artistic work, and remember that it was all done in about forty working years, we are filled with wonder and admiration of the determination and genius which could accomplish such herculean labors in so masterly a manner.



GATHERING BEECH-NUTS. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.)

THE KITCHEN-GARDEN SCHOOL.

BY LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.



"WHEN THE PIANO SOUNDS, WE ALL MARCH IN."

A CERTAIN little girl in New York City, who on account of weak eyes had been deprived of many of the advantages of schooling, has been enjoying very pleasant times during the present year in Miss Huntington's "Kitchen-Garden"; and she has described this new kind of school and the lessons learned there in the following letter, which she wrote to her aunt, the wife of an army officer stationed in New Mexico.

The Kitchen-Garden system has been fully described in a previous number of ST. NICHOLAS.* It was first designed to help the children of the poor, who have sad need of wise home training; but it comprises so many lessons which every little girl should know, whether rich or poor, and is taught in such a fascinating way, that already in several cities its benefits and pleasures have been secured to the more fortunate class of children to which little May belongs. Her letter here given was taken down by a faithful hand just as the little girl dictated it. But instead of the pictures she mentions (made "on the corners of the letters"),

the drawings here presented are by a ST. NICHOLAS artist, who visited the Kitchen-Garden for the express purpose of making these illustrations.

MY DEAR AUNT KATIE: I guess you will think it real queer to get a letter from me, because I suppose you think I can't write well enough; but Mamma says she will write down every word I say, though I must not say so very much, because your eyes are so bad that maybe you can't read it. My eyes are bad, too, and that's the reason I do not go to school; at least, to regular school, for I *do* go to school; but if you should guess all day and all night, I don't believe you could guess what kind of a school it is, Aunt Katie; because it's a *new* kind, that Mamma says you never heard about, she thinks—unless you saw the pictures and read about it in ST. NICHOLAS more than four years ago. I was *very* small then, but I remember.

Well, I'll just tell you, Aunt Katie. Mamma and some more ladies made up the school. I am in it, and little Cousin Nellie, and Sallie

* See article entitled "Little Housemaids," ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1879.

White and the Stonezes and the Mitchelzes, and —and I can't think of any more; only when you count them there are twenty-four. And every Tuesday and Thursday, at two o'clock, we go to Sallie's mother's house. Nellie has to go right away after school, and so do Sallie and the Mitchelzes and the Stonezes; but I don't, because I don't go to regular school.

When we get to Sallie's house, we all take off our hats and mittens and coats, and go into the dining-room. It's ever so pretty there. There are five gold fishes in a jar in the window, swimming round and round, and there are two kindergarten tables, with little red-and-blue chairs set close around them. When the piano sounds, we all march in. We have to keep our hands down close to our sides, the teacher tells us, and I do; but Sallie White, she does n't. I guess she thinks because she's at her own house she can do just as she pleases. I don't think it's very polite not to mind the rules just because she's home. Mamma says that girls who mind the rules best at home, mind them best when they're not at home. This is about manners, and I was just going to tell about Kitchen-Garden: but there's manners in that, too, because one of the verses says:

"And learn to step more lightly,
And quietly to speak."

That's being gentle, and Mamma says that to be gentle is to be polite, and that's being good-mannered—is n't it, Aunt Katie?

before her full of little toy dishes, and knives and forks and napkins, and towels and table-cloths, and every single thing to set on a table—only not things to eat. We play we had things to eat. Then Miss Robinson—she's the teacher—she's oh, so kind—she lets us put on the table-cloths all at the same time. We have to put them on just straight, and not slanting a bit. Then we lay on the knives and forks—they must be straight, too—"the knife at the right side, with the sharp edge to the plate, and the fork at the left side"; then we put on "the plates, which must be warm," by Papa's place, and the cups and saucers and cream and sugar and coffee by Mamma's place. There's much more in the breakfast lesson, and it's just the same in the dinner lesson, only there's more things in it, because there are three courses. First the soup, then the meat, and then the dessert. I think the dessert is the best part; don't you, Aunt Katie? Then Miss Robinson tells us how to wait on the table. She says the rules all out when she tells us. After this, we play we were in the kitchen washing the dishes. Oh, it's real fun, Aunt Katie. There's a very fine noise when we all wash our dishes together. Then the piano teacher plays some music softly. I'll send you a picture of a little girl washing dishes—*that's me*.

I've got some more pictures, too. Mamma gets them in the corners of her letters, and she lets me cut them out, and I am going to paste some of them on my letter so you can see how I look when



"WE ARE LITTLE WAITING-GIRLS."

Now, Mamma says I must come back to Kitchen-Garden, else you'll never know what it is.

I guess you would be astonished if you should see twenty-four little girls like us sitting by the tables, and every one of us has little boxes set

I sweep and dust. See me dusting Mamma's vase! I have to stand high, because I am so little, you know. And oh, Aunt Katie, I just wish you could see us when we wash our clothes; it's just lovely. We roll up our sleeves, and we wash our clothes

all at once. It's just as natural as anything, for we all feel as if we had tubs full of nice warm soap-suds. When the piano strikes, we sing—

"In the tub so merrily
Our little hands must go,"

and

"Splish, splash, splish";

and when we wring out the clothes, we sing

"Tra la la, tra la la, tra la la."

Then we hang out the clothes and play

"By comes a blackbird and nipped off our nose."

We all laugh then, because it's so funny; and Miss Robinson, she laughs, too.

We have a splendid time when we come to our molding lesson, because we have clay, and that's most as good as the soft, clean mud that we children have in the country in the summer-time. We make real turkeys, Aunt Katie, with legs and wings. I can't make wings right, yet, but I can make good legs; and I make real fat turkeys, Aunt Katie; and we make pies and biscuit and every-

thing like that, and you just ought to see us.

Mamma has just had to go down-stairs to see a lady who sometimes calls on her, but now she is back again.

Aunt Katie, are n't you afraid of the Indians? Oh, Aunt Katie, don't let them get you; if they chase you, just

run like lightning. When Grandpa's calf chased me, I ran like lightning; and then I tumbled down, and I could n't get up quick, so I just sat up a little and screamed right into his face, and



"WE WASH OUR LITTLE DISHES."

he was so surprised, he stopped chasing me. Mamma says it is n't right to scream; but if great, awful big calves chase you, it is n't bad, is it, Aunt Katie? It is better to scream than for big calves to eat you up, is n't it, Aunt Katie? Dear Aunt Katie, if you have to run away from the Indians, please take Baby Grace, too.

Now, Mamma says this is n't telling you about the Kitchen-Garden.

Well, the lady who came to see her is Miss Huntington. She is the lady who first thought of the Kitchen-Garden. She came one day to our

class. She's *very* good, Aunt Katie. She told us about how sorry she was for people who had to work and did n't know how; so she tried to show little girls how to grow up so they will know how to keep house well. Mamma says I can be *her* little housekeeper when I grow up. I know how to do lots of things already, Aunt Katie. I know how to wait on the table, and how to kindle the wood-fire in the



"I KNOW HOW TO KINDLE THE WOOD-FIRE."

fire-place, and the fire in the stove that burns coal, and

"How to draw a cup of tea—
The cup that never tires,"

We sing that last. We have ever so many things that we sing in Kitchen-Garden. That's the reason we remember the rules so well, because we can sing them.

My dear Aunt Katie, I've saved the best part to the very last. It's about games. We just have an elegant time when we do games. We have one after every lesson in Kitchen-Garden. We have a skipping game, when we skip all round the room



"WE MAKE PIES AND BISCUIT AND EVERYTHING."



with a rope that has pretty ribbons tied to it, and we keep time when we skip to a nice tune that the teacher plays on the piano. And we have a broom game that is just splendid! We all have nice brooms, with pretty ribbons on them, and we do ever so many things with them, and sing songs all the time we're doing it. And then some of us make an arch with our brooms and the rest of us skip under the brooms all the way through the arch. And we hang up clothes-lines. You'd laugh if you saw all the funny little dolls' clothes hanging on the lines. But it looks real pretty, too, I think. And we play waiting on the door. We have a big round circle of girls, and we skip around and we sing:

"Here comes a crowd of merry little girls
Who've lately come to school."

Then we ring a little bell, and we ask, "Is Mrs. Brown at home?" and we say, "Yes; will you please to 'low me to show you to the parlor, and I will speak to her." Then we go across the ring (we play that 's the hall), and the girls lift up their hands and we go under (we play that 's the door), and then we are in the parlor, you know. Then we play we have a card with our name on it and we put it on a tray, and the girl that opens the door, she brings it to the lady, or else we tell our name.

Sometimes, "Mrs. Brown is not at home," or else "She 's engaged." Then we say, "Will you please to leave a message?"

Then the other girl,—the lady, you know,—she could leave quite a long message if she could think of one, but she does n't, very often.

It 's a splendid game, Aunt Katie, and so is "Little waiting-girls." We all stand in a ring with trays, and we march and sing:

"We are little waiting-girls,
Just little waiting-girls.
We wait on the table
As well as we are able
For little waiting-girls."

"We pass the tray like this, we pass the tray like that,
Try to hold it, always hold it, very, very flat."

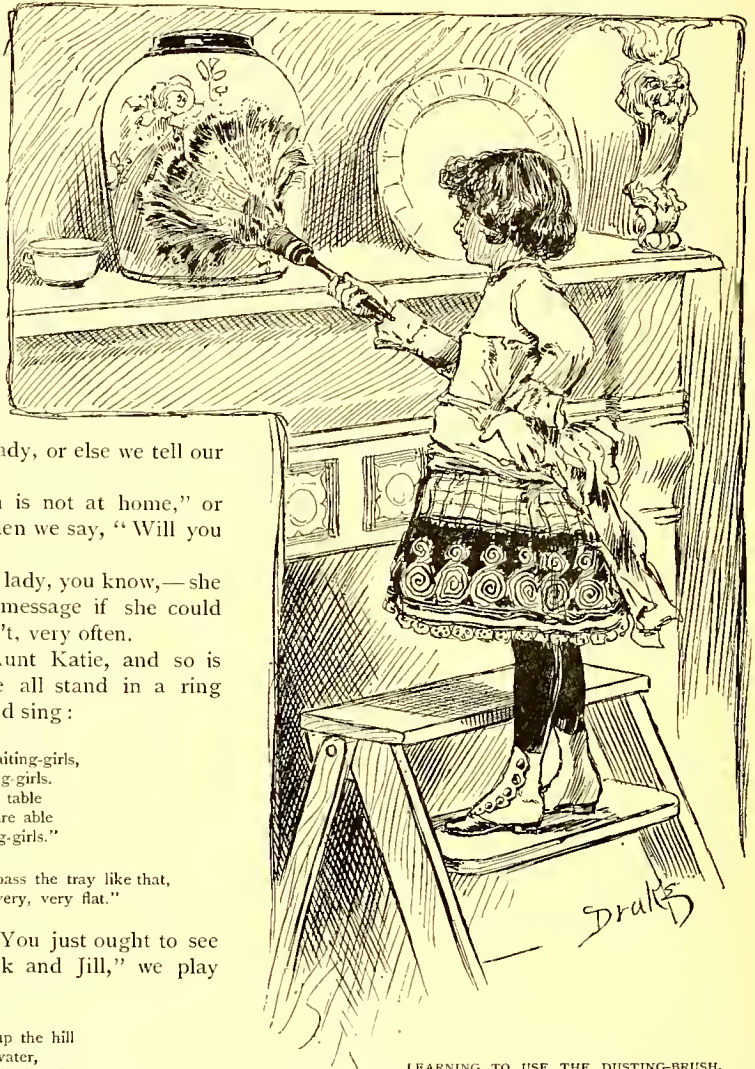
It 's a real funny game. You just ought to see it, Aunt Katie. And "Jack and Jill," we play that, too, and it 's

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after."

And the chorus is:

"Two should step at the same time—
One should not go faster,
Else they 'll surely, surely meet
With Jack and Jill's disaster."

Well, Aunt Katie, you ought to see just everything we do! I know you 'd think it was lovely, and you'd be just as glad as we are that Miss Huntington* thought about it. It don't seem



LEARNING TO USE THE DUSTING-BRUSH.

like going to school at all. It seems like play. But we all learn ever so much there. Mamma says I 've learned a good deal about housekeeping already.

Dear Aunt Katie: Mamma says I need not write any more, because your eyes are so bad. I give my love to you, Aunt Katie; and I give my love to Cousin Baby Grace, and to Uncle Howard, too.

This letter is from your dear little niece,

MAY STRONG.

* Miss Huntington's address is 125 St. Mark's Place, New York City:

THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

BY JOHN R. CORYELL.

ALMOST the first voyagers who sailed into the then unknown seas surrounding the south pole took back to Europe stories about a gigantic seal, much larger than the elephant, and, like that animal, furnished with a trunk. But the people had begun to doubt the stories of travelers, and consequently not much reliance was placed on these various accounts.

When the real Robinson Crusoe, whose name was Alexander Selkirk, was found on his island of Juan Fernandez and taken home to England, he also told about the giant seal, and gave such minute particulars concerning it that its existence was no longer doubted. Still, it was not until a century later, when the report of Captain Cook's voyages was published, that any real interest was roused in the sea-elephant, or elephant seal. This report said that the oil and skin furnished by the animal were valuable, and that statement was hint enough for one or two enterprising merchants. Without more ado, they fitted out a few whaling ships, and sent them to the southern seas to procure the oil and skins of the hapless creatures.

Among these ships the trimmest and swiftest was the "Mary Ann," and, though a modern clipper captain would have called her a "wind-jammer," she did manage in some way to drive that square hull of hers through the water with marvelous speed. She was just the sort of craft to keep a crew good-tempered, and that is what she almost did. It would have been quite, instead of almost, but for Bill Hawkins.

He was the surliest, most discontented fellow that ever spoiled enjoyment on ship-board. He "did n't believe they wuz no sea-elephants." He did not believe they were on the right course for Georgia Island. There was nothing apparently that he did believe, unless it was that easy-going, good-natured Tom Barrow was the safest man in the fore-castle for him to badger and brow-beat.

At any rate, he acted as if he believed so, for from the first he had done his best to make Tom miserable. Any other than Tom would have settled the matter by a set-to, but that was not Tom's way. He disliked fighting. The other sailors, who liked him for his joviality, and because he was such a prime hand at a song, urged him to have it out with Bill; but he refused, and they put him down for a coward. So did Bill, and he bullied Tom almost past endurance thereafter.

However, the good ship bowled along on her

way quite regardless of Bill Hawkins and his growling, and, one fine morning in the latter part of September, dropped her anchor in a pretty little bay which looked as if it might be a safe harbor in bad weather.

"Well," drawled Bill, as he came on deck and joined a group of sailors lounging against the rail, "is *this* Geogy Island?" Then he added, with positive pleasure, after he had scanned the beach for a few moments, "Wot's become o' all the sea-elephants we was to see here?"

Nobody gave him the satisfaction of a reply, for the truth was, the same question had been asked with considerable anxiety by everybody on deck, from the captain down; for it was a matter of no little consequence to know if the voyage was to be a failure or a success. Certainly, there were no seals of any kind to be seen either in the water or on shore, and an investigating party which had gone to the island came back reporting "no signs o' anything, let alone a elephant."

This was disheartening, but the captain knew there was no mistake in the island, and he therefore determined to wait at least until the other vessels came in, though they might not arrive for two weeks, or even a month. Two or three days passed in weary waiting, when, one morning, some one suddenly yelled in wild excitement: "Look! Oh! But *would* you look! Was ever seen the like o' that?"

Of a truth, no one there had ever seen, or imagined even, such a sight as fell then upon their astonished eyes. Slowly through the shallow water, leading to the beach, rolled and floundered a huge black mass—a very mountain of flesh. Painfully it gained the beach, and rested a few moments. Then it raised its head, looked toward the ship, and gave utterance to a roar so unearthly as to make the superstitious sailors shudder.

"Look at the water!" shouted a terrified voice.

It was fairly alive with gigantic black forms, which, as though by magic, seemed to have appeared in answer to the weird cry of the monster on the island. Soon the beach was black with them, and yet the water still teemed with them. They came and came, crowding, roaring, struggling, and still they did not cease to come. The white beach had become a writhing black mass of life. Hoarse roars from thousands of throats smote the sky. Crowding, crowding, crowding still, until night fell and shut out all but the din of voices,

which gained in intensity and horror from the darkness.

When morning dawned, the waters of the bay were placid again. The beach, from one end to the other, and from high-water line far back, was literally covered with the giants of the sea. Here was a fine crop; the only difficulty was how to harvest it. In fact, it was a serious question with the men how they were to get ashore even. None of them felt like making his way among those monstrous creatures. Consequently, there was no little grumbling when the captain gave orders to let down the boats, load up with spears and clubs, boiling-down apparatus, and tools for erecting temporary shelters, and go ashore ready for work at once.

However, they obeyed orders, and, when all was ready, set out for the beach, with the captain himself in the first boat. He knew the men objected to going among the animals, and he intended to lead the way. He was fortified by the assurances given in all accounts of the animal, that it was perfectly harmless, notwithstanding its seeming ferocity; and perhaps he was not averse to giving his sailors a good opinion of his courage by doing what they did not dare to do.

When the boats were near enough to enable the inmates to see distinctly, it was noticed that the animals were of two sorts—some very large, and others much smaller. The smaller ones were by far the most numerous, and it was discovered that they were formed into groups at intervals along the beach, with a guard of the larger animals ranged in a circle around each group. It was soon perceived, also, that the nose of the sea-elephant was far more like the nose of a tapir than the trunk of an elephant, and that it had the peculiarity of scarcely showing, except when the animal was roused.

When the boats drew up at the usual landing-place, the bulls in that vicinity raised their immense bodies with indolent effort, and, glancing at the intruders, broke out into a prolonged roar, which, added to gaping jaws armed with murderous looking yellow teeth, and the elongated, quivering nose, was sufficiently frightful to fix every man there in his determination not to provoke the monsters.

"I'll not go nigh 'em," growled Bill Hawkins, loud enough for the captain to hear.

"I don't ask any coward to follow me," said the captain, scornfully, though his heart was beating somewhat rapidly, too, at the thought of threading his way among the strange creatures, so closely packed that any one of them had only to turn its head, open its mouth, and make one bite to cut him quite in twain. "I only ask that if I go up

and back without trouble, then all the men of the party will go too."

With these words, the captain took a spear in his hand and stepped ashore. He expected to see the animals make some show of resentment at his approach, but they did not. After the first movement they all subsided and, like the lions in the fairy tale, seemed subdued by the courage of the man. However brave he appeared outwardly, he inwardly quaked when he found himself within reach of the jaws of the nearest bull, the gigantic size of which he had not before properly appreciated.

Although a tall man, not much less than six feet in height, he could not see over the back of the animal near which he stood. In length, it was not less than thirty feet, and the captain could now, for the first time, realize the story of the travelers, that the sea-elephant was as great in bulk as two land elephants.

Considerably re-assured by the peaceable demeanor of the animals, the captain chose a path that seemed to promise the most room, and walked into the midst of the strange congregation, with a tremor of fear of which he need not have been ashamed. The men in the boat watched him nervously for a few moments, when, seeing how securely he walked among the great beasts, one of the older men sprang up and declared he was going to follow, and, suiting his actions to his words, grasped an armful of the tools and started off. This was all that was needed to move the others, and in a moment each man had taken a load and started after the captain, Bill Hawkins, with commendable caution, bringing up the rear, determined to save the animals every opportunity to show their savagery before trusting his precious person among them.

There was not the least reason for fear, however, for the indolent creatures did no more than glance mildly at the strange looking new-comers, without making the least movement of the body. Completely re-assured now, the men went back and forth, carrying the materials from the boats, until everything had been taken to the spot selected for the camp. The boiling-down apparatus, which was the same as used by whalers, was set up, and the boats, which had in the meantime returned to the ship, came back laden with barrels for the oil.

The captain had learned from his instructions that the easiest way of killing the animals was by a sharp, hard blow with a club over the nose, or by thrusting a lance through the breast into the heart. He had accordingly brought both kinds of weapons with him, and when all was ready he took both club and spear, and, selecting one of the smallest bulls, approached it cautiously, and dealt

it a terrific blow on the nose. In an instant as it seemed, the huge beast was dead.

The men, seeing how easily and safely the deed was done, seized their clubs, and the slaughter was begun. The strangest feature of it all was that the poor creatures made no effort to escape, which would, however, have been useless for those attacked, because, having only flippers to help them move their enormous bodies, they could make but slow progress; but those not attacked seemed to feel no alarm, and so they remained to take their turn.

The strange apathy of the great creatures was due, no doubt, to the fact that they had never before known such a thing as an enemy on land; for in all the Antarctic region there is no ferocious animal larger than our cat, so that never before, probably, excepting an occasional one killed by preceding voyagers, had any danger come to them on land. At any rate, not one of the sea-elephants sought safety in the water.

Killing and skinning the animals, and cutting up the blubber and boiling it down, soon fell into a matter of routine. The quantity and quality of the oil was greatly in excess of what anybody had anticipated. Sometimes one large bull would have a coating of fat, or blubber, a foot deep, completely enveloping the body under the skin, and this would yield nearly a ton of oil of a quality superior to any whale oil, and with the peculiarity of not becoming rancid. The skins, too, were valuable, and were carefully dried and stowed away.

At first, Tom Barrow had been put at the boiling-down, but after a week or more he was transferred to the killing party, to appease Bill Hawkins, who, though at first pleased with the excitement, had begun to grow tired of it, and had done nothing but grumble for two or three days. Tom, who, though not over twenty years old, was a large-boned, powerful fellow, chose a heavy club, and set boldly out to kill.

He selected a plump young bull, and going up to it, lifted his club to strike it, when the animal raised itself on its flippers and looked at him, as he thought, beseechingly. This unnerved Tom, who was a tender-hearted lad, and who had never even struck any living creature before. However, the others were killing away in a most matter-of-fact fashion, so he set his teeth and struck at the animal.

There was no heart in the blow, and, besides, as Tom turned his head when he struck, it was no wonder that it failed to kill the creature. But what was Tom's dismay, when he looked at his victim again, to see it shedding genuine tears with every symptom of distress. If he had felt uncomfortable before, he was filled with remorse now.

He could no more have killed that seal than if it had been a human being.

"What's the matter, Tom? Can't ye kill 'im?" asked one of the sailors, as he passed where Tom stood. "Here, let me show ye." With which words he raised his club, and was about to bring it down on the nose of the animal, when Tom caught his arm, and exclaimed:

"No, no, Jack; I can't let ye. It goes agin me so, it does. See the tears in his eyes."

"Ho, ho!" shouted Jack; "they all does it. Ye'll soon get used to it. Here! let me."

"No, no; now don't ye! I think, Jack," he added, shamefacedly, "I'll just tell the captain I'm not up to this work, and mayhap he'll let me go back to the boilin'."

Jack laughed long and loud at what he called Tom's soft-heartedness; but as he liked him, he promised not to kill the creature whose tears had so mastered Tom's feelings, and Tom went to the captain and confessed, sheepishly, how he felt.

The captain was not the sort of man to sympathize with Tom's feelings; but, fortunately, he liked him for his good temper and readiness to do his full share of work, and consequently, with an astonished stare, followed by a shout of laughter, he told Tom he might go back to the boiling-down, and even acceded to his strange request that the seal he had spared might be spared by all the men. The word was passed around, and though they all laughed at Tom, they felt so kindly toward him that they allowed the seal to remain unmolested.

Tom bore, as well as he could, the good-natured laughter of his friends and the ill-natured jeers of Bill Hawkins, who, now that he was near Tom, scarcely ceased to sneer at and taunt him with womanishness and cowardice. It was not long, however, before the friendly laughter was hushed in astonished interest. *Tom was making a pet of the gigantic seal!* Every morning and night he carried fish, as much as could be spared (and there was always plenty) to Bis Goliath, as he called the seal; and probably no better plan could have been adopted for winning its affection. For, as was afterward discovered, the seals did not return to the water, and consequently had no food for as long a time as ten weeks.

It seems that they drew upon their store of fat for sustenance during this long while; for as the time goes by they become exceedingly thin. The reason for not going into the water is because the young ones, which are born soon after the seals go ashore, are not able to take care of themselves at first.

Goliath was not at all averse to remaining fat, however, even if it were contrary to sea-elephant custom, and his greeting of Tom, whom he soon

learned to know, showed plainly enough that he was profoundly grateful. On his side, Tom lavished a vast deal of affection on his pet, and little by little ventured upon various familiarities, until at length he would climb upon the huge body, walk upon it, sit upon it, and lie down upon it. He

to whatever it caught in its mouth. Occasionally, when injured, but not killed, a bull would, in its fury, take great stones in its jaws and crush them to powder as if they had been but chalk.

The sailors manifested so much interest in Tom and his pet, and talked so much about them, that



THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

would thrust his hand fearlessly into the terrible mouth, and, in short, take such liberties as no other man would dare to do.

For it must be understood that, though so helpless and peaceable as to be easily killed, the seal was nevertheless possessed of fearful strength, which, if exerted, would have quickly put an end

Bill Hawkins's little soul was stirred to anger and envy, and he endeavored to make light of the taming of Goliath. He said so much, that one of the sailors called out one morning: "Well, easy as it is, Bill, *you* don't dare climb up on Goliath's back, much less put your hand in the old fellow's mouth."

Bill declared he could and would then and there mount upon Goliath's back. Tom remonstrated, but the sailors, in a spirit of fun, hushed him, and they all went to see Bill accomplish the feat. He went boldly at the animal (which had roused itself with evident pleasure at sight of Tom). He endeavored to climb upon its back; but Goliath, unaccustomed to such roughness as Bill used, shifted his body uneasily, in such a way as sent Bill rolling on the sand, amidst the laughter and jeers of the spectators, who were well enough pleased to see the growler discomfited.

Bill, however, was furious, and, picking up a piece of wood, rushed at Goliath and struck him a severe blow; fortunately, not on the nose. Assaulted in this unwonted fashion, Goliath looked piteously and tearfully, first at Bill and then at Tom, while the former prepared to repeat the blow.

"Don't strike him again, Bill," said Tom, quickly stepping forward.

"Ay, but I will, and you too, an' ye don't have a care," shouted Bill, in a paroxysm of anger, as he once more let his weapon fall upon the helpless animal.

The blow had scarcely fallen, when the cowardly fellow found himself lifted bodily in the air and dashed almost senseless on the sand. When he had recovered his wits, he saw Tom standing over him, his honest face as full of passion as it could well be. No one was more astonished than Tom himself at this outburst, and the sailors were delighted.

"Give it him well, now ye 've got yer hand in!" shouted one.

"Don't spare him," said another.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed Tom, slowly, "I 'll not strike him. But I 'll say this to ye, Bill: Have your say at me an' welcome; but don't ye be that foolish as to lay your hand on Goliath again. Now, get up."

Bill rose to his feet and went off, scowling and vowing vengeance, while the men dispersed to their work, saying to each other that Tom was coming forward finely.

The next morning Goliath was dead!

Who did the dastardly deed everybody knew well enough, but Tom was too full of grief to attempt to punish him, and, therefore, Bill escaped with only the openly-expressed contempt of the whole crew. Tom was urged to choose another seal for a pet, but he refused to do so, and there is no record that anybody else ever did, and, therefore, to him belongs the credit of having had the largest pet in the world; for, excepting the whale, there is no animal as large as the elephant-seal, and the whale has never been tamed.

How many elephant-seals were slaughtered by the crew of the "Mary Ann" is not known; but it is recorded that, within twenty-five years of the time of her visit to Georgia Island, there were killed on that island alone over one million two hundred thousand animals, or about one thousand every day during the season. How many millions were killed altogether can never be known, but it is certain that the killing did not cease until the elephant-seal was almost exterminated. It will interest you to know that two young elephant-seals are now to be seen in the Zoölogical Gardens at Philadelphia.

The young sea-elephant is as big as a small man when it is born, and in eight days it will grow four feet longer and one hundred pounds heavier. That is pretty quick growth; but, to reach a circumference of eighteen feet and a length of thirty feet in three years, it has need to grow quickly.

Penrose, in his account of the elephant-seal, says that his sailors used to mount upon the backs of the animals as they were in the water, and race with each other, making the animals swim by spurring them with their knives. This story is not precisely doubted, but it is not believed, either. The elephant-seal always comes ashore, if possible, when about to die, which seems somewhat odd, when the water is the element in which it is most at home. There it is surprisingly swift and agile, and, indeed, it is so comfortable there that it sleeps on the rocking waves as quietly as on shore.

NED'S SUGGESTION.

BY LOUISE R. SMITH.

"WHERE did you buy her, Mamma?"
 Asked three-year-old Ned of me,
 As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle
 His "new little sister" to see.

"An angel brought her, darling,"
 I answered, and he smiled,

Then softly bent his curly head,
 And kissed the sleeping child.

But a sudden change came over him
 And he said, "If I'd been you,
 While I was about it, Mamma,
 I'd have caught the angel, too!"

THE WISH-RING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANNA EICHBERG.

A YOUNG farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest, and just then an old woman crept past and cried: "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a great fir tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down, you will make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice repeated, the farmer shouldered his ax and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir tree, which he instantly prepared to cut down. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man, it spread its wings as if to try their strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay in the other egg: it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and whatever your wish is, it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to repent your choice." So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way homeward. Toward evening, he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter, on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own, and asked the merchant its value.

"It is n't worth a straw," the jeweler answered.

Upon that, the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish-ring, and of greater value than all the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night. "For," he explained, "only to shelter a man who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and fair words; and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole the magic ring from his finger and slipped on, in its place, a common one which he had made to resemble the wish-ring.

The next morning, the jeweler was all impatience

to have the farmer begone. He awakened him at cock-crow, and said: "You had better go, for you have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed, the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters, so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish instantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great, shining gold pieces came pouring down upon him in a golden torrent over his head, shoulders, and arms. Piti-fully he cried for mercy, and tried to reach and unbar the door: but before he succeeded, he stumbled and fell bleeding to the ground. As for the golden rain, it never stopped till the weight of the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler and his money sank through to the cellar. The gold still poured down till the million was complete, and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing over to see what the matter was; when they saw the man dead under his gold, they exclaimed: "Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward, the heirs came and divided the property.

In the meantime, the farmer reached home in high spirits and showed the ring to his wife.

"Henceforth we shall never more be in want, dear wife," he said. "Our fortune is made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered advice. "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our two fields?"

"That is n't worth while," her husband replied. "If we work hard for a year, we'll earn enough money to buy it."

So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they had never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land and still have a bit to spare. "See," said the man, "we have the land and the wish as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied: "Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. "The wish is saved again

this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we are!"

But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last. "Now that you have a wish to be granted," she said, "you slave and toil, and are content with everything. You might be king,

thing? Have we not prospered, to all people's astonishment, since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for a while. In the meantime, consider what we really ought to wish for."

And that was the end of the matter.

It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Granaries and barns were full to overflowing, and in the course of a few years the poor farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men afield during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily bread; but after supper he liked to sit in his porch, contented and comfortable, and return the kindly greeting of the folk who passed and who wished him a respectful good-evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer's wife would remind her husband of the magic ring, and suggest many plans. But as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come last, she more and more rarely mentioned the ring, and, at last, ceased speaking of it altogether.

To be sure, the farmer looked at the ring, and twirled it about as many as twenty times a day: but he was very careful never to wish.

After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their wish was still unasked, then was God very good to them, and on the same night they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren surrounded the two coffins; and as one wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remembrance, the oldest son said: "Let our father take his ring into the grave. There was always a mystery about it; perhaps it was

emperor, baron, even a gentleman farmer, with chests overflowing with gold; but you don't know what you want."

"We are young and life is long," he answered. "There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but sometime we may sorely need this wish? Are we in want of any-

some dear remembrance. Our mother, too, so often looked at the ring—she may have given it to him when they were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the ring, which had been supposed to be a wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought as much good fortune into the house as heart could desire.



A BOLD HUNTER.

BY EVA F. L. CARSON.

ONCE a brave little boy went a-gunning,
His weapon clasped tight in his arms.
"I'm anxious," said he,
"Dreadful monsters to see,

Such as fill other boys with alarms,
Beasts that roar as they run,
I should think it but fun,
They would run all the faster from me:
Beasts that sit still and smile,
When I'd been there awhile,
Very much less amused they would be,
Ah, you'd see
How much less amused they would be!
I'm a wonderful hunter in every way!"
Said the bold little boy that went gunning
that day.

So bravely the little boy started,
But ere he had traveled a mile,
On the edge of the wood
A De Gustibus stood,
With a gentle expansible smile.
Then the little boy's hair
Stood on end with despair;
And he cried: "Oh, I had no idea
A De Gustibus could,
On the edge of a wood,
Look so very uncommonly queer!

Dear, Oh, dear,
He does look so remarkably queer!
Do you think that he sits here every day,
And smiles at each hunter that comes this
way?"

he De Gustibus smiled, as he murmured:
"Oh, come, my bold hunter, with me,
I've a friend that can run
And roar gently for fun,
A friend you'll be glad dear to see
As for me, I can smile,
Sit beside me a while,
And I'll smile in a wonderful way
My brave hunter, don't go,
One might fancy, you know,
That you thought about running away!
Stay, dear, stay.

Don't think about running away.
Oh, come, let us travel, my friend to see
Oh, come my bold hunter, come roaming
with me!"

But the little boy hurriedly answered:
"I think I won't travel to-day,
I should so like to go,
But I'm tired, you know,
For I've come such a very long way;
And then, besides that,
I've got on an old hat,
And my gun; and that never would do,

To start out to call,
Or go roaming, at all,
Most beautiful creature, with you!

So — adieu!"
And the little boy vanished from view!
Yes, he hastily vanished from view.
"I'll travel no more with a gun," said he,
"This hunting 's a business that don't suit me."

And still the De Gustibus sits there, they say,
And smiles at each hunter that comes that
way!



SWEEP AWAY.*

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER XXI.

HEMMED IN.

THE loss of the flat-boat, which had done the party such good service, was disheartening, but they all took it philosophically, though it gave them cause for serious alarm. It proved that, unparalleled as was the flood, the river was still rising, and the cape of land on which they were hemmed in was rapidly decreasing in area. If the increase should continue at this rate a few hours longer, the promontory would be entirely submerged.

Why the starving cattle should persist in staying on this narrow strip of land, when the way was open to the main-land, none of them could understand.

The buffalo-gnats continuing to torment them, it was decided that the best thing they could do was to start a fire. The board which had served them for a seat in the scow was whittled up for kindling, while Jack and Crab climbed two of the nearest trees to break off dead limbs.

All this time the cattle continued to crowd nearer, and the three men fought them back from the women and children, who were forced to the very edge of the water.

After some delay, the fire was kindled, though it burned slowly and with much smoke. This, however, was no objection, as it helped keep away the gnats, which were really the most formidable of all the foes with which the party had to contend.

With all their labor, the supply of fuel collected was so scanty that it looked as though it would be impossible to keep a fire going through the long, dismal night, which had only just begun.

At this juncture, Crab suggested that it would be a good idea to partake of some corn-bread and roast pig; but the others decided that no one, unless it were the women and little girls, should trench upon the precious store of food before morning.

Had they uncovered their provisions, it is more than probable that some of the famishing cattle, attracted by the smell, would have made a fight for them, in which event the party would inevitably have been trampled to death. But so long as the poor beasts knew nothing of it, they were not likely to attack our friends.

Feeling the necessity of keeping the fire going,

Mr. Wheeler, Jack, and Crab pushed their way among the struggling animals, at no little risk to themselves, and used their knives on several other pines. The result was encouraging; each threw down an armful of fuel, which, now that the fire was fairly going, burned readily.

But, as if there was to be no end to their misfortunes, a new danger soon arose. The suffering animals appeared to understand that the flames were a protection against the insects, and they crowded forward until it looked as if they would force the party into the water and trample out the fire itself.

Wheeler, Strawton, and the man who had last joined them (who gave his name as Bingham) fought back the half-frantic herd as best they could. Jack and Crab also assisted, and more than once Jack was on the point of shooting some obstinate ox or mule that would not budge from the tracks in which it was standing. All the members of the party were naturally much alarmed.

"It can not be very far to the main-land," shouted Mr. Wheeler, seeing that it was out of the question to maintain themselves where they were, "and we must force our way there, or it will be all over with us."

The others had thought of proposing the same thing; so there was little hesitation in making the attempt.

Mr. Wheeler placed himself at the head of the party, with a flaming brand in his hand, the men and boys came next, while the women and little girls were placed, for greater safety, between the men and the river; and so the march began.

The weaker ones were thus shut out from direct contact with the crowding animals, though it was doubtful whether they could be thus protected to the end. All the men carried torches taken from the fire, which they swung about their heads, so as to keep them in a continual blaze. They meant also to use them as goads to force the animals out of their path.

The party had not moved a dozen steps when a number of the beasts crowded in behind them, and the fire that remained was speedily trampled out.

Mr. Wheeler and his friends soon found they had undertaken a task of the greatest difficulty and danger. At first, the animals showed signs of fear, and moved aside when the fiery brands were flourished in their eyes and thrust against their sides;

but before long they became wedged so closely together that it seemed impossible for them to stir.

Mr. Wheeler struck a big ox in front of him, but the beast paid no attention. He then brandished his torch several times, until it was all ablaze, when he made another attempt. The ox, frightened and pained, threw up its head and made a plunge which carried it a couple of feet, when its head and shoulders became wedged in between others.

There was not enough space left for the party to pass, and so Mr. Wheeler belabored him again, with such effect that the poor animal made one more

Mr. Wheeler exerted himself to the utmost, but could accomplish nothing, nor could any of the others. Manifestly, it was beyond human power to force a way through the living wall before them.

At last they were compelled to abandon the effort.

CHAPTER XXII.

RESCUED.

MR. WHEELER stopped and looked back. By the light of the flaring torches, he could see the



"HEMMEED IN BY THE HERD OF ANIMALS."

desperate effort, which gave a little more room. The path thus cleared was a very narrow one, but as the ox could evidently move no further, Mr. Wheeler resolved to venture through it, and the rest succeeded in following him.

The party struggled bravely forward, but had not gone far when once more they were brought to a stand-still. The cattle were wedged in so closely that it seemed beyond the power of any one or anything to stir them. The cape had been crowded in the first place, and since then, its limits narrowed by the rising waters, the animals were all but piled one on top of another.

white faces of the women and little girls behind him, all standing still and looking to him for guidance. Back of them still, and around them on all sides but one, were the cattle, the mules, and the hogs — all frantic with hunger, and maddened by the dagger-like thrusts of the buffalo-gnats.

The brave man saw no way of extricating the party from the dangerous situation. It was useless to try to go back, and it was out of their power to go forward.

No one spoke, for it was almost impossible to hear amid the deafening uproar, and no one could propose anything that promised the slightest relief.

But, as is often the case, at the very moment when hope died out, it was revived in the most unexpected manner. There was a sudden commotion among the animals closer inshore, and then all at once a singular stampede began. The panic spread from one to another, and in much less time than it takes to tell it, the whole herd was plunging furiously toward the main-land.

The scene was most extraordinary; and but for the fact that the little party stood in the edge of the rushing torrent, they would have been trampled under foot in an instant.

Before they clearly understood what was going on, the frenzied herd of animals was gone. The cape was deserted, and our party stood alone, too much astonished to stir or speak, until the circling torches revealed the whole truth. Dead animals were on every hand, but not a living one was to be seen. The latter were galloping through the woods, still bellowing, whinnying, and squealing from suffering; and now for the first time since our party landed was anything like conversation possible.

"We may as well stay where we are," suggested Mr. Bingham.

"No," replied Mr. Strawton, "the poor beasts may come back, and then our situation will be as bad as before."

"You are right," said Mr. Wheeler; "we will be better off somewhere else. There 's no need of running any risk."

All were agreed that their most prudent course was to push on to the main-land, as had been proposed, and they accordingly set out at once. The night was very dark, and it was so hard to pick their way through the woods along shore, where a misstep was liable to precipitate them into the water, that it was decided to go into camp as soon as a suitable spot could be found.

"You want to know what I t'ink?" suddenly inquired Crab, while they were trudging along in this fashion. No one expressed any desire to know what the boy thought, and he therefore volunteered the information: "We 's taxin' our strength so much dat we 'd better stop and partook ob some food afore going funder—Murderation!"

A projecting limb had caught Crab under the chin, causing him momentarily to fear that his neck had been dislocated.

"There 's a light ahead!"

It was Jack Lawrence who uttered the words, as he caught the star-like twinkle of a point of fire, which instantly vanished again. Mr. Wheeler had also noticed it, and thought it was a camp-fire, the intervening trees and their own shifting position causing it to disappear so quickly.

A moment later, all saw the light so distinctly

that there could be no doubt of its character. It was a large fire, probably kindled by some refugees whose plight was as pitiful as that of those who were approaching them.

"They may be in need of some assistance," suggested Jack, ready, with characteristic generosity, to share his last crust with any one more unfortunate than himself.

It is hard to convey an adequate idea of the condition of the multitudes who suffered from the Mississippi floods. The little party of whom we have particularly spoken were more fortunate than hundreds, but their condition was still pitiable. The two little girls were tired and worn out, as were the women, one of whom carried an infant in her arms. The woods were so dark that they had to feel their way along, and, to add to all their other discomforts, it had begun to rain.

Having no means of shelter, by common impulse they all hurried toward the camp-fire, which was now close at hand.

Here a pleasant surprise awaited them. Gathered around the fire were four men, with their wives and children,—the last numbering nine,—who were encamped by the bank of the river, where they had been for three days. They had erected a framework of logs, which was covered with bark and green boughs. The rising river had compelled them to change its location five times already, and they were now discussing the advisability of moving it once more. The river was within twenty feet and still rising, though so slowly that it was hoped the highest point would be reached before the rude cabin was again disturbed.

The shelter was a most welcome one to our friends, who had barely time to huddle together in the cabin when the rain came down in torrents, some of it forcing its way through the primitive roof.

The party whose hospitality they were enjoying were not suffering from anything, except an occasional sting from the buffalo-gnats. Although driven from their homes by the flood, they had retreated slowly enough to take a good many useful implements with them. They had a couple of guns, axes, shovels, and many other utensils which they had been fortunate enough to save from the universal wreck and ruin.

One of this party had been a Mississippi pilot, and was, therefore, able to give his companions much useful advice.

With the descent of the rain, the temperature grew cooler; and, although the accommodations were poor, yet the fire and the shelter were most welcome. The men fraternized at once and discussed their singular experiences, while the women cheered each other and gave their fullest sympathy to the unfortunate mother who had lost her boy.

The night was a long and dismal one, despite the interest which the new acquaintances felt in each other. They were crowded in the cabin, that was not designed to accommodate so many. The rain continued until after midnight, by which time the younger members of the company were asleep, but the men found the quarters too uncomfortable to permit refreshing slumber. When, therefore, the storm ceased, they moved out-doors under the trees, where the fire was kept blazing, and they smoked their pipes and talked until the long, wearisome night came to an end. An examination showed that the river had not risen since midnight, and it was, therefore, safe to conclude that the highest point had been reached. This intelligence made every one feel more cheerful, despite the unpromising aspect of the weather.

The aim of the refugees was to attract the attention of some of the steamers that were constantly passing up and down the river. With this purpose in view, the fire was kept constantly burning near the shore, and some one of the company remained on the lookout from morning till night.

There were signs of a renewal of the storm, when one of the party exclaimed in considerable excitement that a steam-boat was in sight. Such was indeed the fact, and, as it had just come around a sharp bend of the western bank, it was close in and cautiously feeling its way up-stream.

It was so near, indeed, that no difficulty was experienced in signaling it, and preparations were at once made by those on board to take off the entire party.

The steam-boat proved to be the "Belle Memphis," one of the floating "good Samaritans" which steamed up and down the Mississippi, and for hundreds of miles across the overflowed lands, carrying Government rations to the multitudes who were starving and saving many who otherwise must have perished.

A large number of refugees, both white and colored, were on the "Belle Memphis" when our friends reached her decks. Almost the first to greet Jack Lawrence and Crab Jackson was the smiling, effusive Colonel Carrolton, who shook both warmly by the hand, and congratulated them, as he did all the men of the party, on their rescue.

"Did you get through to Vicksburg?" asked Jack, when the Colonel finally gave him a chance to speak.

"Not quite," replied he, with a laugh. "I was going all right, and would have fetched up there in good time, but my rooster crowed so loud I could n't sleep; he was determined to crow, and it kept me busy choking him off. I found it was going to

be very exhausting; so when the 'Belle' offered to take me on board I had n't any good reason to decline; but, all the same, my folks in Vicksburg will be disappointed in not seeing me coming down the river on a hen-coop, among those ninety others that I understand were picked up by an Indian in a skiff."

"Did you tell the captain about us?" inquired Jack.

"Of course," said the Colonel; "we were looking for you as we steamed up the river."

"Thank you," replied Jack; "for though we have been pretty fortunate, our situation was still bad enough at best."

"And how did you stand it?" asked the Colonel, turning to Crab, who had always been a favorite with him.

"Fus' rate," answered Crab, with a comical smile, "though I does n't feel very cum'f'ble on account ob habin' to keep on dis Sunday ulster all de time."

"I think," said the Colonel, laughing heartily as he surveyed Crab's tattered coat with a critical air, "that it would improve that ulster if you would wear it right side out, and shove your left arm through the sleeve instead of through that hole in the rear pocket."

Crab proceeded very solemnly to examine the garment, and was not a little surprised to find that the criticisms of the Colonel were warranted by the facts. He undertook to put the "ulster" into shape, but it was too much entangled and demoralized.

"Dar's no use ob my tryin' to do anyt'ing," he finally exclaimed, as he abandoned the effort, "till I hab sumfin' to eat. I feels sort of faintish."

"Yes," explained Jack, "he has n't tasted a mouthful since his breakfast, two hours ago. He must really be suffering by this time."

The wants of the refugees were fully attended to, and their physical sufferings were ended from the moment they placed foot on the "Belle Memphis."

Mr. Lawrence knew nothing of the dangers to which his two children and servant were exposed until that danger was past. After the subsidence of the overflow, he, like many others who had thought themselves ruined, found that everything was not lost, and that pluck, persistency, and industry are sure to win, despite all discouragements. The cabin was rebuilt on a higher site, fresh crops sprang up around it as if by magic, and to-day there is not a lovelier spot along the banks of the Mississippi, or a happier home than that of Archibald Lawrence and our young friends, Jack, Dollie, and Crab.

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK. X.

THE PLAYTHINGS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.—CONTINUED.

BY FREDERIC G. MATHER.



VIEWING THE PANORAMA. [SEE PAGE 871, SEPTEMBER NUMBER.]

CHAPTER V.

THE "HOME WREATH"—CORN-STALK
FIDDLES AND LUTES.

THE juvenile paper referred to in the last chapter (which described our Panorama) was the *Home Wreath*. It was entirely a home production, appearing regularly every Saturday upon a sheet of foolscap paper. Every word in it was written with pen and ink. Here is the opening sentiment—written by one of our elders:

"Let father, mother, sister, brother,
Each in their turn, combine,
With true affection unalloyed,
Our *Home Wreath* to entwine.
Nor let us this love's labor leave
Till we a graceful garland weave."

And so at the head of every number there was painted a wreath of oak, or of laurel, or of ivy—every week a different one. Short stories were copied from the papers or magazines, and puzzles of all kinds were invented. If any of us took a journey, the *Home Wreath* must be furnished with a full description; and if any new houses were built or if any old houses were burned, the *Home Wreath* did not perform its duty if it was silent. After

a time, the *Home Wreath*—having fulfilled its mission—sickened and died; but we can never look upon that dingy roll of papers without thinking of the pleasure and profit that it was to us in the days that are past, for it comprised about the only literary amusement that we had outside of going to school, and occasionally hearing a lecture from "Doesticks," "Mrs. Partington," or Henry Ward Beecher in his younger days.

If our literary privileges were scanty, so were our musical. The girls were all put to drumming on the piano,—where there was a piano,—whether they had a liking for music or not. We boys had to amuse ourselves with ruder instruments. The corn-stalk fiddle was a source of real pleasure. The instrument was simply and very rudely made from a single joint of a green corn-stalk, by cutting on the flat side five parallel grooves, very near together. The four fibers of cane thus left were our strings, which we tightened at the upper end by slipping under them a bit of wood as a bridge. The

notes were sounded by means of a small bow of horsehair, which was rubbed across the strings near the bridge, but toward the place where the fingers were used in keeping the strings open or shut.

What we call the "lute" was made by marking the outline of Fig. 17 on an inch pine board. The board having been cut on the line, the curi-

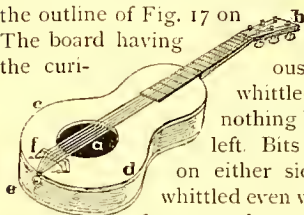
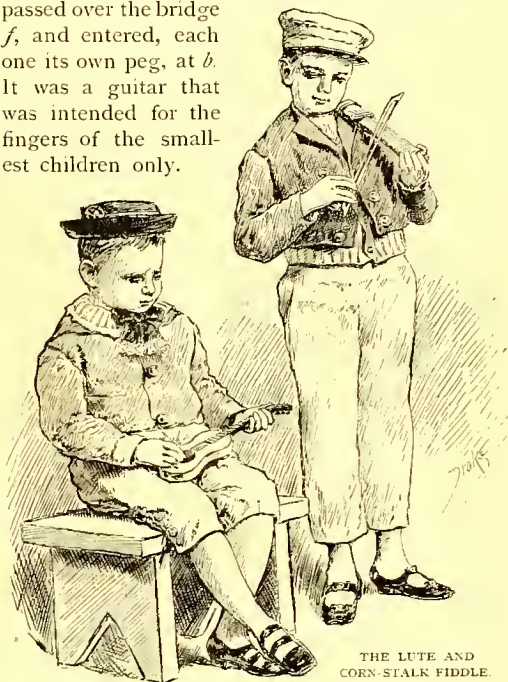


FIG. 17.—THE "LUTE."

ously shaped block was whittled out inside, so that nothing but a narrow rim was left. Bits of shingle were glued on either side of this rim and whittled even with it. The distance from *c* to *d* was three and a half inches, and the length from *e* to *b* was ten inches. A round hole, one and a half inches in diameter, was made at *a*. After this, the neck was worked out, and the places made for the pegs that tightened the six strings—after the manner of a guitar. These strings were fastened at *e*, passed over the bridge *f*, and entered, each one its own peg, at *b*. It was a guitar that was intended for the fingers of the small-est children only.



THE LUTE AND CORN-STALK FIDDLE.

CHAPTER VI.

BOWS, ARROWS, AND CROSS-GUNS; POP-GUNS AND FIRE-ARMS.

OUR bows and arrows were made of the straight-est-grained hickory, many a stick of which we selected and laid aside before it was sawed, or "cut," into lengths for the stove. Once in a while our arrows were tipped with the end of a nail driven in and filed to a sharp point. The cross-gun (Fig.

18) required considerable trouble in the making; but, once done, its aim was much more accurate than that of the simple bow and arrow. In the first place, a piece of half-inch pine plank, three feet and four inches long and six inches wide, was selected. Both sides having been planed, the shape of the cross-gun, as shown in the picture, was marked and the wood cut away. At *b* a hole about an inch square was cut with a knife or chisel, through which the bow might be slipped and fastened. The distance from *a* to *c* was two feet, and from *a* to *b* three inches. The bow was four feet long. From *a* to *c* the upper surface was channeled with

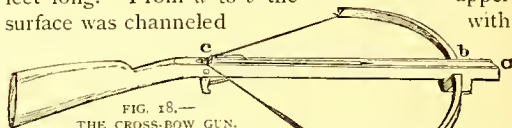


FIG. 18.—THE CROSS-BOW GUN.

a gouge or curved chisel; and there was a trigger so placed that, when it was pulled, it would release the string from a notch and shoot to a great distance the arrow that lay in the groove *ac*.

The simplest pop-gun that we had was a quill three or four inches long, with a bit of a stick for a "rammer." Slices of potatoes—four or five slices to the inch—furnished the ammu-

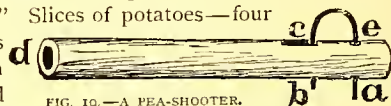


FIG. 19.—A PEA-SHOOTER.

nition, the sharp ends of the quill cutting through and punching out the wads without any trouble. Larger pop-guns, of course, were made of pieces of the alder bush, about a foot long. The pith having been pressed out, the gun was ready for the wads of wet paper. Sometimes a bit of a bamboo fish-pole served the same purpose; but the bore was required to be not only straight, but of uniform size throughout. A "squirt-gun" was made after the same manner as a pop-gun, except that one end of the alder or bamboo was closed with a block of wood through which an awl-hole had been bored. The rammer also became a "plunger" by the addition of a piece of leather or "sucker" at the end. Equipped with this water gun, the boy was a terror to the whole school. Another kind of pop-gun (Fig. 19) was made from a piece of bamboo and a length of whalebone. Small holes were cut at *a*, *b*, and *e*, and a longer hole at *c*. The whalebone was bent and shoved through *ca* and *cb*. A pea was placed in the opening *d*, and allowed to run down till it touched the whalebone spring below *c*. The end of the whalebone was pressed upward through *b*, and the pea went spinning away.

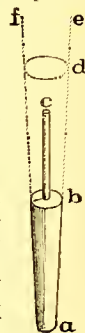
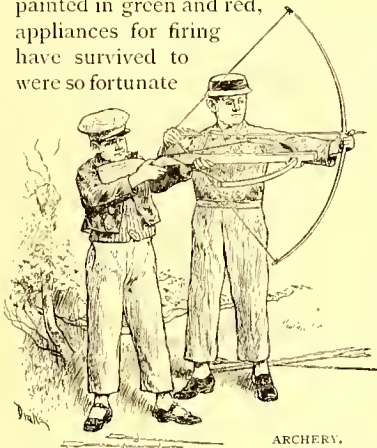


FIG. 20.—OUR CANNON.

A simple hollow tube of alder was also used as an air-gun for shooting peas by the quick expulsion of the breath.

Aside from an old, roughly made hickory pistol, painted in green and red, appliances for firing have survived to were so fortunate



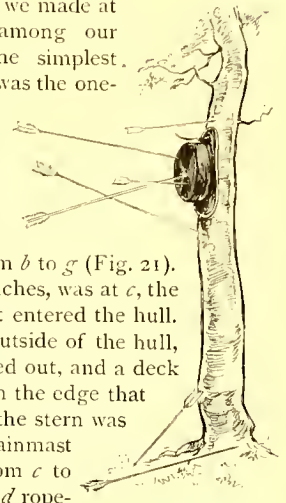
ARCHERY.

none of our fire-crackers this day. We as to be presented with an old rifle-barrel, and it was indeed a prize. There were three of us, and the barrel was therefore cut into three pieces by a file. Then came the hardest work of all, for each of the three boys wanted the rear end of the barrel, on which there was an old-fashioned flint-lock. So we "drew cuts," and the two who drew the pieces of the barrel that were not so good took them to the gunsmith and had the ends "plugged up" with pieces of iron. After a great many trials, we finally gave up the old gun-barrel, and went back to our lead cannon, as the safer of the two. A cannon of this kind was very easily made, the size varying according to the quantity of lead that we could muster. A block of wood, *cha* (Fig. 20), was whittled out so that the part from *b* to *a* would be round and tapering toward *a*. The size at *b* was the size at the mouth of the proposed cannon. The size from *c* to *b* was the length and the diameter of the bore. Having made smooth every part of the wood, a strip of paper was wound tightly about the part *ba* and secured with a string. The paper, in several thicknesses, came up as far as the dotted lines *e* and *f*; and this formed the mold. Carefully handling the melted lead, we poured it into the opening at *e* and *b* until it came up as far as *d*. On stripping off the paper and pulling out the wooden "core" *c*, the cannon was complete, with the exception of a small "touch-hole," which was afterward drilled with an awl.

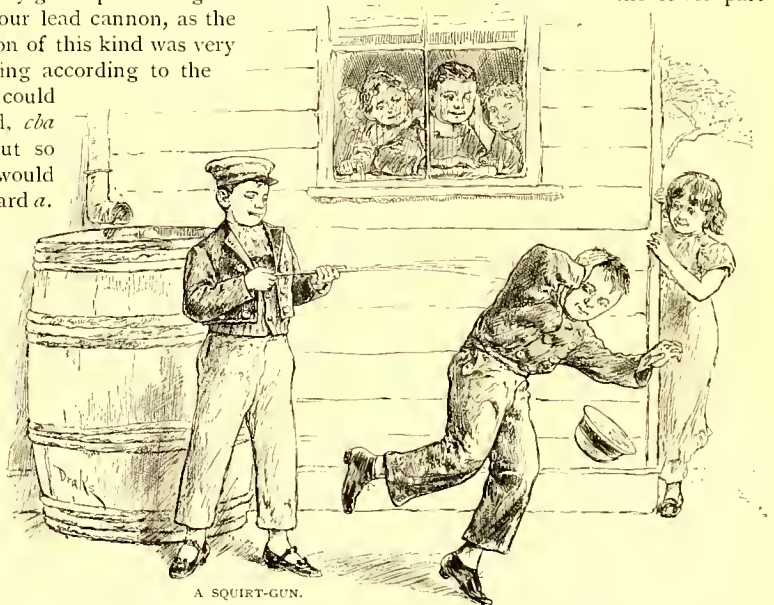
CHAPTER VII.

YACHTS, SCHOONERS, AND ROW-BOATS.

THE first attempts we made at boat-building were among our most successful. The simplest kind of boat to build was the one-masted yacht. A piece of two-inch pine plank was selected, fifteen inches long and eight inches wide. The fifteen inches was the length of the boat from *b* to *g* (Fig. 21). The breadth, eight inches, was at *c*, the place where the mast entered the hull. Having shaped the outside of the hull, the inside was hollowed out, and a deck of shingle tacked upon the edge that was left. A cabin at the stern was also added. The mainmast was twenty inches from *c* to *h*; and from the point *d* rope-ladders of copper wire ran down to the deck on either side. The bowsprit or jib-boom was six inches from *b* to *a*. From *c* to *b* the distance was five inches. The boom, *cc*, that held the lower part



THE BUTT.



A SQUIRT-GUN.

of the mainsail, was fourteen inches long; and the gaff, *fil*, was ten inches long. The mainsail, the gaff-top-sail, the jib, and the flying jib were all raised and lowered by linen threads that were both large and stout. A keel of hammered lead, three-

quarters of an inch deep and half an inch broad, kept the yacht from tipping over when she spread too much sail.

The schooner (Fig. 22) was a greater favorite with us



A PNEUMATIC PEA-SHOOTER.

than the yacht; for while the yacht was the best looking, yet it could not carry cargoes of beans and many other things that the schooner could carry in her hold. It was very difficult to find such a piece of lumber as we wanted for the hull; but whenever we discovered that a new house was building, we generally managed to secure a block of pine thirty inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches deep. These figures represent the length, breadth, and depth of the outside of the hull. After the outside had been properly shaped, the inside was "dug out" in the same manner as that of the yacht I have already described. A deck of quarter-inch pine was then fastened to the hull. The measurements were as follows: from *a* to the center of *b* (a circular hatchway), seven inches; from *a* to *c* (the hole for the foremast), nine and a half inches; from *c* to *e* (the hole for the mainmast), thirteen and a half inches. The hatchway at *d* was four inches square; and the one at *f* was two inches square. The rudderpost came up through the hole *g*. A keel of hammered lead, half an inch square, was fastened to the bottom of the hull. The masts and sails were made after the manner of the yacht's; but they were coarser, and they did not look so well.

The only row-boat that we made was the one that I have drawn in Fig. 23. The lumber-mill was first visited, and four twelve-foot pine boards, one inch thick, were selected. Two of the boards

(for the sides of the boat) were fifteen inches wide; the other two (for the bottom and ends) were not quite so wide. The two fifteen-inch boards were nailed together, and each end was cut off at an angle—as you will see at *a* and *b*. The two narrower boards were sawed into "lengths," each one of which was two feet, or perhaps two and a half feet, long, and these short pieces were nailed to the sides, beginning at *cd*. When the bottom and both ends had been covered, all the cracks were stopped with oakum and pitch. Without waiting for a coat or two of paint, we put the old tub of a boat upon the four solid wooden wheels of a baby cart, and trundled it down to the lake. We had fine times with this boat, as we rowed along with our home-made oars.

When the usefulness of our craft as a means of transportation appeared to be over, we took it from the lake and, garden, used

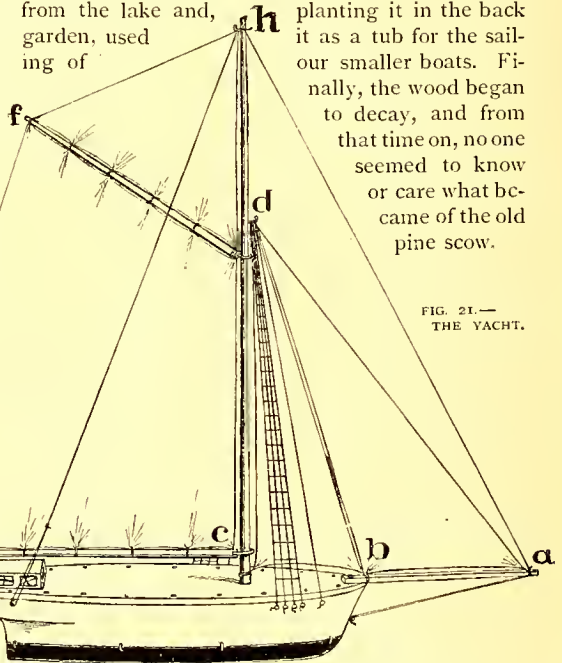


FIG. 21.— THE YACHT.

planting it in the back it as a tub for the sail-our smaller boats. Finally, the wood began to decay, and from that time on, no one seemed to know or care what became of the old pine scow.

CHAPTER VIII—COACHES AND RAILROADS.

FROM the time that we could handle knives, saws, and hammers, we often made the coarser and plainer kinds of wagons for hauling earth or our

sisters' dolls — it made no difference which. And it was only when we had reached the "old boy" age of eleven or twelve years that we attempted to copy, on a small scale, one of the stages that went by our door every day, on its way to —. When



FIG. 22.—PLAN OF THE SCHOONER.

we had once made up our minds to commence the work, we brought together several shingles,— those treasures to the boy,—and planed both sides of every one very smooth. Then we proceeded to make the "body" of the coach. A pattern was

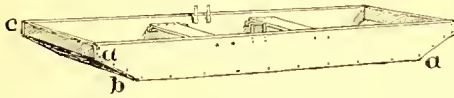


FIG. 23.—A ROWBOAT.

cut from paper in the curious shape *abcdcfe*g (Fig. 24). The distance from *a* to *f* was $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches; from *c* to *d*, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches; from *d* to *e*, $1\frac{1}{3}$ inch; from *g* to the line *ad*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The two sides having been accurately cut, one of them was still further prepared by rounding off the edge from *a* all the way to *g* and *f*. This gave the "swell" to the body. The other side was rounded upon the edge in the same way, except that the rounding was done upon the other side. A "bottom board," *hijk*, was prepared, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. This board was curved at the ends, and the edges from *h* to *i* and from *j* to *k* were grooved for the "through-braces," of which you will hear more presently. The side pieces having been glued to the bottom board, four posts, *lmno*, each $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, were fastened at the ends of the side pieces. Four other upright pieces, *pqrs*, were cut off so that they would be even with the four posts already placed in position. The "end pieces," *mllk* and *ijnv*, were then fitted into their places and glued fast. If we wished to make a nicer job, we made the bottom board and the end pieces shorter at *hk* and *ij*, and filled the opening with a piece of curved wood, the grain of which ran at right angles to the grain of the bottom and the ends. After this, it was an easy matter to make a top into which should be fastened all the upright pieces, *mnpqrsno*. The edges of the top were rounded off in every direction, so that it might shed the rain. Three seats, with cushions, were placed inside. At the first end (as you will see in Fig. 28) a seat for the driver was made, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high and broad, and standing out from

the body $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. An oval window was cut over the seat; and at the rear end there was a baggage rack, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 2 inches long, the sides being lined with thin black leather. The "running gear" (Fig. 25) was made as follows: The rear axle, *cf*, 3 inches long between the wheels; the "reach," *ad*, 5 inches; the part *a*, $\frac{1}{3}$ inch from the part *b*; *d* also $\frac{1}{3}$ inch from *c*; the parts *a*, *b*, and *d*, each $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long; forward axle (Fig. 26), 3 inches long, like the rear axle, both axles being $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep, and long enough at each end to receive the wheels. The tongue, *b*, was 9 inches long. The hole *a* (Fig. 26) was then placed over the hole *a* (Fig. 25), and a pin or wire was thrust down through both holes to serve as a "king bolt." Strips of tin, one inch high, bent into the form shown in Fig. 27, were fastened into the frame-work of the running gear at *ghij* (Fig. 25). The diagram shows how they were fastened. In Fig. 28 you will notice that these tin supports held narrow strips of leather, called through-braces, one on each side; and you will also notice that the body of the stage rested upon these through-braces. It would have been almost impossible for us to make the wheels after

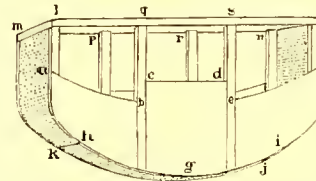


FIG. 24.—PATTERN FOR A STAGE-COACH.

the manner of the wheels on a large stage, with hubs and spokes. Even if we had had the proper tools, the job would not have been an easy one. So we marked the wheels upon a small strip of white wood $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick. The hind wheels were $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and the fore wheels were 2 inches in diameter. Having fitted them upon the axles, they were secured with linch-pins made from ordinary pins, and the whole stage (Fig. 28) was ready to take our sisters' dolls out for a holiday trip.

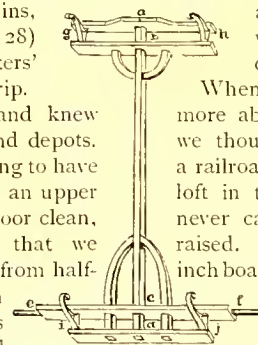
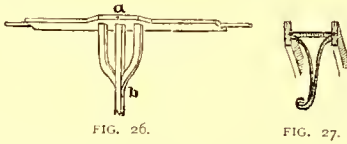


FIG. 25.—RUNNING GEAR.

When we were a little older, and knew more about cars and we thought it would be a fine thing to have a railroad of our own. We cleared an upper loft in the barn and swept the floor clean, never caring for the great dust that we raised. The next step was to saw from half-inch boards long strips half an inch in width. The strips were afterward planed smoothly upon each edge. Our strips measured thirty or forty feet before we commenced to nail them to the floor with inch brads. The strips—or, rather, the rails of the

track as they then became—were nailed exactly four inches apart. It was easy enough to lay what we called the “main track,” but when we laid the



“switches,” we worked very carefully. Fig. 29 shows how a switch was put in position. The main track ran (from left to right) from *a* to *g* and from *b* to *h*. But in order to switch off from the main track, it was necessary to have two movable pieces of track, *ac* and *bd*, which were fastened at *a* and *b*, so that the end *c* could move up to *g* and the end *d* to *h*. A single nail was all the fastening that was required.

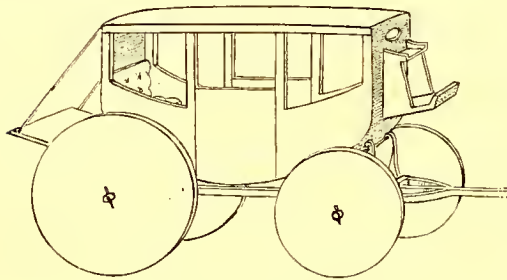


FIG. 28.—THE STAGE-COACH COMPLETED.

Small wires kept the movable pieces of track exactly four inches apart, and they were moved to *g* and *h*, or to *c* and *d*, by the handle at *f*. The track was cut away at *e*, so that the wheels of the cars might pass on either the main track or the

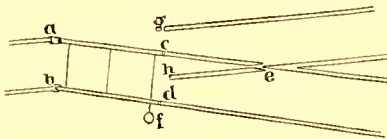


FIG. 29.—A RAILWAY SWITCH.

switch. The movable pieces *ac* and *bd* were about fifteen inches long, but in the picture they are

through the freight house. A pair of wheels (Fig. 31) was made by fastening two ribbon-blocks, *ab*, to a round stick, or “journal,” *c*. Before the blocks were fastened to *c*, they were secured to round pieces of tin a little larger in diameter than themselves. The tins, being on the inside, formed the rims that kept the wheels on the track. Two pairs of wheels (like Fig. 31) were secured with wire staples to the bottom of a box, and the car (Fig. 32) was ready to run upon the track, provided that no mistake had been made by placing the wheels either more or less than four inches apart, *inside*.



FIG. 31.—THE WHEELS.

The building of an engine that would draw several of these cars—or the more elaborate passenger cars—was quite beyond our power. Our hands, therefore, served to pull or to push our trains wherever we pleased.

After we had played in this way for a year or two, an older boy came to visit us from a great city, with a tin locomotive in his hands. Winding up the spring, he set it to running before our wondering eyes.

“I wonder if it will draw our car?” said one of the railway kings.

“Let us try it and see,” said another to the older boy.

The older boy consented. The locomotive was



FIG. 32.—A CAR.

again wound up and placed on the track. The cars were light, and they were drawn swiftly along the track.

All went well as long as the new machine was there. But, before many days, the mother took the older boy and his locomotive back to the city.

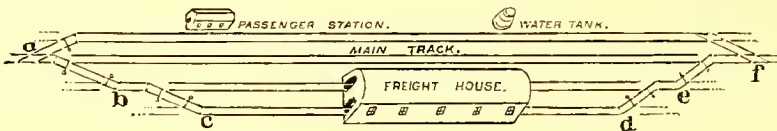


FIG. 30.—RAILWAY TRACK.

made shorter in order to show the construction of the switch more plainly. Fig. 30 shows how we made switches at *agbdef*, and ran two of them

We once more moved our cars by hand, but it seemed too much like hard work.

“Let’s strike!” said one.

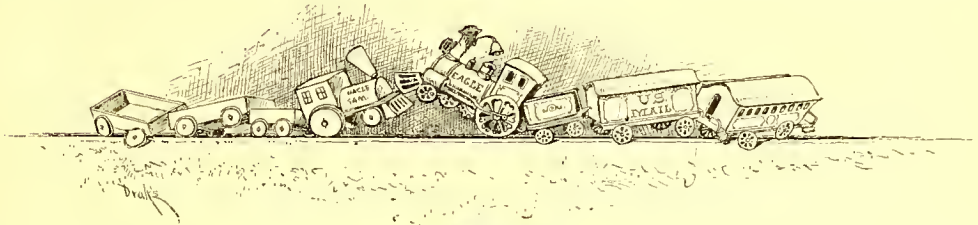
“Our railroad will not be worth a continental customer, if we do not have all the big railroads have,” said another.

So we struck. The rails were torn up and the cars were thrown from the track and overturned.

Thus ended the last of the playthings. Since that time, we have become more interested in “live” railroads and sail-boats; and we do not feel as much like playing with all of the things

that we have mentioned as we used to when we were younger.

But I think you will agree with me when I say that we had just as much real fun as it was possible for boys to have; and that I would not exchange experiences with the boy who has had every toy in his possession furnished to him from the store. Try the making of some of these toys for yourselves, boys, and see if you are not greatly benefited in the end in the same ways that we were benefited.



THE END.

BROWN LITTLE PRINCE.

ONCE upon a time there was a poor dog named Prince, who had no home to go to. He felt very hungry; his feet were tired, and he had run up and down ever so many streets; but no one had said, “Come in, Prince!” not even once.

At one house, there was quite a big, pleasant door-yard. The dog thought that he would go into that, so he went very softly up a stone walk and past an open window.

Then a lady who saw him went out upon the porch and said: “Come here, poor dog. What is the matter with you?”

She did not say, “Come here, Prince,” for she did not know his name; but the dog knew she meant him, and he went right up and looked at her, as if to say: “I’m lost, and I am hungry.”

This lady must have seen dogs’ eyes talk before, for she said: “Never mind, nice dog; I will feed you.”

So she gave him some bread and milk and a soft pat on his head; and then she sent him away to find his home.

Two or three days after this time, the lady was going away to stay all summer on a small island in the sea. And the morning she was to set off, the dog came again to the house; but she did not see him.

How Prince found out that she was going, no one could tell; but when she went into the rail-car, there was the dog, right by her side, and the train moved off, with the dog on it.

Soon the conductor came along, and asked the lady: "Is this your dog?"

And she *had* to say: "It is not my dog."

"Very well, then; at the first station I will put him off," said he. Then the conductor went away, leaving Prince looking very sad.

"Poor fellow!" said the lady, patting him gently. "What *can* I do with you?"

The great brown eyes said: "Take me with you, take me with you — oh, *please* do."

"Dear doggy, I will take you with me," she said.

Then the tail began to wag with joy; it struck the car seats so hard that two little boys laughed. But happy Prince did not care; he leaped upon the red car-seat beside his friend, and lay down with one foot in her hand.

By and by, the conductor came along to take him out. Prince was ready for him. He barked and growled so that everybody laughed; and at last the lady said: "He is lost, and I will keep him."

After that, all went well until they had to change from one train to the other. Then a brakeman, seeing Prince try to jump up (the step was high), gave him a kick, and he went under the car.

When he found that it was all right for the dog to get on, he offered to lift him up; but the dog was afraid of him, and kept out of his reach.

Poor Prince! The train began to go. He ran after it, but it was of no use. He could not keep up, and the lady could not do anything for the poor lost dog.

She staid at this place some time, waiting to be taken over to the island. At last, a man came with her trunks. And there was Prince, too! I can not begin to tell you how glad she was to see him, nor how he twisted and jumped and wagged and barked with joy at finding her once more.

The lady thought the man had gone back to the other town to get him. But it was not so. He told her that when he went to the station, the dog was standing on the track, and would not go with him, but stood there gazing up and down the track until the baggage was taken out. Then, when Prince saw the trunks, he wanted to go with them, for he seemed to know that they would be taken to the lady.

Prince barked all the way over to the little island. He was such a happy dog, and he was in such fear of getting lost again, that, for a week, he would not let the lady move out of his sight.



“PRINCE LEAPED UPON THE CAR-SEAT BESIDE HIS FRIEND.”

This story is all true, for this dog Prince has lived with me more than eight years, and I love him *as much as ever a dog was loved*, and I have been writing this with his pretty head on my lap.

Dear, brown Prince! Long may he live!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AFTER the summer comes the autumn. So far, so good. This is just as it should be, my beloved. But just when does the summer go and the autumn come? That is the question.

Ha! Ha! Everybody knows *that*, you say?

Let's see. To begin with, which are the three autumn months?

September, October, and November.

Right! Now, when does the autumn begin?

On the first of September, of course.

Wrong!

When does the winter season begin?

Why, the winter months are December, January, and February; so, of course, winter begins on the first of December.

Wrong again, my dears. The winter season does not begin on December 1st. Neither does the spring begin on March 1st, nor the summer on June 1st.

Now, youngsters, this is no joke. It is the almanac truth—and yet I warrant that, of the first half-dozen folk that you may ask concerning the opening day of each season, hardly one will answer correctly.

I'd be glad to explain it all to you, my hearers; but the fact is, when a Jack-in-the-Pulpit tries to talk about astronomical matters, such as equinoxes and solstices and all that sort of thing, he gets bewildered, and his hearers soon begin to drop off. This much I *can* tell you. During this good year of 1883, the seasons open precisely as follows:

Spring began on March 20th.

Summer began on June 21st.

Autumn began on September 23d.

Winter will begin on December 21st.

Now, is not that rather surprising? Ask questions; study the thing out, my chicks, and maybe you will find out the why and the wherefore.

THE ERMINE.

ONE day, at the Red School-house, the dear Little School-ma'am gave out a subject, requesting all the boys and girls to take their slates and write a little

composition upon it at once, without asking a question or looking into a book.

The subject was "The Ermine," and here are three of the compositions. Which one do you think is the most nearly correct? I should like to have your opinions:

THE ERMINE.—I am not able to say exactly what this means; but as I must write something about it, I think it means a king's cloak. We often hear it said that such and such a man was worthy to wear the ermine. Now I think I will stop, as I have nothing more to tell.

JOHNNIE W.

THE ERMINE.—The ermine is not a common animal, because things made of ermine fur are generally very expensive. But they must be very beautiful creatures, with their pure white bodies dotted evenly with black spots. Some of them must grow to be very large, for their skin is made into cloaks and other garments. I once saw a play with a queen in it. It was by William Shakespeare, the greatest writer of his day, and the queen wore a long train all made of an ermine.

MABEL C. R.

THE ERMINE.—The ermine is a very small animal, something like a weasel, and his fur is gray, excepting in the winter, when it changes to a pure white. This enables the little animal to run across the snow without being seen by the hunters. But they do sometimes get caught, and their skin is a valuable article of commerce. When made up into ladies' muffs, tippets, and capes, or into cloaks for noblemen, it has little bits of black or dark fur sewed into it at regular intervals. This makes it look like a sort of dotted fur. The dark pieces are made from the fur of the ermine's tail, I believe. But I can not assert this for certain. It requires the skins of a good many ermine to make one ermine cape.

CHARLES E.

MAKE BATHS FOR THE BIRDS.

HERE is a little request from the birds. Many of them, you must know, are very fond of dipping their little bodies in fresh pools, but these often are hard to find. Now, they would like you to know how glad it would make them to find sometimes a little bath made ready for them in a quiet place in the grove, or in the orchard, or in any of their haunts.

Sink a tin pan or basin in the soft earth till the rim is only a little above the ground. Lay soft moss about this edge and make the place about it as pretty as you please with vines and flowers. Now all you have to do is to keep the little bath filled with clean cool water, and hide yourselves away so as not to frighten the little bathers. Your Jack's word upon it, they will find it out in time and enjoy your good work. Pebbles and clean gravel in the bottom of the basin will make your free bath all the more delightful to the birds.

HOW THEY DO IT.

CAN any of you young folk look behind you without turning your heads? You can? Why, how? Ah! by using a mirror, you say. Yes. . . . that will do very well. You hold the mirror before your face and, looking in, you can see what is going on behind you. But I know some one who can do better than this. Without turning his head, and without using a looking-glass, he can see behind him, perfectly well—even survey his own back if he wishes to do so. To make it still more wonderful, the individual I refer to can not even turn his eyes. In fact, they are not movable. Yet, I repeat, he can look behind him with perfect ease, and without moving. To prove it, you have only to let your finger approach him stealthily in the rear, and try to touch him. His name is Mr. Fly, and you can find him any day if you wish to

try the experiment. Now, how does he keep up this patent back-action lookout of his? That is what Deacon Green asked in speaking of Mr. Fly to the boys, and what do you think one of them replied?

Why this boy said that, if the other fellows who had n't answered would notice Mr. Fly sharply, they would find that his immovable eyes are shaped each like a half-apple standing out from the head—only instead of being smooth hemispheres they have a very great number of facets, like certain crystals, and that each one of these lets in the light to the retina, so that the fly can see in every direction.

That is what the boy said, as nearly as I can remember. They talked more about the matter, and the Deacon told the boys about the retina, and how it receives images—upside down, by the way.

But what is a retina? some of you may ask. Well, a retina is like happiness, the Deacon says. You can always find it in the dictionary.

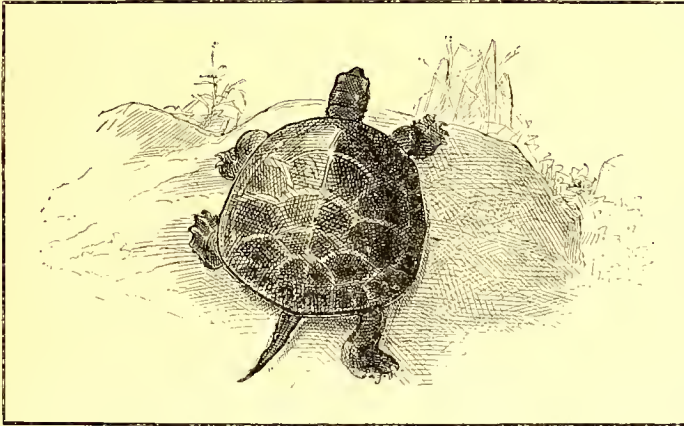
WHO KNOWS?

POUGHKEEPSIE, AUGUST 15, 1883.

DEAR JACK: Will you please tell me why people say as "brown as a berry"? Are there brown berries?

Yours truly,

EMILY C. W.



IN HASTE!

ABOUT THAT FLOATING SAND.

Of all Jack's great army of correspondents not one has explained correctly the curious story of floating sand which Deacon Green heard at the Academy, and which we talked about in the August ST. NICHOLAS. Even the dear Little School-ma'am said she could n't trust herself to express her opinions on the subject without first consulting a scientific man.

(Ah, what a wise little woman that is!)

Well, the scientific man has proved equal to the

occasion; and both the Deacon and the little lady agree with me that you ought to see his letter:

Here it is:

DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM: I am not surprised that the floating-sand story, told by Jack-in-the-Pulpit in the August ST. NICHOLAS, puzzled the children of the Red School-house as well as their teacher. Yet the story is quite correct, and the explanation is as follows:

I. The air adheres to the sand of the surface of the beach, dried in the sun, and so buoys it. II. It is able to adhere sufficiently well only to a few grains. III. Disturbance of the water on which it rides, or other causes, ultimately breaks away the air-buoys, and allows the grains, one by one, to sink. Yours truly, F. I.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE CARRIER-PIGEONS.

MY birds tell me a bit of good news that will interest carrier-pigeons everywhere. It appears that those wonderful Chinese have hit upon a plan for protecting their messenger-pigeons from birds of prey. This is to fasten to the tail-feathers a very lightly made but shrill-sounding whistle of reeds. This whistle, when the bird is flying rapidly through the air, becomes so noisy that it scares off all bird enemies. They don't dare to attack such mysterious little singers as these. This Chinese plan works so well, I'm told, that it is being extensively tried in some parts of Europe.

THE WHISTLING FISH OF NEVADA.

TALKING of whistling, did ever you hear of a whistling fish, my hearers? I never did until the other day, when the school children had a picnic near my meadow, and Deacon Green read this out of a newspaper which somebody had sent him:

"One of the most singular of the fish family," read the Deacon,—after explaining to the children that he was reading from *The Walker Lake Bulletin*, published in the State of Nevada.—"is, doubtless, the whistling sucker, sometimes caught in Walker Lake. The fish, when caught, emits a plaintive whistle, which will almost persuade an angler when

any tenderness of heart to throw it back into the water. Charley Kimball has one which was caught in a net when quite young. He keeps it in a tank, and has taught it to know him and whistle when it is hungry. When its master approaches, the fish pushes its nose and mouth barely out of the water, and, making a pucker with its lips, which the human pucker does not nearly equal, whistles some shrill notes. It appears to have some of the parrot characteristics, and Kimball thinks that in time he can teach it to whistle part of some simple tune."

LOOK OUT FOR A SPLENDID OFFER FROM DEACON GREEN NEXT MONTH!

THE LETTER-BOX.

SINCE the issue of the June number we have received the following subscriptions to the Garfield fund: "Marie," of Newcastle, \$2.00; Margaret G. Spring, \$1.56; E. A. F., \$1.44; W. P. S., \$1.00, and "Fred," \$1.00. A subscription of \$2.00, sent by Nannie C. Stevens, of Philadelphia, should have been acknowledged in the July number.

GATTENDORF, PARNDORF,
VIA VIENNA, HUNGARY, July 19, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to thank you for the pleasure you give me every month. I have not seen many magazines, but I think ST. NICHOLAS the most beautiful in all the world. I must beg your pardon if my English is not very good, for I am neither English nor American, but Austrian, and have learned English only one year and a half. I live in Hungary; my greatest delight is having English books, and I have got a lot of them. This is the first year I have taken you; but, I think I shall take you always now, and have you bound at the end of the year. I was delighted with the two colored pictures in the November and December numbers, and hope you will have more. I like Miss Alcott's stories so much and hope she will write many for ST. NICHOLAS this year. Your constant reader, TILDI ZIPP.

Thanks, dear young Austrian friend, for your hearty letter, which has not only pleased us greatly, but will interest all the American girls and boys who, like you, enjoy ST. NICHOLAS. You and they, we are sure, will be glad to find another story by Miss Alcott in this number, and to know that, next year, you are to have not a few but many tales from her pen, in what will, in reality, be a serial bearing the delightful title of "Spinning-wheel Stories; or, At Mrs. Gay's Summer School."

As the beech-tree grows throughout a very wide portion of America, there are probably few among our readers who have not found the tender beech-nuts in their rambles through the woods; and in some districts it is not unusual for parties of young folk to go nutting for beech-nuts, as well as for chestnuts, walnuts, and hickory-nuts. Such a party, moving about under the thick shade and around the shining, beautiful trunks of the beeches, would make a pretty picture, and so thought the artist, Harry Fenn, when he made the drawing presented on page 927.

It may interest you to know that the beech tree is rarely struck by lightning, and that woodmen and Indians consider themselves safe from the electric shock when under its shelter.

MORE ABOUT CURIOUS BIRDS' NESTS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I think I can add another to the "Curious Items about Birds" published in the ST. NICHOLAS for May.

Last summer I visited Mt. Vernon and the tomb of Washington. The tomb, as most of your readers probably know, has an open front and is guarded by two heavy iron gates. In addition to these the floor of the tomb on which the stone coffins of Washington and his wife rest is so constructed that the lightest footfall inside the tomb will cause a burglar alarm to be rung at the mansion a few rods away. And here, on the inner wall of this doubly guarded vault, a pair of birds have built a nest. Did they not select a safe place for it, and is it, I wonder, as a gentleman remarked, the only burglar-proof nest in the world? Yours truly, E. E. FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading the article in your book called "Curious Items About Birds," I thought I would like to tell you about some little wrens who built their nest in a very funny place.

A lady that lives a little way from our house hung a small watering pot on a nail by her door under the porch; the next time that she took it down to use it she found some sticks and straws in it; she threw them out, used it, and hung it up again.

A few days after, she had occasion to use it again, and took it down; but this time she found it not only sticks and straw, but a little nest with eggs in it; she hung it up again carefully, much pleased with the little neighbors that had gone to housekeeping in her small watering-pot (I think they were very fashionable to choose a water-

ing-place for their summer home). She often took it down to show to her friends, and the little wrens did not mind it at all, but staid there all summer. Your little friend, NELLIE F. C.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1883.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wished to write to you; now is my opportunity. I have read the story of "Curious Items about Birds," in the May number. I have seen in Central Park two birds' nests, one in the arm of the statue of Shakespeare, and the other at the feet of Sir Walter Scott. Your constant reader, DORA T.

HERE is a rather thrilling little story, but with a good moral, as you will admit when you shall have read it. It comes from a young Wisconsin reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and we print it just as it was written.

THE DISOBEDIENT SOLDIER.

Once upon a time there was a boy who liked to play soldier, so by and by war broke out, so now that he was about twenty-one years of age he was allowed to go, so just as the war was in the thickest part the men got in the habit of going and picking up the wounded men as soon as they fell, so by this way they lost a good many of their men—for they would get shot when picking them up,—so one day the captain said they would get shot to pick up the persons, even if they did get back alright, even if he should get shot; but just as he got out the line he fell from his horse, for he was wounded, one of the men saw him fall, so he rushed out to take him in behind the breastwork, but just as he stooped over him he was shot. So it is better to not disobey. Yours Affectionate, JOHN D. HOGAN.

OSWEGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for more than a year. Do you know whether "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge, has ever been printed in book form, or whether it is intending to be? I should like to know very much. I hope you will print this letter. One of your readers, KATY STEBBINS.

Yes, Katy, the story you mention is "intending to be" printed in book form. "Donald and Dorothy" will be published as a book during this autumn, by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1883.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I came to that story entitled "Our Special Artist," in the August ST. NICH (as we have come to call the magazine at our house), I did not cut the leaves any farther until I had finished that story. It was what I call a "good un," too. We all laughed as I read aloud till the laugh-tears flowed freely. I happen to be an amateur photographer, and that is why we enjoyed it so much and can appreciate Ben Brady's mistakes; although I don't claim to have had so many and such doleful failures as he had. Ben certainly neglected to read the little instruction book which usually accompanies a photographic outfit. By the way, dear brothers and sisters, if you have an idea of getting an outfit, please don't be deceived by some advertisements. Outfits are advertised, I know, at \$10; but let me inform you that, if you intend to take and make the pictures complete yourself, you will do very well if you do so under twice the amount of the \$10 outfit. This is merely intended as information, which as a rule does not accompany the advertisement of a \$10 outfit. However, please be assured that I learned it all beforehand, and as I happened to have the spare cash and have made lots of splendid pictures, I am satisfied.

"AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER."

HALIFAX, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and my name is Marion Allison Grant, and I will be ten years old next January. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years and I think it is a lovely magazine, and I do not think I could do without it. Would you please to put a few more stories for little girls in the next number, something like "Editha's Burglars," and "Lost and Found," and "Grandma's Pearls." Mamma and Papa both like ST. NICHOLAS very much. Your little friend,

MARION ALLISON GRANT.

Yes, Marion, we shall give you many more fine stories for girls in our new volume that begins next month.

In connection with the "Art and Artists" paper for the present month, which will be found on pages 923 to 927, we present the following list of the principal works of Rembrandt to be seen in European galleries:

PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE: Portrait of an old man, and his own portrait. UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE: Domestic interior, and a landscape. MUSEUM, ANTWERP: Woman's portrait, and two small portraits attributed to Rembrandt. MUSEUM, BRUSSELS: Male portrait. THE TRIPPENHUIS, AMSTERDAM: "The Syrdics," "The Night Watch." VAN DER HOOP GALLERY, AMSTERDAM: "The Betrothed Jewess." THE SIX VAN HILLEGROM COLLECTIONS, AMSTERDAM: Portraits of the Burgomaster Six, and his mother. GALLERY AT THE HAGUE: "Simeon in the Temple," "Anatomical Lecture," "Susannah in the Bath," portrait of a youth, and a portrait of Rembrandt. MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM: An Allegory—alluding to the Triple Alliance. MUSEUM, BERLIN: "Samson," two interiors, two heads, and a female portrait. CASSEL GALLERY: Ten portraits, young girl, two landscapes, "Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh," and others. DRESDEN GALLERY: Four portraits, "Ganymede carried off by an Eagle," "Samson Feasting," landscape, and others. PINACOTHEK, MUNICH: Two portraits, six scenes from the Life of Christ, Autumn landscape, and others. BELVEDERE, VIENNA: Six portraits, and the "Apostle Paul." MUSEUM, MADRID: "Queen Artemisia." LOUVRE, PARIS: Eight portraits, "Angel leading Tobias," "Pilgrims of Emmaus," "Philosopher in Meditation," and others. DELWICH GALLERY: "Jacob's Dream," and three portraits. NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON: "A Jewish Rabbi," a landscape, five portraits, and others. THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG: "Abraham entertaining the Angels," "Sacrifice of Isaac," "The Coat of Many Colors brought to Jacob," "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," "Holy Family," "Return of the Prodigal," "Parable of the Laborers," "Denial of Peter," "Danae," and twenty-three others.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—THIRTY-FIRST REPORT.

MR. BALLARD—*Dear Sir:* In my busy professional life I have little time to study books of natural science, but gather about me specimens, and from them gain knowledge. If any of your members require any help in determining species of crinoids or pentremites, I will aid them all that I can, for I can see that an extended interest in the natural sciences is one of the chief factors in improving the minds and manners of our young generation. Hoping I may be of service, I am
Yours respectfully,
HORACE G. GRIFFITH, M. D.,
377 N. 4th street, Burlington, Iowa.

Our entomologists will study the *Diptera* in October. Less is known by most of us about flies than about butterflies. They are smaller, less brilliant as a rule—more annoying, and more difficult to determine. But after all, the subject is full of interest, and the month can not fail to be among the most profitable in the course.

The class in Botany will continue their collections and drawings of leaves, which are to be prepared according to the appended scheme, and sent to Prof. Jones as usual.

III. LEAVES.—Continued.

Compound:

(for parts, see simple leaves.)

pinnate,
odd,
even,
tendrill,
once,
twice,
thrice,
etc.,
etc.,
palmate,
once,
twice,
thrice,
etc.,
etc.

TRANSFORMED LEAVES.

Bud Scales,
Bulb Scales,
Stove-houses,
Spines,
Tendrils,
Fly-catchers,
Parts of Flowers (see flowers).
Uses:

to the plants,
to animals.

VENATION.

Net-veined,
palmate,
pinnate,
Parallel-veined.

PHYLLOTAXY (arrangement on stem).	VERNATION (position in the bud).
<i>Alternate,</i>	straight,
<i>Opposite,</i>	hent,
<i>Whorled.</i>	folded,
<i>Ranks:</i>	conduplicate,
two (one turn) = $\frac{1}{2}$ (grasses, etc.),	plaited, etc.
three (one turn) = $\frac{1}{3}$ (sedges, etc.).	rolled,
five (two turns) = 2.5 (roses, etc.),	circinate,
eight (three turns) = 3.8, etc.	involute,
	revolute,
	(for others, see flowers.)

Owing to the summer vacation and the consequent dispersion of people to sea-shore and mountain-top, only two new Chapters have been reported for the month of August.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
512	Buffalo, N. Y., (G.)	6.	D. A. Curtis, 204 Seneca street.
513	Far Rockaway, L. I.	8.	Carleton Greene.

Notwithstanding the distractions of summer, however, a large number of individual members have been added to our register, which has now reached a total of 5873.

EXCHANGES.

- Silver ore and ten crinoid stems, for a piece of gold ore.—W. S. Johnson, Boonville, N. Y.
Petrified wood, buffalo horns, agates, Dakota cactus, for sea-shells, minerals, or eggs.—Jesse and Levi French, box 25, Grand Rapids, Dakota.
Insects, eggs, and bird-skins.—G. W. Field, Brockton, Mass.
Eggs of bunting, Cal. quail, Cal. linnet, Western gull, and foolish guillemot, for eggs.—Tod Liliencratt, box 62, Oakland, Cal.
Silk-worm cocoons and moths, for a geode.—Lottie Watson, Cranford, N. J.
Fossil ferns and peacock coal, for labeled woods or birds' eggs.—Thomas F. McNair, Hazleton, Pa.
Iron ores.—D. A. Curtis, 204 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y. (Ch. G.)
Mineral paint, for sand-dollars or other ocean curiosities.—D. W. Rice, box 193, Brandon, Vt.
Minerals, fossils, and woods for exchange or sale, at 2 cents per ounce, all post-paid.—L. L. Lewis, box 174, Copenhagen, N. Y.
Mica and other minerals and ores, coral, labeled foreign shells, for specimens of foreign woods not smaller than 4 x 2 x $\frac{1}{8}$ inches. Ebony, tulip, pomegranate, olive, orange, and lemon particularly desired.—Ezra Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Vermont marble (sets of from 4 to 10 kinds, colors, and shades, any size), for minerals and marine specimens. Correspondence solicited.—H. M. Downs, box 176, Rutland, Vt.
Cecropia, polyphemus, and promethea moths, for eggs.—G. J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.
Correspondence on ornithology and geology.—Geo. B. Hudson, Wareham, Mass.

NOTES.

(47) *Insect Pins*.—Gilt insect pins can be obtained from James W. Queen & Co., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, at 30 cents per hundred, or \$1.75 per thousand. Sec. Chapter 153.

(48) *Woodpeckers*.—I found seventeen woodpeckers' nests in a single stump, 18 feet high. Most of them were occupied.

W. R. LIGHTON, Ottumwa, Iowa.

(49) *Geodes*.—I found some clay formations which resembled geodes, being hollow and containing peaks of the clay instead of crystals. I could not account for them, but thought other geodes might be formed in this manner. CARRIE A. LAMSON.

(50) *Sinistral Snail Shells*.—I saw in Morse's First Book of Zoology that snails with sinistral shells are rare. I have about two dozen of them, all raised from a single snail that I caught in a stream. F. A. R.

(51) *English Sparrows*.—After careful study, I have come to the conclusion that the English sparrow does a great deal more good than harm. In different parts of the country they have been exterminated, but always with disastrous results to the trees. They are so numerous and require so much food for their young, that they do more to rid the trees of the insects than other birds are able to do. As to their driving other birds away, I have seen a robin on our lawn when there were ten sparrows close to it, and they did not even notice it.

Blue birds have kept them away from a little house I made for them, and the white-bellied swallow often chases them and punishes them severely. I should like to hear what others have to say about it. CHARLES KEELER, Milwaukee.

(53) *Achnemous*.—A tree by our door had on it several insects like the ichneumon fly. After the ovipositor was in the tree, the insect appeared to inflate a bladder-like substance at the head of the ovipositor until it was about half an inch in diameter, and nearly round, of a light, bluish-green color. Will some one explain this? We are more and more delighted with our work.

D. M. MORRELL, Ch. 263.

(53) *Agassiz's Home*, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.—This house is one of those where Professor Agassiz used to live, and the one in which his son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, was born. I shall try to get a photograph of it, and if I succeed I will send it to you. Most of the Alps to be seen from here have lost their snow, but Mont Blanc, the Jung Frau, and their neighbors are still, and always will be, pure white. With many good wishes for all the A. A.,

EMILY NEWCOMB.

(54) *Butterfly-tree*.—In one of the back numbers of ST. NICHOLAS (in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit") was an account of a butterfly branch. I think what I saw on the 26th of last March was similar: On the 25th I was on the beach, and saw a large number of brown butterflies, which looked as if recently blown ashore. Next day, they spread over the island in large numbers. They began to collect on a live-oak tree in our yard. Their numbers increased from the morning until about dark, when the top of the tree, for the space of three or four feet, was so covered with them that we could see neither leaves nor branches. Other smaller groups gathered on the tips of the branches of a cottonwood tree adjacent, which had just leaved out. Next morning they were gone from their resting-place, but were still seen in large numbers about the flowers. They gradually disappeared. Some were killed by mocking-birds, and others died, so that large numbers lay about the ground. The oak-tree was in full bloom, or tassel, like the others on the place.

PHILIP J. TUCKER, Galveston, Texas.

[We have seen May-flies on Lake Erie so thick as to cover the decks of the steamer to the depth of nearly an inch; to fill up the globes of the lamps in the saloons, and darken the air like a snow-storm, while the surface of the lake for a quarter of a mile was green with them. But can any one parallel this butterfly-tree?]

(55) *Bees and Pollen*.—I have given some of my time this month to bees. The first one I caught had much pollen of a single kind on the hairs of his leg. The second one I watched flying about some white clover for a little time before I caught him, and I saw on his hind legs two strange protuberances. A post-mortem examination showed that they were masses of pollen, evidently stuck together by some means. I mounted some of it, wetting it on one side of the slide in order that the grains might float apart and clearly show themselves to be pollen, but on the other side I have left it just as it came from the bee. I inclose a specimen. I have not been able to use a strong microscope this month, but the little one that I have employed seems to show it to be all of one kind. Since then I have looked for these pollen masses on every bee I saw, and always found them; larger or smaller, of course, according to the length of time which the bee had been working. I suppose the first few layers are caught by the hairs of the corbicula, and afterward the grains are plastered on with some sticky substance, perhaps the honey of the flower, perhaps some secretion. I am not well enough acquainted with bees to tell. I also watched some bees to see whether they always took from the same flower. A great bumble-bee visited sixty-five red clovers, passing over white clover, white weed, and other flowers, and going out of sight after the sixty-fifth. A smaller bee visited fifty-three white clovers, which were close together, to be sure, but yet, by flying a very few feet, he might have reached other flowers. I send with the others a slide of the pollen of the milkweed. Perhaps what follows is well known to all the members, but it was new to me, and I found it so interesting that I must repeat it: Knowing that all the Asclepiadaceæ had their pollen in masses, I wanted very much to see it, but could not find it till the flower was explained to me. Clinging to the pistil are the anthers, each containing two pollen-masses, and on the stigma, alternate with the anthers, are five little black glands, and from every one spring two stalks, each attached to the nearest pollen mass of an adjacent anther; so that if one of the black specks be lifted on the point of a pin, the two clubs of pollen follow, astride on it.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.

The Secretary of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "During the time since my report we have rented a large hall for our meetings, and have bought a six-by-ten-foot cabinet. We are all happy and much interested in work."—Fairfield, Iowa, has had a lecture from the "finest entomologist" in the State [who, be it noticed, is a woman—Miss Alice Walton]. "She gave us much encouragement, and kindly promised further assistance."—"I have a very beautiful emperor moth. It measures five inches across the wings from tip to tip. I have a piece of crystallized quartz in which is a green stone clearly defined." Besse

Young. [The emperor moth is quite rare in many parts of the country, and would prove a valuable exchange.]—"We have had a debate on the question, 'Resolved, That plants have their color, scent, and nectar to attract insects.' It was decided in the negative by a tie vote. We have a debate now pending on the question, 'Resolved, That animals have, beside instinct, the power to reason, from cause to effect.'" Rob't P. Bigelow, Sec. 109. [On account of the little "hit" at the girls contained in the following extract, we omit the address, that, if just, the hint may be acted on by the girls of all Chapters, and if unjust may be promptly and generally refuted!]—"A drawback is that the girls are afraid to say much, if anything, at the meetings, and most of them sit around the room as silent as Egyptian mummies. We boys have to do all the talking, and this comes all the harder when the girls are all so still."—Scutuate, Mass., writes: "We have an alphabetical and a classified list of the birds in our neighborhood, and are preparing a list of fishes for our next meeting. We have started a library. The Smithsonian Institute has sent us quite a number of books."—"The Nassau Chapter is making some progress. Our meetings have been interrupted by absences from town of members, which, during vacation months, is expected. Some have taken the spirit with them and returned with fruits. We hope to enrich our collection with specimens from the sea-shore this month. We have had five meetings. We have been most interested in Lepidoptera and have a very pretty collection. One member has two beautiful hawk moths. Some have followed Mrs. Ballard's directions for raising from the larva. We have 'Insect Lives,' Packard's 'Common Insects,' 'Insects,' by Ebell, and 'Parables of Nature.' Interest is not confined to the six members, but perhaps to six times the number—so many of our friends are interested in getting specimens for us, and looking at them through the small microscope. The egg of the polyphemus moth is beautiful under the microscope. One member has discovered that the wasp that builds its nest out of sand feeds its young with small spiders; another has observed the ant tapping the plantlice for its sirup. It has been a grand thing for us all, and has greatly enriched our lives already." Emily P. Sherman, Nassau, N. Y.

June 17th.

MR. HARLAN BALLARD—*Dear Sir*: Our Chapter, 480, Baltimore (C), is quite enthusiastic. Quite a number of moths and butterflies have been obtained. As the mothers have objected to the use of chloroform, coal oil has been resorted to, and found most effectual. Some are keeping caterpillars. Several of them (Venessa, we think) were seen wriggling themselves into the chrysalis state. Quite a number of chrysalids have brought forth only ichneumon flies. Our chief difficulty is want of cheap books, as the little girls wish to know the name of every insect. Respectfully,

R. JONES, Sec.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF CHAPTER 388, OF A. A., }
GALESBURG, ILL. }

You have perhaps begun to question as to what has become of Chapter 388, because I have not written in so long. But we have an existence yet. A few weeks ago, the whole Chapter adjourned in a body to the timber, some three miles east of here. We had a splendid time, and some caught a good many beetles. I got thirty, two of which were green-spotted tiger beetles (*Cincindela gutata*). They are quite common about here, but are so difficult to capture, and are so exquisitely colored, that when one has been caught the collector may well consider it a prize. One day, while out collecting, I got eight large beetles just alike. As I do not know their names, I will describe them, and perhaps you can answer through ST. NICHOLAS. Length, from tip of mandibles to extremity of abdomen, one and one-quarter inches; width, seven-sixteenths of an inch; upper surface of back, deep glossy black, very shiny. Thorax smooth and jet glossy black. Elytra (wing covers) indented by deeply cut lines, running lengthwise. Mandibles prominent and having four hooks; antennæ long and dentated. Legs strong and powerful; first pair, hooked; third and fourth, smooth; legs also covered with hair of a brownish color. In the middle of the head is a horn pointing forward. As these beetles seem plenty about here, I am very desirous of finding their name. I have several, now, which were invariably captured in pairs, probably male and female, though I can not distinguish them. Sometimes one is found which is of a brown color instead of a black, but they are always glossy. (I will exchange these specimens for other beetles.) We meet weekly, on Thursday evenings. To-night will be held the twenty-third meeting. Subject, Insects: beneficial vs. injurious. Four boys will debate on this question.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the A. A.,

CHAS. F. GETTEMY.

With next month, we commence our third year, and shall give a brief account of our progress during the past two years. Address all communications to the President,

HARLAN H. BALLARD,

Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. Change the last two letters in the word first defined so that it shall form the word described by the second definition. Thus: A mineral; to imitate. Answer, coal, copy. When these changes have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another, the third row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a place at which were fought two memorable battles; the fourth row will spell the place where a battle was fought between Generals Sherman and Hood.

1. To help: a word meaning father.
2. A flower; to put to flight.
3. A large cord; to revolve.
4. Otherwise; a girl's name.
5. Repose; to gain by labor.
6. To perforate; a contest.
7. Soon; a girl's name.

FRANK B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a German composer, who was born about the middle of the eighteenth century; and my finals a German author and one of the greatest poets of any age or country.

1. Officious.
2. A city which was the capital of Portugal till 1174 when the seat of government was transferred to Lisbon.
3. A girle or belt.
4. A mountain of Western Asia in Armenia.
5. A native prince of India.
6. The muse who presides over the dance.



E. H.

ILLUSTRATED HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

THIS differs from the ordinary hour-glass puzzle in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The words are to be placed in the order in which the pictures are numbered, and the object named by the central letters is represented in the illustration.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

REPLACE the first dash by a word of four or more letters, which may be successively beheaded to fill each dash following:

EXAMPLE:

- To tuneful warbler's merry —
 And cheery sound of meadow —
 His heavy heart accordeth —
 ANSWER, trill, rill, ill.

- I. The rain drips ceaseless from the —,
 Nell's face is darkened by a —
 Through the wet panes she gazes —
 From lashes wet as they.

- II. In fitful gusts the wind blows —
 The clouds hang low on yonder —
 Ah! little Nell, it augurs —
 For archery to-day.

A. E. C.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MUSICAL composition.
2. A player on a wind instrument.
3. The last part of an ode.
4. A kind of rampart.
5. A place of public contest.

MAMIE R.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

THE central words of the two diamonds, read in connection, will spell the name of an illustrious English writer who was born in the early part of the nineteenth century.

1. 1. Not in "Vanity Fair."
2. An exclamation.
3. Precious stones.
4. The Christian name of the author of "Elia."
5. A girl's nick-name.
5. The jurisdiction of a bishop.
7. Not in "The Marble Faun."
- II. 1. Not in "The Last of the Mohicans."
2. A cover.
3. Wealth.
4. The surname of an illustrious English writer.
5. To fear.
6. Termination.
7. Not in "The Alhambra."

A. L. E.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS. 1. Tiles, stile. 2. Notes, stone. 3. Arts, stars, star. 4. Sabre, bears.

PI. It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
 And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
 And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
 Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
 Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
 And harvest fields, its mystic splendor rests!

The Harvest Moon, by H. W. Longfellow.

ZIGZAG. James Fenimore Cooper.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Jog. 2. Pan. 3. Gem. 4. Fed. 5. Sip. 6. Oft.
 7. Rye. 8. One. 9. Inn. 10. Emu. 11. Ado. 12. Arm. 13. Eke.
 14. Ice. 15. Ago. 16. Cod. 17. Pat. 18. Beg. 19. Car.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Answer, cross-word enigma.

CURIOS HALF-SQUARE. 1. Carouse. 2. Arouse. 3. Rouse. 4. Ouse. 5. Use. 6. Se. 7. E. — CHARADE. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,
 How, crooning to himself, he sung,
 "I sow again the Holy Past,
 The happy days when I was young."

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. 1. Noon, Otto, Otto, noon.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, evince; from 2 to 6, empire; from 5 to 6, effuse; from 1 to 5, edible; from 3 to 4, enable; from 4 to 8, efface; from 7 to 8, entire; from 3 to 7, engine; from 1 to 3, Elbe; from 4 to 4, Eric; from 6 to 8, ease; from 5 to 7, edge.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Pit. 3. Resin. 4. Pebbles. 5. Misbelief. 6. Tillage. 7. Neigh. 8. See. 9. F.

THE NAMES of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the September number, from Bell MacDonald, Lyttleton, New Zealand, 12—Francis W. Islip, Leicester, England, 10—C. S. C., England, 10—Hugh and Cis, Leicester, England, 10—T. S. Palmer, 3.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from S. R. T.—Madeleine Vultee.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 20, from Eliza Westvelt, 2—Paul Reese, 12—A. J. Morganstern, 1—Margaret McGuffey, 1—Emily P. Cutler, 1—Grace E. Keech, 3—R. M. B., 1—E. Blanche Johns, 1—"Hermes," 3—A. E., 2—M. Cissy Thompson, 5—"Star, Beth, and Auntie," 8—Harry Donahue, 1—F. L. F., 1—L. Florence Savoye, 10—Mary E. Ashbrook, 1—F. R. Temple, 1—Arthur B. Phelan, 3—Arthur Peter, 1—Bucknor Van Amringe, 1—Edward J. Shipsey, 2—"Rallek," 1—Philip Embury, Jr., 9—Little Gracie, 2—Sam Holzman, 1—A. A. A., 2—Camille B. G., 1—Emma and Ida, 6—Charlotte Holloway, 4—Arthur Hixon, 5—Freddy and Alex. Laidlaw, 11—Alice Wann, 1—J. Frederic Millar, 10—"Third Base" and "Cooney," 12—"Bijon," 5—Katie W. Green, 3—Emmet and Frankie Nicoli, 1—Carroll S. Shepard, 1—Birdie N. S., 1—Maggie T. Turrill, 10—W. Prentiss and Rob't O. Ray, 1—"San Anselmo Valley," 12—Effe K. Talboys, 9—Lizzie Thurber, 8—Walter S. Garfield, 10—Frank Brittingham, 1—"Mamma, Madge, and I," 9—Hal Prentiss and his cousin, 1—W. T. Hopkins, 2—"Hen and Chickens," 12—"We, Us, and Co.," 8—Amy K. Pickett, 3—Fannie S., 2—Minnie M. Carson, 1—"Kansas Boy," 2—Ignoramus and Nonentity," 5—Bantie, 4—"Rough and Ready," 4—Walter B. Angell, 10—Eiseeb Sregor, 7—The Stewart Browns, 7—Clara J. Child, 10—G. G., 2—"Two Blackberries," 5—"Alcibiades," 5—"Pinnie and Jack," 12—Jennie and Birdie, 5—Charles H. Wright, 3—Louisa H., 6—Charles H. Kyte, 9—Estelle Riley, 10—"Rita and Bessie," 3—Maude Osgood, 2—"Professor and Co.," 8—Helen W. Merriam, 8—Mattie Fitzgerald, 3—Adeline Hendee, 1—R. Coates and Co., 8—F. and H. Davis, 1—Lester W. Walker, 6—George L. Waterhouse, 11—Vessie Westover, 1—Francis W. Islip, 11—"The Gray Wolf," 4—John Hobbie and S. L. P., 9—"Sydney Carton," 2—Florence E. Provost, 5—Hugh and Cis, 11—"The MeK's at Edgemoor," 12—"Edabagha," 6—Katie, Polly, and Eva, 6—G. Lansing and J. Wallace, 5—Algernon Tassin, 9—Willie L. Brower, 3—Beatrice and Annette, 8.

