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DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

THE BLOOM OF MAY.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.



ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXI.

MAY, 1894.

No. 7

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO MIDSHIPMEN.

THE blue and beautiful Delaware Bay, bathed in a faint haze, looked its loveliest one evening about sunset, in June, 1798. The atmosphere was clear, and, although there was no moon, the stars were coming out brilliantly in the sky, that was of a darker blue than the water. The sun had gone down, but the west was yet rosy. The green, low-lying country around looked ineffably peaceful, and the only sound that broke the charmed silence was the rattling of the capstan, as a noble frigate, lying out in the offing, got up her anchors.

Although the brief, enchanted twilight was over all the earth and sea, the graceful outlines of this lovely frigate were clearly defined against the opaline sky. She was stoutly sparred, but in such exquisite proportion that, from her rail up, she had the delicate beauty of a yacht. But one look at her lofty hull, and the menacing armament she carried, showed that she could both fight and run. Every rope and every spar was "shipshape and Bristol fashion."

Her bright work shone like gold, and the rows of glistening hammocks in the nettings were as white as snow. Everything about her was painted an immaculate white, except the hull, which was a polished black. A gorgeous figurehead ornamented her keen bows, and across her stern, in great gold letters, was her name: "United States." Such, indeed, was her official name, but, from the day she had first taken the water, she had been nicknamed "Old Wagoner," because of the steadiness with which she traveled. Other vessels might be delayed by vexing calms, but Old Wagoner was pretty sure to strike a favoring breeze that seemed specially reserved for her. And she could go through a roaring gale like a stormy petrel, and come out of it without losing a sail or a spar.

A little way off from Old Wagoner lay a trim and handsome little sloop-of-war, carrying twenty guns,—“The Delaware,”—a fit companion for the great frigate. On both ships were indications of speedy departure, and all the orderly bustle that precedes the making sail on a ship-of-war. The boats were all hoisted in except the first cutter, and that was being

pulled rapidly across the fast darkening water. In it was a very young lieutenant, who was afterward to distinguish himself as Commodore Stewart, and two young midshipmen, just joined; and each of the three was destined to add something to the reputation that Old Wagoner gained in after years, of having been a nursery of naval heroes.

Both of these young midshipmen were about eighteen. One of them, Decatur, looked older, from his height and strength, as well as from his easy and confident address. The other, Somers, seemed younger, because of a singularly quiet and diffident manner. The lieutenant in the stern-sheets, engaged in steering the cutter through the mist upon the water, without colliding with any of the fishing-smacks with which the bay was dotted, yet found time to ask some questions of the young midshipmen, with whom he had long been well acquainted.

"I think you two have always been together, have you not?" he asked, keeping meanwhile a bright lookout around him.

"Yes," answered Decatur, "we have been together ever since we were born, it seems to me. We remember you when we were at school in Philadelphia—although you were so much older than we."

"I recollect you both perfectly," answered Stewart, "although you were such little fellows. Somers was the quietest fellow in the school, and you, Decatur, were the noisiest."

"I believe you," said Decatur, laughing. "I could have gone with my father in the Delaware,"—pointing to the smart little sloop-of-war,— "but I could not think of leaving Somers to fight it out in the steerage of the United States all by himself."

At this, Somers turned his eyes on Stewart, with a laugh in them. They were very black and soft and full of humor, although Somers neither laughed nor talked much.

"Don't mind Decatur, Mr. Stewart," he said. "Captain Decatur did n't want him on the Delaware."

"I should think not," replied Stewart. "I can't imagine anything more uncomfortable than for a captain to have his own son among the junior officers."

"Just what my father said," added Decatur;

"and, besides, he really did tell me he would like to keep Somers and me together for our first cruise—because Somers is such a steady old coach that he is fit to be the guardian of every midshipman in the navy."

"I wish there were more like him, then," said Stewart, with rather a grim smile, remembering what a larkly set of youngsters the steerage of Old Wagoner harbored.

"Let me give you each one piece of advice," he added, as they drew close to the frigate's great black hull, that loomed up darkly in the purple haze. "Decatur, do you be rather careful what you say to your messmates. Somers, do you be careful what you allow your messmates to say to you. Decatur will be too quick to take the other midshipmen up, and you, Somers, will be too slow."

"Thank you," said both Somers and Decatur together, for they appreciated Stewart's few words of caution.

Just then the band on the poop of Old Wagoner burst into "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The music rang charmingly over the darkening water, and the capstan rattled around at the liveliest possible rate, while the men worked inspired by the melody. The boat was quickly brought alongside, and just as Stewart and the two young midshipmen stepped on board, the officer of the deck called out the quick order, "Strike the bell eight! Call the watch."

The boatswain, with his mates, had been standing ready, and, as soon as eight bells were struck, he piped up "Attention!" and was answered by all his mates in quick succession. Then he blew a musical, winding call, ending suddenly by singing out in a rich bass, "All the watch!" The men came tumbling up the hatchways.

While the busy commotion of relieving the watch was going on, Decatur and Somers were paying their respects to Commodore Barry, who commanded the ship, an old Revolutionary officer, handsome and seamanlike, who gloried in his beautiful ship, and was every inch a sailor.

The wind had been stealing up for some little time, and, as soon as the anchor was lifted, Old Wagoner shook out all her plain sails, and shaped her course for the open sea.

Decatur and Somers, on going below, were introduced to their messmates, Bainbridge, Spence, and others, and were shown where to sling their hammocks. Decatur directed everything in their joint arrangements.

When, at two o'clock the next day, dinner was served in the steerage, Old Wagoner was dashing along in great style, with every sail drawing like a windlass.

At dinner, the prospects of their cruise were

ner, his fine figure, and his ready laugh, became instantly popular. Somers's quietness was not very well understood; and, before the day was out, Decatur was asked, with the frankness of the steerage, if "Somers was n't rather a milksop?"

"You think so?" answered Decatur, with a grin. "Very well. I've known Somers ever since I was born. We went to our first school together,—and our last,—and I tell you, for



"DECATUR RAISED HIS CHUM UP STANDING. 'YOU ARE MADE MASTER'S MATE?'" (SEE PAGE 583.)

freely discussed. The frigate and the sloop-of-war were under orders to sail for the West Indies, and to clear out the great number of fleet French privateers that were playing havoc with American commerce. Every midshipman fully believed that they would return from the cruise covered with glory, and with thousands of dollars each, in prize-money. With a lot of merry, careless young midshipmen, the roseate hue always prevails. Decatur, with his dashing man-

ner, his fine figure, and his ready laugh, became instantly popular. Somers's quietness was not very well understood; and, before the day was out, Decatur was asked, with the frankness of the steerage, if "Somers was n't rather a milksop?"

Everything progressed very pleasantly for the first day or two; but it was impossible for two new arrivals in the steerage to escape the "running" which, according to the code prevailing there, makes a man of a midshipman. Decatur having achieved immediate popularity, the pranks played on him were comparatively mild, and were taken with laughing good-

nature. Somers also was amiable enough; in fact, he was too amiable, for his messmates rather resented his want of spirit, as they mistakenly thought it. Therefore it was that, three times in one day, Somers was told that he was "too fond of the lee of the mizzenmast."

"That means," said Somers quietly, and looking in the face the youngster who last made the remark, "that you think I have n't much spunk. Very well. We shall both be off duty until to-night. Could n't we go to some quiet place in the hold where we could have it out?"

"Fighting is strictly prohibited," sung out Bainbridge, one of the older midshipmen. "But if you two fellows must fight, why have it out like gentlemen, and no bad blood afterward."

"Just what I think," said Somers; "and, as I hate fighting, I want to get through with all I shall have to do in that way, in as short a time as possible; so I will settle with two other young gentlemen, against whom I have an account, to-day. Then, I shall get only one hauling over the coals for three scrimmages. Decatur, you settle the particulars." And he walked off as composed as ever.

"I told you fellows what a Trojan Somers was when he was started," remarked Decatur; "and now you'll see for yourselves. He is wiry and as strong as a buffalo, and he is first-class with his fists, and—well, you'll see."

At these little affairs, fair play was the watchword, and all of the midshipmen who were off duty assembled to see the fun.

When Somers had knocked the wind out of his first adversary, and brought him to apologize, it was proposed that the other affairs should be postponed. But Somers, being in for it, and the exercise rather warming his blood, invited his persecutor number two to "come on." He came on, with disastrous results in the way of a swelled nose. The third encounter being proposed, Decatur begged Somers to be allowed to take his place.

"Why, I'm like Paul Jones," cried Somers, laughing, as he sponged off his head and neck,— "I have n't begun to fight yet."

True it was that Somers was then perfectly able to vanquish number three in fine style. As he stood over his opponent, who frankly ac-

knowledged himself whipped, a cheer went up from the surrounding audience of midshipmen.

That day's work established Somers's popularity in the steerage, and the three midshipmen whom he had pommelled became his staunch friends.

Decatur gave immediate promise of brilliancy as a seaman, but Somers was not far behind, and his uncommon steadiness recommended him highly to the lieutenants. Stewart, dining one night in the cabin with the commodore, was giving his impressions of the junior officers to the commander, who wished to appoint a master's mate of the hold—a place always given to the most reliable and best informed of the midshipmen.

"They are all as fine a lot of youngsters, sir, as I ever saw. That young Decatur is a remarkable fellow. He finds out more than any of the rest, because he never has to ask the same thing twice. Before he had been on board a week, he knew every rope and where they were belayed; and the clever youngster writes with a pencil behind the rail everything he is told. There's a very good manual of seamanship written under the starboard rail, and Decatur and Somers may be seen every day, when they are not on duty, putting their heads together and studying it out."

"And how about young Somers?" asked the commodore.

"Somers is the only one who rivals Decatur—and I must say I consider him the best balanced young fellow of his age I ever knew. His messmates have nicknamed him 'Old Reliable.' He is not so brilliant as Decatur, but he is steady to the utmost degree. Nothing flusters him. He is never too early, and never too late; he goes on his way quietly. And he has had only one reproof since he has been on board. And he evidently studied seamanship thoroughly before he was commissioned—just what I should expect of such a long-headed fellow."

"Then Somers shall be master's mate of the hold," said the commodore, decisively.

Next day, Somers was sent for to the cabin, and informed of the commodore's choice. He said merely, "Thank you, sir; I shall do my best."

Somers went down to the midshipmen's dinner that day, and said nothing of his appointment. Each of the reefers was eager to get the place of trust, and they began talking of it. Somers wished to tell them of his good fortune, but a sort of bashfulness restrained him. He turned red, though, and became more silent than usual. Decatur, who sat next him, looked keenly at him.

"Somers, something is up, I see,—and I believe—I believe you are going to be master's mate," he said. Somers blushed more than ever, as he announced, "I *am* master's mate. I was appointed to-day." Decatur, with one stretch of his powerful arm, raised his chum up standing.

"You good-for-nothing lubber—you are made master's mate? While Bainbridge, and Spence, and all the rest of us that are worth ten of you, are passed over! I'm going to prefer charges against the commodore for gross favoritism in giving you the appointment."

Somers always submitted to this sort of horse-play from Decatur without the slightest resistance, and the effect was very comical. Decatur, after shaking him vigorously, plumped him back in his chair, when Somers calmly resumed his dinner as if nothing had occurred.

In the midst of the jollity, a commotion was heard overhead, and the cry of "Sail, ho!" In another moment, all the midshipmen made a dash for the gangway, and ran up on deck.

Nearly every officer of the frigate was there too. Commodore Barry, glass in hand, watched, from the flying bridge, a sail off the starboard quarter. By the squareness of the yards and the symmetry of her sails, she was evidently a ship-of-war, and was coming down fast. The little Delaware, which sailed as well as Old Wagoner, was close by to starboard.

Commodore Barry, who was a veteran of the glorious days of Paul Jones and the gallant though infant navy of the Revolution, was more than willing to engage. Every moment showed more and more clearly the character and force of the stranger.

The day was bright and cloudless, and, as they were in the sunny atmosphere of West India waters, objects could be seen at a great distance. The frigate was remarkably hand-

some, and sailed well. The Americans counted more than twenty portholes, and very accurately guessed her to be one of the great fifty-gun frigates of which both the French and English had many at that day. If she were French it meant a fight; and so nearly matched were the two frigates that it would be the squarest sort of a fight.

The excitement on the ship was intense. Several of the more active officers clambered up the shrouds, while the rigging was full of men eager to make out the advancing ship, which was coming along at a good gait. And all were eager to know what colors the commodore would show.

"Mr. Ross," said Commodore Barry, turning to his first lieutenant, "we will show French colors, for, if he is a 'Mounseer,' it will encourage him to make our acquaintance."

The quartermaster, Danny Dixon, a handsome, fresh-faced sailor of middle age, who had served under the immortal Paul Jones, quickly produced French colors, and, amid breathless silence, he ran them up.

The stranger was now not more than a mile distant. She had worn no colors, but, on seeing French colors run up at the American frigate's peak, in another moment she too displayed the tricolored flag of France.

At that, an involuntary cheer broke from the gallant fellows on Old Wagoner. Decatur, behind the commodore's back, deliberately turned a handspring, while even the dignified Somers executed a slight pirouette.

As for the men, they dropped down upon the deck from the rigging, like magic, and every man ran to his station. Commodore Barry straightened himself up, and the old fire of battle that had slumbered since the glorious days of the Revolution, shone in his eyes, under his shaggy brows.

"Mr. Ross," said he, turning to his first lieutenant, "we are in good luck—in excellent good luck, sir. Signal to the Delaware to keep off. I think the officers and men of this ship would feel hurt if we should mar the beauty of the game we are about to play, by having odds in our favor. And call the men to quarters without the tap of drum. The first man who cheers until we have hailed, will be sent below

to remain until after the engagement. I desire to come to close quarters without telling any more about ourselves than our friend, the enemy, can find out."

In the midst of a dead silence, the signal was made to the Delaware. Only Decatur whispered to Somers, whose station was next to his:

"Poor old Dad! He 'd give all his old boots if he could have a share in the scrimmage."

The Delaware then hauled off, making a short tack, and going no farther away than she could help. The strange frigate, whose trim and shipshape appearance grew plainer at every moment, was now nearly within hail. The American was preparing to bear up and run off as a preliminary to the action; the first lieutenant, under the commander's eye, stood near the wheel, while Danny Dixon took the spokes.

In the midst of the breathless silence, the strange frigate continued to advance, shortening sail meanwhile, and with her men at quarters, and her batteries lighted up.

But at that moment Commodore Barry dashed his glass down with an impatient exclamation.

"We are truly unfortunate, gentlemen! She is English; look at her marines!"

At that moment, the stranger, discovering the American's character, quickly hauled down her French colors, and showed the Union Jack. A loud groan burst from the American sailors, and it was answered by a corresponding groan from the British tars, who felt a similar disappointment, deeming the American a Frenchman.

Commodore Barry then ordered her to be hailed, and the first lieutenant called through the trumpet: "This is the American frigate, United States, forty-four guns, Commodore Barry; who are you?"

"This is His Britannic Majesty's ship, 'The-tis,' fifty guns, Captain Langley."

Both ships were on the same tack, and going at about the same speed. Commodore Barry then hailed again, asking if the English captain had any news of two crack French frigates, "L'Insurgente" and "La Vengeance," that were supposed to be cruising in that station. But the Englishman had no news to give.

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH BRIGANTINE.

THE brilliant visions of the midshipmen—yard-arm and yard-arm fights with French frigates, followed by promotion and prize-money galore—failed to materialize, although they had several sharp encounters with fleet French privateers that infested the waters of the French West Indies. With them, it was a trial of seamanship, because, if ever a privateer got under the guns of Old Wagoner, small was her chance of escape. For the American proved to be a first-class sailor, and nothing that she chased got away from her. Several privateers were captured, but the midshipmen groaned in spirit over the absence of anything like a stand-up fight.

It did not seem likely that they would make a port for some time to come. Early in February, cruising to windward of Martinique, they ran across the French privateer "Tartufe"; and Tartufe she proved. She was a beautiful little brigantine, with six shining brass guns; and her captain evidently thought she could take care of herself; for, when the United States gave chase, and fired a gun from her bow-chasers, the saucy little privateer fired a gun back, and took to her heels.

It was on a bright February afternoon that the chase began. The midshipmen thought it would be but child's play for the fine frigate to overhaul the Frenchman. But they had counted without their host. In vain did Old Wagoner crowd on sail,—the Tartufe managed to keep just out of gunshot. All the afternoon the exciting chase continued; and, when night fell, a splendid moon rose, which made the sea almost as light as day. Both ships set every stitch of canvas that would draw, and at day-break it was found that the frigate had, in all those hours, gained only a mile or two on the brigantine. However, that was enough to bring her within range of Old Wagoner's batteries. The American then fired another gun, as a signal for the Frenchman to haul down her colors. But, to their surprise, the Tartufe went directly about, her yards flying round like a windmill, and her captain endeavored to run directly under the broadside of the United States, be-

fore the heavier frigate could come about. One well-directed shot, between wind and water, stopped the Frenchman's bold manceuver. The brigantine began at once to fill and settle, and her ensign was hauled down. Commodore Barry on seeing this cried out :

"Lower away the second cutter"; and Decatur, being the officer in charge of that boat,

seeing that his boat would be swamped if he came near enough for the men to jump in, called out to the captain, saluting him meanwhile, and asked if he would come off in one of the brigantine's boats, while the Tartufe was still able to get nearer the United States, so that her people could be more easily transferred.



THE CAPTURE AND SINKING OF THE BRIGANTINE.

dropped into her stern sheets and pulled for the Frenchman. Commodore Barry, leaning over the side, called out, laughing, to Decatur :

"I wish you to treat the Frenchman as if he were the captain of a forty-four-gun frigate coming aboard to surrender her. He has made a gallant run."

Decatur, bearing this in mind, put off for the brigantine. The sun was just rising in glory, and, as he saw, in the clearness of the day, the plight of the pretty brigantine, he felt an acute pity. Her company of sixty men crowded to the rail, while her captain stood on the bridge, giving his orders as coolly as if his ship were coming to anchor in a friendly port. Decatur,

"Sairtainly, sir, sairtainly," answered the French captain, politely, in his queer English.

In a few moments, the boat containing the captain came alongside the cutter, and the Frenchman stepped aboard. He took his seat very coolly by Decatur in the stern sheets, and then, putting a single eye-glass in his eye, he coolly remarked, with a well-affected start of surprise :

"Iz zat ze American flag I see flying? And am I captured by ze Americans?"

"Yes, sir; we are Americans," answered Decatur, trying not to smile.

"But I did not know zat ze United States was at war wiz France."

"Perhaps not," replied Decatur; "but you found out, probably, from the American merchant-vessels you captured, that France was at war with the United States."

At that the Frenchman laughed in spite of his defeat.

"I can stand a leetle thing like this," he said. "I have had much good fortune, and when I tell my countrymen it took your superbe frigate fourteen hour to catch me — parbleu! zay will not zink I haf done badlee."

"You are quite right, sir," answered Decatur. "You gave us much trouble to overhaul you."

The commodore and his officers all treated the brave French captain as if he had been the captain of a man-of-war; and, as he proved to be a very fine, entertaining fellow, he enlivened the ship very much.

Commodore Barry was now anxious to get rid of so many prisoners, which encumbered the ship, and he determined to stand for Guadeloupe, in the hope of effecting an exchange of prisoners. He therefore entered Basseterre Roads on a lovely morning a few days after capturing and sinking the Tartufe. A white flag flying at the gaff showed that he was bent on a peaceful errand. Everything, however, was in readiness, in case the men should have to go to quarters. Although the ports were open, the guns were not run out, nor were their tompons withdrawn. The French captain, standing on the quarter-deck, in his uniform, was easily recognizable.

The beautiful harbor of Guadeloupe, with its circuit of warlike forts, looked peculiarly attractive to the eyes of seamen who had been cruising for many long months.

Old Wagoner had been newly painted, and, as she stood in the roads, under all her square canvas, she was a perfect picture of a ship. Just as they came abreast of the first fort, however, the land battery let fly, and a shower of cannon-balls plowed up the water,

about two hundred yards from the advancing ship.

"Haul down that white flag," thundered Commodore Barry; and Danny Dixon rushed to the halyards and dragged it down in a jiffy, and in another minute the roll of the drums, as the drummer-boys marched up and down beating "quarters," resounded through the ship. The French captain, mortified at the treacherous action of the forts, quickly drew his cap over his eyes, and went below.

The United States then, with every gun manned and shotted, sailed within gunshot of the first fort that had offered the insult, and, backing her topsails, gave a broadside that sent the masonry tumbling about the ears of the garrison, and dismounted several guns. This was followed up by another and another broadside, all accurately aimed, and knocking the fort considerably to pieces. Then, still under short canvas, she slowly sailed around the whole harbor, paying her compliments to every fort within gunshot, but without firing a gun into the helpless town; and when Old Wagoner drew off and made her way back to the open ocean, it was conceded that she had served the Frenchmen right for their unchivalrous proceeding.

The whole spring was spent in cruising; and it was the first of June before, on a Sunday morning, the ship being anchored, the boatswain and his eight mates, standing in line in the port gangway, piped up that sound so dear to every sailor's heart, "All hands up anchor for home." At the same moment, the long, red pennant that signifies the ship is "homeward bound," was joyfully hoisted at the main, and Old Wagoner turned her nose toward home. Just one year from the time they had left the Delaware, Decatur and Somers set foot again upon the green shore of the beautiful bay, happier, wiser, and better fellows for their year in the steerage of the fine old frigate.

(To be continued.)

Molly Elliot Seawell.

HOW CURIOUS!

BY TUDOR JENKS.

SAID one little girl to another little girl
As proudly as could be,
"I'll tell you something very nice
That my papa told me:
He said I was the sweetest girl
That ever there could be!"

Said the other little girl to that one little girl
"Why, now!—how can you be?
For that is just the very same thing
That my papa told me!"
(And neither was as sweet as *my* little girl—
As any one could see!)



BY LEE CARTER.

In the empty room we three
Play the games we always like,
And count to see who "it" shall be—
Ana, mana, mona, mike.

Round and round the rhyme will go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow—
Barcelona, bona, strike.

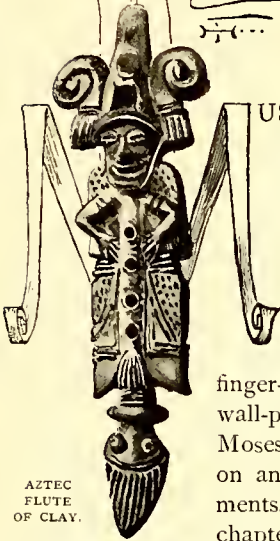
What it all means no one knows,
Mixed up like a peddler's pack,
As from door to door he goes—
Hare, ware, frow, frack.

Now we guess and now we doubt,
Words enough or words we lack,
Till the rhyming brings about
Welcomed with a farewell shout—
Hallico, ballico, we-wi-wo-wack, You are OUT!

SOME ANCIENT:

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

By H. S. CONANT.



AZTEC
FLUTE
OF CLAY.

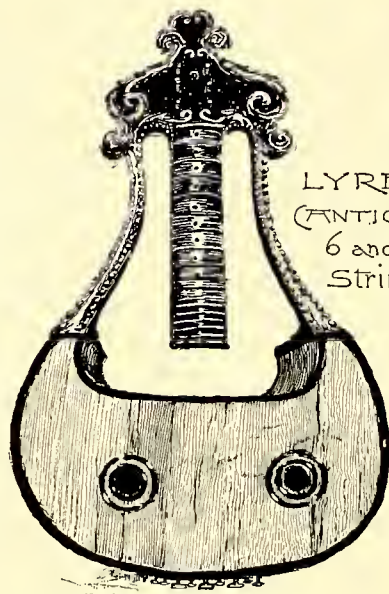
MUSICAL instruments are older than written history. The earliest accounts of man mention them as in common use, and flutes, harps, lyres, and stringed instruments with long necks and finger-boards are pictured in wall-paintings of the time of Moses, and in the carvings on ancient Assyrian monuments. In one of the early chapters of Genesis, Jubal is called the father of all who handle the harp and the pipe, the harp being in ancient times the common name of stringed instruments, as the pipe was of wind instruments.

In all the fables of mythology music is represented as soothing and inspiring, and as possessing mysterious power. Mercury is said to be the inventor of the lyre, which he gave to Apollo, who played it so sweetly that all the gods and even the cattle of the field stopped to listen. Orpheus, the son of Apollo, inherited the lyre, which he touched with such a masterly hand that he charmed wild beasts, and made the trees and mountains bow their heads and tremble with delight.

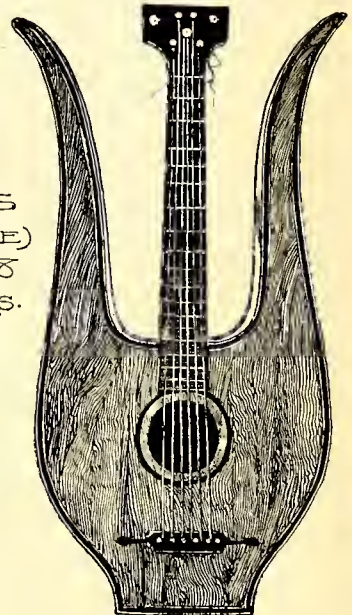
The lyre was the old-

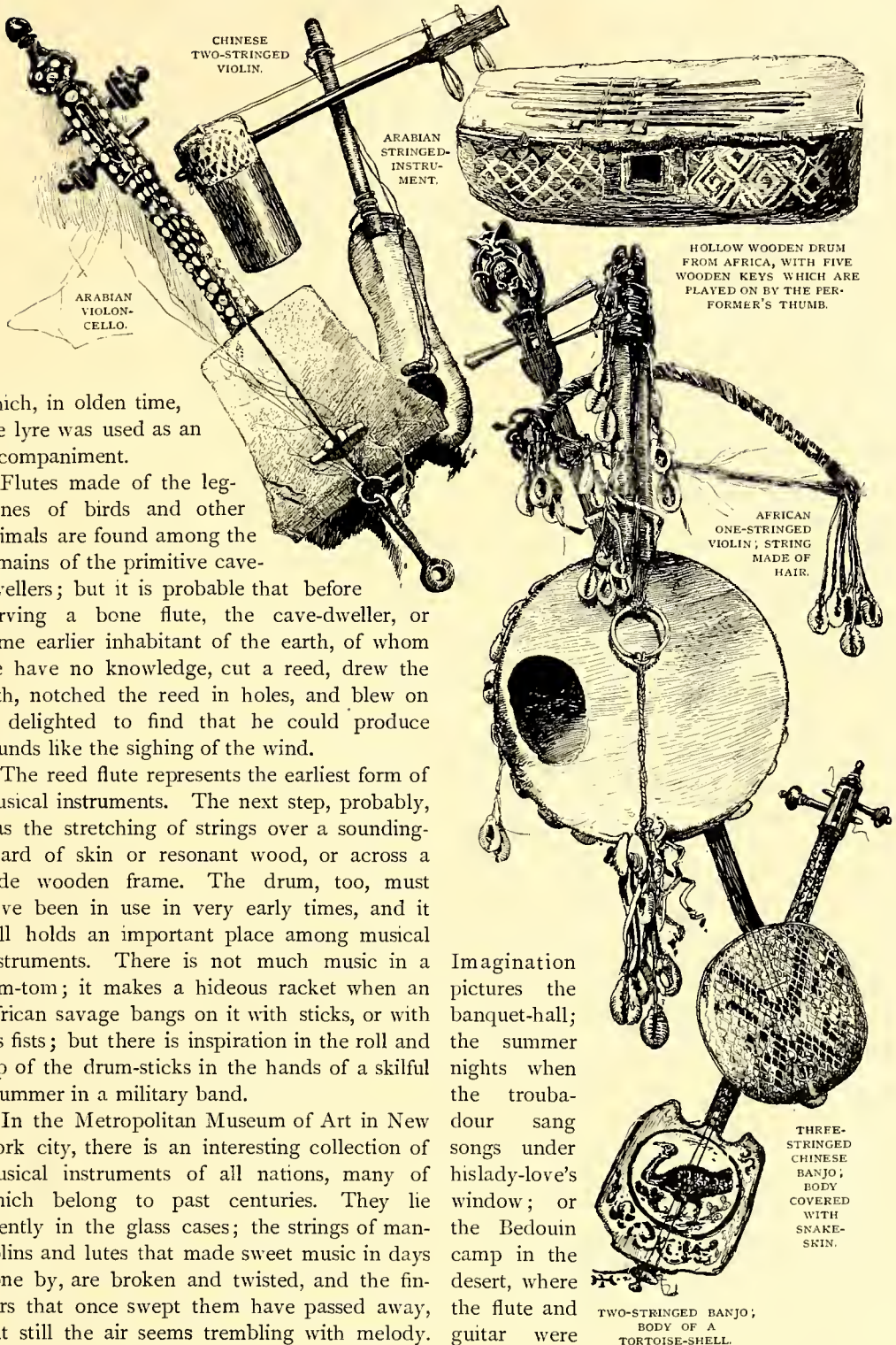
est instrument of the Greek minstrels, and at every ancient festivity or banquet minstrels were always present, sweeping the strings of the lyre as they sang of the glorious deeds of heroes and warriors, and of the beauty of fair maidens. In Homer's Iliad and Odyssey are frequent allusions to the lyre and the flute.

When Dr. Schliemann was exploring the ruins of buried cities in the ancient land of the Trojans where the scene of the Iliad is laid, he found many fragments of broken lyres, some of them of ivory, beautifully carved with graceful designs and decorated with gold and precious stones. The lyre was in use for many centuries after the almost fabulous time of the Trojans, but it is now an instrument of the past. Its memory lives in the name lyric, which is given to sweet, emotional songs like those for



LYRES
(ANTIQUE)
6 and 8
Strings.



CHINESE
TWO-STRINGED
VIOLIN.ARABIAN
STRINGED-
INSTRUMENT.HOLLOW WOODEN DRUM
FROM AFRICA, WITH FIVE
WOODEN KEYS WHICH ARE
PLAYED ON BY THE PER-
FORMER'S THUMB.ARABIAN
VIOLON-
CELLO.AFRICAN
ONE-STRINGED
VIOLIN; STRING
MADE OF
HAIR.THRE-
STRINGED
CHINESE
BANJO;
BODY
COVERED
WITH
SNAKE-
SKIN.TWO-STRINGED BANJO;
BODY OF A
TORTOISE-SHELL.

which, in olden time, the lyre was used as an accompaniment.

Flutes made of the leg-bones of birds and other animals are found among the remains of the primitive cave-dwellers; but it is probable that before carving a bone flute, the cave-dweller, or some earlier inhabitant of the earth, of whom we have no knowledge, cut a reed, drew the pith, notched the reed in holes, and blew on it, delighted to find that he could produce sounds like the sighing of the wind.

The reed flute represents the earliest form of musical instruments. The next step, probably, was the stretching of strings over a sounding-board of skin or resonant wood, or across a rude wooden frame. The drum, too, must have been in use in very early times, and it still holds an important place among musical instruments. There is not much music in a tom-tom; it makes a hideous racket when an African savage bangs on it with sticks, or with his fists; but there is inspiration in the roll and tap of the drum-sticks in the hands of a skilful drummer in a military band.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city, there is an interesting collection of musical instruments of all nations, many of which belong to past centuries. They lie silently in the glass cases; the strings of mandolins and lutes that made sweet music in days gone by, are broken and twisted, and the fingers that once swept them have passed away, but still the air seems trembling with melody.

Imagination pictures the banquet-hall; the summer nights when the troubadour sang songs under his lady-love's window; or the Bedouin camp in the desert, where the flute and guitar were

played during the evening hour of repose. There are instruments here of all characters: rude violins and banjos, fashioned by savage hands, and dainty lyres inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl — instruments which have played their part in ancient ceremonies in far-away India and China, in the castles of the Middle Ages, and in the African wilderness. It is interesting to note that all nations, in shaping musical instruments, have tried to make them beautiful to please the eye as well as to produce sweet sounds. The stringed instruments and flutes of savage races are often grotesque, and even ugly, to civilized eyes, but the poor savage did his best. He carved his instrument as well as he could, and also often adorned it with whatever precious trinkets he had in his possession.

The ancient Chinese believed that music was of divine origin, and that it was a gift from the gods to man. They called it the twin sister of poetry, and believed that it had miraculous power over man and beast. An old Chinese hymn tells the story of a shepherd who wandered into the camp of a great army and made the soldiers so homesick, by playing familiar melodies on his flute, that they left the field on the eve of battle: "The flute of Chang-liang, in that little space, had stolen the courage of eight thousand men."

Ancient Chinese instruments are of very neat workmanship. There is a small violin called *ur-heen*, which is made of dark wood, the head covered with snake-skin. It is not ornamented with any carved or inlaid designs, but it is beautifully made, and the wood is polished very smooth. There are only two silken strings, tuned in fifths, and played on with a horsehair bow. A three-string banjo, also covered with snake-skin, has a long neck, the top of which, where the strings are fastened, is carved to represent a bat. There is also a very ingenious mouth-organ called *ti-tzu*. The body is made of wood, and in it are inserted seventeen pipes. The notes are made by stopping the holes in the pipes with the fingers.

The Chinese are very fond of drums, which they call *kou*. The oldest drums were of baked clay with a skin head fastened on with nails instead of braced cords, which made it impossi-

ble to tune them as modern drums are tuned. The variations of tone were regulated only by the force of the blow.

The notes of Chinese music read, like the written characters, from right to left, and the intervals of the scale are different from those of the scale adopted by the nations of the west. The music is not very harmonious, and sounds meaningless and jangling to western ears, but it has a pretty, musical cadence that makes it attractive and interesting in spite of its frequent discords.

The *vina*, the national instrument of India, calls up a vision of troops of Nautch girls, dancing to its music, the little peals of silver bells fastened around their ankles, keeping time as they glide and whirl. The *vina* is a queer-looking instrument. It is a single bar of hollow bamboo, fastened with extended bird-claws, carved from wood, to two empty gourds. The ends of the bar are often beautifully carved to represent birds or heads of animals. Eight wire strings are stretched along the top of the hollow bamboo over a series of movable frets, and there are three other strings, which pass over a single fixed bridge. The player throws one gourd over his left shoulder, and passes the other under his right arm, holding the bamboo diagonally across his breast. The frets are pressed with the left hand, and the strings are snapped with little hard strips called plectra, worn upon the first and third fingers of the right hand.

Another beautiful instrument of India is the *soorsringa*, which is shaped something like a banjo, although it sounds more like a sweet guitar. It is made of very dark wood, with a round body, pear-shaped at the back, and a long, slender neck, and is beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl. There are eight wire strings, which are played with a plectrum. The *sarvod*, or East Indian guitar, is also a beauty, both in form and decoration. The sides and back are very dark green, almost black, covered with golden figures.

One of the most graceful of ancient instruments is an old boat-shaped harp of Burmah. The body is of dark wood, with a sounding-board of buffalo-hide, and a cluster of silk cords and tassels is a pretty decoration fastened to

the curved neck and falling around the front. There are thirteen silk strings, which are tuned by pushing them up and down the neck, to which they are fastened. The player holds the harp on his knee, with its neck over his left arm, and sweeps the strings with his right hand. This beautiful instrument was used only as an accompaniment for songs.

All nations, both savage and enlightened, use the drum, and the forms of this instrument are countless. Hindoo and Siamese drums are very pretty. The Hindoos have a small drum that is made of wood bound with strips of skin, and painted with rings of bright color. The *taphone*, or hand-drum, of the Siamese is beaten with the fingers instead of sticks. It is a very gay bright red drum covered with gilt figures, and is used as a tripping accompaniment to melodies played by flutes and guitars.

The *mokugyo* is a very odd drum which was used in ancient Buddhist temples. The name signifies a wooden fish. It is not in the form of a fish, unless it might be supposed to represent the head of a shark with mouth gaping for prey, but the scaly forms of two fishes are a part of the gilded decoration. This drum is bright red, ornamented with black and gold. It hung in the temple, and the Buddhist priests beat upon it when reciting their prayers.

Drums and pipes are the most simple form of musical instruments, and as they can be played upon easily they are always favorites with wild and wandering tribes. In Palestine the double pipe and the *parabukkeh*, or hand-drum, are still in use, although they belong to ancient times. At weddings and other festal gatherings the musicians whistle little melodies on the pipes, tap an accompaniment with their fingers upon the *parabukkeh*, which is made of pottery covered with skin, beat tambourines, and clap their hands in concert for hours and hours together without a sign of weariness.

One of the oldest and rudest of stringed instruments is an ancient specimen from Nubia, called *kissar*. It looks like the lyre of a cowherd, as it probably was in the days when it was played in the tents of wandering nomads in the Desert of Sahara, or on the shores of the Red Sea. The body is of old brown leather stretched over a wooden frame; the two up-

rights and cross-bar, which form the lyre, are sticks, rough as if whittled with a dull knife. The only attempt at decoration is a string of cowries. The cowries were probably the only riches the humble musician possessed, and that he tied them to his poor instrument shows that it must have been very dear to him.

There is an Arab stringed-instrument which is also very ancient and very rude. It is a kind of violin, and was probably played with a bow. The neck is a piece of bamboo, and the body, which is covered with wrinkled skin, is round and irregular, and is bound with cords twisted from some variety of coarse vegetable fiber. It is hard to imagine that such a rude instrument could have yielded any sound better than a discordant squeak at the touch of the bow. Perhaps it did not; but even a squeak may have been music to the untutored ears of the wild Arab musician. Another Arab instrument, which is handsome and has considerable Moorish richness of decoration, is a violoncello. The body is a plain wooden frame covered with skin, but the neck is black and studded all over with little round disks of mother-of-pearl, which glisten and change color like beautiful eyes. The Arabs are a very musical and poetic people, and many of their songs are full of tender and sweet feeling, in strange contrast to their wild, savage life.

Captain Burton, the African traveler, says that music among the wild tribes of Central Africa is only a monotonous combination of sounds. The natives have an ear for time and tune, but they cannot produce anything which sounds like music to civilized ears.

Among their instruments there is a little hollow box, upon which five elastic strips of wood are fastened in the center to a raised bar. These wooden keys are set in vibration by the thumb and strike the top of the box, which acts as a sounding-board — click — click — clickety click! keeping time to a humdrum song.

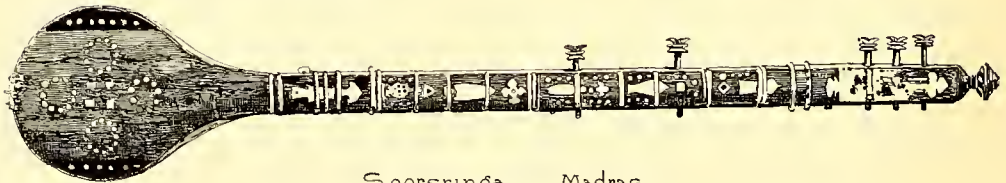
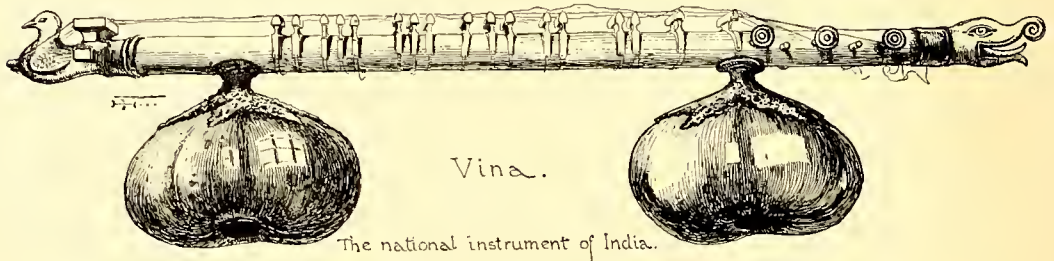
A small two-string African banjo has a very pretty body of tortoise-shell, covered with designs, the largest of which is evidently intended for an ostrich, although it looks more like a turkey. There is not much music in this banjo, as the strings are capable of only a few notes, and give those with a faint tinkling sound.

The African violin has a single hair-string, which gives but six notes. The instrument itself must have been very beautiful and costly to savage eyes. The back of the body is round and covered with dark cloth, which is decorated with coarse embroidery, brass nail-heads, and cowries, while great bunches of cowries are fastened to the bow and to the neck and body of the violin. Cowries are the money of these simple savages, and the instrument must have been of great value to its owner in the African wilderness. He was probably the chief or the rich man of his tribe.

The North American Indians have an intense love of music. Their native songs are plaintive

This rattle is painted in bright colors. The body of the bird is blue and black, and the imp is bright red, with blue rings around its eyes, which give it a very wicked leer. The *kah-to-to-hay* rattle of the Dakota Indians, better known as the Sioux, is prettier. It is a long piece of bone with a hanging ornament of fur, beads, and feathers, and one sleigh-bell, which the Indians probably thought was a musical instrument of the white man. This rattle, or tapper, is played by tapping it upon the blade of a tomahawk, or some other hard surface that will give a ringing or tinkling sound when struck.

The *wakan-chan-cha-gha*, also of the Dakota



and often very sweet in feeling. They tell the whole story of their life in song; they sing of love, of the valor of the warrior, and of the happy hunting-ground where they believe their departed braves are wandering. Music is a part of every ceremony, and musical instruments are found in every wigwam. These instruments are not as beautiful as the Indian music, for the barbaric love of grotesque figures and bright colors leads to hideous productions.

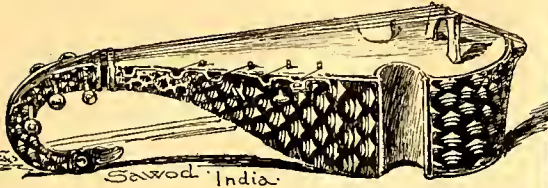
Indians are fond of rattles, which they fill with coarse gravel and use as an accompaniment to their songs. As the Indian ear for time is excellent, the effect is much more pleasing than one would think. The Haida Indians of British Columbia make a rattle in the form of a bird with an imp on its back.

Indians, is the drum of the medicine-man, who is supposed to possess mysterious healing power and supernatural wisdom. The medicine-man is always present upon all great occasions, and he takes part in all religious ceremonies, banging upon his drum to scare away demons. The drum is ugly enough to frighten the demons, even if it did not make any noise. The skin, stretched over a wooden frame, is colored bright yellow, and the figure of a beast, which looks like the cat that little boys and girls draw upon their slates, is drawn with heavy black lines. The Indians think that this figure has a deep and mysterious meaning.

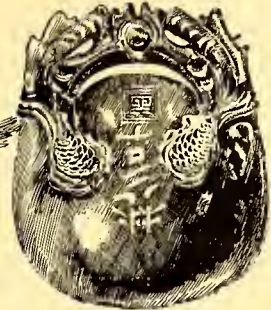
These rattles, together with flutes and whistles and drums of all descriptions, make up the wild Indian orchestra.



Mindoo Drum.



Sawod India.

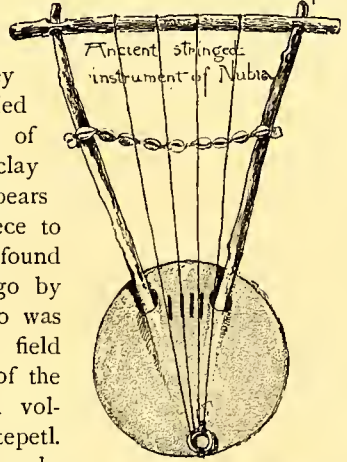


Mokugyo
Drum used in
Buddhist temples.

The Aztecs, who inhabited Mexico when Cortez and his Spanish army landed on the shores of that country in the early days of the sixteenth century, were in many ways an enlightened nation. It is true that their religion was horrible. They worshiped hideous stone idols, and had human sacrifices in their temples, which were great mounds with winding stairs going round and round the sides to the top. Apart from these heathenish and cruel practices, the Aztecs had very good laws. They had colleges where boys and girls were taught many useful arts; they were an agricultural people; they had extensive market-places; and their family life was simple and well ordered.

They had beautiful festivals in honor of a floral goddess, when they decorated their houses and their temples with wreaths, and had processions with young girls carrying great baskets of flowers. There was one festival when, for days before the time, priests went about the streets playing on little clay flutes.

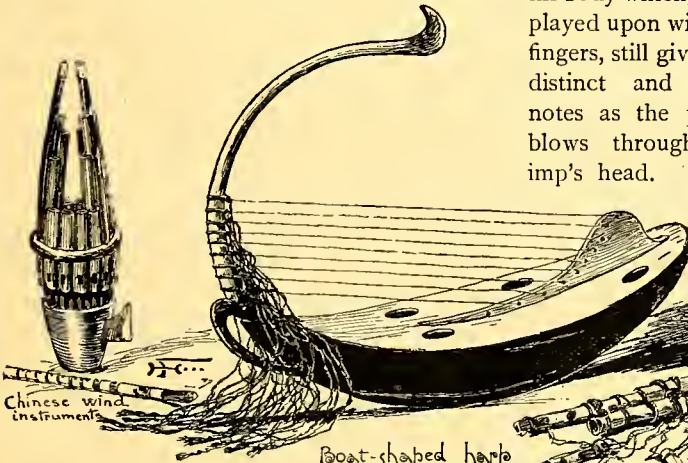
Idols and flutes and many other interesting relics are found in the earth in Mexico, where they have been buried for hundreds of years. The old clay flute which appears in the headpiece to this paper was found a few years ago by an Indian, who was plowing in a field near the foot of the great Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl. It represents a laughing imp with his arms akimbo. There are four round holes in his body which, when played upon with the fingers, still give very distinct and clear notes as the player blows through the imp's head.



Ancient stringed
instrument of Nubia.

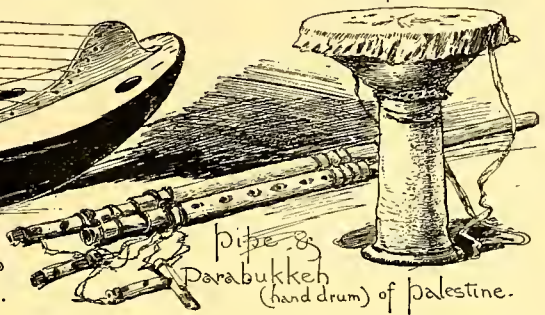


Top one (hand drum)
from Siam.



Chinese wind
instrument.

Boat-shaped harp
from Teurmah.



pipe &
Parabukkeh
(hand drum) of Palestine.

It is a great contrast to turn from the wild, plaintive melodies of American Indians to the tide of romantic song that swept over Southern Europe in the Middle Ages, when troubadours wandered through the rose-bowers of Provence playing sweet melodies on the guitar, and brave knights came home from the crusades bringing with them the lute to make soft music in the banquet-hall and in the boudoirs of fair ladies.

The lute is supposed to be originally a Per-

as a lute-player was called, declared that it cost him as much to keep his lute as it would to keep a horse. It is no wonder that lutes went out of use. In "Evelyn's Diary" it is stated that lutes of that period were made mostly in Germany, and that they were very costly. An old lute of rich, mellow tone would sometimes be valued as high as one hundred pounds.

The mandolin is similar in shape to the lute, but it is a very much smaller instrument.

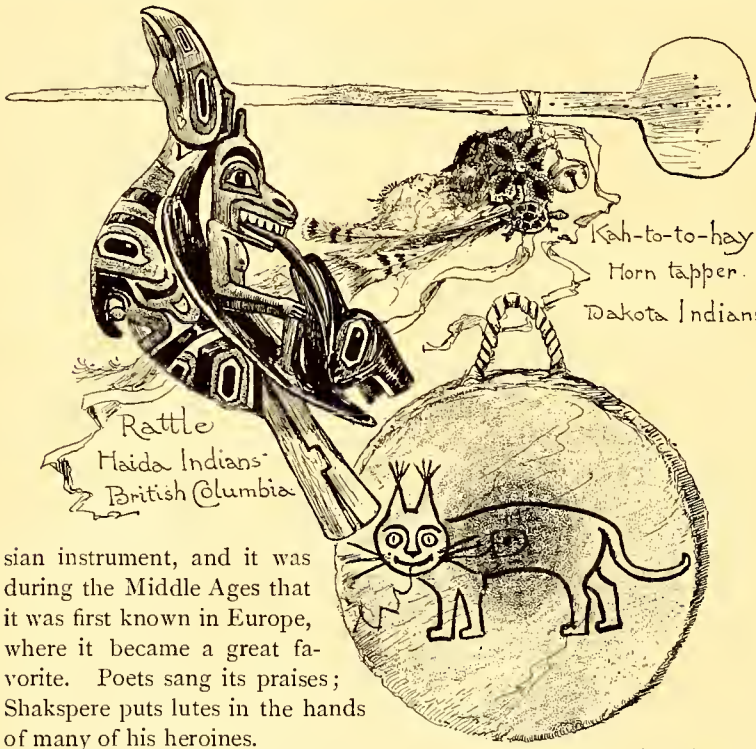
It has been a favorite in Italy and Spain for centuries, and it is now very popular in America. It is a beautiful little instrument. The strings are in pairs, and are played with a plectrum of tortoise-shell, whalebone, or ostrich-quill, held in the right hand.

The hurdy-gurdy, or *vielle*, belongs to peasant life, and in the beautiful opera of "Linda di Chamouni," Donizetti introduced it as an accompaniment to Savoyard songs. It does not make very sweet music, and the first name is said to be given to it in imitation of the grinding and grating sound which is a cross between those of a hand-organ and a bagpipe.

In the last century the hurdy-gurdy was very popular in France, and

when Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI., and the ladies of her court dressed in the costume of peasant girls and played games, grinding the hurdy-gurdy was a part of their sport. Beautiful instruments were made in Paris at that time, richly inlaid with ebony and ivory, and with heads carved to represent knights and cavaliers.

The strings of the hurdy-gurdy are set in vibration by a wooden wheel, which is rosined and acts like the bow of a violin. The wheel



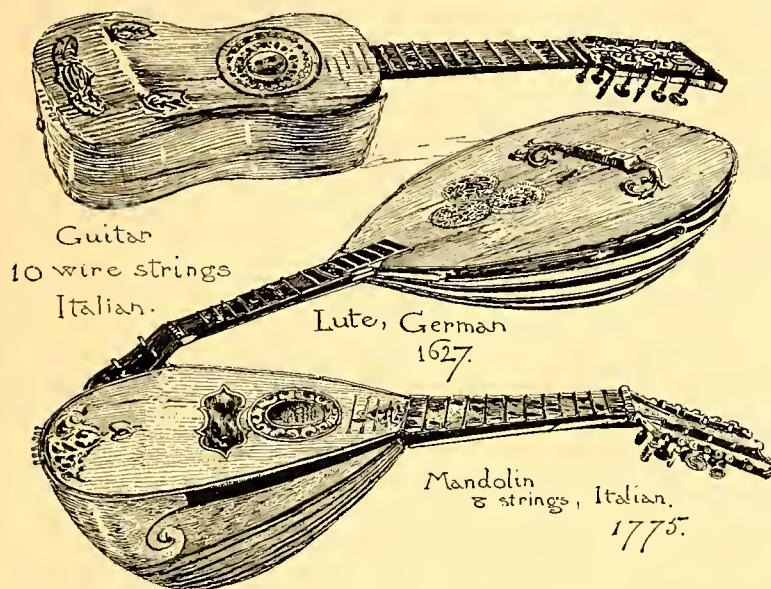
sian instrument, and it was during the Middle Ages that it was first known in Europe, where it became a great favorite. Poets sang its praises; Shakspeare puts lutes in the hands of many of his heroines.

This beautiful instrument is now out of use, and all the specimens in existence are very old. The difference between the lute and the guitar is principally in the body, which in the lute is pear-shaped. This made it a very delicate instrument and troublesome to keep in order, as the peculiar shape made the wood warp and crack. An English writer, early in the seventeenth century, recommends that the lute be kept in a bed covered up from the air, when not in use, and he says that with very good luck the body will not need to be repaired more than once a year; and a famous French lutenist,

Wakan-chan-changha.
Dakota Indians.
(SEE PAGE 592.)

is turned by a handle, at the lower end of the body, which the player whirls around with his right hand, while with the fingers of the left he presses the little ivory keys which make the different notes. This instrument is never heard now except in the hands of street musicians. In the cities and towns of England, Italian boys go about the streets with a hurdy-gurdy and a cage of white mice. While one boy grinds away at the instrument, the other boy opens the cage, which he carries by straps hung over his shoulder, and the little white mice scamper out and clamber all over him, running up his arms and perching on his shoulders, or hiding in his pockets and peeping cunningly out with their little red eyes. The mice are very tame, and sometimes they are trained to do pretty tricks.

Wherever Spanish is spoken there will be found the guitar. Although it is a favorite instrument with all nations, it belongs to Spain, and always reminds one of dark-eyed lads and lasses, with guitars and tambourines and castanets, dancing among the orange-groves and vineyards and olive-trees of sunny Andalusia. It is said that the guitar was brought to Spain by the Moors, about a thousand



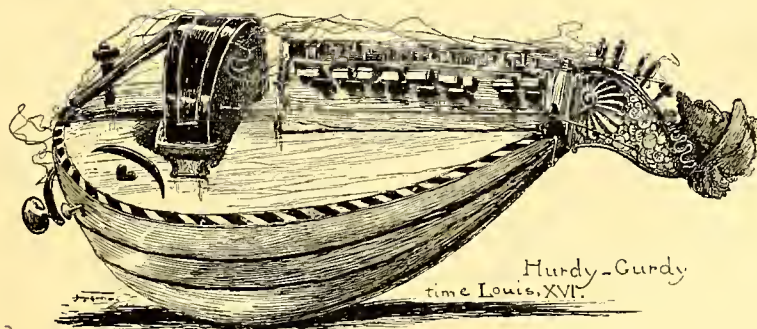
Guitar
10 wire strings
Italian.

Lute, German
1627.

Mandolin
8 strings, Italian.
1775.

years ago. Old guitars of the seventeenth century are beautifully inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell, ebony, and mother-of-pearl.

Of beautiful old musical instruments there is no end, and wherever one is found it has a charming story to tell—be it a harp pictured in ancient Egyptian wall-painting, or the dainty harpsichord at which little Nelly Custis spent so many hours, that still stands in the old mansion at Mount Vernon.



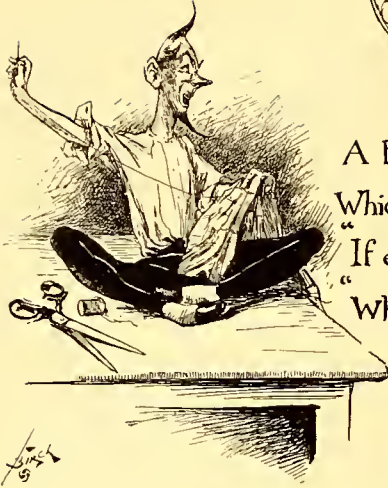
Hurdy-Gurdy
time Louis, XVI.



NONSENSE VERSES.

By MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

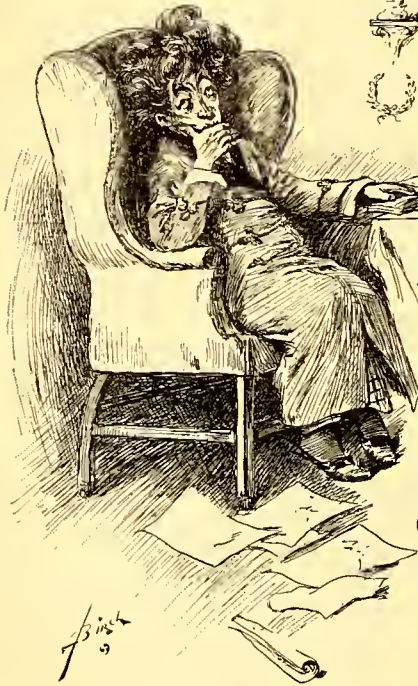
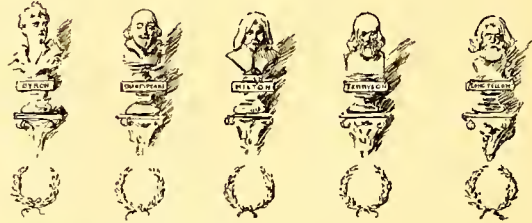
ILLUSTRATED BY R. B. BIRCH.



I. THE BANBURY TAILOR.

A Banbury tailor once wrote a song,
Which he'd sing, cross-legged, the whole day long.
"If everyone liked it," he said, "like me,"
"What a famous $\frac{1}{9}$ of a man I'd be!"

II. THE LITTLE POET.



Said a little poet laying down his rhyming dictionary
"Are verses difficult to make? Oh, yes, indeed they're very!
I wonder where I'll ever find a word to rhyme with lattice;
Oh, how I wish the plural of tomato was tomatis!"





The Beautiful Ballad of Lady Lee .

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

BOOTED and cloaked and gray-mustached
Through the night and the rain a soldier
splashed ;
At his heel as he rode a great sword clashed.

“Now, halt, I say!” came the warder’s hail ;
“Who rides thus late through the King’s
entail ?
Halt ! or I pierce thy shirt of mail !”

And his cross-bow, fashioned of toughest
yew,
Creaked as the hempen string he drew,
And a quarrel* placed and leveled true.

Clear and ready the answer came,
And a hand that might the lily shame
Held up a jewel that shone like flame.

“Ye stay not the rider who beareth the ring
To which bolts are unslipped and gates
wide swing—
He must needs ride late who rides for the
King.

“In the castle-court ye have builded high
A gallows for one who in chains doth lie :
I would see the prisoner ere he die.”

“Enter, Sir Knight, in the name of the
King ;
Meat and wine shall the servitors bring,
And to thy black steed give sheltering.”

“Nay,—since I soon again must ride,—
In the castle-court, untethered, untied,
Till his master come, let the black steed
bide.

“And for meat and wine, may the saints
preserve
That ever a Knight from his duty swerve—
They fast, not feast, who the King would
serve.”

Of the stout men-at-arms, some watch, some
sleep ;
Drowsy the warders who guard the keep ;
And the Knight is shown to the dungeon
deep.

Patiently waiting his master’s commands,
But brooking no touch of varlet hands,
The black steed stood as a statue stands.

And grim stood the gallows, its somber
height
A roost for the ravens that croaked to the
night,
Awaiting the prey that should come with
the light.

No star swung its silver cresset on high
To lighten a path for the moon in the
sky—
But the bell of the castle told morning was
nigh.

* The bolt or arrow of a cross-bow.

Then the great oaken door creaked again
 in its frame,
 And forth from the portal the strange Knight
 came —
 The jewel he bore lit the dark like a
 flame.

Scarce the black steed can neigh his mas-
 ter to greet,
 Ere the Knight has sprung to the saddle-
 seat,—
 And away, away, like an arrow fleet!

The warder sleepily rubbing his eyes
 Bethinks him the stranger has grown in
 size:
 "Now halt!" he shouts, "or a quarrel flies!"

Small need of spur for the black steed's sides;
 He feels the hand and he knows who rides;
 Belike knows too that a life betides.

Quoth the warder, "To force we must
 then appeal.
 Those who cannot hear perchance may feel;
 Sooth, I 'll tickle his ribs with a bolt of
 steel!"

But no answer came to the warder's hail
 Save of hoofs a clatter blown back by the
 gale;
 And the bolt glanced aside from the shirt
 of mail.

On the uppermost walls now torches are
 shown;
 There is rattle of drums, and trumpets are
 blown,
 And doors are locked—but the horse is
 flown.

The dungeon they search—to find not there
 A knight close bound, but a lady fair;
 And her only chains were her golden hair.

To the lord of the castle then they go:
 "Shall we light a fire of pitch and tow,
 And burn the witch who hath cheated us
 so?"

"Witch or not," he said, "so true was the
 ring,
 A higher than I must ye hither bring;
 This gramary* nearly concerneth the King."

When the King came riding with trappings
 of gold,
 And pennons and banners of purple un-
 rolled —
 A king was a king in the days of old —

And they brought from the dungeon a lady
 fair,
 Instead of the Knight whom they 'd prisoned
 there,
 And hoped to have hanged in the morning
 air,

Right loudly he laughed in merriest glee;
 And "Zooks!" (that 's "Good Gracious!")
 "Zooks!" cried he,
 "Instead of Sir Richard ye 've *Lady Lee!*

"Faith, never before from dungeon bare
 Have ye haled me a traitor so passing fair
 As the one now enchained in her own golden
 hair.

"But a few days gone, it can scarce be three,
 We mind," said the King (they always say
we),

"This dame to us knelt with a wifely plea.

"Though her husband, she knew, had harried
 the glen
 And swept like a besom the hilltops, what
 then?
 At heart he was one of the best of men.

"And would we once more Sir Richard re-
 lease,
 His raids on our outlying lands should
 cease;
 And they both would pray for the kingdom's
 peace.

"Refusing Sir Richard to pardon or spare,
 We soon thereafter were made aware
 That the royal jewelry needed repair.

* Witchcraft, or magic.



“‘ZOOKS!’ CRIED HE, ‘INSTEAD OF SIR RICHARD YE ’VE LADY LEE.’”

“And the ring ye have seen we confided free
To a stripling, comely enough to see,
Who said that the jeweler’s son was he.

“Now the riddle is read, for the jeweler’s son,
And the Knight who rode till his errand was
done,
And the witch and the Lady Lee are one.

“Sir Richard our patience has sorely tried,
And yon stands the grim steed we meant
he should ride;
But our royal mercy be now published wide:

“Since he must by this o’er the border be,
And beyond our reach — e’en let him go free;
And thou mayst rejoin him, good Lady Lee!”



“THE JEWELER’S SON, AND THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY LEE ARE ONE.”

A FEW OF OUR FUR-BEARERS.

(Fifth paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

ONLY a few short years ago the fur-bearing animals of North America were so common that people wore only the choicest and finest furs. Ladies would no more have worn bear-skins than horse-hide now. Lynx-skins had little value and were seldom worn, and only the finest of the foxes yielded skins considered desirable.

Now, however, all that is changed, and the motto seems to be, "Everything is fur that wears hair." Black bearskin furs are worth from \$50.00 to \$100.00 a set. Lynxes and foxes of every description are sought; and it is positively amusing to think how many thousand skunks die annually in this country in order that the fashionable may wear "Alaska Sable" and "Black Marten." Even poor little, once despised, Br'er Rabbit of the brush-pile is called upon to contribute his coat to the furrier, and tens of thousands of European hare-skins are dyed, and sheared, and made into an excellent imitation of fur seal! And why not? The bodies being eaten, it is far better to use the skins than to waste them, as heretofore.

The special object of this meeting is to introduce to your acquaintance certain members of the MARTEN FAMILY, called the *Mus-tel'i-dæ*. It is an old and very aristocratic family, and for hundreds of years past some of its members have always been on the most intimate terms with the leaders of rank and fashion throughout the earth. They have added luster to the courts of kings, the learning of judges, and the beauty of woman. The different members of the family take turns in being the favorite of the hour, according to the direction in which that fickle and giddy girl, Fashion, bestows her smile,—and also according to which species can best supply the fur market.

Just at present the SEA OTTER is the favorite of the millionairess, and his fur is the costliest in the world. I wonder if any of

SEA OTTER.
(*En'hy-dris lu'tris*.)

the wearers of this beautiful fur—so costly that the price of one set would feed a hungry family for two whole years—ever stop to find out how the first wearer was born on a bed of kelp, floating out in the open sea, on the icy-cold waters of the Pacific, and literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep"; how he was brought up on the heaving billows, and, when bedtime came, found a soft resting-place on his mother's breast, while she floated upon her back and clasped him with her paws as he slept; how the only land he ever knew was the rugged, rock-bound shores of Alaska or Washington. Now and then, when the ocean was very rough, and before the hunters were so bad, he used to crawl out upon a rock and lie there, while the roar of the breakers boomed in his ears and the spray dashed over him in torrents. But then, it is probable that not one woman out of every five hundred takes the trouble to learn the life history of the creature whose furry coat she wears.

The Sea Otter is the largest of the Marten Family, and is very unlike the animal after which the family is named. It has a thick, clumsy body, which, with the round, blunt head, is from three and a half to four feet in length. Unlike those of all other Otters, the tail is short and stumpy, being about one fifth the length of the head and body. As if to increase its value, and hasten its destruction, the skin is much larger than the body, like a misfit coat, and lies loosely upon it in many folds. For this reason the stretched pelt is always much wider and longer than the animal that wore it.

The coat of the full-grown Sea Otter is very dense, very fine, and its color is shimmering, lustrous black. Ever since the earliest discovery of the Sea Otter by the Russians, its fur has been eagerly sought by them, and the cash prices of skins have always been so high that there is not, in the whole United States, a museum rich enough to afford a good series

of specimens. Mr. Charles H. Townsend, the naturalist of the United States Fish Commission, writes me that in 1891 the price of the best skins had reached \$400 each, and their value has been since increasing. On the northwest coast of the State of Washington, where Sea Otters are still found along a thirty-mile strip of coast (from Gray's Harbor, half-way to Cape Flattery), they are shot by hunters from tall "derricks" from thirty to forty feet high, erected in the surf half-way between high tide

annual catch made on the south shore of the Aleutian Islands was generally over 600. Ten years ago it had fallen to 200, and last year only *two* were taken in the whole archipelago. Once abundant at the Pribyloffs, it has now entirely disappeared. A similar decrease has taken place in the region of the Alaska Peninsula, always the center of the Sea Otter's habitat as regards abundance. The adoption of firearms for the old-time spears has contributed to make this naturally wary animal the wildest of wild creatures. With a skin worth from \$100 to \$500, it has no respite from persecution.

Last year I knew of about twenty-five schooners, each carrying several natives and their boats, engaged in Otter-



THE SEA OTTER.

and low tide, and the hunter who kills four Otters in a year considers his work successful.

Owing to the persistent hunting that has been going on ever since Alaska came into our possession, the Sea Otter is rapidly following the buffalo to the State of Extermination. On this point, the following letter from Mr. Townsend is interesting:

The diminution of the Sea Otter began with the American occupation of the country, since which time it has steadily decreased in numbers. Twenty years ago the

hunting. Four of these vessels were very successful, taking in all 377 Otters. I believe there were not more than a thousand Otters taken in all Alaska during the season of 1891; but it is only a few years since a much smaller fleet could get 5000 or 6000 Otters.

The Sea Otter is a much more important animal to the natives than the fur seal, the entire population along nearly 2000 miles of coast-line being dependent on the Otter-hunting industry for a living.

The Government is now commencing to place restrictions on Otter-hunting, and the species may yet be saved. My own recommendations have been to restrict white hunters only, and let the native hunters severely alone.

The favorite food of the Sea Otter is not fish, as one might suppose from the habits of the common Otter, but clams, crabs, mussels, and sea-urchins. Its molar teeth are of necessity very strong, for the grinding up of this rough fare, and the muscles of the jaws are proportionately powerful.

THE NORTH AMERICAN is an old favorite, and
 OTTER so well known by
 (*Lutra Can-a-den'sis*) reason of his superb,
 glossy, dark-brown fur, that his life has always
 been eagerly sought by hunters and trappers.



CANADA OTTER.

Like all our older fur-bearers, the species has been so persecuted and hunted down that to the present generation it is almost a stranger once more. In the southern States, where, on account of the warm climate, its fur is so poor as to be of little value, it still exists, but it is nowhere abundant in the United States. Now and then a solitary specimen is taken in South Carolina, Delaware, Massachusetts, or Vermont, or in the mountains of the West. In New Brunswick and British Columbia they are more common, and, following the timbered country, they range northward until they occupy the entire mainland of Alaska south of latitude 68 degrees. Although we cannot pause here to speak at length of the aquatic habits and fish-diet of the Otter, his tameness, and even affection, in captivity, and his interesting family of two or three children in a hollow stump, we cannot, as boys and girls, ignore his sportive disposition, and the grand fun he has sliding down-hill!

I wonder how many American boys know that the Otter loves coasting just as much as any school-boy, will work for it just as hard, and keep it up quite as long, if only let alone. Well, this is all true, at all events; and he even

beats the boys at their own game, for he not only goes tobogganing on his stomach down steep hillsides covered with snow or ice, in the north, but in the south, where there is no snow, he changes to a steep bank coated with nice, slippery mud, and goes merrily on with his coasting. It is true he gets his coat muddy in going down, but the plunge into the water at the bottom of the slide quickly washes it clean again. I have never seen Otters playing this game, but persons who have watched them at it unobserved say they seem to enjoy the fun as well as any school-boys, and will go over the course most industriously fifteen or twenty times before stopping to rest. The fur of the Otter is still fairly common, and in regular demand.

THE WOLVERINE, is better known as
 CARCAJOU, or GLUTTON being the trapper's
 (*Gl'lo lus'cus*) Evil Genius than for
 the value or beauty of his own fur. He is
 the greatest thief and the most cunning villain
 in our whole mammalian fauna, and mountains
 of hard words have been heaped upon his
 ugly head. In fighting-weight he is about the
 size of a setter-dog, but in form he may best
 be described as a cross between a badger and a
 bear. He has the head, legs, feet, and tail of a
 badger, and a bear-like body. In Wyoming he is
 called the SKUNK BEAR, not a bad name; but
 the Indians of northern Washington go a little
 farther and call him the MOUNTAIN DEVIL.

I never saw but one live Wolverine, and that was a fine specimen caught in the Yellowstone Park and now in the National Zoölogical Park at Washington. He is very badger-like in temper and disposition, sullen and vicious, always crouching in the farthest corner of his cage, growling away down in his throat, and showing a formidable set of teeth whenever looked at. The portrait of him on the next page shows his form and appearance so well it is only necessary for me to add a few words of description.

The length of his head and body is about thirty inches, and tail about twelve inches. I say "about," because he asked to be excused from being measured, and I excused him! In general appearance, the Wolverine is a very stoutly built, long-haired, and dark-colored animal, with his colors in about four values, as an artist would express it. His head and

shoulders are chestnut-brown, the back is almost black, while the legs and feet are jet-black, and the claws white. A very curious and conspicuous light marking is the dirty yellow coloring of the thigh. The fur of this animal is not very fine, and is chiefly desirable for use in robes and rugs. Although it is comparatively abundant in the fur market, there is no special demand for it.

The most interesting thing about the Wolverine is the total depravity of his character; we cannot say *moral* character, for apparently he never had any. Wherever found he is the king of thieves. He delights in following up a line of marten-traps several miles long, and not only stealing the bait, which his satanic ingenuity nearly always enables him to do without getting caught, but also devouring every marten that he finds already trapped. He makes a specialty of finding and breaking open the caches of meat trappers store up in the fall for winter use; and what he can neither eat on the spot, nor carry away and bury under the snow, he paws over and soils so effectually that even the hungriest man cannot eat it. The Washington readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* will recognize in him a veritable "Jack the Slasher" among quadrupeds.

In stealing, his industry is boundless. He often enters a settler's cabin when the owner is away, eats everything eatable, destroys a good share, and then carries away everything portable, hiding his booty in the snow or in the earth. He even takes articles that he cannot possibly use, such as tin pans, clothing, belts,

and steel traps; and more than once he has been known to strip a cabin of almost everything it contained. As an agreeable neighbor in the forest he is a complete failure. Fortunately he belongs more to the northern portion of the continent than elsewhere, and is now rarely taken in the United States.

The largest group of the Marten Family is that containing the skunks, big, medium, and little. For years we contentedly acknowledged the claims of five species for all North America; but recently Dr. C. H. Merriam has been in-



THE WOLVERINE.

vestigating the little striped skunks of the Southwest, and in 1890 he announced eight new species of the genus *Spilogale* at one fell swoop! Add to these two more new species, and instead of five species only we are now obliged to confess ownership to fifteen species, and all bad.

Just what we Americans have done to earn this additional disgrace, I am puzzled to guess.

It is not necessary to bring forward all our skunks at once, for one is enough to satisfy COMMON SKUNK. most people. The COMMON (*Me-phi'tis me-phi'ti-ca.*) SKUNK will serve well as the type of his subfamily. To me he seems the



COMMON SKUNK.

meanest and wickedest-looking animal for his size that I ever saw. Instead of having a head shaped like those of other mammals, his is conical, like the end of a half-burned stick. His jet-black color, which is intensified by his pure white markings, and his snake-like, glittering black eyes, make him look a veritable imp from the Bad Place. His big, bushy tail he carries erect over his back, defiantly and threateningly, like the black banner of a bloody pirate. Knowing well the power that lies in his abominable scent-glands, he is bold and aggressive, and able to put any unarmed adversary to flight. He is a black-and-white terror, and al-



STRIPED SKUNK.

though every man's hand is against him, the lynxes and wolves and eagles know enough about natural history to let him severely alone.

But even the Skunk has his uses. He now furnishes a great quantity of good fur, and he also renders some service to the farmer in the destruction of harmful insects and their larvæ.

When I was a small boy I once had a thrilling encounter with a monster Skunk on a bare Iowa prairie, two miles from a gun. He was armed, as usual; I was not, and he held me at bay for half an hour, snarling and growling viciously, stamping with his fore feet and suddenly rushing forward now and then as if to devour me—which always caused me to fall back in good order. He might have held me there until now, in perfect safety to himself, had not my big brother arrived with a gun; for clubs are not trumps when you are fighting Skunks, unless you have a dog.

The fetid fluid which is the Skunk's great weapon of defense, has not only the most powerful and offensive odor in the world, but it is said to be poisonous, and to burn the flesh like an acid. But it is not even that which is the most dangerous feature of this little animal. The bite of the Skunk often produces hydrophobia, and death to man. It is even claimed by some medical authorities that, in this country at least, madness in dogs is due to this same cause. Be that as it may, it is an undisputed fact that in the southwestern States and Territories, where Skunks are numerous, and it is a common thing for men to sleep on the ground, at least two or three scores of persons have died of hydrophobia as the result of Skunk-bites.

In order to get even a glimpse of the remainder of the Marten Family, we shall have to make the remainder of this reception strictly official, and conduct it on the lines laid down by American presidents and governors:—a slowly moving procession, brief introduction, searching glance, momentary grasp—and exit.

At the head of his family comes the

PINE MARTEN, OR He looks very much like a AMERICAN SABLE. young red fox, and if you (*Mus-t'la Amer-i-can'a.*) will put upon his body the head of a quarter-grown *Vulpes fulvus*, you will have an animal that will pass as a young red fox

in almost any crowd. His general color is brownish yellow, but the legs and tail are two or three shades darker than the body. He is about as heavy as an ordinary domestic cat, but longer, fairly large specimens measuring about seventeen to eighteen inches from nose to tail, and about eleven inches in length of tail, including the long hair at the tip. His furry coat is long, fine, and abundant, and nature has generously given him three kinds of hair. He is an arboreal and timber-loving animal, very rarely found on the prairies, or the great Barren Grounds, and is most abundant on rugged and rocky forest-clad mountains. Unlike the Skunk, he does not cling to settled regions and become



AMERICAN SABLE.

a depraved poultry-thief, but lives in his own woods, by honest hunting, on small rodents, an occasional reptile, a bird, or a nestful of eggs. His fur is common, and is extensively used.

THE BLACK CAT, also called PEKAN or OR FISHER PENNANT'S MARTEN, is (*Mus-ſe la Pen'nant-i*), about two and a half times the size of the pine marten, but his shape is very much the same. He starts in at his head to be of a beautiful iron-gray color, an even mixture of black and white, but as the colors go farther back, the black gradually gets the best of it. By the time the tail is reached the white has quite given up in despair, and retired from view. Tail, legs, and feet are very dark brown, and the name Black Cat is very appropriate as to color. In bulk this animal is about as large as a gray fox, but it has the short legs and rounded head characteristic of all the members of the Marten Family. Its average length of head and body is about thirty inches, and the tail about seventeen inches, including the tip. Its habits are very similar to those of the pine marten, and its



THE BLACK CAT, FISHER, OR PENNANT'S MARTEN.

home extends from North Carolina and Tennessee northward through the timbered regions to the Great Slave Lake, westward to Oregon, and up the Pacific Coast to the Yukon River. His fur is not very common, and there is no special demand for it.

Of our seven Weasel species, we can only glance at the COMMON WEASEL, STOAT, or COMMON WEASEL. ERMINE, also called the (*Putorius ermine-a.*) REGAL ERMINE, the most snake-like of all quadrupeds; white in winter and brown in summer, inhabiting three fourths of the North American continent, and known to nearly everybody. His fur is now common

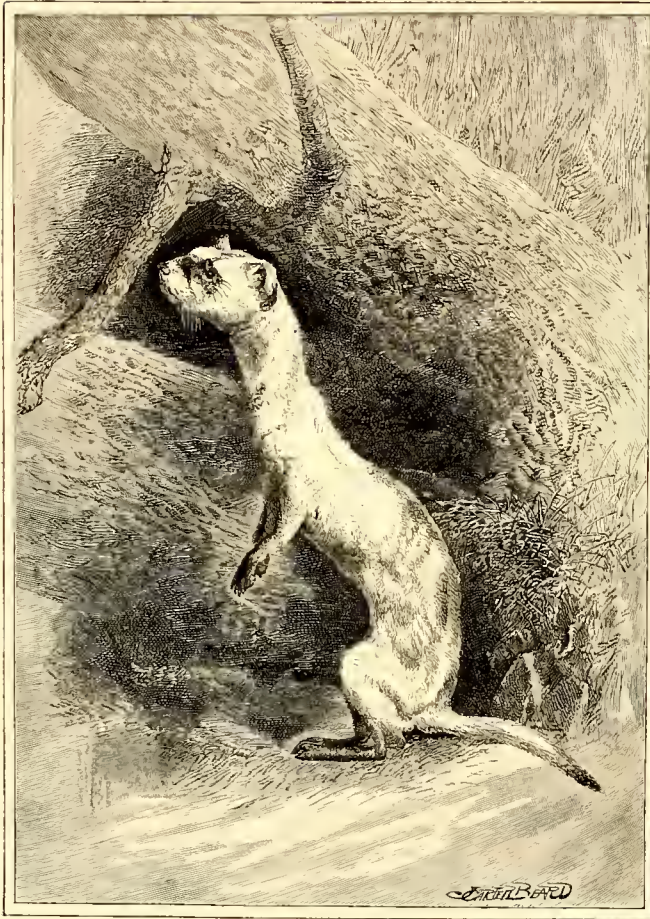


AN ERMINE IN WINTER.

once more, and in special demand. Next to him comes an animal known to nobody save a few naturalists and plainmen—the mink-



AN ERMINE IN SUMMER.



THE BLACK-FOOTED FERRET. SIDE VIEW.
DRAWN BY J. C. BEARD FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

like BLACK-FOOTED FERRET, a handsome creature, for many years known to science only by Audubon's figure and description of a single specimen that once came into his possession and then was lost. Owing to the complete absence of specimens, the great Audubon was by some persons actually suspected (so says Dr. Coues) of having invented the species as an embellishment to his work! But Dr. Coues presently called the press to the rescue, and by its instrumentality several specimens were soon obtained. Its presence was proved in Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana; and in 1889 one of the first specimens received by the National Zoölogical Park was a fine living example of this species, which was duly studied, and photographed repeatedly. In the West

this animal is commonly called the PRAIRIE-DOG HUNTER, because of his fondness for that jolly little marmot. He is nearly always found in the towns of the prairie-dog.

THE MINK needs no introduction, for he inhabits the whole continent, is at home everywhere, and, like a



THE BLACK-FOOTED FERRET. BACK VIEW.

village postmaster, knows everybody. In former years the demand for his beautiful fur very nearly led to his extermination, but when his fur "went out of fashion" (because there was no more of it), he had a good long rest of about twenty years, during which time his numbers

quietly increased until the insatiable furrier once more attacked him, and made his fur "fashionable" again. His beautiful brown fur is now quite common, and is extensively used.

THE BADGER is the last in the line, and (*Tax-id'e-a Amer-i-can'a*) he is such a surly and stupid beast he deserves to be. Of the many



THE AMERICAN BADGER.

most as broad as he is long, strong in muscle, jaw, and odor; and, when at home in the Great Plains region, an unmitigated terror to the prairie-dog. I have seen his burrows in the center of a forty-mile desert, which even a hawk could not cross without carrying his rations with him; and how a Badger could possibly find enough game to keep him from starving, where nothing else lived save a few tiny mice, was a puzzle to me—and I hand it over to you for solution.

The fur of the Badger is common enough, but as yet not in demand with fur-wearers.



THE MINK.

animals I have kept and handled in captivity, the Badger is the only one which seemed to possess no sense whatever. No other animal ever tried my patience so sorely. He is a shapeless beast, as if sat upon all his life, al-

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WILD LIFE.

BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.

VI. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF CIVILIZATION.

I WAS scarcely old enough to know anything definite about the "Big Knives," as we called the white men, when the terrible Minnesota massacre occurred, and I was carried into British Columbia. I have already told how I was adopted into the family of my father's younger brother, when my father was betrayed and imprisoned. We all supposed that he had shared the fate of those who were executed at Mankato, Minnesota. Now, the savage philosophers looked upon vengeance in the field of battle as a lofty virtue. To avenge the death of a relative or of a dear friend was considered a great deed. My uncle, accordingly, had spared no pains to instil into my young mind the obligation to avenge the death of my father and my brothers. Already I looked eagerly forward to the day when I should find an opportunity to carry out his teachings.



DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS HOLLAND, BOSTON.

Meanwhile, he himself went upon the war-path and returned with scalps every summer.

So it may be imagined how I felt toward the Big Knives. On the other hand, I had heard wonderful things of this people. A race whose power bordered upon the supernatural, they exist together. I thought the water would put out the fire and the fire would consume the boat, if it had a shadow of a chance! This was to me a preposterous thing. But when I was told that



DR. EASTMAN IN INDIAN DRESS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS HOLLAND, BOSTON.)

were almost *wakan* (mysterious). I learned that they had made a "Fire-Boat." I could not understand how they could convert fire into a boat, and thus unite two elements which cannot

Although a boy is not expected to join in the conversation of his elders, I ventured to ask, "Then it cannot chase us into any rough country?"

the Big Knives had created a "Fire-Boat-Walks-on-Mountains" (a train), it was too much to believe.

"Why," said my informant, "those who saw this monster move said that it flew occasionally from mountain to mountain, when it seemed to be excited. They also said that they believed it carried a thunder-bird, for he frequently gave his usual war-whoop as he was swiftly borne along."

Several warriors had seen, at a distance, one of the first trains on the Northern Pacific, and had gained too great an impression of the wonders of the pale-face. They had seen it go over a deep creek; hence they thought it jumped from one bank to the other. I confess that the story almost quenched my ardor and bravery.

Two or three young men were talking together about this fearful invention. "But," said one, "I understand that this Fire-Boat-Walks-on-Mountains cannot move except on its track."

"No, it cannot," was the reply, which I heard with a great deal of relief.

I had seen guns, and various other things brought to us by the French-Canadians, so that I had already some notion of the supernatural power of the white men; but I had never before heard such tales as I was treated to that morning. It was said that they had bridged the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers, that they made houses of stone and brick, but nothing had eclipsed the story told by Bushy-Horn. It puzzled my brain for many a day. Finally I asked my uncle why the Great Mystery gave such power to the *Washichu* (the rich—sometimes we called them by this name), and not to us Dakotas.

"For the same reason," he answered, "that he gave to Duta the skill to make fine bows and arrows, and to Wachisni no skill to make anything."

"And why do the Big Knives increase much more in number than the Dakotas?" I continued to inquire.

"It has been said, and I am inclined to believe it is true, that they have larger families than we do. I went into the house of an *Iashicha* [a German], and I counted not less than nine children. The eldest of them could not have been over fifteen. When my grandfather first visited them, down at the mouth of the Mississippi, they were comparatively few; later my father visited their Great Father at Washington, and they had already spread over the whole country.

"Certainly they are a heartless nation. They have made some of their people servants—yes, slaves! We never believed in slaves, but it seems that these *Washichu* do. It is our belief that they painted their servants black a long time ago, to tell them from the rest, and now the slaves have children born to them of the same color!

"The greatest object of their lives seems to be to acquire possessions—to be rich. They are desirous to possess the whole world. For thirty years they were trying to entice us to sell our land to them. Finally the 'Outbreak' gave them all, and we have been driven away from our beautiful country. They are a wonderful

people. They have divided the day into hours, like the moons of the year. In fact, they measure everything. Not one of them would let even a turnip go from his field unless he received equal value for it. I understand that their great men make a feast and invite many, but when the feast is over the guests are required to pay for what they have eaten before leaving the house. I myself saw at 'White Cliff' [the name given to St. Paul, Minnesota] a man who kept a brass drum and a bell to call people to his table; but when he got them in he would make them pay for the food!

"I am also informed," said my uncle, "but this I hardly believe, that their Great Chief [President] makes every man pay him for the land he lives upon and all his personal goods—even for his own existence—every year! I am sure we could not live under such a law. When the Outbreak occurred, we thought that our opportunity had come, for we had learned that the Big Knives were fighting among themselves, on account of a dispute over their slaves. It was said that the Great Chief had allowed slaves in one part of the country and not in another; so there was jealousy, and they had to fight it out. We don't know how true this was.

"There were some praying-men who came to us some time before the trouble arose. They observed every seventh day as a holy day. On that day they met in a house they had built for that purpose, to sing, pray, and speak of their Great Mystery. I was never in one of these meetings. I understand that they had a large book from which they read. By all accounts they were very different from all the other white men we have known, for these never observed any such day, and we never knew them to pray, neither did they ever tell us of their Great Mystery.

"In war they have leaders and war-chiefs of different grades. The common warriors are driven forward like a herd of antelopes to face the foe. It is on account of this manner of fighting—from compulsion and not because of personal bravery—that we count no *coup* on them.* A lone warrior can do much harm to a large army of them in a bad country."

* In the battle-field there are four counts that can be made for every enemy killed. The first who touches a dead enemy on the field has the highest honor, and the next three in order.

This is called counting the *coup* or blow.

It was this talk with my uncle that gave me my first clear idea of the white man.

I was almost fifteen years old when my uncle presented me with a flint-lock gun. The possession of this weapon had given me new thoughts. "I am now old enough," thought I to myself, "and I must beg my uncle to take me with him on his next war-path. I will soon be able to go among the white men whenever I wish, and to avenge the blood of my father and brothers!"

One day, when I was away on the daily hunt, two strangers from the United States visited our camp. They had boldly ventured across the northern border. They were Indians, but clad in the white man's garments. It was well that I with my gun was absent!

My father, accompanied by an Indian guide, after many days' searching had found us at last! He had been imprisoned at Davenport, Iowa, with those who took part in the massacre and the battle following, and he was taught in prison by the missionaries, Drs. Williamson and Riggs. When he was released and had returned to the reservation on the Missouri, he became fully convinced that life on a government reservation meant nothing but physical and moral degradation. Therefore he determined, with several others, to try the white man's way of gaining a livelihood. So they took land, under the United States Homestead Law, on the Big Sioux River. When he had settled there, he desired to seek his lost child. It was then a dangerous undertaking to cross the line, but his Christian love prompted him to do it. He had secured a good guide, and so found his way through the vast wilderness.

As for me, I little dreamed of anything unusual to happen on my return. I carried the game on my shoulder, and approached our camp. I had not even the slightest expectation that I was suddenly to be hurled from my savage life into a life unknown to me hitherto. When I appeared in sight of the camp, my father, who had patiently listened to my uncle's long narrative of my training and early life, became very much excited. He was eager to embrace the child who, as he had been informed, made it already the object

of his life to avenge a father's blood! The loving father could not remain in the tepee and watch the boy coming, so he started to meet him. My uncle arose to go with his brother for his safety.

My face burned with the unusual excitement caused by the sight of a man wearing the Big Knives' clothing, and coming toward me with my uncle.

"What does this mean, Uncle?"

"My boy, this is your father, my brother, whom we mourned as dead. He has come for you."

My father added: "I am glad that my son is strong and brave. Your brothers have all adopted the white man's way; I came for you to learn this new way, too, and I want you to grow up to be a good man."

He had brought me some civilized clothing. At first I disliked very much to wear garments made by the people I had hated so bitterly. But the thought that, after all, they had not killed my father and brothers reconciled me; and I put on the clothes.

In a few days we started for the States. I felt as if I were dead, and traveling to the Spirit land; for now all my old ideas were to give way to new ones, and my life was to be entirely different from that of the past. Still, I was eager to see some of the wonderful inventions of the white people. When we reached Fort Totten, I gazed at everything about me with lively interest and a quick imagination.

My father had forgotten to tell me that the Fire-Boat-Walks-on-Mountains had its track at Jamestown, and might appear at any moment. As I was watering the ponies, a peculiar and tremendous shrilling noise pealed forth just beyond the hills. The ponies lifted up their heads and listened for a moment; then snorting they ran over the prairie. Meanwhile, I too had taken the alarm, and listened with the air of a boy who was badly scared. I jumped on the back of one of the ponies, and he dashed off at full speed. It was a clear day; I could not imagine what had caused such an unearthly noise. I thought the world was about to burst in two. I got upon a hill as the train appeared. "Oh!" I said to myself, "that is the Fire-Boat-Walks-on-Mountains

that I have heard about!" Then I drove back the ponies.

My father was accustomed every morning to read from his Bible, and sing a stanza of a hymn. I was about very early with my gun for several mornings; but at last he stopped me as I was about to go out, and bade me wait. I listened with much astonishment. The hymn contained the word *Jesus*. I did not comprehend what this meant, and my father then told

me that Jesus was the Son of God who came on earth to save sinners, and that it was because of him that he had sought me. This conversation made a deep impression upon my mind.

Late in that fall we reached the settlement at Flandreau, South Dakota, where my father and some others dwelt among the whites. Here my wild life came to an end, and my school-days began.

THE END.



AT THE PARTY

Little Flossie -- Good night! Oh, yes, I 'most forgot! Mama said I must be sure to tell you that I've had a very pleasant time.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

BY PALMER COX.



SECOND TOUR:
THE BROWNIES
IN THE
EMPIRE STATE.

keeping with the wishes
strong,

The Brownie band had cherished long,
As shades of evening closed around,
In haste they sought their meeting-ground.
No sooner had the roll been called,
And "here," or "present," each one bawled,
Than one remarked: "No need have we
For lengthy talk, or special plea,
For all are willing, as we know,
To take the trip on which we go.
The Empire State before us lies,
And who that has a heart and eyes,
Would for one moment hesitate
To pay respects to such a State?
So noted for its mountain land,
Its lovely bays, and rivers grand,
Its battle-fields, its brilliant men
Who carved their names with sword or pen

Upon the records of
the race

That changing years
cannot efface."

Another cried: "You
speak our minds ;

One chain of thought
the party binds,

So let us every hour
improve,

For time is ever on the move."

They visited Niagara Falls,
Then lost no time to make their calls
On Watkins Glen, and ran with glee,
To stand beside the Genesee ;
Close to the brink they crawled to peep
Where Sam Patch took the fearful leap.
The Adirondacks, heaving blue
Against the sky, attention drew ;



The home of fox, of deer, and bear,
And sheets of water passing fair,
Where gamy fish in waiting lie,
To test the angler's

phantom fly.

At old Ticon-
deroga's
site,





They moralized in language light.
Said one: "That was a grand surprise,
That history's pages memorize,
When, starting from his bed in fright,
The old commander rose that night,
To gaze on Ethan Allen's band,
And listen to his blunt command,
Which had a sort of business ring,
That spoke small honor for the king."
Said one: "A cruise we ought to take
Upon Champlain's bright limpid lake,
Whereon McDonough brought in
brief

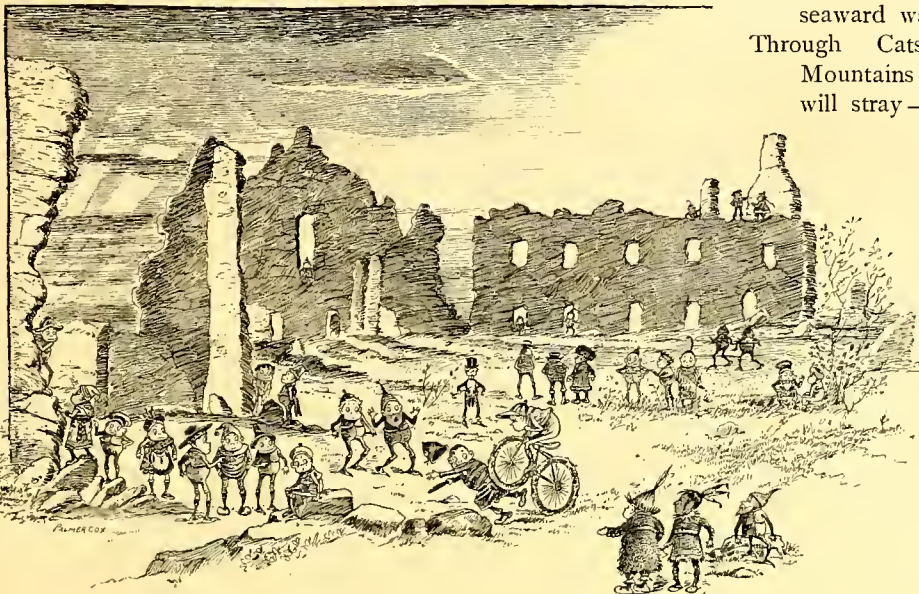
The British squadron all to grief.
There, full in sight of Plattsburg town,
The haughty fleet came sailing down,
The flag-ship moving in the van,
According to the naval plan,

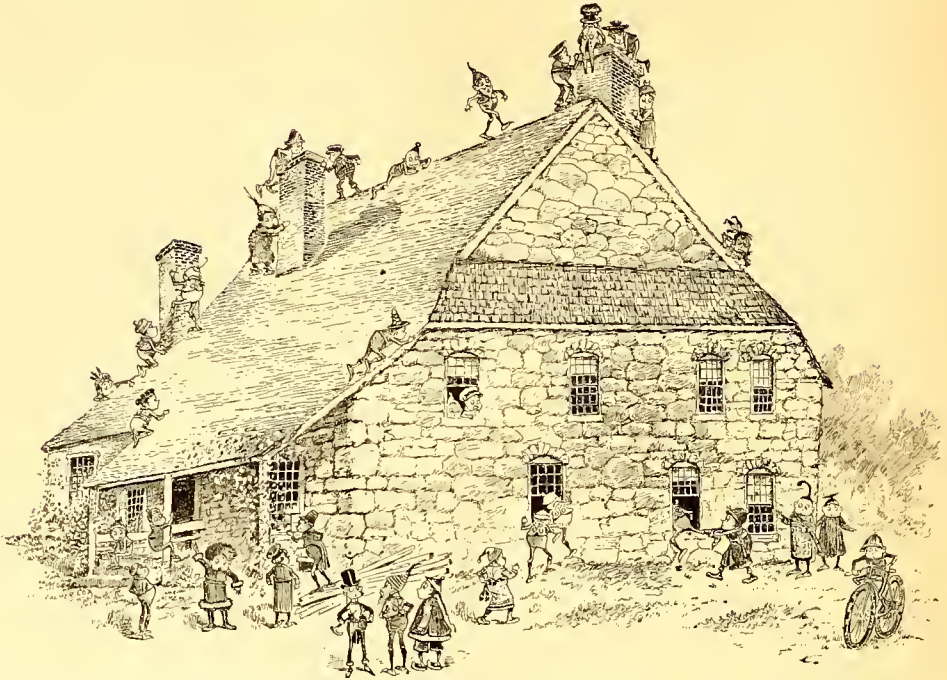


While others ranged diagonally
To port and starboard formed a V.
But soon McDonough's broadside broke
The fine formation, while the smoke
Hid from the gaze of those on shore,
Who gathered at the cannon's roar,
All sign of ships, save masts alone
That still o'er battle-clouds were
shown,
And told the watchers full and fair
Which ships were down or which were
there."

Another said: "We have n't time;
So let us seek that stream sublime
That first a mountain brooklet leaps,
Then as a river broadly sweeps,
Reflecting scenes on either side
Unequaled in the country wide.

And as we take our
seaward way,
Through Catskill
Mountains we
will stray —



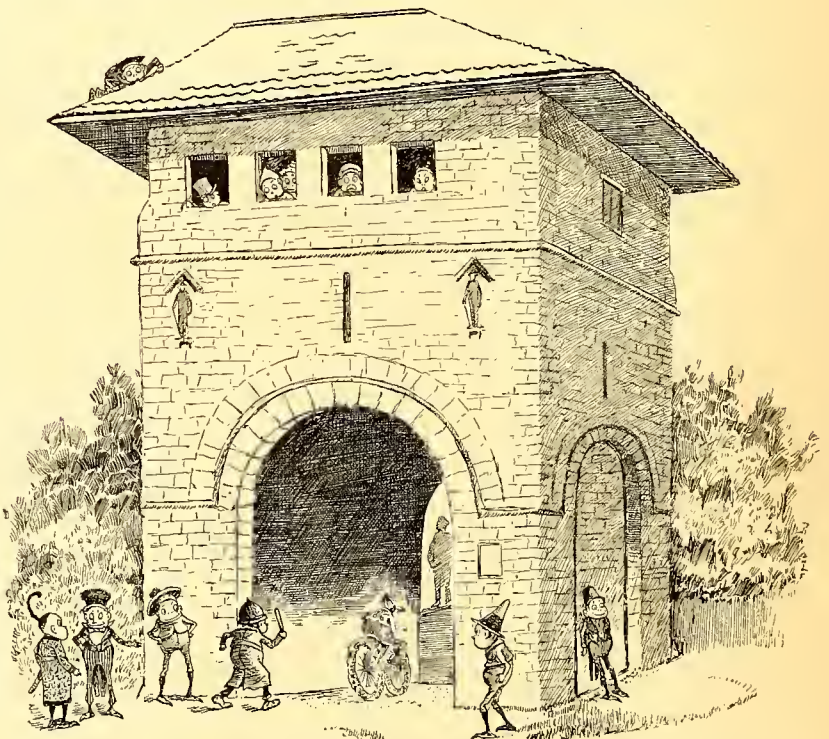


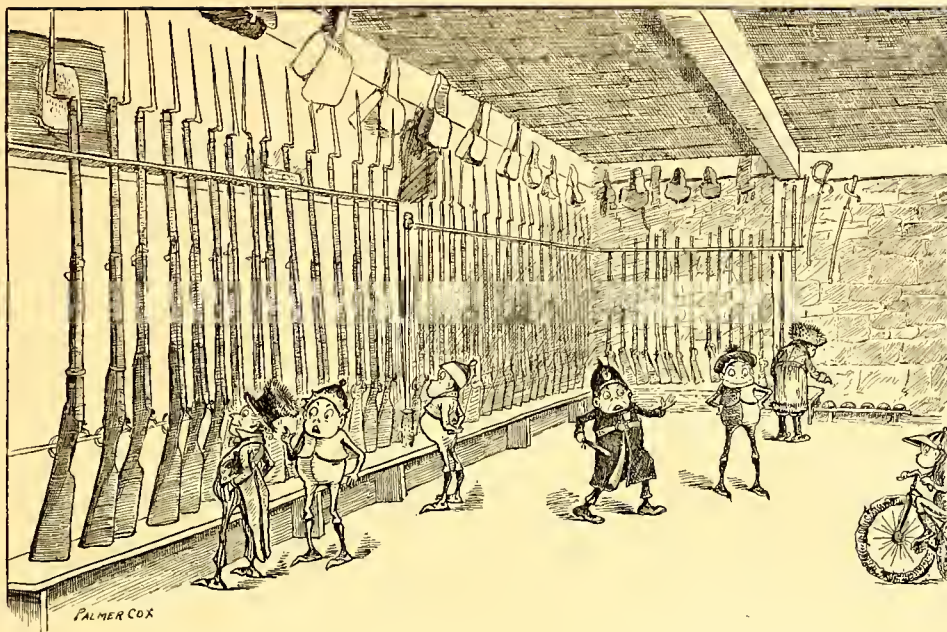
Up rugged narrow passes creep,
Where Rip Van Winkle took his sleep,
And woke in wonder
to find out
What twenty years
had brought
about."

With quarters where the chief found rest,
And sent his couriers to and fro

Oftimes the Brownies paused to scan
The points of interest, as they ran;
Indeed, at Newburg they made bold
To venture in the building old
That is to folk of every zone
As Washington's Headquarters known.

Said one: "Though many towns are
blessed



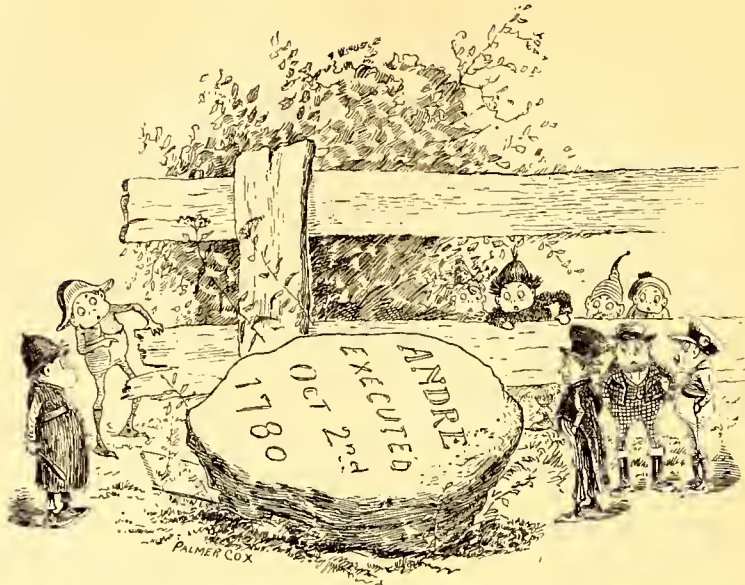


To watch the actions of the foe,
 This was the last he occupied
 While in the field he stemmed the tide
 Of British arms and British gold,
 That long across the country rolled.
 The patriots here broke ranks, and laid
 Their hands to ax, and plow, and spade,
 And from the long-neglected sod
 Sprang up once more the ear and pod;
 And children fled no more in fright
 From redcoats' guns or bayo-
 nets bright."

At times, the youngsters to
 surprise,
 When on the morrow
 they would
 rise,
 The Brownies paused
 nearsomeabode,
 Or at the crossings
 of the road,
 And on a fin-
 board or wall
 With bits of chalk
 or coal would
 scrawl
 Or in some manner
 letter out

The hint that they had been about.
 Said one, while they with joyful mien
 Surveyed each bright and pleasing scene:
 "Here where between the rich display
 The river widens to the bay,
 Some moments let us check our race
 At Tarrytown to view the place
 Where Major André was relieved



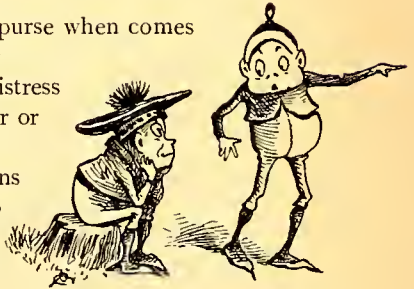


Of his despatch, and greatly grieved
To find both purse and prayers were naught
To Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart."
At length that city drew their eyes,
That on Manhattan Island lies.



Said one: "At last, my comrades true
That famous city comes in view,
So noted for its wondrous dower
Of wealth, and influence, and power;

Its open purse when comes
the cry
Of sad distress
from far or
nigh;
Its millions
spent to
spread
the
light



In heathen countries dark as night;
Museums great, its works of art,
Its press, and great commercial mart.
Here might we roam for nights and nights,
Still meeting new and wondrous sights.
But hark! the sound that sweetly falls
From Trinity's old belfry walls
Proclaims 't is now the hour of five,
And soon the town will be alive;
So we must quickly turn aside,
And in some cunning manner hide."



JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number.*]

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN BUTTS.

IT was evening of the next day. There were some little boys off at the end of the wharf of Hezekiah Tipton's warehouses. Jack went out to where they were.

A brig had come into the harbor—it lay at anchor some distance away. The sails were half reefed and hung limp from the yards. They were washing down the decks. Jack could see the men busy about the decks, and every now and then a gush of dirty water as it ran out the scupper-holes. A boat was just about putting off from the brig. Presently some one climbed down over the side of the vessel and into the boat, and then it was pushed off. It came rowing straight to where he and the little boys stood. It pulled in around the back of a sloop that lay fast to the end of the wharf.

Jack jumped down from the wharf into the sloop and went across the deck. The boat had come in under the side of the sloop, and the men were holding it fast to the chains. They looked up at Jack as he came to the rail of the sloop and looked down at them. There were two men in the stern of the boat. One was just about to climb aboard the sloop. He was short and thick-set. He wore a rough sea-coat with great flapped pockets and brass buttons. One of his pockets bulged with a pistol, the brass butt of which stuck out from it. He wore dirty petticoat-breeches strapped to his waist by a broad leather belt with a big, flat, brass buckle. His face and neck were tanned red-brown like russet leather. There was something in the short bull neck, in the sharp seams running across it, that spoke of fullness of brutal strength. He wore a hat trimmed with tarnished gold braid, and a red bandana handkerchief knotted loosely around his neck. He stood with his hand resting upon

the rail of the sloop. "Do you know where Master Hezekiah Tipton lives?" he asked in a hoarse, rattling voice.

"Why, yes, I do," said Jack; "this is his wharf, and I'm his nephew."

"Well, then," said the man, "I wish you'd show me to him."

Jack looked into the office; Hezekiah was not there. "Come into the parlor," said Jack, "and I'll go and tell him you're here." He opened the door of the room that always smelt damp and stuffy and unused. "If you'll sit down here," said Jack, "I'll go and find him. Who shall I tell him wants him?"

"Tell him 't is Captain Butts of the 'Arundel,'" said the stranger. He had seated himself and was holding his hat awkwardly between his knees, as if not knowing what to do with it. He looked about him at his surroundings strangely.

There was in the distance the sound of a knife and fork rattling against a plate. Jack, following the sound, went along the passage to the room beyond. Hezekiah was sitting at supper. "There's a man in the parlor," said Jack, "would like to see you. He says his name's Captain Butts of the Arundel."

Hezekiah was looking at Jack as he spoke. He laid down his knife and fork immediately, and pushed back his chair and arose. Jack followed him back to the parlor. He stood outside of the door looking in. The stranger arose as Master Tipton came in, holding out his big, brown, hairy hand. "How d' ye do, Master Tipton? I be mightily glad to see you. I be Captain Butts of the Arundel."

"Well, then, Master Captain Butts," said Hezekiah, giving him a limp hand, "I be mightily glad to see you, for I've been looking for you these three days past, and wondering where was the Arundel. There be them nineteen servants down at the Duck and Doe that should have been took away yesterday. Their lodging at the inn is a matter of ten pence a

day each. Now, who do you think 's to pay for that there?"

"Well, well, Master," said the captain, in a hoarse, growling voice, "'t were n't no fault of mine that I were n't here yesterday. Wind and weather be to blame; so whatever ye lose ye may just charge up agin them. We can't sail without wind, and we can't sail agin weather. As for the men, why, the sooner I get my clearance papers and the men aboard, the better 't will suit me. The tide turns at eight o'clock, and if the wind comes up, as 't is like to do, why, I 'll drop out and away."

Master Hezekiah looked around. Jack was still standing in the doorway. "You go in and get your supper, Jacky," said he; and then he got up and closed the door.

All the time that Jack sat at his meal old Deborah scolded him ceaselessly for being late to his meal.

In the interval of her scolding, Jack could hear the distant rumbling of Captain Butts's voice in the office.

It grew darker and darker in the twilight gloom of the kitchen, until Jack could hardly see the food upon his plate. "I wish you 'd bring a candle, Deborah," said he; "I can hardly see to find the way to my mouth."

"A candle!" said Deborah. "If you 'd come to your supper in time you 'd not need a candle to see. Now you may just go without."

"Very well," said Jack, "I don't care, for I 'm done."

"Then, if you 're done, you can go down to the pump and fetch back some water."

Jack took the pail and went off with it. He was gone a long time. The night was fairly settled when he came stumbling back into the kitchen, slopping the water upon the steps and the floor.

"Why," said Deborah, "I thought you was never coming. Your uncle 's asking for you in the office. He wants to see you there."

"Very well," said Jack, "if I 'd known that maybe I 'd 'a' hurried and maybe I would n't."

In the office he found Captain Butts seated at a tall desk, his chin resting upon his hands. He looked up at Jack, with his keen gray eyes, from under his bushy eyebrows. "Is this the boy?" said he. Hezekiah, who sat opposite to

his visitor, nodded without speaking. "Come hither, my hearty," said Captain Butts, beckoning to Jack.

Jack came forward slowly. When he had drawn near enough, Captain Butts suddenly caught him by the arm and held him tight, feeling up and down the length of it. "Ye be well put together, my hearty," said he; "ye 'd make a valuable servant in the tobacco-fields," and he winked at the lad. "Now, how would you like to take a cruise to the Americas with old Benny Butts?"

Jack jerked his arm away from the captain's grasp. "I am well enough off here as I am, thank you, Master Captain," said he, "and I don't choose to go to the Americas."

The captain burst out laughing. He fetched a thump upon the desk before him. "Hark 'e to that, now!" said he; "he don't choose to go to the Americas!" and he gave another roar of laughter.

Master Hezekiah sat looking on at the two, resting his forehead upon his lean fingers and his hand shading his eyes from the light of the candle. Suddenly he cut into what the captain was saying. "Come, come, Captain Butts!" said he sharply, "let there be an end to this! Sure you forget what you 're saying. Come hither," said he to Jack. Jack came around to him, and the old man lifted the lid of the desk and brought out a bundle of papers and a little bag of money. He counted out a few coins, which he made into a little pile. Then he untied the tape and chose one from among them. Jack stood watching him. "Here be a list of the America servants down at the Duck and Doe," said Hezekiah; "and this—" here he chinked the money between his fingers as he gave it to Jack—"is fifteen shillings ten pence. You pay Landlord Evans his account, and then give this release to Master Weems, the crimp who hath them in charge. After that I want you to deliver the men to the captain down at the wharf, d' ye understand?"

"I think I do," said Jack.

"Captain Butts will give you a receipt for the men at the wharf. But I want you to see them aboard the boat, d' ye understand?"

"Yes," said Jack, "I think I do."

"Very well, come along, my hearty," said the captain; "for 't is time I was getting aboard again if we're going to catch the turn of the tide."

CHAPTER V.

KIDNAPPED.

OUTSIDE in the street it had grown fairly dark. The unlighted court was very black, only here and there a dim light shining in a window. Jack and the captain walked along the court together, the captain stumbling and tripping in the darkness. At the end of the court they parted, the captain going on along to the wharf and Jack to the Duck and Doe. He found the crimp, and gave him Hezekiah's release; and then the redemptioners immediately began to make themselves ready. There was something pitiful in the meagerness of their preparation. One or two of them had nondescript bundles tied up in handkerchiefs, and one had a pair of stockings wrapped up in a piece of dirty paper. Beyond this they had nothing at all to take with them to the New World to which they were bound.

The crimp brought them out into the court of the inn and arranged them in some sort of order, two and two, in the dim light of the lantern. They jostled and pushed one another and leered at Jack as he stood looking at them helplessly. "Why, Master, I don't know whether I'll be able to take them down to the wharf or not," said he.

"Oh, you'll be able to take us," said a big, bull-necked fellow. "A baby'd lead us wherever he chose for to do!" and then the redemptioners laughed.

"Well, I don't know," said the crimp, shaking his head as he looked them over; "like enough I'd better go with you as far as the wharf. Look 'e!" said he to the redemptioners, "I won't have none of your tricks; d' ye understand? D' ye see this?" and he showed them a bludgeon. "The first man as tries any of his tricks, I knocks him on the head, d' ye understand?"

"Why, Master," said one of the redemptioners, "you would n't hurt us, would you? We be your lambs."

"Never you mind," said the crimp, shaking

his head. "Don't you go trying any of your tricks on me. Come along now,—march!"

"Hurrah for the Duck and Doe!" cried out one of the men.

They gave a broken and confused cheer as they marched away out of the court, the crimp walking beside the first couple and Jack coming after to keep a lookout upon them.

So they marched along for a while, down first one street and then another, until they had come to the water-front. Here the store-houses stood dark and deserted as they passed by them. At last they came to the wharf, across which the night wind swept without obstacle.

"Well," said the crimp, "I'll leave you here. 'T is no use my going any further."

"Yes," said Jack, "I suppose I can manage them very well myself, now."

"I'll just wait under the lee of the shed here," said the crimp, "till I see you're all right."

"Very well," said Jack. "Come along,"—to the men. They stood shivering in their thin, ragged clothes. At Jack's bidding they now marched out along the wharf. There was a dim light in the darkness at the end of the wharf, where the sloop, black and shapeless in the night, lay moored to the piles. When Jack came to where the light was, he found two dark figures standing waiting for him on the wharf. One of them was Captain Butts, the other was the man who had come off with him in the boat from the brig, and who now carried a lantern hanging over his arm. There were two or three men standing on the deck of the sloop, one of them also carrying a lantern. Jack knew that the boat which had brought the captain off from the brig was lying beyond in the darkness; he could hear the muttering voices of the men.

Captain Butts had twisted his handkerchief well up about his throat.

"Well," said he, "I thought you were never coming."

"I came as soon as I could," said Jack.

"Just bring the men out across the sloop to the boat here," said the captain. And at Jack's bidding, the men one after another jumped down from the wharf to the sloop. Jack followed them and the captain, and the

man with the lantern followed Jack. "Where 's your list?" said the captain; and then, as Jack gave it to him—"Hold the lantern here, Dyce. That 's it." The captain held the list to the dull light, referring to it as he counted the shivering transports who stood in line. "Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—nineteen all told. That 's right. Now, then, look alive, my hearties, and get aboard as quick as you can!"

Jack stood with his hands in his pockets and his back to the chill night breeze. The wharf and the sloop, deserted in the night, seemed singularly lonely. The water, driven by the wind, splashed and dashed noisily around the end of the wharf. He stood upon the deck of the sloop watching the redemptioners as they clambered clumsily into the boat alongside, stumbling over the thwarts in the darkness, and settling themselves, amid the growling and swearing of the sailors. "Are you all right?" asked the captain.

"All right, sir," said Dyce.

The captain turned suddenly and sharply toward Jack. "Now, then," said he, "you get aboard too!" Jack gaped at him. "You get aboard too!" said the captain again.

"What do you mean?"

"Why," said the captain, roughly, "I mean what I say. You 're to go aboard too."

Jack still stared at the other, then he laughed. "Why," said he, "what d' ye mean? I 'm not going along."

Suddenly, like a flash, the captain reached out and caught Jack by the collar. The attack was so sharp and unexpected that Jack had no time to prepare himself. Before he knew what had happened he found himself dragged violently and flung forward toward the boat. He was dazed and stunned with the suddenness of what had happened. He heard the captain's voice saying, "You get in there! You do as I tell you if you know what 's good for you!"

For a moment Jack did not realize what had happened. Then almost instantly the truth flashed upon him; with the instant flash his strength came back to him. He struggled fiercely, twisting and writhing, but the captain held him in a vise-like grasp. "Let me go!" gasped Jack,— "let me go!"

"Into the boat, I tell ye!" he heard the captain's voice growling. Again he was jerked and flung forward violently toward the rail of the sloop. The boats and the dark waters were just below. He saw dimly, his sight blurred with the frenzy of his struggles, that the men were stirring and moving below. He flung out his feet against the rail, bracing himself against the captain's hold; at the same time he clutched hold of the stays.

"You will, will you?" panted the captain. He suddenly jerked Jack backward. Jack had just time to see a whirling flash in the light of the lantern. Then there came a deafening, blinding crash. Ten thousand sparkling stars flew whirling around and around him. He felt a hot stream shoot down across his face, and he knew that it was blood. There was another crash, this time duller and more distant; then a humming that droned away into stillness—then nothing.

"Why, Captain," said Dyce, "I believe you 've killed the fellow."

The captain thrust back again into his pocket the pistol with which he had struck Jack. "Oh! he 's all right," said he, roughly; "he 'll come to by and by; he 's only stunned a trifle. Get him aboard and be quick about it! There 's somebody coming along the wharf now. Here, here 's his hat. Catch it there!"

CHAPTER VI.

ABOARD THE ARUNDEL.

FOR a long while Jack was very light-headed and sick. He did not seem to have any strength. It seemed to him that several days passed while he lay in his berth, now partly waking, now partly sleeping. When he was partly awake his mind seemed to wander, and he could not separate the things he saw now from the things he had seen before. Both seemed grotesque and distorted. It seemed to him that his father was nearly always with him.

He had a sum to do, and he kept adding up the figures and adding up the figures, but always when he would get the sum nearly complete it would fall to pieces, and he would have to begin over again. And there was his father waiting and waiting for him to do it. And

there was the sloping deck of the vessel and the berths upon the other side, and the brig rising and falling, and rolling upon the sea. There was the creaking and groaning, and rattling and sliding, and there were men talking together and smoking their pipes. The pungent smell of the tobacco was sickening to him. The steerage was a nasty, bad-smelling, dirty place. If he could only do the sum, then his father would go away and he would be well, and he would go up on deck. Oh, how his head ached! Then the night would come and he would be partly asleep. Sometimes he would lie half dreaming for an hour or more, and in the darkness the things of his fancy were very real. Nobody seemed to pay much attention to him. It seemed to him that he remembered that very soon after he had been brought aboard, Dyce, the mate, had come to where he lay, bringing somebody along, and that they had stood over him, talking about him, and that a number of other people had stood near. The man who had come with the mate was a thin little man with a long, lean chin. He was a barber-leech, and his name was Sim Tucker. Sim Tucker had trimmed Jack's hair. Then he hurt him very much. It seemed to be a grotesque nightmare that the barber-leech was sewing up his head. Then a bandage was tied around his head, and he was very comfortable. Jack knew very well that it was all a dream, and he was always surprised to wake up and find the bandage around his head.

Now and then Sim Tucker would come and ask him: "How d' ye feel now?"

"Why," said Jack, "if my father would only go away—but I can't do the sum."

"Why, your father says 't was done all right."

Then it seemed to Jack that the figures did fit into the sum and for a little while he was easy.

After a while he began to get better and his head grew clearer. One day he went up to the deck. He had not eaten anything at all, and was very weak. He climbed up the companionway and stood with his head just above the scuttle. With the rise and fall of the vessel, Jack could catch every now and then a glimpse of the wide, troubled ocean, moving and heaving

with ceaselessly restless crawling; of the sharp rim of the horizon, cut sharply and blackly against the gray sky. Every now and then there was a great rush of air from the vast hollow sails overhead that swept back and forth, back and forth across the wide, windy sky. The sailors looked at him as he stood there with the bandage wrapped around his head. He began to feel very sick and dizzy with the motion of the vessel, and presently he crept down below back to his berth again.

"Be you feeling better?" said one of the men, coming to him.

"Yes, I think I am," said Jack; "only it makes me sick and faint-like to stand up."

"Well, you 've been pretty sick," said the man, "and that 's the solemn truth. I thought that the captain had killed you for sure when I saw him hit you that second crack with the pistol."

Several of the other redemptioners had gathered about his berth and stood looking down at him. Jack wished they would go away. He lay quite still with his eyes shut, and by and by they did leave him.

He felt very lonely and deserted. A great lump rose in his throat when he thought of all that had happened to him. "I have not a friend in the world," he said to himself. It seemed very cruel to be treated as he had been, and to be carried away to slavery in the Americas. Well, he would not stay there; they should not keep him. He would find some way to get back home again. There must be some way of escape; for they would not chain him or put him in prison. Presently Sim Tucker came to him. "How d' ye feel?" said he.

"Oh, I feel better," said Jack, irritably; "I wish you 'd go away and let me alone."

"Let me look at your head," said the leecher. He unwound the bandage deftly with his long, lean fingers. "Aye," said he, "ye 're getting along well now. To-morrow I 'll take out two of the stitches. He must have hit ye with the cock of the pistol to make a great, big, nasty cut like that."

But the fever had quitted him and Jack began to get well very quickly. After he was once fairly able to be up on deck he had to take his part in the work allotted to the other

redemptioners, such as washing the decks, painting and tarring the ropes, and the like.

The first time he came face to face with Captain Butts, he did not know what to do or where to look. He was standing in line, waiting for his mess of junk and biscuit to be served out to him, when the captain suddenly appeared. He stood by the rail, holding by the backstays, looking on at the men as the food was served out to them. At first Jack did not dare to look at him, but finally he did glance up sullenly. The captain did not seem to observe him. The redemptioners were joking coarsely with one another.

"What was that ye said?" said the captain.

A man repeated the rude jest, and the captain laughed. Jack saw by Captain Butts's indifference that he himself need expect no further harm.

Jack was almost well. He sat on a seachest while Sim Tucker dressed his head. Sim, who had some water in a cup, washed the wound with a piece of rag, touching it deftly and lightly with the tips of his long, thin fingers. Jack sat brooding over his wrongs as Sim looked at the wound. "Well," said Sim Tucker, after having finished the examination of the place, "I 'll tie up your head just once more; but to-morrow I 'll put a plaster on it, and then ye 'll be about well."

"He might as well have killed me at once," said Jack, moodily, "as to kidnap me this way."

"Why," said Sim, "to be sure 't was a pretty hard case; but then, you 're not the only soul in the world, by a long score, that was ever kidnaped."

Jack looked up from under his brows at the lean, intent face looking at his wounded head. "Well, then," said he, "and pray how does that better me?"

Sim looked down at him. He was holding two or three pins tightly between his lips. "Why," said he, "I don't know that it makes your case any better; but all the world can't stop to pity ye, d' ye see, when there be others in just as bad a case."

"Well," said Jack, after awhile, "there 's this about it: they sha'n't keep me when I get

ashore in the Virginias; I 'll find some way to get back home again, see if I don't. As for my case being a common case of kidnapping, why, that 't is not. Here am I with a fortune just left me, and it big enough to buy up the whole of this brig and Captain Butts into the bargain, and yet to be carried away in this fashion as though I were no better than a London kennel picker. I tell you"—and his voice choked—" 't is a mighty hard case!"

Sim made no comment. He finished tying up Jack's head, pinning the last pin and patting down the bandage smooth.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTIAN DRED.

THERE was a man on board of the Arundel who had once been one of the America pirates. His name was Christian Dred. It was the name that first caught Jack's ears. "Christian Dred!" said he; "why, that 's as strange a name as ever I heard in all my life!" Then one day he asked of the man himself, "Is Christian Dred your real name?"

"My real name!" repeated the man; "why, certain 't is my real name. What d' ye think they 'd call me Christian Dred for if 't were n't my real name?"

"Why, I don't know," said Jack; " 't is such a strange name."

" 'T is n't strange to me," said Dred, "seeing as how I 've carried it nigh forty year."

But it was when he heard the men talking about the man, and saying that he was a pirate, that Christian Dred really became wonderful to him.

The names of Captain Avery and of Captain Kidd were very famous in England, and Jack had often heard stories about them. Just at that time, both the Americas and the Indian Ocean were overrun with pirates. It was about the time that Captain Edward England had made himself famous by capturing a treasure-ship with, it was said, an Indian princess aboard. Blackbeard in the Americas had made himself quite as famous. Jack had many and many a time listened to stories about these pirates, never quite believing them. Now it seemed almost incredible to him that Dred

had really been a pirate, and he hardly could believe it. Everything about the man became strange and wonderful to him; the red handkerchief he always wore around his head, the ear-rings in his ears, and the narrow, bead-like eyes, and the crooked scar down across his cheek. It seemed to him that Dred was just what he would have pictured a pirate to be.

One day there were three or four of the crew and some of the redemptioners lounging up under the lee of the bow rail. "Spin us a yarn, Dred," said a sailor named Stivins.

"Tell us about the 'Good Intent,' Dred," said another.

"Oh, I've told you that afore," said Dred.

"Heave ahead, and tell you about the Good Intent, Dred," said Stivins.

Dred took his tobacco-pipe out of his pocket and began very carefully to fill it. "Well," said he, "the Good Intent were a bark, and she sailed from Bristol, England—"

"Oh, go back to the beginning," said Stivins; "about your being with Blackbeard."

Dred was striking his flint-and-steel, and did not speak until after he had lit his pipe and puffed out several clouds of smoke. "Well, then," said he, "I were with Blackbeard. We'd cruised up from Honduras and had stopped off at Charleston. I've often told you about that there, the way Morton and we went ashore at Charleston, and made 'em gin up a chest of medicine, and how Blackbeard stopped all the crafts a-coming into Charleston harbor. Well, arter that—and we made a pretty good purchase of it, too—Captain Blackbeard marooned a lot of men off a sand-spit at Topsail Inlet. Then we got away through Ocracock and Pamlico to Bath Town.

"Well, arter we'd been at Bath Town for a while, we went off on another cruise. We sailed about the bay and up and down for maybe nigh onto a month without overhauling much of any account. Then one day the lookout sighted a sail bound seeming for the Chesapeake Capes. When we raised her we made her out to be a bark of six or seven hundred tons' burden. That were early in the morning, as I mind me. Well, we chased her all day, and at last overhauled her about two hours of sunset. We fired a gun across her

bows, but she would n't surrender, being armed and having a stomach for fighting. She fired at us and hit us a many times, and we fired maybe a dozen or so broadsides afore she hauled down her colors and we could come aboard her. She was cut up mortal bad. The captain was wounded, and two men was hurt so bad that one on 'em died while we was aboard. That there bark was the most valley-able purchase we'd made for many a day, being ladened with cloth goods and general supplies to a rich planter, which his name was Parker. Captain Teach had the captain up and was for axin' him all about the prize, but we could make little or naught out o' him. He would n't speak a word. I won't tell ye all that Captain Teach did to him; but no, he would n't speak a word. So Captain Teach had up the supercargo, for the lubber had gone below. The man was so scared-like that me and another fellow had to carry him up, and then hold him betwixt us, else he would have fallen on deck like a block. He begged and prayed us not to shoot him, and made such a mouth of it that Captain Blackbeard vowed he would shoot him if he did not hold his noise. Then he began axin' him questions, until by and by it came out that there were a chist of money aboard in care of young Mr. Ed'ard Parker, who was coming home from England, where he'd been to college. We all knowed who Mr. Ed'ard Parker was, seein' as how his father, Colonel Parker, is so great a man in Virginy, d' ye see?

"And where 's the young gentleman and the money?' asked the captain.

"'Why,' says the supercargo, 'I see him go into the round-house just afore I go below.'

"As soon as we heard that," continued Dred, "a parcel of us runs across the deck and tried the door of the round-house, but found it locked. We sang out, but nobody answered our hail a word. Then up comes Captain Blackbeard and fetched the door a kick. 'Hello there!' says he; 'open this here door and give up that money ye have, and we'll do 'e no harm.' But all the time my gentleman says ne'er a word. 'If ye don't open the door,' says Blackbeard, 'we'll smash her open, and I'll blow the head off ye.' Then

my gentleman inside speaks up at last, and as cool as ice. 'No,' says he, 'I won't open the door, and I won't gin up the money; 't was left,' s'ys he, 'in my charge, and I won't give it up but with my life.'

"Then the captain fell into one of his mad roaring humors, and vowed that he would have that young Mr. Parker out of the round-house if every man aboard died for it. So half a score of us ran ag'in' the door, but it was braced with summat inside and would n't give way. Then my gentleman inside begins firing through the panel of the door—bang—bang! and then again—bang—bang! and three men tumbled down, one of them shot so bad through the neck that we had to hale him off by his legs, and he died in a little bit just at the bottom of the poop-ladder.

"Arter that there, we all went back a bit—not caring to be shot down for naught. As for Captain Teach, why, to be sure, he was like a man possessed. I never see a man like him then out o' Bedlam. He was just for murdering every soul aboard; and Hands and Morton (he was our gunner) was a-talking with him to pacify him like, and the captain of the craft was standin' as pale as a sheet whils' our captain shook his fist under his nose and bawled at him so that no man could 'a' knowed what he said.

"'No, no,' said the captain of the bark; 'don't you do us no harm. I 'll go and try to get him to come out; and that, to be sure, is the very best I can do.' Then he goes up to the round-house. 'Mr. Ed'ard,' says he, 'ye 'd best open the door to 'em, or I can't answer for their not murtherin' the lot of us.'

"'No,' says he, speakin' up as bold as a bo's'n; 'I won't open to nobody,' says he.

"Well, seein' as how we was makin' nothing of it all by the way we was doing, I climbed up on the poop-deck, thinking maybe to get a sight of my young gentleman through the skylight. But no; he had blocked up the skylight with mattresses from the captain's berth. So then I went across the poop-deck to the stern falls. The boat had been shot away by one of our broadsides and the lines hung loose from the davits. I lashed two on 'em together and let myself down from the davits with one hand, holding my pistol with t' other. I eased my-

self to one side until I was low enough, and then I peeped in at the stern window. There I could see my young gentleman off beyond in the captain's cabin standing close by the door; and I can see him now, as plain as I can see this here hand o' mine. He had pulled a couple of sea-chists to the door, and he had a plank from the captain's berth set agin 'em and propped agin the braces of the table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he had a pistol in each hand. The captain o' the bark was still a-talkin' to him from t' other side of the door, and I could hear my young gentleman shouting that he would never gin up the money. He had his head turned to one side and he did n't see me, so I crawled in through the window. But I 'd no more 'n set foot on deck than all on a sudden he wheeled like a flash, and afore I knowed what he was at had fired his pistol fair for my head. I felt the wind of the ball, and it smashed into a chiny closet just behind me. Then I ran and caught him just afore he had a chance to shoot ag'in. I caught t' other pistoi and tried to pull it away from him, but he would not gin it up. Then afore I knowed what had happened, the pistol went off. I thought my head was blowed off at first with the noise and the blaze of it, and when I came to myself like ag'in, there was I a-standing with the pistol in my hand, and there was Mr. Ed'ard Parker a-lying across the chist afore the door."

"Was he killed?" asked Brookes.

"I think he were," said Dred; "anyways he was dead afore we could get him out of the cabin.

"Well, that there fight aboard the bark was too much for me, and too much for the rest on us for the matter of that. Aye; it meant the gallows for all on us and naught else, for Mr. Parker's father is like a king in Virginia, and we all knowed he 'd hunt the last man on us down and hang us, if we gin him the chance. Well, just about that time the king had sent over his pardon to all pirates as would surrender to it. So arter we got to North Carolina we just run up to Edenton and surrendered to the governor. He was a good friend of Captain Blackbeard's, he was, and he came down to Bath Town twice while we were there, and the captain was up six or eight



“HE 'LL COME TO BY AND BY; HE 'S ONLY STUNNED A TRIFLE,” SAID THE CAPTAIN.” (See page 620.)
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times to Edenton. Well, we surrendered to the royal proclamation, and arter that there was no touching any on us at all with the law. I tell you what 't is, messmates, I never miss having that there pardon with me, I can tell you."

"Have you got it with you now?" asked Jack.

"Aye; I have," said Dred.

"Show it to 'em, Chris," said Stivins.

Dred thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt and drew out a parcel wrapped in oilskin. It was hung by a bit of twine around his neck. He untied the packet very carefully, and unwrapped the oilskin and brought out an engrossed form filled in with a bold black signature. "That there," said he, "pardons Chris Dred, as ye may read for yourself, for all offenses whatsoever committed upon the high seas; d' ye see?"

It was passed around the circle. It seemed to Jack when he held and looked at it and saw that it was all so, that the paper did really pardon Dred for piracy that he had committed,—as though it were a sort of documentary evidence to the truth of the story. He would not perhaps have really believed that Dred had been a pirate if he had not seen the royal pardon with his own eyes. It was returned to Dred, who wrapped it up as carefully as he had unwrapped it.

"What became of the chist of money that they had aboard?" said one of the redemptioners.

"Why," said Dred, "that there chist of money was buried at night, and there be nobody in the world except Pirate Blackbeard and Chris Dred knows where 't is."

"Do you believe that story?" said a redemptioner afterward to Jack.

"Why, yes, I do," said Jack; "for did n't I see the pardon with my own eyes?"

"That don't prove anythink," said another of the redemptioners. "I don't believe there was any chist of money taken that Chris Dred and Blackbeard buried betwixt 'em. Why, that don't stand to reason, that don't. What would they go a-burying money for instead of spending it? And then, what for would Blackbeard show Chris Dred where 't was buried?"

That had not struck Jack before. "Well,"

said he, after thinking a moment, "I believe it anyhow." And then the man laughed at him.

One day Jack was going through the fore-castle. Dred sat on a sea-chest mending a pair of sea-breeches. Jack sat down and watched him driving the needle swiftly and deftly. At last Dred ended his task, patted down the patch he had done, tied the thread and bit it off with a snap of his white teeth. He opened his gunny-bag and brought out a paper. He unfolded it, and Jack saw that it contained besides an assortment of buttons, some little trinkets of various sorts. One—the most conspicuous—was a dozen or more pieces of money strung on a bit of wire. Jack watched him for a while as he fingered over the buttons, picking out one here and another there.

"What 's all that money strung on that wire for, Dred?" asked he at last.

Dred turned upon him. He held the thread with which he had been sewing between his lips. "What makes you hang around me all the time and ax me questions?" said he. "You be big enough to be a man, but you act like a boy all the while. What makes you tease me forever with questions?"

Jack hesitated for a moment. He did not know whether to answer Dred frankly or not, and then he concluded to do so and take his chance of offending the other. "Because," said he, "I think you are the wonderfulest man I ever saw." He blushed after he had spoken.

Dred looked steadily at him for a moment or two, and Jack saw that he was not displeased. Then Dred smiled. He reached out and caught Jack by the collar and gave him a shake. "And so you think I 'm a wonderful man, do you?" said he.

"Yes," said Jack, glad to laugh, "I do think you are a wonderful man."

"What makes you think I am a wonderful man?"

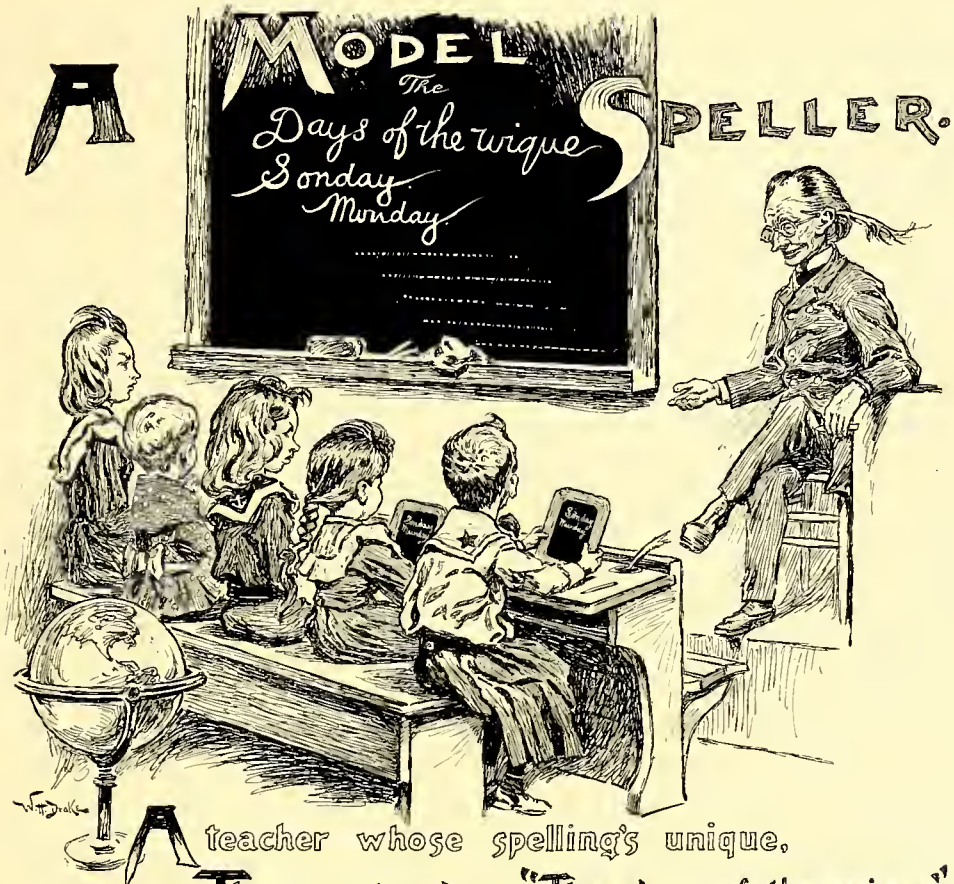
"Why," said Jack, "because you tell such wonderful stories. Was that really so, Dred, about that bark that the pirates took and about that chest of money, and about you and Blackbeard burying it?"

"Yes, it were," said Dred, "gospel truth—leastwise Captain Blackbeard buried the money, and I know where he buried it."

He picked up the string of jingling coins. He held it out in his hand. "This here money," said he—"this here money came off of that same bark." He shook the jingling pieces of coin together.

Then he wrapped them up with the buttons and put the paper away into the gunny-bag again. After that Christian Dred was always very kind to Jack.

(To be continued.)



A teacher whose spelling's unique,
 Thus wrote down "The days of the wique"
 The first, he spelt "Sunday."
 The second day, "Munday"--
 And now, a new teacher they seek.

THE NEW DOLLY.



CHORUS: "SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

GUESSING.

I.

I 'LL give you three chances
To guess what I 've seen.
The first was a preacher,
In brown and in green;
The second a vase to hold raindrops that fall;
The third lives on nothing—
Now what are they all?

—
"Your first is so easy
I could not but guess.
'T is Jack-in-the-pulpit
In brown-and-green dress.
The second 's a pitcher-plant
Wet with the dew—
I 've seen plenty of them
And that 's how I knew.
The third is the air-plant—
You 're wrong to declare

That it lives upon nothing;
Its food 's in the air.

II.

"And now come my riddles:
You 've heard, I don't doubt,
Of a sailor whose boat
On the sea floats about.
The second 's a builder
In wood and in clay.
The third is a spinner;
Now guess—what are they?"

—
The nautilus sails in his boat on the sea,
And so I am certain the sailor is he.
The beaver builds houses of mud and of wood,
And that is your second. 'T is well understood
How a spider spins traps for the poor silly fly.
But not to be caught by your riddles am I!

Agnes Lewis Mitchill.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE PARROT.

BY H. HELMICK.



A LEARNED scholar possessed a parrot which was always in his study. It sat upon the back of his chair and picked up some phrases in Greek and Latin as well as some of the wise comments the scholar muttered as he pored over his books. Every day students came to the scholar in pursuit of knowledge.

It happened that the scholar fell sick, and for many days was unable to attend his class. On recovering, he returned to his study and found

the parrot from its perch on the back of his chair holding forth to a much augmented class, which stood lost in admiration.

"My friends," said the scholar, "to seem to know a thing, contents you more than to know it really. I resign my charge, and henceforth the parrot shall be your teacher."

And, strange to say, when the scholar left them with the parrot the students were well pleased.



ENGRAVED BY HALL, FROM THE PICTURE PAINTED BY STUART NEWTON, 1820.
FROM THE "ARTIST'S EDITION" OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE first American man of letters, Benjamin Franklin, was a man of letters only incidentally, and, as it were, accidentally; for he was a printer by trade, a politician by choice, and never an author by profession. Franklin wrote abundantly, but what he wrote was always to help along a cause he had at heart; he never sat down deliberately to compose a book, and his greatest work, his "Autobiography," was not published until many years after his death. The first American who frankly adopted literature as a calling, and who successfully relied on his pen for his support, was Washington Irving. The first American who was a professed author was not Franklin, who was born a Bostonian and who died a Philadelphian; but Irving, who was born, who lived, and who died a New-Yorker.

Washington Irving's father was a Scotchman who had settled in New York a dozen years before the Revolution. During the British occupation of Manhattan Island, the Irvings were

staunch patriots, and did what they could to relieve the sufferings of the American prisoners in the city. A few months before the evacuation day, which the inhabitants of New York were to keep as a holiday for a century after, Washington Irving was born, on April 3, 1783, being, like Benjamin Franklin, the youngest of many sons. The boy was not baptized until after Washington and his army had entered the city. "Washington's work is ended," said the mother, "and the child shall be named after him."

New York came out of the Revolution half in ruins, and wasted by its long captivity; its straggling streets filled only the toe of the island, and it had less than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. But the little city began to grow again as soon as peace returned. It was in New York, in 1789, that Washington took the oath as the first President of these United States. One day not long thereafter a Scotch maid-servant of the Irvings', struck with the en-

thusiasm which everywhere greeted the great man, followed him into a shop with the youngest son of the family, and said, "Please, your honor, here 's a bairn was named for you." Washington placed his hand on the head of the boy, and gave him his blessing.

New York was then the capital of the country; it was a spreading seaport; it retained many traces of its Dutch origin; it had in its streets men of every calling and of every color. Here the boy grew up happy, going to school and getting knowledge out of books, but also lingering along the pier-heads, and picking up the information to be gathered in that best of universities—a great city. He was playful rather than studious; and although two of his brothers had been educated at Columbia College, he neglected to enter—a blunder which he regretted all his life, and which Columbia regrets to this day. Perhaps the fault may be charged to his health, which was poor, and for the sake of improving it he began to live much in the open air, making voyages up the Hudson in sloops that then plied as packets between New York and Albany. The first sail through the highlands was to him a time of intense delight, and the Catskill Mountains had the most witching effect on his boyish imagination. Nowadays, we are used to hearing the Hudson praised, but it was Irving who first proclaimed its enchanting beauty; and it was when he was a dreaming youth that he discovered its charm.

Much against the grain he began to read law, but his studies were only fitful. One of his brothers established a daily paper in 1802; and to this Washington, then only nineteen, contributed a series of occasional essays under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. These were humorous and sportive papers, and they were copied far and wide, as the sayings of Poor Richard had been quoted fifty years before. The next summer, Irving made a journey up the Mohawk, to Ogdensburg, and thence to Montreal. The year after, being then just twenty-one, his brothers sent him to Europe in the hope that the long sea-voyage and the change of scene might restore him to health. Irving had to be helped up the side of the ship, and the captain said to himself, "There 's a chap who will go overboard before we get

across." The voyage did him good, and from Bordeaux he went on to Genoa; he pushed on as far as Sicily, and came back to Rome; then turned north to Paris, and finally crossed over to London. After a year and a half of most enjoyable wandering he took ship again for home, and arrived in New York safely after a stormy passage of sixty-four days.

Washington Irving now returned to the study of law, and he was soon admitted to the bar—a proof rather of the mercy of the examiners than of the amount of his legal knowledge. He never made any serious attempt to earn his living as a lawyer. Only a few weeks after his admission, he, his brother William, and his friend James K. Paulding, sent forth the first number of "Salmagundi," an irregular periodical suggested, perhaps, by the "Spectator" of Addison and Steele, but droller, more wag-gish, and with sharper shafts for folly as it flies. The first number was published in January, 1807, and caused not only great amusement, but also much wonder as to the real names of the daring authors. The twentieth, and final number, appeared a year later. Irving always spoke of it as a very juvenile production, and such it is, no doubt; but it was brisk and lively, indeed it was brighter than anything of the kind yet written in America; and in the papers contributed by Washington Irving we can see the germs of certain of his later works.

One of these papers pretended to be a chapter from "The Chronicles of the Renowned and Ancient City of Gotham," and Irving's next literary undertaking was a burlesque history of New York, which he and his brother Peter undertook to write together. The brothers had heaped up many notes when Peter was called away, and Washington, changing the plan of the book, began to write it alone. He started on his labor joyful and happy, but he ended it in the depths of sorrow. He was in love with Miss Matilda Hoffman, a charming and graceful girl, and their marriage had been agreed on. Suddenly, having caught a bad cold, which went to her lungs, after a brief illness she died. Irving, then twenty-six, bore the blow like a man, but he carried the scar to the grave. To his most intimate friends he never mentioned her name. For several

months after her death he wandered aimlessly, unable to apply himself to anything. Then he went back to his work, and finished the burlesque history of New York. It may seem

York's history, and to a set of the city's traditions, a name even now in popular use, for every one knows what is meant when we speak of a person or a thing as a "Knickerbocker." Abroad



Washington Irving

From an etching by James D. Smillie after a sketch from life by F. O. C. Darley, at Sunnyside, July, 1848.*

strange that a book of such bubbling humor should be the result of those days of darkness; but as has often happened in literature, the writings at which people laugh longest are the work of men who are grave rather than gay.

"A History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," was published in December, 1809. It was a playful parody of the annals of New Amsterdam, laughing at the Dutch burghers who had founded the capital of New Holland, and making fun of their manners and their customs. It is no wonder that "Knickerbocker" was received with acclamation. It was the most readable book which had yet appeared in America—for Franklin's "Autobiography" did not get into print until 1817. At home it gave a name to a time in New

it revealed to the critics that American life was to have its own literature. Scott read the book aloud to his family. The book still delights all who can appreciate its delicate humor; nowadays our taste in humor is more highly spiced than it was when "Knickerbocker" appeared, but it is not purer.

The protests which a few descendants of the Dutch founders of the city ventured to put forth were laughed aside, for the public had taken the joke and were unwilling to have the fun spoiled. Yet it is to be regretted that, in his youth, Irving should have echoed the British scoffs at the Dutch. We are rarely fair to our rivals, and the Dutch had not only taught the British agriculture and commerce, but they had swept the British Channel with a broom at their admiral's mast-head; and so the British disliked them.

Foremost in art, and in law, and in education, the Dutch had exerted a most wholesome influence on American institutions—the chief of which, our common-school system, was probably derived from Holland.

Irving did not think of this when he made fun of the Dutchmen of New Amsterdam, or he did not know it. There was no malice in his satire; but thoughtlessness sometimes hurts as severely. When Irving wrote this, the least worthy and the most popular of his books, the inhabitants of New York did not yet number one hundred thousand.

For ten years after the publication of "Knickerbocker," Irving brought forth no new work. He lingered and loitered and hesitated. He went to Washington for a season, and he edited

* From Irvingiana, a memorial of Washington Irving published by Charles B. Richardson in 1860.

a magazine in Philadelphia. When the War of 1812 broke out, he was staunchly patriotic, although he deplored the war itself. After the wanton destruction of the capitol at Washington by the British, he offered his services to the governor of New York, and was appointed aide and military secretary. In 1815, after peace was proclaimed, he went over to England to see his brother. Intending only a brief visit, he was absent from home, as it happened, for seventeen years.

In England and in Scotland he met the literary celebrities of the day, among them Campbell and Scott. He saw Mrs. Siddons act, and

"The Sketch-Book" was a miscellany of essays, sketches, and tales. As Irving wrote to a friend, he had "attempted no lofty theme, nor sought to look wise and learned." "I have preferred," he said, "addressing myself to the feeling and fancy of the reader more than to his judgment." The first number contained the "Voyage to England" and "Rip Van Winkle"; and its success was instant and remarkable. As the following numbers appeared, they began to be reprinted in British periodicals; and so Irving, still detained in England, gathered the first four numbers into a volume and issued it in London. The series

While my young Columbus was taught reading, writing, ^{grammar} and ~~grammar~~ ^{arithmetic} and made some proficiency in drawing. He soon witnessed a strong passion for ^{Geo.} geographical knowledge, and an irresistible inclination for the sea, and in after life, when he looked back upon his career with a solemn and superstitious feeling, he regarded this early determination of his mind as an impulse from the deity, guiding ~~him~~ him to the studies and inspiring him with the inclinations, proper to fit him for the high decrees he was destined to accomplish.

FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF IRVING'S "LIFE OF COLUMBUS."
This illustration, and the portrait at the beginning of the article, are used by kind permission of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Miss O'Neil, and Edmund Kean. At last he turned again to literature, and the first number of "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." was published in New York in 1819.

extended to seven numbers in America, and on both sides of the Atlantic the complete book was published in two volumes toward the end of 1820. Thereafter, there was never any doubt

that Irving had a secure place in the history of English and American literature.

The charm of the "Sketch-Book" is not difficult to define. Sunshine lights up every page, and a cheerful kindliness glows upon them all. From the "Sketch-Book" we must date the revival of Christmas feasting, although, no doubt, Irving was aided powerfully by Dickens, who took the American as his model in more ways than we are wont to remark. It is the "Sketch-Book" which has sent thousands of Americans across the Atlantic, passionate pilgrims to Stratford, entranced wanderers through Westminster Abbey, and happy loiterers in the country churchyards of England. Although in the second number of the "Sketch-Book," Irving warned "English Writers on America" that their malicious reports were certain to cause ill-will,—as, indeed, they have done,—no American ever felt more kindly toward England; and when he died, Thackeray, calling him "the first ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old," praised him for his constant good-will to the mother country.

Though Irving was stalwart in his Americanism always,—he refused, for example, to write for the *Quarterly Review*, because it had ever been a bitter enemy to America,—he had a sincere liking for England, and a hearty appreciation of its picturesque possibilities. This was shown to advantage in his next book, "Bracebridge Hall," published in 1822; and it was seen even in the book that followed this—the "Tales of a Traveler," published in 1824. These two collections may be described not unfairly as continuations of the "Sketch-Book," the former containing chiefly essays and sketches, and the latter, short stories. There is in all the libraries of England no book more filled with the gentle spirit of English country life than "Bracebridge Hall"; and Irving himself never wrote a more delicately humorous sketch than the "Stout Gentleman," in that volume.

In the history of the short story, one of the most useful as it is one of the most popular of literary forms, Irving holds a high place. The "Sketch-Book" owed much of its success to "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"—tales of a kind till then un-

known in English literature; and "Dolph Heyliger," in "Bracebridge Hall," is a worthy third, while "Guests from Gibbet Island" and "Wolfert Weber," in the "Tales of a Traveler," are not far behind. Considering their strength, Irving's short stories have a singular simplicity; they are slight in plot and simple in the character-drawing. He understood his own powers clearly. "I consider a story merely a frame on which to stretch my materials," so he wrote to a friend; "it is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes of common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole; these are among what I aim at." This is a fair statement of the qualities which give charm to "Rip Van Winkle" and its fellows. Little did Irving foresee that these tales of his were but the first-fruits of that abundant harvest, rich in local flavor, which later American story-tellers were to raise, each on his own half-acre. Hawthorne and Poe, Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Cable, are all followers in Irving's footsteps.

It was while Byron and Scott were the leaders of English letters that Irving published the "Sketch-Book," and made good his own title to an honorable position in literature. By the publication of "Bracebridge Hall," and of the "Tales of a Traveler," his footing became firmer, no doubt; but he did not advance further. Irving was in Spain in 1826, and there he remained for more than three years,—the most laborious and fruitful years of his life. He had gone to Spain thinking to translate Navarrete's collection of documents concerning Columbus; but getting interested in the character and in the career of Columbus, he soon settled down to the preparation of a biography of his own. He took his task seriously; he spared no pains in getting every date right and every proper name exact; he rewrote as often as he discovered new material. He knew that a biography was not a work of fiction, to be warped at the will of the writer, but rather a monument to be built slowly out of actual facts.

When the "Life of Columbus" appeared in 1828, it was seen at once that Irving had not

only the gift of the born story-teller, but also the sterner virtues of the historian. To this day, despite the storm of dispute which has raged over every item of Columbus's career, Irving's biography remains a valuable authority. A most devoted student of the details of Columbus's life has declared that Irving's "is a history written with judgment and impartiality, which leaves far behind it all descriptions of the discovery of the New World published before or since."

If to-day it were edited with notes embodying the latest information, it would hold its own against all new-comers. The reader sees a completed painting, and not the raw materials out of which he is invited to make a picture for himself.

The "Life of Columbus" was soon followed by a book about "The Companions of Columbus," and by "The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," which Irving regarded as his best work, and which Coleridge greeted as a masterpiece of its kind. Just what its kind is, it is not easy to declare, but perhaps it may be described as a record of fact presented with the freedom the author had used in writing fiction. In the main, it is a true story, but it is as obedient to the hands of the story-teller as though he had made it up. The narrative is spirited, the style is delightful, and there is a never-ending play of sentiment and humor.

These are the qualities which grace yet another Spanish book, "The Alhambra," perhaps the most fascinating of all Irving's writings. "The Alhambra" is a medley of travel, sketches, character-studies, and brief tales; it is what Prescott called it: a Spanish "Sketch-Book." The method of the author is the same as in his "Sketch-Book," only he has changed the model who poses before him. "Bracebridge Hall" is not more English than "The Alhambra" is Spanish. It is full of the sights and the sounds of Spain; and there it is pleasant to gaze upon this reflection of Moorish architecture and Iberian landscape and Spanish character in the clear mirror held up to nature by the genial New-Yorker.

"The Alhambra" was published in 1832, and after an absence of seventeen years, Irving returned to his native city. He found New

York wonderfully expanded; in the scant half-century of his life, the twenty thousand population had increased to two hundred thousand. He was made heartily welcome, and his fellow-citizens promptly bestowed on him the compliment of a public dinner. From that day to his death he was the acknowledged head of American letters. He bore his honors as easily as he bore all things. He made a home for himself in the village of Tarrytown, New York, on the banks of the Hudson he loved, and near the Sleepy Hollow he had celebrated. Here, in the stone cottage of Sunnyside, he settled down, enjoying the leisure which now and again he varied by periods of hard labor.

Thus ten years passed away; and in 1842 Irving was making ready to write the life of Washington, when he was surprised by the appointment of Minister to Spain. Daniel Webster was then Secretary of State, and he knew no American could be more welcome in Spain than the biographer of Columbus. A foreign appointment is almost the only honor a republic can bestow upon its foremost authors; the first of American men of letters, Benjamin Franklin, had been Minister to France; and after Irving, similar positions were to be held by Motley, and Bancroft, and Lowell. Irving accepted the appointment, and spent four years in Madrid, with occasional visits to Paris and to London. Then in 1846 he came home again, and settled down at Sunnyside for the last thirteen years of his happy life.

Among the labors of these later years were the extending of an earlier and briefer biography of Goldsmith, an account of Mahomet and his contemporaries, and a volume of miscellanies, called "Wolfert's Roost," and containing sketches and stories like those in the "Sketch-Book" and the "Alhambra." Tarrytown is near New York, and Irving was a frequent visitor to the city of his birth. Curtis describes him as walking along Broadway with his head "slightly inclined to one side, the face . . . smoothly shaven," and the eyes "twinkling" with kindly humor and shrewdness. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in the whole appearance.

Washington Irving was at that time perhaps the best known of living Americans; and he

was then engaged on the biography of the best known of all Americans alive or dead. The first volume of Irving's life of Washington appeared in 1855, and the work was completed in 1859. Irving was doubtful about its reception, but it became instantly popular; it had a very large sale, and it was lauded by his fellow-historians. Bancroft praised the style, calling it "masterly, clear, easy." Prescott wrote: "You have done with Washington just as I thought you would, and, instead of a cold marble statue of a demigod, you have made him a being of flesh and blood, like ourselves—one with whom we can have sympathy."

In the year in which the final volume of the "Washington" was published, Irving died at Sunnyside on November 28, 1859, being then seventy-six years old. American men of letters are a long-lived race; Franklin, Emerson, Bry-

ant, and Whittier lived to be older than Irving, while Longfellow, Lowell, and Whitman were only a little younger at their deaths. Like Irving they all died full of years and full of honors; they all had led happy lives.

No later American writer has surpassed him in charm. Before Irving had discovered the beauty of the Hudson, the river was as lovely as it is to-day, but it was bare of legend. He it was who peopled the green nooks of Sleepy Hollow and the rocky crags of the Catskills. His genius was not stalwart or rugged, and it did not conquer admiration; it won its way softly, by the aid of sentiment and of humor. "Knickerbocker's History," and the "Sketch-Book," and the "Alhambra," are his titles to fame; not the "Columbus" or the "Washington." His greatest work is the Knickerbocker legend.



A SUPPOSITION.

By E. L. Sylvester.

Suppose—sup-p-o-s-e—
 Well, just suppose
 Some day my mother 'd say,
 "You need n't go to school, my
 dear,
 Just stay at home, and play.
 And here 's a box of choc'late
 creams"
 (Or something quite as good).
 "Eat all you want!"—oh, just
 suppose,
 Suppose my mother should!



WHEN KING KIJOLLY HUNTING GOES.

BY R. F. BUNNER.

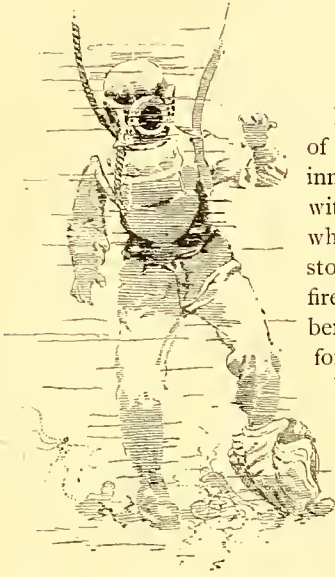
WHEN hunting goes good King
Kijolly
The people say it is great folly.
He 'll chase the lion round and
round
Through wood and street and
open ground,
Until, at last, he grabs its tail.
Then, when the lion makes a
wail,
And lifts his voice in sobs and
cries,
The tears come in the good
king's eyes;
His sympathy is roused and so
He lets the poor old lion go,
And coming home, as you may see,
Sits down and takes his toast and tea.



Rudolph F. Bunner

PERIL AMONG THE PEARLS.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



IN the tiny office of the "Cunarder" inn the air was thick with smoke. The white egg-shaped stove contained a fire, though September was yet young; for a raw night fog had rolled in over Halifax, making the display of bright coals no less comforting than cheerful. From

the adjacent wharves came the soft washing and whispering of the tide, with an occasional rattle of oars as a boat came to land from one of the many ships.

The density of the atmosphere in the office was chiefly due to "Al" Johnson, the diver, who when he was not talking, diving, eating, or sleeping, was sure to be puffing at his pipe. We had talked little, but now I resolved to turn off the smoke flowing from Johnson's pipe, by getting him to tell us a story. He could never tell a story and keep his pipe lit at the same time.

Johnson was a college-bred man, whom a love of adventure had lured into deep-sea diving. He and his partner were at this time engaged in recovering the cargo of the steamer "Oelrich," sunk near the entrance to Halifax harbor.

So I asked Johnson, "Do you remember promising me a yarn about an adventure you had in the pearl-fisheries?"

"Which adventure—and what pearl-fisheries?" Johnson asked. "I've fished at Tinneveli, and in the Sulu waters off the Borneo coast, and also in the Torres Strait; and where-

soever it was, there seemed to be pretty nearly always some excitement going."

"Oh," said I, "whichever you like to give us. I think what you spoke of was an adventure in the Torres Strait."

"No," said Johnson, "I think I'll give you a little yarn about a tussle I had with a turtle in the Sulu waters. I fancy there is n't much that grows, but you'll find it somewhere in Borneo; and the water there is just as full of life as the land."

"Sharks?" I queried.

"Oh, worse than sharks!" replied Johnson. "There's a big squid that will squirt the water black as ink—and just then, perhaps, something comes along and grabs you when you can't defend yourself. And there's the devil-fish, own cousin to the squid, and the meanest enemy you'd want to run across anywhere. And there's a tremendous giant of a shell-fish—a kind of scalloped clam, that lies with its huge shells wide open, but half hidden in the long weeds and sea-mosses. If you put your foot into *that* trap,—*snap!* it closes on you, and you're fast! That clam is a good deal stronger than you are, and if you have not a hatchet or something to smash the shell with, you are likely to stay there. Of course, your partner in the boat up aloft would soon know something was wrong, finding that he could n't haul you up. Then he would go down after you and chop you loose, perhaps. But meanwhile it would be far from nice, especially if a shark came along—if another clam does not nab him, for one of these big clams has been known to catch even a shark. Many natives thereabouts do a lot of diving on their own account, and, of course, don't indulge in diving-suits. I can tell you, they are very careful not to fall afoul of those clam-shells; for when they do, they're drowned before they can get clear."

"You can hardly blame the clam, or whatever it is," said I. "It must be rather a shock to its nerves when it feels a big foot thrust down right upon its stomach!"

"No," assented Johnson, "you can't blame the clam. But besides the clam, there is a big turtle that is a most officious creature, with a beak that will almost cut railroad iron. It is forever poking that beak into whatever it thinks

the top of the water or on dry land would in most cases prove as timid as rabbits. And then, as you say, there are the sharks—all kinds, big and little, forever hungry, but not half so courageous as they get the credit of being."

"I suppose," I interrupted, "you always carried a weapon of some sort!"

"Well, rather!" said Johnson. "For my own

part, I took a great fancy to the ironwood stakes that the natives always use. But they did n't seem to me quite the thing for smashing those big shells with, supposing a fellow should happen to put his foot into one. So I made myself a stake with a steel top, which answered every purpose. More than one big shark have I settled with that handspike of mine; and once I found, to my great advantage, that it was just the thing to break up a shell with."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Best, who had been listening rather inattentively hitherto. "So *you* put your foot in it, did you?"

"Yes, I did," said Johnson. "And that is just what I'm going to tell you about. I was working that season with a good partner, a likely young fellow hailing from Auckland. He tended the line and the pump to my complete satisfaction. I've never had a better tender. Also, I was teaching him to dive, and he took to it like a loon. His name was 'Larry' Scott; and if he had

lived, he would have made a record. He was killed about a year after the time I'm telling you of, in a row down in New Orleans. But we won't stop to talk about that now.



"ONE OF THESE BIG CLAMS HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CATCH EVEN A SHARK."

it does n't know all about; and you cannot scare it, as you can a shark. You have simply got to kill it before it will acknowledge itself beaten. These same turtles, however, at

"As I was saying, Larry and I pulled together pretty well from the start, and we were so lucky with our fishing that the fellows in the other boats began to get jealous and unpleasant. You must know that all kinds go to the pearl-fisheries; and the worst kinds have rather the best of it, in point of numbers. We were ready enough to fight, but we liked best to go our own way peaceably. So, when some of the other lads got quarrelsome, we just smiled, hoisted our sail, and looked up a new ground for ourselves some little distance from the rest of the fleet. Luck being on our side just then, we chanced upon one of the finest beds in the whole neighborhood.

"One morning, as I was poking about among the seaweed and stuff, I came across a fine-looking bunch of pearl-shells. I made a grab at them, but they were firmly rooted and refused to come away. I laid down my handspike, took hold of the cluster with both hands, and shifted my foothold so as to get a good chance to pull.

"Up came the bunch of shells at the first wrench, much more readily than I had expected. To recover myself I took a step backward; down went my foot into a crevice, 'slumped' into something soft, and *snap!* my leg was fast in a grip that almost made me yell, there in the little prison of my helmet.

"Well, as you may imagine, just as soon as I recovered from the start this gave me, I reached out for my handspike to knock that clam-shell into flinders. But a cold shiver went over me as I found I could not reach the weapon! As I laid it down it had slipped a little off to one side, and there it rested about a foot out of my reach, reclining on one of those twisted conch-shells such as the farmers use for dinner-horns.

"How I jerked on my leg, trying to pull it out of the trap! That, however, only hurt the leg. All the satisfaction I could get was in the thought that my foot, with its big, twenty-pound rubber-and-lead boot, must be making the clam's internal affairs

rather uncomfortable. After I had pretty well tired myself out, stretching and tugging on my leg, and struggling to reach the handspike, I paused to recover my wind and consider the situation.

"It was not very deep water I was working in, and there was any amount of light. You have no sort of idea, until you have been there yourself, what a queer world it is down where the pearl-oyster grows. The seaweeds were all sorts of colors,—or rather, I should say, they were all sorts of reds and yellows and greens. The rest of the colors of the rainbow you might find in the shells which lay around under foot or went crawling among the weeds; and away overhead darted and flashed the queerest looking fish, like birds in a yellow sky. There were



"I KNEW THAT IF HE SHOULD BITE IT, I WOULD BE DROWNED."

lots of big anemones, too, waving, stretching, and curling their many-colored tentacles.

"I saw everything with extraordinary vividness about that time, as I know by the clear way I recollect it now; but you may be sure I was n't thinking much just then about the beauties of nature. I was trying to think of some way of getting assistance from Larry. At length I concluded I had better give him the signal to haul me up. Finding that I was stuck, he would, I reasoned, hoist the anchor, and then pull the boat along to the place of my captivity. Then he could easily send me down a hatchet wherewith to chop my way to freedom.

"Just as I had come to this resolve, a black shadow passed over my head, and I looked up quickly. It was a big turtle. I did n't like this, I can tell you; but I kept perfectly still, hoping the new-comer would not notice me.

"He paddled along very slowly, with his queer little head stuck far out, and presently he noticed my air-tube. It seemed to strike him as decidedly queer. My blood fairly turned to ice in my veins, as I saw him paddle up and take a hold of it in a gingerly fashion with his beak. Luckily, he did n't seem to think it would be good to eat; but I knew that if he should bite it, I would be a dead man in about a minute, drowned inside my helmet like a rat in a hole. It is in an emergency like this that a man learns to know what real terror is.

"In my desperation I stooped down and tore with both hands at the shells and weeds for something I might hurl at the turtle—thinking thus perhaps to distract his attention from my air-tube. But what do you suppose happened? Why, I succeeded in pulling up a great lump of shells and stones all bedded together. The mass was fully two feet long. My heart gave a leap of exultation, for I knew at once just what to do with the instrument thus providentially placed in my hands. Instead of trying to hurl it at the turtle, I reached out with it, and managed to scrape that precious handspike within grasp. As I gathered it once more into my grip I straightened up and was a man again.

"Just at this juncture the turtle decided to take a hand in. I had given the signal to be hauled up, at the very moment when I got hold of that lump of stones; and now I could feel Larry tugging energetically on the rope. The turtle left off fooling with the tube, and

paddling down to see what was making such a commotion in the water, he tackled me at once.

"As it happened, however, he took hold of the big copper nut on the top of the head-piece; and that was too tough a morsel even for *his* beak, so all he could do was to shake me a bit. With him at my head and the clam on my leg, and Larry jerking on my waist-band, you may imagine I could hardly call my soul my own. However, I began jabbing my handspike, for all I was worth, into the unprotected parts of the turtle's body, feeling around for some vital spot,—which is a thing mighty hard to find in a turtle! In a moment the water was red with blood; but that made no great difference to me, and for a while it did n't seem to make much difference to the turtle, either. All I could do was to keep on jabbing, as close to the neck as I could, and between the front flippers. And the turtle kept on chewing at the copper joint.

"I believe it was the clam that helped me most effectually in that struggle. You see, that grip on my leg kept me as steady as a rock. If it had n't been for that, the turtle would have had me off my feet and end over end in no time, and would probably have soon got the best of me. As it was, after a few minutes of this desperate stabbing with the handspike, I managed to kill my assailant; but even in death that iron beak of his maintained its hold on the copper nut of my helmet. Having no means of cutting the brute's head off, I turned my attention to the big clam, and with the steel point of my handspike I soon released my foot.

"Then Larry hauled me up. He told me afterward he never in all his life got such a start as when that great turtle came to the surface hanging on to the top of my helmet. The creature was so heavy he could not haul it and me together into the boat; so he slashed the head off with a hatchet, and then lifted me aboard. Beyond a black-and-blue leg I was n't much the worse for that adventure; but I was so used up with the excitement of it all that I would n't go down again for any more pearls that day. We took a day off, Larry and I, and indulged ourselves in a little run ashore."

"You had earned it," said I.

The Difficult Seed

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

I.

LITTLE seed lay in the ground,
And soon began to sprout;
“Now which of all the flowers around,”
It mused, “shall I come out?”



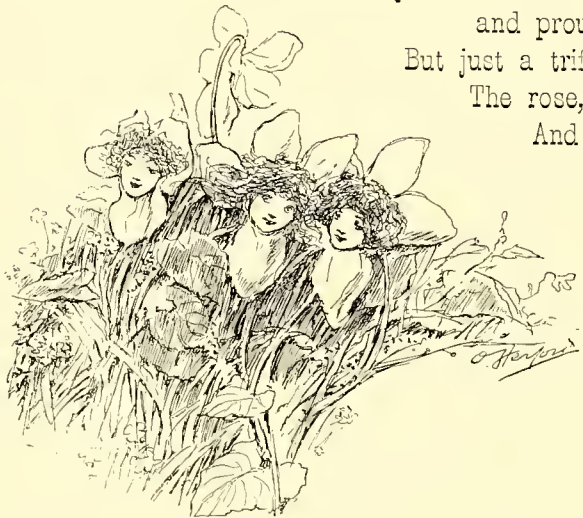
II.

“The lily’s face is fair
and proud,
But just a trifle cold;
The rose, I think, is rather loud,
And then, its fashion’s old.”



III.

“The violet is very well,
But not a flower I’d choose;
Nor yet the canterbury-bell,—
I never cared for blues.”





IV.

“Petunias are by far too bright,
And vulgar flowers beside;



The primrose only blooms at night,
And peonies spread too wide.”

V.

And so it criticized each flower,
This supercilious seed;
Until it woke one summer hour,
And found itself a weed.



MAY.

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

HERE is May, sweet May,—all love her!
Scatter apple-blooms above her!
Joyous May! She gives a nest
To the waiting yellowbreast.
Wheresoe'er her footsteps pass
Blue-eyed blossoms deck the grass.

At her voice, the woodlands ring
With the music of the spring.
Fast the brooklet runs to meet her,
Leafy sprigs bend down to greet her.
Listen now!—She comes this way.
Bud and blossom! 'T is the May!

A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER IN THE DESERT.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

I.



ESTER stood on the long veranda of her father's cabin, and watched the Doctor's horse coming swiftly across the sage-brush. First she saw a spurt of dust rise, where the plain dips toward the green river-valley. It grew and lengthened and unrolled enormously, like the smoke from the brazen jar when the fisherman unsealed it and set free the threatening genie. Soon the carriage was in sight; it passed beneath the hill; then two black ears of a horse's head appeared, where the steep road cuts into the hill. Hetty thought: "How glad Mother will be; and what a good horse, to come so fast on such a hot, breezeless morning!"

The Doctor hitched his horse in the shadow of the long, low house: for all around was sun and dust—dust blowing loose or beaten hard; not a tree was in sight, though the view extended for miles; and the stable was below the hill, nearer to the well.

Mr. Croly had placed his house on the highest part of his land, for the sake of the breeze and the view, that the family might have something to look at while they were waiting for the "ditch." He was a desert settler, and some persons called a "company" were building an irrigation ditch to bring water from the river. The company intended to sell the water to the settlers, who were obliged to have it, and to swear to it, before the Government would give them titles to their lands; and as they were all very uncomfortable in their hot, unshaded cabins, on the bare and thirsty land, the settlers were impatient and felt they had waited a long time.

It would not be easy to explain why all

these people had come, in quest of homes, to a country where rain ceases for six or eight months of the year; where water for crops must be purchased, like wood and coal—when there are green fair lands, wanting hands to till them, where rain is abundant, and rivers and woods show what rain can do to beautify our world. But some of these desert settlers had suffered in other ways than through lack of water: some of them had suffered from too much water that had come in floods, and drowned them out, and swept away all that they had; some had been "grasshopper sufferers"; some had come to escape "the chills." Most of them had been unfortunate in one way or another; and many were merely restless men who never stayed in any place, but tried all climates and ways of getting a living, always hoping to find a way of getting one without working for it. But the best of them were, like Hester's father, men to whom difficulties have a certain attraction; strong, hopeful men of their hands, with courage to conquer a home out of the desolate waste places; men who lived to work, and to feel that where they had lived and worked that country was the better for their living.

David Croly had said it so often that his little daughter Hetty had the words almost by heart:

"If I can leave behind me six hundred and forty acres of good, kind land, where I found six hundred and forty acres of bitter sage-brush desert, I shall feel I have done something like a man's work: whether there 's a fortune in it or not."

The Doctor asked Hetty who was sick at the house, and where her mother was. And, in answer to her shy question, he told her, with a smile, that the name of his new horse was "Lady."

She was a beauty as well as a lady. She was no cayuse, nor mustang, nor scraggy Texan pony; she had come from a "grass country."

She was kind and graceful and intelligent, as a thoroughbred should be. Though she panted, and her sides and neck were glossy with sweat, she was yet polite. She permitted Hetty to stroke her straight nose, and to part the thin forelock away from her large, bright eyes, without one impatient toss.

Hetty considered with herself as a hostess: "What can I do by way of pleasing this beautiful dear, while her master is caring for little sick sister Martha?"

It would not do to offer her water; Hetty was horsewoman enough to know that every good master attends to that himself. She would have liked to comfort her with sugar; but the "square sugar" was kept in the dining-room cupboard, and little girls were not allowed to help themselves, and mother must not be disturbed.

Then Hetty thought of a treat of her own: the sweet, dry clover-heads she had culled from the hay, for her dolls' horses, only the day before. She ran to the red closet at the end of the piazza, which was the dolls' house.

The dolls lived on the shelf-rooms, the first and second and third "floors," or shelves, and the stable was in the basement, or bottom of the closet. Here stood the dolls' horses, with the clover still in their mangers. "Prince" and "Proudie" were their names: Prince, because he came first and was the prince of horses; Proudie, because he held his head so grandly, like a charger in pictures of battles.

"Whoa!" Hetty called to them, in her deepest voice. Neither of the dolls' horses was making the least disturbance, but the warning was a sensible precaution of Hetty's, since she had come to rob their mangers.

"You shall have plenty more to-night," she said, "and horses must not be always eating."

With that she carried away all their clover,—nearly a double handful,—and Lady ate it, out of Hetty's pink apron.

The noble mare was just as gracious and friendly as if she had been served by Hetty all her life. She nuzzled and breathed great breaths in the hollow of the apron; and Hetty had hard work, laughing so, to hold fast while that dear creature bumped about in its strong, careless, horsey way.

Some crushed bits of the dry blossom fell into the dust, but Lady had gotten the most of it.

Then the Doctor came out, and Hetty's mother was with him, looking worried, as she often did.

The Doctor was saying some words about "a change."

"Can't you send her East," he said, "amongst your relatives, somewhere?"

"Our relatives are two thousand miles away, the nearest ones; and how could she go—a child of that age! No, if she goes, it means that we all go; or it means that I go with the children and leave my husband."

"That, of course, is for you to decide. I dare say it is hard. But she has had tonics enough. Take her to a grass country. That is my advice."

The mother sighed: "This will be a grass country in another year, we hope. They have promised the water next spring. If we can hold out till then, Doctor, the 'change' will come to us."

"Have n't you heard—" the Doctor began; and then he stopped, and his face looked "sorry," Hetty thought.

Hester joyfully told little Martha how Lady had eaten up all the dolls' horses' clover; and both little girls laughed to think how Lady's nose went bobbing into the pink apron; and Hetty showed the damp smears that were left from that free and easy luncheon.

Martha was not ill abed, but she had fever in the afternoons, and she would not eat. A very little play tired her, and then she would fling herself down and cry for something different—something she could not have. And she was thin and dark, and when her lips parted a dry shriveled line showed inside the red. Any little thing that was new pleased her.

That afternoon, Hetty's father brought a load of clean white sand from the river-beach, and spread it down, in a long strip, in front of the veranda where the house-shadow lay. He dampened it down with water from the well, and spread more sand and dampened that down. By next morning it was dry and hard; the wind could not blow it away; and by the time the shadow again lay over it, the children's beach was ready. They called it the "South Shore."

"It looks rather small, to us," Hetty admitted; "but the dolls must think it grand.

It must be the 'Great South Shore' to them. And now we can lie down anywhere, and not mind about our stockings and petticoats."

Mother was as pleased as the children; for indeed the stockings and petticoats had been dreadful. And little Martha's face cleared like sunshine, as she patted the cool white sand.

"It is so clean!" she cried. She was a dainty, fastidious child, born with a full-grown woman's loathing of "matter out of place."



HESTER.

While the novelty lasted, and while the sand was pure and hard, the South Shore was almost as good as a "change" for the little nervous invalid. The children dug holes in it, and filled them with water, and called them wells. They planted sprigs of sage for orchards, and

watered them from the wells; and they made roads and ditches, all in the hard-baked sand. But, after a week or so, the digging and trotting broke up the fair surface of the beach, and there was no tide to rise and spread fresh sand upon it. Instead, the wind-storms came, charging up the dry slopes, and strewed the dust of the plains over the South Shore, and it was buried. But something came of it, after it had been quite given up—something that had not been looked for.

One morning Hetty was out before breakfast, leaning over the wooden parapet of the veranda, looking for one of the doll's tea-cups which she had dropped, just at bedtime, the evening before.

She stared and stared, and thought she must be dreaming; for, of all things in the world to have come on such a spot! she saw—not the tea-cup, but the tender, close-folded points of a cluster of green baby-clovers pricking through the crusted sand, where the last contrary wind had swept it bare. Positively, the ground was cracked and upheaved by the force of their gentle coming!

The clovers grew and throve, where no hand had planted, in the very footprints of the children's happy play; as if their farming had been real farming, and the play-ditches had done their work. Morning and evening, Hetty watered her crop, and forgot that it was here she had fed the Doctor's Lady. She did not remember, nor would she have been the happier for knowing, that she had sowed the seed herself.

Somehow, without taking her into its confidence, there arrived a four-leaved clover in the midst of the parent bunch. It was full grown when Hetty saw it first. One leaf was a trifle smaller than the others, but they were a perfect four; and Hetty believed it had come as a promise and a token of success to her father's

claim. But she kept the secret of her luck-crop from Martha till the morning of her sister's birthday.

On that day, while Martha still lay sleeping, Hetty gathered her entire harvest while it was yet green, leaf by leaf, and placed it all in a clear glass of water where Martha could see it when she woke: the gallant four-leaved one was in the center, with the longest stem of them all.

Martha had no other birthday bouquet, but she was quite satisfied. She was happy for hours, taking her clovers out, one by one, and putting them back again in the glass; sometimes she piled them in a stack and set the Noah's ark animals round about it, and played — at Hetty's suggestion — that it was the first grass they had seen since they were set free from the gloomy ark. She studied the pretty leaves, gazing into their little round faces, printed, toward the stem, with that mysterious heart-shaped pattern penciled in white across the center fold. Clover-leaves are as rare as nightingales, on a desert claim; and Martha could remember no other home.

By night, all the fairy luck-crop was withered, from overmuch handling by those hot, eager little hands; but the mother had saved the four-leaved clover and pressed it in the big Bible, between the leaves of the family record, over against the children's names and the dates of their births.

Hetty was an observing child: she noticed that in these days of the latter end of summer her father and mother seemed much dispirited. Happy plans, that had been talked of in the spring, were talked of no more: such as tree-planting and ditch-building and laying out of roads. No more was said about crops or ditches. Her mother's face was sad as she sat writing those long "home letters" to their friends in the East; and father stayed about the house and seemed to have little to do; and both parents talked together in their bedroom, at night, or in the early morning, and sometimes Hetty, waking, heard the murmur of their voices, and knew by the sound that those were not happy talks.

"Are they so anxious about Martha?" Hetty wondered. And sitting up in bed she gazed at

her sister, where she lay, sleeping heavily in the strong, white light. The flies were troubling her rest, and Hetty set herself to keep them away, while she watched the pale little sleeper. She noted the vein in the side of her small, sal-low neck—how fast it beat; and she thought: "Martha must be wasting away. She must be going to die."

The thought came as a great shock to Hetty. It took all her strength to stifle the sound of her sudden, uncontrollable sobbing. But she asked no questions. "They will tell me when the time comes," she thought; "and Mother must dread to tell me." Hetty was, as her mother often said, "a born eldest daughter,"—born to take thought for others and to suppress herself: a little vice-mother, with a pathetic, childish ignorance added to perplex her early maternal cares. Many a mother blesses in her prayers such a little "eldest" as Hetty.

She tried, now, to awake every morning early, to keep the flies away from Martha, who could not bear the stifling net, and who tossed all the early part of the night and needed to sleep late; and she set her mind at work to invent plays and stories that should make Martha forget how long were the hot summer days, with the dry dust-winds blowing, and the sky one wide, pale, pitiless glare.

The family were on the piazza one evening in the red dusk after sunset; but the breeze held off. The mother was rocking Martha, who lay across her lap—a slender child, with long limbs and large, weary eyes. She was in her night-dress, for it was past her bedtime, but she could not sleep for the heat.

Hetty sat on the low step and watched a most remarkable display of dust-streamers lengthening in the valley. A procession of heavy wagons was moving out toward the railroad. By the long string of black dots ahead of them, and by the height and hooded shape of the great wagons, Hetty knew them for "freighters"; but it was a good while since she had seen so many mule-teams on the road, all traveling the same way.

"There they go," said her father; "and I wish they were heading the other way."

"Who are they?" Hetty inquired.

"The contractors' outfits, from the Big Ditch."

"Where are they going?"

"Moving out of the country. The Big Ditch has shut down."

"What did you say, Father?" cried Hetty. "Does that mean they are n't going to build it after all?"

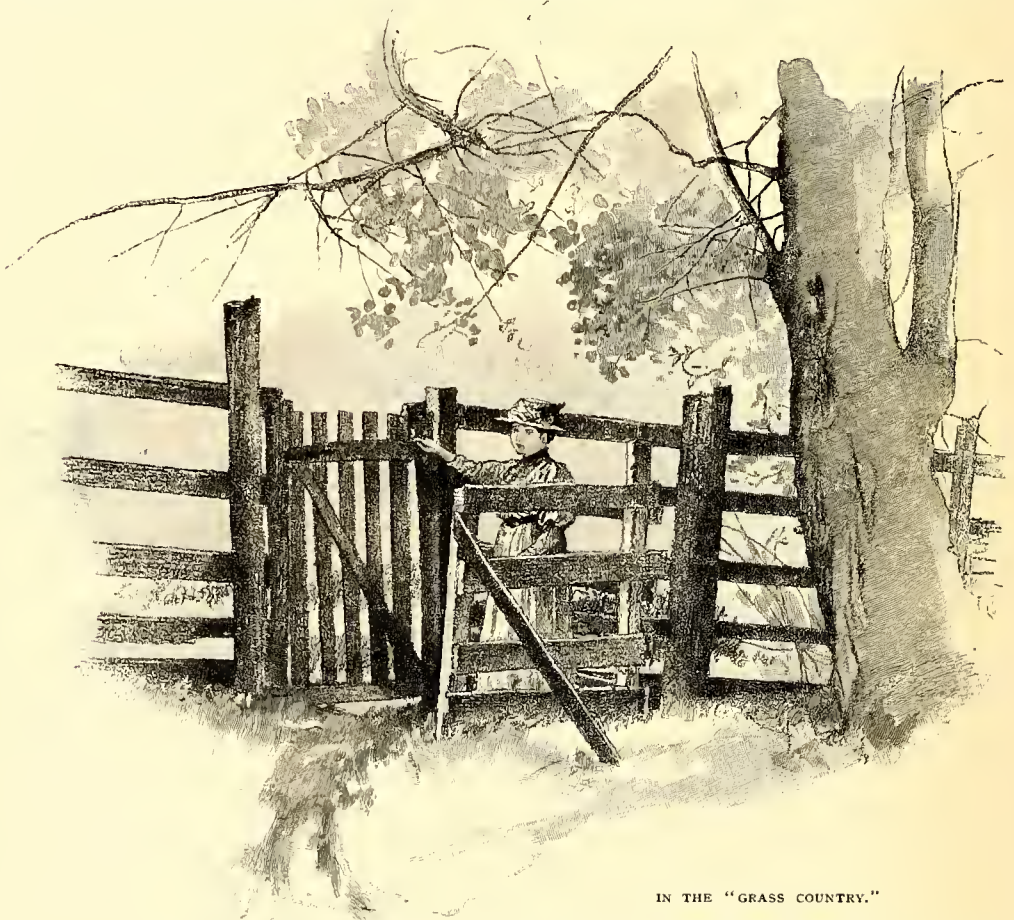
Hetty knew quite well what such a catastrophe as that would mean.

"Some day, perhaps, when they get ready."

quarreling amongst themselves as to whose fault it is, and they can't keep their promises to the settlers—not this year. And as this is our last year on this land, unless we get the water, it concerns us a good deal."

"Our last year!" cried Hetty. "Is n't this our land, then?"

"Not unless we can carry out our sworn intention to bring water upon it within three



IN THE "GRASS COUNTRY."

"Why don't you tell her, Father, now you've begun, and not keep her guessing?" Mrs. Croly remonstrated. She began hushing little Martha, who was trying to sit up, the better to listen to the talk.

"All we know, Daughter, is that the company's money has given out again, and they are

years from the time we took it up. The three years will be up in May. And the water will not be here."

"And then what shall we do?" asked Hetty.

"That's as Mother says," Mr. Croly answered; and he looked at his wife, who sat silent.

"Your mother has the right to file on this claim and hold it another three years, after my right expires. But she is tired of waiting for water."

"I am tired of waiting for *no* water," said Mrs. Croly. "And we *cannot* wait, because the Doctor says it is making little Martha sick." She spoke to Hetty, and then she looked at her husband and said: "I wonder you can ask me! You heard what he said."

"I heard, but I don't believe a word of it. A doctor always lays it to the climate when he is puzzled by a case. Look at Hetty, there. Why is n't she sick? Mother, it is all nonsense! I can show you children by the dozen, running about in the sage-brush—born and raised in it—as healthy as jack-rabbits. It 's a new idea to me that sun, and pure air, and earth as new as it can be, are n't wholesome."

"I could wait," said Mrs. Croly, "if Martha seemed like herself, or if there was any sure prospect of our getting the water. But I will never believe any of this company's promises again. They have promised and promised, year after year, and every one who has trusted them has lost by them. This year the water was coming, sure—and where is it? Now, I say, it is time we took these children back to 'God's country.' I don't believe in a country made by a company."

"Why, Mother, you don't seem to count my work as anything, nor the land and the climate. We are not beholden to a company for them—nor the choice of the land. There is n't such another tract between here and Salt Lake! I do hate to lose it. I think it 's all a notion about little Martha. Wait till it 's cooler. You will see; she will pick up all right. Hot weather is hot weather, go where you will; and little children pine with it, right in the woods and by the sea-shore. You 're sick yourself, Mother, and I don't wonder; but wait till it 's cooler."

"Yes, wait till we dry up and blow away, like the wild seeds, anywhere the wind will let us lie! No, Father; I want a home. If it 's ever so small, I want it sure. And I want to see my children playing on the grass again, with green boughs over their heads. If there is a thing we can call our birthright, in this world, surely it is the grass and trees. We have no right to defraud our children, and keep them here, in the dust and glare, with the hot winds drying up their blood, and the sun scorching

their faces till you 'd never know what race they belong to—just for the sake of some day, if the company 's willing, calling a great, big, lonesome tract of land our own."

"Lonesome!" echoed Mr. Croly, who was an enthusiast, and had now been attacked on a vital point of his faith. "I guess the plains around Denver were lonesome, in 1880; and it was n't two years before the city marched right out and over 'em, and you can't buy an acre of that sage-brush now for the price of a whole farm in the valley of the Hudson."

"Yes, yes; I 've heard it all," said the mother. "But those fortunes people have to pay for. It is n't meant we should get something for nothing in this world. And I 'm not willing to risk this child's life—no, nor a year of her life, wasted in sickness—for any fortune that ever was named."

"Well, then, I don't see but we must go our separate ways, Mother, for the children's sake," said Mr. Croly. "I am not willing to throw away my work and my waiting: that belongs to the children, too; and some day they will thank me. I shall stay, and if I can't prove up on this land, I 'll work till I can afford to buy some other man's title. There will be plenty of discouraged ones, like you, who will want to get out of the country—soon as the news gets round the Ditch crowd is getting ready to lie down. I 've looked at a good many countries, and this looks to me the best of any, and I 'm going to stay right with it till the water comes. If one company can't fetch it, another will. But you can take that money I laid by to prove up with, and go back with the children to Genesee, if so be you think you must. But I guess you 'll find it some hot, even there."

Hetty's tears were falling by this time, and her mother had hidden her face, and was patting Martha nervously, with her thin hand on which the veins showed so plainly.

Hetty understood it all, as a woman might: she sympathized with her mother, and knew how she must feel about Martha; she agreed with her father, too, and in her young hopefulness she believed in the country of his choice. She wondered if her mother knew how happy they—the children—had been on that land

which was called a desert. Hetty loved the great bare mesa, with the winds blowing over it and the whole of the sky above it. She could not tell it in words, but she felt the joy of those clear, spring mornings, when the mountains piled in turquoise blue against the far bright north; she felt the rich sadness of the deep-colored summer twilights, and the mystery of the wide, dark, starlight nights when the farthest land looked like an unknown sea. Martha was too young, perhaps, to care about skies and mountains, or to know that she cared; but Martha had been happy as a bird, that spring, when the sage-brush bonfires were blazing all over the hill, and they ran from one to another, dancing the "fire-dance," as they called it—fanning them with boughs and beating out the scattering flames. And did Mother know what a pleasure it was to hunt strange wild-flowers, and to give them names, and wonder what manner of flower each new bud would become, as if the world were new and they its child-discoverers? Hetty had named the desert-flowers, and marked the place of each, that she might know it when its blossoms and leaves were withered. She had gathered the seeds and dug the bulbs with infinite labor and pains, that she might plant them all, in a wild garden of her own, when the plow should have uprooted them from their native homes; and she had counted on surprising them with such a bounty of water as these children of the desert had never known before.

She was a hospitable child, and hospitality is the first law of all desert-dwellers.

Hetty had never found it lonesome in the desert. Did Mother know how many little creatures lived there—in holes and nests and burrows, making shy, winding roads through the pygmy sage-forest to their "claims"? Hetty knew their tiny footprints, in the dust or in the

snow; she knew their notes and cries and calls, and had a fellowship with them all,—even with the outlawed coyotes, who yelled at night like a pack of crazy dogs. And down the line of her father's wire fence, morning and evening, came a band of range-horses on their way to the river to drink. They had been used to travel across her father's land to water, but now the fence obliged them to go a far way round. Hetty used to apologize to them for this encroachment on their liberties, when she foregathered with them at the fence. She knew all the mothers, and delighted in the long-tailed colts, and they knew her little figure in bright colors by the fence.

Why, then, was this not God's country, even though the grass withered and the flowers faded because the sun's eye was so bright? Hetty did not shrink from the sunshine.

But there was little Martha, who needed the shade. Mother and the Doctor must know best about Martha. Surely they must know. If but the water could be made to come! She thought of the stories in the Bible, and wished that they had been of the "chosen people," that water might be sent them by a special act: whereas, they were left to the mercies of a company, whose money was always giving out. She prayed that night a prayer which she felt to be foolish, perhaps wrong, since God could not need reminding; but it came from the heart with one long, stifled ache, in whispers that no one heard:

Would God but please to give them water, and let the grass grow; that Martha might be well; that they might stay upon the land her father had chosen, and not be parted, east and west, father here and mother there?

We shall see what happened before the fifth of May, which was the date on which her father's time expired.

(To be continued.)

THE MOB OF BLOTS.

BY
MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"I wish you 'd be more careful, dear,"
Euphemia heard her mother say;
"I put a nice clean blotter here
Day before yesterday."

Euphemia was a naughty child;
She saw the blots, she tossed her head;
And then she actually smiled,
And this is what she said:

"The blotter 's there for folks to blot;
I have n't stained the desk at all!
And each one 's such a little spot—
You *see* they're very small!"

That night Euphemia dreamed a dream:
She wandered through secluded spots,
And then (her mother heard her scream),
She met a Mob of Blots.

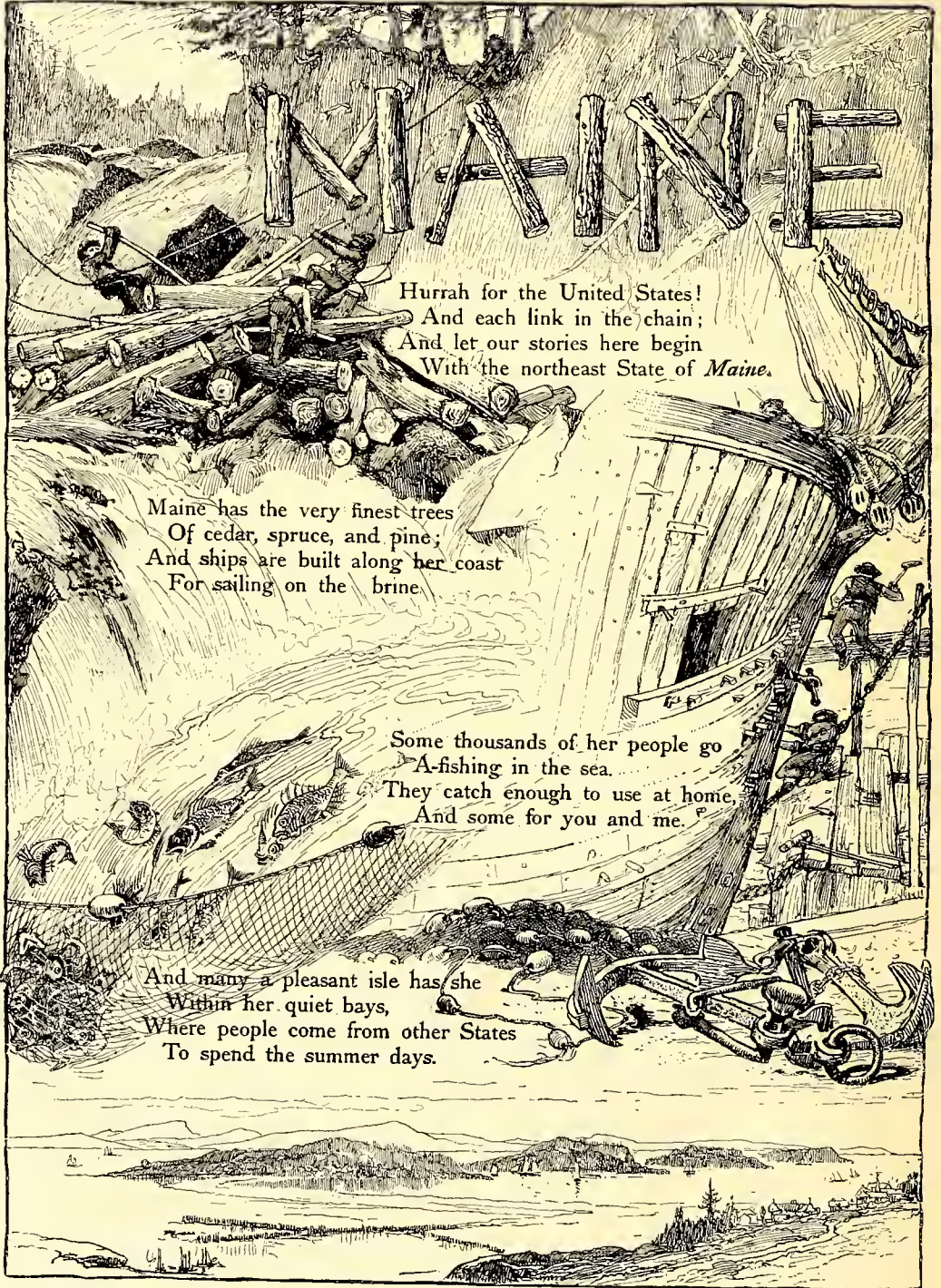
They grinned, they leered, they winked, they
smiled,
The fattest of them wagged his ears,
And said: "Just look at that small child!
She made you all, my dears!"

This was too much, and with a scream
She woke. For days she never smiled.
And since the dreaming of that dream,
She is the *neatest* child!



RHYMES OF THE STATES.*

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.



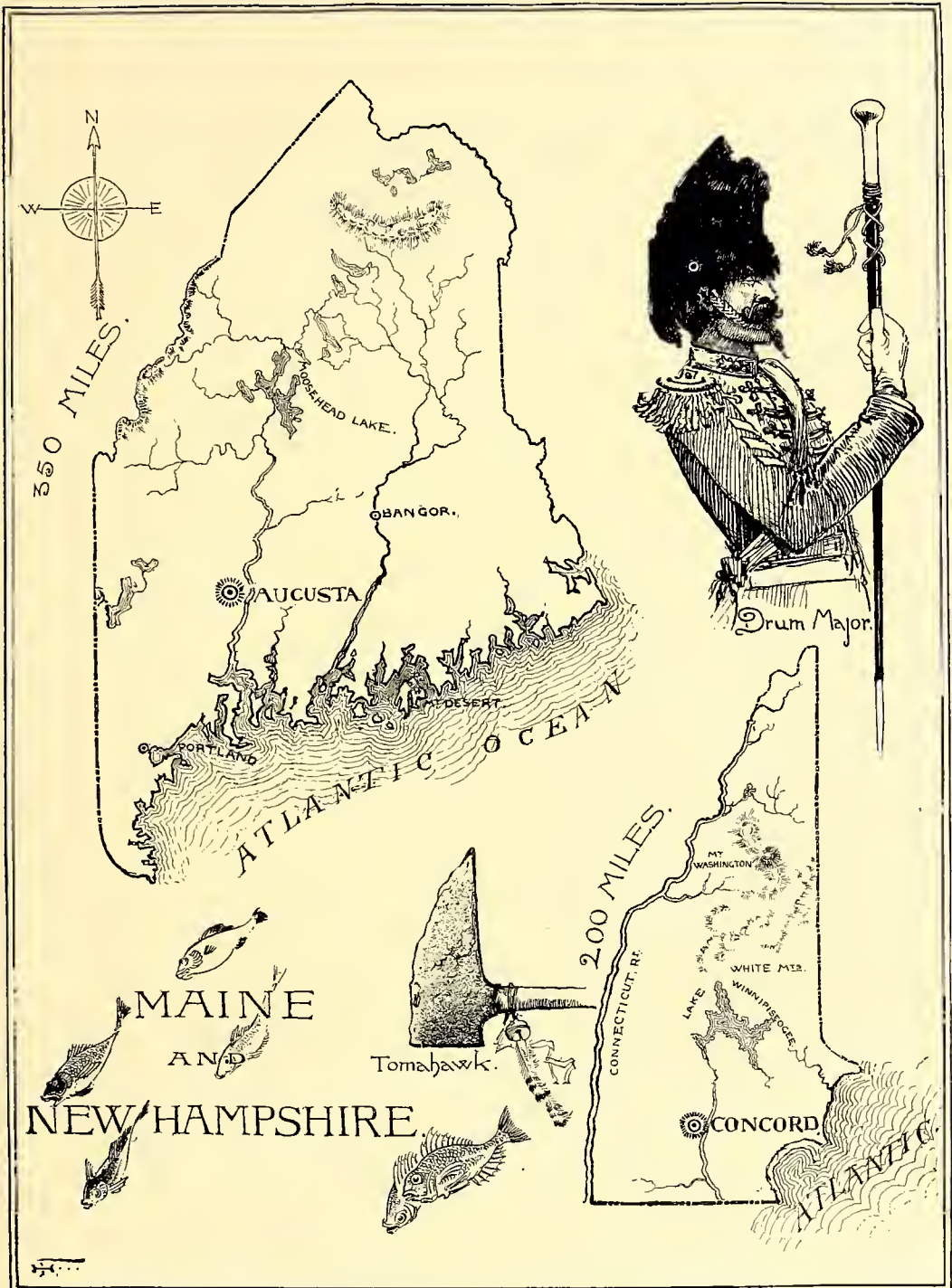
Hurrah for the United States!
And each link in the chain;
And let our stories here begin
With the northeast State of *Maine*.

Maine has the very finest trees
Of cedar, spruce, and pine;
And ships are built along her coast
For sailing on the brine.

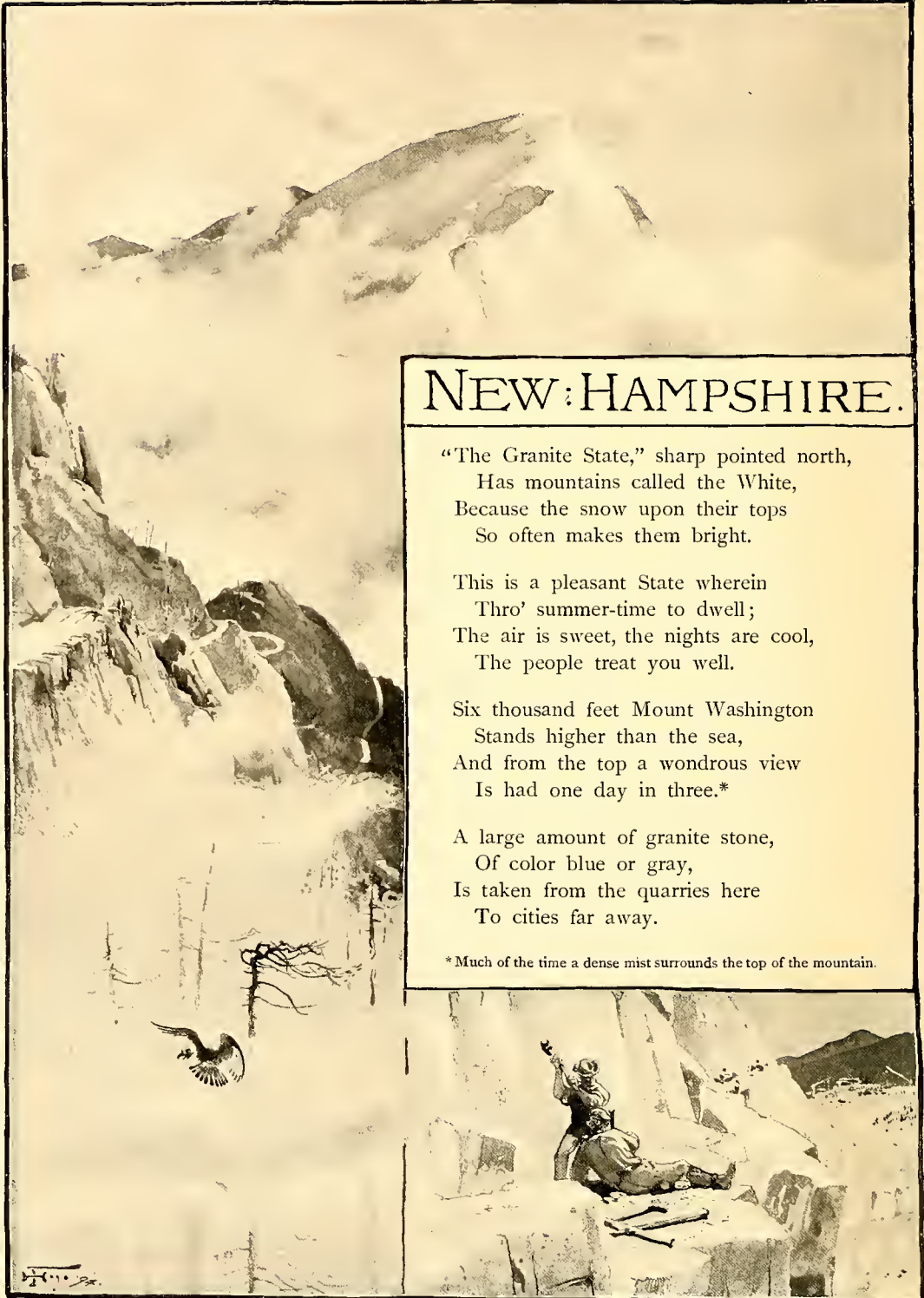
Some thousands of her people go
A-fishing in the sea.
They catch enough to use at home,
And some for you and me.

And many a pleasant isle has she
Within her quiet bays,
Where people come from other States
To spend the summer days.

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NOTE.—The State of Maine in shape resembles a drum-major's cap; and the State of New Hampshire is, in form, not unlike the head of a tomahawk. For the rhyme about New Hampshire see next page.



NEW: HAMPSHIRE.

"The Granite State," sharp pointed north,
Has mountains called the White,
Because the snow upon their tops
So often makes them bright.

This is a pleasant State wherein
Thro' summer-time to dwell;
The air is sweet, the nights are cool,
The people treat you well.

Six thousand feet Mount Washington
Stands higher than the sea,
And from the top a wondrous view
Is had one day in three.*

A large amount of granite stone,
Of color blue or gray,
Is taken from the quarries here
To cities far away.

* Much of the time a dense mist surrounds the top of the mountain.

FINDING A TREASURE.

BY AGNES LEWIS MITCHILL.

It lay for a long time on the edge of the little brook, deep in the forest, sparkling like a tiny flame in the sunlight, and growing still in the dusk like the bright eye of some fairy hidden in the grass.

One day, when a very bright sunbeam danced to and fro across it, the tortoise stopped to look curiously at it. He was a slow fellow at his best, and lingered so long that Bunny stopped, too, to see what it could be; and the squirrel from the fence-rail gave up scolding at the crows to ask them what was to be seen. The crows themselves are famous for chattering, so in less time than I can tell it, they had spread the news to all the forest-creatures.

"It 's not good to eat," said the tortoise; "for I tasted it, and it 's hard and cold."

"You cannot bite it, anyway," said Bunny. "I would much rather have a carrot."

"If it were a nut it would have a shell," said the squirrel; "but I see it is not that."

"It might be a new kind of corn," said the crows, and one of them flew down to peck at it.

"Pshaw!" said he, "it is harder than a stone, and nothing like a kernel of corn; we can do nothing with it!"

"It is certainly very pretty," said the robin; "but I could not make a nest of it, and I for one would much rather have a cherry."

"Perhaps the owl can tell us what it is,"

meekly suggested the mole; "I found it under the soil when I was digging out my burrow."

So the squirrel was sent to waken the owl, who sat dozing in his home in the hollow tree.

Down he came, stumbling, blinking sleepily, and yawning.

"Here is something—" said Bunny. "Yellow!" put in the crows all together. "Hard," said the tortoise. "Very bright and shiny," said the squirrel. "And no use to any one of us," said the mole. "What is it?"

"Don't all talk at once," yawned the owl. "What a stupid set you are! I know what it is; gold!"

Just then a footstep rustled the dry leaves, and all the forest-folk scampered away to hide. Peeping out they saw a man walking slowly along the brook. Just then his eye fell on the glittering little ball; and crying out for joy he seized it eagerly, turned it over and over in the sunlight, and after hiding it carefully in his breast hurried away.

"Well, I never!" chattered the squirrel, running from his hiding-place in the oak-tree. "*He* seemed to know what to do with it!"

And all the crows fluttered away to tell of the strange treasure found by the brook.

"The owl is a wonderful fellow!" said the mole. "He seems to see everything. I suppose it is because his eyes are so big. But I wish I had thought to ask him what it is good for!"

WATERPROOF FOLK.

I LOOKED from my window,
And, dancing together,
I spied three queer people
Who love the wet weather.

The turtle, the frog, and the duck all joined
hands
To caper so gaily upon the wet sands.

The turtle was coated
In shell, to defy
The pattering rain-drops,
And keep him quite dry.

The frog in green jacket was gay as
could be,
"My coat will shed water—just see it!"
said he.

The duck shook his web-feet
And ruffled his feathers;
Cried he, "Rain won't hurt me!

"I 'm dressed for all weathers.
And when I can see the clouds frown in
the sky
I oil my gray feathers and keep very dry!"



"LITTLE AGNES IN THE BIG HAT."

"THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER."

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

AGNES was only six years old, but her sister was grown up, and was an artist. Agnes liked to go to the studio where her sister Violet made pictures, for there were queer hats and coats and gowns about the room. Agnes would put these on and play that she was a queen or a princess or a fairy. One day she found a big hat that once had belonged to a soldier years and years ago—before Agnes, or her father, or her grandfather was born. The little girl put on the great hat, and played that she was the queen of the fairies—"Queen Mab." But she could not find a wand. Her sister said, "No matter about a wand. You can pretend that you left it at home."

"No," said Agnes, "I *must* have a wand. S'pose I was to meet a bad fairy? Why, she could change me into a frog, maybe!"

"That would never do," said her sister. "Here," and she gave Agnes an old umbrella, "here is the finest golden wand in the world. See what a bright tip it has! It gleams like a star when the sun shines on it."

So Agnes took the umbrella, and played that she was at a fairy court. And her sister

thought the little girl looked pretty in the old hat, and asked her to stand still while her picture was drawn. For some time Agnes was as stiff and quiet as a ninepin, but then her hands were tired, and she dropped the umbrella on the floor.

"Queen Mab puts down her wand, sometimes!" she said.

"But you must keep your hands the same way," said her sister; "I am nearly done. Hold something not so heavy."

"I'll hold my skirt, then," said Agnes, and she caught up one edge of it.

Soon her sister finished the first drawing, and in it Agnes looked tired, but as if she meant to be very good and to keep still; and so she did, for she hoped some day to see the picture in ST. NICHOLAS.

Agnes had to put on the old hat several times on other days; but when the picture was done, Agnes was glad, and she wanted to give it a name. She called it, "A Little Girl With a Big Hat On"; but her sister called it, "The Artist's Daughter," which was a finer name, but was make-believe instead of real.

THE TURKEY'S NEST.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

"IF you find the nest," said Farmer Brown,
With a twinkle in his eye,

"You shall have the nicest thing in town
That a dollar bill will buy.

But, mind you, it won't be children's play,
For that sly old turkey-hen
Has often stolen her nest away,
And has puzzled all my men."

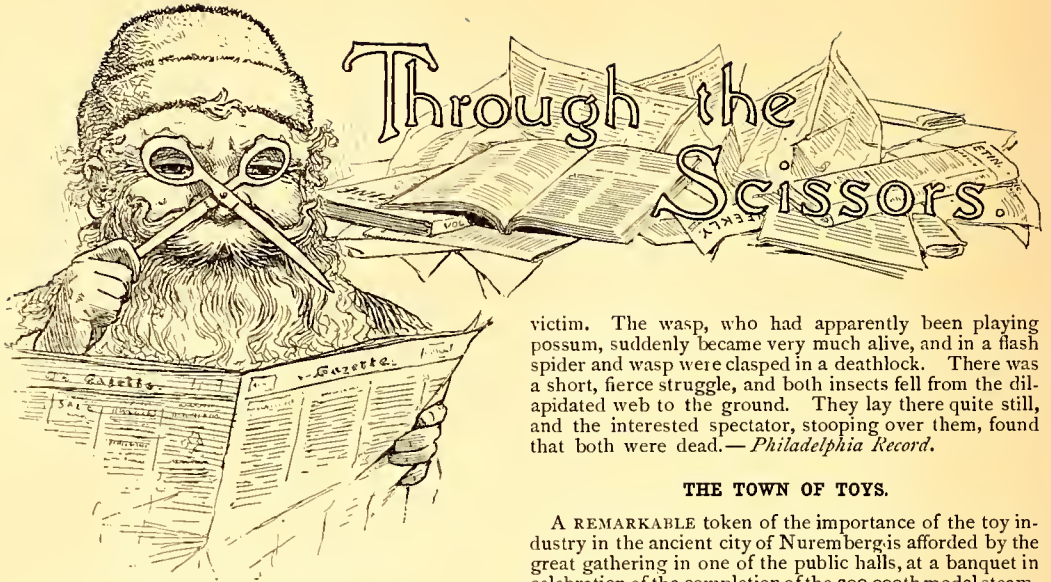
Across the fields and into the wood,
And down by the running brook,
Among the logs where the old mill stood,
Into every kind of nook;

And, one by one, they gave up the quest—
Bobbie and Jack and Fred:

"We never could find that turkey's nest,
If we searched a month," they said.

The fields were wide and the hills were steep
And the baby's years were few,
And she lagged behind and went to sleep
Where the alder-bushes grew.

And the turkey did not see her guest,
As she sought her eggs, to set;
So baby awoke and found the nest—
And the folks are wondering yet.



THE CAT IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THE cat was so very highly regarded in England at one time, both as a rat- and mouse-catcher and as an ornament to society, that we find the following law passed by one of the princes of Wales :

If any one steal or kill a Cat that guards the Prince's Granary, he is to forfeit a milch Ewe, its Fleece and Lamb. Or, as much Wheat as, when poured upon the cat suspended from its tail, with the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former.

Though the Welsh had a high opinion of the cat, the ancient Egyptians held them still higher. This intelligent and civilized people treated cats with great distinction. It was a crime to kill them, and when they died they received a public burial, at which the people mourned, having first shaved off their eyebrows as a token of sorrow. The most prominent cats were, upon death, embalmed in drugs and spices, and cat mummies have been found side by side with those of kings. When Cambyses, the Persian, attacked the Egyptian city of Pelusis, he cunningly provided his soldiers with cats instead of shields. When the host advanced, the Egyptians retired in confusion upon discovering that they would be unable to do damage to their enemy without seriously imperiling the lives of vast numbers of cats. And so the city was taken easily, and without the loss of blood or of a cat. It cannot be disputed that the ancient Egyptian cats must have enjoyed life very much. — *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

SPIDER AND WASP FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

A FIERCE battle for life, between a large spider and a wasp, was witnessed by a fifteenth-ward man in his garden one day last summer. The spider had spread her web in a corner of the fence and was patiently waiting for something to turn up. Suddenly a wasp flew into the web. He was firmly caught, but his desperate efforts to escape tore several holes in the flimsy network about him. Here the spider rushed out and rapidly began to repair the breaks. The wasp fought harder still, and seemed to be trying to get a chance to sting his sly foe.

In a minute or two the wasp lay perfectly still, as if dead. The spider rushed out and seized the body of her

victim. The wasp, who had apparently been playing possum, suddenly became very much alive, and in a flash spider and wasp were clasped in a deathlock. There was a short, fierce struggle, and both insects fell from the dilapidated web to the ground. They lay there quite still, and the interested spectator, stooping over them, found that both were dead. — *Philadelphia Record*.

THE TOWN OF TOYS.

A REMARKABLE token of the importance of the toy industry in the ancient city of Nuremberg is afforded by the great gathering in one of the public halls, at a banquet in celebration of the completion of the 300,000th model steam-engine by a well-known maker. Among the guests were the heads of the municipality and of several industrial and commercial corporations. The little model which marks this stage in the toy-making industry of the Nuremberg firm was constructed with the latest improvements. It was adorned with a laurel wreath, and exhibited in the hall side by side with a model of the date 1815, in order to show the progress in construction. It is said that this factory alone has also turned out more than 325,000 magic-lanterns. — *Exchange*.

A RAPID-TRANSIT PIGEON.

ON Tuesday last, in less than 270 minutes, "Punch," a sturdy carrier-pigeon (perhaps some of you know him), flew 200 miles, carrying seven messages from the school-ship "Saratoga" to Philadelphia. He was sent off at ten o'clock in the morning, and was found in his own loft at 2:30 in the afternoon. It was Punch who beat all other records last September, when he brought a letter from a naval officer on the cruiser "New York" to his wife at Bryn Mawr. He covered a distance of 200 miles in less than 197 minutes. — *New York World*.

A LION-TRAINER'S EXPERIENCE.

HEINRICH MEHRMAN, the well-known trainer, talks interestingly of his experience with the lions. He began to train lions when he was no longer a young man, and soon learned the secret of how to master them. He has succeeded in acquiring a control that is almost unique among his fellows.

It is a recognized principle of many animal-trainers that the human eye is a chief factor in holding the beasts in subjection. To Mr. Mehrman this help seems unnecessary. He explained his methods in this to-day:

"Of course, an animal must be treated kindly; but one of the greatest requisites of an animal-trainer is absolute self-confidence. Without this he cannot have anything like control over his savage beasts. Now I do not mean to say for a moment that I always have the requisite amount of self-confidence. I know that I have not, and when I am lacking in that respect something is sure to happen. Animals are shrewd observers, and they detect anything of that kind more quickly than you would imagine. The other night some little thing went wrong,

and my attention was distracted. One of my big lions immediately noticed this, and when I went to cow him he turned on me, clawed my coat half off my back, and made a great scratch on my arm. The great danger from such an occurrence is that when a man has trouble with one animal the others are very apt to try to help their mate. As soon as one of the lions becomes unruly you may see the lions and the tigers exchange glances; all they want then is a leader, and every one of them would be at me. The successful animal-trainer cannot smoke much; he should have little or nothing to do with spirits, and must take the very best possible care of his physical condition, so as to keep the mind perfectly clear. Hundreds of men have been seriously injured by wild animals, but I believe it is always their own fault."—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

THE CANARY TOOK TO THE WATER.

"We have a canary at our home," said a gentleman from Lincoln, Nebraska, a few days ago, "that is considered by the family to be just about as smart as they make them. I'll tell you why we think so. The bird-cage hangs in a room in which there is a large coal-stove. One afternoon we were all going out for a short while, and as the fire was low my wife filled the stove with coal and turned on the draft, expecting to be home before the fire got too hot. We were gone some time longer than we had expected, however, and when we returned the room was like a furnace, and the stove red-hot. My wife's first thought was of the bird, and upon looking up at the cage and not seeing him, concluded at once that he had been suffocated by the intense heat. She immediately got a chair and climbed up to look into the cage, fully expecting to see the poor bird stretched out on the floor, dead. Such was far from being the case, however. Instead, there he was sitting down flat in his bathtub, with only his head, which he would now and then dip into the water, exposed to the furnace-like heat of the room."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.

THE "drunkard's cloak," now on exhibition in this city among other instruments of torture, is one of the many worn by the soldiers in Cromwell's army. The cloak is almost an exact counterpart of a big wooden churn. This wooden shirt was slipped over the tippler's head, while his face was covered with a wire cage. Thus attired he was set forth upon the street to be hooted at.—*New York Tribune.*

A WILD RIDE ON AN AVALANCHE.

BOISE, Idaho, March 3.—A remarkable story of a ride upon an avalanche comes from Atlanta, in the Sawtooth Mountains. Generally when a man is caught in a snow-slide he is buried, and either crushed or smothered to death; but in this case the imperiled man actually rode the avalanche half a mile and came out alive. Charles Goetz was hunting in the mountains near Atlanta, when the snow started under his feet. He was unable to extricate himself from the moving mass, and in a few moments he was being carried along upon the breast of a roaring avalanche. The slide rushed down into a rocky, precipitous cañon, but Goetz went through alive. He was found eleven hours afterward by a rescuing party, and, though terribly bruised, he is in a fair way to recovery.—*Chicago Herald.*

HOW SEA-BIRDS QUENCH THEIR THIRST.

THE question is often asked: "Where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject said that he had seen these birds at sea far from any land that could furnish them water hovering around and under a storm-cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles or even farther off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long sea-birds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—*Golden Days.*

A BEAUTIFUL SNOW STATUE.

A YOUNG artist of Boston, after a snow-storm in that city last winter, made a snow model in one of the public squares, that has attracted much attention during the past week. It represented a girl dressed in the height of fashion, standing with her arms folded. At her feet crouched a bulldog. The image was modeled in elaborate detail; and though the thaw destroyed some of the fine lines, succeeding cold weather preserved the figure. A young Swede, John Jepson, was the sculptor; he spent about three hours on the work.—*New York Tribune.*

A HAWK'S CAPTURE OF A PIGEON.

A HAWK captured and killed a carrier-pigeon in Druid Hill Park yesterday morning after a protracted chase. The lightning-like movements of the pursuer and pursued were a revelation to those who were not versed in the flights of birds. The pigeon, as long as it kept in a straight line, beat the hawk flying, but on becoming frightened and confused it began a zigzag course, and was then an easy prey. Capt. Cassell frightened the hawk so that he got the pigeon, but the pigeon was dead when it struck the ground.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A SIMPLE STATEMENT.

"How many stories has this building?" asked the stranger.

"Several thousand," was the reply.

"What!—why, where am I?"

"In the fiction department of the public library."—*Washington Star.*

OIL-WELLS IN THE OCEAN.

REPORTS from various sources render the existence of submarine oil-wells very probable. Oil, floating on the surface of the ocean, has been frequently observed, and in many cases this has been thought to be due to the escape of petroleum, or other oils, from wrecks, but it has been found in such a great number of places and in such quantities that this source is insufficient to account for its presence. An officer of a British steamer reports having passed through a large body of what was thought to be whale-oil, about one hundred yards square and one foot deep, and there are many indications in the Gulf of Mexico which point to the existence of submarine oil-wells, or springs of some similar substance, and these must be the source of the floating oil.—*The Portland Transcript.*

THE LETTER-BOX.

BANGOR, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in "A Man-o'-War's Menagerie," because Lieutenant Kimball, who is mentioned in it, is my father's cousin. I am interested also in the "San Francisco," because it was built when I was a smaller little girl than I am now and lived in the city of San Francisco. I am a California girl, and was born nine years ago in Oakland, which is across the bay from San Francisco. I must close now, because I want to read ST. NICHOLAS, which I got only to-day, before I go to bed; but my mama says I must go up-stairs. Your affectionate reader, MARGARET P—.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I have read "Tom Paulding" I wanted to tell you about the money they found down in Florida about three years ago. An American lady living in Europe wanted to have an old house that she owned torn down, in order to build a new one. The contractor said in his letter to her, in a joke, of course, that should they find any hidden treasure they would claim it. The lady replied, in the same manner, they could. While tearing out the old fireplace, a workman saw something glitter that had fallen at his feet. He picked it up; it was a gold coin! He called the workmen, and after an excited search they had found quite a large sum of money. It was not the kind of money that we use, but they were Spanish doubloons, each one worth sixteen dollars and a half, and there were enough to make over two thousand dollars. The dirt that had been carted out of town was sifted and in it was found a number more of these coins. Everybody went wild over the discovery, and wanted to tear down all the old houses in town. The contractors divided the money between themselves, and many of the coins were sold for more than their value, because of their beauty and age. The oldest one was dated 1754; some sold for as high as twenty-five dollars. This is a true story of a real treasure, and I thought it would interest the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. I saw one of these gold pieces myself and had it in my hand. Your friend and reader, KARL SCHAFFLE.

ARENSEBURG, OESEL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Polish boy nine years old, and live in an island near Russia, called Oesel. Here are woods with foxes and hares. My brother, who is eleven, and I go hunting with Papa. We find many mushrooms in the woods, and a great deal of cranberries. We have many forts in Oesel, but the largest is here near Arensburg. This fortress is eight hundred years old. A hundred years ago they found an old warrior in Spanish dress with golden spurs, sitting in an arm-chair in a little room shut with a great flat stone. He had a sword on his knee. Before him was a table with a lamp, a cup, and a piece of bread on it. When they touched him he fell to ashes. I have learned English for a year and three months. I have written this letter myself, and hope you will print it in your beautiful magazine, which I like so much.

Your devoted reader, ALEXANDER M—.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for a long time, and when it came to me for the first time out here it was just like an old friend. We have not lived here very long, but I am used to strange places, as I have been almost all over the world in my father's ship. Once we were shipwrecked.

My sister sends you her love. Your little friend,
MARIA F—.

HARVEY B.—The poem, "Leonidas," by Anna Robeson Brown, was published in ST. NICHOLAS for October, 1892.

RIVERA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little brother Cary, when he was about three years old, was very much interested in his baby brother while he was cutting his teeth, and asked a great many questions about them.

One day he was outdoors watching the little chickens, whose tail-feathers were just beginning to appear. Pretty soon he came running into the house. "Mama, Mama!" he cried, "my little chickens are cutting their tails!"

I am ten years old, and have not been taking your magazine very long, but I like it very much. Good-by. With best wishes I am ever your constant reader,
HAZEL G—.

JANESVILLE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I am five years old. My little sister Cecèlie likes you too. She calls you "Nicky." I wish you would please print this for me. My hand is getting tired, so I will stop. I am your little reader,
NELLIE L. C—.

"ROSE VILLA," DEHRA DUN, N. W. P., INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in India, where Papa is a missionary; he is revising the Hindi Bible.

In the summer we live in the Himalaya Mountains, and, when it is too cold to stay there, we come down to Dehra Valley to live there for the winter.

In the mountains I go to a school named "Woodstock," and a great many girls there take your magazine.

When I was a very little girl, Mama and Papa took the ST. NICHOLAS for my elder brothers and sisters, and we have ten volumes—from November, 1874, to October, 1885, with the exception of the tenth volume. This is the first year we have taken it since 1885; Mama and Papa gave it to us for a Christmas present.

Once when we were in the mountains, a leopard came up to our cow-house and wanted to take away our little calf, but when it saw the *gwala*, or cow-man, it walked off. Another time, when Papa was going to Rajpur on his bicycle, he passed through a troop of monkeys, who were evidently very much surprised to see that new mode of locomotion.

When we were out camping last winter we had a ride on an elephant, and Papa showed us from that elevated position what he called "an Indian dinner-party"; the

guests were some vultures and jackals, who were feasting on the remains of a dead buffalo.

We heard a great many jackals wailing, during our camp nights, and we called them "the little gentlemen going to a concert."

I like India very much, but I always wish there never had been a Tower of Babel, for it is so difficult to learn Hindustani. We have been here only a little more than a year, so it is well for us that Papa has been here before, and knows the language.

From your interested reader, EDITH M. K.—.

I send you a little lullaby which I wrote myself.

HUSH, BABY, HUSH!

(A Lullaby.)

HUSH, baby, hush!

The moonlight is beaming,
The good folks are dreaming,
Hush, baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!

Far o'er the mountain-tops,
There the setting sun drops.
Hush, baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!

The stars are beginning to peep,
So you ought to be asleep.
Hush, baby, hush!

E. M. K.—.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is stated in "Tom Sawyer Abroad," in your February number, that the desert of Sahara contains 4,162,000 square miles. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" states that the desert of Sahara has an area of 3,565,565 square miles. Which is correct? Please answer your little ten-year-old reader.

A. E. C.—.

Authorities differ very widely in their statements of the size of the Sahara desert—as much as 2,000,000 square miles. The "Encyclopedia Britannica's" figures are given only as *estimated*, and do not include any of the desert east of the Nile. Of course the desert has no exact limits, such as the boundaries of a nation, and travelers might well differ as to whether a certain region was or was not a part of the desert.

Probably Mark Twain took the largest estimate he found, including all the desert country. Here are various guesses at the area: "Lippincott's Gazetteer," 2,000,000 square miles; "Appleton's American Encyclopedia," 1,500,000 to 2,000,000; "Webster's International Dictionary," 2,000,000; Bartholomew (English geographer), 2,500,000; Meyer's "Hand Lexicon," 2,500,000 (about).

All of which are, as you see, far below either the "Encyclopedia Britannica's" or Mark Twain's figures.

"Ritter's Geographical Statistics Lexicon" gives about 3,500,000 square miles, and is probably as good an authority as any.

We do not know what authority Mark Twain relied upon.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My Uncle Walter takes you and then sends you to us. I read "How Paper Money is Made." I asked Grandpa to let me take one of his bills; he let me, and I saw a little D and a very small C under it.

My auntie went to the World's Fair, and when she came home she brought a chameleon with her, and he is the pet of the whole family. Auntie named him "Christopher Columbus," he has traveled so far. He will turn dark-red, brown, and almost black, but light-green is his prettiest color. All of our friends bring him flies, which seem to be his favorite article of food.

Auntie brought me some cards also, which have pictures of most all the people in Europe, Asia, and some in Africa. Yours sincerely,
BERTHA E. C.—.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long meant to write to you, for we were both born in the same year, 1873, and, moreover, I have you complete from 1873 to 1893, in twenty nicely bound volumes!

My brother took you the first five years, then in 1881 you were sent to me, and, with the exception of three years, I have taken you ever since.

Last year, when I realized what a valuable possession a complete set of you would be, I procured the six volumes we did not have, and now I am very proud of my complete set in its simple uniform binding. I hope to continue taking you as long as I live. Others, doubtless, have a complete set also, and I wonder if they are as fond of the earlier volumes as I am; they rival, if anything, the newer larger volumes; but the whole set, from beginning to end, is a mine of valuable and interesting information.

My father and I enjoy solving the puzzles each month, and we always try to send in answers to them all; the hardest ones are the best fun. Sincerely your well-wisher and friend,
HELEN C. MCC.—.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I subscribed for you over a year ago, but at the end of the year's subscription I stopped on account of hard times. However, my love for you was such that I had all the numbers received from you nicely bound into a book with a leather back to it, on which your name appears in gilt letters; and I expressed such a desire to have you again, that Papa made me a Christmas gift of a year's subscription last December.

Up north where ST. NICHOLAS is published I know that you have plenty of snow every winter. Here we rarely ever see the snow, whole winters passing without a snowflake falling. Last winter, on Christmas day, flowers were blooming in our front yard. How great our country is when it embraces so many different climates!

I will not trouble you with a longer letter, but will close by saying that of all the Christmas gifts I received none pleased me better than the year's subscription to yourself.
HUGH W.—.

FRESNO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a vineyard, in Fresno. We have a place of one hundred and forty acres; it is mostly planted out in muscats, excepting five acres which are planted in sultanas. Most of the second crop this year was dipped in lye. The lye is put in the water, and then it boils. There is a fire underneath. The grapes are then put into evaporating pails and dipped in the boiling

lye and water for about six or seven seconds; the grapes are then laid out on trays, and if it is very hot they will dry in seven days, but if not they will need a fortnight. Our crop is very large this year, and of very fine raisins. I have read ST. NICHOLAS for over a year, and like it immensely. Mother is giving it to my sister and myself for this year. Yours affectionately, A. A. H—.

DEER WOOD, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mother and father are going abroad for the winter, and they are going to leave my brother and me with my grandma and grandpa in the country. I have two brothers; one is a baby boy; he is three years and six months old; he is very funny sometimes. My other brother is nearly nine years old; I am eleven years and two months old; we live in the country. In the summer we have a lovely time; we swim, and hunt, and fish. I have a very nice bass rod, and so has my brother; and I have a nice little twenty-two caliber rifle, and I shoot partridges and rabbits in the winter-time. I go out on Saturday with Papa on hunting-trips. Sometimes Papa takes his Winchester rifle to get deer. I like to skate very much. I have liked you very much ever since I have had you.

I remain your loving reader, CULVER A—.

ELK POINT, S. DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you a letter yet, so I thought I would write one. Elk Point is not a very big place, but I think it is real nice. We have n't any hills to slide down, so we have to catch on behind sleighs. We seldom get skating in the winter, but in spring when the snow melts the water runs in ditches and then it freezes, and makes lots of ice on which we try to skate, but generally break our noses and arms and skin our shins instead. We have a dog whose name is "Prince." He is the most playful dog I ever saw, and especially likes to run after sticks. He is sitting in a chair while I am writing this letter. We have taken you ever since I can remember, and would n't know how to get

along without you. The daily papers never have nice stories in them, so I prefer to read you. I am a boy nine years old, and I am

Your faithful reader,
EDWIN H—.

WOLF CREEK, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As it is your birthday, I wish you many happy returns of the day. I have taken you for two years, and I think you are the best children's magazine I have ever seen. My Papa is an author, and has written many books.

Did any of your readers ever try a collection of feathers? I have, and have about fifty varieties.

LOUISE A. B—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Alice C. B., Inez V. H., Bessie B., Elizabeth C. S., Leroy B., Delos K. D., Marion H. I., Bessie C. H., R. M. V. L., Carrie M. P., A. L. H. and R. S. H., Anna R. S. and Margaret N. A., Albert W. S., Angela McC., Wilton A. E., Florence E. S., Pollie K., Wm. D. G., Susie U. E., Elizabeth D., G. B., M. B., Regina R., Harold W. H., Annie A., Rex, J. C. D., Jr., Cecilia M. K., Ethel H. W., Winifred H., M. M. W., Daisy D., Ruth A. B., George W. L., Charlotte J. H., Josephine C., Stuart B. G., Maude R., Bertha L. B., Ethel M., Grace, Jim, and Russell W., May C., C. M. W., Laura, V. B., Chester E. R., Jr., Helen B., Henry S. G., Mabel C., H. N. K., Nina M. N., Rose H. and Campbell P., Sarah H. J., Josie R. L., Robert Van B., Sallie, Isabel, and Annie C., Eldridge W. J., Edmond W. P., May E. V., Rowland E. L., Frank T., Esther V., Mary G., Gertrude S., Mabel C., Abby E. S., R. H. M., Bessie S. T., Burlie T., Beatrice E. P., Jean A. R., Eileen McC., Virginia, Myrtle F., Florence B. F., Amelia O., Florence L., Claire R. McG., Rachel B., Anna D. C., Samuel E., Mabel C., Edith M. C., Helen S. S., C. W., Jean N. C., Susie McD., Nellie R. M., Doris R., Edith MacN., E. B. J., and Charlie W.



READERS of the interesting paper, in this number, entitled "Some Ancient Musical Instruments," will appreciate this clever verse by Miss E. L. Sylvester:

A MERE MATTER OF TASTE.

QUOTH Meyerbeer Rossini Boccherini Verdi Jones,
"Give me a hurdy-gurdy, sir, for purity of tones;
There's not another instrument that's half so fine
and sturdy,
And that you must admit, sir, when once you've
heard a gurdy."



THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Enigmatography.
INTERSECTING WORDS. From 1 to 2, correct; 3 to 4, snorted; 5 to 6, current. Cross-words: 1. Couches. 2. Columns. 3. Sorrows. 4. Florist. 5. Sateens. 6. Reïnact. 7. Distant.
ZIGZAG. Sir Edwin Landseer. Cross-words: 1. Shed. 2. flie. 3. foRk. 4. sirE. 5. daDo. 6. eWer. 7. Inch. 8. aNon. 9. foLd. 10. areA. 11. siNk. 12. aDds. 13. Sign. 14. sEre. 15. frEt. 16. mooR.
ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Bayard. 1. Bird. 2. Angle. 3. Yacht. 4. Apple. 5. Revolver. 6. Dagger.
DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Francis Marion Crawford; finals, Frances Hodgson Burnett. Cross-words: 1. Feoff. 2. Recur. 3. Arena. 4. Nisan. 5. Civic. 6. Inane. 7. Signs. 8. Month. 9. Abaco. 10. Rabid. 11. Icing. 12. Orris. 13. Negro. 14. Canon. 15. Rhomb. 16. Adieu. 17. Waver. 18. Feign. 19. Olive. 20. Roost. 21. Daunt.—**CHARADE.** Hem-i-sphere.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Swamp Fox Cross-words: 1. paSte 2. doWdy. 3. stAin. 4. daMan. 5. taPer. 6. loFty. 7. knOck. 8. boXer.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Guess. 2. Unrip. 3. Erode. 4. Sidle. 5. Speed. II. 1. Yacht. 2. Abhor. 3. Chore. 4. Horse. 5. Trees. III. 1. Deist. 2. Error. 3. Irony. 4. Songs. 5. Tryst. IV. 1. Unapt. 2. Negro. 3. Again. 4. Prime. 5. Toned. V. 1. Tarts. 2. Avert. 3. Repay. 4. Trail. 5. Style.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, foliage; 1 to 3, foreign; 2 to 4, entered; 3 to 4, natured; 5 to 6, paresis; 5 to 7, phantom; 6 to 8, secular; 7 to 8, manager; 1 to 5, flap; 2 to 6, cats; 4 to 8, deer; 3 to 7, norm.
RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Sutler, Ulster, rulest, luster, rustle, result.

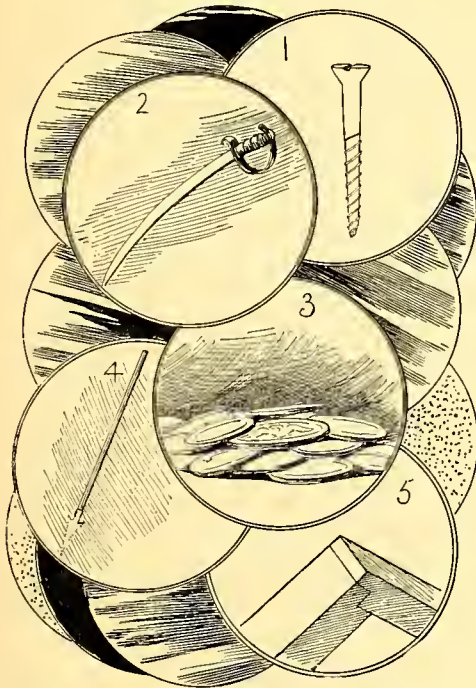
WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Mimes. 2. Ideal. 3. Metre. 4. Eared. 5. Sleds. II. 1. Dares. 2. Apode. 3. Rosin. 4. Edits. 5. Sense. III. 1. Event. 2. Valor. 3. Elite. 4. Notus. 5. Tress.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Paul Rowley — Helen C. McCleary — Louise Ingham Adams — Josephine Sherwood — Uncle Mung — Chester B. Sumner — Aunt Kate, Isabel, Mama, and Jamie — Blanche and Fred — John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman — L. O. E. — E. Kellogg Trowbridge — "The Wise Five" — Jo and I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from L. U. E., 1 — Mai H. Scudder, 1 — Lulu Campbell, 2 — Paul Reese, 8 — Ethel Ruth Johnson, 1 — Royal D. Thomas, 1 — Alexander Gunn, 1 — Florence E. Sheldon, 1 — Harold A. Fisher, 2 — M. McG., 8 — Edward L. Davis, 1 — Helen G. Elliott, 3 — G. B. Dyer, 8 — L. H. K., 3 — W. Kidds, 2 — Elaine S., 1 — "The Maid of Bath," 6 — Carrie Chester, 1 — Stubbs Isabel, 1 — Robert Van Buskirk, 1 — Mama and Helen, 5 — Ida Carleton Thallon, 8 — Edna Myers, 1 — Thomas Avery, 7 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Ira F. Wildey, 2 — L. B. F., 1 — L. Fletcher Craig, 1 — Mama and Sadie, 5 — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co., 8 — "Gamma Kai Gamma," 3 — M. E. H., 2 — "Maine and Minnesota," 8 — A. T. S., 8 — Convent Chums, 1 — No Name, 3 — Estelle and Clarendon, 2 — Geo. S. Seymour, 3 — "The Clever Two," 6 — Evelyn E. Smith, 8 — A. R. T. and J. T., 5 — "Will O. Tree," 5 — Robert and Walter Haight, 8 — Bessie and Eva, 7 — R. S. Bloomingdale, 8 — E. N. Moore, 5 — May Vatter, 1 — Chas. A. Barnard, 3 — Herbert Wright, 1 — Ethel and Cousin Burt, 8 — Edward W. Sturdevant, Jr., and M. S. S., 6 — Hubert L. Bingay, 6 — "The Lady from Philadelphia," 8 — "Helen and Florida," 6 — Charlotte Annie Peabody, 8 — Helen and Bessie, 2.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



EACH of the objects in the above picture may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed, and the words placed one below another, the diagonal

(beginning at the upper, left-hand letter) will spell a long-winged bird.

CHARADE.

SOME ONE threw my *first* and *second* at me, and it hit my *third*. It did not hurt me, for it was only a branch of my *whole*.
 PEARLE C.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in coffee, but not in tea;
 My second, in river, but not in sea;
 My third is in banter, but not in joke;
 My fourth is in mantle, but not in cloak;
 My fifth is in tocsin, but not in alarm;
 My sixth is in village, but not in farm;
 My seventh, in cash, but not in coin;
 My eighth is in add, but not in join;
 My ninth is in carol, but not in song;
 My tenth is in chain, but not in thong;
 My eleventh, in cork, but not in wood;
 My twelfth is in cape, but not in hood.
 My whole was a lord of the Spanish main,
 Who sailed from England, a fortune to gain.
 "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

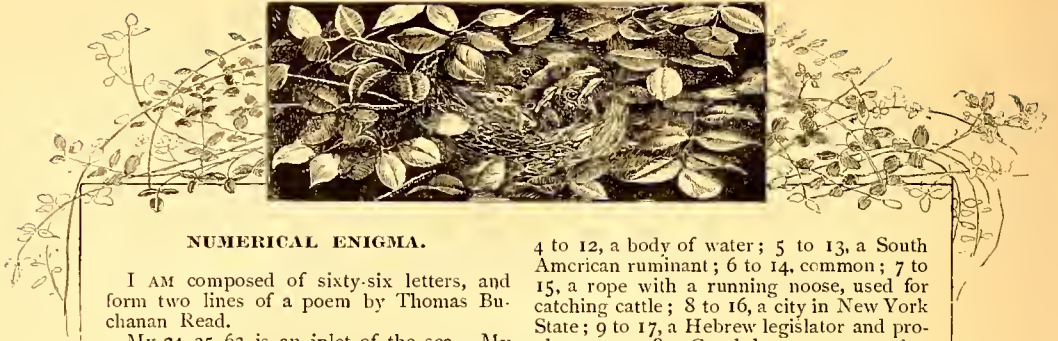
MY primals name those especially remembered by soldiers in the latter part of May; my finals show for what purpose certain decorations are prepared.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fissure. 2. Very corpulent. 3. A title of respect given to a lady. 4. A character in one of Shakspeare's plays. 5. An autumn flower. 6. A famous city of India. 7. Additional. 8. Part of a flower.

CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND.

1. IN pomegranate. 2. A small quadruped. 3. Extremely violent. 4. Nourishment. 5. Covered with tiles. 6. Poor or ragged clothing. 7. In pomegranate.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-six letters, and form two lines of a poem by Thomas Buchanan Read.

My 24-35-63 is an inlet of the sea. My 51-14-9-45 is to draw near. My 58-4-29-8 is one of the United States. My 54-42-19-47 is combustible turf. My 17-32-27-56 is a cement. My 22-64-2-40 is high temperature. My 33-11-38-62 is the fermented juice of grapes. My 60-25-6-21-13 is peevish. My 3-34-65-49-28 is barm. My 7-52-46-26-57 is to swindle. My 41-23-53-36-48-16 is the abode of bliss. My 44-5-30-59-55-10 is a thin, indented cake. My 61-15-12-39-66-20 is having a keen appetite. My 43-31-18-1-37-50 is the highest point.

L. W.

4 to 12, a body of water; 5 to 13, a South American ruminant; 6 to 14, common; 7 to 15, a rope with a running noose, used for catching cattle; 8 to 16, a city in New York State; 9 to 17, a Hebrew legislator and prophet; 10 to 18, a Greek letter; 11 to 19, belonging to a city; 12 to 20, a wanderer; 13 to 21, a weapon; 14 to 22, a river in Washington State; 15 to 23, pertaining to the eye; 16 to 24, the name the Arabs give to the Supreme Being.

G. B. D.

DOUBLE OCTAGON.

.

ACROSS: 1. A tattered piece of cloth. 2. Small game animals. 3. To be of one mind. 4. Something used in making bread. 5. A coloring substance.
 DOWNWARD: 1. A kind of fodder. 2. Became furious with anger. 3. To adorn with dress. 4. Certain fowls. 5. To put in place.

H. W. E.

PI.

TON eht wrod, tub eth solu fo het ginth!
 Ton het mane, tub het ripsit fo grispn!
 Dan os, ta grimnon realy,
 Gothhur shoredgewd shref dan parley,
 Dekebedc twih whathorne cranshob
 Dan plape lossmobs yag,
 Reh geldon hira doarun ehr,
 Sa fi mose dog hda wronced reh,
 Sarcos het dwey nodadlow
 Some dangcin ni eht yam.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous hero.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Endangers. 2. A vegetable. 3. To hold firmly. 4. To make into a law. 5. A knave. 6. An ancient Persian head-dress. 7. Cheerless. 8. A Russian coin. 9. To join. 10. A venomous serpent. 11. One hostile to another.

TILLIE S. TAYLOR.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	9	17
2	10	18
3	11	19
4	12	20
5	13	21
6	14	22
7	15	23
8	16	24

FROM 1 to 8, and from 17 to 24, are geographical names that of late have been very often in the newspapers; from 9 to 16 is the name of a famous volcano, often mentioned in connection with these geographical names.

CROSS-WORDS: From 1 to 9, a king of Tyre; 2 to 10, a musical work; 3 to 11, the French word for "nephew";

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In alter. 2. Termination. 3. A good spirit. 4. Moisture. 5. In alter.
 II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In alter. 2. A game. 3. Afterward. 4. A jewel. 5. In alter.
 III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In alter. 2. A covering for the head. 3. An organ of the body. 4. To procure. 5. In alter.
 IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In alter. 2. A humorist. 3. A stratum. 4. To gain. 5. In alter.
 V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In alter. 2. To brown. 3. One who rates. 4. Unhacked. 5. In alter.

NINA AND JEAN.

WORD-SQUARE.

I. 1. A LIGHT kind of musket. 2. A Burman measure of twelve miles. 3. A portable chair. 4. An effigy. 5. Narrow passageways. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."



JUNE ROSES.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXI.

JUNE, 1894.

NO. 8

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THE SAGA OF OLAF THE YOUNG.

BY ANNA ROBESON BROWN.



OLAF, the son of Eric, oh, a wild, merry lad was he!
And where the crags of Norway rose black o'er a turbulent sea
The roof of the homestead glistened; he played with his brothers four,
Cynric, the golden-haired Svega, Eric, and little Thor.
They chased the deer on the mountains, and oft in their shallow skiff
They rowed where the sea-coming surges beat white at the foot of the cliff,
Or swam at their ease where the water was still, in the arm of the bay;
And Cynric and Svega swam strongly, but Olaf swam longer than they.

Rocked by the great green billows, Lord Eric's new battle-ship swung;
For many long months on her timbers the strokes of his henchmen had rung.
Her painted sails were crimson, and a Golden Dragon shone
At her prow, that her name and owner to all men might be known.
New, unchristened in battle, shining with paint, the tide
Lifted her curved prow gently, while Eric's heart swelled with pride;
And oft in the feast at twilight, lifting his horn, he rose
Crying, "Health to the Golden Dragon, and soon may she crush her foes!"

Once in the drowsy noontide, rambling as children will,
Olaf and all his brothers, at play and thinking no ill,
Wandered away to the crag's foot, and, climbing the rocks with glee,
Gained the top, and the pine-wood, shouting right merrily.
Suddenly "Stop!" cried Olaf; "look—on the further shore!"
And he pulled them down in the bushes, Eric and little Thor.
Till, as they crouched all breathless, they saw, where the sea ran white,
The beakèd prow of a war-ship, and something that glistened bright:
Helmets and swords of warriors! And there, with not one to save,—
There rode the Golden Dragon, courtseying over the wave!

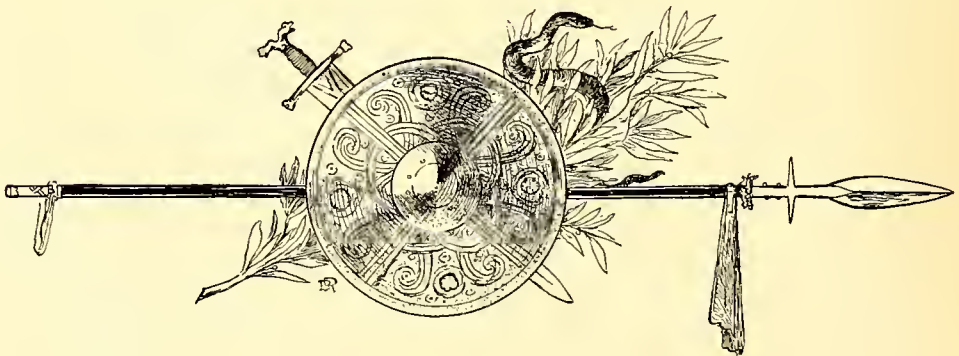
“Oh, to give Father warning!” cried Svega, watching the shore,
 “Run for the homestead!” said Cynric, and “Robbers!” yelled little Thor.
 But Olaf measured the distance, and scowled as he shook his head.
 “T is a good three miles through the woodland and round by the shore,” he said:
 “But there,” he pointed beneath them where the amethyst waters lay,
 “*There* is the shortest distance; I’ll swim it across the bay!”

Oh, Vikings’ children are warriors, and their hearts are hearts of steel;
 Yet Thor cried aloud with horror, and ground the dust with his heel,
 As nearer the Golden Dragon the enemy’s ship crept slow,
 And all was peace at the homestead; unseen was the dreaded foe.

Into the dark green water, his face set firm, from the shore
 Sprang Olaf, the son of Eric; and aghast stood his brothers four.
 He swam like a very sea-snake, and his soul it knew no fear
 While the shore behind him grew distant, and the homestead in front grew near.

Peacefully sat Lord Eric and laughed o’er his noontide meat,
 When sudden, without, was clamor, and the sound of hurrying feet;
 And at the great door young Olaf, all drenched and cold from the sea,
 Cried, “Father, the Golden Dragon!—they seize it! The enemy!”
 Out poured Lord Eric’s henchmen, and anger blazed in their eyes,
 And the sun glints on their broadswords as each his good blade tries.
 So instead of an easy capture, a raid and flight in a breath,
 The foe saw a hundred warriors, their faces as stern as death.
 They dared not meet them—the cravens!—and ere that a bolt had sped
 Or a sword had been raised at the war-cry, they turned their prow and fled.

There was feasting that night at the homestead, and Olaf the boy was there,
 With a mantle of blue on his shoulders and a twist of gold in his hair.
 The mailèd warriors pledged him, they gave him rich gifts and more:
 And Eric and Svega were feasted, and Cynric and little Thor.
 Then they rose, those fierce old Vikings, with a shout till the rafters rung,
 “All honor to Thor and to Odin, and honor to Olaf the Young!”





BUTTERFLY THOUGHTS.

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANTS.

THE leave enjoyed by Decatur and Somers was brief, and before the summer of 1801 was over they were forced to part. For the first time in their young lives, their paths were to diverge for a short while, and to be reunited in the end. But their separation was for a reason honorable to both. Decatur was appointed first lieutenant in the frigate "Essex"—like most of those early ships of the American navy, destined to a splendid career. She was commanded by Captain Bainbridge, whose fate was afterward strangely linked with that of his young first lieutenant. The Essex was one of a squadron of three noble frigates ordered to the Mediterranean under the command of Com-

modore Richard Dale. And this Richard Dale had been the first lieutenant of Paul Jones in the immortal fight between the "Bon Homme Richard" and the "Serapis." The association with such a man as Commodore Dale was inspiration to an enthusiast like Decatur; and he found also, to his joy, that Danny Dixon was one of the quartermasters on the Essex.

Somers's appointment was to the "Boston," a sloop-of-war carrying twenty-eight guns, commanded by Captain McNeill, one of the oddities of the American navy. He was an able seaman and a good officer, but he always insisted upon conducting his cruise according to his own ideas. This Somers found out the instant that he stepped upon the Boston's deck at New York. The Essex was at New York also; and the two friends had traveled from Philadelphia

together. Out in the stream lay the frigate "President," flying a commodore's pennant.

"And although, being 'grand first luffs,' we can't be shipmates, yet we 'll both be in the same squadron, Dick!" cried Decatur.

"True," answered Somers, "and a Mediterranean cruise! Think of the oldsters that would like to go to Europe, instead of us youngsters!" So their anticipations were cheerful enough, each thinking their separation but temporary, and that, for three years certainly, they would serve in the same squadron.

The two friends reached New York late at night, and early next morning each reported on board his ship. The Essex was a small but handsome frigate, mounting thirty-two guns, and was lying close by the Boston at the dock. Decatur's brief interview with Captain Bainbridge was pleasant, although formal. Captain Bainbridge introduced him to the ward-room; the steward showed him his room, and Decatur realized that, at one bound, he had cleared the gulf between the first place in the steerage and the ranking officer in the ward-room. All this took but an hour or two of time, and presently Decatur found himself standing on the dock, and waiting for Somers, who had left the Boston about the same time. As Somers approached, his usually somber face was smiling.

"What is it?" halloed Decatur.

Somers took Decatur's arm before answering, and, as they strolled along the busy streets near the harbor, he told his story.

"Well, I went on board, and was introduced into the captain's cabin. There sat Captain McNeill,—a red-headed old fellow with a squint; but you could n't help knowing that he is a man of force. What he says is, like himself, very peculiar.

"Now, Mr. Somers," said he, drawling, 'I dare say you look forward to a gay time at the Mediterranean ports, with all that squadron that Dale has got to show off with?'

"I was a good deal taken aback, but I said, Yes, I did.

"Very well, sir, make up your mind that you won't have a gay time with that squadron!"

"I was a good deal more taken aback, and, being anxious to agree with the captain, I said it did n't make any difference—I looked for more

work than play on a cruise. This did n't seem to please Captain McNeill, either; so he banged his fist down on the table, and said: 'No, you don't, sir; no, you don't! You are no doubt longing this minute to be on that ship,'—pointing out of the stern port at the President,—'and to have that broad pennant waving over you. But take a good look at it, Mr. Somers—take a good look at it, Mr. Somers; for you may not see it again.'

"You may fancy how astonished I was; but, when I went down into the ward-room, and talked with the officers, I began to understand the old fellow. It seems he hates to be under orders. He has always managed to have an independent command; but this time the navy officials were too smart for him, and he was ordered to join Commodore Dale's squadron. But he contrived to get orders so that he could join the squadron in the Mediterranean, instead of at Hampton Roads, where the other ships are to rendezvous; and the fellows in the ward-room say they would n't be surprised if they never should see the flag-ship from the time they leave home until they get back."

"That will be bad for you and me, Dick," said Decatur, simply.

"Very bad," answered Somers, feelingly.

Within a week the Boston was to sail, and one night, about nine o'clock, wind and tide serving, the Boston slipped down the harbor to the outer bay, whence at daylight she was to set sail on her long cruise. Decatur bade Somers goodbye on the dock, and stood watching sorrowfully while the ship swung round and headed for the open bay, starting off like a ghostly ship in the darkness.

At that moment Decatur felt perhaps the strongest and strangest sense of loss he had ever felt in his life. He had many friends,—James, his brother, who had entered the navy, was near his own age,—but Somers was his other self.

This strange loneliness hung upon Decatur; and, although his new duties and his new friends were many, there were certain chambers of his heart that remained closed to the whole world—except to Somers. He found on the Essex a modest young midshipman, Thomas Macdonough, who reminded him so much of Somers that Decatur became much attached to

him. Macdonough, like Somers and Decatur, lived to make glorious history for his country.

Within a few days the Essex sailed, in company with the President (flag-ship), the "Philadelphia," and the schooner "Enterprise." This

"Thunderer," flying British colors, while half a dozen smaller war-ships looked like shallops alongside of this warlike monster, which carried a hundred and twenty guns, and a crew of nearly a thousand men.



THE "ENTERPRISE" CAPTURING THE TRIPOLITAN SHIP. (SEE PAGE 673.)

cruise was the beginning of that warfare against the pirates of Tripoli which was to win the commendation of the whole world. They made a quick passage—for a squadron—to the Mediterranean; and on a lovely July night the squadron, with the flag-ship leading, passed Europa Point, and stood toward the lion-like form of the Rock of Gibraltar, that rose in stupendous majesty before them. A glorious moon bathed all the scene with light—the beautiful harbor, with a great line-of-battle ship, the

At the extremity of the harbor lay a handsome frigate, and a brig, each flying the crescent of Tripoli. The larger ship flew also the pennant of an admiral. There being good anchorage between the Tripolitan and the British line-of-battle ship, Commodore Dale stood in, and the American squadron anchored between the two.

Early next morning, Decatur went ashore in the first cutter, by Captain Bainbridge's orders, to find out the state of affairs with Tripoli. He

also hoped to hear some news of Somers, who had sailed a week in advance. He heard startling news enough about the Barbary pirates.

reached the United States before the squadron left, the commodore was not justified in beginning hostilities until he had received formal notice of the declaration of war from the home government at Washington.

Nevertheless, the Tripolitans and Americans watched one another grimly, in the harbor. As for Somers, Decatur was bitterly disappointed not to find him. The Boston had sailed only the day before.

Commodore Dale determined to await orders at Gibraltar, before making a regular attack on Tripoli, but he caused it to be boldly announced from the American officers, meanwhile, that, if the Tripolitans wanted to fight, all they had to do was to lift their anchors, go outside and back their topsails, and he would be ready for them.

Several weeks passed, and, owing

to the slowness of communication from home, no official declaration of war had reached them. The squadron cruised about the Mediterranean,

ing to the slowness of communication from home, no official declaration of war had reached them. The squadron cruised about the Mediterranean,



THE MEETING OF THE TWO YOUNG CAPTAINS. (SEE PAGE 675.)

giving convoy, and ever ready to begin active hostilities as soon as called upon. The Tripolitan pirates were still at work, whenever they dared; but the watchful energy of the American squadron kept them from doing much harm. Meanwhile, the *Boston* was cruising about the same ground; but whenever the squadron put into port, either the *Boston* had just left, or she arrived just as the squadron disappeared. This was very exasperating to Commodore Dale; but, as Captain McNeill was ostensibly in hot pursuit of the squadron, and always had some plausible excuse for not falling in with it, the commodore could do nothing but leave peremptory orders behind him, which invariably failed to reach Captain McNeill in time.

It was a cruel disappointment to both Decatur and Somers, who had expected to be almost as much together during this cruise of the squadron as if they had been on the same ship.

After they had been thus dodging each other for months, Decatur found at Messina, where the *Essex* touched, the following letter from Somers:

MY DEAR DECATUR: Here we are, going along with a fair wind, while I am perfectly sure that the sail reported off the starboard quarter is one of the squadron; perhaps the *Essex*! As you know, Captain McNeill is—apparently—the most anxious man imaginable to report to his commanding officer; but if Commodore Dale wins in this chase, he will be a seaman equal to Paul Jones himself. For Captain McNeill is one of the very ablest seamen in the world; and, much as his eccentricities annoy us, his management of the ship is so superb that we can't but admire the old fellow. But I tell you, privately, that he has no notion of taking orders from anybody; and the commodore will never lay eyes on him during the whole cruise. Nevertheless, he is doing good service, giving convoy and patrolling the African coast, so that the Barbary corsairs are beginning to be afraid to show their noses when the *Boston* is about.

Here a break occurred, and the letter was continued on the next page:

In regard to my shipmates, I find them pleasant fellows; but still I feel, as I always shall feel, the loss of your companionship, my dear Decatur. Perhaps, had I a father or a mother, I should feel differently; but your parents are the persons who have treated me with the most paternal and maternal affection. As for you, we have lived so long in intimacy that I can scarcely expect to form another such friendship; indeed, it would be impossible. I am glad that you are becoming fond of young Macdonough. Several of the midshipmen on

this ship know him, and speak of him as a young officer of wonderful nerve and coolness. I only hope that Macdonough, young as he is, may exercise some of that restraint over you which you have always charged me with, Decatur. You are much too rash, and I wish I could convince you that there are occasions in every officer's life when prudence is the very first and greatest virtue. Of course, you will laugh at this, and remind me of many similar warnings I have given you; but I cannot help advising you—you know I have been doing that ever since we were lads together at Dame Gordon's school.

Here came another break, and a new date.

I was about to close my letter, when one of our officers got a letter from a friend on the *Enterprise*; and, as it shows how the Barbary corsairs fight, I will tell you a part of it. While running from Malta, on the first of August, the *Enterprise* ran across a polacca-rigged ship, such as the Barbary corsairs usually have, with an American brig in tow, which had evidently been captured and her people sent adrift. Sterrett, who commanded the *Enterprise*, as soon as he found the position of affairs, cleared for action, ran out his guns, and opened a brisk fire on the Tripolitan. He got into a raking position, and his broadside had a terrific effect upon the pirate. But mark the next: three times the Tripolitan colors were hauled down, and then hoisted again, as soon as the fire of the *Enterprise* ceased. After the third time, Sterrett played his broadside on the pirate with the determination to sink him for such treachery; but the Tripolitan *rais*, or captain, appeared in the waist of his ship, bending his body in token of submission, and actually threw his ensign overboard. Sterrett could not take the ship as prize, because no formal declaration of war had reached him from the United States. But he sent Midshipman Porter—you remember David Porter, who, with Rodgers, carried the French frigate "*L'Insurgente*" into port, after Commodore Truxtun had captured her?—aboard of the pirate, to dismantle her. He had all her guns thrown overboard, stripped her of everything except one old sail and a single spar, and let her go with a message to the Bashaw of Tripoli, that such was the way the Americans treated pirates. I understand that, when the *rais* got to Tripoli, with his one old sail, he was ridden through a town on a donkey, by order of the Bashaw, and received the bastinado; and that, since then, the Tripolitans are having great trouble in finding crews to man their corsair ships, because of the dread of the "*Americanos*."

Now, I must tell you a piece of news, almost too good to be true. I hear the government is building four beautiful small schooners carrying sixteen guns, for use in this Tripolitan war, which is to be pushed very actively, and that you, my dear Decatur, will command one of these vessels, and I, another! I can write nothing more exhilarating after this, so, I am, as always,

Your faithful friend,

RICHARD SOMERS.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO YEARS LATER.

NEVER had the blue Mediterranean, and the quaint old town of Syracuse and its fair harbor, looked more beautiful than on a certain sunny September afternoon in 1803. The green shores of Sicily stretched as far as the eye could reach; the white-walled town, with its picturesque and half-ruined castle, lay in the foreground; while looming up in the farthest horizon, was the shadowy cone of Mount Etna, with its crown of fire and smoke. The harbor contained a few fishing-vessels, most of them motionless upon the water, with their white lateen sails furled.

But, in the midst of all this placid beauty, lay a war-ship,—the majestic “Constitution,” the darling frigate of her country, looking as if she commanded everything in sight. Never was there a more warlike-looking ship than “Old Ironsides.” Her towering hull, which was higher than the masts of most of the vessels in the sunlit harbor, was, as with all American naval ships, painted black. In striking contrast were her polished decks, her shining masts and spars, and her snowy canvas. Her ports were open to admit the air; and through them could be seen a double row of wicked-looking muzzles. The other vessels rocked with the tide and wind, but the great frigate seemed to stand perfectly still, as if defying both wind and tide. Her colors, too, caught some wandering puff of air, and fluttered out proudly, while the other flags in sight drooped languidly.

At anchor near her were two light but beautiful schooner-rigged vessels, which also flew American colors. They were precisely alike in their lines, their rig, and the small but serviceable batteries they carried. On the stern of one was gilded *Nautilus*, while on the other was *Siren*. These were, indeed, the gallant little vessels that Somers had written to Decatur about, and his dream was realized. He commanded the “*Nautilus*”; Stewart commanded the “*Siren*”; while Decatur commanded the “*Argus*,” a sister vessel, which was hourly expected.

The quiet of the golden afternoon was broken when around the headland came sailing another small but beautiful cruiser, schooner-rigged, and

wearing American colors. As soon as she had weathered the point of land, and had got fully abreast of the Constitution, her guns roared out a salute to the commodore’s pennant flying on the Constitution, which the frigate acknowledged. The schooner had a handsome figure-head, and on her stern was painted in gold letters, *Argus*. She came to anchor in first-class man-of-war style, close under the Constitution’s quarter; and, a few minutes later, her gig was lowered, and her young commander, Stephen Decatur, stepped into the boat, and was pulled toward the Constitution. At that time, neither he nor Somers was turned of twenty-four, although both were commanding officers.

As the gig shot past the *Nautilus*, Decatur stood up and waved his cap at the officers; but he observed that Somers was not among them, and Decatur therefore thought that Somers was at that moment on board the flag-ship. The two had parted only six weeks before, when, Somers’s vessel being ready in advance of Decatur’s, he had sailed to join Commodore Preble’s squadron in the Mediterranean. The prospect of seeing Somers again, raised Decatur’s naturally gay and jovial spirits to the highest pitch, and he tried to distinguish among the officers scattered about the Constitution’s decks, the handsome, lithe figure of his friend. While watching the frigate, as he advanced toward it, he saw another boat come alongside; an officer stepped out and ran lightly up the ladder, while the boat pulled back to the shore. Decatur was struck by the fact that this officer, who was obviously a young man, wore two epaulets. In those days, only flag-officers were allowed to wear two, all others wearing but one. Commodore Preble was, in fact, the only man in the whole American fleet then in European waters who was allowed to wear two epaulets. Decatur was much puzzled by the officer’s uniform; the only explanation that occurred to him was that the gallant Preble had been superseded, a thing which would have filled him with regret. Although the commodore was a stranger to him, Decatur had conceived the highest respect for his abilities, and had heard much of his vigor and enterprise, to say nothing of his untamable temper, which at

first the officers chafed under, but had soon come to regard as "Old Pepper's" way—for so the midshipmen had dubbed Commodore Preble.

The deck was full of officers, standing about, enjoying the lovely afternoon; and they all watched with interest the Argus's boat, knowing it contained Decatur. While it was still a hundred yards off, Decatur recognized the figure of Somers running down the ladder; and, in a few minutes, Decatur literally jumped into Somers's arms. Their affectionate way of meeting amused their shipmates very much, and even Danny Dixon, who was Decatur's coxswain, grinned slyly at the men in the boat, and whispered as the two young captains went up the ladder together, their arms entwined like school-boys:

"They 're lovyers—them two be. They keeps locks o' each other's hair, and picters in their bosoms!"

The officers greeted Decatur warmly, among them Macdonough, now a tall young fellow of eighteen; but Decatur noticed that all of them seemed convulsed with laughter. Lieutenant Trippe, who was officer of the deck, laughed to himself as he walked up and down; and even the stolid marine, who stood guard at the hatchway, wore a broad smile. Two or three midshipmen, loitering about, grinned appreciatively at each other.

"Why, what 's the meaning of this hilarity, Somers?" cried Decatur, observing a smile even on Somers's usually grave countenance.

"Matter enough," responded Somers. "The commodore needed a surgeon's mate for this ship, so he succeeded in getting a little Sicilian doctor for the place. He was entered on the ship's books regularly under an acting appointment, and ordered to prepare his uniforms and outfit, and report on board this afternoon. Well, just now he came aboard, in full regalia, with cocked hat and side arms; but, instead of having one epaulet, he has two; and the commodore is n't the man to permit any equality between himself and a surgeon's mate. The little fellow has gone below, and—ha! ha!—we are waiting for the explosion."

There was one of the midshipmen, though, the youngest and smallest of them all, a bright-faced lad of fourteen, who laughed as much

as the rest, but who looked, undoubtedly, a little frightened.

"Mr. Israel, there," continued Somers, still laughing, "was the officer to whom the doctor applied for instructions about his uniforms, and we are afraid that the commodore may call upon Mr. Israel for an explanation."

"I—I—don't know what I shall do," faltered the little midshipman, "if Old Pepper—I mean the commodore, should ask me. I 'm sure I 'd never have the nerve to own up; and I certainly can't deny that I *did* tell the doctor he 'd look well in a cocked hat and two epaulets."

"Never mind, Pickle," said Macdonough, clapping the boy on the shoulder; "you 're always in mischief anyhow, so a little more or less makes no difference. Captain Decatur, we in the steerage do our best to reform Mr. Israel, but he has a positive genius for getting into scrapes."

"Queer thing that for a midshipman," answered Decatur, with a wink at Captain Somers as a reminder of their pranks when they were reefers together on "Old Wagoner."

Suddenly a wild yell was heard from below. The next moment the unlucky Sicilian dashed out of the cabin, hotly pursued by Commodore Preble himself. The commodore was six feet high, and usually of a grave and saturnine countenance. But there was nothing grave or saturnine about him now. He had been in the act of shaving when the surgeon's mate with the two epaulets appeared, and he had not taken time to wipe the lather off his face, or to take off his dressing-gown, nor was he conscious that he was flourishing a razor in his hand. The Sicilian, seeing the razor, and appalled by the reception he had met, had taken to his heels, and the commodore, bent upon having an explanation, had followed, bawling:

"What do you mean, you lubberly apothecary, by appearing before me in that rig? Two epaulets and a cocked hat for a surgeon's mate! I got you, sir, to pound drugs in a mortar, not to insult your superiors by getting yourself up like a commodore! I 'll have you court-martialed, sir! No, sir—I 'll withdraw your appointment, and take the responsibility of giving you the cat for your insolence."

The poor Sicilian darted across the deck, and, still finding the enraged commodore at his heels, suddenly sprang over the rail and struck out swimming for the shore.

Commodore Preble walked back to where the officers stood who had watched the scene, ready to die with laughter, and shouted:

"Mr. Israel, I believe you were the midshipman, sir, to whom I directed that miserable little pill-maker to go for information respecting his uniforms?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pickle, in a weak voice, the smile leaving his countenance. The others had assumed as serious an expression as they were able, but kept it with difficulty. Not so poor Pickle, who knew what it was to fall into the commodore's hands for punishment.

"And did you, sir, have the amazing effrontery, the brazen assurance, to advise that little popinjay to put on two epaulets and a cocked hat?" roared the commodore.

"I—I—did n't advise him, sir," replied Pickle, looking around despairingly; "but he asked me—if I thought—two epaulets would look well on him—and I said—y-yes—and—"

"Go on, sir," thundered the commodore.

"And then I—I—told him, if he had two epaulets he ought to have a cocked hat."

"Mr. Israel," said the commodore, in a deep voice, after an awful pause, "you will go below, and remain there until I send for you."

Poor Pickle, with a rueful countenance, turned and went below.

Decatur, advancing with Somers, said:

"Commodore Preble, I have the honor of presenting myself before you; and yonder is my ship, the Argus."

It was now the commodore's turn to be confused. With his strict notions of naval etiquette, the idea that he should appear on the quarter-deck half shaved and in his dressing-gown, was thoroughly upsetting. He mumbled some apology for his appearance, in which "that rascally apothecary" and "that little pickle of a midshipman" figured; then, asking Captain Decatur's presence in the cabin a few minutes later, disappeared.

As soon as the commodore was out of hearing the officers gathered about Decatur.

"That 's the same old Preble," said he,

"that I have heard of ever since I entered the navy."

"Yes," answered Somers; "at first we hated him; now there is not an officer in the squadron who does not like and respect him. He is a stern disciplinarian, and he has a temper like fire and tow. But he is every inch a sailor, and all of us will one day be proud to say 'I served under Preble at Tripoli!'"

The conversation then turned upon the distressing news of the loss of the frigate Philadelphia, one of the handsomest in the world, and the capture of all her company by the Tripolitans. While commanded by Bainbridge, Decatur's old captain in the Essex, the Philadelphia had run upon a rock in the entrance to the harbor of Tripoli, and, literally mobbed by a Tripolitan flotilla, she was compelled to surrender. All her guns had been thrown overboard, and every effort made to scuttle her when the Americans saw that capture was inevitable; but it was with grief and shame that the officers of the Constitution told Decatur that the ship had been raised, her guns fished up, her masts and spars refitted, and she lay under the guns of the Bashaw's castle in the harbor, flying the piratical colors of Tripoli at her peak. If anything could add to the misery of the four hundred officers and men belonging to her, it was the sight of her, so degraded, which they could not but witness from the windows of their dungeons in the Bashaw's castle. Her recapture had been eagerly talked over and thought over ever since her loss; and it was a necessary step in the conquest of the piratical power of the Barbary States, for she would be a formidable enemy to any ship, even the mighty Constitution herself.

When Decatur entered the commodore's cabin, Commodore Preble was a model of dignity and courtesy. He at once began talking with Decatur about the war with Tripoli.

"I have a plan, sir," said Decatur, after a while, with a slight smile, "just formed since I have been on this ship, but, nevertheless, enough developed for me to ask your permission. It is to cut out the Philadelphia as she now lies on the harbor rocks at Tripoli. I hear that, when Captain Bainbridge was compelled to haul down his flag, he ordered the ship scuttled. Instead

of that, though, only a few holes were bored in her bottom, and there was no difficulty in patching them and raising her."

Commodore Preble answered:

"Certainly, the ship must be destroyed for the honor of the flag; and it will also be a measure of prudence in the coming campaign against the fleet and town of Tripoli. But as to cutting her out—that is an impossible thing."

"I think not, sir," answered Decatur, with equal firmness.

"You think not, Captain Decatur, because you are not yet twenty-five years old. I think to the contrary because I am more than forty. The flag will be vindicated if the Philadelphia is destroyed, and never permitted to sail under Tripolitan colors. Anything beyond that, it would be foolish to attempt."

"Well, sir," said Decatur, "may I ask the honor of being the one to make the attempt? My father was the Philadelphia's first commander."

"No doubt all of my beardless captains will ask the same thing," answered the commodore, with a grim smile; "but, as you have spoken first, I shall consider you have the first claim."

"Thank you, sir," answered Decatur, rising; "whenever you are ready to discuss a plan, I shall be gratified." And he returned to the deck.

As Decatur felt obliged to return to his ship, Somers went with him, and, saying good-by to the officers on the Constitution, the two friends were soon pulling across the placid harbor.

At dinner, as they sat opposite each other in the cabin, with a hanging lamp between, Decatur, who was overflowing with spirits, noticed that Somers was, now and then, more than usually grave.

"What ails you, man?" cried Decatur. "Are you disappointed about anything?"

"Yes," answered Somers, with a very rueful countenance. "You will be the one to go upon the Philadelphia expedition. The rest of us will have to hang on to our anchors while you are doing the thing we all want to do. I had a presentiment as soon as you went down in the commodore's cabin. Here are the rest of us, who have been wanting to speak of this thing for weeks, and watching one another like hawks, but all afraid to beard the lion in his den; but you, with your cool impudence,—just arrived,

never saw the commodore in your life before,—you go and plump out what you want at your first interview, and get it, too. Oh, I guessed the whole business, as soon as I saw you come out of the cabin!"

"You are too prudent, by half, Dick," cried Decatur, laughing at Somers's long face. "Now, if I had taken your advice about prudence, I never would have got the better of you."

Then began questions about their shipmates. Decatur was lucky enough to have, as his first-lieutenant, James Lawrence, who was afterward to give the watchword to the American navy—"Don't give up the ship!" Decatur also had Danny Dixon as his first quartermaster. James Decatur was in the squadron, although not in the Argus.

The two young officers went on deck, where they found Danny, whom Somers went forward to greet. Danny was delighted to see him, and could not touch his cap often enough to express his respect for Somers's new rank.

"Lor', Cap'n Somers, I remembers you and Cap'n Decatur as reefers aboard o' Old Wagoner, and now I sees you both commandin' smart vessels, like the Airgus and the Nartilus."

"Yes, yes," said Somers, kindly; "and we have a fine lot of young reefers here now."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Macdonough, he 's a fine young gentleman; and there 's a little 'un they calls Mr. Pickle Israel, 'cause he 's allers in a scrape o' some sort. But he ain't got no flunk at all in him, and the men says as how, when it 's work or fightin' to be done, that this little midshipmite is right on top. And we 've got as fine a lot o' young officers as ever I see. No ladybirds among 'em,—all stormy petrels, sir."

Some days passed in giving the men on the Argus liberty, and in making ready for a cruise to Tripoli, which was to precede the great attack. The bomb vessels, and many of the preparations necessary for the great struggle with the pirates, were not completed, and would not be for some time; but Commodore Preble wisely concluded to give the Tripolitans a sight of his force, and also to encourage Captain Bainbridge and his companions in captivity, by the knowledge that their country had not forgotten them.



The Little Dryad

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

MY dream is of an island place
Which distant seas keep lonely;
A little island on whose face
The stars are watchers only.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

IF I tell you the story of the little dryad, you must not question any of the foundation facts. So I will just state briefly that two fortunate little girls, named Janet and Prue, had a golden chariot with wings at the corners, drawn aloft in the air by two large and beautiful birds, who wore a light golden harness, and who could fly with inconceivable rapidity to incredible distances. In this chariot, Janet and Prue (the conditions being perfect—such as lessons learned, tasks done, and mother permitting) could rest upon silken cushions, and go whithersoever they would.

On one particular day, it was Prue's great desire to go to some beautiful island, where it was always warm, and where there were cocoanuts and oranges growing; some lovely, lonely, tropical island with no savages. So they called the birds, and in a moment more were rising over the tree-tops in the golden chariot. They passed rapidly over gardens, orchards, forests, mountains, rivers, and over the great blue sea. At last, the chariot began to descend, and they saw beneath them an island, and trees loaded with fruit.

They found the sand strewn with bits of coral and numbers of delicate little shells; and on the land near by, the grass grew luxuriantly,

and there were a great many beautiful flowers, with brilliant butterflies hovering around them. Birds of gorgeous plumage flew overhead, now and then alighting and looking at the children with unterrified eyes. One gaily colored macaw, in particular, seemed determined to keep in their neighborhood, and whatever way they turned, he would almost immediately appear on some rock or shrub close by.

"I wish I could talk to him," said Prue.

It was early in the afternoon, and the sun shone with such heat that Janet said they had better walk in the shade. They took a little path which led them in a roundabout way among the trees, and presently brought them into an orange-grove, where the oranges grew as thick as the apples in their father's apple-orchard at home.

After gathering the ripest and yellowest that they could reach, they sat down on a shady bank, a happy party of two. The oranges were so sweet and so refreshing that it seemed as if they could never have enough. The macaw, perched on a branch close by, was watching them, and there were birds-of-paradise and humming-birds coming and going all the time.

All at once the macaw screamed so loudly

that Janet and Prue started up in terror, and hastily concealed themselves behind some bushes, almost holding their breath in the effort to keep perfectly still. But nothing alarming followed. There was only the breeze rustling the leaves ever so faintly, the mute fluttering of the butterflies, the soft, low chance note of a bird. The macaw stepped down upon the ground and hopped about, as if uncertain which way to go.

Suddenly, in the trunk of a palm-tree near by, a window appeared to open, the bark parting like blinds, and the sweetest, merriest face in the world peeped out.

"Can't you find them?"

These words were spoken in a musical, teasing voice. The macaw, in reply, shook his head sadly.

"Well, never mind, I'll come down there for a little while myself."

And now a little figure crept out through the palm-tree window, and with a quick spring alighted on the grassy turf in the very spot where, a short time before, the feast of oranges had been held. This new-comer was a little girl with brown eyes, brown hair that twisted and curled like vine-tendrils, and she was dressed in a scant gown of changeable green and woodcolor.

"They have left me at least *one*, I am glad to see!" she said joyously, picking up, as she spoke, an orange that lay on the grass. The macaw was still hopping and peering uncertainly about.

"Oh, you need n't look any longer!" exclaimed the little girl. "They are safe inside of their trees by this time. I only wish I knew *which* trees they belong in," she added, with a sigh, "because then we might talk across to one another sometimes on moonlight nights."

Suddenly the macaw screamed, and she darted to the palm-tree; but in a moment more she ran out again, and said, laughing:

"Why did you scream, Macaw? There is nothing here! Did you think they were coming back? I wish they would; I am so lonely here with nobody but Grandmother."

"Here we are!" exclaimed two merry voices together, and there, all of a sudden, were Janet and Prue, holding the little palm-tree girl's

hands in their hands, and pressing their warm, rosy lips against her cheeks.

"You are such a darling!" said Janet.

"Why, where *did* you come from?" asked the little girl. "Do you live in any of these trees close by? I never saw you before."

"Live in trees!" laughed Janet. "Why, what do you take us for?"

"Are n't you dryads?" the little one said, looking startled. "I am a dryad, and I thought you were some of my cousins from the trees on the bank!"

"Oh, no!" said Prue, "we are not dryads. But we saw you come out of that tree. How did you do it?"

"That is my home," said the little dryad, wonderingly. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I have made a mistake. My old grandmother told me never to leave my tree unless other dryads were out, and now she will give me a scolding. There! She sees me!"

Janet and Prue glanced where she pointed, and there, from the trunk of a very old fig-tree, peered a stern, dark face, and a hand beckoned imperatively.

"Oh, don't go back!" entreated Janet, as the little dryad hesitated. A mischievous, rebellious gleam came into the pretty brown eyes.

"I won't go back!" she said; "I'll pretend I don't see her. I've never been away from under these trees in my life, and I've always wanted to go down on the shore and see the waves."

"Well, let's go now," said Prue. And away they ran, all three of them, taking hold of hands. The macaw flew screaming after them, and from a great many of the trees that they passed startled faces seemed to look out.

But the little dryad only laughed mockingly, and did not once stop running until she reached the sandy shore. There she stood, looking out on the sea, the blue, billowy sea, with its great, pulsating waves, fringed with foam.

"See the dear little shells down under your feet," said Prue.

The child-dryad stooped and gathered a few, silver and rose colored. Then she took up some of the shining sand, and sifted it through her fingers. "I wish I could live in a rock or a shell," she said wistfully. "Then I would stay here forever!"

"Do dryads have names?" asked Prue. "I wonder if there are any in the trees near our house!"

"My name is Sylvie," answered the little one. "Why don't you live in trees yourselves?"

The girls laughed merrily. "We *do* live in a house of trees," said Prue; "but the trees had to be cut down first and sawed into boards."

"There! I *knew* you were a sort of dryad!" exclaimed Sylvie. "Where is your house?"

"Oh! it is in another country, far away!" said Janet, earnestly; "and I do wish you would let us take you there. There is an old pear-tree in the corner of our yard, by the stone wall, and I know there is n't any dryad living in it, for when I stand on tiptoe on the wall I can just manage to look down in a deep hole there is in the trunk, and it is all dark and empty. I dropped some little stones in there one day. Can't you come and live in that tree? We will come there and play with you every day."

"Oh, do, do, *do!*" entreated Prue, throwing her arms about the little dryad and kissing her.

"I wonder if I dare!" said the little dryad, thoughtfully.

"Oh, please, *please*, do!" chorused Janet and Prue. The macaw, who had mounted a gray rock close by, flapped his wings and screamed warningly.

"I believe I *will* go," said Sylvie, "if only to get away from the macaw. I will go and live in your pear-tree. But how can you take me?"

"In our chariot," said Janet, eagerly. "Prue, call the birds, and we will go at once!"

In a few moments more they were all three seated in the chariot, and rising gently in the air. Sylvie looked down upon the beautiful island which had always been her home.

"Good-by, sisters! Good-by, Macaw!" she said, and there was just a little sadness in her voice; but still she wanted to go.

Away over sea and land, over mountains and valleys, onward the chariot sped, and the sun was not yet setting when it came softly to the ground, right among the hollyhocks in the yard by the little brown cottage. Sylvie was pale and trembling as she stepped out.

"The pear-tree, quick, quick!" she whispered; "I am so frightened here!"

Janet and Prue hastened with her to the corner by the stone wall, and the instant she reached the tree she sprang lightly up to the opening in the trunk, and immediately disappeared in it. The girls waited a little while, and then called anxiously, "Sylvie! Sylvie!"

Presently her face appeared at the opening, and she looked more at her ease.

"It is very nice in here," she said, "though I think no one has lived here for a long time."

"Mama is calling us in," said Janet, "so we must go now. But we will come to-morrow morning, and bring things with us, and play. Good night."

"Good night," replied Sylvie, drawing in her pretty head.

When Janet and Prue went to bed that night, the last thing they said before going to sleep was: "Oh, how very nice it is to have a little dryad of our own!"

When they awoke in the morning, their first thought was of Sylvie; but their mother wanted their help about getting breakfast and clearing it away, so that it was not until the dew was nearly dry on the grass that they made their way to the old hollow pear-tree, carrying in their hands a doll, a picture-book, a cup of milk, and a piece of cake.

"Sylvie! Sylvie!" they called, and instantly her bright little face appeared at the opening. "Come down and play," they said. "See, we have brought things for you."

The little dryad laughed. "I don't care for things like those," she said; "but I should like to run about over the grass, and I should like to see your house."

She sprang down, bringing in her hand a string of beads, which Janet hailed with delight.

"I lost them ever so long ago," she said; "but I did not know they were down in the pear-tree. I must have dropped them there."

Prue pointed out the window of the room where she and her sister slept. A wistaria vine had grown up higher than the window-sill.

"Come into the house," she said, "and we will take you up-stairs."

"These are my stairs on the outside," said Sylvie, quickly; "I am afraid to go up any way but my own."

And running to the vine, she climbed it with

such ease and lightness that the children had hardly time to cry "Oh! Oh!" before she was safe inside the window, and smiling down at them.

The two girls went up the usual



way, and joined Sylvie in their little bedchamber, where they began to take out one treasure after another to show to her. But Sylvie did not seem to be impressed by their Sunday bonnets and their best rib-

bons, and she laughed with merry disdain at their proposal to lend her shoes and stockings to cover her little bare feet. But there was a small green parasol of Prue's that she at first wondered at, and then took such delight in that Prue made her a present of it on the spot.

"AWAY THEY RAN, ALL THREE, TAKING HOLD OF HANDS."
(SEE PAGE 679.)

While Janet and Prue were thus occupied with their guest, their mother called them to dinner. This startled Sylvie, but when she retreated toward the window, the girls seized her good-naturedly and compelled her to go down with them. They would have had her sit be-

and her voice breathed so much sadness that it quite haunted the girls for the rest of the day. But oh, how many secret plans they made about her! They were so glad that they had brought her away from the island, and that they had her safe in their own pear-tree.

"We will keep her dressed just like ourselves," said Janet, "and we will teach her how to sew and mend."

"Yes, and teach her to read," said Prue, "and have her learn the multiplication-table."

And then they planned which of their things they would give her. They thought they would let her have some of their story-books, and cut out work for her, and let her help weed the flower-beds. And maybe they could have their picture taken all together.

The next morning, as early as possible, Janet and Prue hastened to the pear-tree, and Janet called "Sylvie! Sylvie!"

But there was no answer. No bright little face peeped out of the hollow trunk above her.

Janet called again and again, and so did Prue. They called kindly, and then impatiently, and then coaxingly, and finally they commanded her, but all in vain. There was no answer, no little face, and a strange dread crept over them.

"Let's climb up and look in," said Janet.

"I'm afraid," whispered Prue.

So Janet climbed up with some difficulty, but could see nothing in the deep, dark hollow.

"She's run away!" said Janet, dropping to the ground and looking at Prue with a very sober face.

"Yes, she must have," sighed Prue.

"I suppose, maybe," said Janet, thoughtfully, "she did not like to go into houses and do the way other folks do."

"I'm sorry we tried to make her," said Prue; "she could have played with us in the fields."

"Well, anyhow, she has carried off that green parasol," said Janet.

"That's good!" exclaimed Prue. "It will make her remember us."

They felt so depressed at the loss of their little dryad that they did not play very much that day; but in the afternoon they took a walk up the woody hill behind the house, for it seemed to them as if they might perhaps find Sylvie hiding there.



THE DRYAD'S STAIRWAY.

tween them at the table, but the little woodland dryad, slipping from their grasp, sprang through the doorway, over the step, and across the grassy yard, with a speed so swift that they could not overtake her, and by the time they reached the pear-tree she was already safely hidden within it, and just barely peeping out.

"Come and play with us!" they cried.

"I can't play any more to-day," she said, wearily, "I am too tired."

"Poor little thing!" said Janet, compassionately. "Well, never mind; we will come again for you to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow," answered the little dryad,

They pushed on and on, with scarcely any path; but they did not mind the underbrush, and the air was sweet, and the birds sang overhead. Every little while they called, "Sylvie! Sylvie!" very gently; but there was no answer, only the singing of the birds.

After climbing the hill for an hour, they found the trees growing farther apart, and among them rocks covered with gray lichens on which the sun shone. The girls sat down to rest on one of these rocks.

"This is a very pretty place," said Prue. "See that little brook running over a rock."

"If Sylvie came here, she would like it too well to go any farther," said Janet. Was it a light ripple of laughter they heard, or only the splash of the shallow, shining brook? They looked before them, behind them, and on every side, but the sound had ceased.

"What is that big green leaf in the side of that birch-tree away over there?" asked Prue. "It does n't look like a birch-leaf!"

"We'll find out!" said Janet, springing up. They ran together toward the tree, and when half-way there Janet cried:

"Why, it's your green parasol, Prue, as true as you live!"

"Then Sylvie is there! Oh, Sylvie! Sylvie!" exclaimed Prue, eagerly. When they reached the tree and stopped, breathless, the parasol moved a little, was closed and drawn in, and in another instant Sylvie herself peeped out at them, timid and smiling.

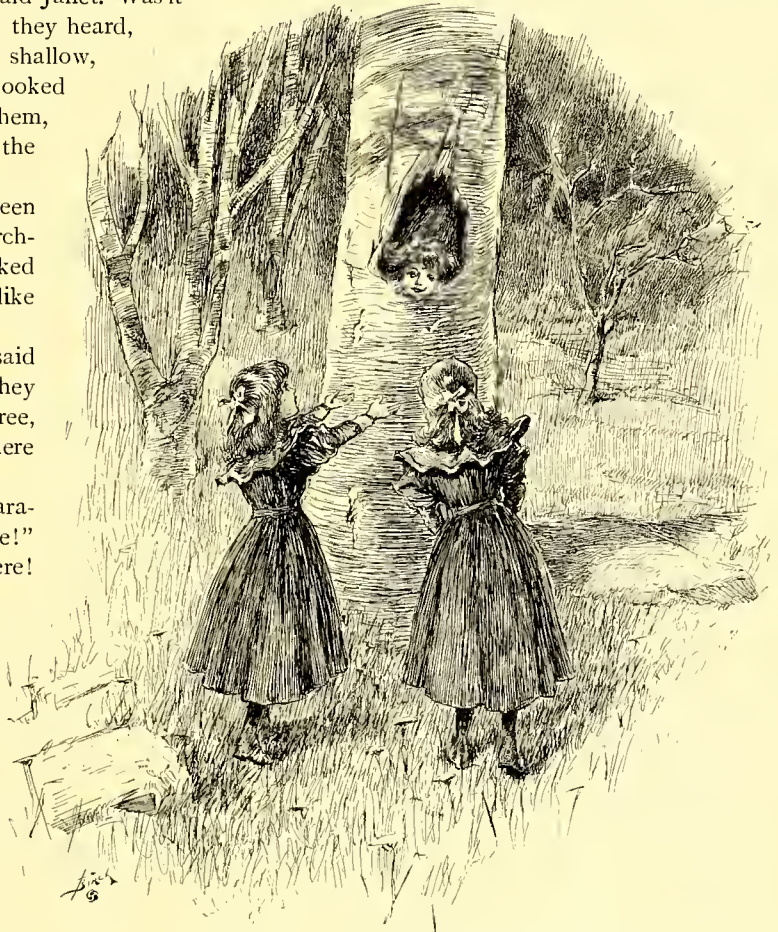
"Why did you run away?" demanded Janet.

"Do come back!" pleaded Prue. "We have not shown you the pretty pasture nor the river-banks. Do come to the pear-tree again!"

"Oh, no!" murmured the little dryad, with a shudder. "I do not like your houses nor your roads. I am afraid of the men and wheels, and the dreadful noises and tramping. I love *you* dearly, little sisters, but I must stay among the trees with my own people."

"Are there other dryads here?" asked Janet, looking about her anxiously.

The little dryad nodded. "Plenty of them," she whispered, "but they don't want you to know it. If you come here hunting for them, they will all go away to other forests, where no human foot ever treads. But they love this spot, and I love it too. I found just the home



"PLEASE COME AND PLAY," COAXED PRUE."

for me in this tree as soon as I reached it last night."

"Please come and play," coaxed Prue.

But the little dryad shook her head.

"I cannot play with you any more," she said, a little sadly. "I must never come out again except when the dryads call me. I dare not venture. But I love this spot, and I shall live here happily, only you must not come here to frighten the dryads, or we shall all depart together."

"Oh, dear!" said Prue, with tears in her eyes, "I did not want to lose you!"

Janet argued and entreated, but all in vain. The little dryad grew still more firm, and at last drew her pretty curly head down quite out of sight.

The girls waited under the birch-tree and called her many times, but she would not show herself again; so at length, as the sun was getting low and clouds were gathering, they slowly left the place to go down the hill, homeward

bound. As they entered the denser part of the forest, they heard far behind them a sweet little voice calling:

"Good-by!"

They turned and caught one last glimpse of Sylvie. Prue said afterward that she was sure she saw other pretty faces peeping from other trees.

"Good-by!" the two girls called back in reply, and then hand in hand they ran down the hill as fast as the underbrush would let them, and were glad when they saw the smoke curling up from the chimney of their own home, where they knew their dear mother was getting supper for them.

"I like my own folks!" said Janet, as they entered the yard.

"So do I," said Prue; "but I like Sylvie too, and I am so sorry she could n't stay in the pear-tree!"



VERY GOOD TIMES.

By E. L. S.



"THE best time *I* can recollect,"

Said the boy from across the street,

"Was when we played the Spartan nine, The day that our side beat."

"*My* best fun was a year ago,"

Said the boy who never will fight,
"When father and I went fishing once,
And slept outdoors all night."

"Well," said the boy from the corner house,
"The jolliest time for *me*,

Was the summer they took me on a yacht,
And we lived six weeks at sea."

"And the greatest fun *I* ever had,"
Said the boy who lives next door,
"Was sailing down the river once,
And camping out on shore."

"The very best time *I* ever had,"
Said the boy with the reddish hair,
"Was in Chicago, last July—
The time I went to the Fair."

"It seems to me," said the lazy boy
(And his cap he thoughtfully thumps),
"That the very best time in all my life
Was the week I had the mumps."

A RUSSIAN SCHOOL.

THERE lived a lad in Moscow,
Named Ivanitch Pacoskow,
Who went to school
And followed rule
Of old Professor Boskow.



His comrades were Wyzinkski,
And Feodor Duchinkski,
And Scarrovitch,
And Polonitch,
And Paderew Polinksi.

It took Professor Boskow
Full half a day in Moscow
To call the roll
And name each soul
Who came to him in Moscow.



To read and write did Boskow
Next teach the lads in Moscow,
But called to spell
They did rebel,
So queer were names in Moscow.

This roused the ire of Boskow,
Who shook the small Pacoskow,
With Scarrovitch,
And Polonitch,
And Gortachoff Penoskow.



He flogged them all and sent them home,
Did old Professor Boskow,
Till they could well
Pronounce and spell
Each proper name in Moscow.



J. T. Greenleaf.

THE RACCOON AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Sixth paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

THIS time we have a party of strangers to introduce. Excepting the Raccoon himself, all the members of his family (*Procyonidæ*) are about as little known to the average American boy and girl as the aardvark. The reason for this is that unless we go to the Southwest, and Mexico, we cannot see them in a state of nature, and very few persons have taken the trouble to write about them for us. But they are very curious and interesting creatures, and should be better known.

I never shall forget how a lady once mystified me with a description of a little animal she owned—all but its *name*. She had purchased it of a dealer in wild animals in New York, who could not name it, even for money; and she had owned it a month and asked a dozen people without getting even a good suggestion as to its name. She described the little creature to me as "about so long" (head and body, fifteen inches; tail, sixteen), with a prehensile tail. "No; it is not a monkey, for it has n't got feet like a monkey." "No; it's not an opossum of any kind." "No; it is n't a silky ant-eater, for it's too big." "No; it's not a prehensile-tailed porcupine, for its fur is soft"; and so on, until I was at my wit's end.

Finally, she sent the living conundrum to me by express, and it was a KINKAJOU. Man-like, I had thought of nearly every mammal that is found in North America except the right one!

He had been gentleness itself with his gentle mistress, but he seemed to expect different treatment from the masculine Philistines into whose hands he had fallen, and at first he scratched and bit as if his life depended upon it. But gradually he became quite docile, and lived with us on the best of terms—and ba-

nanas—for several months. He sat for his photograph one day, and all his points were well taken.

In personal appearance the Kinkajou (pronounced kink'-a-jew) looks very much like a little woolly haired, golden-brown monkey (or lemur, to be more exact) with a prehensile tail.

It has a head like a pine-marten, with very large black eyes. His teeth have caused naturalists to class him as a carnivore, in sublime indifference to the fact that he is a fruit-eater, both when wild and in captivity, and would soon starve upon a meat diet. It is quite probable, however, that when at home he devours eggs and small birds, as do so many arboreal mammals of the tropics. Nature has made many queer combinations, and this little creature is one of them. Very little is known of its habits in a wild state, because it is as strictly nocturnal as an owl. In captivity he preferred to sleep all day rolled up in a ball, with his head resting on the soft coil of his coiled-up tail. He used to clamber over me with great freedom and confidence, often encircling my neck with his tail to steady himself, and hold on. In Central America this little animal is often tamed, and makes a very satisfactory pet.

The home of the Kinkajou is in the hottest portion of the American tropics. It is found from Central America southward through Guatemala, Costa Rica, and northern South America to the Rio Negro and Peru. In Costa Rica it is called MARTILLA, or Little Marten; in Mexico it is the MARTICA, and in Guatemala it is called MICOLEON. It lives almost wholly in the trees, and makes its nest in a hollow trunk.

But if the Kinkajou was a riddle not to be solved by a stuffer of animals from a verbal description, what shall we say of the quadruped that has been wrongly identified and misnamed

KINKAJOU.
(*Cercoptes can-di-vul-vu-lus*.)

by scientific writers nearly *thirty* times (so says Dr. J. A. Allen) since the great Linnæus first described it in 1766? The COATI MONDI seems

COATI MONDI.
(*Nas'ua nar'i-ca*.)

to have been created for the special purpose of confusing and humiliating the technical naturalists. He has "taken a fall" out of every zoölogist who has wrestled with him, from the days of Linnæus, who gave him the generic name of the Civet Cat, down to Dr. Allen. He has successfully floored Frenchmen, Germans, Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Americans. At last, in 1879, Dr. Allen threw him fairly, named him correctly, and put him in the place where he really belongs.

The Latin name of this animal is *Nasua narica*, which being freely and truthfully translated means "Nosey"! And he deserves it. His muzzle is drawn out into a long, slender snout like that of an ant-eater, almost prehensile in character, and of great value in seeking food. It is so elastic that when he needs to get it out of his way in eating or drinking, he can turn it straight up at a right angle with his face; and yet it possesses sufficient strength to be used in rooting up the ground in quest of grubs or worms, like the snout of a pig, and its ambition is to get into everything above-ground.

The COATI MONDI is indeed a strange animal, both in form and habits. In shape he is

like a miniature bear, all excepting his long and pointed muzzle and his remarkable tail. Shorten the one and cut off the other, and you will have a very good bear, although, it may be, a trifle too short in the legs to suit the fastidious. He is flat-sided, bow-legged in his fore legs, with a massive forearm, beady black



THE KINKAJOU.

eyes, a very restless disposition, and a shrill squeak for a cry in captivity. In size the fully grown animal is about the size of a fox-terrier. His hair is long and full, but rather harsh, and its prevailing color is chestnut-brown above and pale yellow underneath.

The nose itself is very dark brown in color, and the eyes are set in the middle of conspicuous white patches, suggesting the glasses of a pair of spectacles. The ears are small and quite bear-like in shape.

The tail of this animal is a truly wonderful appendage, and as used by the living animal always makes me think of a snake. It is nearly

He described it as one of the feline animals, calling it "*warracaba* tiger," which at that time threw me completely off the track of its identity. Paulie said it was the fiercest of all South American animals, and always hunted in packs strong enough to overcome and devour everything that came in their way. They could climb trees in search of their prey as



THE COATI MONDÍ, OR *NASUA NARICA*.

as long as the head and body, very thick at the base, from which it tapers down regularly to the end where it terminates in a sharp, snake-like point. In young specimens it is sometimes ornamented with several dark rings, like the tail of a racoon, but these disappear almost entirely in the full-grown animals.

When I was in British Guiana, Paulie, a native hunter whom I had for a companion in the jungle, told me strange tales of a fierce wild animal that inhabited those forests, strange in form, active in habits, and terrible in temper.

well as any cat, could descend a tree head first, and their bands swept through the forest like a devouring army, uttering a low, grunting noise as they went. He told me how he and some other hunters, while encamped on the bank of a river at night, were aroused by the sound of an approaching band of *warracaba* tigers. Springing from their hammocks they fled to their canoes, abandoning everything, and paddled for mid-stream. When the cyclone of teeth and claws had passed, they returned to their plundered camp to find it a

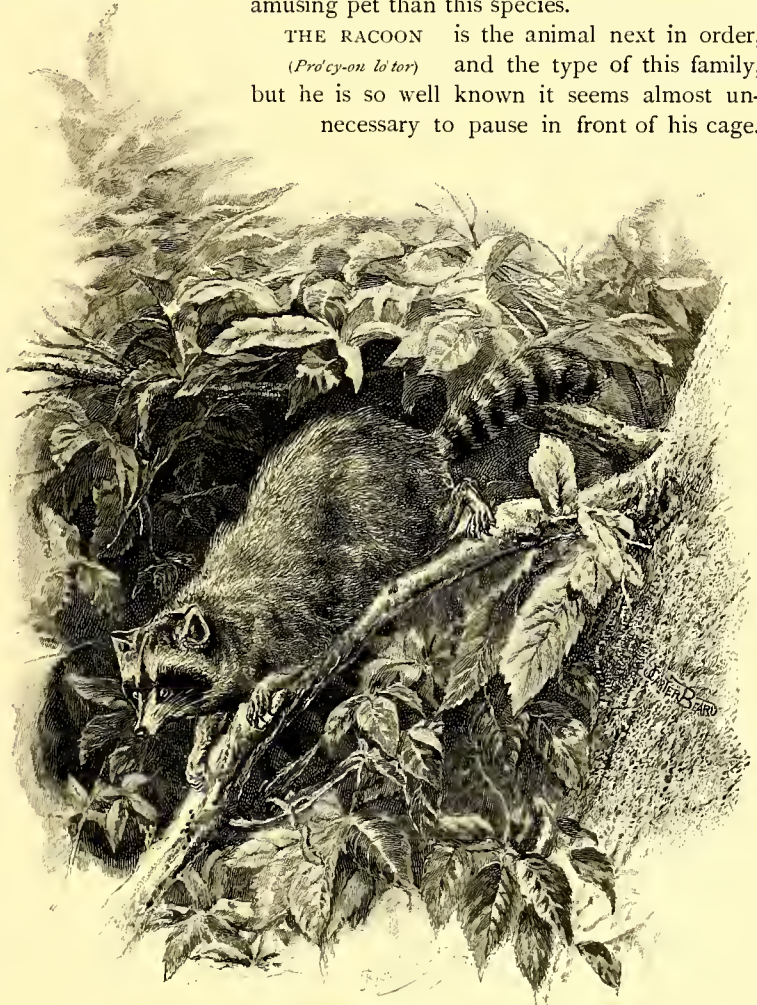
complete wreck. Everything eatable had disappeared, fruit and vegetables as well as meat. He had never killed one of these fearful animals, and in fact had never seen one, nor even the skin of one, for no hunter of his acquaintance had ever dared to attempt to kill one of these unknown terrors. So far as Paulie knew, the creature had never been seen by a white man!

Well, this fearful (!) creature was simply our old friend, the Coati Mondí, magnified by ignorance and fear. Paulie's account of its habits was quite truthful in every respect, save that its fierceness was magnified about 100 diameters; and when I saw one chained to a box and kept as a pet in the courtyard of a house in the city of Bolívar, I little dreamed that so friendly and playful a creature could ever acquire such an evil reputation. This was the Brazilian species, or Red Coati Mondí. Ours is the Mexican Coati Mondí, called TEJON by the Mexicans, a trifle larger than the other, which inhabits the whole region from Southern Texas to Panama, where the home of the other species begins. In Costa Rica and Guatemala, where it is called the PISORO, it is found very frequently in the mountain forests, often at an elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet. Mr. Belt, the naturalist, often saw them in the forests of Nicaragua hunting big tree-climbing lizards called iguanas. When the Pisoto hunted alone, and climbed for his game, the iguanas would always drop to the ground

and escape; but when the Pisotos hunted in a band, the unfortunate iguana would fall from his enemy in the tree only to land in the hungry jaws waiting below.

The Coati Mondí is easily tamed, and is often kept in captivity. Mr. Samuel Lockwood once published in the *Popular Science Monthly* (1872) a most interesting and amusing account of the life and adventures of a "Nosey" that he had kept as a pet. Judging from his description I should say it would be hard to find among wild quadrupeds a more interesting or amusing pet than this species.

THE RACCOON is the animal next in order, (*Procyon lotor*) and the type of this family, but he is so well known it seems almost unnecessary to pause in front of his cage.



THE RACCOON.

For who does not know this cunning, mischievous, good-tempered rogue, that stretches his hairy arms far out between the bars of his

cage, and offers you the black paw of good-fellowship whenever you come near him? His beady black eyes twinkle at you over his cunningly pointed nose, and their expression is, "Say, old fellow! You and I are good friends, and won't you just get me out of this?—or at least give me something new to eat?" The temper of this animal is most amiable, and, being easily fed, he makes a very satisfactory pet.

There are many things about the Coon that I always liked, one of which is the good sense he shows about his rations. He will eat any-

mediately sets to work to get outside of it. In a wild state he is fond of fruit of all kinds. He loves fresh-water clams, salt-water oysters, eggs, young birds, fish, crabs, frogs, grubs, and when green corn is in season, the farmers' fields pay heavy tribute to the ring-tailed marauders.

The Raccoon is very fond of paddling in water, and of dipping his food into water before eating it, whence comes his Latin name of *lotor*, meaning "washer." The Germans call him the "Washing Bear," which is by no means a bad name. His true home is the heavily timbered regions of the southern and

eastern United States, especially where there are swamps. His home is a hollow tree, and his yearly family consists of either four, five, or six little Coons, even more cunning in appearance than himself. In the West he ranges from Oregon to southern Alaska. If our space permitted, something should be said of the great American pastime of coon-hunting; but another stranger claims our attention.

I wonder how many of our boys and girls have ever heard of the

NORTHERN CIVET CAT
(*Bas-sar'is as-tu'ta*),

or CACOMISTLE, of the southwestern United States. I did not really make its acquaintance until I was over twenty-five years



CRAB-EATING RACCOONS.

thing under the sun that is good, from a live rabbit down to green corn. He is n't always sticking up his nose at what is set before him on the table, as do some American boys and girls, and saying, "I can't eat this!" or "I don't like that!" but whenever food is put before him, he im-

mediately sets to work to get outside of it. In a wild state he is fond of fruit of all kinds. He loves fresh-water clams, salt-water oysters, eggs, young birds, fish, crabs, frogs, grubs, and when green corn is in season, the farmers' fields pay heavy tribute to the ring-tailed marauders.

Cacomiztli, or Caca-mixtli (Bush Cat), of the Mexicans; Tepe-maxtla (Rush Cat), of the

Mexicans; Cacomistle, English by adoption and alteration from the Mexicans; Cat Squirrel, of southern Texas; Mountain Cat, of the Californian miners; Raccoon Fox, of Arkansas; Civet Cat, of Professor Baird and others; Ring-tailed Bassaris, of Audubon and Bachman; Northern Civet Cat, of Dr. J. A. Allen; Texas Civet Cat, of Texans generally; Ring-tailed Civet Cat, and Mexican Civet Cat of the Southwest.

As may justly be inferred from its many names, this curious creature bears striking resemblances to several widely separated animals. It climbs trees, and it nests in hollow branches or trunks, like a squirrel; it scratches, bites, and catches rats, like a cat; it has a ringed tail and a many-sided appetite, like a raccoon, and a head somewhat like a fox's. In size it measures about sixteen inches in length of head and body, and the tail to the end of the hair is of about the same length. The general color of this little creature is a warm gray, or brownish gray. Its tail is encircled by five to eight conspicuous black rings, and has a black tip. When you see a United States animal, other than the raccoon, with a long, bushy tail, having a number of black rings around it, call it a Northern Civet Cat, and you will be right. It is risky to make a general statement about an animal, but I will make bold to say that, so far as I can remember to-day, and pending correction, the *Bassaris* is the only American animal besides the raccoon having a bushy tail with big black rings around it. Our species is found in all our southwestern States and Territories, and in California; and solitary specimens have been taken in Ohio and Oregon. It is very agile, and usually lives in trees like a squirrel. It also lives among rocks, and often

makes its home in outbuildings, or deserted ranches. It is by habit a night-prowler, and often plays havoc with poultry. By some authorities its food is said to be chiefly small



RING-TAILED BASSARIS, CACOMISTLE.

mammals and birds, and others say that it lives mostly on fruit, pecans, and other nuts. Will the Southwestern readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* kindly tell us which is correct?

It is often tamed and allowed the freedom of a house, when it nearly always proceeds to clear the premises of mice and rats. Mr. E. M. Hasbrouck once sent one to me from Brownwood, Texas, where they are common. He found it running loose in a store, as tame and playful as any pet squirrel. It usually retired behind the boxes during the day, but at dusk came out to frolic and feed. This one lived on fruit exclusively, and its owner stated that its mate had died from eating a little meat. Unfortunately the little fellow sent me died on its journey. Mr. Hasbrouck caught a wild specimen in a trap baited with a piece of an apple, set in a hollow log, and when cornered it scratched and bit furiously, snarling and spitting like a cat.

MONSIEUR ET MADAME CRAPAUD.

BY ANNA K. ALMY.

MONSIEUR ET MADAME Jean Crapaud
Thought to the Fair they both would go;
So they packed in a trunk their Sunday best
And started off on their journey west.

"*Ah, Jean, mon cher, c'est magnifique!*"
Said Antoinette, when she could speak;
And he replied, with much *esprit*,
"*Superbe! superbe! ma belle chérie.*"

REYNARD'S CLEVER ESCAPE.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A CLEVER old fox lived in the edge of a wood near a town. And he would n't have been an old fox if he had n't been clever, for not far away was the house of the master of the fox-hounds, who often did his best to catch the sly old fellow who poached upon his poultry.

Many a narrow escape Reynard remembered, and he became very bold. He began to think that no pack of dogs were sagacious enough to run him down, and so he was often careless. Sometimes he would even break cover when he was well hidden, so that he might have the fun of running away from the whole pack in full cry. But one morning he came so near to being caught that he made up his mind never to take unnecessary risks again.

He had been visiting a farm-yard that was quite a way from his burrow, and when he came home again he found that the burrow had been filled up with earth. At first Reynard thought that it was done by the badger who had lived in the hole before Reynard drove him out; but soon he saw the marks of a spade, and knew that a man had been there.

While he was examining the burrow, suddenly he heard the cry of the hounds, and he knew that the hunt was out, and was after him. He dropped the fat hen he was carrying, and trotted away from the dogs, meaning to slip out along a little ravine he knew of. But no sooner had he reached the edge of the wood than he heard a man shout. Then he knew he would have to run for it.

Away he shot, his long brush sweeping the ground. The hounds came straight after him, and he had to increase his speed. But, tired from his long journey, he found the hounds gaining upon him, and saw that he would not be able to reach the little ravine in which he had so often puzzled the keenest hounds.

Still at full speed, he looked right and left,

and saw a thick row of bushes on one side. Turning sharply, he ran toward them, for he knew there was a railway-cutting behind them, and hoped to cross it in time to reach the further bank before the dogs. Once hidden from the huntsmen, he knew of twenty tricks by which to throw off the dogs and get away to safe cover.

Unfortunately, as he leaped through the row of bushes, his hind legs caught between two springy shoots that held him like a trap. Nearer came the dogs; harder poor Reynard struggled; but, try as he would, he could not pull his legs through between the stems. He was about to give up the struggle, when he heard the rattly-bang of a freight-train coming along the track. This scared the fox more than ever, for he thought that it might keep him from crossing the track even if he should free himself.

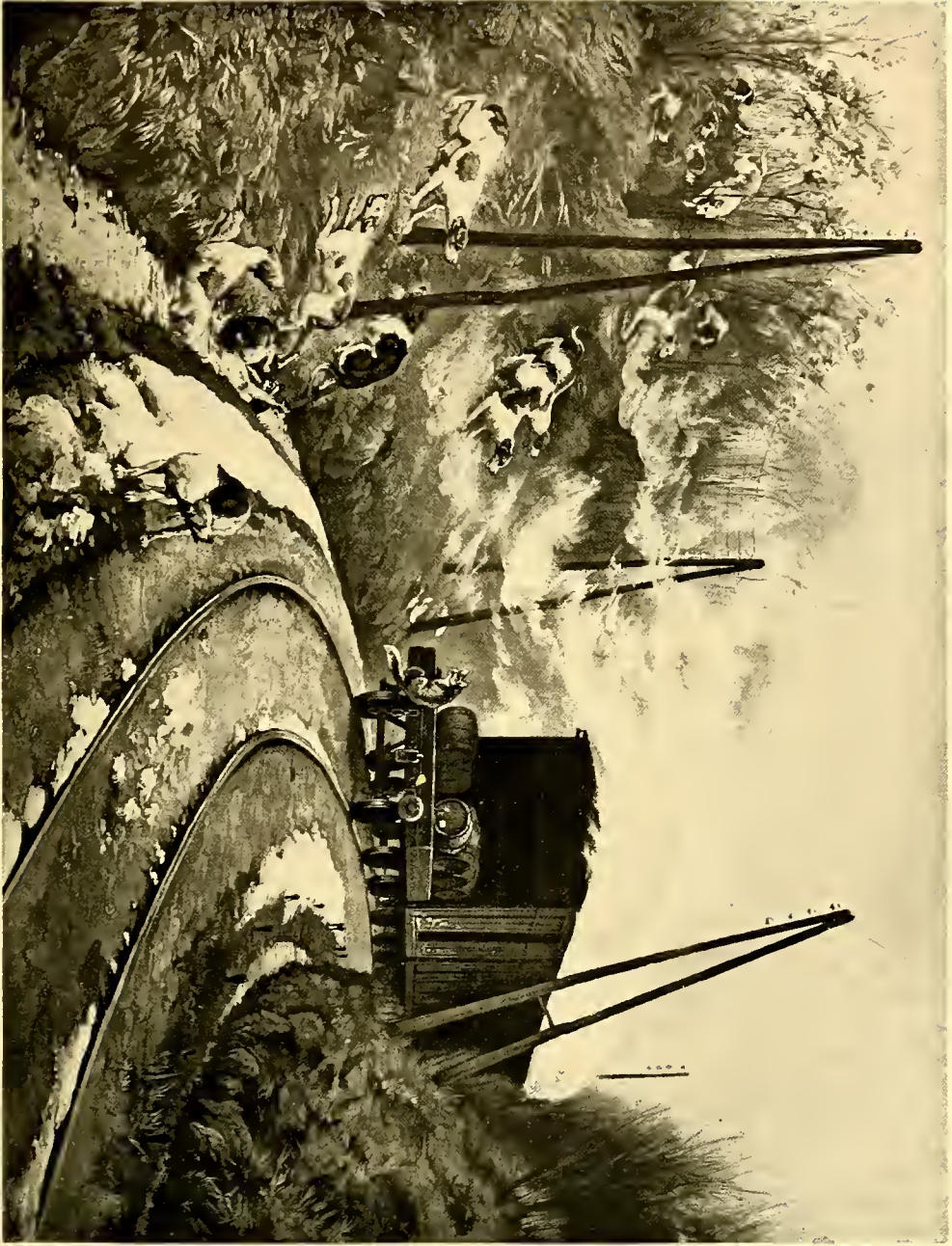
He struggled desperately, and, at last, by a quick push of his fore legs, threw his body back from between the sticks. He was at liberty,—but just then the hounds were upon him!

Reynard made one long leap half-way down the bank, and at that moment the train came opposite him so he could n't cross the track. But Reynard then showed what a bright old fox he was, for, giving another jump, with the foremost hounds at his very heels, he caught the rear end of a platform car—the last car of the moving train. Then, feeling quite safe, Reynard turned his head and gave the baffled hounds a farewell smile.

Reynard, after this close shave, made up his mind to find a home not quite so near the fox-hounds. He remained on the train until he was well out of reach, and he never went back to his old quarters. This was unfortunate for the poor little rabbit whose burrow Reynard stole when he took a new home.

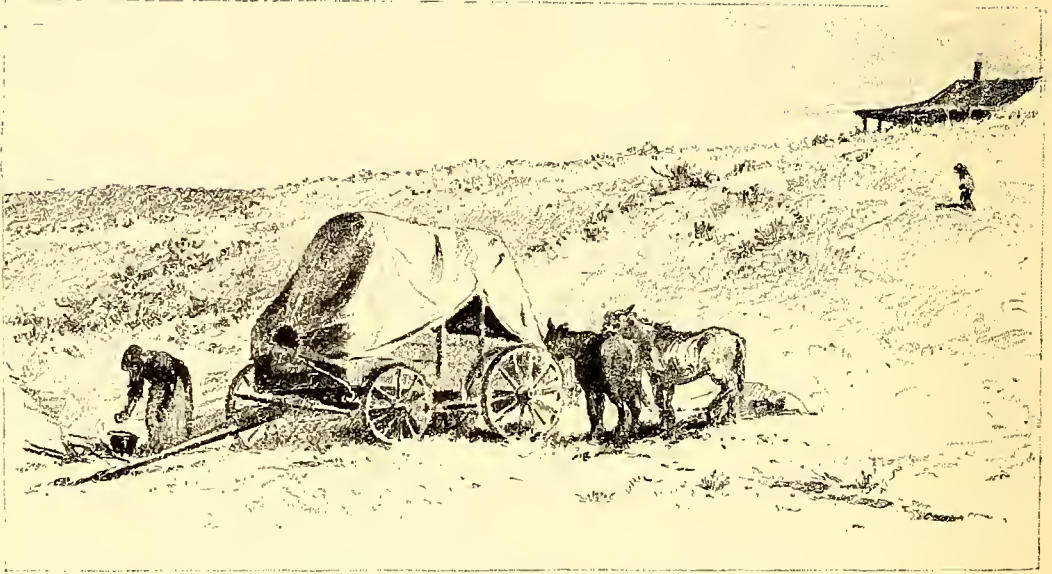
The huntsmen often wondered how the fox got away, but the dogs never told.

"REYNARD GAVE THE HAPFIELD HOUNDS A FAREWELL SMILE," AFTER THE PAINTING OF JULES GÉLÉBERT.



A FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER IN THE DESERT.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.



“THE STRANGERS WERE MAKING CAMP FOR THE NIGHT, BELOW THE HILL.”

PART II. (CONCLUSION.)

“I do believe those people are coming to camp at our well!” Mrs. Croly exclaimed, in an injured voice; and she walked to the end of the piazza the better to see what “those people” were doing.

They were a weak and a short-handed company: only a woman and a slender lad, of perhaps fifteen, and they were, in a dawdling, helpless fashion, making camp for the night, below the hill.

The family had watched them leave the main road, where the last of the contractor’s teams were moving out toward the railroad in a vale of dust, and make straight across the sage-brush for the well.

Now they were unhitching the lean mules, in their dusty harness, from the canvas-topped wagon; the woman was helping the boy; and the spare animals belonging to the outfit had

been loosed from the wagon-tail and were dragging themselves stiffly about and snuffing around the empty drinking-trough.

“They look like the fag-end of some poor fellow’s outfit,” said Mr. Croly. “The man has probably taken his working force off on some other job and left the old woman in charge of the baggage-train.”

“I don’t see any baggage,” observed Mrs. Croly. “And they don’t seem to have any feed for their horses. I suppose we shall have them here till the snow falls, borrowing everything we have got. And the well is low already. Why don’t you ask them to move on, David? They might just as well camp by the river.”

“Well, I guess we won’t ask them to move on to-night,” said Mr. Croly. “They look as if they *had* moved, about as far as they are able.”

“While you were fencing I don’t see why

you did n't fence in the well," Mrs. Croly complained. "We always have some tramp outfit camping there, and Hetty is bewitched after that sort of people."

"When I fence in water it will be when water is more plenty in this valley than it is now," said Mr. Croly. "I know what it is to travel miles after dark looking for camp. No, Mother; I dug the well, but I did n't put the water in it; and I don't ask a man for his character before I give him a drink."

"Of course, I know, dear," the wife admitted; "but you don't know how crazy Hetty is after people — any kind; it does n't matter to her. She will want to hang around that wagon all day long. And there is no telling the talk she will pick up,—to say nothing of diseases they may have with them."

"Nonsense, Rachel!" said Mr. Croly. "A good meal of victuals will cure all the diseases they've got. If they had any, they'd have died of 'em, long ago, I believe. What is the use of worrying? They may be gone by morning."

In about an hour the lad came up the hill, to borrow an ax "to cut a little bresh to fry a little meat for supper."

Mr. Croly quizzed him a little at first, asking how he came to be teaming it through the sage-brush without an ax. The boy said their ax had "slipped out of one of the packs, somehow," and Mr. Croly inquired how long ago that was — last summer, perhaps? The lad smiled faintly and shifted his eyes, making no effort to keep up his end of the pleasantries.

Next morning, before sunrise, he and his mother were drawing water for the animals at the well. Afterward the woman made a little fire on the ground behind the wagon, and they ate breakfast, standing; and the boy drove the stock away to pick up what pasture they could find during the day.

"They have come to stay," said Mrs. Croly. "She has been up to borrow a cupful of yeast to set a little bread."

Mrs. Croly had looked into the woman's tired brown eyes and seen what she thought was sorrow there, and her first repellent feeling was gone. Nevertheless it was a trial to have all her forebodings so promptly fulfilled.

Hetty came flying in about noon, with a red face, all excitement and joy:

"He's got an accordion!" she shrieked; "and he says he'll play on it if I can come down after supper. And he says if Martha can't walk he'll carry her."

"Who in the world is 'he'?" asked Mrs. Croly, in the unsympathetic way of mothers when they are taken by surprise.

"The boy, the boy! He is such a nice boy, Mother. Guess what his name is,— Gess!"

"How should I guess it—and what is his name to us? Don't be foolish, Hetty."

"But I have just told you his name," cried Hester, gleefully. "His name is Gess — Natty Gess. *Do* laugh, Mother." And Hetty ran away to make Martha laugh at the joke about Natty's name.

Both little girls came running, presently, to make sure of Mother's consent to their going below that evening to hear Natty play the accordion. It ended in Mr. Croly's going with them and sitting through the doleful performance. They sat all together in a circle on the ground in the rear of the wagon. The woman, always in her sunbonnet, tended a low fire, or "smudge," which kept away the mosquitos. The wind flapped the dingy wagon-sheet, the coyotes howled in the darkness, the family horses stamped in the stable, and the stranger's lean cattle hung wistfully about the corral, smelling the good hay which was not for them.

"Can't they have some, Father?—just one good meal?" Hetty whispered. She had watched the forlorn brutes, and knew what their hungry, restless movements meant.

"Dear little girl," said her father, "if we should try to fill all the empty stomachs that come our way, we should soon have nothing to put in our own."

Little Martha fell asleep listening to the "Suwanee River," urged forth in the whining, low notes of the accordion. Next morning she begged for the boy and his music. He came and played to her again, and again the music sent her to sleep. His yellow face and big brown eyes and faded hair, his slow smiles and shifting glances, seemed to have a charm for both children. Hetty was always at the well when the strangers' stock were being watered,

discussing their merits and afflictions with the boy. Her greatest ambition in the future of their stay, which seemed to be indefinite, was that she might be allowed to ride behind Natty to drive his cattle to pasture — so called — or to round them up at night.

As for little Martha, her thin, wistful face took on a rested look the moment her eyes fell upon Natty. He played before her, at her sovereign pleasure, as David played before moody Saul; and the spell of his queer music, and of his



"NATTY."

slow, quaint talk, seemed to bring peace to her ailment, which the doctor had said was chiefly of the nerves.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gess continued to borrow, and to lament the distance to town, and Natty's lack of time for making such a journey. Her husband, as Mr. Croly had surmised, had gone with his able teams to "do a little freighting" before winter set in. He had not been paid for his work on the ditch, but trusted to get the money after a while. They seemed absolutely without resources, the mother and the boy, yet

without anxiety or fear for the future. "We shall certainly have to take care of them this winter," said Mrs. Croly. — "that is, if we stay ourselves."

One Sunday morning Martha woke early, and begged and fretted to be dressed "right away." To make her happy, Hetty began telling her a story. The door between the children's room and their mother's stood ajar, and Mrs. Croly heard parts of the story while she was dressing.

"Where did you read that story, Hetty?" she asked, standing in the doorway and looking in with a smile.

"I did n't read it, Mother."

"Where did you hear it, then?"

"I never heard it — that is, all of it. But Natty told me about the cave, and I made up the rest."

"Does he know of such a place?"

"Not with water in it, really; but he knows a hole in the rocks where there is a sound like water coming from a far way off, and rushing down."

Hetty's story was about a poor settler who was "holding down" a desert claim, like her father's, only he had no well, and the dry pasture was giving out all around him. His horses had grown so thin it seemed, when he saddled one, the cinch would cut it in two, and when he rode one bareback it seemed the creature's spine would cut him in two: so Hetty told it, with much feeling for the man and his starving horses.

Every morning he rode them to the river to water; but the river was miles away, and as they grew weaker with hunger, it was as much as the poor things could do to stagger through the sage-brush to get their morning and evening drink.

One morning they were gone. He searched all day and found no trace of them; but when, at night, he returned to his cabin, footsore and weary, the horses were there before him, waiting at the rails of the corral. He drove them to the river, as usual, and they trotted lightly along, but they would not drink. Next morning again they were missing, and again he walked the sage-brush all day without finding them, and again they were at home before him.

They were as fresh, when he rode them to water, as if they had fed all day in meadows up

to their knees in grass, and when they came to the river, they gazed about them at the landscape and scorned to drink.

This strange thing happened day after day, and the lean, staggering old horses began to look sleek and fat; but where they fed or where they drank the settler could not imagine, for he knew that country, in all its drought and barrenness, for miles and days of travel.

One morning he rose still earlier and followed the horses, but they seemed to resent his spying, and they led him a long chase through the sage, that took them nowhere; so he concluded to hire a spy who was not known to these clever truants. He promised money to a little lad, who lived in the nearest cabin, which was far on a lonesome trail toward the hills, if he would track the horses to the place where they secretly fed and drank.

The horses, suspecting nothing, trotted past the cabin where the boy was watching for them. He slipped out amongst the sage, and as he could run like a quail he managed to keep them in sight. The horses seemed in no doubt where they were going, and he traveled on their track for miles. The sage grew bigger and wilder, and more like trees of a dwarfish forest. The land rose to a bench, or mesa, with a front of steep black rocks. The horses went up into a place of shadow where the rocks appeared to open, and passed out of sight. The boy went up the same way, and found that the rocks retired in a circle which nearly closed about a cup-shaped valley; and in the midst was a pool of water, and all around were grass and trees. The horses were drinking at the pool, and when they had done they lay down and rolled on the rich, dark turf, and then they fell to eating. They took no notice of the boy. He explored the little valley, with its walls of rock, and discovered the source of the water. It gushed, like a fountain, out of a cave's mouth close to the ground, and the noise of its singing and gushing filled the echoing hollow with a sound as of spring in the hill-countries. The pool was very deep. The boy could not hear a stone touch bottom, though he threw many in to try the depth by the sound.

The poor settler made the boy his partner, in all profit that might come of his discovery; and

they kept it a secret between them. The settler sold his horses, that were now become sleek and handsome, in the town for carriage horses, and bought others as poor as those had been, for a few dollars the head; and when these had fed and drank at the pool by the cave, they, too, became fresh and handsome, and were sold at five times their cost. And the man and the boy became rich, and many poor half-starved horses were made happy, besides, and sold to kind masters who could afford to care for them and feed them in the winter—not send them forth to starve upon the range.

Mrs. Croly asked Hetty to tell this story to her father that evening on the veranda; but the second time she did not tell it so well, for now she had grown-up listeners, and was embarrassed by their attention to her words.

When her father and mother looked at each other and smiled, she thought they were laughing at her, and the story no longer seemed true, as it had, when it first came to her that morning between sleeping and waking.

“So Natty knows of a cave where there is water, does he?” her father questioned, when the tale was finished.

“No, Father. He only knows of a cave where there is a sound *like* water.”

“Where is it, did he say?”

“It is n't far from here. If Mother would only let me,”—Hetty cast upon her mother a hopeless glance of entreaty,—“Natty says I could ride there behind him easy, and back, in one afternoon. He used to walk there when his father's teams were working on the ditch.”

“Natty shall take us both there,” said Mr. Croly. “I 'd like to hear that sound myself.”

And so it was arranged: and next morning they started to find the cave—Hester on the seat of the buckboard beside her father; Natty on a box behind, giving directions as to the way. The lunch-basket was stowed under the seat out of the sun; also a jug of water, wrapped in wet sacking, to keep it cool: for, as Mr. Croly observed, listening to water was not the same as tasting it, and Natty owned that the sounds in the cave were most tantalizing.

The way was like the country of Hester's story, which she had borrowed from Natty's descriptions. The land rose in long benches

toward the horizon, and the sage grew ever bigger and wilder. The sun climbed higher and hotter in the cloudless sky. The low, flat crest of the mesa looked blue and hazy in the distance. "Keep to the west," Natty was always saying.

As Hetty gazed, the blue line seemed to waver, to rise and sink; the light quivered; sometimes she fancied she saw the rocks, and then her eyelids fell and she saw only dark spots shifting on a glowing field. Her father's arm went round her, and she slept.

When she woke the wagon had stopped and her father was lifting her to the ground. It was all precisely like the story she had partly heard and partly made. The black rocks rose before her; at their feet a tumbled mass of broken stone, as when part of a wall falls down. Through this rift a pass went up into the cup-shaped hollow; but all was hot and bare. There was no pool, no grass, no peace and refreshment for man and beast. And Hetty could have cried to see her dream so nearly true and yet so far from it. No poor starved horses need come there to feed and drink.

"I don't believe there is any cave!" she exclaimed pettishly.

It was decided to eat luncheon before exploring further. The sun beat full upon the face of the perpendicular rocks; in the little breezeless hollow the air was hot and dead as the air of an oven.

They were forced to content themselves with the shadow of the wagon, and here they sat them down, in the dust, and ate and drank; and Hetty's faith revived with the taste of the good home food, and Natty's appetite was something to remember.

"We'll save the rest of Mother's biscuits to eat on the way home," Mr. Croly advised: but when he looked for the rest of the biscuits, none were left. Natty had finished a pile of them that would have filled a horse's nose-bag. He was happier, with those white flaky morsels descending into that place of chronic emptiness, his stomach, than rivers of water with sands of gold could have made him.

But Mr. Croly was thinking of his acres of thirsty land; of his homesick wife and those tender "hostages," his two little daughters. He

would have been ashamed to confess how, like a dreaming boy, his mind ran upon that sound of water in Natty's cave.

It was not much of a cave to look at; only a hole big enough to creep into, leading to a tunnel that ran along, close to the ground, at the base of those basalt bluffs, where they rested upon the granite. It was at the back of the little cup-shaped valley, beneath the half circle of rocks encompassing it. They crept into it and along the tunnel, one by one. A strong, cool draft of air met them, and at first they thought the sound they heard was only wind. The tunnel roared like an old-fashioned chimney in an autumn gale. But there were two sounds—one, the far-away rushing and roaring, and a nearer one that made their hearts thrill.

A sound of living water, imprisoned in some dark passage of the rocks—falling, falling deliciously, like rain of a summer night dropping into cisterns far underground, that echo with the sound.

"Oh, Father, Father, it is there!" Hetty cried; and she began to laugh hysterically.

"It *is* there!" Mr. Croly repeated. "If that is n't water, I'll eat my hat!"

Natty's peaked face wore a smile that was ghastly in the faint, green, cavernous light.

"Did n't I tell ye?" he exulted, though as a fact he had never claimed more than the sound, and had thought little of that; but seeing the effect of his discovery, and the importance it seemed to have for his new friends, he became as excited as they.

Hetty laughed, and listened, and laughed again, scarcely knowing why the sound should fill her with such joy.

"Hark!" her father commanded; and he began a series of tappings and knockings on the walls of the tunnel.

"Children,"—there was a sharp business ring in his voice,—"I want you to get out of this place; it looks to me like a place for snakes—rattlers. Natty, you take Hetty out; and be careful how you go poking about those rocks under the bluff."

To Hetty's disappointment she saw but little of the cave. That day her father finished his explorations by himself. But she was allowed to creep in for one more "Hark!" before they

left—just to make sure that the wonderful sound was true.

She chatted and laughed all the way home, and Natty seemed uncommonly wide awake, and his head kept popping up over the back of the seat from behind; but her father said scarcely a word, and drove as one in a dream.

That night the parents talked late in their room, and next morning Hetty found her mother putting up another picnic luncheon.

“Who is that for?” she asked.

“Father is going to take a ride, and he may not be back to dinner.”

“Oh, may I —”

“No, dear; you may not. I can answer for that myself,” said Mrs. Croly. So Hetty knew it was no use talking to Father.

But she hung about the wagon asking questions while he was harnessing up.

“What did he want the ropes for, and the candles, and the pick, and crowbar? And what was that tallowy stuff in the box?”

It was giant powder, she was told; her father adding, with his teasing smile, intended to baffle idle questions, that he and Natty were going “prospecting.”

Hetty felt more disappointed than ever, and injured, too, that her father should take Natty Gess, and leave her behind—without even telling her where they were going.

It was after tea-time, and the sun was sinking, a great copper-red ball, on the verge of the plain, when they saw the wagon returning. They saw only the dust, but they knew it was the wagon. And then Mrs. Croly behaved in a manner which her little daughter could not understand.

Instead of going out to meet her husband, when his step was heard on the board-walk, she turned away and went into the next room, and only Hetty was left to greet him.

He was smiling, and did not seem in the least put out.

“Where is Mother? Mother, come here!” he called. In his hand he carried the jug he had taken in the morning, filled with water from the well; it still seemed heavy.

“Bring me a tumbler, Hetty,” he said.

Mrs. Croly sat down, looking pale, and watched him while he filled the glass to the brim.

“Drink that, Mother,” he said. “That ought

to make you feel strong. It is worth its weight in gold to us—that tumblerful of water.”

“Don’t try any of your jokes on me, Father. I don’t feel as if I could bear it,” said Mrs. Croly.

“I mean what I say. That is living water. It is water that will give life. He that made ‘rivers in the desert,’ hid it in the rocks; and a boy as ignorant as a wild ass’s colt discovered it; and, please God, I will make a way for it to spread.”

“And I grudged them—our neighbors—a little water from our well!” said Mrs. Croly, humbly; and the tears stood in her eyes.

“You did n’t do any such thing!” Mr. Croly promptly contradicted. “You are one of them that say: ‘I can’t go,’ but go, all the same, and twice as far as the ready promisers. Come, Mother, you shall not mix any tears with *that* water. With that jugful I expect to christen our claim. And if I can wake up these sage-brushers, and get ’em to chip in and help me build a ditch, we can water twenty farms with that water just as well as one; and own the ditch besides.”

And the thing was done. The farmers woke up at the word *water!* Not in the river, far away, with costly dams and gates and waste-weirs to build, but water in the hills above them, ready to steal down in rivulets, once a way was made, and bless their naked lands. So the settlers built the “Settlers’ Ditch.” And long before the company had made up its big, various, expensive mind what to do next, and whether the land was worth saving, it was saved—that much of it, at least.

The sage-brush disappeared; the grass and clover spread. Little Martha waded in the ditches, and laughed and grew tall, if not fat, and the dark hollows faded from under her sweet blue eyes.

They were in a grass country, and the mother’s heart was satisfied. They were in a country they had made themselves,—with the help of God’s good gift,—and the father’s pride was satisfied.

And when at last the company’s big ditch went through, it could afford to spare, from its rent-rolls, those few men on the “Settlers’ Ditch” who had saved their own land through the faith that was in them.

WAKING.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

I DREAMED I lay in a little gray boat ;
The sail above was gray ;
Out, out to the sea from the dreamland shore
I was drifting and drifting away.

The dreamland shore was growing dim,
Though I strained my eyes to see ;
And the dream-child, too, was fading away
Who had played all night with me.

The dream-child waved a shadowy hand,
And wept to see me go.
“ Farewell, farewell,” I heard a cry,
“ You are going to wake, I know.”

And then I saw the shore no more —
There were only the wind and me,

And the little gray boat, and the lonely sky,
And the soundless dreamland sea.

My boat ran up on a smooth white beach,
And faded away like smoke,
And the beach was my own little nursery bed,
And I opened my eyes and woke.

So often now when I 'm going to sleep,
I wish I could find once more,
The place where the little gray boat is moored
And the dream-child plays on the shore.

But in dreamland none can choose his way,
Or find his friends again ;
And the little dream-child by the dreamland sea
Will wait for me in vain.

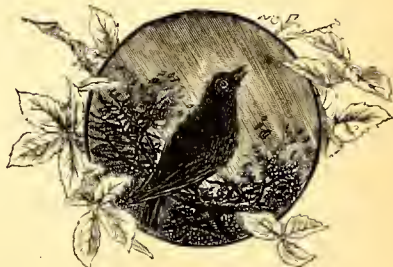
RAIN AND THE ROBIN.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

A ROBIN in the morning,
In the morning early,
Sang a song of warning —
“ There 'll be rain! There 'll be rain!”
Very, very clearly
From the orchard
Came the gentle horning,
“ There 'll be rain!”
But the hasty farmer
Cut his hay down —
Did not heed the charmer
From the orchard —
And the mower's clatter
Ceased at noontide,
For with drip and spatter
Down came the rain.

Then the prophet robin,
Hidden in the crab-tree,

Railed upon the farmer :
“ *I told you so ! I told you so !*”
As the rain grew stronger,
And his heart grew prouder,
Notes so full and slow
Coming blither, louder —
“ *I told you so ! I told you so !*
I told you so !”





BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

ABOUT the time that little Richard Gibson was teaching the English princesses to draw, Nikita Moiseievitch Zótof, the "Muscovite court fool and dwarf," was appointed tutor to his Russian Majesty, the young Czar, Peter the Great.

Zótof is said to have enjoyed a great reputation for learning and goodness, according to the Russian standard of that time. As late as the year 1682, when Louis XIV. and Charles II. were holding their brilliant courts, and the good William Penn was making treaties with the Indians of America, Russia was so far behind the other European nations that even a royal prince seldom learned anything more than a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, with perhaps a smattering of geography and history.

There were then no great writers or artists among the Russians, but court jesters and dwarfs were highly esteemed. Learning did not count for much, except among the clergy; but the great empire, we are told, was remarkable for her "Fools" of high degree, for even princes were proud to hold the office.

As for dwarfs, the country was really alive with them. One old author says there was scarcely a nobleman in the land who did not possess one or more of these "frisks" of nature. At almost all State dinners, if these pygmies were fortunate enough to escape being served in a pie, it was their duty to stand behind their lord's chair holding his snuff-box or awaiting his command. They were usually gaily dressed in a uniform or livery of very costly materials.

In 1708 Prince Menshikof sent to his wife in Russia two dwarfs whom he had made prisoners-of-war in Poland. Accompanying the

gift were the following lines: "I send you a present of two girls, one of whom is very small and can serve as a parrot. She is more talkative than is usual among such little people, and can make you much gayer than if she was a real parrot."

One of these dwarfs was still living in 1794. After the disgrace of her noble master, she came under the care of the Princess of Hesse-Homburg, and when she died, General Betskoj, the Princess's heir, took the dwarf as part of his inheritance. Nearly a century old, she was still brisk and lively, with a babyish voice when she cried, as she often did, at the recollection of her ancient court-dress, which she had prized exceedingly. Except when looking at her face to face, one would think her to be a child five or six years old.

The Russian dwarfs were very tiny, but they were usually well shaped, having particularly graceful hands and feet. Zótof, however, was an exception to the general rule: he was not beautiful. On the contrary, he was extremely ugly; but the small man was quite able to entertain and amuse his royal master, became his life-long friend as well as his favorite buffoon, and was frequently called upon to hold responsible offices as well as to fill ridiculous positions.

According to the custom of the age and country, when Peter, the prince (afterward "Peter the Great"), was born, there was appointed for his service, besides the usual nurse and governess, a special set of dwarfs to wait upon and amuse him. No wonder he was fond of the pygmy tribe! He had been used to them from his earliest infancy, and he always took delight and pleasure in having large numbers of them about him.

When Peter was three years old, one of the Russian noblemen gave him an elegant little carriage made in another country for his small mightiness. It was drawn by four ponies, driven and guided by the dwarfs of the court. One of his first public outings after his christening was in a grand court procession. First there rolled from the palace gate the carriage of the Czar, followed by that of the Czarina. "In front went the chamberlains with two hundred runners, after which twelve snow-white horses drew the Czarina's carriage. Then followed Peter's wee coach, all glittering with gold and drawn by four miniature ponies. At the side of it rode four dwarfs on ponies and another one behind."

In his infancy Peter was cradled in the lap of luxury. Nothing was too fine for the sturdy, handsome lad. He slept between silken sheets on eider-down pillows, his clothes were embroidered with gold and precious stones, and he had wonderful toys of all kinds. When older he learned to despise the soft bed and fine raiment, but grew fonder of his pikes, spears, and military playthings than he ever was of his books, and in his boyhood he was continually "playing soldier." Once, after a serious riot of the body called the "Streltsi," or native militia, some scenes of which he witnessed, he demanded flags and drums and arms. These the authorities allowed him to have, and on his eleventh birthday he was permitted to fire his first salute with real guns.

In the mean time, Zótof was trying to teach the royal boy to read and write. The tutor had a hard time of it, for Peter did not like to study; but, by means of picture-books specially written and colored for his use, Zótof managed to give his pupil some knowledge of history, and taught him to sing. Peter often liked to show off his singing when, after he was grown up, he went about in disguise.

As a teacher, Zótof falls far behind the English dwarf-teacher Gibson; for Peter, doing as he liked, spent more time hammering at the blacksmith's forge than he did in wielding the pen, and so when he was fifteen years old, he wrote very badly, and knew nothing about arithmetic, although it is said that he had mastered fourteen trades. About this

time he became interested in ship-building. His ignorance of figuring, however, proved such a drawback to his success that he began to see the folly of neglecting to study. He accordingly set to work with a will to learn not only arithmetic, but geometry, navigation, and fortification; and it was not long before the pupil had outstripped the teacher in height, in intellect, and in learning.

For a time the Czar of all the Russias was taken up with building boats and forming regiments, and he visited many countries. Zótof accompanied him in his travels, and there were usually three or four other dwarfs in his retinue.

It was during the boyhood of Louis XV. that Peter paid his celebrated visit to France. The Russian Prince was accompanied by several royal dukes, by his ambassador and numerous nobles; but known above them all was his favorite Zótof, who produced a greater effect on the French courtiers than did his strange and wilful master. Peter's manners were quite bad enough, but, judged by the ideas of the Parisians, Zótof's were much worse. There were no longer official jesters at the Court of France, and Zótof seems to have been a wonderful novelty to the great Cardinal Dubois, for in his memoirs he speaks with surprise of the duties and privileges of the Russian Fool. His jokes were not understood by the French people, for Zótof, in spite of his alleged learning, could speak only his native Russian. His looks were not at all attractive. The Cardinal described him at that time as "an aged dwarf with long white hair flowing over his shoulders, and having a voice that resembled the hoarse croaking of frogs."

The Russians, however, admired his wit, and Dubois remarks that Peter, who could sit through the finest French comedies without smiling, could never hear a jesting remark from Zótof without growing weak from mere excess of laughter.

Years before this visit, Peter, who was exceedingly fond of doing all sorts of ridiculous things quite out of place in a high and mighty Czar, had caused one of his favorites, Ramodanófsky, to be created mock-Czar, while Zótof was made mock-Patriarch, with a proper suite of pretended officials as attendants;

but instead of carrying a cross, as the real patriarch would have done, Zótof wore the figure of a gibbet on his breast.

After one of his trips abroad, Peter appeared at Moscow in a German dress and hat, to the no small discontent of the people, who hated everything foreign. Peter informed them that the Russian costume was ridiculous, inconvenient, and absurd, and ordered a complete change. The people grumbled and growled, but Peter apparently paid no attention to their murmurings, and as by that time he considered the English fashions preferable, he made the people alter their garments to conformity with the British mode. As soon as the public had become somewhat accustomed to the new order of things, Zótof, Ramodanófsky, and the Czar put their heads together to devise some means of proving how much more convenient and comfortable their new dress was.

Accordingly, in 1701, it was arranged that Shansky, one of the royal jesters, should be married to a very pretty girl in the Cathedral at Moscow, and that all persons invited to the wedding should provide themselves with the same habit as that worn in Russia two hundred years before, and that the ceremony should be performed after the same manner as at that time. Zótof, as mock-Patriarch, was in as great glee over this masquerade as was Peter himself; and truly it was a ridiculous procession that wended its way to the cathedral. The nobles wore on their heads long caps, a foot higher than the fashion of the day pre-

scribed. Their horses were ornamented in the ancient manner. Most of their bridle-reins were nothing more or less than solid silver chains, composed of links two inches broad, and the breastplates and cruppers were made of square pieces of silver which struck against one another with every motion of the animal, jingling like so many sleigh-bells. People not rich enough to afford silver decorated their steeds with tin.

The women came dressed in the old Rus-



ZÓTOF AND HIS MASTER, PETER THE GREAT, AT THE FRENCH COURT.

sian fashion, with sleeves several yards long, and the heels of their slippers five inches high. They rode in wagons without any springs; ladders were fastened to the sides, to be used in climbing into the high carts, which were hooped over and covered with red cloth at the end where the women sat.

Peter himself joined the procession as one of the nobles, riding on a silver-trimmed horse,

but the mock-Czar and mock-Patriarch Zótof presided over the feast.

Several tables were spread in a large hall, and at the upper end one was placed higher than the others. At this sat the mock-Czar and mock-Patriarch, to whom the company advanced by gradual steps, and bowed their heads to the ground as they came forward. And then each one kissed first the mock-Czar's hand, and then that of the mock-Patriarch. Afterward some refreshment was presented to each man by both Ramodanófsky and Zótof. When all the company had received their gifts, they retired from the throne about twenty feet, making low bows as they went backward to their own places, whereupon a splendid entertainment was set forth for them in the old-fashioned way.

In 1710, Zótof and his royal master arranged another wedding between two dwarfs. This was celebrated at St. Petersburg with great show and parade. Zótof, as a high official, was head and front of the performance. It took a long time to prepare for this great event. Invitations to the wedding were sent out several months before the day appointed for the ceremony, and all the courtiers and ambassadors were bidden to the marriage of this tiny man and woman. All the dwarfs living within two hundred miles of the capitol were commanded to be present. The bride and groom rode on an elephant under a canopy; some of the midgets followed on camels, or rode in sledges carved in the shape of various animals. Many of these vehicles contained a dozen dwarfs at a time. Some of these small people did not like the idea of being bidden or commanded in this way. Of course the procession of dwarfs was followed to the city by a laughing mob, and the pygmies objected to being made sport of; but Peter's word was law, and he punished the disobedient ones by making them wait at the banquet on those who were docile.

Seventy dwarfs sat down to table, besides the tiny bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned in the height of the prevailing Russian mode. Zótof took care that everything provided for this marriage should be of suitable size. A low table was set with small dishes, glasses, plates, and other articles, all arranged

according to the size of the guests. The dwarfs, we are told, contended with much pride and gravity as to which should be first, but it was finally settled that the smallest should take the lead; and then there arose disputes, as none of them would admit he was smaller than the others. The Czar, who was present, finally interfered, order was restored, and the banquet proceeded. Dancing followed. The bridegroom, who was thirty-eight inches high, opened the ball with a minuet. The company soon followed the example of the groom, and entered into the dancing with great spirit, and, after all their trouble, became very gay and had a good time generally.

As has been before remarked, Peter was very fond of the pygmy tribe, and at the funeral of one who had long been attached to his court, twenty-four male and twenty-four female dwarfs walked in procession, followed by the Emperor in person and his ministers and guards. I never heard of his being cruel to a dwarf, although he frequently made sport of them, and his love for practical joking was so great that even Zótof did not always escape.

About the time of the marriage of the dwarfs, the Czar, in a fit of after-dinner jollity, had conferred the title of Count upon his former teacher. Besides, little Zótof received a salary of about two thousand dollars, a considerable sum for those days, and he had taken possession with much ceremony of a fine house in the Tatar quarter of St. Petersburg.

Now it happened that Zótof, feeling himself growing old, proposed one evening, when the Czar was in an especially good humor, to retire to a monastery. Instead of agreeing, Peter, to the great astonishment of the old and infirm dwarf, forbade his thinking of such a thing, and ordered him to marry again.

Zótof was much put out, but Peter's passion for shows was not one whit less. He chose as wife for his favorite buffoon an old lady, a widow of a man named Stremónkof. Preparations were begun in the autumn of 1712, and in the fantastic procession the Empress Catherine and the Czar's daughters, Martha and Prascovia, and even some of the ambassadors were obliged to take part.

Four stammering old men gave out the

invitations; infirm and tottering creatures were appointed to conduct the bride, and four of the fattest men in Russia served as runners. The musicians were seated in a car led by bears, and as these novel steeds were always being pricked by the points of the steel lances, their low growlings served as fitting accompaniment to the weird airs that arose from the chariot. The service at the cathedral was performed by a very old priest, who was

half blind and deaf, and who wore spectacles. The procession, the ceremony, the nuptial-feast, and the jingling of the wedding-bells were all of a piece in this strange diversion.

Zótof's descendants were forbidden to bear the title of Count so strangely acquired, until 1802, when a member of an illustrious and



FESTIVITIES AT THE MARRIAGE OF ZÓTOF.

princely family with which one of them had intermarried, obtained permission from the Emperor Alexander I. to bear the title conferred upon the dwarf, his ancestor.

PHOEBE.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

WHEN skies are blue
And threaded through
With skeins of sunlight spangles,
And breezes blow
Quite soft and low

Amid the tree-top tangles:
When summer has the world in thrall,
And joy is sovereign over all,
'T is curious that a little bird
Should utter such a wistful word

As "Poor me! Poor me!"

When days are long,
And limbs are strong,
And blithe with youth the season:
When everything
Is tuned to spring

And rhyme, and not to reason;
When life is all a holiday
With naught of care and much of play,
'T is sinful that a little maid
Should such complaining words have said

As "Poor me! Poor me!"

THE DISCONTENTED STONE CUTTER.



(A Japanese Wonder Story.)

By LIEUTENANT H. P. McINTOSH, U. S. N.



VERY far away, in far Japan, near one of the quaintest of its quaint little villages, there lived a funny little man—a poor stone-cutter whose name was Fujinoko. Every day he worked hard to earn money enough to supply the wants of his family, and he not only managed to do this, but sometimes he saved a little something over. On certain days he would row out in a funny little boat to a great rock that lay in the sea not very far from shore, and there he would hammer and chisel and pry until he had broken off several large pieces of stone. These he would carry away to be fashioned into monuments which he sold to those who wished to do honor to their departed ancestors.

Now, I grieve to say that Fujinoko was a very discontented little man. He was always grumbling because he had so little and some others had so much, and because he was poor and of no consequence while some others were rich and great and noble. His grumbling made him quite a burden to his friends and acquaintances. However, one good trait in the little man's character was that no matter how much he grumbled, he did not neglect his work; which cannot always be said of the grumblers of our own time. No; he earned

money to supply the simple wants of his family, and often he had enough to treat them to a picnic on the water, or a visit to the theater. So you see there was really no reason for all his grumbling.

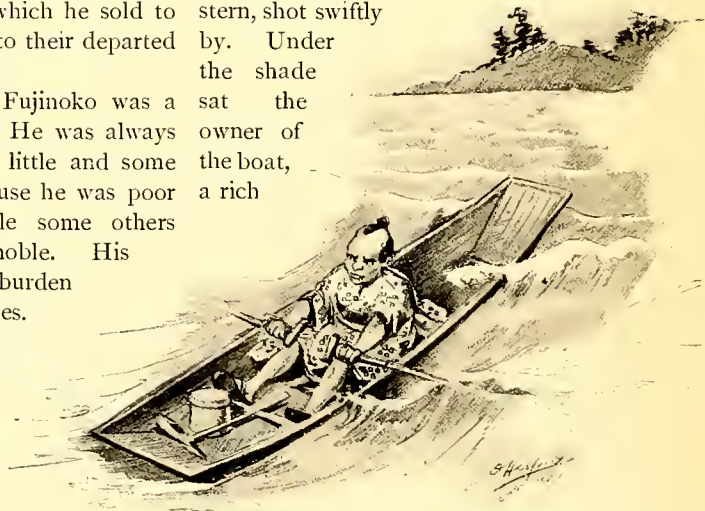
One very hot day he had gone to the rock in his little boat, taking his dinner with him. He expected to spend the entire day in getting a fresh supply of stone.

He worked away until it was nearly noon, and then he stopped and sat down within the shadow of the rock to rest and eat his dinner.

He was very hot and dusty and tired, and of course he was in a grumbling mood as usual.

While he was nibbling away at his boiled rice and his bit of fish, a large boat, propelled by half a dozen oarsmen, and with a great umbrella spread over the stern, shot swiftly

by. Under the shade sat the owner of the boat, a rich



"HE WOULD ROW OUT IN A FUNNY LITTLE BOAT."

merchant from the neighboring city; and near him sat his servants, one of whom was fanning him while another was supplying him with refreshments.

"There, now," said Fujinoko, "look at that! Why is that man so much richer and greater than I? I work harder, and yet I have nothing while he has everything. He has no right to pass so easy a life while I have to work so hard."

This and more to the same effect, until the little man had worried himself into an exceedingly unpleasant state of mind. With bowed head he sat brooding over his lamentable condition.

"I cannot endure," he said, "that anybody or anything should be richer, better, or more powerful than I. It is unbearable! I want to be better than all. Ouf! How hot it is and how tired I am! I wish I did not have to work so hard. I wish that great fat blue-bottle fly would stop his buzzing; he makes me dizzy. I wish I was that man in the boat! I w-i-i-sh I was —"

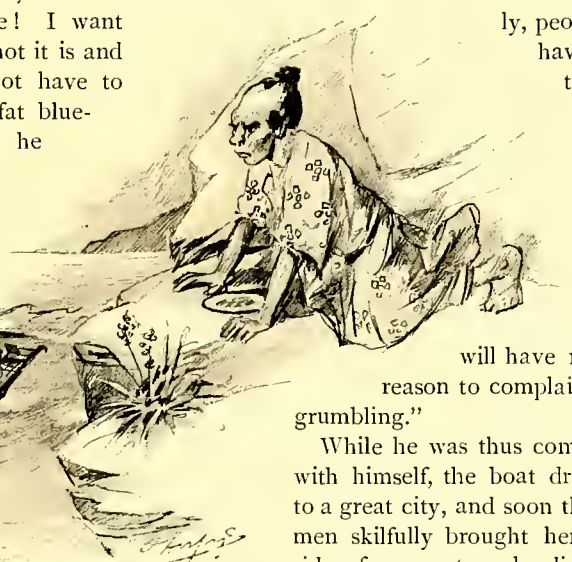
"Will not the Honorable Master deign to take his tea?" said a voice near him.

The little man raised

his head, and I fear I have disturbed him; but this is the hour at which he commanded that his tea should be served."

It began to dawn upon the mind of the little man that his great wish was realized, and he collected himself with an effort; for he thought, shrewd little man that he was, that it would never do for him to appear surprised, or to show that he was unaccustomed to such things. So he took the cup with a lordly air, tasted the tea, found fault with its flavor, and finally drank it slowly; then, replacing the cup upon the tray, he relapsed into quiet enjoyment.

"At last," he said, "my great desire is gratified. At last I have reached a station in which I am satisfied. Surely, people who have dared to blame me



"A LARGE BOAT SHOT SWIFTLY BY."

his head, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him with astonishment.

The great rock and his little boat had disappeared. His dusty and ragged clothing was also gone, and he was dressed in the finest and richest of robes. He was sitting under a silken shade, in the stern of a large boat; half a dozen boatmen were laboring at the oars, and the boat was skimming rapidly over the water; before him knelt a man holding a small tray on which was a cup of fragrant tea.

Poor little Fujinoko looked so astonished and perplexed that the servant said:

"The Honorable Master has been dozing, I

will have no more reason to complain of my grumbling."

While he was thus communing with himself, the boat drew near to a great city, and soon the boatmen skilfully brought her alongside of some stone landing-steps, where they held her steady with their long bamboo boat-hooks.

As the servants bustled about, gathering up their master's belongings, a man descended the steps, bowing profoundly, to announce that the Honorable Master's litter was ready according to his directions. Fujinoko seated himself in the litter; the bearers raised it, and, attended by all his retinue, he was borne away.

They had not proceeded far, however, when a great commotion arose and two armed men came striding along the street crying:

"Way for the Prince! Room for the Lord of Choshi! Move aside there, you merchant, or you will get hurt!"

So Fujinoko and his party were hustled to one side of the street, to await the passing of the great man and his retainers.

trampling of horses, and at once his bearers and all his retainers hurried to the side of the road and stopped as if waiting for something.

"What is it?" asked Fujinoko impatiently. "Why are we stopping here?"

The man-at-arms whose post was beside the litter replied:

"My lord, the banner of the Emperor is approaching; his Sacred Majesty rides forth to hunt, and is even now about to pass by. Woe to us if we give not way to the Emperor!"

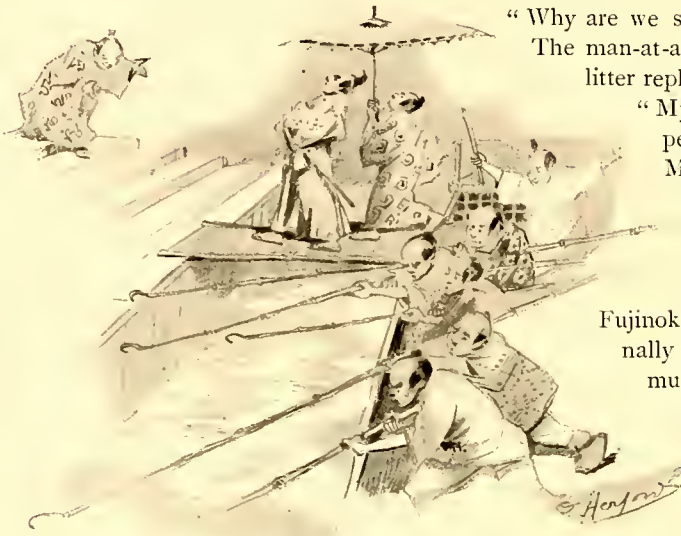
"How aggravating!" said Fujinoko angrily. "Must I be eternally meeting some one to whom I must give way?" At this moment the Emperor, attended by his noblemen and surrounded by his guards, rode by. The new-made Prince of Choshi bowed profoundly to his sovereign, but all the while envy

filled his heart, and he muttered to himself: "Here, at last, is a man than whom there is none greater! Ah, if I could be that man!"

Whish! In a twinkling the litter, its bearers, and all his retainers disappeared, and he found himself seated upon a magnificent horse, arrayed in imperial robes, and surrounded by the richly dressed throng of courtiers and soldiers, all decorated with the imperial insignia.

The heart of Fujinoko gave a great bound.

"At last," said he to himself, "here I am at the top of the ladder! There is now no one



"A MAN DESCENDED THE LANDING-STEPS, BOWING PROFOUNDLY."

Immediately the little man's grumbling fit came on again in spite of all that he had said and thought to the contrary.

"This is *too* bad!" he said to himself. "This is really outrageous! Here is a man who is more powerful than I, and before whom I must bow. How provoking! Dear, dear! I cannot put up with this. But how shall I remedy the matter? Alas, I know not! I wish *I* was the Prince of Choshi!" and bowing his head he gave way to gloomy thoughts.

When he looked up again, they had left the city behind them and were traversing the open country. It seemed to him that his retinue had grown larger; there were now many men about his litter, and the greater part of them were clad in armor and bore swords and spears. Soon they began to cry:

"Way for the Prince!"

Then joy filled his heart, for he understood that again his wish had been granted. Lounging back in his litter, he prepared to enjoy his high estate.

Hardly had he settled himself comfortably, when he was disturbed by a noise as of a great



"TWO ARMED MEN CRIED, 'WAY FOR THE PRINCE!'"

who is greater than I!" And as he rode along, his heart rejoiced within him, and he lifted his head proudly, and frowned magnificently.

Soon the cavalcade arrived at the hunting-grounds, and made preparations for the hunt; but before all was ready, the sun shone out so fiercely that the Emperor and all his train, unable to endure the heat, took shelter in a neighboring temple, and the hunt was postponed.

Very angry indeed was Fujinoko. "So!" he exclaimed, "the Emperor is not the strongest after all, since he is conquered and put to flight by the sun! Oh, ye mighty gods, I must be stronger than *all!* Let me be the Sun!"

At once he felt himself rising from the earth, and swelling out, growing larger and larger, rounder and rounder, as he rose higher and higher, and beginning to shine also with a golden luster. Still up and up he went, growing all the time, until at last he shone resplendent in the highest heaven. Fujinoko had become the Sun.

"Now," thought he, "I'll show them something." Immediately he endeavored to shine his brightest and hottest; and all the travelers, and all the poor laborers—all the men and women and children, in fact—fled to their houses, unable to endure the intolerable heat. Fujinoko laughed loudly and only burned the more fiercely. The trees and the grass withered and died; the standing water in the rice-fields and in the streams dried up, and many of the poor cattle died; but Fujinoko exulted and said: "Ha, ha! *now* I am the strongest!"

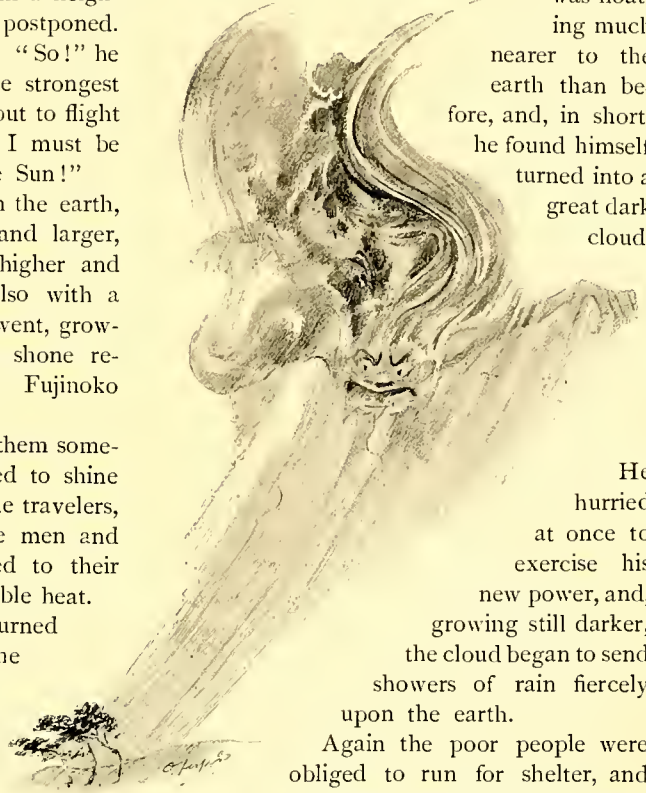
Far away on the horizon, there arose a dark cloud, and it came rolling up and up and spread itself out between the burning sun and the poor parched earth. Then all the men and women and children came out for a breath of air; all the poor cattle sighed a great sigh of relief, and every heart was lifted in gratitude to the gods for the great dark cloud.

Hot with anger was Fujinoko, and he exerted his power upon the cloud; but without effect. He burned his very hottest, but the cloud still defied him. At last he pettishly exclaimed, "Ho! it must be admitted I am not yet the strongest, since I cannot drive

away the cloud. I will no longer be the Sun—I wish to be the cloud!"

No sooner were the words spoken than he felt himself descending rapidly—so rapidly that it almost took his breath away. At the same time he began to spread out, growing thinner and darker as he descended, until at last he

was floating much nearer to the earth than before, and, in short, he found himself turned into a great dark cloud.



He hurried at once to exercise his new power, and, growing still darker, the cloud began to send showers of rain fiercely upon the earth.

Again the poor people were obliged to run for shelter, and the cattle were greatly frightened. Harder and harder the torrent poured down, until the streams

were overflowed and all the fields were flooded; harder still, until houses and trees were washed away, and many were drowned. But Fujinoko only laughed.

"Ho, ho! now indeed I am the strongest!" he cried; and he sailed away, bearing flood and disaster with him wherever he went.

At length he espied a great rock lying out in the sea. "Now," he cried, "I am going to wash you clear away; so look out, my friend!"

Then the rain began to beat upon the rock. But Fujinoko found very soon that he had undertaken a very difficult thing; not only was

"'NOW,' HE CRIED, 'I AM GOING TO WASH YOU CLEAR AWAY!'"

he unable to wash the rock away, but he failed to make even the slightest impression upon it. Whereupon he grew angry and tried to rain harder; and the harder he tried the angrier he got; but it seemed to make no difference to the rock whether it rained or not.

At last Fujinoko gave up in despair, crying: "I shall wear myself clear away striving with this great hulk of a rock! He is stronger than I. Oh, that I might be the rock!"

Falling again? Yes, so he was, and becoming smaller and harder; finally a plunge, and a great splash! There in the sea stood Fujinoko changed into a giant rock.

Well, the sun shone its hottest upon him and he never minded it; the clouds rained their hardest upon him, but he was not disturbed; the wind whistled and howled about him, but he was not in the least shaken; the sea arose and hurled its mighty waves against him, but he tossed them back shattered and in confusion. He laughed gleefully: "Ho, ho! Behold, I am stronger than the strongest!"

But one day there came rowing off from the land a funny little man in a funny little boat; he came straight to the rock, landed upon it, and, making the boat fast, he took out of it some hammers and chisels and a crowbar.

"Now," said the rock, "what do *you* want? But no matter—you can't have it; for I 'm the strongest, I 'll have you know!"

The little man gave no heed to this speech; perhaps he did n't hear it. At all events he just went quietly to work with his hammers and chisels, and pecked away at the rock very sturdily, and to such good purpose that, in spite of all the rock's efforts to break and turn the edges of the little man's chisels, he soon had broken off quite a large piece.

Upon this, the rock gave way to despairing rage. "Will there never be an end to this tiresome business?" said the rock. "Shall I never get to be the strongest of the strong? Well, I am not going to stop here; I want to be that man! I want to be that *man!*"

Just as he finished speaking, or rather shouting, these words, a great wave came rolling up and drenched his sides; he started, shivered, and looked about him, and lo, he was again the same funny little man that he was at the beginning! There were his boat and his tools, and even the remains of his dinner! Fujinoko stared at them a while, lost in deep thought, and then suddenly he began to laugh—such a merry ha, ha! as had never been known to issue from his lips.

He seized his hammer and chisel and literally charged at the rock, whacking away so stoutly and sturdily that in a very short time he had all the material that he could conveniently carry; then he loaded his boat, chuckling to himself all the while, and rowed away home.

As soon as his friends saw him, they stared and said: "Hullo, what's the matter?" But Fujinoko only chuckled. "Why, he has gone crazy!" said they; but he said nothing. And so he chuckled on, day after day, until people got clear out of patience with him, and said: "Whatever *is* the matter with you?" And in as much as they had previously called him "Fujinoko the grumbler," they now called him "Fujinoko the merry."

In fact, the little man came to be nearly as great a nuisance with his chuckling as he had previously been with his grumbling, and yet he never would tell what he was chuckling at. If you should happen to find out what it was, I wish you would tell me, for I am curious to know about it myself.



THE MEADOW BROOK.

BY CURTIS MAY.

I TURN no mill; no lake I fill;
No white sail flutters on my breast.
I show no grace of naiad's face,
Whose soft, warm foot my sands has pressed.
From one small spring pure draughts I bring
And tiptoe through the thirsty land.
Cup-bearer I where brown wrens fly,
And violets hide on either hand.

In untaught song I flow along,
Nor seek to utter that deep word
The ocean spoke when first it woke
And all creation paused and heard.
God's hand hath bound its own true sound
To every string he plays upon.
His listening ear hears, soft and clear,
The music of my whispered tone.

Where goldenrod and asters nod
And grasses edge my narrow stream,
Where swallows dip and orioles sip
My shining waters slip and gleam.
Some little need in flower or weed
To me alone in trust is given,
And knoll and tree leave space for me
To mirror forth a strip of heaven.



Ryan-Scars

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

ONE morning Jack felt somebody shaking him awake. "What is it?" said he, opening his eyes heavily, and looking up into the face of Brookes.

"T is land!" said Brookes. "We 're in sight of land! Don't you want to see it?"

Jack was out of his berth in an instant.

The deck was wet and chill with the dew of the early morning. The sun had not yet risen, but the day was bright and as clear as crystal. The land lay stretched out sharp and clear-cut in the early morning light—a white strip of sandy beach, a level strip of green marsh, and, in the far distance, a dark, ragged line of woodland standing against the horizon.

Jack had seen nothing but the water for so long that his eyes had become used to the measureless stretch of ocean all around him. The land looked very near, although it must have been fully a league away. He stood gazing and gazing at it.

"Well, Jack," said Brookes, "that there 's Virginia."

"Yes," said Jack; "but I tell you what it is, Brookes, if Captain Butts thinks he 's going to handle me just as he pleases after he gets me there, he 's mightily mistook."

It was after sunset when the brig, half sailing, drifted with the insweep of the tide up the York River. Jack stood with the other redemption servants gazing silently and intently at the high bluff shores. Above the crest of the bluff they could see the roofs and brick chimneys of the little town. A half dozen vessels of various sorts were riding at anchor in the harbor, looming black against the bright face of the water just ruffled by the light

breeze. The line of a long, straggling wharf reached some distance out across the water to a frame shed at the end. Along the shore toward the bluff were two or three small frame houses and a couple of big brick buildings. They were the tobacco warehouses. A boat was pulling off from the wharf—it was the customs-officer's boat. Other boats were following it. A sail-boat came fluttering from behind the wharf. Suddenly there was a thunderous splash. It was the anchor dropped. There was a quick rattling of the cable and a creaking as it drew taut. Then the "Arundel" swung slowly around with the sweep of the tide, and the voyage was ended.

A minute later the boat with the customs-officer came alongside. Captain Butts met him at the gangway and took him into the cabin. In a little while boats, canoes, and dugouts came clustering about the Arundel. The redemption servants crowded at the rail, staring down at them. A ceaseless volley of questions and answers were called back and forth from those below to those above. "Where d' ye come from?" "Gravesend and Southampton." "What craft is this?" "The Arundel of Bristol." "Comes from Gravesend, d' ye say?" "Be there any man aboard that comes from Southwark?" "Hey, Johnny Stivins, here be a man asks of Southwark." "Hi, there, what are ye doin'—d' ye want to stave us in?" A babel of a dozen voices at a time.

Jack stood looking down through the now falling twilight to the figures below, dim and mysterious in the gray light. Just beneath where he stood was a dugout that had come off from the shore among the first. It was rowed by a negro. So far as Jack could see in the dusk he was naked to the waist. It all looked very strange and foreign. A white man sat in the stern. He appeared to have upon his head a kind of hat of woven grasses. He wore loose

cotton trousers and was smoking a leaf of tobacco rolled into a cigarro, the lighted tip of which alternately glowed and faded in the darkening twilight.

Just then Captain Butts came out of the cabin with the customs-officer. "Here, Dyce!" he shouted at the mate, "send those men down into the steerage. We'll have half on 'em running away in the dark next we knows on."

The transports grumbled and growled among themselves as they were driven below.

The day had been warm and the steerage was close and hot; a lantern hung from the deck above, and in the dim, dusky light the men stood crowded together. Presently one of the group began singing a snatch of a jovial song. Other voices joined in the refrain, and gradually the muttering and grumbling began to change into a noisy and rebellious turbulence. The singing grew louder and louder, breaking now and then into a shout or yell.

Jack had crept into his berth. It was close and stuffy, and it smelt heavy and musty after the fresh air above. He felt very dull and numb, and the noises and tumult in the close confines of the steerage stunned and deafened him.

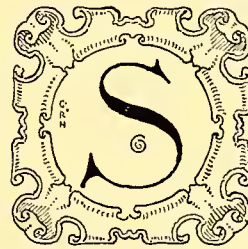
For a while the transports whistled and yelled and shouted unchecked. Then presently there was the noise of some one coming down into the fore-castle beyond. It was Joe Bushley, one of the sailors. He came into the steerage, and at his coming an expectant lull fell upon the tumult. He carried a cocked and loaded pistol in his hand. His face was stolid and expressionless, and he looked neither to the right nor to the left. "What 're you going to do, Joe?" called out one of the redemptioners. He did not answer; he went directly to the lantern, opened it, blew out the light, closed it again, and then turned away without saying a word. He went into the fore-castle and blew out the lantern there, and then everything was instantly engulfed in an impenetrable and pitchy darkness. A burst of derisive yells followed Joe as he climbed clattering up the fore-castle ladder again, but he paid no attention to the uproar, and the next moment Jack heard the rattling of the slide of the scuttle as it was closed, and then the snapping of the

lock. For a while after the lights were put out the uproar was louder than ever. The men thumped and banged and kicked. But in time the pitchy darkness quelled their spirits in spite of themselves, and little by little the tumult ceased. It broke out intermittently; it quieted again, and then, at last, it subsided into a muffled grumbling.

Jack lay in his berth staring into the darkness; his ears seemed to hum and tingle with the black stillness that surrounded him. He felt intensely wide-awake, as though he could never sleep again. Teeming thoughts passed vividly through his brain. Visions of all he had seen during the day—the sandy shore, the distant strip of pine-woods, the restless, crawling waters between—he could almost see the water.

CHAPTER IX.

IN VIRGINIA.



SINCE the capital had been removed to Williamsburg, and since the Governor's Palace and the Government House had been established there, it had become the center of fashion in the colony.

Just now the court was in session and the Council sitting, and Governor Spottiswood was holding court every Thursday. This particular day was rather close and warm, but there was an unusually large representation of the provincial aristocracy and commonalty present. It was still not late in the afternoon, but there had already been a good many arrivals, and the gabbling sound of talking filled the Assembly Room. The Governor, where he stood at the end of the room, was the center of a group of gentlemen who were clustered about him and in his immediate vicinity. It was almost difficult to get past them to pay respects to his Excellency. Just then the talk was about a renewed trouble with pirates, who had begun again to infest the mouth of the Bay and the North Carolina Sounds. The notorious Blackbeard had broken his pardon and was

again stopping vessels sailing between Virginia and the Carolinas.

The "Pearl" and the "Lyme," ships-of-war, were just then lying at Jamestown, and some of the officers had come over to pay their respects at the palace. Some of them were standing near, listening to Councilor Page, who chanced to be speaking of the latest depredations of Blackbeard. "He was lying down at Ocracock," said Mr. Page. "I had a sloop coming from the Tar River with some shingle-thatch for my new warehouse. Well, the villains stopped her and came aboard of her. They overhauled her cargo, and I do believe if they 'd known the cargo was for me they would have thrown it all overboard. But Williams said naught about that, and so they did not know whose 't was. There was nothing on board to serve the villains' turn, and they might just as well have let the sloop go, but no—there that wretch, Blackbeard, held her for nearly two days so that she might not give the alarm of his being there to any incoming vessels. Williams—he was the captain of my sloop—said that while he was lying there under the pirate's guns he saw Blackbeard stop and levy upon some nine vessels of different sorts, rummaging all over their cargoes. He said it was chiefly rum and cloth the villain was after. He hath two armed sloops now, and a crew altogether of some forty or sixty men, and twice or thrice as many more to call upon if he chooses."

"Why, zounds!" said Lieutenant Maynard—"why, then, do you people here in the provinces put up with such a rascal as this Teach, or Blackbeard, or whatever his name is? Were I in his Excellency's place here, I would fit out an expedition and send it down there and blow the villain clean out of the water, and have done with him."

"Tut, tut! Lieutenant," said the Governor, smiling, "that shows how little you men of war know about civil affairs. How could I, Governor of Virginia, fit out an expedition and send it down into North Carolina? Ocracock is under Governor Eden's jurisdiction, and 't is his place to move against them down in the waters of his own province."

"Well, your Excellency," said Lieutenant Maynard, "to be sure I know naught about

the law and only about fighting. But if a villain stood at my neighbor's door and stopped my own people from coming out and going in upon my business, why, zounds! your Excellency, I would have it out with him even if I had to chase him into my neighbor's house to do it." The Governor laughed good-naturedly, and the groups around him joined in. Then the Governor turned to meet some new-comers, who made their way through those surrounding him.

"I do declare," said Mr. Dillworth, "methinks Governor Eden of North Carolina is as bad as ever was Fletcher of New York at his worst times. 'T was this Blackbeard who murdered poor Ned Parker—the first young gentleman of Virginia—and yet Eden gives the villain a pardon as soon as he asks for it. They say his Excellency—Governor Eden, I mean—condemns all the prizes that Blackbeard takes, and that he and his secretary, Knight, receive their share for doing so. But that was naught to pardoning the villain after he killed poor Ned Parker."

"Have you heard how Colonel Parker, Ned's father, is now?" said Mr. Page.

"Why, he 's better now," said Mr. Cartwright, a cousin of Colonel Parker's. "I was at Marlborough, myself, two weeks ago, and the gout seemd to have pretty well left him then."

"Methinks he hath never been the same man since poor Master Ned was murdered by the pirates," said Mr. Dillworth. "I never saw anybody so broken by trouble as he was then. And, indeed, well he might be, thus to lose his only son."

"His daughter, Miss Nelly, is a great beauty, I hear," said Lieutenant Maynard.

"The girl is well enough," said Mr. Cartwright.

Among the other and more social groups in the room was Mr. Harry Oliver, with his two young lady cousins, who stood over by an open window with two or three ladies younger and older. Harry Oliver was a young man of about eighteen years old. He wore his own hair curled and hanging to his shoulders; he put it back with his hand every now and then as he talked. He showed his white teeth when

he smiled. His large, dark eyes moved restlessly hither and thither.

"Yonder comes Dick Parker," said Harry Oliver.

"Why, so 't is!" said Miss Peggy Oliver. They all stood looking toward the new-comer. "Upon my word," she continued, "he is a man I can't abide for the life of me. As proud and haughty a man as ever I saw, he turns me to a block of ice whenever I am near him, and I can't find a word to say for myself."

Oliver laughed. "Why, Peggy," he said, "that then must be why you can't abide him."

Mr. Richard Parker, who had just come into the room, stood quietly waiting to speak to the Governor. He did not try to push his way through the groups that surrounded his Excellency, and for a while nobody saw him. His handsome, florid face, surrounded by a great, fine periwig of black hair, looked calmly and steadily in the direction of the Governor. He stood quite impassive, waiting an opportunity to go forward when he would not have to push his way through the crowd. Presently some one saw him and spoke to the others, and they made way for him. He went forward, still calmly, and paid his respects in a few brief words. He spoke with the Governor for a little while, or rather the Governor spoke to him, and he replied. All the time the Governor was speaking Mr. Parker was looking steadily and composedly around the room, replying every now and then. Again the Governor spoke, again he replied with a bow. There was a pause, and then Mr. Richard Parker bowed again, and withdrew to a little distance.

"Why, only look at him now," said Peggy Oliver; "even his Excellency is not good enough for him."

"Well, to be sure, Peggy," said one of the elder ladies, "if Mr. Parker is proud, he hath enough to make him proud. Why, what a man of great fashion he hath been in his day! 'T is certain he was with the Duke of Marlborough, and about his person in Flanders at the time of the battle of Malplaquet. 'T is a wonder to me that he should ever have come here to the provinces, seeing what a man of fashion he was at home in England."

"Why," said Oliver, "maybe he 'd not have

come if he could have helped himself. But what could any man do who was so swallowed up by debts as he? They say that old Dunmore Parker when he was alive used to give him a fortune every year to spend; yet, after all, he had to run away from the bailiffs. He oweth more money to creditors now than any other man in Virginia. They say that at one time he played a game of piquet that took four days; 't was with a Frenchman, a nobleman—I forget his name—who was a prisoner at Malplaquet. Indeed, 't was mightily hard upon him after his father died to find that all the estate except the Dunmore plantation was left to his brother, Colonel Birchall Parker."

"But I don't see," said Miss Peggy Oliver, "that all that gives him the right to lord it over us here in Virginia."

They were looking at Mr. Parker.

"Well, I must go over and speak to him," said Harry Oliver, suddenly; "I have something to tell him."

He got up and went across the room to where Mr. Parker stood alone. "How d' ye do, Parker?" said he.

Mr. Parker looked slowly at him. "How d' ye do, Oliver?" said he.

"That 's a monstrous handsome piece of lace you 've got there, Parker," said the young man, looking at Mr. Parker's showy cravat.

"'T is good enough," said Mr. Parker, briefly.

"Is it Flemish?"

"Yes, sir."

"We don't come across any such lace as that, here in Virginia," said the young man.

"Don't you?"

Oliver stood beside him in silence. Almost unconsciously he assumed somewhat of the older man's manner, standing with his hands behind him and looking indifferently around the room. "Tell me, Parker," said he, "do you go down to Parrott's to-morrow?"

Again Mr. Parker looked slowly at him. "To Parrott's!" said he. "What d' ye mean?"

"Why, have you not heard?" exclaimed the young man eagerly, and glad to have found something to interest the other. "Why, there are to be six mains fought betwixt the gentlemen of Surry and the gentlemen of Prince George's. I heard say, too, that Ned William-

son has promised to bring down a three-year horse that he hath broke, and will run it in the afternoon, perhaps, against Tom Lawson's 'Duke of Norfolk.'

Mr. Parker listened impassively. "I had not heard anything about it," said he; "I came down only yesterday."

"What time do you go down to Parrott's?" he asked presently.

"To-morrow morning. I'm going to stay at my uncle Tom's overnight. Will you go along?"

"Why," said Mr. Parker, "I had n't thought of it before. Maybe I will go."

"I start in the morning," said Oliver, eagerly. "I'll come over for you if you'll go."

"Very well," said Mr. Parker, "you may come over, and, if I find I can, I'll go with you."

Then he moved away without saying anything further.

It was early twilight of the next evening when Mr. Richard Parker and Harry Oliver rode up to Parrott's house. The house itself was the largest of a cluster of unpainted frame buildings that stood just beyond the clearing, overlooking the bay from a low sandy bluff. A number of outbuildings and sheds surrounded it to the rear. Three pine-trees stood not far from the low porch that sheltered the doorway. A dozen or more horses were tied beneath the pine-trees, and near by them lounged a group of men, black and white. They ceased talking, and some of them took off their hats, as Mr. Parker and Mr. Oliver rode up to the door and alighted. Mr. Oliver nodded to them, but Mr. Parker paid no attention to any one.

The two gentlemen went directly into the house. Tom Parrott's wife met them in the hallway, where was a scattered heap of hats and riding-coats. From the room to one side came the deep sound of men talking, and then a sudden outburst of voices. "I be mortal proud to see ye, gentlemen," said Mrs. Parrott, dropping them a courtesy. "Indeed, Mr. Parker, you do honor us. You'll find Tom and the gentlemen in yonder."

"You go ahead, Oliver," said Mr. Parker, calmly ignoring Mrs. Parrott's welcome.

Another loud burst of voices greeted the two as they entered the room, so dense with tobacco-smoke that at first they could see nothing at all. Tom Parrott pushed back his chair noisily and rose to meet the new-comers. He was a stout little man with a red face. It was redder than ever now. He had laid aside his wig, and his bald head glistened. He wore no coat; his waistcoat was opened; he wiped his face and head with his shirt-sleeve as he spoke. "Why, Mr. Parker," said he, "who'd 'a' thought to see you? You be mighty welcome, Mr. Parker. Won't you take a hand at the game, sir? Tim," to the negro, "push up that chair for Mr. Parker. You know all the gentlemen here, don't you, Mr. Parker?" And then he stopped abruptly as though struck by a sudden thought.

Mr. Richard Parker looked briefly around the table. He did know, at least by sight, all who were there but one. That one was a stranger to him: a tall man, who wore a long, thick, perfectly black beard tied into a knot with a piece of string. His thick, black hair was parted in the middle and brushed smoothly down upon either side of his head, and was trimmed squarely all around his neck. The locks at his temple were plaited into long strings that hung down on either side in front of his ears, in which twinkled a pair of gold earrings. His face was tanned by exposure to a leathery russet, but deepened to a bricky red in his cheeks. At the name of Parker the stranger had looked up sharply for an instant, and then had looked down again at the cards he was in the act of shuffling. A sudden hush as of expectancy had fallen upon the room. Everybody was looking attentively at Mr. Parker and at the stranger.

"Who is your friend yonder, Parrott?" asked Mr. Parker. "I don't know him."

"My name is Teach," said the stranger boldly—"Captain Teach, and I hail from North Carolina. I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Parker." He reached a brown, hairy hand across the table toward Mr. Richard Parker, looking up at him as he did so with an almost impudent steadiness. Mr. Richard Parker made no sign of recognizing the name the stranger gave himself. He and the pirate

seemed to be the only self-possessed men in the room. He calmly ignored the proffered hand, but said in a perfectly equal voice, "Why, then, I am obliged to you for telling me," and then coolly took his seat and joined in the game.

It was nearly morning when Mr. Parker and Mr. Oliver left the house. The moon, just past the full, hung in the east like a flattened globe of white light. The air was chill and smelt rank of marsh and woodland. The mocking-birds were singing in ceaseless medley from the thickets beyond. Captain Teach followed the two gentlemen as they came out of the house. "And when may I look for you to settle your losses, Mr. Parker?" said he.

"I 'll talk with you to-morrow," said Mr. Parker as he set his foot in the stirrup.

"But you 'll give me some written obligation of some sort, won't you?"

"I tell you, sirrah, I 'll talk with you to-morrow. Do you hear me? To-morrow!" And then the two gentlemen rode away into the night, leaving the other standing looking after them.

CHAPTER X. INTO BONDAGE.



IT was the morning after the arrival at Yorktown. Jack was awake and up on deck bright and early. The sun had just risen upon a clear and cloudless day, and the brisk, fresh wind drove the

crisp waves splashing against the brig as she rode at anchor. The foliage of the trees on shore whitened to the breeze, and the smoke blew sharply away here and there from some tall brick chimney. The town looked fresh and strangely new in the brightness of the morning. Three of the vessels that had lain in the harbor overnight were getting under way. The yo-hoing of the sailors and the creaking and rattling of block and tackle as the sails rose higher and higher apeak, sounded sharp and clear across the water. One large schooner heeling over before the wind, slid swiftly and

silently past the Arundel. A group of sailors clustered along the rail were looking over toward the Arundel as they passed the brig, but the man at the helm—he wore a red woolen Montero cap—gazed out steadily ahead, stooping a little so as to see under the boom of the mainsail.

It was well toward the middle of the day, and Jack was lounging in his berth when Dred suddenly appeared in the steerage. He stood looking silently around for a moment or two, and then seeing Jack, beckoned to him. Dred did not speak until they were out in the fore-castle. "The agent's come from shore to take you all off, lad," said he. "He's with Captain Butts in the cabin now, and in a minute or two you'll be sent for."

"To take us ashore!" said Jack, with a sudden keen pang. "Do you mean, to take us ashore to sell us?"

"Well, you 'll be sold arter a while," said Dred.

"But," said Jack, "won't I get a chance to see anybody? I'm not going to let them sell me, Dred, without saying something for myself. They've no right to sell me, and they sha'n't sell me. Sure, there 'll be somebody ashore I can talk to?"

Dred shook his head. "You don't know what you're talking about, Jack," said he. "Why, there be hundreds of pore fellows fetched to the Americas every year just as you've been. What d'ye suppose they care here in the provinces how they're fetched. But sit you down there a bit, lad"; and he pointed to the sea-chest. "I've a notion to try and tidy ye up a bit. I don't choose to have ye looking like them riff-raff"; and he jerked his head toward the steerage. "D'ye see, we two ha' been mates, ha'n't we?" He had taken out his gunny-bag, and he now brought out of it his needle and thread; he was looking up at Jack from under his brows as he spoke. "Well, then, seeing as we're messmates, I won't have ye going ashore looking like nothing but trash. Give me your coat and waistcoat." He had threaded his needle and waxed the thread deftly. Jack stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and without a word Dred began mending the frayed and tattered edges of the waistcoat.

Jack stood silently in his shirt-sleeves watching him for a while. He had done what Dred had bidden him duly, but he thought of but one thing. There was a great hard lump in his throat as he stood watching Dred's busy fingers. "But do you mean to tell me," said he, "that there 's no law in Virginia to protect a body when a body 's been kidnapped?"

Dred shook his head.

"And must I then just submit to it like a brute beast and be sold on a tobacco plantation and maybe never see home again? Why, Dred—" He almost broke down.

"Aye; it do seem hard," said Dred, and he bit off the thread; "but that 's the way 't is, and so you just got to make the best of it. There, that looks betterish," and he held the waistcoat off and looked at it. "Here, take it," and he tossed it to Jack. "And now for the coat. I be as wonderful a man at mending clothes as I be at spinning yarns—eh? Why, what a hole is here, to be sure!"

Jack stood for a long while in cruelly bitter thought. "That was the customs-officer came aboard last night," he said. "I wish I 'd told him about it, and I 'm sure he 'd have helped me."

"Why, no, he would n't," said Dred. "He would n't 'a' listened to you a word! Here 's your coat. No, no, lad, there 's naught for it but to make the best of it. And don't you go making trouble for yourself. You 're mightily young yet, and five or six year won't matter so much to you." While he was talking he was neatly putting away the needle and thread.

"Five or six years!" cried poor Jack hoarsely, almost crying.

Dred was fumbling in his gunny-bag. Presently he fetched out a pair of yarn stockings. "Here, put these on," said he. "The ones you got be all full of holes. Give 'em to me."

Jack, his throat dry and tight, changed his stockings, Dred standing over him. Suddenly the boatswain appeared at the companionway of the fore-castle and piped all hands up on deck. Jack and Dred went up together. Captain Butts and the agent were standing waiting for the men, the agent holding a little packet of papers in his hand. Jack, in a glance, saw that the agent was a tall, lean man dressed in rusty

black, wearing a long black coat, and with the flaps of his hat tied up with leather thongs. His lips moved as he counted the redemptioners, one by one, while they came up out of the companionway and were formed in a line before him by the boatswain. A great flat boat rowed by four negroes and with a white man in the stern had been made fast to the side of the brig. "Nineteen, twenty—that 's all of 'em, Captain"; and the agent had counted Jack in with the others; "and very lucky you 've been with 'em. Now, Bo's'n, get 'em down as soon as you can."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boatswain; and then to the men, "Now then, look alive, my hearties, and don't take all day about it!"

Suddenly Jack went straight over to where the agent stood. "Master," said he, "I 'm not one of them redemptioners at all. I was knocked down and kidnapped."

"Hold your noise!" roared the captain.

"No, I won't neither," said Jack.

"I don't know anything about it," said the agent. "The invoice calls for twenty men shipped from Southampton, and your name must be among them. What 's your name?"

"Jack Ballister."

"Yes, here 't is—'John Ballister—seven years.'"

"Seven years!" cried Jack.

"Yes, seven years. If there 's something wrong you 'll have to hold Captain Butts and Mr. Hezekiah Tipton to answer. I 'm only the agent."

"I wish I had ye for a couple of days longer," said Captain Butts; "I 'd answer ye, I would. I 'd put my answer upon your back, I would, afore I 'd let ye go!"

"Why, Master Tipton 's my uncle," said Jack, despairingly. "Sure, he did n't mean for me to be kidnapped?"

"Well, I don't know anything about it," said the agent, impatiently. "You 'll have to get aboard the boat now."

Jack gave one more despairing look around. Then, choking convulsively, he crossed the deck and climbed down into the boat. A moment or two and the agent followed, and then immediately the boat was cast loose. As it pulled away toward the shore, Jack sat gazing

back across the widening stretch of water. The brig blurred and dissolved to his brimming eyes, and the last thing he saw was Dred's bright red handkerchief gleaming like a flame against the blue sky as he stood on the rail looking after the departing boat.

A little scattered cluster of men stood upon the wharf waiting for the flat boat, as it drew nearer and nearer; and when it struck the piling with a bump, half a dozen willing hands caught the line that was thrown them and made it fast. Jack scrambled with the others to the wharf, under the curious gaze of those who stood looking on. They were formed into a line two by two, and then marched down the wharf toward the shore. The loungers followed them scatteringly. A strange feeling of unreality had taken possession of Jack. He felt somehow as though everything were happening vaguely in a dream. In the same fashion, as though in a dream, he reached the shore, crossed the narrow strip of beach, and marched with the others up a sloping, sandy road cut through the high bluff. At the crest they came out upon a broad, grassy street, upon which fronted the straggling houses, one or two built of brick, but most of them unpainted frame structures with tall, sharp-pointed roofs and outside chimneys of brick. A curious smoky smell pervaded the air.

People stood at their doors looking at Jack and his companions as they marched two by two down the center of the dusty street; but still everything seemed to Jack to be dim and distant from himself.

At last they were halted in front of a large brick warehouse. The door was opened, and then they entered. It was perfectly empty, and smelt damp and earthy from disuse. The board floor was sunken unevenly, and the plaster was broken from the walls here and there in great patches. The two windows which looked out upon the rear of the adjoining houses were barred across with iron. Jack heard his companions talking together. "Well, Jack," said one of them, "here we be at last." But Jack did not venture to reply.

It was the second night of his confinement, when Jack was aroused from his uneasy sleep

by one of his companions who had clutched his shoulder and was shaking him.

"What is it?" cried Jack, starting up sharply, bewildered by his sudden waking. "Who is it? Who wants me?"

"Chris Dred 's at the window yonder and wants to speak to you," said the man who had aroused him.

Two of the men were at the window, talking to Dred. Some of the others had been disturbed by the voices. They were turning and moving uneasily and restlessly, and Jack could dimly see that two or three were sitting up in the darkness. He made his way carefully among the sleepers to the window, where he could see the outline of a head against the night sky beyond. The redemptioners made way for him when he came. He climbed up on a box, holding by the iron bars. "Is that you, Dred?" he whispered, with his face close to the square of iron.

"Yes, it be I," answered Dred in a whisper. "I 've left Captain Butts and the Arundel. I have deserted, and I ain't going back again. I 've joined the old crew again. I 'm going down to North Carolina."

"Joined the old crew?—what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that I 've joined with Captain Blackbeard ag'in. Yesterday Captain Butts came ashore, and I was one of the crew of the boat that fetched him. What d' ye think?—the very first man I laid my eyes on when I stepped ashore was old Israel Hands. He was sailing-master aboard the 'Queen Anne's Revenge' when Captain Blackbeard had his fleet. Well, Hands he tipped me the wink, and by and by I got a chance to have a bit of talk with him. And what d' ye think he told me? Why, that Captain Blackbeard had got tired of living a quiet life down at Bath, and gone back to the old trade again. Hands axed me if 'I 'd jine in with 'em,' and I said 'Yes,' and here I be. And so, d' ye see, I 'm a wonderful man up to the very last; ain't I, lad?"

"But do you really mean that you are going to be a pirate again?" asked Jack.

"Why, that 's about what I 've been trying to tell you. Hands and Morton are waiting out there in front for me now, and I can't stop any longer."

The third day was the last of their confinement. It was about eleven o'clock when they were brought out of the storehouse, formed into line in front of the building, and then marched away in the hot sun down the street about a hundred yards to the custom-house. Jack saw a lounging, scattered crowd of men there, gathered in a little group, and he guessed that was where they were to be sold.

The agent and the auctioneer stood by a horse-block, talking together in low tones as the man who had marched Jack and the others down from the warehouse formed them in line against the wall of the building. The agent held a slip of paper in his hand, which he referred to every now and then. At last the auctioneer mounted upon the horse-block.

"Gentlemen," Jack heard him say, "I have now to offer as fine a lot of servants as hath ever been brought to Virginia. There be only twenty, gentlemen, but every one choice and desirable. Which is the first one you have upon your list, Mr. Quillen?" said he, turning to the agent.

The agent referred to a slip of paper he held in his hand. "Sam Dawson!" he called out in a loud voice. "Step out, Sam Dawson!" and in answer to the summons a big, lumbering man with a heavy brow and dull face stepped out from the others and stood beside the horse-block.

"This is Sam Dawson, gentlemen," said the agent addressing the crowd. "He hath no trade, but he is a first-rate, healthy fellow, and well fitted for the tobacco-fields. He is to be sold for ten years."

"You have heard, gentlemen," said the auctioneer—"a fine big fellow, and sold for ten years. How much have I bid for his time? How much? Ten pounds is bid for his time—ten pounds is bid, gentlemen! I have ten pounds! Now I have twelve pounds! Now I have fifteen pounds!"

In a minute the price had run up to twenty pounds, and then a voice said quietly: "I will give you twenty-five pounds for the man."

"Mr. Simms bids twenty-five pounds for the man's time in behalf of Colonel Birchall Parker," said the salesman. "Have I any more bids for him?" But Mr. Simms's bid seemed to close

the sale, for no one appeared to care to bid against him.

Jack had been so dazed and bewildered by coming out from the dark and chill warehouse into the sunlight and life that he had hardly noticed anything very particularly, but now he did look at the man who had bought Sam Dawson's time. He was a stout, red-faced, plain-looking man, dressed very neatly in snuff-colored clothes. As Jack wondered who he was, another man was called out from the line of servants. Again the bids had run up to ten or twelve pounds, and then again Mr. Simms made a bid of twenty-five pounds, and once more no one bid against him. Another man and another were sold, and then Jack heard his own name.

"Jack Ballister!" called the agent. "Stand out, boy, and be quick about it!" and Jack mechanically advanced from the others and took his place upon the block, looking around him as he did so at the circle of faces fronting him and all staring at him. He felt his breath coming and going quickly and his heart beating and pounding heavily. His mouth was dry, and he swallowed and swallowed.

"Here is a fine, good boy, gentlemen," said the salesman. "He is only sixteen years old, but he will do well as a serving or waiting-man in some gentleman's house who hath need of such. He hath education, and reads and writes freely. Also, as you may see for yourselves, gentlemen, he is strong and well built. A lively boy, gentlemen—a good, lively boy! Come, boy, run to yonder post and back, and show the gentlemen how brisk ye be!"

Jack, although he heard the words, looked dumbly at the speaker. "D' ye hear me?" said the agent. "Do as I bid ye; run to yonder post and back!"

Then Jack did so. It seemed to him as though he were running in a nightmare.

"The boy is strong," said the agent, "but does not show himself off as well as he might. But he is a good boy, as you may see."

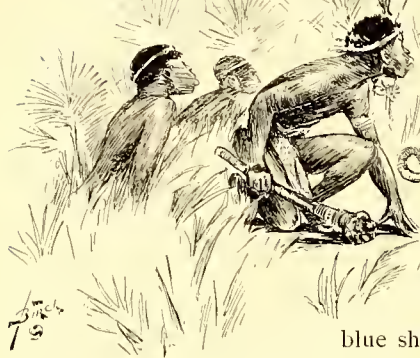
"Now then, gentlemen, how much do you bid for this boy?" said the auctioneer.

Once more the bids ran up, ten—twelve—fifteen pounds. "I give you twenty pounds for the boy's time," said Mr. Simms, and again no one offered to give more.



"NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, HOW MUCH DO YOU BID FOR THIS BOY?" SAID THE AUCTIONEER." (PAGE 720.)

A Yarn of



Sailor Ben's

BY TUDOR JENKS.

IN the blue shadow of the Life-Saving Station sat Sailor Ben painting a toy boat. He ran a red stripe around the hull.

"That brightens her a bit," remarked Sailor Ben. "I hopes the little lad will like her. Anyhow, she 's wuth the half-dollar — every cent."

"That 's gay!" said a small boy in a sailor-suit, who just then came down the board walk from the hotel. "She 'll scoot along, won't she?"

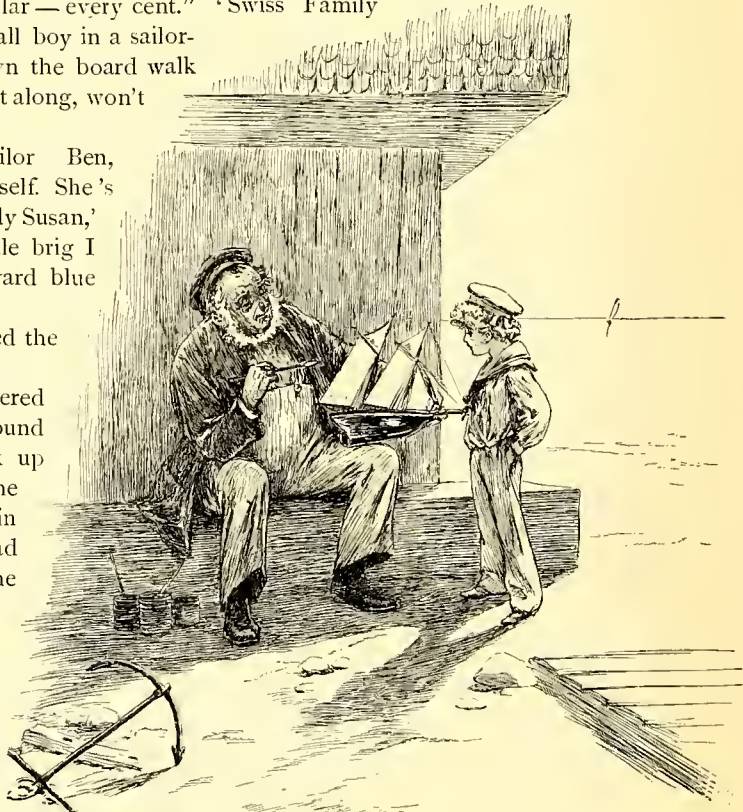
"Sure-ly," answered Sailor Ben, solemnly; "she can't help herself. She 's the model image of the 'Speedy Susan,' and that was the slickest little brig I ever see point forefoot toward blue water."

"Was she wrecked?" asked the boy.

"O' course she were," answered the old sailor. "She were bound to be — always sailing smack up ag'in' all the coral reefs she could find. She was tradin' in the South Pacific, and she had a fancy for coral reefs. She could n't keep clear of 'em. We hauled her off a matter of a dozen times, but it was n't no sort o' use. She'd made up her mind to be wrecked — and wrecked she were, on the Tapioca Islands."

"Tapioca?" the boy asked, smiling doubtfully.

"Tapioca is what we called 'em. It may 'a' been Tappy-appy-oca or Tapioca-oca, but it don't signify. That ain't the point. The point is here: How did the Cook and the Bo's'n — that was me — get away from the cannibal savages?" asked Sailor Ben, very impressively. "You might read your 'Swiss Family



"'SHE 'S THE MODEL IMAGE OF THE SPEEDY SUSAN,' SAID SAILOR BEN."

Crusoe' forty times without comin' within forty fathom of guessin' that little riddle."

"Tell me about it," said the boy eagerly.

"Are you sure you can lie by while I 'm tellin' it? I don't like to have you signaled for just as I get all sail drawin'."

"I can wait for half an hour," the boy answered. "They 've all gone in bathing."

"Then put a stopper on that little chatter-box, open both your hearin'-ports, and — don't believe all an old sailor tells you when he 's spinnin' yarns to a little landlubber," said Sailor Ben, with a good-natured chuckle. "Here 's the way it goes: "

As I remarked in the start, the Speedy Susan wrecked herself off the Tappy-appy-oca Islands in the South Pacific. I was a green youngster then, but with the makin's of a sailor about me. After the brig bumped coral and filled, she thought she 'd make a call on Mr. Davy Jones. Not havin' been invited, I made up my mind to stay above water as long as I could.

"Come," says I to the Cook, "you and me ain't captains o' this ungrateful craft. Our betters may go down in glory with the ship, but bo's'ns and cooks can't be spared like officers, and swimmin' ashore is all we 're good for."

The Cook was a level-headed kind of a darcy,—he made the best plum-duff I ever see,—and he says: "All right, sah." So over we went like a couple o' flying-fish, and come up like two tortoises. But it was a powerful stretch to swim, bein' a matter o' forty mile or so; and I mistrust whether we might n't 'a' joined Mr. D. Jones's little party down below if it had n't been for the Bo's'n (me). When I heard Snowball (the Cook, you mind) puffing grampus-fashion, I says to him, says I:

"Snowball, you sunburnt sea-cook, float on your back and I 'll tow you a bit." So he did, and I grappled his wool and towed him as easy as if he were the Lord Mayor o' London in his kerridge. When I begin to puff like a steam-tug, Snowball played horse for me while I lay baskin' like a lazy whale o' Sunday. So we went — Bo's'n tugging Cook, and Cook repayin' the compliment till we got in soundin's.

I 'm not a-go'in' to describe the Tappy-appy Islands. You 've got your Jography, and you

can read about 'em any time. The only thing that 's peccoliar about the islands you 'll see as I get along with my facts.

We come ashore in good shape, water-logged, but sound in every timber, and chipper as marines in a ca'm. We had nothin' but our togs to look after, and we set there makin' observations on the weather and the good qualities of our late shipmates, till we had drained off some. Then we begun to talk of explorin' a bit.

We had n't fixed on a plan when somethin' happened that knocked our plans into a cocked hat. Up came a lot of natives rigged out in feathers and things, jabberin' seventeen to the dozen, and maybe more. They surrounded us, and we hauled down our flags without firin' a gun—which we had n't any. They decorated us with grass-rope bracelets, tied us into two shipshape bits o' cargo, shouldered us, and set sail inland, singin' songs o' triumph.

"Cook," says I, "we 're a-go'in' int' the interior."

"I 'm afeared we be," he pipes up sorrowful enough, thinkin' I meant they was cannibals.

"Avast!" says I. "Men don't sing when they 're hungry."

And I was right. When they got us up to their town, they cast us loose, and gave us free board and fair lodgin's, considerin'—for you would n't be wantin' electric-bells and bills-o'-fare in such outlandish regions.

Skippin' the months when we was just gettin' acquainted with their ways, I 'll get on to the adventure part. I 'll say no more than that we lived in clover, till Cook he begun to be homesick. I did n't mind it myself.

"Cook," says I, "it 's a kind of a copper-colored vacation when you look at it right—reg'lar rations and nothin' to do."

"It ain't like New Bedford," was all he 'd say; and the same I could n't deny.

But I 'd picked up their lingo till I could converse fair and free like a genteel Tappy-appyocan, passin' the time o' day with the best of 'em. But the Cook was diff'rent; he had a wife and little kids at home, and there was n't any way of hearin' from them. He had been the darkest darcy on the islands, but he faded to the shade of a chaplain's every-day coat at the end of a long cruise. I felt sorry for him.

So one day, though I had an invitation to play *tenny-tenny hop-hop*—which, queerly enough, was n't unlike tennis and hop-sotch mixed up together—I politely begged off, and piloted out—a regular plum-duff and soft-Tommy spread: plenty o' the best, and charge it to the steward; and he set great store by makin' a show for reasons that I happened to know.



"THEY SURROUNDED US, AND WE HAULED DOWN OUR FLAGS WITHOUT FIRIN' A GUN—WHICH WE HAD N'T ANY."

the Cook down to the "sad sea waves" (as I once heard a sweet-singin' young woman remark).

"Cooky," says I, "you are most shockin' pale, and unstiddy upon your pins. Are you land-sick?"

"Ter tell de trufe, sah," says he, pipin' his eye, "I am wantin' powerful to git back ter ole New Bedford; and I don't see dat dese oncivilized colored pussons are goin' ter let us go."

"Well, cheer up," says I; "for I've calculated a course that oughter fetch us clear."

I made out a chart of my idee, and the black Cook he "yah-yahed" till he reminded me of a high-striking hyena what I once seen in a cirks. But it was no wonder.

The way of it was this: the chief of the Tappappycans was goin' to give a big blow-

That 's what made me think of my plan, and that 's why the Cook grinned.

So back we went to find the chief,—Tiffin, I called him,—and I hailed him till he came out from his hut where he 'd been palaverin' with his chief cook.

"Tiffin," says I, "great Chief of the Tappappies" (for these benighted heathen likes titles, and has no idee of the glorious off-hand ways of a republic like ours), "you 're goin' to give a noble eatin'-match?"

"True, Moonface," says he; for that 's the name I went by, though I was more like a beet in the face than like the moon.

"I s'pose you want things to go off in tip-top style?" I went on as easy as you please.

"You know well, Moonface," says he, his complexion gettin' a shade darker, "that my brother, the chief of the Succotash Islands" (there 's where my memory 's not what it should be—I don't rightly remember the Jography name) "is to dine with me, and he has far and away the champion cook o' these parts. Three weeks have we fit over that there cook."

"I don't recall mentionin' the fact previously," I remarks, "but Snowball here—*he 's* the boss medicine-man over a galley-stove that I ever saw" (that 's the sense of what I said)—"in fact, he 's the chief-cook and first-chop bottle-washer of your pale brothers!"

"Well, well!" says the chief, after a spell, and lookin' at Snowball with int'rest. "You do surprise me."

"Yes, sirree!" I went on, slapping the cook on the shoulder, and 'most keelin' him over. "But to tell you the plain facts o' the case, his heart pants for the land of his people." (These savages delight in poetry talk, and I had picked it up along with their lingo.) "His neck is stretched with gazin' to-wards the land o' the free and the home o' the brave!"

O' course *he* never knew the words was a quotation from a popular ballad, and it moved him—it came so sudden. Still, he did n't give right in. He saw where I was a-steerin', but did n't choose to let on. So at last I pertended to be a little hurt and huffy:

"All correct," I says; "if Cook and me can't go home to my country 't is of thee, you sha'n't serve up to your dusky friend the great food of the pale brothers!" and I whistled "Yankee Doodle" slow and solemn, like a hymn tune.

That was too much for him.

"If I might have plenty of this great pud-din', I maybe would let you go," he says, after a long think. "But I 'd like to taste a sample fust."

"It 's a go!" I says, takin' him up right off.

Now, the queer point about these islands was the fact that a humpin' big mount'in rose right in the middle o' the largest one. It was a played-out volcano, and the top of its peak was covered with real snow. That 's what put the notion into my mind first off.

That afternoon me and the cook climbed that peak and fetched down baskets full of snow and chunks of ice. Then we cut two sections of bamboo—one as big as a water-butt and the other not quite so big. There was plenty' of salt alongshore, and we toted some to the grove.

The cook he loaded the littler bamboo nearly



“IT 'S A GO!” I SAYS, TAKIN' HIM UP RIGHT OFF.”

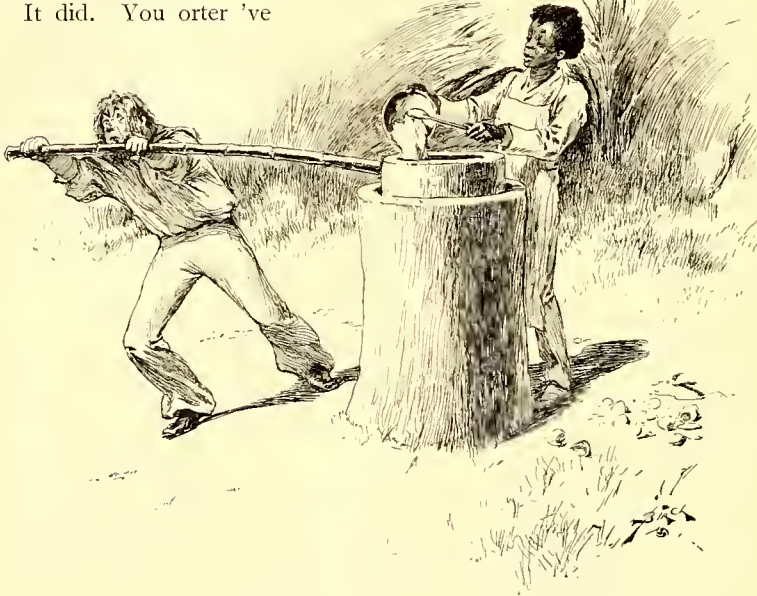
to the muzzle with goat's milk, and dumped in a couple o' dozen o' turtle-eggs, and sweetened the mess to taste with sugar-cane juice—and then we fixed on a long bamboo pole to the small cask inside, and round I went as if it was

a capstan-bar. Round and *round*, round and *round*! And round, some more — till my back was breakin' with it.

But it froze stiff; and when we fished it out, it was a kind of oncivilized ice-cream. The cook he tasted it, in the way o' duty; but he looked worse than when he was homesickest.

"No, thanky," says I, when he offered me a dose; "but don't look blue, Cooky. It 'll go down with these heathens — you see if it don't."

It did. You orter 've



"ROUND AND ROUND, ROUND AND ROUND."

seen the chief smile when he got some — why, his grin lit up the landscape.

"Moonface Medicine-man," says he, as he scraped the sides o' the bamboo bowl we gave him, "your chill-puddin' is the finest thing I ever saw! Prepare a hundred calabashes for the Chief of the Succotash Islands, and you shall go free. I will make him knock his head to the dust!"

"It 's a bargain, great Chief!" says I, and he marched back to his hut as proud as a new commodore on Sunday. You see, we were careful to give the chief a safe dose, and we fired the rest into the bushes.

Well, just before the great day we set a gang of natives to totin' down snow and ice, cuttin' bamboo for freezers, crushin' sugar-cane, and

gatherin' turtle-eggs. We made enough o' the awful stuff to sink an Indiaman, and left it packed in snow in a cool place in the woods.

The day of the grand barbecue came.

First our chief he put on a poor face, and trotted out regular old played-out native dishes — *bong-bong*, and *maboo-taboo*, fried *cush-cush* — common dishes such as a third-rate chief might have 'most any day. I see the other chief's lip curlin' up till it 'most hid his snub-nose — with scorn, and with pride in his own cook. But our chief was just a-leadin' old Succotash on — foolin' him, you see.

Then come dessert. Our chief he remarks, careless and easy:

"I have a new dish, royal brother, if you will try it?"

"Don't care if I do," says the other, as if not carin' particular about it.

Our chief he whacked a gong, and in came a string of mahogany slaves proudly supportin' fancy calabashes loaded with that outlandish ice-cream.

"What, may I ask, is this?" asks the royal guest, a trifle oneasy, mistrustin' the other potentater was a-savin' his trumps for the last trick.

"Moonface chill-puddin'!" says our chief, impressive and grand.

It was set out, and at the word o' command every noble guest dipped into his calabash. Words o' mine can't depict that scene. I 'd have to talk French to do it. It was like the finish of a tub-race. When I saw them all a-eatin' fast when they could, and a-tryin' to warm their froze noses when they could n't, I nudged Snowball on the sly.

"Cook," I whispers, "we 'll start now, I guess. Those fellers don't mean to stop as long as they can lift a spoon—and I 'm afraid they 'll overdo this thing. If we waits till dyspepsy sets in, we 'll never see Hail Columbia any more."

He saw the sense o' my remark, and we got out and scooted. I hoped they would n't eat more than human natur' would stand—but when I thought o' that mixture, my heart kind of rose in my throat.

We did n't get away too early. Our dugout had a start, but soon we made out a war-canoe putting after us.

"Can they overhaul us?" I asks the Cook.

"No, sah!" he says, positive-like, and with a grin. "You jest wait till

"If I catch you, you have to eat your own chill-puddin'! All my people are tumbled over with bad magic!"

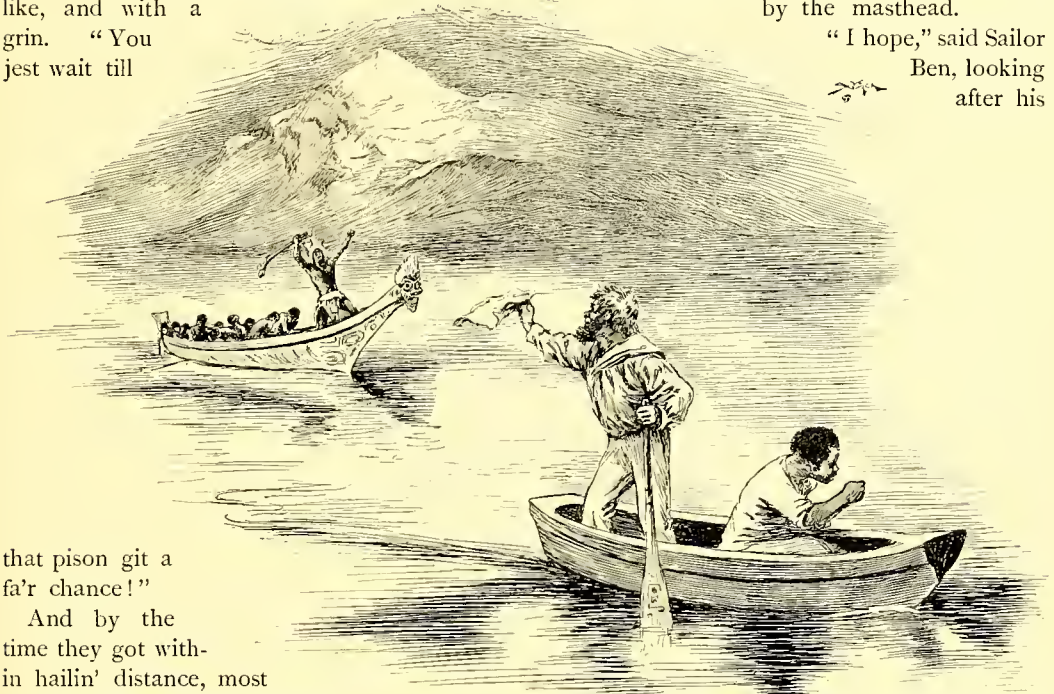
"Adoo, Chief!" I sings out. "We was afraid you 'd eat too much!"

He bowled a war-club at us, but he was n't feelin' strong, and then he keeled over; and that was the last of the Tappy-appy-ocas.

"Now, here 's your boat," said Sailor Ben, as he finished the story. "Let her get good and dry, or you 'll be gettin' your clothes mussed up with it."

"Thank you ever so much for the boat, and for the story, too," said the little boy, as he took the new boat daintily by the masthead.

"I hope," said Sailor Ben, looking after his



"'ADDOO, CHIEF!' I SINGS OUT."

that pison git a fa'r chance!"

And by the time they got within hailin' distance, most o' the paddlers had keeled over, one by one, into the hold o' their canoe. Then she came to a dead halt. It was just in time, too, for the chief he stood up near the idol they had for a bow, waving his club, and his voice came faint over the water:

little friend, and picking up his paint and brushes, "that the little landlubber did n't believe all that nonsense. He seemed rather serious and solemn over it."

A PRODIGY.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.



I've a clever little friend
I should like to recommend,
In case you need a picture of your dog, or cow, or cat;
Or a drawing of a house,
Of a lion or a mouse,
Or a portrait of a lady in her new spring hat.

Almost anything you will
She'll draw with greatest skill,
From a ship upon the ocean to a bear with awful claws;
And when her work you see
I'm sure you must agree
It really is *remarkable*—the way my artist draws.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.

The Poet offereth
to deliver a Fly
from the
Spider's web.

“REALLY, Fly! you ought to know
Better, surely, than to go
Into Mr. Spider's net.

And help me to find
My brid?—Can I count on your grateful-
ness?”

Luckily *I'm* here to set
You free”; but ere I could have stirred,
Mr. Spider's voicc I heard
Crying in an angry tone:
“Better let my lunch alone!

Said the Spi, “Without doubt,
If you *will* let me out
From the web of this terrible Flyder,
By all means—oh, yes!
You shall find your Princess,
For I will myself be your guider!”

Even Spiders' rights
must be respected.

“One would think, for all *you* care,
Spiders could subsist on air.

One jerk! He was free,
And his buzzing and glec
Drove the Prince to the verge of dis-
traction.

Listen to this tale and see
If you don't agree with me!”

I sat down without a word,
Following is the tale I heard:

The Flyder, meanwhile,
Wore a cynical smile,
And a look of—well—*not*
satisfaction.

The Flyder
does not see it in
the same light as
the Prince.

THE TALE.

The Spider
spinneth a yarn
to instruct the Poet
and divert him
that he may forget
about the Fly.

A Prince who sought
His lost Bride, caught
In the toils of a witch,—woe
betide her!—

The Prince paid no heed,
But mounted his steed,

When riding one night
Through a forest, caught sight
Of a Spi in the web of a Flyder.

(As perhaps you surmise,
I have tried to disguise,
The names, with the best of intention;
For I make it my plan,
Whenever I can,
To avoid any personal mention.)

Said the Prince to the Spi,
“Supposing that I
Should deliver you out of this hate-
fulness,
Will you pay me in kind,



And started the Princess to find.
The Spi led the way,
But little dreamed they
That the Flyder had mounted behind!

He found her, it's true,
And the wicked witch, too,
Who fled when he up and defied her;
But while being wed,
Hanging over her head,
The Princess caught sight of the Flyder!

At the terrible sight,
Her reason took flight,

Till she was completely bereft of it,
When she drained a tureen
Full of cold Paris green,
And the Prince swallowed all that was
left of it!

Listening to the Spider, I
Quite forgot poor Mr. Fly
And his pitiable plight
Till the tale was finished quite.
Then, alas! too late I knew,
Mr. Fly was finished, too.

Setting forth how a
Poet and a Fly
were both taken in
by a Spider's yarn,
and how that a
diverting tale may
speed a good
dinner.

ABRAHAM JOHANNE MAGNARCH.*

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.



ALL the way down from the Pole he came,
With a sealskin suit and a yard of name,
That each little every-day boy might know
How a little boy looks who's an Eskimo.

Think of a boy who's as big as that,
And never has tasted a thing but fat
And oil and blubber and reindeer steak,—
Who never has heard of a buckwheat cake!

Jolly and broad is his dear little grin,
Showing the small-boy fun within;
Maybe he'll tell you it is n't so bad
To be a real little Eskimo lad.

His stout wooden sled, all the long year round,
Goes squeaky-squeak on the frozen ground.
His toes may be cold and his fingers may freeze,
But he never is bothered with A B C's.

When he goes home, he'll astonish them there
With the curious things that they eat and wear
Down in the land where he went to show
How a little boy looks when he's Eskimo.

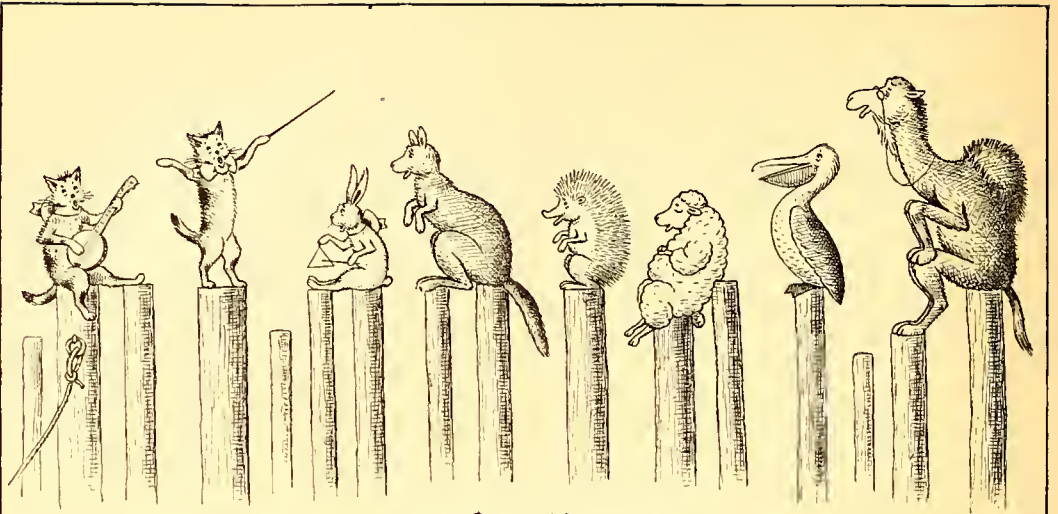
H. J. S.

* The name of a real little Eskimo boy at the Midwinter Fair in California.



Just look, it is the market hour!
 The People how they run and play!
 The crier tells them from the tower
 They all can have a holiday.
 The King, the clever King, has guessed
 What long to him a riddle 's been:
 The dumplings—but you know the rest—
 How *did* they get the apples in?
 He was too proud to ask the cook,
 As you or I at once would do;
 He 'd sit and think—he 'd sit and look.
 At last he jumped up crying, "Pooh!
 I know it now! Let glad bells chime—
 Go, bid the people run and play,
 Although it is the market-time
 They *all* shall have a holiday!" *Lee Carter.*

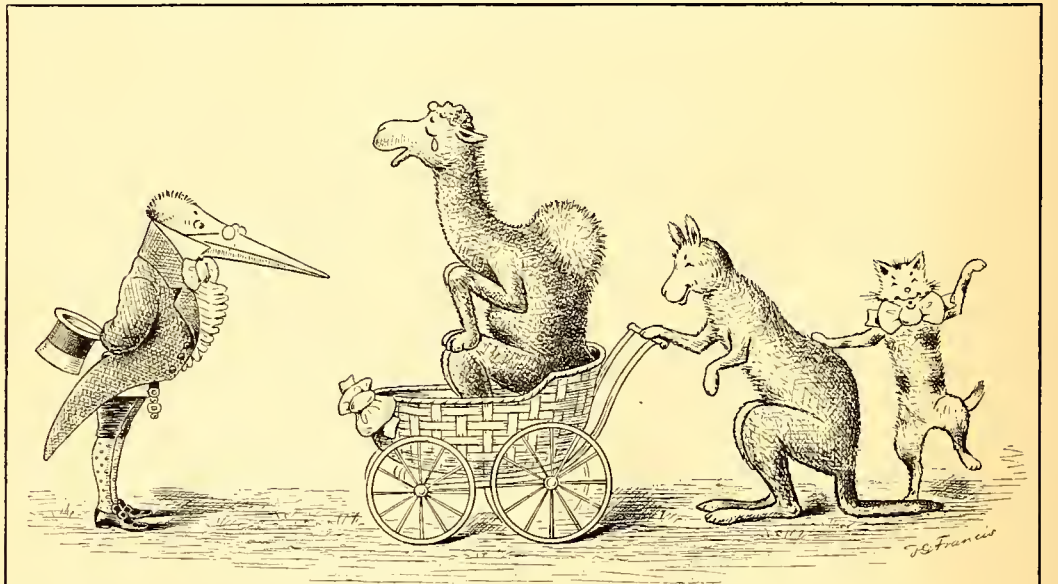




A Sea Change

They strolled at sunset down the beach and perched upon some piles,
 And sang about the Summer Sea - which then was out for miles.
 By eight o'clock the Summer Sea was flowing towards the shore,
 And then, I think, they all got down and sang of it no more.

J. Francis



A Medical Opinion

The Infant Camel felt depressed,-
 A case of doleful dumps.
 The Doctor said, "It seems to me
 His back has got the mumps."

This diagnosis did divert
 The Nurse, a Kangaroo.
 And she did tell it to the Cat,
 And he smiled somewhat, too.

J. Francis

A TRUE STORY OF "THE BLESSED BEES."

BY ALICE B. ENGLE.

ONCE upon a time,—not so very long ago,—a gentleman who had a beautiful garden thought that it would be very nice to have some bees; so he bought six or seven hives, and placed them in the loveliest corner of the garden, under an old apple-tree. There was a large bed of mignonette and a small field of clover hard by.

The bees seemed to like their new home very much, and went to work gathering honey, and buzzing the while in the cheeriest way.

Now this gentleman not only wanted the honey that his bees would make, but he wished to watch the habits of the bees as well, and before giving you the story, I am going to tell you one sad little truth and a few facts about bees. A working-bee lives only six weeks after he begins his work in the spring. But during that six weeks he works early and late to gather the honey-dew and store it away in the hive for you and me, and for the young bees to eat the following winter, when they dare not stir out of the hive. Bees will travel on the wing six or seven miles to find food or water if they cannot get it nearer home. One working-bee can make only about one teaspoonful of honey during its lifetime; so it takes an army of bees to fill one hive full of honey.

Now for the story.

The gentleman had heard that it was a common thing for beekeepers to use manufactured honey-comb in their hives. It is made from beeswax, after the honey is extracted, pressed into large sheets, and fastened in frames twelve inches square, and then hung in the hives. The bees make the cells deeper, fill them with honey, and cap them over with thin white wax, to keep the honey in the cell and to keep it clean and sweet. You see that the bees can make a little more honey if they do not have to stop to make the comb. Honey from the manufactured comb is called extracted honey. It is taken from the comb in a machine made for this purpose. Then the comb is rehung in

the hive, and the bees fill it again. So the gentleman put this kind of comb in three hives; but in the other hives he left the bees to make the good old-fashioned kind of "honey in the honey-comb," that is so sweet and beautiful.

One morning the gentleman found that the bees around one of his hives were flying wildly in and out, making an angry buzzing the while. He knew at once that something was wrong, and that the bees were talking about it.

The gentleman went to the hive and took off the top and looked in, and found that one of the large sheets of the manufactured honey-comb was broken across, and the honey dripping down upon the floor of the hive. The gentleman thought at once of a way to help the bees. He pressed the broken comb together, and back into its place in the frame, and then took clean white twine, and tied the comb into the frame, and hung it back in the hive. Then he went a short distance and watched and listened to see what the bees would do and say. The bees flew into and out of the hive and soon grew quiet, and commenced their cheerful happy buzzing, without one note of anger.

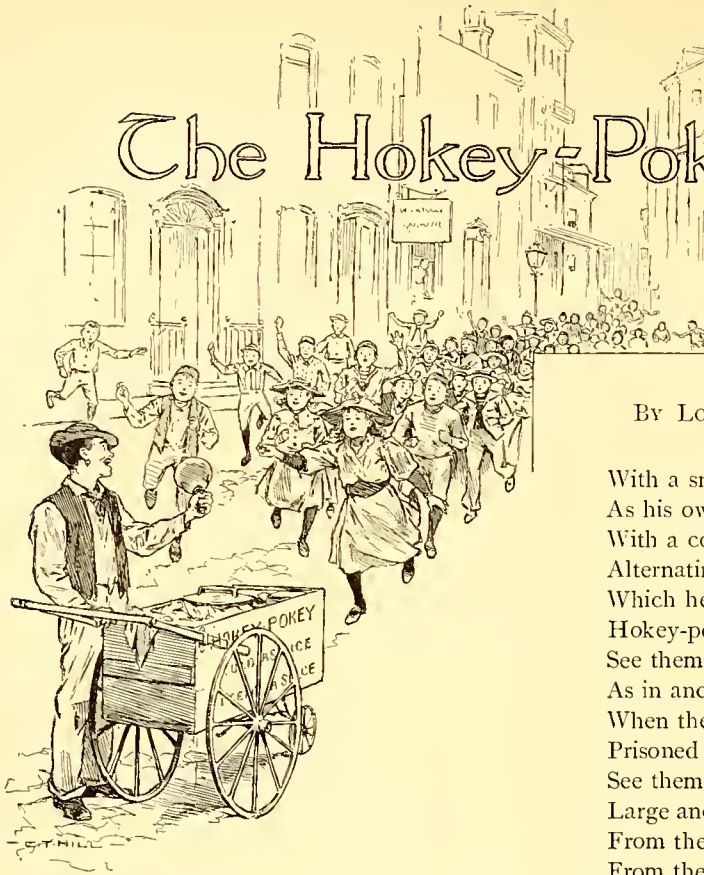
The next morning the gentleman went out again very early, and found the bees quiet and happy; but he saw something that surprised him very much. In front of one of the hives the short grass was white with a fine fuzz or lint. He examined it closely and found that it was fine white cotton lint. He said to himself:

"This is the hive that has the mended honey-comb in it. I will look in."

He took off the top of the hive again, and what do you think he found?

The bees had mended the broken comb with beeswax, and then those bright little things had cut all that twine into bits of fine lint, and carried it out of the hive, bit by bit, until there was not the least thread of lint left on the honey-comb or in the hive.

The Hokey-Pokey Man.



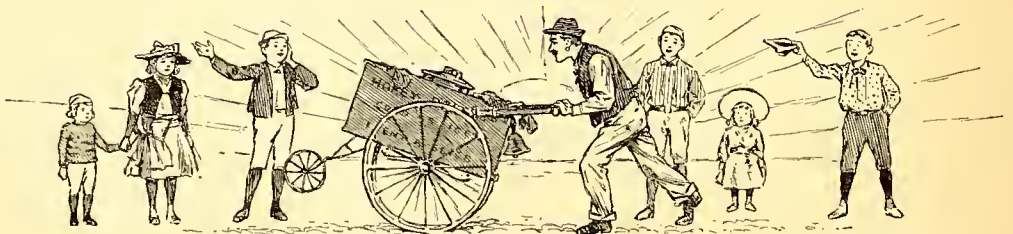
BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

With a smile as bland and free
 As his own dear Italy!
 With a coaxing voice as well,
 Alternating with the bell
 Which he rings to make them hear
 Hokey-pokey man is near.
 See them running swiftly down,
 As in ancient Hamelin town,
 When the piper led them all,
 Prisoned in the mountain-wall:
 See them running, every size,
 Large and small, and hear their cries,
 From the good child to the bad,
 From the baby to the lad:
 "Bring a penny if you can—
 Here 's the hokey-pokey man!"

HOKEY-POKEY! Hokey-pokey!
 Here 's the hokey-pokey man,
 With his little cart and can,
 Painted green and seeming neat
 As the hokey-pokey 's sweet.
 Where 's your money? Have you any?
 You can purchase for a penny
 Hokey-pokey, sweet and cold,—
 For a penny, new or old.

Nice old hokey-pokey man,
 Hair so dark and skin so tan,

Poor old hokey-pokey man,
 With his cart, and bell, and can!
 Gone is all his frozen store,
 Home he limps to bring some more.
 All the children gaily cry,
 As they see him passing by
 In the mellow evening sun,
 When his daily task is done:
 "Go and fill your empty can,
 Poky hokey-pokey man!"



ABOUT TURKEYS.

BY MARY R. COX.



THE GOBLER.

FEW readers of ST. NICHOLAS have known the anxieties and delights of raising turkeys. I should like to tell them some of my experiences.

In April your turkey-hens will not stay together, as they have done all the winter, but each seems to have a separate secret, and you will often meet one in the most unexpected places, far away from the house. Then the deceitful old turkey-hen will try to look so unconscious! She just goes on plucking at the grass and weeds, slowly turning first one way and then another in an aimless fashion; and when she is sure you are watching her, she will lead you back and forth, around and around, sometimes for half a mile. Yet—would you believe it?—right here, near by, along the fence in a clump of grass, or under some dried brush, or perhaps in the middle of the pear-orchard, with never a thing to mark the spot, or in a tangle of blackberry-bushes in the old graveyard on the cool moist earth is a nest of speckled eggs! But take care! Do not for the world put your hand in the nest! You must take those eggs out with a fresh, clean spoon—turkeys are “mighty partic’lar,” as the colored people say; but if you don’t take them the crows or the setter dog will. You must leave her a “nest-egg,” of course, and above all things the hen must not see you do this; for you and she are playing at hide-and-seek.

Some day you will find her sitting on the nest, crouched down close to the ground, with a scared look in her pretty brown eyes. Don’t say a word: trip noiselessly away, and late that evening give her back those speckled eggs, slipping them under her with your hand. She will pluck you, but do not mind that; you and she will be friends some day.

Once I made a turkey sit in a hen-house where there was many a rat-hole. She had been on the eggs four weeks when little turkey-voices were heard beneath her, and little turkey-heads peeped out from among her breast feathers. When I took her up by both wings, such plucking and picking and scratching as

she did! I looked, and behold! not a turkey-chick was there. The little things just out of the shell, obeying the wild instinct of their nature, had “scooted” in the twinkling of an eye, leaving a nest of empty shells. I hunted all over the hen-house, but no sight or sound of them could be heard, but, as I turned away, I heard the old hen calling softly; then, more softly still, came the answers, and from rat-holes, from wisps of scattered straw, from chips, from cracks, and from corners, the little ones came creeping back to the nest. I caught them, though, after all, and did as an old woman told me. With my finger-nail I scratched off the little “pip” at the end of each tiny bill, and, holding the little turkey firmly and placing a finger in the bill to keep it open, I crammed the little pip—which looks like a piece of meal husk—and a whole grain of black pepper down each little throat. The black pepper makes them warm. Then the young turkeys are treated to a dab of salt grease and snuff, mixed together in a brown paste, first on the top of each head, and then under each little throat. Their food is now to be wet corn-

meal and chopped garlic on onion tops—with an occasional seasoning of black pepper on damp days. How those little turkeys like onion tops! They actually *squeal* with delight when they smell them. What tussling when two or three are hanging on to the same piece! What funny little things they are!—so weak in their legs, so easily upset, yet so strong in their bills. You can lift a little turkey off the ground with an onion top, if he once gets a firm hold.

And then when there comes a sudden shower, how you have to run to “shoo” the old hen and young ones to the coop! The coop is far from the house, perhaps, and the turkeys are farther off still, and the old hen always wants to go in the wrong direction—and the little turkeys, tame by this time, always get under your feet, and you have to shuffle along to keep from stepping on them,—with your dress outspread to help shoo with. It would better be an old dress, too, and one that will wash, for very likely you will be drenched before you get in. Next the coop must be covered with an old carpet to keep out the pelting rain. A healthy turkey-coop is always very open and airy, being made of pine sticks crossed at the four corners as in a pig-pen, with an old board shutter or door on top for a roof.

I have a great deal to thank my little turkeys for. They make me get up early. Whatever may be thought of early rising as a measure of health for boys and girls, it certainly makes the turkeys healthy; and you get up at four or five of a summer morning and turn them out in the fresh dew. Of course their feet and legs get wet, making their little bodies look as if they were perched on long stilts, but that does no harm. They are very dependent on dew, and if kept from this pure fresh drink they would pine away and die.

What queer little things they are, to be sure! Even though they know you well, when with a pan of food you go searching and calling the name you have given them (and, by the way, you must never change that name), the mother hen will give a peculiar note of warning, and quick as a wink not a chick is to be seen! You part the grass, peep here and there, you wait—

but not until the old hen, faithful, suspicious sentinel that she is, tells them in a different tone that all is well, do they come straggling out from—where? There is nothing to hide them that you see. Now you count—“one, two, three”—up to eighteen, perhaps; but you are sure you had twenty-five in the flock! You feel uneasy; this time they are surely gone. No, they are not; they are only hiding, and will come out as soon as you move away.

As turkeys grow older, they become less timid. Soon you find you have a fine flock of feathered birds, though thinned out somewhat by the crows and hawks. The coop begins to be too small at night. The top fence-rail, hard by, looks so cool and airy, and is just high enough, too, for the young wings to reach. Sometimes they find your shoulders, or even the top of your head, a good perch. A pretty sight is to see a long row of dusty-brown half-grown turkeys crouched close together on the top fence-rail, heads and tails either way, looking for all the world like beads on a string, with the mother-wings outstretched to cover as many children as they can—like a big locket on the chain!

Then look out for *owls*!

One's best plan is to get the turkeys to go to bed in the leafy branches of a tree. Our two storm-bent catalpas, with leaning trunks, served my purpose. Such times as I have had, late in the evening, shooing the sleepy tribe up the trunk and into the branches of those catalpas!

My turkeys grew and grew through the long summer days, and fast became dark, shiny, rainbow-hued, long-legged young gobblers or short-legged hens. They made raids on the corn-fields, plucked the hearts out of the cabbages, and devoured the other vegetables; and every evening, after the day's foraging was done, they talked it all over on the lawn. The young gobblers spread their fan tails, and bullied the roosters, and strutted around in twos and threes and dozens, as if performing military evolutions! Then, one by one, as the stars came out, up the catalpa-trees they flew, and soon loomed quiet and dark against the clear gray sky. Night after night I counted them, and knew they were all there.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



Vermont

Ver-mont we call this pleasant State
Because the hills are green—
Both beautiful and rich are they,
For quarries lie between.

The cattle in the pastures graze,
Or rest beneath the trees;
Sweet golden butter here is made,
And very famous cheese.

And wholesome bread, and milk, and cream,
And maple-sugar sweet.
How happy must the children be
With such good things to eat.

“Green Mountain Boys,” the troops were called
Who followed General Stark,
And Ethan Allen, when a fort
Was captured in the dark.



Massachusetts

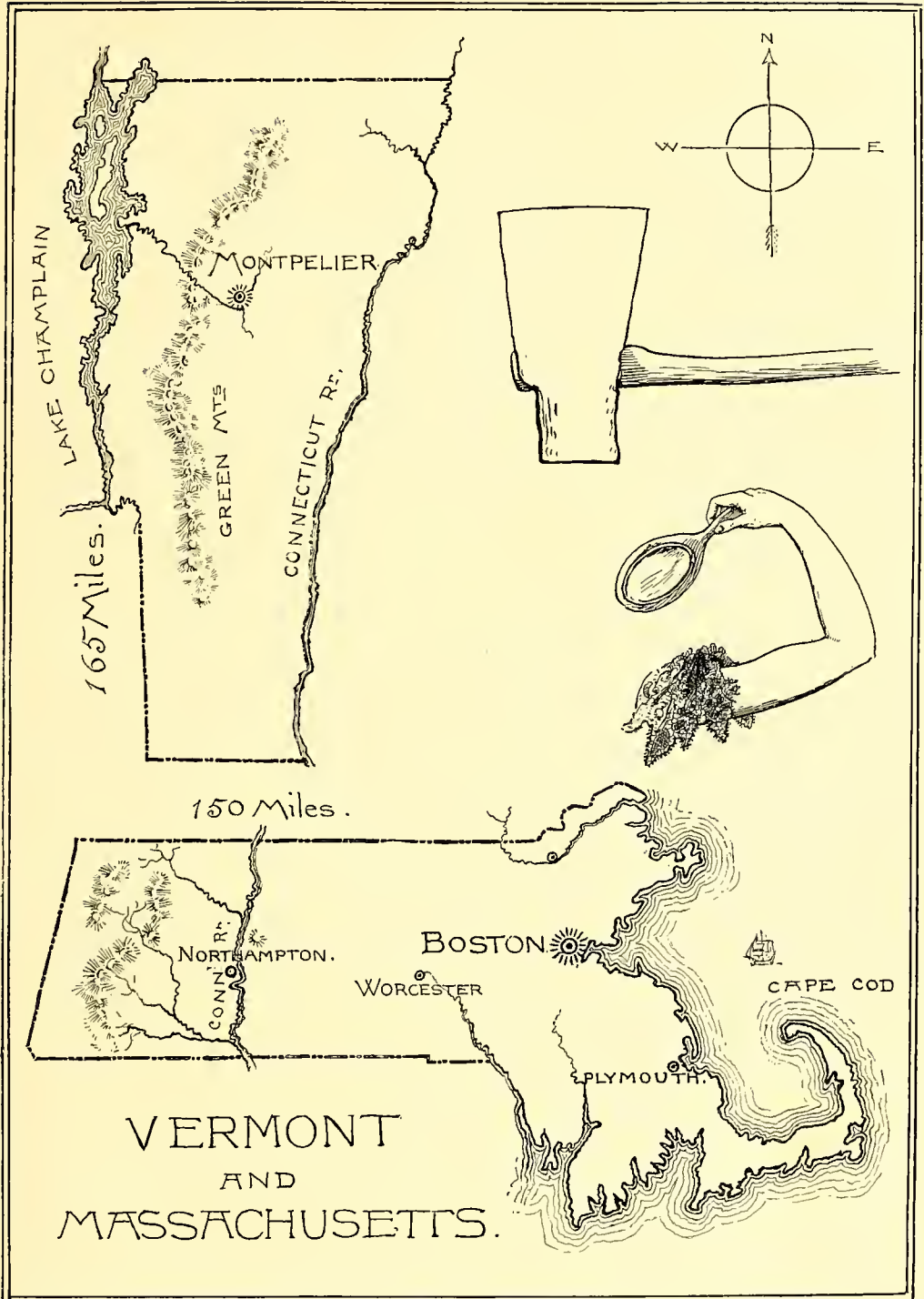
To Massachusetts next we come,
 With Boston, by the sea,
 Where brave men went aboard the ships
 And cast out British tea.

And here it was, at Bunker Hill,
 That our forefathers true,
 A gallant battle bravely fought
 For freedom and for you.

Here Plymouth, too, and Lexington,
 Each has its tale to tell,
 Of men who suffered, men who fought,
 And did their duty well.

And Massachusetts has an arm,
 A narrow strip of land,
 Extending out into the sea,
 An elbow and a hand.

On Cape Cod



NOTE.—Vermont is shaped like the head of a hatchet, edge uppermost. Massachusetts has "an arm and hand," in Cape Cod.

PUZZLED BIRDS.

BY EDWARD S. MOORE.

ACROSS the Quinepiac River near New Haven, Connecticut, is a long iron drawbridge—the Tomlinson Bridge. On the highest points of the middle of the span are two little squabbling and shrieking at one another while feathers fly through the air. Mr. Powers, who is a close observer, soon discovered the cause of their strife.



THE DRAWBRIDGE TURNED TO LET A VESSEL THROUGH.

iron houses that cover the pieces to which the supporting cables are attached. These little houses are meant to be a protection against the rain, and in winter they are closed by a sort of iron door, removed only when the machinery is oiled.

But in the spring, the engineer, Mr. Powers, takes away these small doors; and then two couples of birds, a pair of martins and a pair of sparrows, build nests in these accidental bird-houses. Though for several years these birds have been neighbors, they are often at war,

The drawbridge turns upon a pier to let vessels pass, and may be turned either half-way and then back to its first position, or completely around so as to change ends.

Whenever the bridge is thus reversed, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, returning from an expedition in search of nest-building material, or from marketing, perhaps, will find, as they think, those meddling neighbors, the Martins, at work in the *Sparrows'* home—for the turning of the bridge has brought the martins over to the neighbors' side.



THE TOP OF THE BRIDGE, SHOWING THE LITTLE IRON HOUSES IN WHICH THE BIRDS BUILD.

Amazed by the sudden attack, the Martins there do their best to defend their home from those wicked Sparrows—and so the fight will be continued. As the two iron houses completely hide the nests, and are just alike, the sparrows and martins are continually at war whenever the bridge is turned so as to change its ends.

As soon as he had found out the cause of the strife, Mr. Powers was careful to return the bridge always to the same position, and he found that the birds lived in peace and harmony so long as he thus prevented them from confusing their nests.

Occasionally, however, to test his theory or to illustrate it to some passing visitor, the engineer will reverse the position of the nests. The experiment never fails—a quarrel between the mutually angered birds was always the result.

Mr. Powers says, also, that during the whole time he has been in charge of the bridge—seven years—the same comedy has been enacted. The two sparrows alone are no match

for the two martins, but they bring other sparrows to help them, and then turn out the martins in short order.

The martins cannot find enough of their own kind to resist the confederated sparrows.



TRYING TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is the month of roses, my birds tell me, and, looking around at the happy crowd gathered here to-day, well may your Jack echo, "This *is* the month of roses!" Bless me, I never saw anything rosier!

WELL, what matters shall we take up to-day, my boys and girls of June? Ah, here is

A HYPNOTIZED DOG.

THE dear little Schoolma'am and Deacon Green sometimes talk of hypnotism. *He* says it is nonsense, but the little lady does not agree with him. She says that though it comes from an old Greek word signifying sleep, it represents a new and very wide-awake idea. Well, be that as it may, here comes a letter from England, direct to this Pulpit, telling of a hypnotized dog; and the dog is not asleep, it seems. After reading the letter, I begin to think that *I* have seen something bearing upon this wide-awake sleep right here in my own meadow! It is the only thing that explains the way in which frogs sometimes sit and gaze at themselves for hours in a puddle. They're hypnotized, that's what it is—or else I am, from watching them! Well, here is the letter:

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I thought you might like to hear about my hypnotized dog. He is a fox-terrier, and until he came to us he had lived in the country, generally in a kennel, and had never seen a looking-glass. Well, the tiles at the side of one of the fireplaces in our home are dark green and highly glazed, and "Rake" (the dog) can see himself plainly reflected in them. He goes and stands with his nose pressed to his reflection, until its fixed gaze hypnotizes him, and he goes into a sort of trance. He stands there motionless sometimes for an hour at a time. Either he thinks it is another dog, or he is held enthralled by the power of his own eye.

Your always interested reader, D. M. G.

NOW let us have something more lively; for instance, an account of

BEES THAT INTERRUPTED AN AUCTION.

"DEAR Jack-in-the-Pulpit," writes Katie G. B., "the *Philadelphia Record* of to-day contains so interesting an account of bees stopping a vendue, or auction, that I have cut it from the paper for you, hoping you may decide to show it to the thousands of young folk who, like myself, delight in your monthly discourses."

Here it is:

BRISTOL, Pa., March 23.—Honey-bees proved more than a match for 200 men at a public sale yesterday. When the auctioneer put twenty-five hives of bees under the hammer, an inquisitive, but imprudent, youth kicked one of the little homes occupied by about 3000 honey-makers. Instantly there was a warning buzz, and out fled the bees in companies, regiments, and brigades. The 200 men scattered in as many directions, pursued by the angry bees. Farmer James T. Vansant tried to pacify the army of little brown foes, but a few stings sent him flying after his retreating friends. For an hour the bees held the situation unopposed. They then gathered in their hives and the sale proceeded.

A BABY RACCOON.

I AM told, my hearers, that ST. NICHOLAS intends to tell you all about racoons this month. Well, then, you will see the wisdom of my birds in bringing me this letter and picture from Mr. Meredith Nugent—a young man who takes my fancy because he studies animals and their habits, and notes all their comical ways:

DEAR JACK: Far up on a hillside in the beautiful Adirondacks, little May spends most of the summer and fall. The house in which she lives for so many pleasant months, is situated in the midst of a true fairy-land. And nothing could be much more fairylike than May's own room. Here are wild flowers of all kinds, choice gatherings from the woods adorn the walls, and sweet clinging vines form a pretty framework for her gable window. From this window she can look over lovely Keene Valley across to Mount Porter, and away in the distance catch a glimpse of Mount Marcy, the highest peak in the Adirondacks. May is very fond of pets, and by her gentle hands numbers of little animals have been cared for. These she finds in her back yard—if I may call it so; but it really is a delightful piece of woods back of the house. Just imagine having a garden where Mother Partridge trots about with her little chicks, where squirrels and chipmunks are constantly playing pranks, where foxes may be often seen, and occasionally a deer. Here in these woods May spends most of her time, running about and enjoying herself until Whippoorwill sings out that night is near.

I send you a drawing of one of her little pets. It is a baby racoon—"Coonie," as May called it. A funnier little fellow it would be hard to find, he was so lively and so playful. He always washed his food before eating it, and his paws he would wash both before and after eating. Washing was a great

hobby of his, always, and a tin dish of water would make him perfectly happy. If he had not food to wash, he would collect pebbles and sticks and whatever else he could bring to the pan of water, and give them all a thorough cleaning. Coonie was very fond of gentlemen; he would climb up to their shoulders and run all over them; almost before they realized it he would have taken from their pockets a knife or money or some other thing, and have hidden it beyond all finding. The little racoon was delighted with toys, and for hours would play with a little doll. When Coonie and May played together, what a good time they did have, to be sure! May would hold a broom to within a few inches of the ground, and Coonie would tightly cling to it, while May would swing the broom and sing "Rock-a-by Baby," and when she came to "Down went Baby, cradle and all!" she would give the broom a quick little shake and Coonie would at once drop to the ground. Yours truly, MEREDITH NUGENT.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

THE little Schoolma'am asks who wrote this verse,—or a verse very like it?

"BECAUSE of one dear childish head,
With golden hair,
To me all little heads
A halo wear;
And for one saintly face I knew,
All babes are fair."

LORD MACAULAY'S RIDDLE.

MANY of you, my hearers, have been interested in the good old riddle received from Edward T. B., and read from this pulpit in April last. Well, you, and especially E. T. B., may to-day learn the latest news concerning it by consulting the ST. NICHOLAS Letter-box, near by.



THE PET RACCOON AND HIS JAPANESE FRIEND.



“WHAT TIME DOES PAPA COME?”

FLORAL ENIGMAS.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

[ST. NICHOLAS asks its young readers for correct solutions of these twenty-three Floral Enigmas.—EDITOR.]

I.

My *first* is like the little maids
Of Puritan renown,
Who patient sat through sermons long
In good old Plymouth town;
My *second* grows in gardens fair,
The feast and dance doth grace,
Full many a secret hath been told
Beneath its blushing face;
And wingèd moths oft flutter where
My *whole* doth make the evening fair.

II.

With shining leaves and berries red,
My *first* doth hang above your head
At closing of the year;
My *second* comes from Germany,
And on the table oft we see,
It helps to make good cheer;
My *whole* in stately ranks and tall
Doth overlook the garden wall.

III.

My *first* is what our baby is
Above a million others;
My *second* in seclusion lies
With half a dozen brothers;
My *whole*, in dainty pink and white,
Climbs ever upward toward the light.

IV.

My *first* for each one of us
Carpets the earth;
My *second*, in Scotchman's name,
Tells of his birth;
My *whole* with rich color
Warms forest and field,
And oft to the artist
True pleasure doth yield.

V.

My *first* would let the world go by
While thinking on his clothes,

He long before the mirror stands,
A grain of dust he loathes;
A king my *second* oft is called,
Although his royal right
To wear that title has been won
By dint of savage might;
My *whole*—the lavish gold that Spring
Flings all along her way—
Gladly the little children seize
To help them in their play.

VI.

My *first* once roamed our forests
A warrior fierce and bold;
And yet, sometimes, in sign of peace,
My *second* he would hold;
Pluck the fair whiteness of my *whole*, and lo!
Black with displeasure it full soon doth grow.

VII.

My *first* is wrinkled and uncouth,
A little garden friend;
My *second*, when we weary stand,
May some good fortune send!
My *whole* is found in leafy wood,
In brown, white, scarlet clad,
The fairies, when they give a tea,
Of its support are glad.

VIII.

My *first* he ever hates and shuns
Who loves the real and true;
My *second* has to ocean grave
Sent many a ship and crew;
My *whole*, so tiny, green, and smart,
Is loved by every Irish heart.

IX.

My *first* all the little French babies must use
In counting their fingers and toes;
My *second* in combat doth often appear
The weapon of friendliest foes;
My *whole* is a tiny bright flower that grows
In field and by roadside, as every child knows.

X.

My *first* is the hue of a sunset cloud,
 The glow of a baby's hair,
 The apple that gave to a shepherd boy
 The hand of Helen the Fair;
 My *second* the weary traveler aids,
 'T is dreaded by many a boy;
 My *whole*, in richest abundance, fills
 The autumn fields with joy.

XI.

My *first* roams wild through tropic lands,
 In fearful beauty lithe and swift;
 My *second*, in fair purity,
 Its lovely face to heaven doth lift;
 Unite them and you have my *whole*,
 A gorgeous flower, of such deep dye,
 It seems astray from torrid climes
 Burning against our northern sky.

XII.

My *first* is timid, swift, and light,
 Sometimes 't is brown, again 't is white;
 My *second* loudly calls for aid,
 When fire and flood make hearts afraid;
 On rocky heights my *whole* doth spring
 A lovely, fragile, fearless thing.

XIII.

My *first*, when good, as it should be,
 Is yellow, firm, and sweet;
 Without my *second*, no one's tea
 Would ever be complete;
 My *whole* so golden is and gay,
 It sunshine makes on darkest day.

XIV.

My *first* was believed in by parson and judge,
 And hanged on Gallows Hill;
 Some eyes are my *second*, so full of soft light,
 Our own with rapture fill;
 My *whole* in the hand of fortunate wight
 Doth tell of sweet waters hidden from sight.

XV.

The bloom and fragrance of my *first*
 Is his who dares the thorn;
 My *second* o'er her graceful head
 A halo long hath worn;
 My *whole* doth sweet remembrance wake,
 We love it for Ophelia's sake.

XVI.

My *first* in English skies
 Doth soar and sing;
 My *second*—many a steed
 Has felt its sting;
 My *whole* grows blue and tall
 By garden wall.

XVII.

Beneath the torn folds of my *first*
 Brave men have fought and died;
 My *second* holds the giant oak
 Erect in stately pride;
 Delve in wet meadows like a mole
 For spicy treasure of my *whole*.

XVIII.

My *first* sent brave Siegfried
 To Valhalla's joys;
 My *second* holds plenty
 Of good "yellow boys";
 My *whole*, the quaint nosegay
 Of Puritan maid,
 As spice to long sermons
 Served often, 't is said.

XIX.

My *first* beside the fire doth lie
 In absolute content;
 My *second* oft by running streams
 Its slender boughs has bent;
 My *whole*, in furs of silv'ry gray,
 We meet on boisterous March day.

XX.

My *first* are found in cloisters gray,
 My *second* drawn about their heads,
 My *whole* in sober purple stands
 Erect and grave in garden beds.

XXI.

My *first* rings out a summons that doth stir
 Men's hearts to visions of great glory won
 On battle-fields; my *second* flings itself
 Along the roadside, laughing in the sun,
 And clasps all things in riotous embrace;
 My *whole* has close-sealed buds, and when
 these burst
 A flood of rich, triumphant color comes
 To stir us like the challenge of my *first*.

XXII.

My *first* walks dewy meadows,
 And with her rosy fingers
 Opens the eyes of sleepy flowers
 As lovingly she lingers.
 My *second* 's a shining vision,
 Men risk their lives to win it,
 Yet often find, when in their grasp,
 No satisfaction in it.
 My *whole* climbs ever skyward,
 It loves the morning dew,
 Uplifting cups of purple,
 Fair pink, and white, and blue.

XXIII.

My *first* is wholesome food
 For old and young;
 My *second* is despised,
 Yet loved and sung;
 My *whole* beside the road,
 In purple guise,
 Gives audience to troops
 Of butterflies—
 She learns from them the art
 Of making wings,
 And sends her seeds abroad
 Fair flying things!

DON.

OH! a dear little dog is Don,
 With a dash of family pride,
 As sleek as satin to look upon,
 Frisky and glow-worm-eyed.
 He steps like a drummer-boy,
 Perking his head up high,
 And the cup of his pleasure brims to joy
 When Carroll comes with a cry;
 For it 's "Rats!" he says, "Rats! Rats!" he says.
 (Or it 's "Cats!" he says.) *That 's*
 When you should see Don!



He will play at hide-and-peek
 With the vim of a brisk north breeze,
 Or he 'll crouch all quiet and meek
 At a touch on the ivory keys.
 Cuddly, and warm, and round,
 He will lie like a velvet ball,
 But up he 'll leap with a bark and a bound
 At the sound of Carroll's call;
 For it 's "Rats!" he says, "Rats! Rats!" he says;
 (Or it 's "Cats!" he says.) *That 's*
 When you should see Don!

Clinton Scollard.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot 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.

BRADNINCH, DEVON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear from a little Devonshire girl. Devon is such a pretty county. We live close to Dartmoor, famous for its beauty. We are very fond of our pretty home. I have five brothers and sisters. The youngest is only three months old; I love to take care of him. We have taken you for eight years. I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so I remain,

Your affectionate reader,
HELEN R. H—.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think more of your paper than of any other. I think that "Babette" is a splendid story. I happen to be a girl too; but I don't know as I care much, for in the winter when there is any ice I skate, and in the summer I row a boat. I was out skating yesterday, and had a fine time; I cut a star—I mean I fell down once. I had a fine time Christmas; I always do. I have eight cousins, eight aunts and uncles, and one grandmother, a mother and a father, and five brothers, all living here in Indianapolis. On Christmas we all go to Grandma's and have a fine time. In the evening we have a Punch-and-Judy show and play blindman's-buff. My three elder brothers and uncles have a play; they all dress up and paint up and then act. I am sorry for any boys or girls that have n't any relatives where they live.

MARY D—.

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I should like to write to you, as I see the other little boys and girls are writing. I am twelve years old and have a brother ten, also a cousin of fourteen, who plays with us. We have built a little hut in the woods near our house. We go over there nights after school.

Saturdays we have fine times, as we have all day to play; we have an old stove in it, so we can make fire and keep ourselves warm. We can cook potatoes and make coffee; then we all get around the table we made and have dinner. It is papered inside with pictures. Papa laughs at us and says he should think we would stay there all night, but we are always ready to get home when the sun goes down. Good-by. Yours truly,

CHESTER A. C—.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old and have three brothers and three sisters. I am the middle child. I live in a big stone house with a great big yard, and I have such a good time.

My uncle built a big hospital,—by that I mean he gave the money to build it,—and in our stable there is a large room where fifty-two children come every Saturday and sew. Every month each child pays twenty-five cents; now we have made enough money to buy a ward for children, and we bought beds and everything to furnish it, and every year we pay one hundred dollars for a trained

nurse. We do a great deal for those children, and next door to the hospital there is a place where men and women are taught to be doctors and trained nurses. My uncle was my papa's brother, and he died before the hospital was finished, so Papa finished it. My eldest sister is seventeen, and she is the president of the society. That there are many little girls who are interested in such work is the wish of
CAROLINE S—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I enjoy you greatly. Last year I lived in a large country-place of seventy acres. I had always lived there, and when I was five or six years old I had a little Shetland pony. She was very gentle and also very popular with all my friends. Sometimes we would let her run loose in the place, and at the servants' dinner-hour she would come to the house, walk into the kitchen, and get a lump of sugar or a piece of bread from every one in turn. Once she even went so far as to steal a loaf of bread and eat it. Your interested reader, J. Y. B—.

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for nearly ten years, but in all that time I have never written to you. My sister did once, and her letter was printed, so I hope mine will be interesting enough to be printed too.

We are Americans, and although we have been living abroad for four years we have not forgotten our fatherland by any means. The first winter we were in Europe we were in an English school at Neuilly-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris. The house itself had once been the chateau of the Duc d'Orleans. All Neuilly was then only a park, but later on it became a suburb of Paris. The house was a very interesting one. There were ever so many doors which led to secret passages that were sealed up, and ghost-stories were told about nearly all of them. In the garden there were two statues, one of a sphinx, and the other of the Virgin; both were just above two secret underground passages, one of which led to the palace at Versailles, and the other to the palace in the Tuileries; but of course when the house was sold the passages were sealed up. During the Franco-Prussian war the Prussian soldiers established themselves there, and they put their horses in the room which is now the dining-room. The horses kicked such big holes into the walls of the room that one can still see the traces of them. Altogether, it was a very interesting old house, but as it was quite near the Seine it was very damp, and so we did not stay there long, but went to a French convent in Paris. We were in that beautiful city three years, and from there we came here to Dresden, for music and German. Of course, this city seemed very small to us after Paris, but we are very fond of it all the same. The opera is one of our favorite amusements, it being exceptionally fine. The picture-gallery is lovely too. They have the "Sistine Madonna" here, and it is ever so much more beautiful than any of the engravings or the many copies one sees of it.

Something very funny happened the first time we saw it, which I must tell you. The picture is placed in a room all alone, and there are always a great many people in there. It is just like being in a chapel, as every one speaks in a whisper. The first time we were there, there was an artist copying the picture. The copy was not a very good one, the colors being much too vivid. Next to us stood a little American boy of about thirteen, with his mother and sister. His mother was saying how beautiful the Madonna was, when the little boy turned round and said, "Well, I like the little one the man is painting. It is ever so much prettier than the big one!"

I imagine the artist would have been flattered if he had heard the praise.

With many good wishes for the prosperity of dear St. NICHOLAS, I am ever your constant reader,

ETHEL H. J.—.

SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you only four months, but I like you very much. I see that you get letters from all over the world, but not any from Costa Rica. It is a lovely country; we never have snow here as you have; only rain six months, and six months hot spring weather. This summer we went to a place called Agua Caliente, and enjoyed it very much; and every Sunday, when Papa was to come, I would anxiously wait for St. NICHOLAS. There is just by the side of the hotel a river named Revintazon, and on the other side some mountains. San José is in a valley, and is the capital of the republic. I have a little sister eight and a half years old, and we both go to school at the college; my sister's name is Florence, and she cannot read, for she mixes German, English, and Spanish. We both were born here, but Papa and Mama are foreigners. In the country we caught fish in the river. I am eleven years old, and I hope this will be printed. Now good-by.

From your reader, LILLY M. DE J.—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and Murphy is my kitten.

Murphy and I would like it very much if you would put this little account of him in the "Letter-box."

This story is quite true. I am learning to write on the type-writer. Your devoted reader,

GLADYS C.—.

OUR CAT.

I WANT to tell you about our cat, for I have read a great many stories in St. NICHOLAS about them.

I will begin by saying he is a pretty black-and-white kitten; and his name—well, I don't think you can guess his name: it is Minerva Murphy.

He is very curious, so he is sometimes called Curiosity.

The first adventure he had was with the dumb-waiter. Murphy had jumped on the dumb-waiter to be taken upstairs, when I called "Murphy!" All at once I heard the most dreadful yell, and we found that when the dumb-waiter had come up to the ceiling it had squeezed his head.

At first we thought he was dead. After a while he began to fly around as if he were crazy; but he quieted down all right.

His next adventure was with a ladder. He had been jumping on and off it.

We heard a crash and a howl, and Murphy came out dragging his leg behind him. We thought he had broken his leg, but in about a week he was all right.

We have had him about two months now, and he has gotten his head shut in a door, his foot caught in a hole, has been sat on, has run away twice—once to the house next door and once around the corner. And he has been nearly eaten up by a big cat.

These are all Murphy's adventures up to this time.

GLADYS C.—.

"NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!"

BY JESSIE MACMILLAN ANDERSON.

THERE used to be a holly season

When for that very jolly reason

Johnny's drum would boom! boom! boom!—quite deafening to hear;

While Grandpa, smiling round about,

Would laugh at Grandma, quite put out,

And say, "You must remember Christmas comes but once a year!"

But now St. Nicholas has quite forgotten to be coy,
And comes just once a month to each subscriber—girl or boy!

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a very curious pet: a chameleon that we are all very fond of. I have kept it nearly six months, and as so many children have them this year I think they might like to know how to keep them. If a chameleon is in perfect condition he will shed his skin once every few months. During this time he should be kept perfectly quiet and warm. It is a good plan to get the dead moss on trees for it to sleep in. If this cannot be had, some cotton and rotten bark should be placed in the box. In feeding it water, put your finger in the water until perfectly wet, then drop a little on its nose. A small, low dish of water should always be put in the box. If the chameleon is hungry, he will eat from your hand, but some sugar and very small bits of raw meat should be left with him. They should be allowed a good deal of freedom, and soon become very tame, even coming when called by name. Put them on green planks if possible. An ordinary chameleon will not change to very bright colors, only a reddish brown, bright green, or black.

VIOLA L.—.

WATERLOO, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old; I have no sisters or brothers, and all the companions I have is the St. NICHOLAS, another young folks' paper, and a shepherd dog; I believe I like the St. NICHOLAS the best of all. I go to school in summer-time, but in winter it rains too much. I live on a farm with my mother and father, grandma and grandpa, one mile from school, and a mile and a half from Waterloo Soda Springs, a summer resort. I have been helping Father burn down fir-trees; I think it great fun. I am as glad as the birds when spring comes. I gather flowers and press them for specimens. I am saving up canceled stamps; I have nearly six hundred. I want to tell you about a little trip down to Portland with my mother. We took a ride down the Columbia River, seventy-five miles, on the steamer "Sarah Dixon," last fall, the first time I ever was on a steamer. If this does not find the waste-basket I will be happy; this is my first letter for a paper.

Your interested reader, JESSE A.—.

THE Little Schoolma'am requests us to say that Jack-in-the-Pulpit has received many bright answers to Lord Macaulay's riddle, sent in by Edward T. B., and printed in the April ST. NICHOLAS.

F. M. A., of Hampton, Virginia, sends perhaps the best answer, for she has put it into verse. Here is her solution:

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA BY LORD MACAULAY.

"CUT off my head," and "odd" I'd surely be;
Tailless, I stand a goodly company;
Both head and tail remove and I am naught—
As round an "O" as e'er a child was taught,
Who, seeking on his map the River Dee,
Should dare to say, "It flows into the C."
In this same sea floats, mute, that useful fish,
Whose sounds are found in many a dainty dish,
Its name I give you now, in letters three,
On second thoughts, I'll send it—C. O. D.

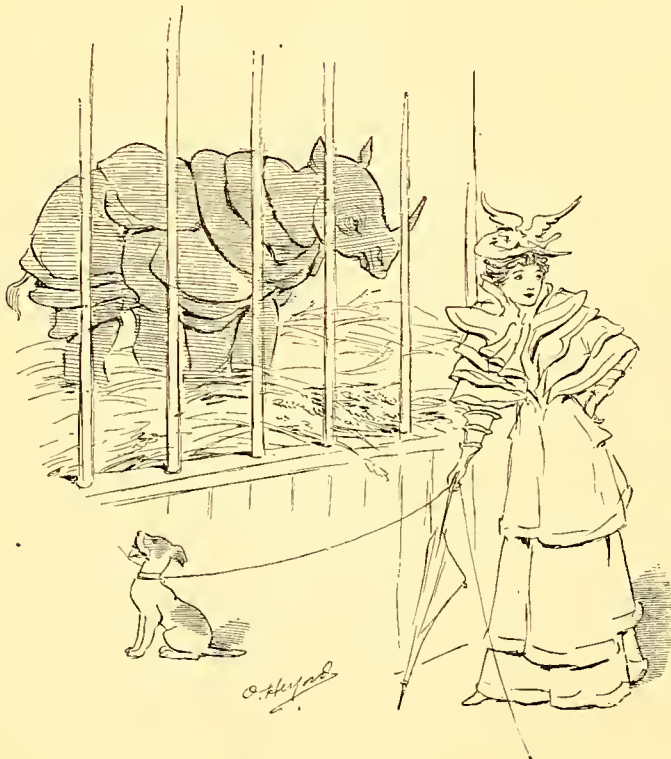
To make this answer complete, the author adds a note explaining that in Macaulay's line, "Parent of sweetest sounds yet mute forever," the word *sounds* means the air-bladders of the codfish—which are used in making gelatine, and are also eaten boiled, being thought a delicacy. Hence (as another correspondent, "K. A. S.," says) they are "Edible, not audible, sounds!"

Correct answers to the riddle have been received also from the boys and girls named in the following list:

M. A. C., William W. Barrow, F. W. G., M. A. Wilcox, Walter Powers, C. T. Allison, W. T. Blatchley, Taylor N. M., V. L. S., Mary Hazen Finn, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Foster, Jane "Staiathomb," "The Lady from Philadelphia," M. R. J. E., Jessie S. G., Harriet R. Spait, M. Locke, Dick Clarke, Rupert S. Johnson, K. A. S., Elizabeth Flint Wade, Claudice Luther, Emma F. Stone, "Box 293, Salem, Mass.," Letitia D. M., John C. W. (who says he is "a boy who went gunning, and brought down himself"!) Crawford W. (an interested grown-up), K. A. S., Margaret H. B. (who sends another versified answer,—a good one,—not claimed to be original), Lawrence E. W. (who jokingly proposes to add two lines to the riddle:

"Cut into parts, I am and e'er shall be
The dread of empty pockets—C. O. D."),

"An Old Reader," M. E. P., M. L. T., Bertha S., Eleanor M. D., M. R. A. (who says she has a copy of the riddle, given her by a friend of Macaulay, in which the next to last line reads, "*Beneath whose mighty depths—*" instead of, "*And in their mighty depths*"), Alice M. W., "A Curious Reader" (whom we thank for her letter and the lines she sends), M. M. K., Henry B., "Gracie" (whose rhyming answer is very well done), Anna L. C., Donald R., J. R., D. B. W. (another grown-up), W. F. McC., and H. W. B. (who sends a long and clever prose answer, for which we cannot find space), F. Pember, M. L. F., I. J. W., V. G. G., M. G., L. E. W., L. McE. M., M. C. S., J. C. H., A. C. H. (who sends a clever rhyming answer), H. G. W., J. H. E., R. H. A.



NATURE AND ART.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

SAID a Lady who wore a swell
cape,
As she viewed a Rhinoceros
agape,
"To think in this age
A Beast in a cage
Is permitted our fashions to
ape!"

Thought the Beast in the cage,
"I declare,
One would think that these
Ladies so fair
Who come to the Zoo
Have nothing to do'
But copy the things that I
wear!"

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL SWIFT. 1. Screw. 2. Sword. 3. Coins. 4. Shaft. 5. Joint.—CHARADE. Mistle-toe.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Comrades; finals, Memorial. Cross-words: 1. Chasin. 2. Obese. 3. Madam. 4. Romeo. 5. Aster. 6. Delhi. 7. Extra. 8. Sepal.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Rat. 3. Rabid. 4. Pabulum. 5. Tiled. 6. Dud. 7. M.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Francis Drake.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

May has come in,—young May, the beautiful,
Weaving the sweetest chaplet of the year.

DOUBLE OCTAGON. ACROSS: 1. Rag. 2. Hares. 3. Agree. 4. Yeast. 5. Dye.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS: I. 1. A. 2. End. 3. Angel. 4. Dew. 5. L. II. 1. L. 2. Tag. 3. Later. 4. Gem. 5. R. III. 1. L. 2. Wig. 3. Liver. 4. Get. 5. R. IV. 1. L. 2. Wag. 3. Layer. 4. Get. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Tan. 3. Rater. 4. New. 5. R.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Fusil. 2. Uzema. 3. Sedan. 4. Image. 5. Lanes.

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WORD-SQUARE.

I. A sambo. 2. Audibly. 3. A large quadruped. 4. A statue. 5. A kind of theater in ancient Greece.

"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

PL.

RAIF dan geren si het sharm ni unje;
Dwie dan wram si eht snyun nono.
Het wirefong shures grifen het loop
Whit drenels swodsha, mid dan loco.
Romf eht wol shebus "bbo twihe" slalc;
Toni shi sneta a lorefase slaff,
Het glubbfica defas; dan ghrouth het hate,
Raf fof, eht sae's fanit slupse tabe.

ANAGRAM.

A TITLE often applied to Hippocrates:

DO THE INFIRM FEET ACHE?

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of a character in the Iliad.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A pattern of excellence or perfection. 2. The close of the day. 3. Screening. 4. To

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Robert Bruce. Cross-words: 1. Risks. 2. Onion. 3. Brace. 4. Enact. 5. Rogue. 6. Tiara. 7. Bleak. 8. Ruble. 9. Unite. 10. Cobra. 11. Enemy.

PI. Not the word, but the soul of the thing!
Not the name, but the spirit of spring!
And so, at morning early,
Through hedgerows fresh and pearly,
Bedecked with hawthorn branches
And apple blossoms gay,
Her golden hair around her,
As if some god had crowned her,
Across the dewy woodland
Comes dancing in the May.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 8, Honolulu; 9 to 16, Maunaloa; 17 to 24, Sandwich. Cross-words: From 1 to 9, Hiram; 2 to 10 opera; 3 to 11, neveu; 4 to 12, ocean; 5 to 13, llama; 6 to 14, usual; 7 to 15, lasso; 8 to 16, Utica; 9 to 17, Moses; 10 to 18, alpha; 11 to 19, urban; 12 to 20, nomad; 13 to 21, arrow; 14 to 22, Lummi; 15 to 23, optic; 16 to 24, Allah.

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take away. 5. The lowest degree of honor that is hereditary. 6. A kind of ant, abundant in tropical countries, and noted for its destructive habits. 7. To twine around. 8. Earnest. 9. Pekans. 10. To separate.

"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A burden. 2. At one time. 3. A continued pain. 4. An exploit.

II. MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. To observe. 2. A whirlpool. 3. To move sideways. 4. Colored.

III. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Precious stones. 2. To prepare for publication. 3. A transparent mineral. 4. To tarry.

H. W. E.

DROP-LETTER PROVERBS.

1. A b*r*t *h*l* d*e*d* t*e *i*e.
2. E*o*g* i* a* g*o* a* *e*s*.
3. A *r*e*d *n *e*d *s * f*i*n* i*d*e*.
4. T*o *a*y* *o*k* s*o*l *h* b*o*h. "CALAMUS."

DIVIDED WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Take half of a costly metal, and two thirds of a public house, and form a word meaning to control. Answer, go-ld, ta-vern; govern.

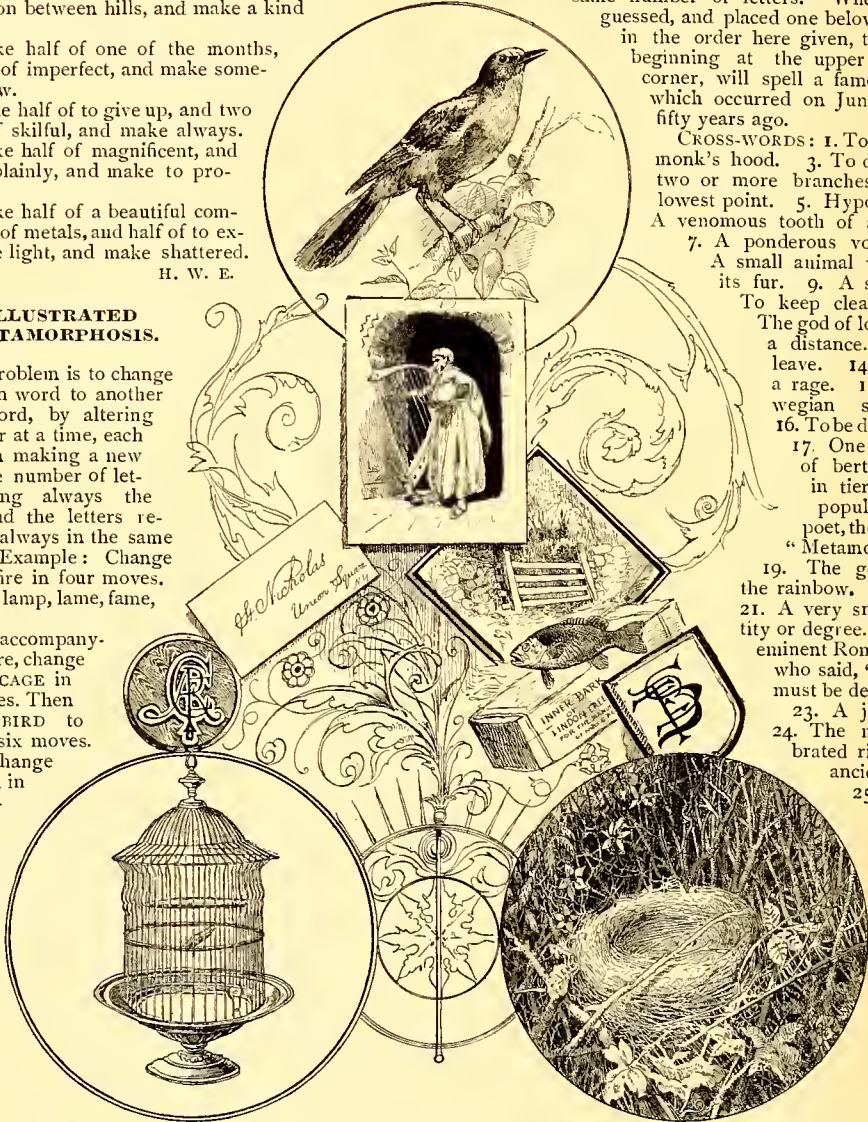
1. Take half of a part of a gun, and half of a depression between hills, and make a kind of grain.
2. Take half of one of the months, and half of imperfect, and make something new.
3. Take half of to give up, and two thirds of skilful, and make always.
4. Take half of magnificent, and half of plainly, and make to provide.
5. Take half of a beautiful combination of metals, and half of to exclude the light, and make shattered.

H. W. E.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS.

THE problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Example: Change lamp to fire in four moves. Answer: lamp, lame, fame, fare, fire.

In the accompanying picture, change BIRD to CAGE in four moves. Then change BIRD to NEST in six moves. Each change is shown in the illustration.



A FLUMINOUS ENIGMA.

HOURLASS.

WHEN the names of the following rivers have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the initials will spell a name sometimes given to the Hudson River.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A river of Italy. 2. A river of Massachusetts. 3. A river of Germany. 4. A river

of enormous length and volume. 5. A river of Wisconsin. 6. A river of South Carolina. 7. A river of Mexico. 8. A large river of Asia. 9. A river of Texas. 10. A river of Eastern Asia. 11. A river of Africa. 12. A river of Europe, emptying into the Mediterranean. 13. A river of China. 14. A river of Southern Asia. 15. A great river of Western Africa. 16. A river of Spain.

ZIGZAG.

E. W. W.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell a famous event which occurred on June 28, over fifty years ago.

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. To stuff. 2. A monk's hood. 3. To divide into two or more branches. 4. The lowest point. 5. Hypocrisy. 6. A venomous tooth of a serpent. 7. A ponderous volume. 8. A small animal valued for its fur. 9. A stain. 10. To keep clear of. 11. The god of love. 12. At a distance. 13. To leave. 14. To be in a rage. 15. A Norwegian snow-shoe. 16. To be diminished. 17. One of a series of berths placed in tiers. 18. A popular Roman poet, the author of "Metamorphoses." 19. The goddess of the rainbow. 20. Tart. 21. A very small quantity or degree. 22. The eminent Roman patriot who said, "Carthage must be destroyed!" 23. A jolly time. 24. The most celebrated river of the ancient world. 25. Parched with heat.

C. B.

MY central letters, reading downward, spell a name given to the northern portion of Africa.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cross and cynical. 2. Low, vulgar language. 3. Skill. 4. In barbarous. 5. Part of a locomotive. 6. A low style of comedy. 7. Actors.



"AND LOUDEST RANG SIR MORVEN'S LAUGH,
AND LIGHTEST TOST HIS PLUME."

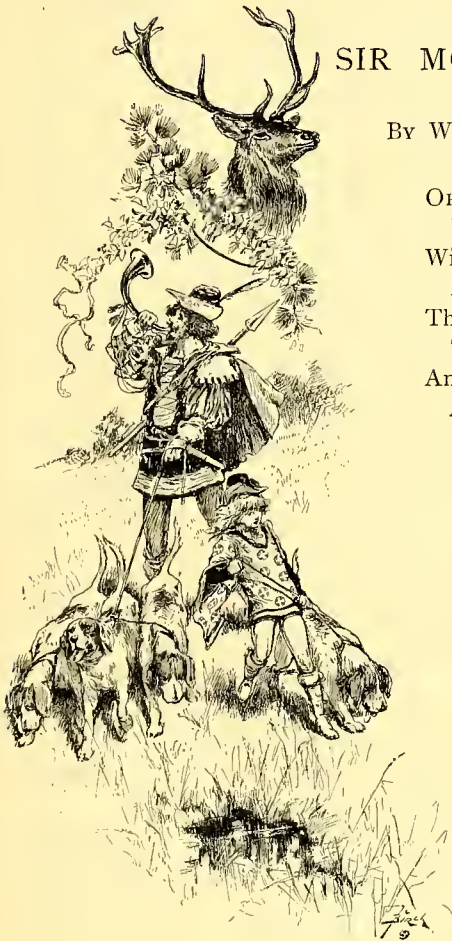
ST. NICHOLAS.

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SIR MORVEN'S HUNT.

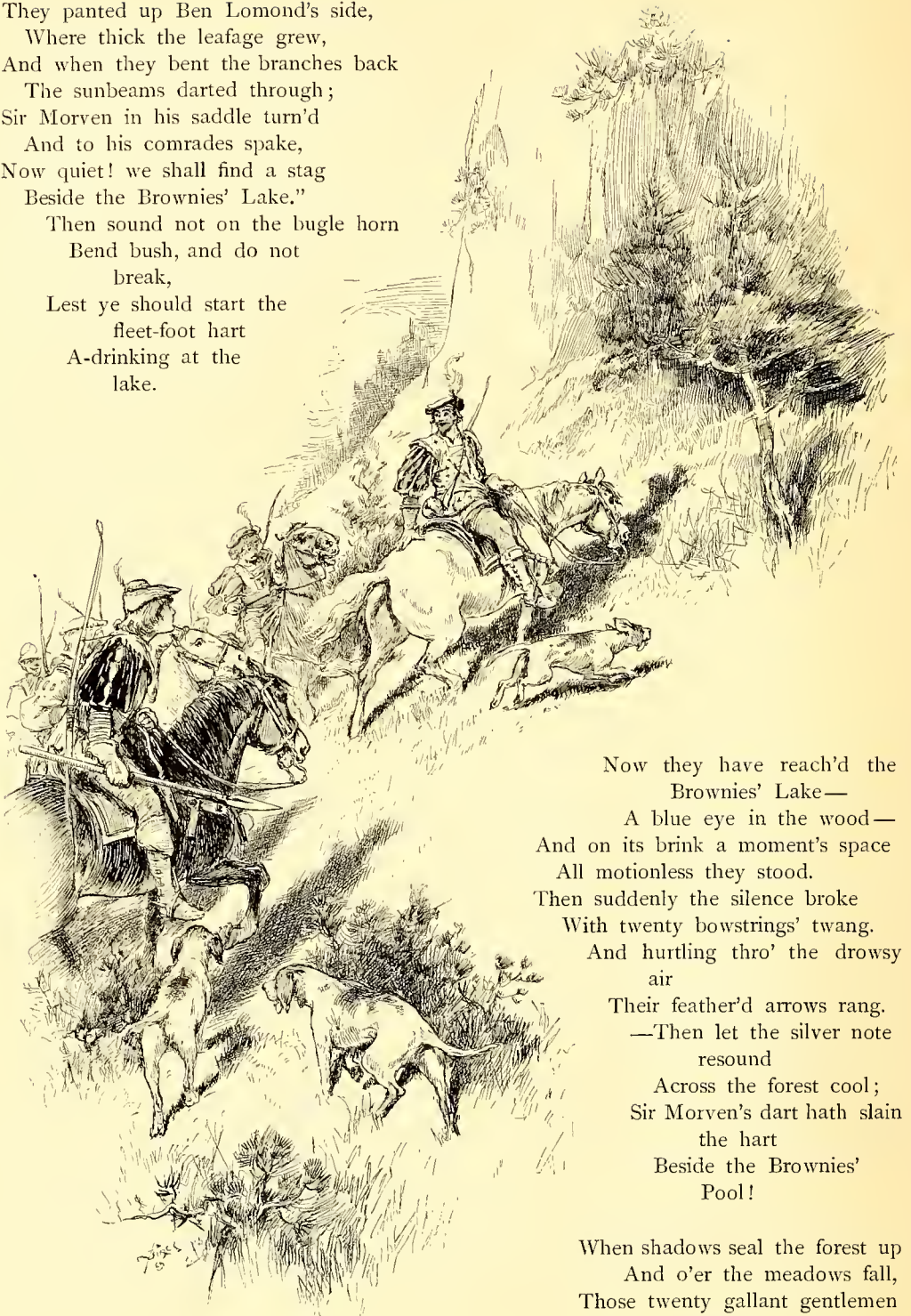
BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.

OH, it's twenty gallant gentlemen,
Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
And gleam upon the spear;
They gallop'd thro' the meadow-grass,
They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
And lightest tost his plume.
There's no delight, by day or night,
Like hunting in the morn;
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood,
By ferny dell and glade,
And now and then upon their cloaks
The summer sunshine played.
They heard the timid forest birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But no stag did they see.
Wind, wind the horn on summer morn!
Tho' ne'er a buck appear,
There's health for horse and gentlemen
A-following the deer.

They panted up Ben Lomond's side,
 Where thick the leafage grew,
 And when they bent the branches back
 The sunbeams darted through;
 Sir Morven in his saddle turn'd
 And to his comrades spake,
 "Now quiet! we shall find a stag
 Beside the Brownies' Lake."

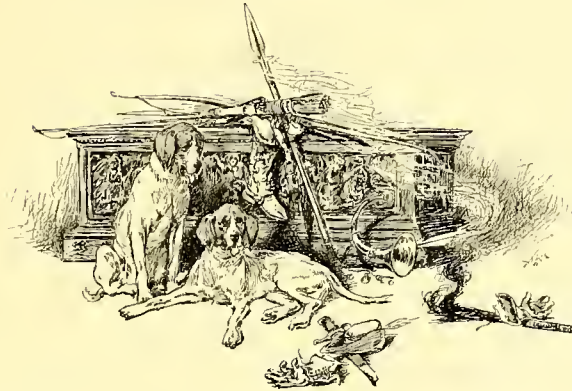
Then sound not on the bugle horn
 Bend bush, and do not
 break,
 Lest ye should start the
 fleet-foot hart
 A-drinking at the
 lake.



Now they have reach'd the
 Brownies' Lake—
 A blue eye in the wood—
 And on its brink a moment's space
 All motionless they stood.
 Then suddenly the silence broke
 With twenty bowstrings' twang,
 And hurtling thro' the drowsy
 air
 Their feather'd arrows rang.
 —Then let the silver note
 resound
 Across the forest cool;
 Sir Morven's dart hath slain
 the hart
 Beside the Brownies'
 Pool!

When shadows seal the forest up
 And o'er the meadows fall,
 Those twenty gallant gentlemen
 Come riding to the Hall;

With gleam of torch and merry shout
 They crowd the courtyard then,
 To lift from Morven's saddle-bow
 A royal stag of ten.
 Oh, lay aside the trusty spear,
 And lay aside the horn!
 To-night we 'll feast upon the deer,
 And hunt another morn.



NAN MERRIFIELD'S CHOICE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

THE front door banged, an umbrella fell into the stand with a sharp click, and a boy's voice shouted:

"Hello!"

"In here," came the answer from behind the portières, and Bob Merrifield walked into his uncle's library, to find his cousin Nan seated comfortably on the floor in front of the low book-shelves.

A saucy lifting of the eyebrows was her greeting, followed by the question:

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

"Oh! it was a rather wet afternoon, and I did n't have a good book, and Jack's gone to the city," was the answer, given with the usual politeness of fifteen-year-old cousins.

"And you thought I might serve to amuse you under such circumstances? Much obliged,

I am sure; but as long as you are here you can make yourself useful. We have to find an example of oratorical climax for Monday's Rhetoric, and Miss Bird told me to look in Patrick Henry's speeches. Just hunt it up for me, will you?" and Nan handed him the volume over which she had been bending.

Bob turned the pages slowly, then with—"Here you are, I guess," read a portion of the famous appeal to arms. Beginning with, "There is no retreat but in submission and slavery," he grew more and more earnest, till at the last well-known words, "Give me liberty, or give me death," his voice rose to a ring of enthusiasm that caused the audience of one to clap heartily from her seat on the arm of the sofa.

With a rather sheepish look, Bob tossed the book upon a chair near by, saying:

"One cannot read such words without roaring. Is that the speech you wanted?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Nan; "but you need n't be ashamed of the 'roaring,' as you call it. I am sure I wish you would speak it that way in school."

"Could n't do it, Miss Merrifield. Imagine your humble servant committing prose, when verses nearly use him up. Why, it would take a whole afternoon to learn enough of that to make a show."

"Well, I think it would pay better than some of the things you boys recite. I am so tired of 'Abou Ben Adhem' and 'Marco Bozaris'; as for dear 'Horatius,' I sometimes wish he had been nicely drowned in his beloved Father Tiber, 'with all his harness on his back.' I tell you, if I were a boy, I would just set to work and learn some of those grand prose things, if"—and a scornful gleam shown in Nan's brown eyes—"if it did 'take a whole afternoon'!"

"The only chance I ever had," she went on, "was when Miss Jackson had us commit the first and last clauses of the Declaration. Do you remember?"

"I should think I did," was Bob's reply; "and fine work some of you girls made of it. Was n't it a lark to hear Lily Ames recite with that pretty little lisp, 'our liveth, our fortuneth, and our thacred honor'?"

Both cousins laughed heartily at the recollection.

"By the by," said Nan, "our turn to speak comes in two weeks. Have you chosen your piece?"

"Yes, and I have a fine one for you, too. Do you know 'The Jackdaw of Rheims'? Where 's the poetry encyclopedia?"

Nan brought it from the table, and both heads bent eagerly over the index.

"'Barbauld,' 'Barbour,' 'Barham,' page three-fifty-six,—here it is!" Then for five minutes there was no sound but the beating of the raindrops as the cousins read the bright poem in silence.

"It 's just splendid!" exclaimed Nan, as she finished; "but don't you want it for yourself?"

"Too long by half; besides, I hate those wiggling verses. Give me nice, respectable four-liners, with two rhymes to a stanza."

"You lazy creature! What is your choice this time?"

"Goldsmith's 'Mad Dog'; know it? It 's just my style; not very long, and you can't tell whether it 's meant to be sad or comical. It will be great fun watching the folks' faces. You just wait till you see the solemnity with which I shall declaim—

The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died!"

"Why, do you know it already?" questioned Nan, in surprise.

"Almost. Some one gave it to Baby Nell in a picture-book, and she kept me reading it to her till I could n't help learning it by heart."

Nan burst into an irrepressible laugh.

"You certainly are the most labor-saving individual, Bob Merrifield; but all the same I am ever so much obliged for The Jackdaw. It 's exactly what I like; it is funny, but not silly."

"I thought it would suit, and I guess you 'll do it all right, for you are pretty good at that sort of thing, if you are my cousin."

"Much obliged for the compliment, and I 'll return it, only I cannot help wishing that you would try Patrick Henry."

"I will leave him for you, this time; but there!—Jack's train is due, and I must go. If you take The Jackdaw, be sure to get him up in fine style. I 'll promise to start the applause." And with a farewell pull of his cousin's long braids, Bob departed as suddenly as he had come.

Left to herself, Nan proceeded to read her chosen piece aloud.

"It 's the best I have had in two years. I know just what gestures to make, and I 'll wear my new red dress." There she paused and smiled to herself, for somehow the prospect was very pleasing.

Nan Merrifield was not exactly vain of her gift for recitation; but who does not take pleasure in the consciousness of doing a thing acceptably?

It was only that morning that one of her friends had said:

"I am so glad we are coming to the middle of the alphabet. It is such a relief when it is

time for you two Merrifields, for you always have such nice, funny pieces."

It was of these words that Nan was thinking when the clock, striking six, reminded her that dinner would be in half an hour. She picked up the volume of speeches, and her eyes fell again on Patrick Henry's famous words.

"How I wish I could do it!" she sighed, and then proceeded to read the speech through with her finest emphasis; but the result was anything but satisfactory, and she closed the book with an exclamation of disgust. "No, it needs the 'roaring,' as Bob said; but I do wish there was some great, quiet thing that I could learn and speak, for I am getting tired of doing just funny things; besides,"—as she pushed the book into its place with a vindictive slap,—“I should like one chance to shame those lazy boys.”

Turning the new notion over in her mind, she went slowly up-stairs to prepare for dinner. Twenty minutes later, in all the bravery of a new dress, she danced down the staircase and paused with a low courtesy before the hall mirror. The scarlet and black image, with its rosy cheeks, dancing brown eyes, and long flying braids mocked her. The idea of that figure attempting anything serious was ridiculous, and with her head at its sauciest angle, Nan recited:

And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it, Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

Those two lines of her prospective piece had greatly tickled Nan's fancy, for, fifteen-year-old

girl that she was, she loved fun as heartily as any boy that ever lived.

With scarcely a pause after the last word, she raised one arm upward, then, pushing her other hand inside the jacket-front of her black-velvet zouave, she proceeded to declaim: "Give me liberty or give me—" but just there the bangles on her upraised wrist slipped down with a silvery ring; the contrast between that very feminine sound and the words she was recit-

ing was too much for Nan's dignity, and the speech ended in a merry laugh.

As she turned from the mirror, she caught sight of a figure standing in the shadow of the staircase. With a cry of joy she dashed forward.

"Brother Jim! I am so glad you have come. We did not expect you till to-morrow."

And some one else was glad too, if the close clasp in which the little sister was held meant anything. But there was a roguish twinkle in the brother's eyes as he



"'HERE IT IS,' SAID NAN."

hung up his coat and remarked:

"Would you kindly inform me what wonderful composition you were declaiming just now? It struck me as a most remarkable mixture of slang and solemnity."

Nan laughed.

"I'll tell you all about it after dinner. I want a serious talk with you, too, on a serious subject, as soon as possible."

"As serious as you like, little woman. I have an engagement at eight-thirty; but the time between that and dinner is at your disposal"; and young Mr. Merrifield went up-stairs for his mother's welcome.

In that last reply of his, lies the key to Nan's ardent love for her only brother.

"Why, yes; he teases me "of course," she would answer, when questioned as to that inherent quality of the fraternal class. "But, somehow, it is always when I don't mind, and when I want him to be serious, he is."

It was to "Brother Jim" that she brought her difficult problems for explanation. It was he who heard her history-lessons, and drew such interesting plans of those dreadful Civil War campaigns that she could actually remember that Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were on the same side of the Rappahannock. It was Brother Jim who had concocted such a famous scheme for learning the Latin conjugations, and it was on the arm of this same brother's chair that Nan took her seat after dinner and told her new idea, ending with the question:

"Do you think it is silly?"

"Silly? No," and her brother stroked his mustache, thoughtfully. "On the whole, I think it would be most sensible if it could be carried out, for of course a failure would never do. You would need a certain kind of a speech. Are your desires particularly set on Patrick Henry?"

"Oh, no; I thought perhaps you would know something that would not need so much shouting."

"Well, let me see, there 's Webster's famous speech, with the Massachusetts part and the Union ending. How would you like one of those selections?" and her brother laid an open book before Nan's eager eyes.

She read the two extracts, slowly.

"Yes, they are very grand-sounding; but I should have to keep thinking what the long words meant,—besides, they are only parts. Did n't any one ever write a short, great speech, that I could understand right off?" asked Nan, with a beseeching tone in her earnest voice.

A short, great speech that she could understand? To one familiar with his country's oratory, there was little question where to find a composition answering to that description. Opening the book again, Mr. Merrifield said:

"There are two: Lincoln's second inaugural

and his Gettysburg address. Read them carefully"; and he took up the evening paper. But he found the stock-quotations decidedly dull when compared with the intent young face beside him.

First she read the inaugural; then, turning the leaf, she began the immortal speech. Twice the brown eyes traveled over the short page; then lifting a face glowing with suppressed feeling, she asked:

"Do you really think that I could say this without hurting it?"

Her brother smiled at the anxious tone, then said reassuringly:

"Yes, indeed; I don't see why not. All you need do is to recite in such a way that the audience will forget all about you, and think only of the words you are saying, and the thoughts they stand for. That does not seem very difficult, and yet, as we have but two weeks, you will have to work hard."

"I don't mind the hard work, if you 'll only tell me how," exclaimed Nan, all eagerness to begin.

"First comes the committing. To do that well, you must know every next word without thinking, for there will be no rhymes to help along. Study it aloud, Nannie, if you can, and when you have said it five times in succession without a mistake, then we 'll see about the expression. There! I have preached quite a sermon on elocution, but my time is up. Good night, little orator"; and with a kiss on the rosy cheek near him, Brother Jim departed.

During the next few days Nan realized that her task was more difficult than she had supposed. Many a time she blundered over those two clauses in the middle of the speech that seem so similar and yet are so different. But she kept bravely at work, and Wednesday evening met her brother with the triumphant exclamation: "I 've done it seven whole times without a mistake!"

After dinner the library doors were closed and the training began.

Nan had decided to have no gestures.

"I never could make any fit for the words," she said, "and my hands look so like a girl. Don't you think I could put them behind my back? They would be out of sight then, and I

know the people that make speeches do that sometimes."

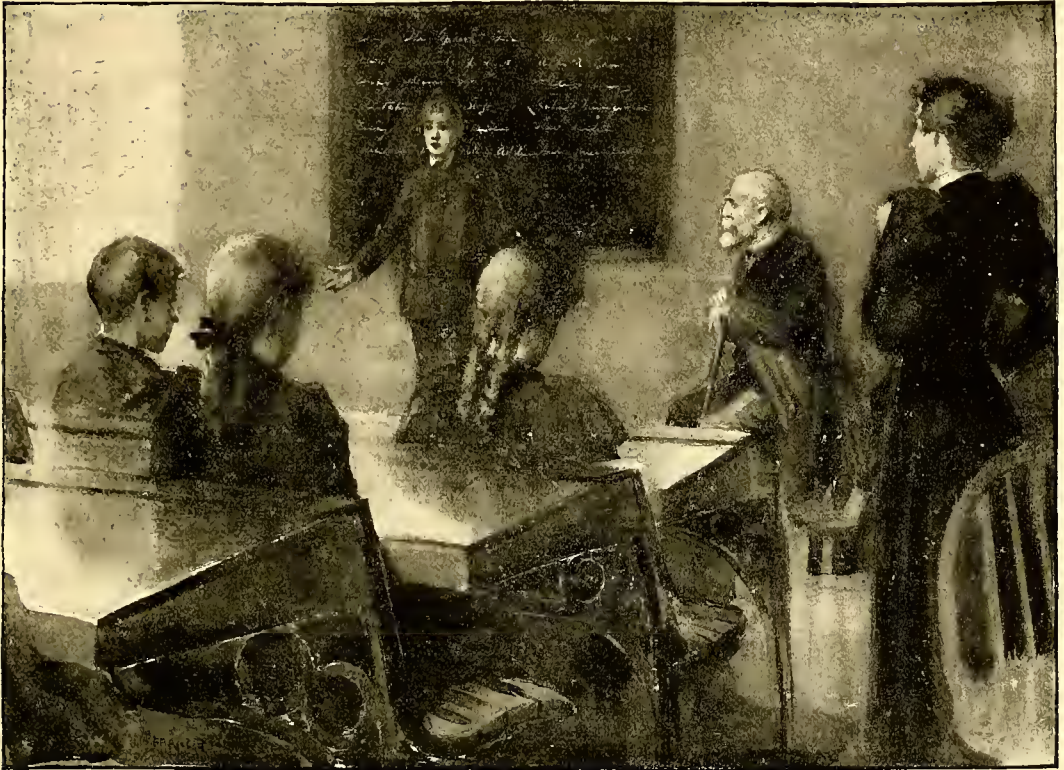
After a moment's thought, her brother said yes.

"Say it through once," were his next words, and Nan obeyed. There was a slight tremble in the girlish voice, but the words were spoken with no hesitation, and in such a way that the hearer felt instinctively the love and reverence that they had aroused in the heart of the speaker.

"Very good, so far," was the brother's com-

plimented till then how Catiline must have shaken in his shoes. I suppose you would call it a sort of reserved force, and that 's what I want for you."

There is no use trying to tell how Nan enjoyed the evenings that followed, for her brother told her story after story of his favorite hero, Lincoln, and Saturday took her to New York to see the famous cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg. After that, the words, "the brave men, living and dead, who struggled here," meant more to her than ever before.



"BOB'S SOLEMNITY WAS IRRESISTIBLE." (SEE PAGE 763.)

ment; "only, of course, it must be stronger. The great thing for a woman is to speak clearly, because she cannot shout—and ought not, either. I remember when I was in the high school our teacher had a fancy to have us read our Cicero in the Latin, with proper emphasis, and there was one girl who beat us all; for while we boys thundered with all our lung-power, she, with her low, clear voice made us actually shiver. In fact, I think I never real-

ized till then how Catiline must have shaken in his shoes. I suppose you would call it a sort of reserved force, and that 's what I want for you."

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"What 's the matter? Going to give us Patrick?" with a quizzical grin.

"No, I 'm not."

"Is your new one better than The Jackdaw?"

"Yes, I think so."

"As long?"

"No."

"Well, I thought you'd find those peculiar verses rather a pull. My Mad Dog is fine. They'll applaud it more than yours."

"I know they will," and the conversation ended.

There had also been the announcement to the rhetoric teacher. Ten days before the time for recitation, each scholar was obliged to report the name of the piece chosen.

The teacher glanced at the title written on the slip of paper that Nan gave her, then exclaimed:

"Why, Miss Merrifield, do you really mean that this is your choice?" and she looked up as if expecting to hear that the girl was joking.

"Yes; it is, Miss Bird," was Nan's answer. "I really want to speak it, and my brother is showing me how. You have no objections, have you?"

"Why, no. I suppose it is a good plan to be familiar with such things, and you generally know your pieces, so I trust this will be well committed."

"Yes, Ma'am"; and Nan retired, saying to herself, "Well committed!—as if that were all!"

Friday morning came. Her brother was to be away till Saturday evening.

"Good luck to you, little sister. Do your best for Abraham Lincoln," were his last words; and Nan felt as if a solemn trust had been committed to her keeping.

"I suppose you will want to wear your new dress this afternoon?" her mother remarked, as they rose from the luncheon-table.

"Doesn't this one look well enough?" asked Nan, with an anxious glance at the plain folds of her dark-green school-dress.

"Yes, indeed; only I thought the girls tried to be a little gayer on speaking-days."

"They do, generally, but—well—Mother dear, you know what my piece is, and somehow I want to do everything I can to make them forget about me and think only of the great words I am saying. See, I have even changed my hair-ribbons"; and with a tremulous little laugh she pulled her braids over her shoulder, showing two neat dark bows, in place of the floating cardinal ribbons that usually served to keep the bonny brown locks in place.

Mrs. Merrifield did not even smile.

"I understand, little daughter. You have Mother's best wishes for your success," was all she said; but in her heart she felt that more than Lincoln's great words would be needed to make her forget, for one instant, the sweetly serious face that had been lifted for her tender kiss. However, we all know that mothers are different from most observers.

When Nan entered the school-room, her first act was to look toward the large blackboard above the platform. She breathed a sigh of relief: the program had not yet been written. There were several glances at her dress, and one girl exclaimed:

"Why, I thought it was your turn to speak this afternoon?"

"It is," was Nan's reply as she walked to her seat and began to look over her algebra. How she got through her recitations Nan never knew. "You can't forget it; you can almost say it backward," she kept saying to herself; but in her heart she knew that her burning cheeks and shaking hands came from no fear of forgetting, but from the dread of bringing into shame those grand words that she had learned to reverence so deeply.

Two o'clock struck, and Miss Bird came in to write the program. It was the custom at Norton high school to hold a rhetorical exercise of an hour, every Friday afternoon. There were, usually, three essays and three recitations. Those who took part were selected alphabetically from the three upper classes.

The program for this Friday was as follows:

Essay—"The County Fair" WALTER JENNINGS.

Recitation—"The Inchcape Rock" ALFRED LANE.

Essay—"Curiosity" HELEN KING.

Recitation—"The Mad Dog" ROBERT MERRIFIELD.

Essay—"My Favorite Heroine" KATE LESLIE.

Recitation—"The Gettysburg Address" ANNA MERRIFIELD.

There it stood, at last, read by three hundred curious eyes. Nan felt the many glances that were turned toward her. It was a relief when Miss Bird announced the first number on the program. Just at that moment the door opened and Mr. Lester, the principal, entered, followed by a tall, white-haired man, whom all the schol-

ars knew to be Judge Lane, one of Norton's most prominent citizens. He mounted the platform, bowed with courtly grace as Miss Bird offered him a chair, then, slowly raising his gold-rimmed glasses, turned and read the program. Nan watched, with her heart beating fast, for the Judge was one of her father's friends, and she would have been so glad if she had felt sure of pleasing him. For just one moment she thought of The Jackdaw, then with an unconscious lifting of her head, and a silent "Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" turned her attention to the essay in progress. Walter Jennings was convulsing his hearers with his description of a county fair. Nan found herself laughing with the others, as he told of his investment of ten cents for the sight of the "wonderful phenomenon of a horse with his head where his tail ought to be," only to discover a poor old quadruped faced about in its stall. Nan's lip curled at the following recitation, for this was one of the stock pieces, and she was heartily weary of seeing "Sir Ralph the Rover's" wonderful performances, as interpreted by school-boy gestures. Helen King's "Curiosity" was as short and sparkling with wit and humor as high-school essays sometimes can be. Then came "The Mad Dog." Nan was obliged to confess that Bob's solemnity was irresistible. It was as he had predicted. The audience was not quite sure as to the humor or pathos of the piece, and Bob's sober countenance kept them well in doubt till at the end he recited the last two lines in the most commonplace fashion, and there followed an involuntary burst of merry applause. Judge Lane's eyes had twinkled all through the recitation, and Nan from her desk in the front row heard a subdued "Well done!" under cover of the applause.

"Oh, dear! I wish they did n't like funny things so well; but Kate will sober them down, for she always writes serious essays," was her inward comment. But—alas for her hopes! "My Favorite Heroine" turned out to be Mother Goose, and the dear old dame was served up in such an attractive style that even the coming orator could not help listening to the end. Kate made her courtesy, and Nan's time had come. Her knees shook as she left

her seat. It seemed an endless journey to the corner of the platform. She would not meet the mischievous look in Bob's eyes as she passed his desk, but she muttered, "I 'm wid yez, Patrick!" sounded clearly in her ears.

As she reached the platform her brother's parting words flashed through her mind, "Do your best for Abraham Lincoln."

There was no further hesitation; with steady step she passed to the front, linked both hands loosely behind her, then paused one second for perfect silence. The next instant there fell on the school-room air, in a voice low, but strong and clear as a sweet-toned bell, the opening words of Lincoln's masterpiece:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

One after another the short, grand phrases fell from the girlish lips. Every consonant received its full value, every word could be plainly heard in the farthest corner of the large room. Firm and strong rang the words:

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here,—

and with hushed earnestness the sentence closed—

but it can never forget what they did here.

Finally came the noble and inspiring close:

That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The room was still, as Nan paused, with a stillness more flattering than the loudest applause; but when she reached the head of the platform steps, the clapping began. It rose and fell with a vehemence seldom, if ever, heard before in that school-room. As Nan took her seat, she caught a glimpse of the Judge thumping his gold-headed cane with all his might, but under the bushy white brows there was a gleam of something in the keen eyes that all Bob's solemn fun had failed to bring there.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

"AS SHE REACHED THE PLATFORM, SHE REMEMBERED HER BROTHER'S PARTING WORDS,
'DO YOUR BEST FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN.'"

Of course there were many in that school-room audience who applauded "because the others did."

"What did possess them to make such a noise?" said Lena Chase, to her bosom friend. "I did n't see anything very wonderful. Why, she never made one gesture, and I am sure I have seen her look a great deal prettier lots of times."

"Yes, so have I," answered the bosom friend; "but I felt sort of shivery all the time she was reciting, and when she finished I could have cried or shouted, I don't exactly know which."

As for Nan herself, she was almost tired of being asked, "What made you do it?" "Are n't you ever going to speak any more funny pieces?"

To the former question her answer was the provoking but convenient "Maybe I 'll tell you, sometime"; to the latter, "Yes, indeed. I have a very funny one for next time—one that Bob chose for me."

When she was half-way home that afternoon, she heard a quick tramp behind her. It came nearer, and finally halted at her side. The next minute, her cousin took the books from under her arm, while he said, holding out his right hand: "Shake hands on it, Nan. I give in; the Mad Dog was awfully tame, and I 'm going to begin on Patrick to-morrow."

The following evening, when Mr. James Merrifield came into the library before dinner, he found a rather silent little sister gazing into the fire.

"Well, Nannie, how did it go?"

"I don't know, exactly; nobody laughed, and they looked pretty solemn, and—yes—they clapped quite loud, but somehow I did n't notice very much what happened. But I did remember what you said, and tried to do my best for you, and—Abraham Lincoln."

Before her brother could reply, her father came into the room. As Nan stood up for her evening kiss, he pinched her cheek and said, as he handed her a sealed envelop:

"When did you and Judge Lane begin a correspondence? He left this at my office to-day."

Nan broke the seal, and read in the Judge's stately handwriting:

MY DEAR MISS ANNA: I trust that the inclosed may serve to convey in some slight degree my appreciation of your fine rendering of the greatest speech in our literature. I feel that it would have been impossible for one who did not honor the writer of that speech, and also the occasion that called it forth, to have spoken those words as you did yesterday. It may be that your father has told you that my only son was among those "honored dead." I remain, Miss Anna,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS N. LANE.

Father and brother thought the Judge would have been fully repaid for parting with one of his cherished autograph manuscripts had he seen the delight in Nan's face as she unfolded the inclosed sheet of note-paper. The slightly yellowed surface showed but a few lines of writing, but beneath them in plain, legible, homely characters, stood the signature—

Abraham Lincoln

The Merrifield family spent two weeks in Chicago last October. When Nan thinks of that fortnight of delights, it seems one long, beautiful dream of swift gliding over blue lagoons between white wonders called buildings; of fascinating strolls in the famous Midway, and of endless vistas of rare and curious productions. There is one day, however, that stands in the diary of her thoughts, stamped in letters of gold. Strange as it may seem, it was a day when she did not go to the Fair.

"Nan must see the Lake Shore Drive," her brother had remarked one morning. And a more perfect day for the sight could not have been chosen. A strong north wind was tossing the gleaming blue waves of Lake Michigan all a-tumble, as Nan and her brother walked along the famous avenue. Every now and then a soft hissing crash filled the air, while the feathery spray of the broken waves was tossed six feet or more above the granite breakwater. The girl drew long, delighted breaths of the



THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

keen wind as they turned the corner into Lincoln Park, and took their way toward a flight of granite steps.

"Whose statue is it?" was the question that trembled on Nan's lips as she stood with one hand resting on a huge bronze ball and looked up at the figure above. The question was never asked, for one glance into the strong, homely face looking down upon her was enough. Bronze is a hard metal, but the face of Lincoln, in St. Gaudens's statue, will always be tender and grand to every American.

After that first long look, Nan turned to her brother with an unconscious sigh of satisfaction.

"Look under your hand, Nannie," he said, and she obeyed. There, in letters of bronze, she saw the well-known words, beginning: "Fourscore and seven years ago." Slowly following the characters over the curves she read the speech to the end, then, with another glance at the face above, she turned away.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked her brother.

"Think of it?" came the prompt reply—"that it is the very best thing I have seen in all Chicago."

And Nan Merrifield thinks so still.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER V.

THE CAPTURE OF THE KETCH.

BEFORE making any attack upon Tripoli, Commodore Preble was awaiting the return of the "Siren," under Lieutenant-Commandant Stewart, which had been sent to Gibraltar for some stores, and to have some slight repairs made.

The Siren, however, did not come back as promptly as was expected, which annoyed Commodore Preble excessively. The officers, all of whom were Stewart's friends, were fearful that it might hurt him very much in the commodore's opinion. His arrival, therefore, was looked for anxiously, and every hour of the day, the question was asked, "Has anything been heard of Stewart?" And every day Commodore Preble's vexation became more evident. At last, one morning, seeing a very fine merchant ship that was bound for Gibraltar, making her way out of the harbor, the commodore signaled to her, and sent a boat with a letter to Captain Stewart. The letter was written in the commodore's most peremptory vein, and with his curtest decision. It simply directed Stewart to sail at once, without waiting for further repairs.

A day or two afterward, when the usual inquiries were made about Stewart, Trippe answered dolefully:

"The commodore has just had a letter from him, saying his mainmast is so badly sprung that it is unserviceable, and he is having a new one made. Was there ever anything so unlucky? Of course, he can't get here for a considerable time, and all that time Old Pepper



CAPTAIN STEWART OBEYS ORDERS, AND THE "SIREN" RETURNS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

will be lashing himself into a rage; and, on top of this, Stewart gets the commodore's orders to sail at once."

But one fine morning, only a day or two after this, a vessel which looked very like the

"Argus," a sister ship to the Siren, was discerned approaching; and within a few minutes the officers with their glasses declared her to be the Siren. But she had no mainmast, and her appearance with only one mast was grotesque in the extreme.

"What can it be, sir, that Captain Stewart is towing?" asked Pickle Israel of Lieutenant

before. He remembered his peremptory orders to Stewart to sail at once. Stewart had evidently taken him at his word, and had sailed with one mast and was towing the other.

The good news that "Old Pepper" had smiled instead of scowling at Stewart's device, quickly communicated itself to the officers, and



"COMMODORE PREBLE AND CAPTAIN DECATUR SPENT MANY LONG HOURS PERFECTING THE DETAILS OF THE HAZARDOUS EXPEDITION." (SEE PAGE 770.)

Trippe, as the two watched from the deck of the flag-ship, the Siren approach.

Trippe examined it carefully; but, before he could make out what the object was, the commodore walked up, and, handing Trippe his glass, asked him:

"Will you be kind enough, Mr. Trippe, to examine the Siren and see what she is towing?"

Trippe took the glass, and he could not refrain from smiling as he answered the commodore:

"It is undoubtedly the Siren's mainmast, sir. As you see, she has only her foremast standing, and the spar is much too big and too long for anything but the mainmast."

Commodore Preble's mouth twitched. He had never seen a ship-of-war in such a plight

gave them great satisfaction. The reception of the Siren's captain, when he came aboard the "Constitution" soon after, was comparatively mild, and his explanation so satisfactory that he was invited to prolong his visit and have luncheon with the commodore.

Decatur and Somers were much relieved at the news brought them that "Old Pepper" smiled grimly when Stewart told him about the mainmast, and said "that was the way he liked to have his orders obeyed."

The fleet was now assembled for the first demonstration against Tripoli; and not until Commodore Preble himself had seen the "Philadelphia" and her position in the Tripolitan harbor, would he finally fix upon any plan, although

Decatur had a promise that he should have the honor of commanding the expedition.

One morning, in response to a signal from the Constitution, all of the captains — Decatur, Somers, Hull, and Stewart — assembled on the flag-ship, to hold their first council of war with the commodore. As the four young captains met on the quarter-deck, the extreme youth of every one of them seemed to strike them simultaneously, and Somers remarked:

“You, Decatur, will be the only one of us with assurance enough to parley with the commodore.”

“Somers,” said Decatur, with unwonted gravity, “I do not feel as if I could make a suggestion or argue with Commodore Preble, if my life depended upon it.”

“I pity the rest of us, then,” said Stewart, dismally.

As the four young captains entered the cabin, they passed a gentleman of middle age, who was a guest of the commodore on board the flag-ship. Captain Hull recognized him as Colonel Lear, who was the American consul at Tangiers, and, with a bow to the assembled officers, the consul retired.

After the usual formalities, which “Old Pepper” was careful to observe, unless he happened to be in a choleric humor, the captains seated themselves around the table, the commodore at the head. Commodore Preble then opened his plan of campaign, which was listened to with the most respectful attention. He next asked each of the youthful commanders for an individual opinion. Each hastened to agree with that of the commodore.

The commodore then asked if any one of them had a suggestion to offer. Somers looked at Decatur, and Decatur looked gravely at Somers. Hull and Stewart looked straight before them. After hemming a little, each one in turn declared that he had no suggestions to make. “Old Pepper,” after a glance around the table, rose suddenly.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “this council is over. I regret to say that I have not had, in any way, the slightest assistance from you. Good morning.”

The four young captains then filed out in the same order in which they had entered, but

very much more quickly, and looking like whipped school-boys.

Some hours after, Colonel Lear, entering the cabin, found Commodore Preble sitting at the table, leaning his head on his hands, in an attitude of the deepest dejection.

“Lear,” said he, raising himself up, “I have been indiscreet in accepting the command of this squadron, with the duty of punishing Tripoli. Had I known how I was to be supported, I certainly should have declined it. The Government has sent me here a lot of school-boys, as commanders of all my vessels, and not one of them but is afraid to open his mouth before me!”

Nevertheless, the commodore went on with his preparations, and about the middle of December he set sail for Tripoli.

The squadron kept fairly well together for some days. Then a heavy gale arose, and for several days the ships did not see one another. Toward night, on the day that the gale abated, Decatur, while off the Tripolitan coast, caught sight of a ketch with a lateen sail, and flying Tripolitan colors.

He at once gave orders for the pursuit, but the ketch showed herself a fairly good sailer, and it took several hours to overhaul her. She was skilfully navigated, and ran very close in shore, hoping to induce the Argus to follow her. But Decatur was wary, and, keeping well off the shore, declined to trust his ship upon the treacherous rocks and shoals toward which the Tripolitans would have led him. At last, just as a faint moon arose in a murky sky, the Argus got to windward of the ketch, and, bearing down on her, opened fire with deadly precision. The Tripolitans at once hauled down their colors; but Decatur, remembering their treachery as told him by Somers, and knowing that the pirates preferred hand-to-hand fighting, did not slacken his fire, but, standing on, ranged up alongside. The call for boarders had been sounded, and, of the Argus's small company of eighty men, two thirds were ready to spring aboard the Tripolitan at the word. In another minute the two vessels were broadside to broadside. Decatur himself gave the order to board; and, as the Americans sprang over the side, they were met by every available

man in a crew as numerous as their own, and armed with the terrible curved sword of the Barbary pirates.

The fight on the deck of the ketch was furious but short. The Tripolitans fought desperately but in disorder, and within fifteen minutes they were beaten. Decatur, in examining his prize, found that she had sustained but little injury; and, bearing in mind (as he had done ever since the first day he had heard of the Philadelphia's loss) the destruction of the frigate, he determined that the ketch would be of great use on the expedition, and he would, therefore, take her back to the rendezvous at Syracuse with him.

"She is of a build and rig common in the Mediterranean," he said to his first lieutenant, James Lawrence; "and, in arranging a surprise, it would be best to have a Mediterranean vessel which would not be readily suspected."

Lawrence agreed with his young captain. Leaving the prisoners on board, a midshipman was put in command of the ketch, with a prize crew, and sent back to Syracuse. Decatur then joined the rest of the squadron, and they proceeded to Tripoli, where, lying off the town, they gave it a bombardment by way of a promise of what was to come. The lack of small vessels to enter the tortuous and rocky harbor, prevented much damage being done; but the Bashaw saw the fine fleet the Americans could muster, and word was conveyed to him that it would return in a few months with gun vessels and bombards, and attack the town in earnest.

To Captain Bainbridge and the poor prisoners with him in the dungeons of the castle the sight of the American flag fluttering from the gallant little fleet in the far distance was an assurance of hope, and the cannonade, which was merely a defiance, was sweet music to the captives. The sight of the great Philadelphia riding at anchor under the guns of the castle and the fort, and wearing the Tripolitan colors, was a sore one for the American officers and sailors. But Decatur, during all the days of the cannonade, kept his eyes fixed on the frigate whenever he could, studying her position, examining charts, and thinking out the scheme for destroying the ship. He felt that he was destined to achieve glory in that undertaking.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

UPON the return of the squadron to Syracuse, preparations went on vigorously for the attempt upon the Philadelphia. Decatur's first plan, which he held to eagerly, of going in boldly and cutting out the frigate, was flatly forbidden by Commodore Preble, as being too rash. Decatur's second plan, of going in with the ketch, disguised, and destroying the frigate, was approved of by Commodore Preble, who had, in fact, first suggested the idea to Decatur. He and "Old Pepper" spent many long hours in the cabin of the Constitution, perfecting the details of the hazardous expedition; and the commodore's respect for his "school-boy captains" increased every day that they served under him. Particularly was he gratified at the spirit of instant acquiescence they showed, when, after the keenest rivalry among them all for the honor of supporting Decatur, the privilege was accorded to Captain Stewart, in the Siren, which was the fastest and most weatherly of the brigs and schooners. Somers felt the deepest disappointment; but, with his usual calm good sense, he allowed no impatient word to escape him.

The ships were to remain at Syracuse all winter. Meanwhile, every effort was made to communicate with Captain Bainbridge and his officers imprisoned at Tripoli. A large reward was offered for the conveyance of letters to and from the prisoners, and two letters were successfully conveyed to Captain Bainbridge, and answers received.

The general plans of Decatur's expedition were now known among the American officers, and privately discussed. "Old Pepper" gave Decatur one last warning:

"You may dream, Captain Decatur, that you could bring out a frigate of the Philadelphia's draft through that tortuous harbor at night, under the fire of every battery in the town, of the castle, and the whole fleet in the harbor. Very well, sir, if you attempt it, and get out alive, you shall be sent home at once, under charges; for look you, Captain Decatur, it is as dangerous to do too much, when you are under my orders, as it is to do too little."

Decatur very wisely held his tongue, and

realized that the destruction of the ship was all he could aim at.

The expedition was to start about the first of February. Decatur consulted with Somers, and, with his help, made out a list of the officers he desired, which he submitted to the commodore. Decatur found himself unable to make a choice among his three lieutenants,—Lawrence, Thorn, and Bainbridge (the nephew of Captain Bainbridge),—and felt obliged to take them all.

Somers and Decatur were constantly together during those last days, and Decatur was ably assisted by Somers's extraordinarily good judgment in matters of detail, especially regarding the disguising of the ketch and her company. Every officer and man was to be provided with a jacket and trousers such as the Maltese sailors wear; for the "Intrepid" was to steal in as a fruit-laden vessel from Malta.

At last, every preparation being well forward, on the afternoon of the third of February, Decatur, with Somers, was pulled to the Constitution, where they found Stewart and Hull. Every officer and man on the ship knew that the choice of officers was to be made that day, and all were on hand so as not to miss the chance of going upon an expedition of so much glory.

Decatur went immediately to the commodore's cabin, where he submitted his list; and every name was approved. As he appeared upon the quarter-deck with the commodore, he could not but smile at the ill-concealed eagerness of the officers, who could scarcely restrain their impetuosity.

The commodore looked around and smiled; not an officer was missing. He took his station near the gangway, and an instant hush fell upon them. The boatswain's call to "Attention" was a mere form.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you perhaps know that it is in contemplation to send an expedition, under the command of Captain Decatur, to Tripoli, for the purpose of destroying the Philadelphia, which has been raised, refitted, and now flies the Tripolitan colors. Captain Stewart, of the Siren, is to support Captain Decatur, with his whole force. The ketch, so gallantly captured by Captain Decatur, is to be

used, as being of a build and rig often seen in Mediterranean ports, and therefore not likely to excite suspicion. She has been fitly named the Intrepid, and her ammunition is now aboard of her, and she sails at daylight. Captain Decatur has the selection of his brave assistants. I can only say that his choice,—like mine of the ships and the captains to do the work,—will be made solely upon the ground of availability. If willingness to go were the only test, there could be no choice; but in other respects there is a choice, which Captain Decatur has made, with my approval."

The names selected were then read off.

The older officers looked acutely disappointed; many of them had hoped to go; but they gave the lucky ones a rousing cheer, while the "stay-at-homes" among the midshipmen joined in, and all shook hands cordially with their more fortunate messmates.

Decatur then ordered his boat alongside, and said farewell to the commodore and the assembled officers. He directed the midshipmen to report on board the Intrepid at daylight; and then, inviting Somers and Stewart to go to his ship, all three were pulled to the Argus.

It was about four o'clock on a lovely afternoon in February, which is a spring-like month in Sicily. The ketch was at anchor, with the red flag flying at her fore, showing that she was taking on powder. On the Argus, too, there was the tension of expectation, as they knew from the state of forwardness in the preparations of the ketch that the time of adventure was at hand.

The three young captains came over the side together, and immediately Decatur ordered the boatswain and his mates to pipe "All hands to muster." Almost before the sound had died away, the men crowded up the hatchways, and the officers quickly ranged themselves on the quarter-deck. "All up and aft" was reported, and Decatur advanced with the list in his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he to his officers, in his usual impetuous way, "you know, perhaps, that an expedition leaves at daylight to-morrow morning, in the ketch Intrepid, to destroy the Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli. I have the honor of commanding the ketch, while

Captain Stewart, in the *Siren*, commands the supporting force. All will wish to go,"—a murmur of assent was here heard,—“but all cannot go; hence I select those who seem to me best adapted to bear the hardships and to withstand the peculiar fighting methods of the Tripolitans. I have concluded to make no choice among my lieutenants, but take them all, and Midshipman Macdonough, and Dr. Heermann, surgeon.”

A rousing cheer, as on the *Constitution*, greeted this announcement, and the five officers were warmly congratulated. Decatur then turned to the men,

“Of you, my men,” he said, “I will name one who may go: the pilot, Salvador Catalano. I wish sixty-one men out of the ship’s company, and I shall take the first sixty-one who volunteer. Let each man who wishes to go advance two steps.”

As if moved by a common impulse, every man and boy on the ship, including two or three just out of the sick-bay who had not yet reported for duty, advanced two steps.

Decatur stood looking at them, his fine face lighted up with pleasure.

“My men,” he said, “it is impossible that *all* should go. Let those who are most necessary on the ship, those who are not physically strong, and those under twenty and over forty, step back.”

Not a man moved. In the midst of the dead pause Danny Dixon spoke up, touching his hat.

“Please, sir,” he said, “ain’t none of us more ’n forty or less ’n twenty; ain’t none of us necessary on board the ship, as we knows on; and ain’t a one of us that ain’t jest as healthy and strong as a whale.”

Decatur managed to take this without smiling, but replied, “Very well. Pipe down, boatswain. Within an hour I shall have made out a list of the sixty-one men whom I wish to accompany me.”

Summoning Lawrence, his first lieutenant, Decatur, with Stewart and Somers, disappeared into the cabin, and the men were dismissed.

Next morning at daylight the five officers from the *Argus*, the five midshipmen from the *Constitution*, the sixty-one petty officers and

seamen, and the pilot, Catalano, were assembled on the deck of the ketch. The accommodations were bad, and not more than half the officers could sling their hammocks at one time; but not a word of objection was heard. Early as it was, Somers was on hand to bid his friend good-by. Just as the pale pink flush of dawn lightened the dark water, the *Intrepid*, hoisting her one lateen sail, got under way, and Somers, wringing Decatur’s hand, dropped into his boat alongside. As the ketch caught the morning breeze and began to glide rapidly out toward the offing, Decatur ran aft and waved his cap at Somers, standing up in the boat, who returned the greeting and then pulled away to his own vessel. The *Siren*, being a fast sailer, did not leave until the sun was well up, when she too spread her white sails and flew.

Several days of delightful weather followed. The officers amused themselves with rehearsing the proposed strategy by which they were to make the Tripolitans believe them to be Maltese sailors, and the ketch a Maltese trading-vessel. Catalano was to do the hailing, prompted by Decatur, if they reached, as they hoped, the *Philadelphia*’s side. Except a few men, the vessel’s company was to remain below, but ready at a signal to leap on deck. The *Intrepid* proved to be a better sailer than was thought at first, and, on a lovely afternoon five days after leaving Syracuse, anchor was cast about a mile to the windward of the town. The *Siren* followed some distance behind. She too was disguised, her ports being closed, her guns covered with tarpaulins, and her sails daubed with lampblack, while patches painted on them represented old and worn canvas. By devices of various sorts she was made to look like a stanch American or English merchantman after a long voyage. Having got the *Intrepid* in a good position without being discovered, Decatur was eager for night to fall, that the desperate adventure might be made. Right out before them lay the large though dangerous harbor of Tripoli, the frowning castle, and the numerous forts that protected the town. Among all the shipping the dark and towering hull of the *Philadelphia* was most conspicuous; and from her peak flew the crescent of Tripoli.

"There she is, my men!" cried Decatur, as he pointed her out. "All her guns are kept double-shotted, and when we make a bonfire of her, she will give the rascals a broadside that will make them squeal."

The wind had been rising for some little time, and just then it blew violently from the southwest. The sky became overcast, and suddenly darkness seemed to envelop them. This Decatur thought rather favorable to his scheme; but Catalano, the pilot, who knew every foot of the harbor, came up at that moment.

"Sir," he said in English, but with a strong Italian accent, "we cannot take the ketch in to-night. The water is no doubt now breaking clear across the reef at the western passage; and, even if I could get in, there would be no chance of getting out. I know this harbor well, sir, and the water must be smooth before it is safe to go near the reefs."

It was obviously impossible to attempt the attack that night, and accordingly the *Intrepid* so signaled the *Siren*. The wind had now become a roaring gale, and soon the *Intrepid* was stretching out to sea. It was observed that the *Siren* was having trouble with her anchor, but she finally contrived to get away from the offing.

For six days the storm raged. The brig, which had finally been obliged to leave her anchor and cable, managed to keep in company with the ketch, which threatened to founder at every moment.

Their provisions were soaked; and, in cold and wet and hunger, these brave men weathered the gale. But at last, on the morning of the 15th of February, the weather moderated, the wind fell, and a bright sun shone. The ketch and brig found themselves in the Gulf of Sydra. As all signs promised good weather for some days, Decatur signaled the *Siren* to bear away for Tripoli, and began to make his preparations for the attack.

Toward evening they found themselves in sight of the town, with its circle of forts crowned by the frowning castle. The great hull of the *Philadelphia*, larger than any other in the harbor, stood out in bold relief, her masts and spars clearly defined against the daz-

zling blue of the African sky. Two frigates, anchored about two cables' lengths apart, lay between her and the castle, while nineteen gun-boats and a few galleys lay near her. From the castle and the batteries, one hundred and fifteen guns could be trained upon an attacking force; but the bold tars in the *Intrepid* took all the chances cheerfully, and even gaily.

Every man had been instructed in his duty, and the crew was not mustered, for fear of awaking distrust. The watchword "*Philadelphia*" was passed around. The men quietly took their places below the hatches, while half a dozen officers sat or lay about on deck. Catalano took the wheel, and Decatur, in a common sailor's jacket and fez, stood by him.

The breeze had become light and baffling in the offing, and the *Siren*, which kept well away from the *Intrepid* in order to avoid suspicion, was evidently unable to get any nearer until the wind should change. But at the entrance to the harbor it was very fresh, and carried the ketch forward at a lively rate. Decatur saw that his best hope was to make a bold dash then, without waiting for the gallant little brig, that was almost becalmed. At the moment when the steersman made straight for the western entrance to the harbor, Decatur addressed a few last words to his officers and men.

"You see," he said, in a firm, clear voice, perfectly audible to all, although not loud, "that Stewart and his gallant crew cannot assist us. Very well; the fewer the number, the greater the honor. Our brave shipmates now in prison have been forced for many months to see the shameful spectacle of an American frigate wearing the colors of her pirate captors. Please God, it shall be so no longer after to-night. Let every man think of this; let him think of his country; and, though we cannot hoist our flag at the *Philadelphia's* peak, we can at least send the ship to the bottom."

A half-suppressed cheer greeted Decatur's brave words, and every officer and man felt himself possessed by that noble enthusiasm which works miracles of courage.

About nine o'clock, when they were a mile off the town, a brilliant moon rose.

The scene was one of perfect peace and beauty. All the shipping in the harbor lay

quietly at anchor, and the water was so smooth that their lights were as stationary as those that twinkled in the town and the Bashaw's castle.

The *Intrepid* stole quietly in, leaving the *Siren* farther and farther astern. The moon was now high, flooding the sea with glory, and making the harbor-lights mere twinkling points of flame. The *Intrepid* steered directly for the *Philadelphia's* bows, and this caused her to be hailed while still at a considerable distance. A number of Tripolitans were seen lounging about the *Philadelphia's* decks; and an officer leaned over the rail and called out:

"What vessel is that?"

"The ketch 'Stella,' from Malta," responded Catalano, in Italian. "We were caught in the gale, and nearly wrecked. We lost our anchors, and our commander would like the favor of riding by you during the night." Decatur, in his round jacket and fez, lounged near Catalano, and whispered to him what to say.

"Your request is rather unusual," replied the officer.

"Bananas and oranges, with a few bales of raw silk," answered Catalano, pretending that he had understood the Tripolitan to ask what the *Stella's* cargo was. The ketch continued to draw rapidly near, and the supposed Italian mariners moved lazily about, gesticulating to one another.

"Mulehead and son of a jackass!" cried the Tripolitan, "it is nothing to me what you are laden with. I say it is dangerous to have you dogs of Christians made fast to us. If you get on board, you will steal everything you lay your hands on."

"That 's not a very pleasant way to meet men who have been in a whole gale for six days, with all our provisions spoiled, and on short allowance of water, and expecting every moment to go to the bottom." So answered Catalano, in an injured voice, the ketch still advancing steadily.

"Then you may lie by us until daylight," answered the officer. At the same time, he ordered a boat with a fast and hawser to be lowered.

Not the slightest suspicion had yet entered the minds of the Tripolitans that the *Intrepid* was anything but a trading-vessel—and luckily

enough for Decatur and his dauntless company; for at that moment a puff of wind came, the *Intrepid's* head fell off, and she drifted directly under the *Philadelphia's* broadside.

At this appalling moment, the least hint of the *Intrepid's* real character would have meant death to every man on board. Decatur, with his unshakable coolness, ordered a boat out with Lawrence and three seamen, carrying a hawser, which they quietly fastened to the fore-chains of the *Philadelphia*. The ketch, meanwhile, was drifting under the port-batteries of the frigate, toward the stern, where, if she had escaped the guns in broadside, the stern-chasers could have annihilated her. But every man on board shared Decatur's calm self-possession at this crucial moment.

The frigate's boat containing the fast had then put out. Lawrence, rowing back to the ketch, met the Tripolitan boat.

"Give us your fast," he said, "so we can let go another hawser. We lost our best cables with the anchors, and our hawsers are so small that it will take two to hold us in case the wind should rise during the night."

The Tripolitans handed out the fast, which Lawrence coolly carried on board the *Intrepid*. The men on the ketch's deck, catching hold of the fast, then drew their little craft close to the frigate's huge black hull, and were soon breasting along under her port-side.

The shadow cast by the *Philadelphia's* hull was of immense help to the *Intrepid's* men; but near the stern was a great patch of white moonlight, and any object passing through this glittering and shimmering belt could be seen as plainly as in daytime. As, the ketch glided steadily along and into this brilliant light, her anchors, with their cables coiled up, were seen on her decks.

"Keep off!" shouted the Tripolitan officer, suddenly taking the alarm. "You have deceived us; you have not lost your anchors, and we do not know your character"; and, at the same moment, he ordered men with axes to cut the fasts. But, as if by enchantment, the deck of the *Intrepid* was alive with men, whose strong arms brought her grinding up against the frigate's side in a moment's time. Then a great yell went up from the frigate.

"*Americanos! Americanos!*" cried the Tripolitans. The next instant, Decatur, who was standing ready, made a powerful spring, and jumped at the Philadelphia's chain-plates, shouting at the same moment: "Board!"

Morris and Laws, two of the midshipmen of the Constitution, were at Decatur's side, clinging to the frigate's plates. Morris and Decatur both sprang at the rail, and Morris being little more than a boy, and very lithe and agile, his foot touched the quarter-deck first; but Decatur's was second. Laws had dashed at an open port-hole, and would have been the first on the frigate, but his boarding-belt, with his pistols in it, caught between the gun and the port, delaying him so that he was third.

Instantly, in the dazzling moonlight, turbaned heads appeared over the rail and at every port. The Americans came pouring over the side, and as the Tripolitans rushed above, they found the quarter-deck already in possession of the "*Americanos.*" The Tripolitans ran forward and to starboard. The Americans, quickly forming a line across the deck, and headed by Decatur, dashed at them; and, caught between an advancing body of resolute seamen and the ship's rail, those who were not cut down, after a short but desperate resistance, leaped overboard. The Americans proved more than a match for them in hand-to-hand fighting, at which they had been thought invincible, and they fought in disorder. In five minutes the spar-deck was in possession of the Americans.

Below, there was a more prolonged struggle. The Tripolitans, with their backs to the ship's side, made a fierce resistance; but they were clearly overmatched from the beginning; and, as it was their practice never to fall alive into the hands of an enemy, those who were not cut down on the spot ran to the ports and jumped overboard, and, within five minutes more, there was not a Tripolitan on board the frigate except the dead and wounded. Not until then did the batteries, the castle, the two frigates moored near the Philadelphia, and the gun-boats, take the alarm. The ketch, however, fastened close under the overhanging quarter-gallery of the frigate, and completely in the shadow, still escaped detection. Lights began to flash about from the ships and the batteries;

but not enough could be discerned to justify the Tripolitans in firing upon their own ship. Warning had been given, though, and it was now only a question of a few moments how long the Americans could work undisturbed.

Decatur now appeared upon the quarter-deck to see that the powder on the ketch was rapidly transferred to the frigate. Lawrence was with him. When the moment came that Decatur must give the word for the destruction of the frigate, his resolution to obey orders almost failed him.

He turned to his lieutenant, and, grasping him by the shoulders, cried out in an agonized voice: "Oh, Lawrence! why cannot this gallant ship be cut out and carried off, a glorious trophy of this night?"

"She has not a sail bent," answered Lawrence, firmly. "The tide will not serve to take so large a ship out now; and, remember, it is as dangerous to do too much under Commodore Preble's orders as to do too little. Let me beg you to give the order at once to hand up the powder. See, the frigate off the port-quarter is lighting up her batteries."

For a moment or two, as Lawrence watched Decatur's agitated face, he almost feared that his young captain literally could not give the order to destroy the ship, so intense was his desire to bring her out. But, after a moment or two, Decatur recovered himself. The opposition of so fearless a man as Lawrence convinced him, against his will, that it was impossible to save the ship; and he gave the order, and the men began rapidly hoisting the kegs of gunpowder over the side, and carrying them along the decks. In a few moments the gun-room, the magazine-scuttle, the cockpit, and the forward store-rooms were filled with combustibles, and smoke was already pouring from the ports in the gun-deck, before those in the lower parts of the ship had time to get up. They ran to the forward ladders; and, when the last firing-party reached the spar-deck, the men were jumping into the ketch, all except Decatur and a small party of his own. Two eighteen-pounders, double-shotted, had been dragged amidships and pointed down the main hatch, in order to blow the ship's bottom out; and a port-fire, with a train of powder, had been started, so as to fire these two guns with certain

effect. The sailors then, seeing their glorious work well done, dropped quickly over the side, into the ketch; the officers followed, and Decatur, taking one last look at the doomed frigate, now wreathed in curling smoke, left her deck. And, the frigate being quickly enveloped in fire and smoke, with little tongues of flame beginning to touch the rigging, Decatur leaped from the Philadelphia's deck into the ketch's rigging; and, sixteen sweeps being already manned, the order was given to cast off. At that very moment the guns from the Bashaw's castle, half gunshot off, boomed over the heads of the Americans.

In this moment of triumph, though, they incurred their greatest danger of that dangerous night. The head-fast having been cut, the ketch fell astern of the frigate, out of whose ports the flames were now blazing. The Intrepid's sail flapped against the blazing quarter-gallery; while on her deck, just under it, lay all her ammunition, covered only by a tarpaulin. To increase their danger the stern-fast became jammed, and they were fixed firmly to the blazing frigate, while the ships' shore-batteries now opened a tremendous fire upon them.

There was no ax at hand, but Decatur, Lawrence, and the other officers managed, by desperate efforts with their swords, to cut the hawser; and, just as they swung clear, the flames rushed up the tar-soaked rigging of the Philadelphia, and the two eighteen-pounders fired their charges into the bottom of the burning ship.

The Intrepid was now plainly visible, in the light of the blazing Philadelphia, to every man on board the aroused fleet and batteries, and to the crowds that soon collected on the shore. Then the thunder of a furious cannonade began.

And now, after this unparalleled achievement, the Americans gave one last proof of their contempt of danger. As the Intrepid worked out into the red blaze that illuminated the whole harbor, a target for every gun in the Tripolitan batteries, the men at her sweeps stopped rowing, every officer and man rose to his feet, and, with one impulse, they gave three thundering American cheers.

When this was done, they settled down to getting out of the way.

As they drew farther from the shore, they

were in more and more danger from the batteries; but, although many shots threw showers of spray over them, the Americans gave back only derisive cries and cheers. A rapid count showed that not a man was missing.

As they pulled with powerful strokes toward the offing, they could see the vague outline of the Siren and her boats, fully manned, lying like black shadows on the water. The harbor and town were as light as day, with the reflection from the blazing frigate and the silvery radiance of the moon. The Philadelphia seemed to be burning in every spot at the same moment. Flames poured from her ports, and her fifty guns, all shotted, began to go off in every direction, as her blazing hull drifted helplessly with wind and tide. Many of the shells from her guns crashed into the fleet around her, while, at almost every turn, she poured a furious cannonade of heated shot into the castle.

As her decks fell in, the guns were lowered at the breech, and their hot shot went farther and farther, even into the town itself. One shot from the castle passed through the sail of the ketch; but the men only laughed.

They were soon well out of range, and close to the launch and cutter of the Siren. Decatur hailed the cutter, which was very fast.

"Bring up alongside," he cried, "and take me aboard!" The cutter quickly drew alongside. Decatur jumped on board, and the boat shot ahead of the slower ketch. As they neared the Siren, Decatur perceived, by the light of the moon, Stewart at the gangway, anxiously peering into the darkness. He could see only the officer in command of the boat in uniform, and he did not recognize Decatur, disguised in the jacket of an Italian sailor. When the boat got near enough, Decatur made a spring at the hawser that hung astern, and in another moment he had sped along the deck and clapped Stewart on the shoulder.

"Did n't she make a glorious bonfire?" he cried; "and we came off without losing a man!"

Stewart wrung Decatur's hand, while the other officers crowded around and joined in overwhelming Decatur with congratulations.

The wind still held, and, the Siren getting up her anchor, Decatur returned on board the ketch; and all sail was made for Syracuse.

DECAUVRE'S FAMOUS EXPLOIT. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FRIGATE "PHILADELPHIA" IN THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI.



W. H. Woodcut



THE BLACK BEAR.

PART I. THE POLAR BEAR AND BLACK BEAR.

FOR several years we have been hoping that some self-sacrificing American naturalist would tackle the bears of North America, bring together a collection of about two hundred skins and five hundred skulls, representing all forms and all localities, and then solve the conundrums that are continually being thrust upon us by some of the members of this family.

It seems absurd that there should be any doubt about the classification of so large and common an animal as the cinnamon bear, or even of the rarely-seen barren-ground bear; but the doubts are here, nevertheless, and will stay until some courageous author shall write a "monograph," or technical treatise, on our *Ursidæ*, and give us a plain, common-sense settlement that will stick. This would probably have been done long ago but for the annoying fact that bear-skins are expensive.

There are very few intelligent persons who are not interested in bears and their ways.

At the present hour one of the principal products of the mountains of Pennsylvania, next to coal and iron, is bear stories, and in spite of the fact that something less than two thousand have been published during the last four years, the new crop is still interesting. Just now, however, a new storm-center has developed in the South, and we are having our blood curdled regularly by the most thrilling and awful shorthand reports of bloody combats—always to the death, but without extra

THE BEARS OF NORTH AMERICA.

(Seventh paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

By W. T. HORNADAY.

charge for that—between bears and alligators. If I could only find out when and where the next combat is to take place, I would have a front seat—regardless of cost or mosquitos. I suspect, however, it will come off in the top story of some story-maker's house, where quiet reigns, and ink is more plentiful and far less expensive than gore. But the wild-animal story-teller occupies a family all by himself; and while he alone is worthy of a chapter,—which I may some time be tempted to offer,—he has no claim to a place with our bears.

At the head of our list of American bears comes the POLAR or WHITE BEAR, whose

POLAR BEAR.

(*Thalassarctos maritimus*.)

Latin name means literally the bear of the icy sea. He is big and burly, always hungry, and, thank goodness! always of the same color. No fickle turncoat is he, like all other American bears, but wherever you find him he is always white and unmistakable. The strangest thing about him is that he is as sublimely indifferent to the coldness of ice-water as is the hull of a ship. The grizzly bear is fond of water,—when its temperature is right,—but he would about as soon think of entering a lake of fire as an ice-filled stream in midwinter.

The chosen home and hunting-ground of the Polar Bear is the edge of the icy sea, where the frost king and old ocean continually struggle for the mastery. He seldom wanders more than twenty-five miles inland. In winter, as the edge of the frozen sea moves farther and farther south, he follows its advance. In summer, as the ice-pack melts and breaks away he follows it northward again for the sake of the seals that go with it. He thinks no more of plunging in and swimming two or three hours

amid the floating ice, with the temperature at forty degrees below zero, than we would of going to the post-office the day before Christmas.

In the summer of 1881, Mr. E. W. Nelson, then in the Signal Service on the "Corwin," shot a huge female Polar Bear that was overhauled by the steamer while swimming with her mate in the open sea, near Herald Island, northwest of Bering Strait. The male also was killed, but the floating ice was so thick that he was lost before a boat could reach him. "With this female," says Mr. Nelson, "was a yearling cub, and when the pursuit became pressing, and the cub began to tire, she swam behind it with one of her fore paws on each side of its back,

off to us in the face of the sleet and wind. He had probably smelled our smoke, and came off to reconnoiter; but a warm reception changed his mind, and he turned and vanished in the fog again."

The favorite food of the Polar Bear is the flesh of seals, sea-lions, walruses, fish, and dead whales. Of all seal-hunters, he is the most successful. Instead of being obliged to stalk his game on the ice, in plain sight, he can hunt like a crocodile. He takes to the water, swims slowly up, with only his nostrils and eyes at the surface, and before the seal, watching landward, is aware of his danger, his clumsy body is fairly within the hungry jaws of the "tiger of the ice," as Dr. Kane called him.



A SCORE OF POLAR BEARS IN SIGHT AT ONE TIME. DRAWN BY HENRY W. ELLIOTT, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT ST. MATTHEW ISLAND, BERING SEA.

thus shielding it from danger, and urging it along. She continued to do this until wounded in various places and finally disabled. . . . While the Corwin lay at anchor off the ice during a heavy gale, a bear came swimming

But, strange as it may appear, the Polar Bear does not live by flesh alone. In their Alaskan travels, Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Lieutenant Maynard once chanced to visit St. Matthew Island, a lonely bit of land in Be-



HEAD OF A BLACK BEAR.

ring Sea, about half way between the strait and the Aleutian Archipelago. There they found between 250 and 300 Polar Bears, basking in the warm lap of summer, shedding their winter coats, lazily eating and sleeping, and growing fat on the roots of the small flowering-plants and mosses that abounded. As the explorers' boat approached the shore, a score of bears were in sight at one time. The bears literally possessed the island, "grazing and rooting about like hogs in a common." In spite of their numbers they could not be induced to fight, but always ran when approached, either in "a swift, shambling gallop, or trotting off like elephants." They were fond of sleeping in the sun on sheltered hillsides

"soundly, but fitfully," says Mr. Elliott, "rolling their heavy arms and legs about as they dozed." After shooting half a dozen specimens in the tamest manner, the two explorers decided to kill no more; for, by reason of shedding, their furry coats were worthless. One that was shot by Lieutenant Maynard measured exactly eight feet in length of head and body together, and its weight was estimated at between 1000 and 1200 pounds.

In former times, before the advent of the breech-loader, the Polar Bear was bold, aggressive, and dangerous to man. Many a poorly-armed Eskimo has gone down forever under his huge paws. But modern fire-arms have changed all that. Now this once dreaded

creature runs from man as far as he can see him, like a timid deer, and unless the hunter can bring him to bay with dogs, or get him in the water at a disadvantage, there is no such thing as getting a shot at him.

The home of the Polar Bear on this continent is not very difficult to define. On the Pacific side it begins at St. Matthew Island, and the mouth of the Yukon River, let us say 60° north latitude, and thence follows the coast lines and the ice-pack northward through Bering Strait, eastward wherever land meets the waters of the Arctic Ocean and its many connections. It extends through all the straits, channels, and bays of the great frozen archipelago, into Hudson's Bay as far down as 60° , and down Labrador, I know not how far at present. Thence they range northward along

THE BLACK BEAR is the most persistent of all (*Ursus Americanus*) our large mammals in his refusal to be exterminated.

Because of the facts that his senses are keen, his temper suspicious and shy, and his appetite not at all capricious, he hangs on in the heavily wooded mountains, swamps, and densely timbered regions of North America, generally long after other kinds of big game have all been killed or driven away.

As his name implies, he is jet black all over, except his nose, and when his fur is in good condition it is glossy and beautiful. His muzzle, from his eyes down to the edge of his upper lip, is either dull yellow or dingy white, and sometimes, particularly in Alaska, he has a white spot on his breast. According to locality and climate, the hair of the Black Bear



BLACK BEAR, MOTHER AND CUBS NEAR THEIR DEN.

both sides of Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait, to General Greely's storm-beaten camps on Cape Sabine and Lady Franklin Bay. And still on northeastward they go, along the north Greenland coast to where Lieutenant Lockwood saw their tracks at $83^{\circ} 3'$, almost at his very farthest north, headed northeast and still a-going! And there we must leave him for the present.

may be short and close, as in the South, or long and inclined to shagginess, though not so much so as the grizzly's. Very often his coat will be abundantly thick and of good length, but so even on the outside and so compact that he looks as if he had been gone over by the scissors and comb of a skilful barber. So far as I have seen, neither the grizzly nor cin-

namon ever has that appearance. In the North, where his furry coat is finest, it is now eagerly sought by the furriers, and the standard price for a large skin of good quality is twenty-five dollars. The ladies prize it for muffs and collars, and the carpet warrior and the bandmaster love to have it tower heavenward from their warlike brows as a shako.

In size the Black Bear ranks third (among American species) after the polar bear, the grim old grizzly occupying second place. The cubs are usually two in number, and at first are blind, helpless, and almost shapeless. Two were born on February 7, 1894, in the Zoölogical Park at Washington, concerning which Mr. A. B. Baker soon after wrote me as follows:

One was accidentally injured by the mother bear and died on the second day. It was of a mouse-color, a little lighter underneath, the skin darker than the hair. The hair was fine, short, and quite elastic, lying close to the body and offering considerable resistance when rubbed the wrong way. The little fellow was eight and one-half inches long, including one-half inch of tail, and weighed eight ounces. The other cub now, at four weeks old, seems to be about twice as large as when born, and is of a bright, glossy black. It has, from the first, had a strong voice, but it has not yet opened its eyes.

Although the cubs are at first so ridiculously small and helpless, they grow rapidly after the first month, get their eyes open in about forty days, and within a year are quite sturdy brutes. A Black Bear weighing 400 pounds may fairly be considered a large one, but they often grow far beyond that weight. In a very interesting paper on this species in the *Century* for March, 1882, Mr. Charles C. Ward mentions a Black Bear that he once saw which weighed 523 pounds, and measured six feet four inches from nose to tail. Although I have often hunted in Black Bear country, the largest specimen I ever shot was unhappily a small one; but at the leading hotel of Tacoma, State of Washington, I saw in 1888 a live Black Bear whose proportions were truly enormous. He was as large as the largest grizzly I ever saw alive, and I estimated his weight at 750 pounds, which I am sure was not over the mark. Notwithstanding his enormous size, he was as playful as a puppy,

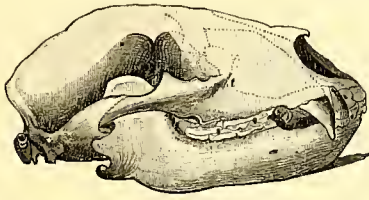
and almost as good-tempered, at least with the hotel cook, who served his meals in a wash-tub! It was a most comical sight to see him skylarking with the cook to get possession of a broom. When finally he captured it he went through as many antics with it as a monkey, the drollest of which was when he held it in all four of his paws, rolled his huge bulk over and over, and finally ended by lying on his back, and twirling the broom on the soles of his hind-feet like a juggler, seldom letting it fall. It was an odd sight to see such a huge animal so active and playful.

It is easier to tell what a Black Bear does n't eat than to give his bill of fare. His principle seems to be—everything is food that can be chewed! He is carnivorous, herbivorous, frugivorous, insectivorous, and omnivorous. If any new "ivorous" is ever invented hereafter, beyond a doubt he will be that also. To him, nothing is either too big or too little, too high or too humble, to be eaten. For instance, he loves beef, pork, mutton, and poultry of all kinds, and sometimes makes havoc in an unprotected barnyard that happens to be within striking distance of his home ranch. He loves dead fish that are cast upon the shore, and live fish whenever he can catch them.

In the month of May, the Black Bears along the east coast of Florida swim the Indian River, which is nearly everywhere three miles or more in width, and become industrious "beach-combers" during June, July, and August, while the green turtles and loggerhead turtles are crawling up out of the ocean, and laying their eggs in the warm sand along the beach. Mrs. Latham, of Oak Lodge, once knew a Black Bear to devour two hundred turtle eggs at one sitting, from a nest that had been counted and marked the evening before.

The Black Bear loves frogs also. He tears to pieces every old decayed stump, log, or ant-hill that he can find, and devours the ants, ants' eggs, and grubs within with all the relish of a professional ant-eater. He loves every berry that grows, whether on bush, tree, or vine, and likewise the sweet potatoes and apples raised by the farmer. In his own forest he finds plenty of edible roots that make excellent bear meat, for which he roots like a hog.

But a bee-tree, oh, a bee-tree—with honey in it! That is the candy and ice-cream of Bruin's whole life. He will climb any height, and take the thousand stings on his bare nose for the sake of a good feed of honey fresh from the



Top and sole of fore paw.



Top and sole of hind paw.

BLACK BEAR'S SKULL AND PAWS.

tree. He is not particular about the quality of it, or the shape of the comb, but reaches his black arm into the cavity, rakes out the sweets with his living rake, and devours them greedily, comb, honey, young bees, larvæ and all. And woe to the queen herself if she ever gets within range of his sweet tooth,—everything goes! Bruin is the only fellow living who will deliberately rifle a wasp's nest for what there is in it. He may be stung on his nose and lips until he howls with pain, but he considers honey a good salve for stings, and keeps right on.

One of the most curious things about the Black Bear (and the grizzly and cinnamon also) is the way he goes into snug winter quarters when winter has fairly set in, and lies dormant in his den without either eating or drinking

until the next spring. This is called hibernation; and during this period the ordinary processes of digestion seem to be entirely suspended. In our semi-tropics bears do not hibernate, but Nature undoubtedly planted this instinct in the brain of the bear of the North to enable him to survive the severe winter period when the snows lie deep, and all food is so scarce that otherwise he would be in danger of starvation. This period of hibernation is from about the middle of December to the middle of March. It has been stated that if bears have plenty of food they will not hibernate, even in the North, but this is a mistake. I know of at least two instances wherein bears in captivity have "holed up" in December and remained dormant until March, in spite of all temptations of offered food. The natural instinct was so strong that it refused to be overcome by appetite alone.

There is another very curious thing about the hibernation of the Black Bear. His den is usually a hole dug under the roots of either a standing tree or an uprooted tree, but it may be in a hollow tree, a hollow log, or more frequently, a miniature cave in a rocky hillside. Sometimes he makes a bed of leaves and moss for himself, but often he does not. In "holing up" under the roots of a tree he is frequently completely snowed in, and under such a condition, the warmth of his breath keeps the snow melted immediately around him. This moisture freezes on the inside of his den, and presently he is incased in a dome of snow, lined with ice, the hard lining of which ever grows thicker from the frozen moisture of his breath. As a result, he often wakes early in March to find himself a prisoner in a hollow dome of snow and ice, from which he cannot escape for days, and where he is often found self-trapped, and shot without the privilege of even striking a blow at his assailants. And there is where Nature serves poor Bruin a mean trick. I have never seen a bear in such an ice cage of his own building, but Dr. Merriam has, in the Adirondacks, and this information is borrowed from him.

The Black Bear has courage, but it never comes to the surface until he is cornered by dogs and hunters, and knows he must fight or die. It is very difficult to kill a Black

Bear by unaided tracking and still-hunting, for he is so wide awake and wary he is hard to overtake. The bear-hunter usually pursues him with the aid of a pack of full-blood curs, small in size, but artful dodgers, who run down the bear and snap at his heels until he is obliged to stand at bay and fight them. A wise bear-dog never attempts to seize a bear, for his game is to harry Bruin and give tongue until his master comes up with his gun. Bear-hunting in this manner is even yet the greatest sport to be found in the mountains of West Virginia.

How much danger is there to the pound in a wild Black Bear when you meet him in his haunts, accidentally and at close quarters? Mrs. C. F. Latham, wife of mine host

at Oak Lodge, on the Indian River peninsula (Brevard Co., Florida) can tell you exactly. There is a cleared trail leading from this same lodge-in-a-vast-wilderness to the beach, half a mile away. It runs through a dense and fearfully tangled jungle of cabbage palmetto, live-oak, and saw palmetto which forms a living wall on each side of the trail.

About twelve months ago, Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone, and armed only with an umbrella. When just a quarter of a mile from this very porch, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through the saw palmettos. Thinking it must be a racoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack

Mr. Coon over the head the instant he emerged, All at once, with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big Black Bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. Latham was scared, but not out of her wits, and she decided that to run would be to

invite pursuit and possibly attack. She stood her ground and said nothing, and the bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do *something*, Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times. "Woof!" said the bear. Turning about he plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as



BLACK BEARS SACKING A CAMP.

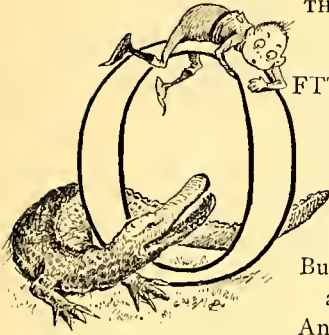
fast as she could go. So much for the "savage and aggressive" disposition of the Black Bear.

Bears are much inclined to mischief. Many a lumberman in the backwoods has returned to his cabin to find it completely sacked, and everything eatable eaten or destroyed by bears. It is said that no animal makes so complete a wreck of a camp as a bear, except a wolverine; but having once had even my hut itself torn down and trodden upon by wild elephants, I will back *Elephas Indicus* against both the other fellows taken together as camp-smashers.

I was about to state what I know of the geographical range of the Black Bear, but, an Idea came to me, and you will find it in the Letter-Box this month.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

BY PALMER COX.



THIRD TOUR, IN
FLORIDA.

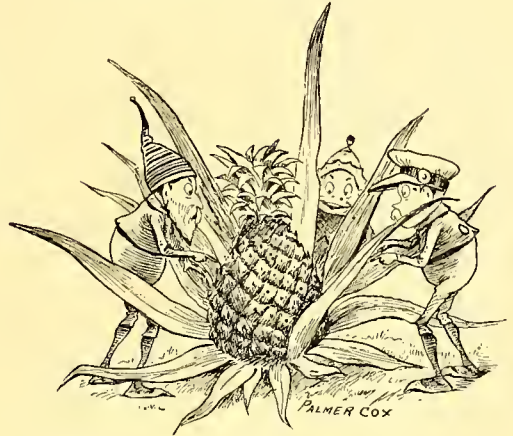
SOMETTIMES the cunning Brownie band

To visit Southern States had planned,
But something else attention drew
And pushed their

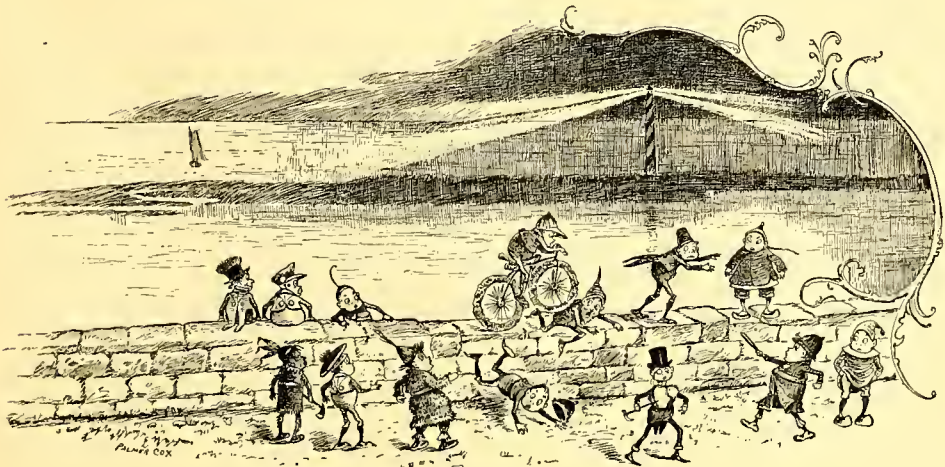
project out of view.

At length a brief discussion rose
That brought the matter to a close.
Says one: "No patriot should shun
The land that gave a Washington,
Who for this nation of our own
Laid such a good foundation-stone,
That will be last to roll away
When worlds shall crumble in decay;
And Jackson, who from cotton-bales
Made his opponent spread his sails,
And to some safer quarter tack;
And then 'Old Rough and Ready' Zach,
Who nearly fifty years ago

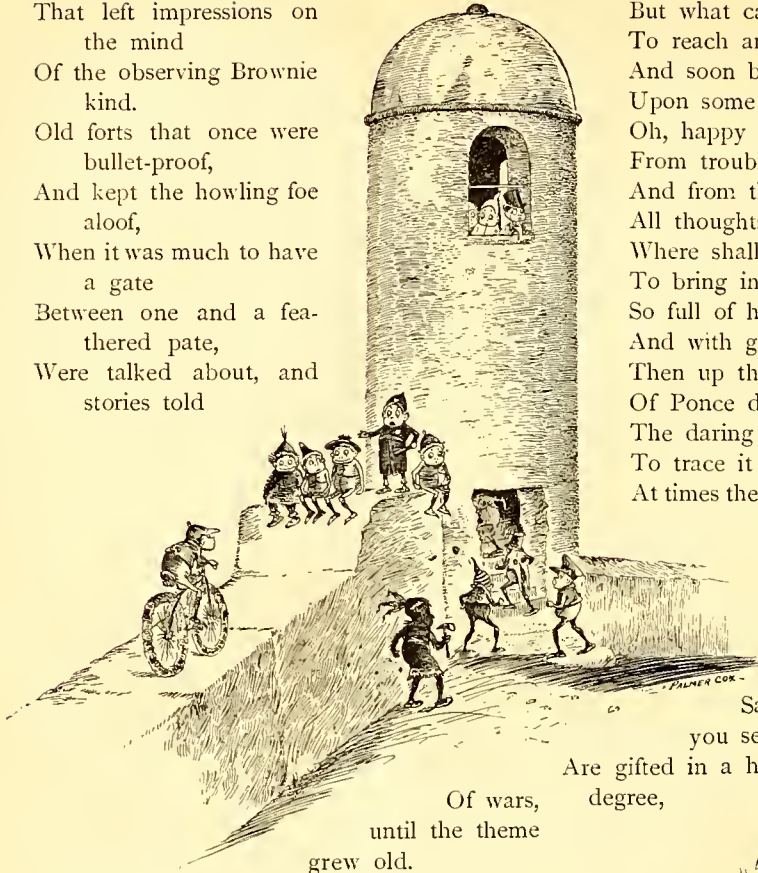
Made stirring times in Mexico."
These words, that touched each Brownie's heart,
Soon brought about an early start.
For Florida the band set out



With nimble feet and courage stout,
And skirted many a cape and bay,
And headland, on their southern way.
They visited St. Augustine,
To feast their eyes on many a scene



That left impressions on
the mind
Of the observing Brownie
kind.
Old forts that once were
bullet-proof,
And kept the howling foe
aloof,
When it was much to have
a gate
Between one and a fea-
thered pate,
Were talked about, and
stories told



But what care Brownies for a fall?
To reach another vine they 'd crawl,
And soon be sweeping through the air
Upon some breakneck, frail affair.
Oh, happy Brownies, who can spring
From trouble as with golden wing,
And from their minds forever cast
All thoughts of pain or trials passed!
Where shall a mortal turn his face
To bring in view another race
So full of hope, by nothing bowed,
And with good nature so endowed?
Then up the St. John's River wide,
Of Ponce de Leon's state the pride,
The daring Brownies took their course
To trace it fully to its source.

At times they paused, and well they might,
As some bright landscape
came in sight,
That cannot but awake
surprise
In those who have admir-
ing eyes.

Said one: "We Brownies, as

you see,
Are gifted in a high
degree,

Of wars,
until the theme
grew old.

It gave them sport to run around
And climb the trees that there they found,
And swing on vines that stretched between
The mossy trunks like hammocks green.
Sometimes a dozen in a row
Would thus be swaying to and fro,
Until a break the swing would end
And to the ground they 'd all descend.



For Nature never knew a band
Or race, or tribe, in any land,
From Sitka Sound to Singapore,
That could appreciate her more.
A scene that dull and dark might fall
On some, perhaps, who coldly crawl



Along through life without a thrill,
With rapture will a Brownie fill.
Each stream and grove attracts the eye,
The flowering vales and sunny sky;
And not alone of these we speak,
We note the charm of beauty's cheek,
We mark the eyes that have the art
To soon enslave the fluttering heart,
And lips to which the memory clings
Through every change that fortune
brings."

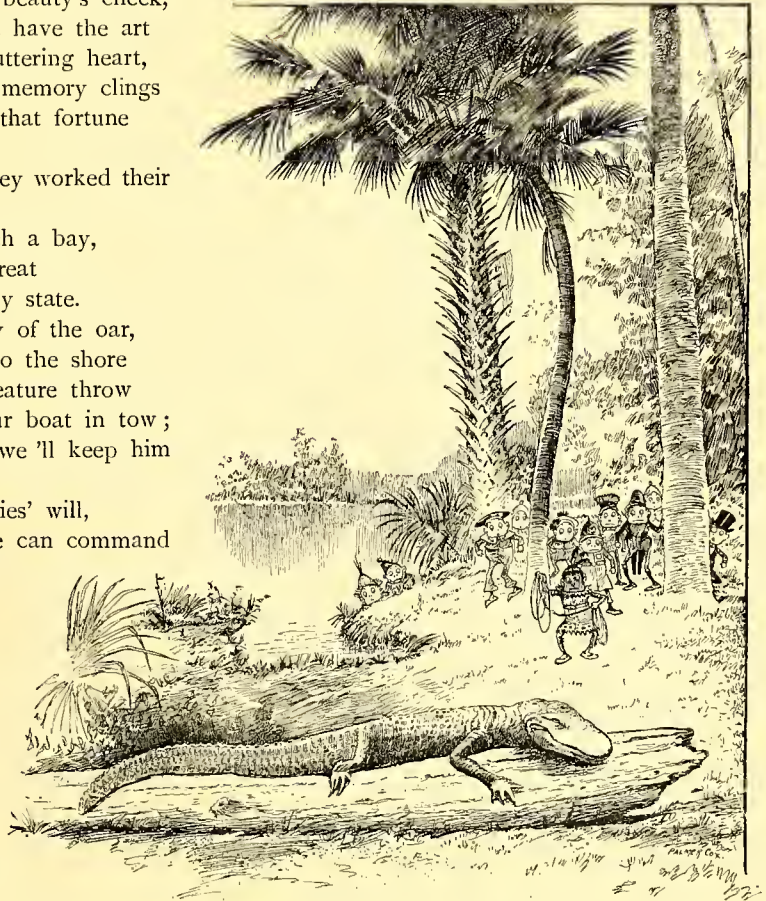
Once, while in boats they worked their
way

Around a bend to reach a bay,
Near by an alligator great
Was resting in a dreamy state.
Said one: "I 'm weary of the oar,
We 'll venture nigher to the shore
A rope around that creature throw
And make him take our boat in tow;
Through mystic power we 'll keep him
still

Obedient to the Brownies' will,
And thus more time we can command
To view the scenes
around so grand."

Soon Brownie oars were
laid aside,
And poles by which
they 'd stemmed
the tide,
And up the stream with
wondrous speed
The alligator took the
lead.

The lengthy rope between was taut
As with the current still he fought,
While changed in disposition well
Beneath the Brownies' mystic spell,
He furnished more than one a seat
Who thought the ride no common treat.
In fact, so much they liked the joke,
Each alligator they awoke
Was soon subdued through Brownie art
And in their service played his part,
Delighting much the group that found
Upon his back a camping-ground.
For fear the charm might lose its hold
That for a time the beasts controlled,
And they might think they had some cause
Without reserve to use their jaws,
The Brownies with precaution good
Secured the mouth as best they could;



So, should the spell slip from them all,
 No harm would to the Brownies fall,
 Except what trouble they might find
 If one saw fit to change its mind,
 Quit surface-swimming, and instead,
 Try crawling on the river's bed.

Perhaps we 'd be as free and quick
 To take advantage of the trick.
 At times you might have seen a scare
 If you had been in hiding there,
 And had the gift to see them right
 That only comes with second sight;



"UP THE STREAM WITH WONDROUS SPEED THE ALLIGATOR TOOK THE LEAD."

Had we, like them, the power to bind
 The jaws of creatures found unkind,
 Could we, through mystic spells, reclaim
 What proved unfriendly or untame,

For sometimes in that journey long
 In spite of charms things would go wrong,
 And Brownies would be forced to try
 The swimmer's art till help drew nigh.

The State is full of wonders strange
That tempted Brownies still to range.
Through dismal swamp and everglade
Without a guide they onward strayed;

In places where no mortal cares
To set his foot, a Brownie dares
To travel freely in delight,
And study Nature's face aright.



THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall,
At the close of a sentence, all
Place this little mark from school: •

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause
when hailing
This little mark from school: ,

If out of breath you chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen
greet—
These little marks from school: :

•
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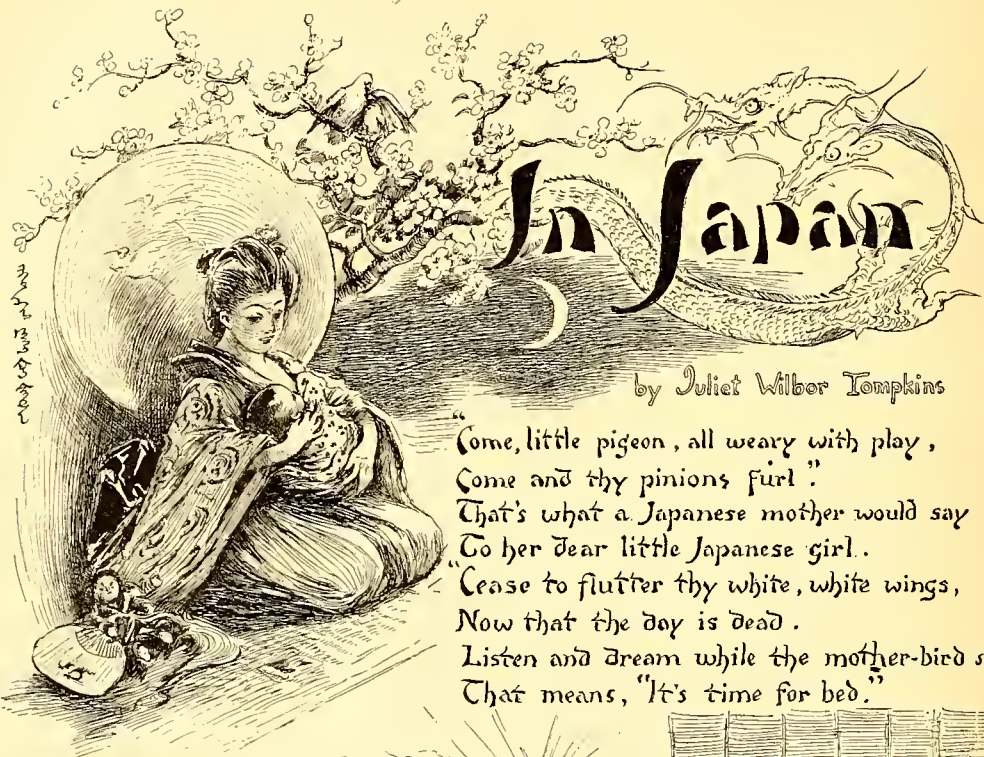
When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword—takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new
treasure;
This little mark from school: ;

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
“Keep up the voice,—await replies”;
To gather information tries
This little mark from school: ?

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an
elevation,
This little mark from school: !

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
Six little marks from school!

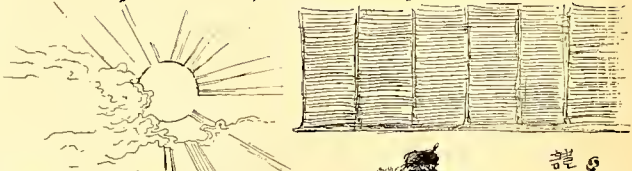
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In Japan

by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,
 Come and thy pinions furl."
 That's what a Japanese mother would say
 To her dear little Japanese girl.
 "Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,
 Now that the day is dead.
 Listen and dream while the mother-bird sings."
 That means, "It's time for bed."



"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here:
 My heart is so cold when you roam."
 That is the Japanese - "No, my dear;
 I'd rather you played at home."
 "Roses and lilies shall strew thy way:
 The Sun-Goddess now has smiled."
 That's what a Japanese mother would say
 To a good little Japanese child.



THE DRUM-MAJOR.

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

WHEN I was a boy in New York, as many of us youngsters walked in front of a procession as there were soldiers in it. The platoon of mounted police which now clears the street for blocks ahead, was then—and it was not so many years ago, either—unknown; for there was no mounted police. Those were the days before a State uniform was required, and each regiment wore a uniform of its own. The famous Seventh were attired like chasseurs; there were zouaves, and a whole regiment of cavalry, and separate corps, like the Gardes Lafayette, who wore blue coats and red trousers, and were preceded by sappers with gleaming axes, bearskin caps, and long white aprons—not to mention two German regiments whose uniforms were not unlike those of the Prussian service.

They made a motley procession, but not more motley than the vanguard of boys, the tallest among us marching in the lead and swinging one of his father's sticks like a drum-major. To us the real drum-major seemed little more than an ornament and a harlequin, a soldier-acrobat who would have been as much in place in a circus as at the head of a regiment. The drum-majors were fine-looking fellows then, as now; tall and shapely, their natural height increased by their great bearskin caps, so that they all seemed sprung from a race of giants. Whenever the drum-corps had been playing for some time, we would look back impatient for the drum-major's signal to the band. How it thrilled us to see his stick flourish in the air; and when, as he brought it down, the band broke in upon the drums with a crashing chord, our forms straightened up and our steps became more buoyant! In those days I thought the duties of the drum-major were limited to squelching alternately the drum-corps and the band, and between times looking as large and handsome as possible. But, while the drum-major cannot, under any circum-

stances, be said to have been born to blush unseen, he performs many duties of which the looker-on at a street-parade knows nothing. It requires a visit to a State camp or a United States Army post to learn what the tall man in the bearskin hat has to do. For there he is busy even when he is n't on show.

The drum-major is to the band what the first sergeant is to a company. He drills the musicians in marching, sees that they are rightly equipped, that the brasses are bright and the music in order. The band, of course, practises under the band-leader, but the drum-major has full charge of the field music—the trumpeters and the drum-and-fife corps. In fact, the drum-major derives his name from the fact that he was formerly the chief drummer of the regiment. He has been an ornament of the British army since the reign of Charles II., and has long flourished in the continental services. He is *tambour-major* in the French army, and he went by the same name in the German service until the gradual giving up of French terms after the Franco-German war converted him into the *Regiments-trommler*,—the regimental drummer,—a term which well expresses the original duties of the office, but lacks the swing of "drum-major" and "tambour-major." And what is a drum-major without swing?

At "parade," at an army post, or State camp, the drum-major leads the band and field music to the front, and brings it to a halt facing the color-line. At the approach of the adjutant he gives the command, "Open ranks," and, when the arms have been inspected, "Close ranks." He then marches the band back to its place on the color-line.

The drum-major's uniform is usually the gayest in the regiment. A striking bit of color, and aiguillettes,* combine with the bearskin hat to make him one of the most picturesque features of a parade, especially if he has been selected

* The tagged points or braid hanging from the shoulder in some military uniforms.

for his height and his soldierly bearing. Drum-major Ludwig Jorgensen, of the battalion of engineers at Willet's Point, is among the most striking-looking drum-majors in the regular army. With his bearskin hat he stands seven feet eight inches, or within four inches of eight feet. He carries a heavy staff about four and a half feet long, with a large head and long ferule. This staff is considerably longer than the usual short bamboo loaded in the center, and hence is better adapted for signaling commands to the band and field music, though the shorter stick is easier to twirl. A clever trick with these short sticks is for two drum-majors to stand some distance apart, twirl their sticks in front of them, and then let go, each drum-major catching the other's stick and returning it to him in the same way.

The drum-major's uniform is so gorgeous because his imagination is not fettered by the United States Army regulations, he being allowed to wear any uniform which his colonel considers appropriate. He will usually have three or four uniforms, changing them according to his fancy. You see he is the artist of the regiment, and so is allowed some freedom in dress. The drum-major ranks as a sergeant, but no regular sergeant in the United States Army could get himself up as Drum-major Jorgensen does, with a red breast-piece of Prussian Uhlan (Lancer) pattern, a broad gold and white band, gold epaulets, and aiguillettes, to say nothing of the towering bearskin hat.

Like poets, drum-majors are born, not made. One man may become a drum-major in a week, while you can't make one of another in a lifetime. Without the knack of handling the stick he will never be an artist, and will, probably at the very moment when he should look his jauntiest, commit the crime, unpardonable in a drum-major, of dropping his left hand to his side. For the left hand should always, except in two-handed movements with the staff, rest, knuckles up, on the hip. Thus the drum-major's pose, when not marching or giving a command, is to stand with his left hand on his hip, his right hand grasping his stick just below the head, the point of the stick resting on the ground. He presents a fine, imposing figure as he stands there, erect and tall,

two paces in front of the band. Now comes the moment, so glorious to the small boy, when the commands "Play" and "Forward—March" are to be given. Facing the band the drum-major, with a quick turn of the wrist, points the ferule upward, letting it slant a little to the right. Then, raising his staff to the height of his chin, he thrusts it the full length of his arm to the right, and draws it back again. This is the signal to play. Then, turning, he points the staff to the front, thrusts it the full length of his arm forward, and music and march begin. In the old days the drum-major then brought the "cane," as the staff was called in the tactics, to the position of "carry sword." Now the drum-major beats time, setting the "cadence"—the number of steps to a minute—of the march. As a rule he simply repeats again and again the thrust and recover, through which he gives the command to play. Expert drum-majors, however, introduce some fancy movement here. Jorgensen, for instance, has a pretty way of describing a circle from the front to the back of his right shoulder, grasping the staff in the middle and twirling it so that the head points downward at the moment the left foot is to advance. In unskilful hands this movement is apt to end in disaster, the ferule striking the drum-major's back or nose—which puts the nose out of joint and the band out of time.

It is important that the drum-major should mark the cadence correctly, as otherwise, not only his own, but all other regiments following, will march too slowly or too rapidly. The regular cadence is 120 steps to the minute; but in Memorial Day parades, when there are many veterans in the procession, the drum-majors quietly reduce it to ninety. Another clever trick of the drum-major is to seize the ferule between the fore and middle fingers, swing a full circle with it four or five times, and let go, giving it a slight twist as it leaves his fingers.

The drum-major who gets the knack of the twist and knows enough to allow for the number of steps he will advance, can make his staff circle high up in front of him and sail down into his hand again.

When the band is to execute an oblique movement, the drum-major holds his staff in a

horizontal position at the height of his neck, and pointing the ferule in the direction of the oblique, extends his arm to its full length. The prettiest evolution of the band is the counter-march. The drum-major "faces the music" and gives the signal to march, but instead of turning remains standing with his face toward the band. The band marches upon the drum-

fighting men. In battle they aid the ambulance corps. It would be queer tactics to use smokeless powder to prevent the foe from detecting your position, and then have the band tooting away on your line of battle!

The armies of the world are becoming less and less ornamental. The uniforms are plainer than formerly, so that the soldier may not be



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS USED BY PERMISSION OF W. R. KING, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, U. S. A., BATTALION OF ENGINEERS AT WILLET'S POINT, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

major, but on reaching him the file leaders to the right of him wheel to the right, those on the left to the left, the drum-major marching down through the center. To signal for halt the tall man in the bearskin cap raises the staff with both hands in a horizontal position above his head, and with arms extended drops it to a horizontal position at the height of his hips. With the staff he also indicates to the field music what signal it is to play, and puts the drum-corps through the manual: for instance, "Put up the drum-sticks,"—"Detach the drums,"—"Ground the drums."

The drum-major and the musicians are not

an easier target for the enemy, and in other ways the actual needs of the service have overcome the mere notions of the parade-ground. But the drum-major remains. He has his special rôle. He gives a theatrical touch to a review which otherwise it would lack, and, lacking, sadly miss. He is the last of all the old-time "fancy touches," and may his days still be long! Like the conductor of an orchestra, he sets the pace. A regiment with a jaunty drum-major will never lack buoyancy and snap.

And so, though a non-combatant, the drum-major is the bravest-looking of all.



BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE, COVENTRY, CONNECTICUT.

A YOUNG HERO.

BY MARY S. NORTHROP.

IN City Hall Park, New York city, stands the bronze statue of a young man, the story of whose brief life thrills all patriotic hearts.

The statue represents him pinioned, awaiting the gallows, as he uttered his last words.

Americans unite in admiration of his noble character, pride in his self-forgetful heroism, and grief over his untimely death. Every boy and girl in America should know by heart the life of Captain Nathan Hale. It is a story which every son and daughter of the great Republic should enshrine in their memories.

In the darkest hour of our country's struggle for liberty, this self-devoted hero—inspired with fervid patriotism and eager to render service to his country—laid down his young life, a sacrifice to the cause of American liberty.

The days and weeks that followed that memorable Fourth of July in 1776 were dark indeed for the struggling colonists.

Determined to crush with one effort the insurrection in her American colonies, Great Britain sent that summer a larger force than any which had before landed upon our shores.

You know the story of the disastrous battle upon Long Island—where the few thousand ill-clothed, undisciplined provincial troops faced a splendidly equipped army, many regiments of which were veterans. The raw American troops, despite their courage and heroism, were no match for the trained and skilled soldiery of Great Britain; and even General Washington, undemonstrative and reserved as he was, is said to have wrung his hands in anguish upon

seeing his troops defeated and driven back, he being powerless to aid them.

During the night of August 29, 1776, Washington escaped with the remainder of his little army across the East River.

The troops were so greatly depressed by their defeat, and were in so alarming a state of gloom and despondency, that men deserted by the score.

Washington sorely needed information of the strength and probable movements of the powerful enemy. He deemed it necessary that some skilled soldier should go, as a spy, within the British lines, and procure for him the knowledge so much desired, that he might be "warned in ample time."

He wrote to General Heath that "everything depended upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions," and he entreated him and General Clinton to "leave no stone unturned" to secure information.

The commander-in-chief's desire became generally known among his officers, but so perilous was the service that for a time no one offered to undertake it.

Captain Nathan Hale, a brilliant young officer belonging to "Knowlton's Rangers," calmly decided it was his duty to undertake the enterprise upon which the fate of the dejected little army seemed to depend. His friends sought in vain to dissuade him from his purpose. "I desire to be useful," was his reply; his only thought seemed to be to serve his country.

His fellow-officer and college friend, Captain William Hull, entreated him as a soldier not to run the risk of ending his military career by risking the ignominious death of a spy. Hale's reply to his friend's argument was that "Every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary."

The young officer presented himself to General Washington as a volunteer for the dangerous service, was accepted, received his instructions, and disappeared from camp.

He passed up the Connecticut shore, disguised himself as a schoolmaster, and landed upon Long Island. He visited all the British camps upon Long Island and in New York, and made drawings of the fortifications, writing

his observations in Latin, and hiding them between the soles of his shoes.

He had been about two weeks within the British lines, had accomplished his purpose, and was waiting upon the shore at Huntington, Long Island, for a boat that was to convey him to Connecticut, when he was captured — having been recognized a few hours previous by a Tory refugee. He was taken aboard a British man-of-war, and carried to Sir William Howe's headquarters in New York city. Here he was condemned to be executed at sunrise on the following morning.

In what prison or guard-house the noble-souled young patriot spent that last sad night of his life is not known; but of the brutality with which he was treated by the provost marshal into whose hands he was given over, there is abundant proof. His request for the attendance of a clergyman was refused. Even a Bible was denied him.

During the preparations for the execution, an English officer obtained permission to offer the prisoner the seclusion of his tent, where writing materials were furnished.

But the farewell letters he wrote to his mother, to his sweetheart, and to a comrade in the army, were torn to shreds before his eyes by the cruel provost marshal.

It was early dawn on Sunday morning, September 22, 1776, that our young hero was hurried away from the tent of the English officer to the gallows. The spot selected was the orchard of Colonel Henry Rutgers, on East Broadway, not far above what is now Franklin Square.

A crowd had gathered, many of whom afterward bore witness to the noble bearing of the young hero, and to the barbarity with which he was treated by the provost marshal. This official said: "The rebels shall never know they have a man who can die with such firmness."

As Hale was about to ascend the fatal scaffold, he stood a moment looking upon the detachment of British soldiers, and the crowd standing about; and the words that came from his loyal young heart in that supreme moment will never die: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."



NATHAN HALE RECEIVING WASHINGTON'S INSTRUCTIONS.

It is not known in what spot his body was laid, but the bones of the young patriot crumbled to dust in the heart of the great metropolis of the republic he helped to found.

So long as love of country is cherished, and devotion to the cause of liberty is remembered, so long will the name of Nathan Hale shine with pure and undimmed luster.

The birthplace of our hero is in the town of Coventry, twenty miles east of Hartford in the State of Connecticut. Upon high ground, commanding a fine prospect, stands the large, old-fashioned farm-house where he was born. He was the sixth of twelve children: nine sons and three daughters. So delicate was he as an infant, it was feared he would not live; but when he became a lad, exercise in outdoor sports, of which he was very fond, gave strength and vigor to his body.

As a boy he was famous for his athletic feats. It is said he excelled all his fellows in running,

leaping, wrestling, playing ball, and shooting at a mark. When a student at Yale College he made a prodigious leap which was marked upon the Green in New Haven, and often pointed out long afterward. Colonel Green, of New London, who knew him later when he was a schoolmaster in that town, speaking of Hale's agility says: "He would put his hand on a fence as high as his head and clear it at a single bound; he would jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second, and from the bottom of the second over and down into a third, and from the third over and out like a cat."

He "loved the gun and fishing-rod, and exhibited great ingenuity in fashioning juvenile implements of every sort." He used jokingly to boast to his sisters over their spinning-wheels, that he "could do anything but spin!" His bright mind was quick to apply what he learned.

In those days high schools were unknown, and classical academies were confined to the large towns; so boys of the smaller towns who sought for a liberal education were prepared for college by the ministers, many of whom were accomplished scholars.

Doctor Joseph Huntington, the minister of the parish in which young Hale was born, "was considered in the churches a pattern of learning," and from him Nathan Hale and two brothers received their preparation for college—being intended by their father for the ministry. Enoch at sixteen years of age, and Nathan at fourteen, entered Yale College together, and were graduated in 1773.

Doctor Eneas Munson, of New Haven, says of Nathan Hale at this time: "He was almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and in figure and deportment he was the most manly man I have ever met. His chest was

broad; his muscles were firm; his face wore a most benign expression; his complexion was roseate; his eyes were light blue, and beamed with intelligence; his hair was soft and light brown in color; and his speech was rather low, sweet and musical. His personal beauty and grace of manner were most charming. . . ."

At his graduation he took part in a Latin dispute followed by a debate upon the question, "Whether the education of daughters be not, without any just reason, more neglected than

which the young schoolmaster made a stirring speech. "Let us march immediately," said he, "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

The young teacher gathered his school-boys together, and, after giving them wise counsel, bade them an affectionate good-by, and hurried away with the other recruits to Boston.

He was soon made lieutenant in a company belonging to a regiment commanded by Colonel Webb, and the next year he was put in



NATHAN HALE, DISGUISED AS A SCHOOLMASTER, WITHIN THE BRITISH LINES.

that of the sons." A classmate wrote of this debate: "Hale was triumphant. He was the champion of the daughters, and most nobly advocated their cause."

The year after his graduation from college, he taught school in the town of East Haddam.

When the news of the fight at Lexington rang through the colonies, Nathan Hale was master of the Union Grammar School in New London. A town meeting was at once called, at

command of a company of a famous corps—Knowlton's Rangers, known as "Congress's Own."

One of the last letters written by Captain Hale before starting upon his perilous mission was to his brother Enoch. These brothers were very deeply attached to each other, and the grief of the young minister Enoch for his brother's tragic fate was most profound. It will bring the young hero nearer to children of

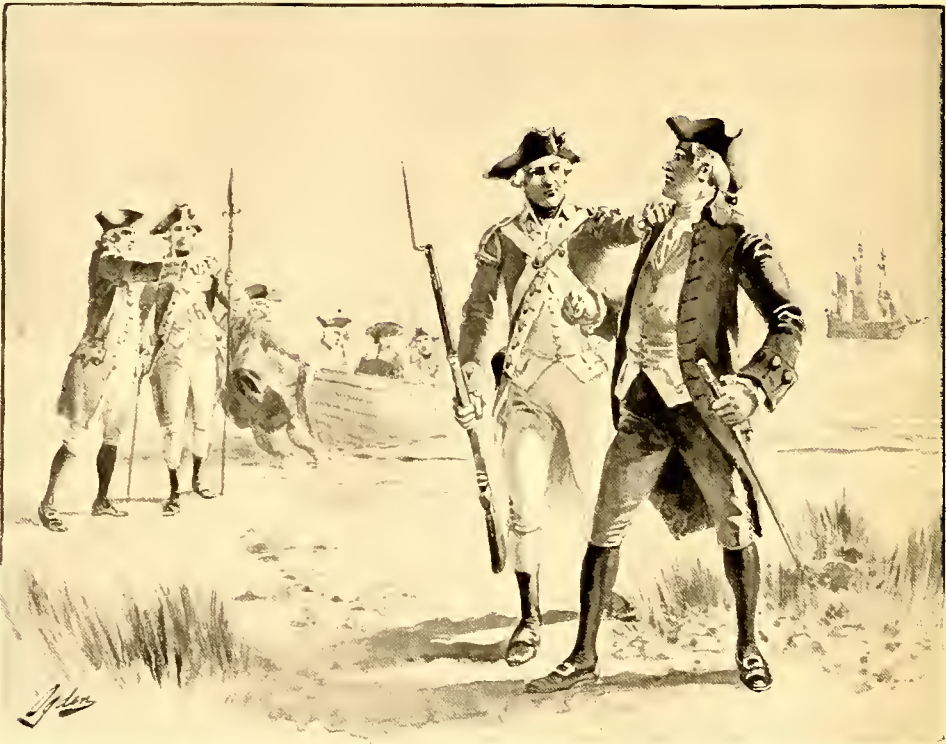
to-day, to remember that Enoch's son, Nathan, was the father of the distinguished author of our own time, Edward Everett Hale, and of Lucretia P. Hale, especially well known to ST. NICHOLAS readers and to many other young people as the author of the "Peterkin Papers."

When Captain Hale departed on his fatal errand, he left his uniform and camp accoutrements in the care of Asher Wright, a townsman who acted in the capacity of a servant to the

memory of the "Martyr Spy" of the American Revolution.

President Timothy Dwight of Yale College, grandfather of the present President of the University, was Nathan Hale's college tutor. He commemorated Hale's career in a poem highly praising the character and qualities of his former student.

Four years after the execution of Captain Hale, Major André was captured within the American lines; it was Major Benjamin Tall-



CAPTURE OF NATHAN HALE.

young officer. Some years after his discharge from the service, Asher Wright returned to his old home in Coventry, bearing the precious relics: the camp basket, the camp book, and the tenderly-cared-for uniform of the beloved young officer. He lived to extreme old age, but to his latest day he could not speak without tears of his young master. His grave is in the burial-ground at South Coventry, within a few feet of those of the Hale family, and near the granite monument erected in 1846 to the

madge, a college classmate and dear friend of Nathan Hale's, who conducted André to Washington's headquarters; and on their way thither André talked of Hale and of his fate.

Lafayette, in his memoirs, speaking of these two young officers, says:

Captain Hale of Connecticut, a distinguished young man, beloved by his family and friends, had been taken on Long Island under circumstances of the same kind as those that occasioned the death of Major André; but instead of being treated with the like respect, to which



THE EXECUTION OF THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

Major André himself bore testimony, Captain Hale was insulted to the last moment of his life. "This is a fine death for a soldier!" said one of the English officers, who were surrounding the cart of execution. "Sir," replied Hale, lifting up his cap, "there is no death which would not be rendered noble in such a glorious cause!"

A fine bronze monument to the memory of Nathan Hale is in the vestibule of the State Capitol, Hartford, Connecticut. It was erected in 1887, a large sum of money being voted toward its cost by the State of Connecticut. It bears the inscription:

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE,
1776.

BORN AT COVENTRY,

June 6, 1755,

DIED AT NEW YORK,

Sept. 22, 1776.

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

But it is most fitting that the latest monument to his memory should stand in the city of New York near the spot where he suffered death for his country.



THE STATUE OF NATHAN HALE, BY FREDERICK McMONNIES, RECENTLY ERECTED IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

CHAPTER XI.

MARLBOROUGH.

MARLBOROUGH was Colonel Birchall Parker's home. It was, in its day, perhaps the finest house in Virginia, not even excepting the Governor's palace at Williamsburg. It stood upon the summit of a slope of the shore rising up from the banks of the James River. The trees in front nearly hid the house from the river as you passed, but the chimneys and the roof stood up above the foliage, and you caught a glimpse of the brick façade and of the elaborate doorway through an opening in the trees where the path led up from the landing-place to the hall door. The main house was a large two-storied building capped by a tall steep roof. From the center building, long wings reached out to either side, terminating at each end in a smaller building or office standing at right angles to its wing, and, together with the main house, inclosing on three sides a rather shaggy, grassy lawn. From the front you saw nothing of the servants' quarters or outbuildings (which were around at the rear of the house), but only the imposing façade with its wings and offices.

Colonel Birchall Parker had arisen, and his servant was shaving him. He sat by the open window in his dressing-gown and slippers. His wig, a voluminous mass of curled hair, hung from the block, ready for him to wear. The sunlight and the warm, mellow breeze came in at the window, just stirring the linen curtains drawn back to either side.

Colonel Parker held the basin under his chin while the man shaved him. He had a large, benevolent face, the smooth double chin just now covered with a white mass of soapsuds.

The noises of newly awakened life were sounding clear and distinct through the uncarpeted, wainscoted spaces of the house —

the opening and shutting of doors, the sound of voices, and now and then a break of laughter.

The great hall, and the side rooms opening upon it, when Colonel Parker came down-stairs, were full of that singularly wide, cool, new look that the beginning of the morning always brings to accustomed scenes. Mr. Richard Parker, who had been down from his room some time, was standing outside upon the steps in the fresh open air. He turned as Colonel Parker came out of the doorway. "Well, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "I am glad to see you; I hope you are well?"

"Thank you, sir," said the other, bowing, but without any change in the immobility of his expression. "I am, I believe, very well indeed. I hope you are in good health, sir?"

"Why, yes," said Colonel Parker; "I believe I have naught to complain of now." He came out further upon the steps and stood with his hands clasped behind him, looking now up into the sky, now down the vista between the trees and across the river.

There was a pause. "Have you any one staying with you now?" asked Mr. Richard Parker, presently.

"Nobody but Rodney Harrison and his sisters, and Mr. William Edwards, who stopped last night on his way down the river. I think I hear the young people now."

There was a sound of fresh young voices echoing through the upper hall; then the noise of laughter, and presently the sound of rapid feet running down the uncarpeted stairway. Eleanor Parker burst out of the house in a gale, caught her father by the coat, and standing on her tip-toes, kissed both of his cheeks in rapid succession.

Two young girls and a young fellow of sixteen or seventeen followed her out of the house.

"My dear," said Colonel Parker, "do you not, then, see your uncle?"

"Why, to be sure I do," said she; "but how

could you expect me to see anybody until I had first kissed you? How do you do, Uncle Richard?" and she offered him her cheek to kiss.

Mr. Richard Parker smiled, but, as he always did, as though with an effort. "Why, zounds, Nell!" said he. "Sure, you grow prettier every day. How long do you suppose 't will be before you set all the gentlemen in the colony by the ears? If I were only as young as Rodney, yonder, I 'd be almost sorry to be your uncle, except I would then not have the right to kiss your cheek as I have just done."

Rodney Harrison smiled constrainedly, and the young girl blushed and laughed, with a flash of her eyes and a sparkle of white teeth between her red lips. "Why, Uncle Richard," said she, "and in that case, if you were as handsome a man as you are now, I too would be sorry to have you for nothing better than an uncle."

At this moment the other visitor came out at the doorway. "Good morning, sir," said Colonel Parker, turning calmly to meet him; "I hope you slept well last night."

"Thank you, sir; I did," said Mr. Edwards. "One is apt to sleep well after a forty-mile ride. How d' ye do, Parker?"

"How do ye do, Edwards?" said Mr. Parker, and his face had once more resumed its look of cold indifference.

Just then a negro appeared at the door and announced that breakfast was ready. And they all went in together.

They had hardly begun their meal when the door opened and Mistress Parker, or Madam Parker, as she was generally called, entered the room, followed by her negro maid carrying a cushion. The three younger gentlemen rose to greet her.

Lady Parker was a thin little woman, very nervous and quick in her movements. She had a fine, sensitive face, and, like her daughter, very dark eyes, only they were quick and brilliant, and not soft and rich like those of the young girl.

The morning was very warm, and so, after breakfast was over, the negroes were ordered to carry chairs out upon the lawn, under the shade of the trees, at some little distance from

the house. The wide, red, brick front of the building looked down upon them where they sat, the elder gentlemen smoking each a long clay pipe of tobacco, while Mistress Parker sat with them talking intermittently. The young people sat at a little distance chatting together ceaselessly in subdued voices with now and then a half-suppressed break of laughter.

"I hear, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "that Simms hath brought up a lot of servants from Yorktown."

"Yes," said Mr. Parker, "there were about twenty altogether, I believe. And that brings a matter into my mind. There was one young fellow I should like very much to have if you can spare him to me—a boy of about sixteen or seventeen. I have no house-servant since Tim died, and so if you have a mind to part with this lad, sir, I 'd like mightily well to have him."

"Why, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "if Simms hath no use for the boy, I see no reason why you should not have him. What hath Simms done with him?"

"He is with the other servants over at the old storehouse. I believe, sir, Simms had them sent there last night. May I send for the lad, that you may see him?"

"Why, yes, if you choose," said Colonel Parker.

Mr. Richard Parker beckoned to a negro who was passing along the lawn in front of the house. "Go ask Simms," he said, "if he will send over that young boy I spoke to him of yesterday."

Jack, as he followed the negro through the warm, bright sunlight, gazed about him—though half bewildered with the newness of everything—with an intense and vivid interest. He had seen really nothing of Marlborough when he had been marched up from the landing-place at midnight with his fellow-servants the night before, excepting a tall mass of trees, and then the dark pile of the house looming against the sky. As the negro led him around the end of the building he gazed up curiously at the wide brick front of the building. Then he saw that there was a party of ladies and gentlemen sitting in the shade across the lawn.

He followed the negro as the other led him straight toward the group, and then he halted at a little distance, not knowing just what was expected of him.

Mr. Richard Parker beckoned to him. "Come hither, boy," said he; "this gentleman wants to see you." Jack obeyed, trying not to appear ungainly or uncouth in his movements, and feeling that he did not know just how to succeed.

"Look up, boy,—hold up your head," said a gentleman he knew at once to be the great Colonel Parker of whom he had heard, a large, stout, noble-looking gentleman, with a broad, smooth chin, and a diamond solitaire pinned in the cravat at his throat. As Jack obeyed, he felt, rather than saw, that a pretty young lady was standing behind the gentleman's chair, looking at him with large dark eyes. "Where did you come from?" asked the gentleman.

Jack, with the gaze of everybody upon him, felt shy of the sound of his own voice. "I came from Southampton," said he.

"Speak up, boy,—speak up," said the gentleman.

"I came from Southampton," said Jack again; and this time it seemed to him that his voice was very loud indeed.

"From Southampton, hey?" said the gentleman. He looked at Jack very critically for a while in silence. "Well, brother Richard," said he, at last, "'t is indeed a well-looking lad, and if Simms hath no special use for him I will let you have him. How long is he bound for?"

"Seven years, I think," said Mr. Parker. "I spoke to Simms about him yesterday, and he said he could spare him. Simms gave thirty pounds for him, and I will be willing and glad enough to pay you that for him."

"Tut, tut, brother Richard," said Colonel Parker, "don't speak to me of paying for him; indeed I give him to you very willingly."

"Then indeed, sir, I am very much obliged to you. You may go now, boy." Jack hesitated for a moment, not knowing clearly if he understood. "You may go, I said," said Mr. Richard Parker again. And Jack went away accompanied by the negro.

The gloomy interior of the storehouse struck chill upon him as he reëntered it from the

brightness and heat outside, and once more he was conscious of the dampness and all-pervading earthy smell. The transports huddled together were dull and silent. One or two of them were smoking, others lay sleeping heavily, others sat crouching or leaning against the wall doing nothing—perfectly inert. They hardly looked up as Jack entered.

"What did they want of ye?" inquired the man beside whom Jack sat down.

"I don't know," said Jack; "it was Colonel Parker I saw. He 's a great, grand gentleman. It 's a grand house, too." Others of the servants near by listened with a fleeting show of interest as Jack spoke, but when he ceased speaking the interest flickered out, and they did not ask any other questions.

CHAPTER XII.

DOWN THE RIVER.

THE next morning the door of the storehouse in which Jack and his companions were confined was suddenly opened by a white man. He was a roughly dressed fellow with a shaggy beard, and with silver ear-rings in his ears. "Where 's that there boy of Mr. Richard Parker's?" said he.

"D' ye mean me?" said Jack. "Am I going for good and all?"

"I reckon ye be."

The other redemptioners had roused themselves somewhat at the coming of the man, and were listening. "Good-by, Jack," said one of them; and as he was about to go the others took up the words, "Good-by—good-by, Jack."

Then he followed the man out into the bright sunlight. His conductor led the way down back of the great house and past a clustered group of cabins, in front of which a number of negro children played like monkeys, half naked and bareheaded. They stopped their antics and stood in the sun and watched Jack as he passed, and some negro women came to their doors and stood also watching him.

"Won't you tell me where I 'm going to be taken to, sir?" asked Jack, quickening his steps so as to come up alongside of his conductor.

"You 're going with Mr. Richard Parker,"

said the man. "I reckon he 'll be taking you down to the 'Roost' with him."

"The Roost?" said Jack, "and where is the Roost?"

"Why, the Roost is Mr. Parker's house. It's some thirty or forty mile down the river."

As they were speaking they had come out past the end of the great house and upon the edge of the slope. From where they were now they looked down to the shore of the river and upon a large flatboat, with a great square sail, that lay at the landing-place. There was a pile of bags and a lot of boxes and bundles of various sorts lying upon the wharf in the sun. Three or four negro men were slowly and indolently carrying the bags aboard the flatboat.

"Are we going down the river in that flatboat?" asked Jack, as he descended the slope at the heels of the other.

"Yes," said the man, briefly.

On the bank at the end of the wharf was a square brick building, in the shade of which stood Mr. Simms and Mr. Parker, the latter smoking a cigarro. Mr. Simms held a slip of paper in his hand upon which he kept the tally of the bags as they were carried aboard. Jack went out along the wharf, watching the negro men at work until Mr. Simms called out: "Get aboard the boat, young man!" Thereupon he stepped into the boat, climbing over the scats to the bow, where he settled himself easily upon some bags of meal, and whence he watched the slow loading of the boat.

At last everything was taken aboard. "We're all ready now, Mr. Simms," called out the man who had brought Jack down from the storehouse.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Simms came down the wharf together. Mr. Parker stepped aboard the scow and immediately it was cast loose and pushed off from the landing.

"Good-by, Mr. Parker, sir," called back Mr. Simms across the widening stretch of water, and he lifted his hat as he spoke, while Mr. Parker nodded a curt reply. The boat drifted farther and farther away with the sweep of the stream, as the negro rowers settled themselves in their places, and Mr. Simms still stood on the wharf, looking after them. Then the oars creaked in the rowlocks and the head of the boat came

slowly around in the direction intended. Jack, lying upon and amid the meal-bags, looked out astern. Before him were the naked, sinewy backs of the eight negro oarsmen, and away in the stern sat the white man—he was the overseer of the North Plantation—and Mr. Parker, who was just lighting a fresh cigarro. Presently the oars sounded with a ceaseless chug, chug, in the rowlocks, and then the overseer left the tiller for a moment, and came forward and trimmed the square, brown sail that now swelled out smooth and round with the warm wind. The rugged, wooded shores crept slowly past them, and the now distant wharf and brick buildings of the great house perched upon the slope dropped slowly away astern. Then the flatboat crept around the bend of the river, and house and wharf were shut off by an intervening point of land.

Jack could not but feel the keen novelty of it all. The sky was warm and clear. The bright surface of the water, driven by the breeze, danced and sparkled in the drifting sunlight. Jack felt a thrill of interest that was almost like delight in the newness of everything.

About noon the overseer brought out a hamper-like basket, which he opened, and from which he took a plentiful supply of food; he passed forward to Jack a couple of cold roast potatoes, a great lump of Indian corn-bread, and a thick slice of ham. It seemed to Jack that he had never tasted anything so good.

After he had finished his meal he felt very sleepy. He curled himself down upon the bags in the sunlight and presently dozed off.

He must have slept very soundly, for the afternoon sun was slanting when he was aroused by a thumping and bumping and a stir on board. He opened his eyes and sat up to see that the boat had again stopped at a landing-place. It was a straggling, uneven wharf, at the end of which, upon the shore, was an open shed. Thence a rough and rugged road ran up the steep bluff bank, and then turned away into the woody wilderness beyond. A wagon with a nondescript team of oxen and mules, and half a dozen men, black and white, were waiting beside the shed at the end of the wharf for the coming of the flatboat.

Then followed the unloading of the boat.

Mr. Parker had gone ashore, and Jack could see him and the overseer talking together and inspecting a small boat that lay pulled up from the water upon a little strip of sandy beach. Jack himself climbed out from the boat upon the wharf, where he walked up and down stretching himself and watching those at work. Presently he heard some one calling, "Where's that young fellow? Hi, lad, come here!"

It was the overseer who had brought the flatboat down the river who was calling him.

Then Jack saw that they had made ready the smaller boat they had been looking at, and had got the sail hoisted upon it. It flapped and beat in the wind. A little group stood about it, and Jack saw that they were waiting for him. He ran along the wharf and jumped down from it to the sandy beach. They were in the act of pushing off the boat when he climbed aboard. As it slid off into the water Mr. Parker stepped into it. Two men ran splashing through the water and pushed it off, and, as it reached the deeper water, one of them jumped in over the stern with a dripping splash of his bare feet, catching the tiller and trimming the sail as he did so, and bringing the bow of the boat around before the wind. Then there was a gurgling ripple of water under the bows as the wind filled the sail more strongly, and presently the wharf and the flatboat dropped rapidly astern, and once more Jack was sailing down the river, while wooded shores and high bluff banks alternating, drifted by and were dropped away behind.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROOST.

THE sun had set and the dusk was falling rapidly when they finally reached their destination. As well as Jack could see, the boat was running toward a precipitous bluff shore, above the crest of which, and some forty or fifty yards back, loomed the indistinct form of a house with two tall chimneys standing out sharply against the sky. There was a dark mass of trees at one side, and what appeared to be a cluster of huts to the other. The barking of two or three dogs sounded distantly across the water, and a dim light shone from one of the windows. As the boat approached nearer

and nearer to the shore the steep bluff bank shut out everything from sight, and then, at last, with a grinding jar upon the beach, the journey was ended.

"Jump out, boy," said Mr. Parker, and Jack obeyed.

A flight of high, ladder-like steps reached from the sandy beach to the top of the bluff. Jack followed Mr. Parker up this stairway, leaving the man who had brought them to furl and tie the sail. Excepting the barking of dogs and the light in the window, there was at first no sign of life about the place as they approached. Then suddenly there was a pause in the dogs' barking, then a renewed clamorous burst from half a dozen throats at once. Suddenly the light in the room began to flicker and move, and Jack could see that half a dozen dim forms had appeared around the end of the house. The next minute a wide door was opened and a woman's figure appeared holding a candle above her head. Instantly half a dozen hounds burst out from behind her and came rushing down toward the two, baying and barking clamorously. They jumped upon the master, whining and pawing on him, and he kicked them away right and left, swearing at them. They smelt at Jack's legs, and he drew himself away, not knowing how fierce they might be.

Mr. Parker led the way directly up the flight of tall, steep steps and into the hallway. He nodded to the woman as he passed. "Well, Peggy," said he, briefly.

She was a middle-aged woman with a strong stolid face. She stood aside, and the master passed by her into the house, Jack following close at his heels. It was a large, barren hallway, and the light of the candle barely lit it up. At the farther end was the dim form of a broad, bare stairway leading up to the floor above. The whole place seemed to have an empty, neglected look. A couple of saddles lay in a heap in one corner of the room beside a tall, dark clock that was not going. The cane seats of the two tall, stiff chairs were burst through, bristling raggedly. A bridle and a couple of hats hung on a row of pegs against the plastered wall, and there was throughout the place an indefinable odor of

horses and of the stables. Mr. Parker beckoned to one of the several negroes who stood just outside the door looking in from the falling night.

"Here, Coffee — Sambo — What 's your name — is Dennis about?"

"Iss, Massa"; and he grinned in the darkness with a sudden gleam of his white teeth.

"Then take this boy to him and tell him that he 's to fill Tim's place. As for you," said the master to Jack, "you can come back here tomorrow morning early, and Mistress Pitcher, here, will show you what to do."

As the negro led Jack around the back of the house, he found himself in what seemed to him in the darkness to be an open yard nearly bare of grass. Upon one side of this open space fronted a jumble of rickety sheds and cabins. A number of human figures were moving silently about these huts. They stopped and looked as Jack passed by them in the darkness. The negro led him to the last cabin in the row, then pointing his finger, said, "In dar, Massa Dennis"; and Jack understood that he was to enter.

The interior of the hut was dark and filled with the stale odor of wood-smoke. The whole of one side of it was occupied by a vast chimneyplace black as ink with soot. A table, two wooden chairs, and a settle, or bench, comprised the furniture of the room. Above was a shelf-like floor reached by a ladder, and in this loft was the dim outline of a wide bed. All this Jack saw by the light of a candle burning upon the table. Beside the table sat a little red-haired man smoking a pipe of tobacco. When Jack entered, he was poring over the tattered pages of an almanac, while a bare-footed negro woman moved hither and thither silently upon the hard earthen floor. She wore a loose cotton dress, and a bright red handkerchief was knotted into a turban about her head. A double row of blue glass beads hung around her neck.

As Jack entered, Dennis looked up from under his brows, shading his eyes from the light of the candle.

"Mr. Parker sent me here," said Jack; "he said I was to stay with you."

"Where did you come from?" asked Dennis.

"I have just been brought here from England," answered Jack.

"Oh! Ay, ay — to be sure," said Dennis. "Then it 's like ye 're to take Tim's place?"

"Yes," said Jack; "that 's what Mr. Parker said."

"And I suppose the first thing you want is a bite of supper?" said Dennis.

"Why, yes," said Jack; "I do feel something hungry."

At Dennis's bidding the negro woman set a plate of cold food for Jack, doing so with an air of stolid indifference, as though he had always been an inmate of the house. As Jack ate his meal, Dennis talked to him, asking him all about whence he came and the circumstances of his coming. He showed neither surprise at, nor especial interest in, the fact of Jack's having been kidnapped. "Ay," said he, "they bring a many from England that way nowadays."

"And don't they ever get a chance to get home again?" asked Jack.

Dennis shook his head. "No," said he; "and even when their time 's up they grow to like it here and they stay here."

After his supper, Jack sat for a long time on the other side of the fireplace. In the reaction from the continued straining interest of the day he began to feel very tired and homesick. He replied to Dennis dully, and by and by got up and went and stood in the doorway, looking out into the great hollow space of night dusted with its myriad stars. The warm darkness was full of the ceaseless whispering noises of night, broken now and then by the sound of gabbling negro voices. The mocking-birds were singing with intermittent melody from the dark stillness of the distant woods. The oppression seemed to weigh upon Jack's soul like a leaden weight. He felt utterly helpless and alone, and presently he crept back into the hut and to the bench, where he laid himself down. Dennis was still reading his almanac, and presently, before Jack knew it, his eyelids closed upon the figure bending over the table, and he had drifted away into a blessed nothingness of sleep.

In the moment of first awakening Jack did not know where he was. His sleep had been leaden heavy, and in the first few moments

of consciousness he had a feeling that he was back in the old house at Portsmouth. Then he became aware of an all-pervading smell of cooking pork. There was the sound of hissing and sizzling, and some one was moving about the room. He turned his head and saw the negro woman busy preparing breakfast, turning the frying bacon over and over, each time with a loudly renewed hissing and sputtering. Then he remembered where he was. He got up from the low bench where he had been sleeping, and went out into the air and sunlight. The wide sweep of morning was very sweet and cool in contrast to the close, warm interior he had left. Everything appeared singularly fresh and new in the keen yellow light, and he looked around him with a renewed interest at his new surroundings.

The Roost was a great, rambling, frame structure, weather-beaten and gray. There was about it an all-pervading air of dilapidation and neglect. Several of the windows were open, and out of one of them hung a patchwork bed coverlet, moving now and then lazily in the wind. A thin wreath of smoke curled away from one of the chimneys into the blue air. The open space of yard was what he had fancied it the night before, the dusty area almost bare of grass. The huts facing upon it were an indescribable jumble of cabins, some of them built of wood, some of wattled sticks plastered with clay. Dennis's cabin was by far the best of them all.

A lot of negro children had been playing about the huts. They ceased their play and stood staring at Jack as he came to the doorway of the cabin, and it made him feel how strange and new he was to the place. A negro lad of about his own age was standing in the door of a wattled hut at a little distance. He was lean and lanky, with overgrown, spider-like legs and arms. He had a little, round, nut-like head covered with a close felt of wool. He came out from the doorway and stood for a while staring at Jack; then he came up close to him. "Hi, boy!" he said, "what you name?"*

"My name 's Jack Ballister," said Jack. "What 's your name?"

"My name Little Coffee," and the negro boy grinned with a flash of his white teeth.

"Little Coffee! Why, to be sure, that 's a very queer name for any Christian soul to have," said Jack.

The negro boy's grin disappeared into sudden darkness. "Me name no queer," he said, with a sort of childish sullenness. "My name Little Coffee all right. Me fader Big Coffee—me Little Coffee."

"Well," said Jack, "I never heard of anybody named Coffee in all my life before."

"Where you come from?" asked the negro boy.

"I came from England," said Jack.

"Oh, yes! me know," said the negro boy. "All white man come from England."

"No, they don't, either," said Jack. "There 's plenty of white men besides those in England."

"No," said Little Coffee, "all white men come from England. Me Virginia black boy," he added, with some pride.

"What do you mean by that?" said Jack.

"Why," said the negro boy, "me fader and me mudder came from over yan," pointing to the east in the direction in which Africa might be supposed to lie; "me born here," pointing to the cabin, "in dis house; so me be Virginia black boy."

Just then Dennis came to the door. "Hi, boy!" he called. "Come and get your breakfast. The master 'll be awake presently, and then he 'll be a-wantin' you. You had better be in the way when he wants you, if you know what 's good for you."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT HOME IN ENGLAND.

HEZEKIAH TIPTON had been down at the wharf. He was returning with a packet of papers in his hand when, at the street corner, he came face to face with Attorney Burton. "Good morning, Master Tipton," said the little lawyer. "I 've been looking for you everywhere, and am glad to find you at last."

The old man, holding the papers in one

* In the talk of the negroes throughout the narrative, it is intended rather to suggest the dialect of the times than the negro talk of nowadays. It must be borne in mind that a large number of the negro slaves of that time were native Africans who had only just learned English, or were learning it.

hand, looked vacantly at the little lawyer. "Well," said he, "what do you want, Master Burton? I be in a great hurry now, and have very little time to talk."

"In a hurry, eh?" said the little attorney. "Well, maybe you can't do better than to talk to me for a while even if you are in a hurry. Maybe you don't know, Master Tipton, how all the town is talking about your nephew, Jack Ballister, and how he 's disappeared all of a sudden. Nobody seems to know aught of him, Master Tipton. I myself had an appointment with him two weeks ago at the Indian Princess Coffee-House, and when I came here I found he was gone and all the town talking about him. Maybe you can tell me something of him, Master Tipton."

The old man shook his head. "No," said he, "I know naught of Jacky."

He moved as though to go, but the little man also moved to place himself in front of him. "Well," said he, "if you can't give me news of your nephew, Jack Ballister, maybe I can give *you* some news of him. I think I know where he is, Master Hezekiah Tipton, and I think I know where I can find him." He thrust his hand into the inner breast-pocket of his coat, and brought out a packet of papers tied around with a tape. "I have here," said he, "some papers that may give you news of your nephew. Stop a bit, Master Tipton; don't be in such a hurry until you hear what I have to say." Then the old man seemed suddenly to surrender himself to the interview. He let his hands fall at his side and stood listening. "First of all," said the attorney, "I have here an affidavit of Israel Weems, the London crimp. He was the man who was down here with some redemptioners just about the time your nephew vanished. 'T is very important evidence, Master Tipton."

"Hush, Master," said Hezekiah, "don't talk so loud unless you 'd have all the street to hear."

"Oh, oh! very well," said the lawyer, "if that 's the way you feel about it, why then I won't talk so loud." He felt that he had gained a point. "Just step a little aside here

then. Well, Master Tipton, I 'll tell you in brief what I 've been able to find out so far as I can. I 've found out enough to make me know that your nephew, Jack Ballister, hath been kidnapped and hath been taken away to Yorktown in the Virginias, and these affidavits and papers can prove it beyond a question. Now, Master Tipton, I tell you what 't is: I have a mind to go to the Americas and hunt up Master Jack Ballister."

"Why would you do that?" said Hezekiah.

"Because," said the little man, "I have a deal of interest in him. But all the same I won't go to the Virginias if somebody else will take the business up—you, for instance, Master Tipton. Now, I 've got a great deal of evidence about your nephew, Jack Ballister. If you 'll pay me a hundred pounds, I 'll give all this evidence over to you. I 'll hand over all these papers to you and go home and say no more about it, and let you follow up the case as you choose. That 's what I have to offer, Master Tipton."

Hezekiah seemed to think a little while. He absently fingered the papers he held. "Well, Master Burton," said he, at last rousing himself, "all this is very new and strange to me that you be telling me, and I can't answer you right off about it. To tell you the truth I am in a vast hurry just now about some other business. I must have time to think of this here. Just you bring your papers over to the office—let me see—day arter to-morrow, and then I 'll be able to talk to you and tell you what I 'll do. So, good day to ye, good day to ye, Master Burton. Day after to-morrow in the art'noon." Then the old man was gone, hurrying away up the street.

"Stop a bit! Stop a bit!" called the little man after him. "What time in the afternoon shall I come?"

But the old man did not seem to hear him as he hurried away. "Well," said the attorney to himself, as he pocketed his papers, "he 's a mightily unsatisfactory man to deal with for certain. He 's bound to deal with me though, all the same."

(To be continued.)



"SPEAK UP, BOY,—SPEAK UP," SAID THE GENTLEMAN." (SEE PAGE 803.)

THE LAST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

BY H. GILBERT FROST.



STANDING before the bulletin-boards of any of the newspapers of the country, on a morning in the early days of last February, we should have found ourselves in a group of people eagerly discussing the news. We should have heard exclamations of surprise, sorrow, and regret arising on every side: "What! the old 'Kearsarge' wrecked!" "What a pity to lose the famous old ship!" "Too bad that she should be lost!"—while the older men in the crowds, turning to the younger, were recalling incidents of those stirring times when the "Alabama," built in England for the Confederate States, was for nearly two years the terror of the seas.

During the height of the Civil War, from the Sunday, August 24, 1862, when she was put in commission under the command of Captain Raphael Semmes, near the Azores, to that Sun-

day, June 19, 1864, when she was sunk off the coast of France, the Alabama roamed at will over the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, and Indian oceans. From Newfoundland to Singapore her name was known and spoken with fear. Appearing and disappearing, she captured and looted prizes, pursued and destroyed merchantmen, but eluded all naval pursuit. Escaping every danger, she accomplished more work and did more harm than any other ship of ancient or modern times.

So great, indeed, was the injury done to American commerce, that at length the Government built a ship of good live-oak in the navy-yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and, naming her the Kearsarge, after one of the mountain-peaks of the "Old Granite State," commissioned her, under the command of Captain John A. Winslow, to hunt down this famous "Corsair of the Seas."

The Kearsarge immediately went in search of the Alabama, and found her at last in the harbor of Cherbourg, on the northern coast of France. The Alabama had run in there for coal, and Captain Winslow, having made sure of his famous enemy, awaited her off the coast. Visitors from Paris, and all the country round, flocked to town, as rumors of a coming naval combat filled the air, and the rumors proved not without foundation; for on Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, while thousands of spectators lined the shore, the Alabama, flushed with her past exploits, and confident of success, sailed proudly out to meet the Kearsarge beyond the neutral waters of the bay.

"We, as victors, will continue last night's festivities on shore this evening," said the Alabama's officers to their friends, on taking leave, laughing merrily over the hand-shakings and good-bys. One hour and two minutes from the time the first guns were fired, those very con-

fidest officers were swimming for their lives, and the Alabama, riddled with shot and shell, her hull pierced through and through by the eleven-inch shells from the great after-pivot gun of the Kearsarge, and with many of her crew killed and wounded, had disappeared forever beneath the waves.

"The Alabama sunk!" How the news, when it arrived, flashed over this country, and with what rejoicing it was received in all the loyal States!

All honor to the Kearsarge, who, without the loss of a single man, had achieved such a glorious victory over the terror of merchantmen and "Scourge of the High Seas"!

Honor, and glory, too, have followed her in all these after years, wherever she has gone; for all the world had learned by heart the story of her gallant and historic fight with the Alabama.

No wonder, then, when in the cold, gray damp of a winter's morning we read of her loss, that in turning away there should come to us a touch of sorrow as we thought of the fate of the brave defender of a nation's honor,—sunk on a hidden reef, abandoned by officers and crew, and left to the mercy of the waters of that far-off Caribbean Sea.

Let us see what had become of the noble vessel.

Prepare now for a sea-voyage. Fancy that, in the middle of the month of March, a few weeks after the news of the disaster had arrived, you were with us on board the steamship "Orion," with Norfolk, Virginia, and Fortress Monroe left behind, standing out between the capes of the Chesapeake, headed for San Salvador. After the American continent faded from



FIRING AN ELEVEN-INCH PIVOT-GUN ON THE "KEARSARGE," IN HER FIGHT WITH THE "ALABAMA."



THE "KEARSARGE" GETTING INTO POSITION TO RAKE THE "ALABAMA."

view, that first land seen by Columbus was the first land that we sighted.

We were bound for Roncador Reef, where the old Kearsarge went down; for the Government, unwilling to abandon such a faithful servant without an effort in her behalf, sent out our expedition to see whether the ship could not be raised and brought triumphantly to port.

As we left the coast, the weather was cold, the sea was rough, and there was little sleep on board. Now and again in the night you found yourself on all fours, crawling like a cat over the floor of the cabin, having been pitched from an upper bunk. But all were good-natured, and even "Billy, the mess-man," did not complain when dishes left the table, refusing to be penned in by the racks. Suddenly came a great change. How warm it was! We entered the Gulf Stream, and the water turned a beautiful blue. Flying-fish were seen; occasionally one came on board, to the great delight of "Muggins," the cat, favorite of all the crew. We saw whales spouting; they are often found near that great stream of warmer water. The weather became warm and lovely, and in the beautiful moonlight nights the men, gathering in groups on the deck, would spin sailors' yarns and strange adventures from all over the world. At times, too, "Mike" and "Luke," the divers of the expedition, related strange tales of experiences under water; or the chief engineer, who was fond of music, was persuaded to play for an occasional dance.

"Do you think we can save her?" was the question all asked the officers—of whom there were on board more than there were brigadiers in Washington during the Civil War. There



THE LAST OF THE "ALABAMA."

were Lieutenant Forse, of the navy, executive officer of the Kearsarge at the time of the wreck; Captain William F. Humphrey, of the company that had made a contract with the Government for saving the old vessel; Captain Smith, commanding the Orion; Captain Burgess, head of the wrecking-crew, with Captain Dean as foreman. All were questioned; nor

From Cape Dame Marie our course was shaped toward Roncador, the interest and excitement increasing day by day as we approached the dangerous reef. After the noon observation on Wednesday, March 21, Captain Smith announced that by eleven o'clock on the morrow we should see the Kearsarge. All were on the lookout the following morning, but



THE "KEARSARGE," AS SHE APPEARED JUST BEFORE SHE WAS WRECKED.

did the landsmen spare even "Martin," the life of the fore-castle, or "Frank," the greatest wit of the crew.

We made San Salvador on the third morning out, sighting a few small hillocks that rose from the island. Other islands and lights were passed, and on the following day we sailed along between the beautiful western coast of Hayti and the eastern end of Cuba. The mountain-chains rise precipitately out of the water, with here and there a lonely peak towering into the clouds. Some of us who were familiar with the Eastern Seas compared the coast of Hayti to that of China.

by eleven o'clock, as there were no signs of the Kearsarge, the engines were stopped until the noon observation should determine the position of the ship. Then it was found that a current had taken us out of our course, and that we were some miles due south of the reef. Then we steamed north, while every eye swept the horizon. Some of the men climbed to the masthead, others clung to the shrouds. We were beginning to fear that we had again gone astray, when a shout from above, and then another, and another, proclaimed "Breakers on the starboard bow!"

The excitement became intense. "I see a

vessel!" cried a man from the masthead. "Two — three — a whole fleet!"

"Pirates!" exclaimed one captain.

"Robbers!" added another.

"We 'll clear them out," Captain Smith declared.

"Can you see the Kearsarge?" we asked.

"Yes; there she lies over to the leeward of the breakers; one mast in her. No! no! that's a small ship and no wreck. I can't see any signs of her. Yes! yes! there she lies off yonder! No! That's not the Kearsarge."

Thus the uncertainty continued, but in the

no signs of the Kearsarge. "She 's gone!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The vessels we had seen turned out to be four small schooners and a sloop, ostensibly fishermen; and toward them we made our way, dropping our anchor about five o'clock in the afternoon. The breakers, rolling in a mile and a half away, kept up a continuous roar, so that we understood why the Spanish should have named the reef "Roncador," or "The Snorer."

After we had anchored, a dark mass in the surf was seen. It was the only possible object



BIRDS ON RONCADOR REEF. (SEE PAGE 817.)

mean time we had caught the gleam of the surf from the deck below, and before long the whole sweep of the breakers coming into view offered a most magnificent spectacle.

There was the boundless ocean, with the waves sweeping in until suddenly, in a line, more than ten miles long, they were dashed into glittering spray with a roar that sounded like distant thunder. The color of the water, moreover, was beyond description. It had in places the intense blue of the deep seas, with the glow of the deepest sapphires, and over the nearest shoals there was the sheen of the celestial blues, such as are seen in Canton crêpes.

We approached nearer and nearer; but found

that could be the Kearsarge. The scoundrels had burned her! No one had been willing to admit the truth, though it had grown more evident the nearer we approached.

The Kearsarge was gone! Men looked at one another and sadly shook their heads. Thus vanished all hope of seeing the old ship afloat once more, and brought safe home. The Kearsarge had won her last battle, breasted her last storm, sailed her last voyage. Henceforth she belonged to history.

Captain Burgess, in the surf-boat, went at once to explore; but before his return the dug-outs of the fishermen pulled alongside and the men came on board.

From them we learned that the Kearsarge

had indeed been burned. What was left was made up of the boilers and stem, rising above the surf, together with one or two pieces of the side, washed farther up upon the reef. One of these pieces was even then burning, and as night came on the glow of the fire could be seen above the waves. Who had destroyed her no one knew. The exploring party returned at dark with precisely the same story to tell. The Kearsarge had evidently been looted, then burned to the water's edge, and the storms of the previous week had entirely broken her up. Have

you seen in the markets the big red fish called waters seemed full of them, and that even-
red snapper—a fish like huge goldfish, but ing, anchored off Roncador, under the light
weighing a great many pounds? There the of the Southern Cross and gleaming Canopus,



ADMIRAL STANTON'S HEADQUARTERS. ONE OF THE THATCHED HUTS BUILT ON RONCADOR REEF.



FIRST PIECE OF THE WRECK—A LARGE PART OF THE PORT SIDE, LYING IN THE WATER."



ANOTHER PORTION OF THE WRECK.

we amused ourselves pulling them in, though things were very quiet on board that night, the real purpose of the expedition having failed.

Bright and early in the morning the boats were lowered and manned, and all hands, officers and crew, started for the wreck. After a pull of more than a mile, the water shoaling to within two or three feet, we left the boat, and, wading up to our knees,—caught now and then by a big wave that gave us a tumble in the

surf,—we reached the first piece of the wreck, a large part of the port side, lying in the water, washed by the waves. Several hundred feet farther on an even larger section of the same side was out of the water, while just beyond, in the very heart of the breakers, very much in the position in which she must have struck, stood the stem of the Kearsarge, charred and blackened—this, with the boilers, being all that could be seen.



THE LAST OF THE "KEARSARGE."

Gathering then on the bigger piece of wreck, and being joined by the natives, fishermen and wreckers,—pirates, if you like,—the photograph was taken, and then, as the lieutenant was anxious to procure some of the old live-oak timber, dynamite cartridges were inserted here and there, and a blasting began that continued throughout the day.

While this was going on, some of us paid a visit to the key, or island; for the reef extending for ten miles is all below water save at the northwest end, where, for some thirty or forty acres, it rises seven or eight feet above the level of the sea. As we approach its shore not a green thing is seen save a sort of seaweed, or hardy moss, out of which the birds, pulling a few pieces together, make their nests—nothing else but great lumps of train-coral and stretches of sand.

Admiral Stanton's headquarters and those of the other officers were still standing, for it was on that bit of sand, just out of the water, that they and the crew of the Kearsarge lived for over a week. As we looked at the sand, it seemed fairly to move on account of the myriads of crabs! Swarms of fish darted about in the shallower waters, while turtles were seen in great numbers on shore. The things, however, of greatest interest were the thousands of birds—a large web-footed species called boobies.

It was the hatching-time, and as we walked among them they did not try to fly away, but pecked at us savagely with large sharp bills if we came too near, flapping their wings and giving a vicious scream. The older birds are black, with white breasts, and are ugly, but the young are pure white—like great big balls of snow. We picked up a few relics scattered here and there on the sand—a dinner-bell, an old bayonet, some brass buttons on a tattered coat, a few bits of timber—these were all.

That afternoon, about five o'clock, Lieutenant Forse having secured several tons of timber as relics for the Government, orders were given to return to the Orion. Anchor was weighed, and as the sun was setting we steamed away, with the glorious waters more beautiful than ever before, in all their thousand changing tints! The air was filled with birds returning with food for their young, hovering like a great black cloud over the little patch of sand. The schooners danced in the wake of our bigger vessel as the propeller churned the waters into foam, while the men in the dugouts waved a last good-by. Fainter and fainter grew the roar of the breakers as we moved away, and our last vision of Roncador was that line of sparkling breakers, flashing like a silvery sickle on the rim of the ocean, over against the evening sky.

"CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON."

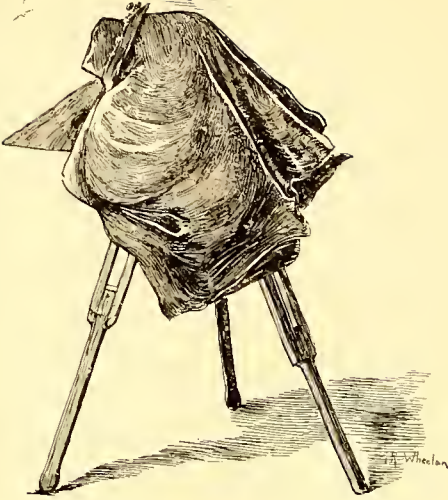
BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

ON the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, the American Declaration of Independence had been adopted, and the delegates were in the act of signing their names to it. No doubt it was not without hesitation and some misgivings that our patriot forefathers came to their great resolve that day in Philadelphia, knowing, as they did, the grave import of what they were doing. One man signed his name, "Charles Carroll." Thereupon his associates began to whisper among themselves. Should the new confederacy be crushed by the mother country, punishment would surely fall upon the framers

of this rebellious declaration. But it happened that there were a number of Charles Carrolls living in America at that time. So this Charles Carroll had a chance of escape, which none of his colleagues could look for. Presently the murmur reached the ears of the signer himself. Instantly turning back to the table, he picked up the pen again, and completed his signature in a way that left no doubt as to which Charles Carroll was accountable. And this is the honorable reason why that one signature, well remembered by all Americans, stands out, different from the rest: "Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

OLD COLONEL CAMERA.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.



There was nobody in that devoted city
Whom Mrs. O'Flaherty had not scorned ;
For she was a cook with a deep conviction
That her profession she well adorned :
But when she saw how she was taken,
She sat her down, and she wept and
moured.

The valiant few who resisted boldly,
As a matter of course were taken first ;
And the non-committal, who looked on
coldly,
As they deserved, were taken worst.

“WHAT 's all this fuss about?—
This frantic rushing up and down?”
“Oh, have n't you heard the news, my dear?
Everybody is wild with fear,
For old Colonel Camera
Has come to take the town.”

Not one escaped from the doughty colonel ;
He nobody spared, or great or small.
Their flights and struggles were worse than
useless,
For at last they were taken, one and all.

Right and left the people were running ;
You could hear the fat ones pant and strive ;
And a bride and groom were shouting madly,
“We 'll never, never be taken alive!”

So, if you should meet this conquering hero,
Don't try to hide, or to run, or fight,
But assume your very best expression,
And put yourself in a pleasing light.





Said a man unused to babies,

As minding one he sat,

“It’s plain to see that he’s

going to be

A wonderful acrobat!”



A VISIT TO THE NORTH POLE.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

“Now,” said Uncle Jack, after he had firmly secured his Edison electric flying-machine to the ice with ice-anchors, “I’ll just take a few readings with my instruments, and then I fancy that we’ll know the exact location of the North Pole, for it cannot be more than a few feet away. In the mean time, Bob and Harry, help the girls out of the car.” The two boys helped their cousins, Ethel and Laura, out of the wonderful machine in which they had started from their home in America only the previous morning for a short visit to the North Pole.

“I do believe if I were only on the horizon,” cried Ethel, “I could reach up and touch the sun.”

“It does look as though you could,” answered Bob,—“more so than it does at sunset at home.”

“Light plays all sorts of queer tricks in this

latitude,” said Uncle Jack; “but light is not the only queer thing about 90° north, as I will show you in a few minutes. Ah, here we are. Now, boys and girls, the lower extremity of this plummet just touches the actual physical end of the North Pole. I’ll just make a cross on the ice to locate the exact spot, and then you can take turns standing on the top of the North Pole of the earth.”

After the mark had been made, the two boys and two girls took turns at standing on the spot, and each declared laughingly that it made him or her feel dizzy.

“It ought not to,” said Uncle Jack; “for this spot and the corresponding one at the South Pole have simpler motions than any other places on the earth’s surface. Every other has a circular motion around the diameter of which this is one end, as you know, and the angular

velocity of some points is very great indeed; it becomes greater as you near the equator. This point has but a motion around the sun. All other places have a combined motion—a motion around the sun added to a motion around the axis. This point merely traces an ellipse in space as it flies around the sun. The others generate spirals. Now, Harry, as you are still standing on the Pole, please tell me what time it is?"

Harry pulled out his watch, and looking at it, told his uncle that it was half-past one o'clock.

"In New York, you mean," said his uncle; "and it is here, too, for that matter. But so is it any other time. It is half-past ten o'clock, or three o'clock, or any other time in the twenty-four hours that you wish it, and to-day may even be to-morrow or yesterday."

"Now you're joking, Uncle Jack," exclaimed Ethel.

"Not at all," Uncle Jack replied. "Time in reality merely measures the distance between different meridians. Each meridian has its own time: all the meridians meet at this spot, so any instant here is any particular time that you wish to call it within the limit of twenty-four hours."

"I should think that would be very convenient for people who are inclined to procrastinate," said Harry.

"And very inconvenient for ladies who send out invitations to dinner at a certain time," added Ethel.

"You see, time is really identical with eternity here," continued Uncle Jack. "Go a fractional part of an inch away from the Pole, and time has a value. You, Harry and Bob, shake hands over the spot I have marked. Now, it may be midnight where Harry is and high noon where Bob is, and yet they are shaking hands with each other. At any rate, there is twelve hours' difference in the time of their respective localities. Now, Ethel, stand

over the cross-mark, and hold out your arms so that they will point in opposite directions. Now, which way do you face?"

"South," Ethel answered.

"And which way does your right hand point?"

"Why, it points south, too," said Ethel, after a moment's reflection. "I was trying to determine whether it pointed east or west."

"And your left hand?"

"South also."

"And what is at your back?"

"The south."

"That's right. Now, suppose you were to walk in any direction?"

"I'd walk due south no matter which way I went."

"We have all sorts of wind at home. What kinds of wind do they have here, Bob?"

"They're all south winds, sir; and they're pretty cold for south winds, too."

"Yes, and all currents of water flow to the south. How would the compass point here, Harry?"

"Both ends would point south, sir."

"Now we have an infinite variety of longitude here. What latitude have we, Laura?"

"Ninety degrees, north."

"Yes, and it's the only place in the world that has that latitude, although ordinary latitudes are common to a great many places. Now, where is the north star?"

"It must be directly above us, sir."

"Yes, almost but not quite at the zenith, for the Pole does not point exactly to it. It would n't be much of a guide to the escaping slave in these latitudes, would it? Now, boys and girls, cut out a chunk of ice to take away as a souvenir, plant your American flag in the hole, and we'll start for home, for I promised to have you back in time for supper to-morrow evening, and I don't want your mothers and fathers to worry about you."

Albertine
Randall
Wheeler.



ICHTHYOLOGY

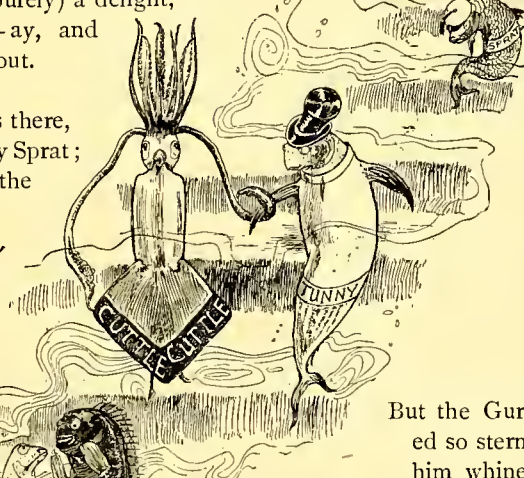
BY LAURA E. RICHARDS



JOHN DORY, tell the story of the night
When the Pinna gave a dinner to the Trout.
It was surely (yet not purely) a delight,
Though attended — ay, and
ended — with a rout.

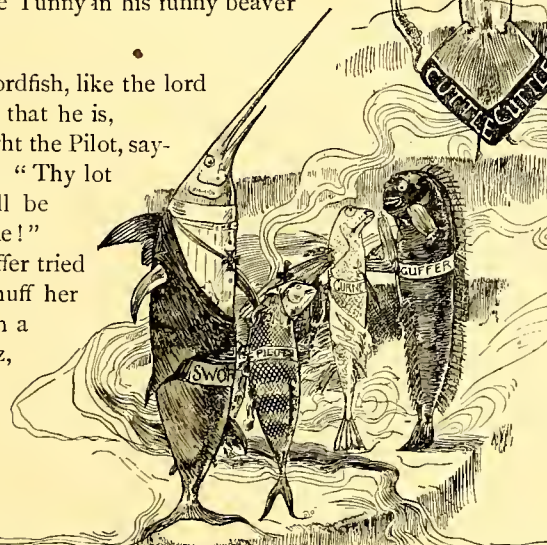
But every fish-un of condition sure was there,
From the Cuttle down to little Tommy Sprat;
From the Urchin who was perchin' on the
stair,
To the Tunny in his funny beaver
hat.

The Swordfish, like the lord
fish that he is,
Brought the Pilot, say-
ing, "Thy lot
shall be
mine!"
The Guffer tried
to huff her
with a
quiz,



But the Gurnet look-
ed so stern, it made
him whine.

The Grayling was a-sailing
through the dance,
And the Oyster from his
cloister had come out,
And the Minnow with her fin oh!
did advance,
And the Flounder capered
round her with the Pout.





When the Winkle, with a twinkle in his eye,
Led the Codfish (such an odd fish!) to the
feast,

Cried the Mullet, "Oh! my gullet is so dry,
I could swallow half the hollow sea at least!"

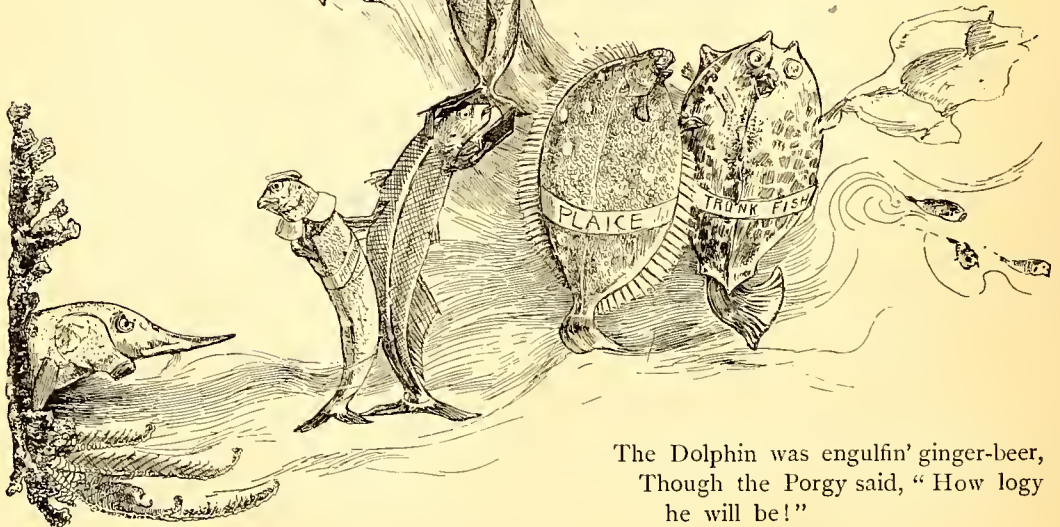
The Frogfish and the Dogfish followed next,
And the Sturgeon was emergeon from his lair,
And the Herring by his bearing was perplexed,
But the Tinker, as a thinker, did n't care.

The Cobbler—such a gobbler as he was!—
Why, the Blenny had n't anything to eat;
And the Trunk-fish grew a shrunk fish, just
because

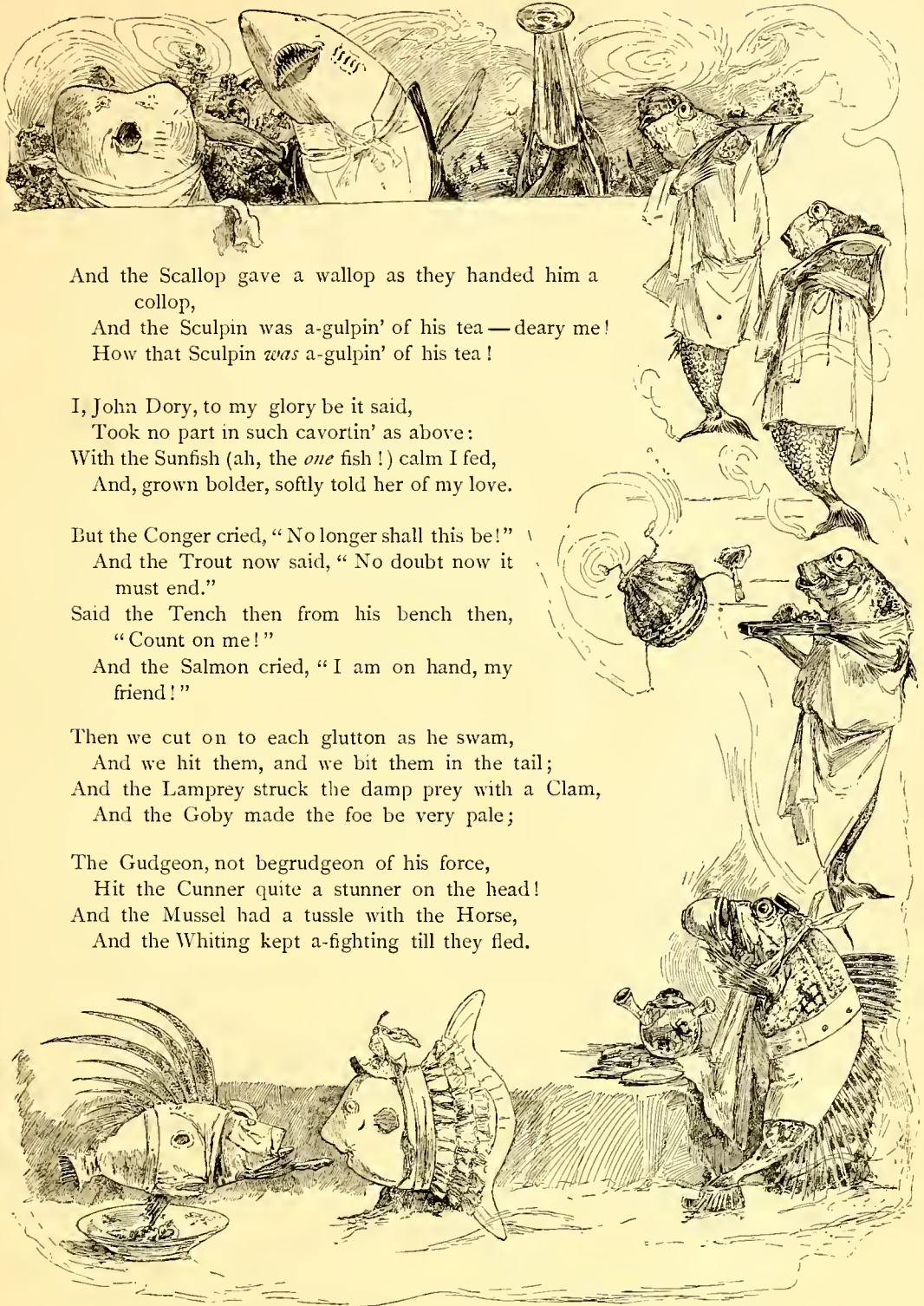
The Plaice there said the Dace there was so
sweet.

The Torpedo said, "To feed, oh! is my joy.
Let me wallow, let me swallow at my will!"

Cried the Shark then, "Here 's a lark, then;
come, my boy,
Give a rouse now—we 'll carouse now to
our fill!"



The Dolphin was engulfin' ginger-beer,
Though the Porgy said, "How logy
he will be!"



And the Scallop gave a wallop as they handed him a
collop,
And the Sculpin was a-gulpin' of his tea — deary me!
How that Sculpin *was* a-gulpin' of his tea!

I, John Dory, to my glory be it said,
Took no part in such cavortin' as above:
With the Sunfish (ah, the *one* fish!) calm I fed,
And, grown bolder, softly told her of my love.

But the Conger cried, "No longer shall this be!"
And the Trout now said, "No doubt now it
must end."
Said the Tench then from his bench then,
"Count on me!"
And the Salmon cried, "I am on hand, my
friend!"

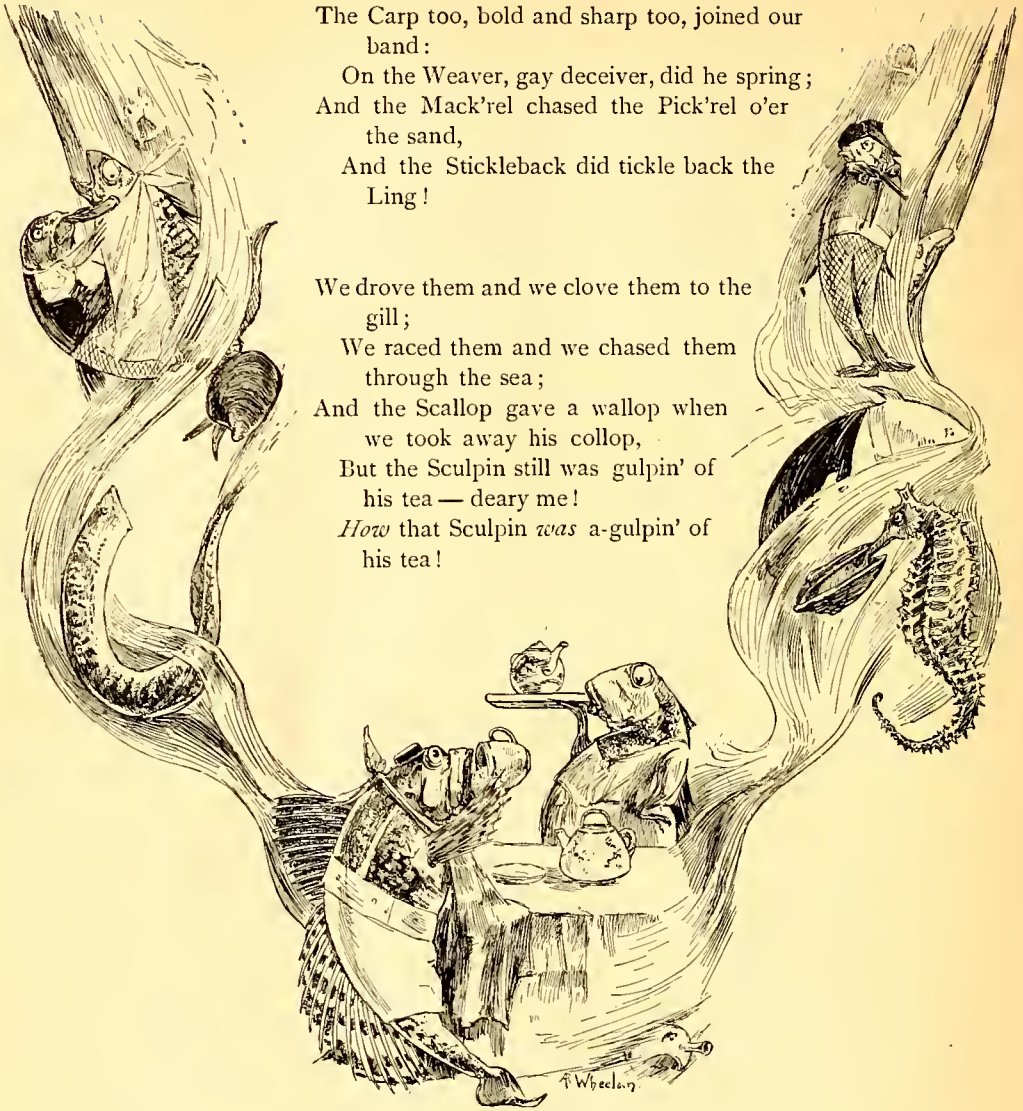
Then we cut on to each glutton as he swam,
And we hit them, and we bit them in the tail;
And the Lamprey struck the damp prey with a Clam,
And the Goby made the foe be very pale;

The Gudgeon, not begrudgeon of his force,
Hit the Cunner quite a stunner on the head!
And the Mussel had a tussle with the Horse,
And the Whiting kept a-fighting till they fled.

A RHYME ABOUT THE FISHES.

The Carp too, bold and sharp too, joined our band;
 On the Weaver, gay deceiver, did he spring;
 And the Mack'rel chased the Pick'rel o'er
 the sand,
 And the Stickleback did tickle back the
 Ling!

We drove them and we clove them to the
 gill;
 We raced them and we chased them
 through the sea;
 And the Scallop gave a wallop when
 we took away his collop,
 But the Sculpin still was gulpin' of
 his tea — deary me!
*How that Sculpin was a-gulpin' of
 his tea!*



 JULY THE FOURTH.

BY THOMAS TAPPER.

I DON'T see why the people call
 This Independence Day, at all.
 "I would n't do that if I were you,"
 Is all I 've heard the whole day through.

THE STUDLEFUNKS' BONEFIRE.

A Tale of July 4th.



By J. WILLIAM FOSDICK.

It was the third of July, and sundown. Harry Barton sat upon the front stoop, anxiously waiting for his supper.

He was anxious to be off to the village, where his friends were preparing for the Fourth.

It was to be a memorable Fourth for him, as he had been elected captain of the "Studle-funk Cadets," who were to have a mock parade the next morning, at six o'clock.

Money had been collected and a prize offered to the most grotesque costume in the procession.

Now Harry, like most New England farm boys, was poor, and, with a determination to win the prize of ten dollars, he had ransacked the attic for queer old hats and long-tailed coats. All alone, in the musty old attic, by the light of a candle, he had gone through a dress rehearsal the night before. As he put on the finishing touches, with burnt cork and red paint, he had exploded with laughter; for the old coat, which was well stuffed out with pillows, burst down the back, and buttons flew off in all directions. Yes; so sure was he of winning the prize, that he could almost feel the ten silver dollars in his trousers pocket.

"If Joe were only here," he murmured, "how he would have helped me!" But Joe, the farm-

hand who had been Harry's playfellow, had been long absent from the neighborhood.

Whenever Harry had wanted a boat rigged, a popgun made, or a rabbit-trap mended, Joe had always cheerfully done the work. One day (the boy's mother will never forget it) Harry wandered down to the river-bank, and, trying to capture a turtle with a speckled back, he lost his balance and fell into the swift current. Joe was plowing in a field not far away, and arrived in time to save the boy's life. This was the principal reason why Harry loved Joe. But Joe, like so many New England farm lads, had an attack of "western fever." He drew all his savings from the bank and left for Texas.

Harry was just thinking that it was three years ago that very third of July since he and Joe had tearfully parted, when he saw a ragged, slouching figure coming slowly up the lane.

"Another tramp," thought he, as he glanced at the weather-worn coat fluttering in the breeze, the battered hat, and the broken shoes.

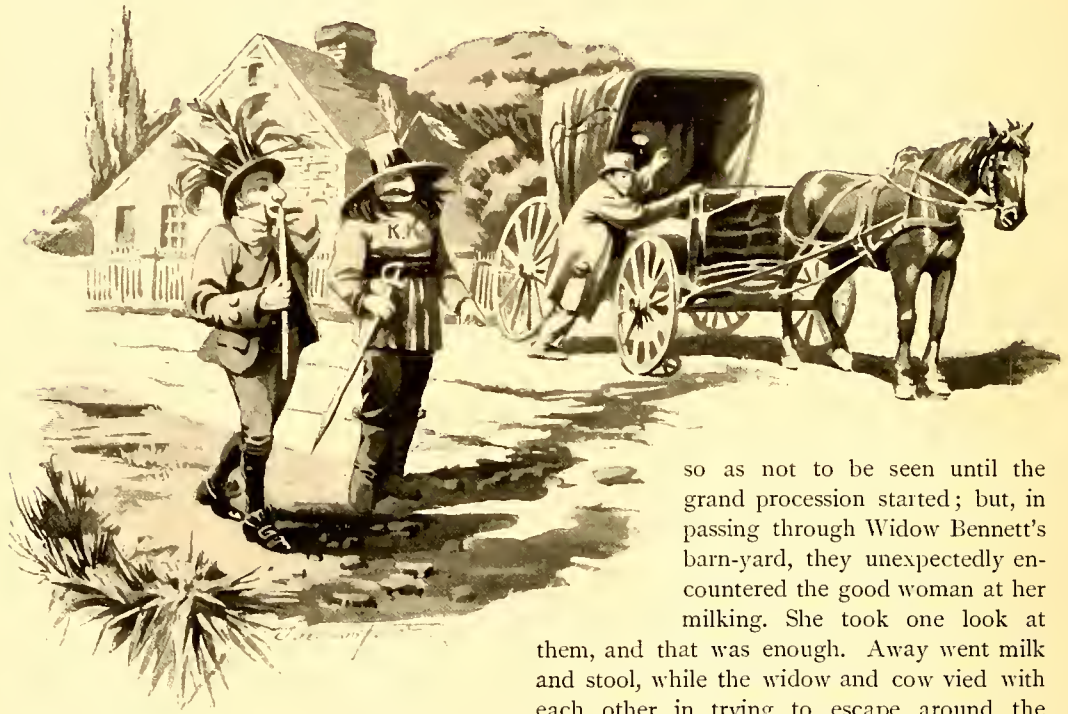
As the man approached the stoop, with the old hat drawn well down over his eyes, Harry rose and shook his head, as if to say, "Nothing for you." But the tramp walked straight up to Harry and, uncovering his bronzed face,

held out his hand. Joe? Surely this weather-beaten face could not be that of his old friend. Yet it was, and Joe had a dismal tale to tell of his wanderings.

He had not succeeded well in that western country, and, having lost all his savings, had tramped his way back to Tinborough after three years of fruitless wanderings. "Could not Harry help his old friend?"

down the lane, where he managed to bring some supper. Joe ate more like a famished beast than a man. After he was refreshed he told Harry that he would gladly try for the ten-dollar prize, which, naturally, seemed a fortune to him. The following morning two ridiculously clad figures with masked faces stole away from the farm in the direction of Tinborough.

They went most of the way "cross lots,"



"THE OLD DEACON CAST A FRIGHTENED GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND SCRAMBLED INTO HIS BUGGY."

Tears were in Harry's eyes when the "tramp" finished his story, and the boy began to think how he might help Joe. Suddenly he jumped up and slapped his shabby companion so hard on the back as nearly to knock him over. He had a bright idea: Joe must win the ten-dollar prize to-morrow! He was almost grotesque enough to win it just as he stood.

Now Harry feared that his father might not be cordial even to Joe, at least not until he looked more respectable; for Farmer Barton classed all wanderers as worthless ne'er-do-wells, and he would not have them about the place.

So Harry took Joe to an old corn-house

so as not to be seen until the grand procession started; but, in passing through Widow Bennett's barn-yard, they unexpectedly encountered the good woman at her milking. She took one look at them, and that was enough. Away went milk and stool, while the widow and cow vied with each other in trying to escape around the corner of the barn. No harm was done, and when their fits of laughter became less frequent, and they had recovered breath, the two oddities went on to the village; but in crossing the village green they had another adventure.

Before his door stood Deacon Barnes's old horse and buggy. The old gentleman was starting off bright and early to bring his daughter from a neighboring village, so that she might witness the procession.

The deacon called this lame, bony old horse "Gunpowder"; but the boys of the village had of their own accord named him "Cold Molasses," because they had found that that was the slowest-moving thing in the world.

The old deacon cast but one frightened

glance over his shoulder, and then scrambled into his buggy. There was a grand clatter and crash, and old Gunpowder went tearing down the street, his legs swinging with the awkwardness of a rickety windmill. Nightcapped heads were thrust forth, and had the good people seen Deacon Barnes flying through the air, they would not have been more astonished.

The boys hurried away to an empty barn which had been agreed upon as the meeting-place for the Cadets. Upon entering through a side door, they found themselves in what seemed a hobgoblin world. A shout went up from fifty terrible-looking creatures, who proved to be the "Studlefunk Cadets."

Bits of broken looking-glass had been nailed to doors and walls, and in the dim light these uncanny fellows were putting on finishing-touches, all the while performing elfish pranks. In the center of the floor was a tip-cart, and while some boys were dressing the horse in blue overalls, others had put a log of wood in the cart and were painting it black to look like a cannon. This was the Studlefunk Artillery.

Here Harry and Joe came across an old "Rip Van Winkle," who peered at them through his long hair and beard of hemp rope, and said in a shaky voice, "Are you anudder brudder?" A drum-major was superb with his immense fur cap made out of a huge moth-eaten muff which his grandmother had carried when a bride, nearly fifty years before. His baton was a broomstick topped by a brass ball.

The Studlefunk Band was rehearsing in the hay-loft. Their music was certainly in keeping with their appearance. A more outlandish company could not be imagined. The tallest member wore an immense fool's cap and blew a terrible blast on a huge fish-horn.

The boys were all chattering together, and when Harry went among them, he was told in strictest confidence that Tinborough would long remember this Fourth. He also heard allusions to a "big bonfire."

In spite of his questioning, it was not until afterward that Harry learned the secret. In the outskirts of the town, in a field next to the Agricultural Grounds, where the races would take place, stood the old and abandoned shell of a farm-house. One of the most reckless of the boys had planned in strictest secrecy to make a huge bonfire of this ancient pile.

In the neighboring woods a tar-barrel and shavings soaked in oil had been hidden; and when the dance at the Fair Grounds was at its height, he meant to "show the crowd the biggest Fourth of July blaze ever seen in the county!"

At last the Studlefunks were ready; the doors were thrown wide open, and the Cadets marched forth into the early morning sunlight, where they looked even stranger than before. They had the place of honor in the parade that wended its way to the Fair Grounds.

The selectmen were to view the procession from the grand stand, and about them were



THE STUDLEFUNK ARTILLERY.

grouped all the pride and beauty of the village. Every girl hoped that her own brother would win the prize.

The Widow Bennett was there, looking none the worse for her morning adventure; and, not far away, Deacon Barnes and his rosy-cheeked daughter sat in the old buggy, which, although more shaky than ever, still hung together.

But old Gunpowder—alas! he had run his last and only race. He stood—yes, *just stood*, that is all—with lowered head and drooping

ears, and though the Studlefunk Brigade Band played their loudest beneath his very nose, he did not so much as look at them.

A wonderful procession it proved, outlandish and comical. As it moved around the race-track it looked like a huge many-colored serpent, and the din it made was heard at Middleborough Corners, four miles away.

Every boy played his best and loudest, and, when it drew near the grand stand, the girls all put their fingers in their ears. As they passed the judge's stand each cadet did his best to excel all others, not only by his ridiculous attire, but by antics of every description.

At last the anxious moment arrived. The Cadets were drawn up in line, and although every girl exclaimed, "Oh, I *know* my brother will win!" some of them noticed that the judge was watching the remarkable tumblings of a stranger who wore an ancient yellow beaver of great size profusely decorated with feathers from an old duster. His coat was very long in the tails and had huge brass buttons. He wore knee-breeches, and shoes with great silver buckles.

First of all he put his hat on the ground and turned "cart-wheels" all around it. Then he picked it up with his teeth and cleverly tossed it on his head, while keeping his hands in his pockets.

Several girls all but cried with vexation, while Harry Barton was overjoyed, when the judge rose with ten glittering silver dollars in his hand, and said to the disguised stranger:

"Please step forward and give your name. You have won the prize."

To the surprise of all, the winner raised his great beaver hat, disclosing a rough head of unkempt hair, and, making a low bow, said:

"I am Joe, just simply Joe, as once did chores for Farmer Barton; that 's all, your honor."

A great shout went up as Joe received his money. Then he and Harry made their way to the refreshment-tent, where Joe had a feast such as he had not enjoyed for many a long day.

In the afternoon there were bicycle-races, horse-races—in fact, every imaginable kind of race—which Harry longed to see, but Joe, weary and footsore with long weeks of tramping, and made sleepy by his unusual feast, preferred to take a nap in some shady place.

Harry saw him limp away through the crowd, but soon forgot all about Joe in watch-



THE "BONFIRE."

ing the exciting races, and in the noise and animation of the scene.

In the evening the Tinborough Brass Band played on a stand erected in the center of a wooden floor laid expressly for the dancers. A big crowd of mothers, aunts, and lookers-on stood about the edges.

Kerosene lamps and a few Japanese lanterns were hung about, dimly lighting the scene.

Suddenly, when every one was gayest, a reddish glow lighted up the faces of the dancers, and the cry of "Fire!" was raised. Yes, sure enough, the old farm-house was ablaze! The

flames were curling in and out of the paneless windows of the lower floors.

Harry hurried to the fire with the rest. He found the Studlefunk Cadets lurking about the edges, trying hard to look as if they knew nothing about it. If any one had told the boy who set the fire that he had committed a criminal act he would have been astonished, but such was the case. Soon the whole lower portion of the old tinder-box was a sheet of flame, and the crowd was cheering lustily at this magnificent bonfire. But suddenly their faces blanched, for above the roar of the flames they heard an agonizing cry, "Help! Help!"

And then in an upper window they beheld the figure of a man outlined against the flame.

Harry looked for but an instant. He knew as soon as he heard the voice that it was Joe, and he felt a cold shiver run down his back, while his legs almost gave way under him.

Harry showed wonderful presence of mind that night. Quick as thought, he seized an ax which had been used in building the dancing-platform, and calling the Cadets to follow, ran as fast as his trembling legs could carry him in the direction of the big flag-pole that stood in the center of the Fair Grounds.

The flames were closing in about the little window in the peak of the roof. The crowd yelled, "Don't jump; a ladder is coming!" But, indeed, Joe was afraid to jump.

Alas! before the ladder could come, it would be too late. A groan went up from the crowd. Joe crawled out and hung from the sill, to hold on as long as he could.

He closed his eyes in terror, and was just about to let go when he heard a yell from the boys. Something touched his foot. Then it came up to him.

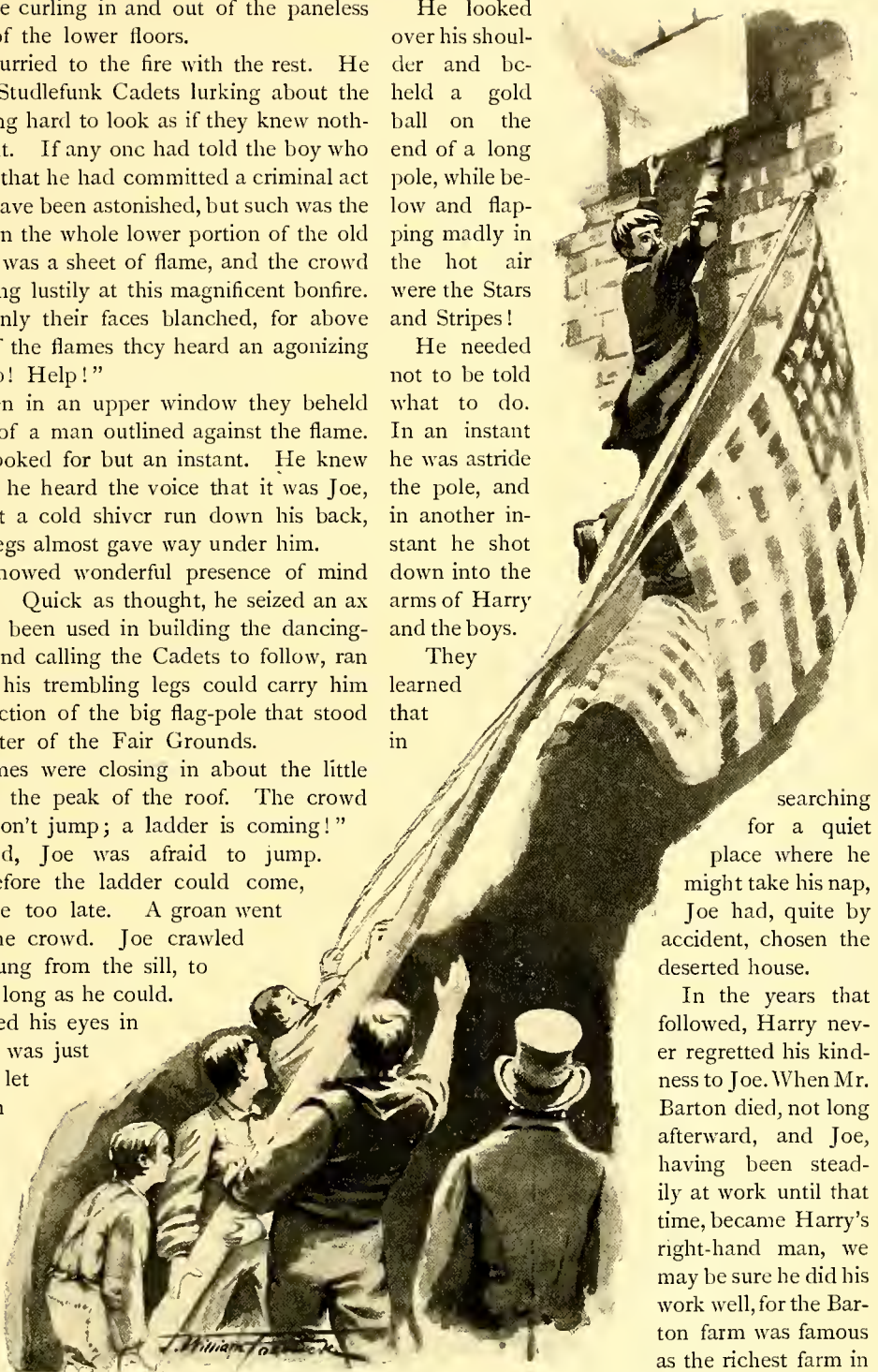
He looked over his shoulder and beheld a gold ball on the end of a long pole, while below and flapping madly in the hot air were the Stars and Stripes!

He needed not to be told what to do. In an instant he was astride the pole, and in another instant he shot down into the arms of Harry and the boys.

They learned that in

searching for a quiet place where he might take his nap, Joe had, quite by accident, chosen the deserted house.

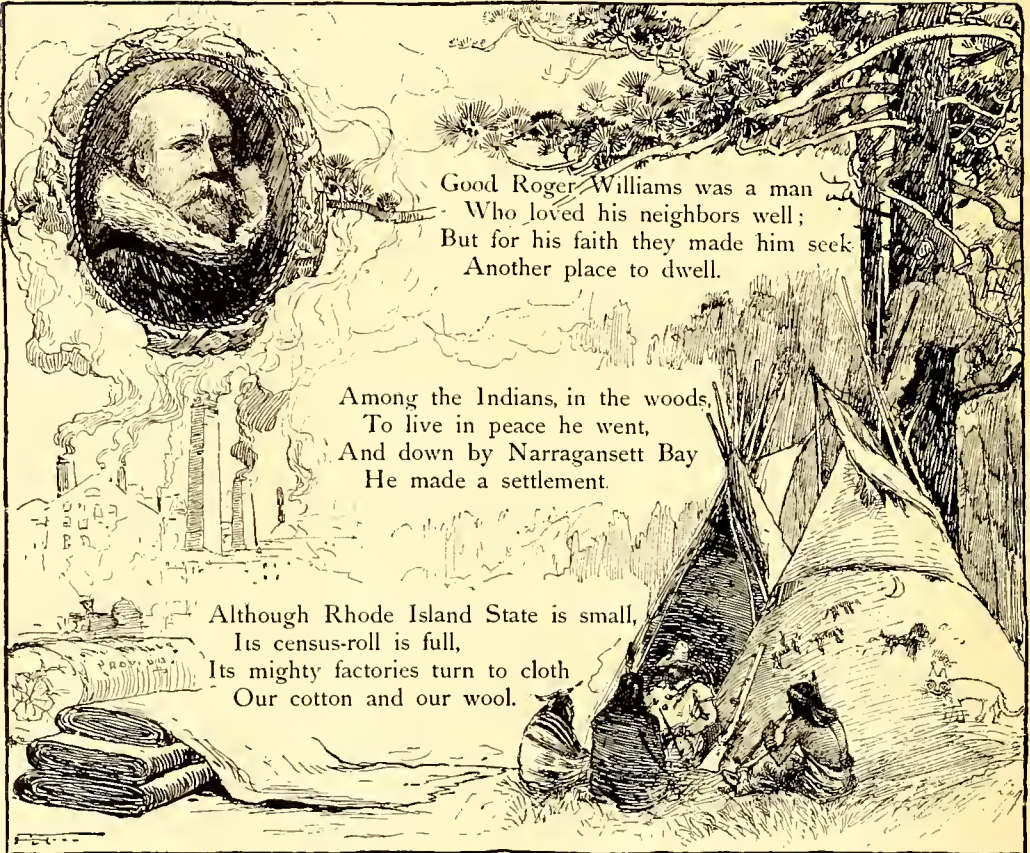
In the years that followed, Harry never regretted his kindness to Joe. When Mr. Barton died, not long afterward, and Joe, having been steadily at work until that time, became Harry's right-hand man, we may be sure he did his work well, for the Barton farm was famous as the richest farm in Worcester County.



THE RESCUE OF JOE.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

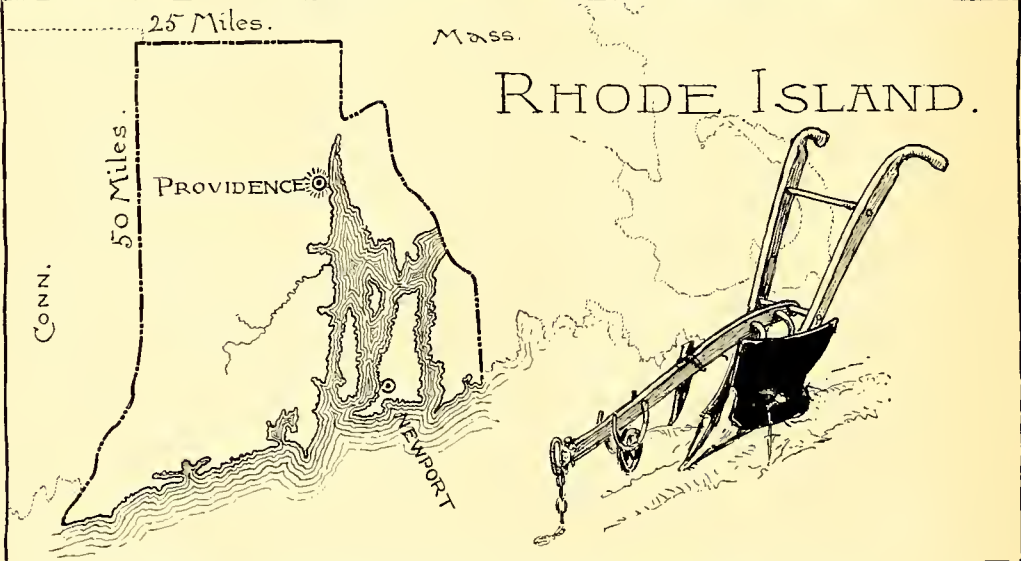
By GARRETT NEWKIRK.



Good Roger Williams was a man
Who loved his neighbors well;
But for his faith they made him seek
Another place to dwell.

Among the Indians, in the woods,
To live in peace he went,
And down by Narragansett Bay
He made a settlement.

Although Rhode Island State is small,
Its census-roll is full,
Its mighty factories turn to cloth
Our cotton and our wool.



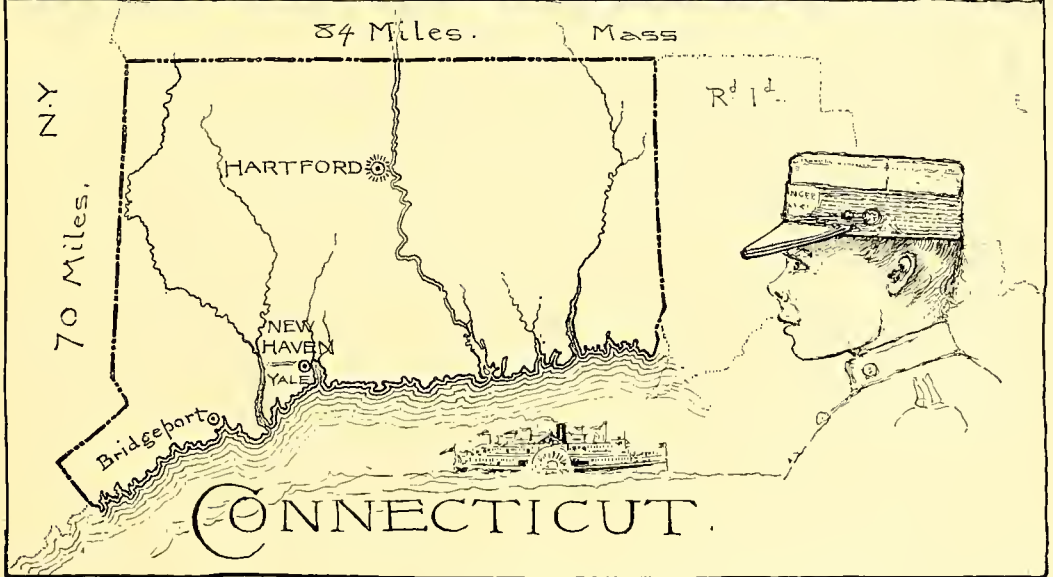
NOTE.—In shape, Rhode Island somewhat resembles a plowshare.



The State of Connecticut
 You may know on the map,
 Because it resembles
 A little boy's cap.

Its capital, Hartford,
 Is worthy of pride
 New Haven's Yale College
 Is famed far and wide.

Now these six noble States
 New-England we name,
 Because their first settlers'
 From old England came.



CONNECTICUT.

DAVID ERICSON.



AT SCHOOL.

How hard, on composition day,
For kittens to know just what to say!

But easy 't is for all to sing:
"The cat ran off with the pudding-bag string,"
Or, "Ding, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Oh, what a naughty boy was that
To go and drown poor pussy cat!"



THE FROG'S FOURTH OF JULY.

HAPPY little Frog! Of course he was going to see what Bobby, and Nelly, and Mamie, and Lee, and Louis, and Edyth, and Philip intended to do. Afraid of fire-crackers?—who? *he?* No, indeed! So he did not heed his mother's warning, but hopped off to the lovely grove at Woodreve, the children's summer home.

The nurses Kate, and Annie, and Mary spread a nice luncheon of cake and lemonade on the grass under the trees. It was very warm, and the children played, and swung, and fired torpedoes, and set off fire-crackers. They were getting restless and tired, when Bobby said: "Let's fill a tomato-can with fire-crackers, turn it bottom up, tilt it a little, and set fire to one of the crackers with a match tied to a long pole." The plan was hailed with delight. So they fixed it all, and then sat down to enjoy the great fright of the nurses, who were sewing and knitting under a tree not very far from the can, but with their backs to it.

The little frog had been hiding in the grass near by, and he did not understand at all why everything was suddenly quiet—so he hopped, and he hopped, and he hopped, and at last he hopped up on the can, so that he might see better. There he sat, puffed out with pride and staring all about, while the children stared back at the foolish fellow,—when bang! bang! went the crackers,—up went the can,—and over went little Mr. Frog into a black-berry bush! The nurses screamed, the little girls shrieked, the lemonade was turned over, the cake upset, Edyth's bottle of milk was broken, and such a time! But

it did not last long, for fresh supplies came from the house. One of the ladies came out to ask what *was* the matter; and then all the children told the story, and laughed and laughed, at the fun. But the little frog rubbed his legs and scratched his head, wondering what had happened, and then hopped away to his home as fast as he could go—the most surprised little frog that ever saw a Fourth of July.



BANG! BANG!



A STORY OF MIRAGE AT SEA.

THE steamer "El Norte," of the Morgan Line, which arrived here yesterday from New Orleans, reported a most remarkable mirage, or reflection, or whatever it was, seen off Hatteras on March 18th. On that day the mate of the ship, who was on duty, saw away to the westward a big bank of fog. The sea was smooth and the sun was shining. As he looked at the bank of fog lying off to the westward he saw the "counterfeit presentment" of about twenty-eight schooners outlined against the bank. Some were beating north against the wind, and some were sailing south before the wind. Although the weather was clear, a mist would every now and then settle down about the steamer and blot out the picture of the sailing vessels outlined on the fog-bank. Then the mist would disappear as suddenly as it had appeared, and the sailing schooners were seen hurrying north and south again. The spectacle began at six o'clock in the morning and lasted until eight o'clock.

Many people on the ship saw it. It was not like an ordinary mirage, but appeared to be some peculiar refraction of light from the morning sun which pictured the sailing schooners against the cloud-bank. No one of the schooners whose reflection was seen was above the horizon. The first officer said that some of the schooners could be seen with masts and sails and hulls above the water-line distinctly portrayed, while of others only the sails could be seen, and some of them were cut short off in the middle, and others did not show their topmasts.—*New York Tribune.*

SWALLOWS INSTEAD OF CARRIER-PIGEONS.

"It seems quite possible that the swallow will prove a successful rival to the carrier-pigeon in its peculiar line of service," said a gentleman from Washington, D. C., who was at the Southern Hotel last night. "I know a man who has been experimenting with these birds for years, and who managed to tame them and make them love their cage so that they will invariably return to it after a few hours' liberty. The speed of these messengers can be judged from a single experiment. The man of whom I speak once caught an untrained swallow which had its

nest on his farm. He put the bird in a basket and gave it to a friend who was going to a city 150 miles distant, telling him to turn the bird loose on his arrival there, and telegraph him as soon as the bird was set free. This was done, and the bird reached home in one hour and a half. Their great speed and diminutive forms would especially recommend swallows for use in war, as it would not be an easy matter to shoot such carriers on the wing."—*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BIG LEAVES.

WHAT trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm, of the banks of the Amazon, the leaves of which are no less than 50 feet in length by 10 to 12 in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of 20 feet, and the remarkable width of 16. The natives use them for making tents. Afterward comes the cocoanut-palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about 30 feet. The umbrella magnolia of Ceylon bears leaves that are so large that a single one may sometimes serve as a shelter for 15 or 20 persons.

One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly 36 feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions in our temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about seven feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 395 pounds.—*The Scientific American.*

THE WOUNDED HERON.

A GENTLEMAN from this city was rowing down through the Narrows in a small boat one evening about two weeks ago, when his attention was attracted to a pair of night-herons which were standing upon a large rock near the water's edge. The discharge of a gun by a man concealed among the bushes on the river's bank was heard, and the birds took to their wings, uttering cries of distress as they flew. When nearly an eighth of a mile off, one of them was seen to falter, and it soon fell into the river. As his boat drew near, the gentleman perceived that the bird was wounded, and was swimming confidently toward him, as though claiming protection and help. He extended one of his oars, and the bird seized it with his sharp claws and suffered himself to be lifted out of the water. Upon examination, the gentleman found that the bird's right wing was broken, and that fractured bones were protruding. A linen handkerchief furnished bandages for the bleeding wing, until, upon arriving at New Castle, the wound was properly dressed by a surgeon, who admired the fortitude of his feathered patient during the painful operation. Portions of the bone had to be removed, but the doctor thought it possible for the bird to live if carefully nursed. Our friend

brought the bird to this city, and under careful treatment it soon regained its wonted health and strength, and was pronounced a "perfect beauty" by many ladies who called to see him. The wound healed rapidly, and the heron was allowed to go in quest of his mate as soon as he could fly.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

A RACE OF 8000 MILES.

THE sealing schooners "Allie I. Algar" and "Henry Dennis," owned by J. C. Nixon, have been heard from, Mr. Nixon having recently received letters from Captains Wester and Miner. The letters were written from Port Lloyd, Bonin Islands, where both vessels arrived February 8th, the Dennis dropping anchor just three hours after the Algar. Before the schooners left here some of the hunters offered \$200 as a reward for the one which made the shortest time from Cape Flattery to Bonin Islands. The Algar left here December 17th and the Dennis December 24th. The former's sailing time across the Pacific was forty-seven days, and the Dennis's forty-three days. The Algar lost four days at Honolulu, but this cannot be counted out. Mr. Nixon thinks it remarkable that two vessels should race 8000 miles and be so close together at the finish. He also thinks it the longest race on record.—*The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

UNCEASING THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THE phenomenon known as lightning, followed by a rolling, reverberating report, recognized as thunder, is common to a wide zone of the earth, but it is not generally known that there are localities where the vivid flashes and the deafening peals are incessant. The most notable of these continuous lightning districts is on the eastern coast of the island of San Domingo, a leading member of the group of the West Indies. It is not meant that the lightning is here continuous the year round, but that, with the commencement of the rainy season, comes the zigzag electric illumination, which is then continuous, day and night, for weeks. The storm-center is not always in one place, but shifts over a considerable area, and, as thunder is seldom heard over a greater distance than eight miles, and the lightning in the night will illuminate so as to be seen thirty miles, there may be days in some localities where the twinkle on the sky is constantly kept up, while the rolling reports cannot be heard. Then again come days and nights when the electric artillery is piercing in its thunderclaps; and especially is this the case when two separate local cloud-centers join, as it were, in an electric duel, and, as sometimes occurs, a third participant appears to add to the elemental warfare. Then there is a blazing sky with blinding vividness and stunning peals that seem to hold the listener to the earth.—*The Pittsburg Dispatch.*

CREDIT TO A BOY.

PROFESSOR FRITCH, of Germany, states that his apparatus for photographing projectiles in flight is the invention of a little Scotch boy, named Vernon, twelve years old.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

NOSMO KING JONES.

THERE is a man in Washington who has a most uncommon name. His mother was on the lookout for

something original, and one day, before his christening, she noticed on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." This struck her fancy. Now, for a middle name. Later, coming along by the same building, she saw on the door the name "King." Ah, this was what she was after! "Nosmo King Jones he shall be," she said, and he was christened so. On the way home from church after the christening she passed the same building again. Both the doors were closed, and behold! the doors with the names on them she had selected were shut together, and she read, not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking," and her heart was grieved.—*The Boston Home Journal.*

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

I WAS hunting duck on the Platte River in Nebraska, when my horse fell, throwing me under him. In the fall he broke his leg and I my foot. I lay under the horse. The animal looked at me and desperately tried to get up, but could not, owing to its broken leg. I could not move from pain and the weight of the horse. After a number of attempts at trying to extricate myself, I gave up in despair. Finally, with a human look in its eyes, that horse arched its sides and with a great effort rolled completely over, away from me. This released me, but I could not rise. My dog, who had been barking and jumping around, at once ran away at full speed, barking. In twenty minutes he returned, and with him a farm-hand, who said that the dog had attracted his attention by running up to him and whining and then running toward where I was lying. Finally the man followed him. I was carried to a farm-house and cared for, but not until I gave orders that my horse should be cared for, his leg set, and his life saved if possible. He is alive. So is the dog, and they romp together in the meadow at my farm. The horse cannot be used, so I've made him a pensioner.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

ROYAL LIFE-SAVERS.

BOTH the Queen of Portugal and the Queen Regent of Spain have distinguished themselves by saving life. The Portuguese queen threw herself into the Tagus on one occasion to save her children from drowning; while the Queen Regent of Spain rescued a little girl, not long ago, from a railway-train that was rapidly approaching a level crossing on which the child was playing.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN MAP.

IT would seem that kindergarten, or something like it, has spread to Japan. One of the schools in the Royal University of Tokio is held in a building so constructed that three sides or wings of the structure inclose a large court. This space is carefully leveled and covered with white sand, and in this sand is a map of Japan, laid out with the most mathematical accuracy as regards proportions and directions. The sand represents, of course, the seas which surround the Island Empire, and the loam, which represents the land, has little hillocks and elevations to represent mountains and table-lands, and corresponding depressions for valleys. The location of cities is distinctly marked, bays and gulfs are seen, and all the little interior islands are shown in the proper proportion of their size and distance from the main island.—*The Western Stationer.*

THE LETTER-BOX.

AN OFFER OF PRIZES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Black Bear inhabits a great many of the States and Territories of our country, a number of the Provinces of Canada and the Northwest Territory, and Alaska. It is a conspicuous and an interesting quadruped.

It is in my mind that a number of your bright boys and girls might enjoy a bit of original zoölogical work, with a prize or two at the end of it. If you will consent to print a full-page map of North America, showing the work of the leading prize-winner, ST. NICHOLAS might let the subject for investigation be: What parts of North America have been inhabited by the Black Bear during the last fifteen years?

The time allowed shall be seventy-five days from July 1, 1894, and results must be submitted by September 15, 1894. Judgment will be rendered by the undersigned, subject to the concurrence of Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and the result will be announced in the Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS. The competition shall be governed by the following

CONDITIONS:

- (1) An observation is considered authentic only when based on an animal that was seen, or killed, or its skin seen, by a reliable person, who vouches for its locality. A skull fully identified as having belonged to a Black Bear (*not* a cinnamon or grizzly) is satisfactory evidence.
- (2) With every locality listed must be given the year (month not essential) when the observation was made, the name of the observer, and, if copied from a printed report or article, the name of the publication is necessary.
- (3) It is not desirable to list localities that are less than 100 miles apart *in the same State*, or Territory.
- (4) This inquiry relates to the geographical distribution of the Black Bear only (*Ursus Americanus*), and not the cinnamon, nor "brown bear," nor grizzly. The cinnamon is to be regarded as a distinct variety.
- (5) Unsigned statements in newspapers are not to be considered as satisfactory authority unless verified in some way by the competitor.
- (6) This inquiry is to cover observations made during the past fifteen years only, or dating back to January 1, 1878. Observations prior to that time will not count.
- (7) This competition is open to any subscriber or regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS eighteen years of age and under. The competitor may receive advice from older persons as to the best methods to pursue in seeking information, or in regard to books, papers, collections, or correspondents likely to yield information. Any person may be asked for facts drawn from his own observations or collections, but aside from that the actual research and correspondence must be done by the competitor alone, and so certified with his list. This is required because the chief object of this offer is to stimulate original inquiry on a scientific subject.

SUGGESTIONS.—Consult the museum bulletins and reports of scientific societies in the libraries nearest you; glance through the latest books of North American travel and explorations; inspect the museum collections within your reach; consult the files of *Forest and Stream*, *The*

Field, and similar publications; question all hunters and travelers within reach; write to "The Postmaster" of the town or village nearest to any locality believed to contain the Black Bear, inclose a stamp, and ask him to give you the names and addresses of one or two reliable sportsmen who can tell you about places inhabited by the Black Bear.

Yours very truly,
W. T. HORNADAY.

ST. NICHOLAS heartily accepts Mr. Hornaday's suggestions, as set forth in this welcome letter, and gladly offers the following prizes:

For the best list of localities, dates, and authorities, according to the conditions named for the competition, *Fifteen Dollars and an autograph copy of Mr. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle."* For the second best list, *Ten Dollars and an autograph copy of Mr. Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoölogical Collecting."* And for the third best list, *Five Dollars.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE full-page picture printed on page 656 of the May number was copied for ST. NICHOLAS from a painting by Miss Maria Brooks, entitled "A Fine Lady," and owned by Mrs. Walter Watson, Jr., who kindly gave her consent to its reproduction in our pages.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot 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 owe to Mr. Charles Battell Loomis both an apology for an oversight and our thanks for the following good-natured letter in which he calls attention to our mistake. The illustrated verse, "A Model Speller," on page 627 of the May ST. NICHOLAS, was wrongly credited, in the table of contents of that number, to Mr. Malcolm Douglas. It was really written by Mr. Loomis, and we sincerely regret that he did not receive the credit due him. In his letter, he says:

TORRINGFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By your courtesy the May number of your ever-charming magazine lies before me.

A perusal of the table of contents tells me that my name is Malcolm Douglas, whose bit of nonsense verse, "A Model Speller," I know that I wrote. And yet I don't recollect having written the two clever rhymes, by Malcolm Douglas, on page 596.

A five-year reader of "Our Young Folks," I began twenty-one years ago to read ST. NICHOLAS, and I have never had cause to regret it, even though I was never represented in its pages. When I received this copy I felt a peculiar pride in the thought that at last my name

was to appear in the magazine that had brought delight to my boyish heart for so many years, and when I gazed upon the name of Malcolm Douglas I felt that I had not lived in vain. Yet to my boys I will still be known by the old familiar name (to them) of

(Yours very sincerely)

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy fourteen years old. We get you every month, and I like you very much. I have made up a little story about you, which I thought the readers of the "Letter-Box" might like to see.

Here it is. I will call it "A Dream about St. Nicholas." The other night I dreamed that, while out walking with "Tom Paulding," a friend of mine, we met "Two Girls and a Boy," who said they were going to explore "The White Cave." One of the girls said that her name was "Marjorie, and Her Papa" was going to join them at a certain turn in the road. The other girl's name was "Polly Oliver," and she asked us shortly how and when "Hollyberry and Mistletoe" first came to be used for Christmas decoration.

The boy was "Toinette's Philip," and he said: "'When I Was Your Age' I went with 'Tom Sawyer Abroad,' and spent 'Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa.'

"The 'Recollections of the Wild Life' there are always with me," he added.

We determined to join them, and on our way we discussed "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and speculated as to how it was that he came to be "Crowded Out o' Crofield." We all agreed that "The Boy Settlers" had had considerable to do with the gaining of "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," and after this we turned our attention to "Polly Oliver's Problem."

We finally gave this up in despair, and were having a heated argument about the "Quadrupeds of North America," when "Lady Jane" went by in a handsome carriage drawn by two white horses.

The dust flew into my eyes, and I commenced to rub them, when suddenly I awoke and found myself sitting up in bed rubbing, not dust, but sleepiness, out of my eyes. I had been dreaming about ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours very truly,

WILLIE J. M.—

STOUX CITY, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the March number I saw a story called "Owney, of the Mail-bags." One day he was in this city, and I was glad I had read that story.

Owney seems to know that people look at him, and he stands still while they do so.

A gentleman here had his name and city engraved on a silver quarter and put on Owney's harness. He also had a Corn Palace medal put on, for, you know, this is the Corn Palace City.

The day after I saw him Owney started for San Francisco.

Ever your reader,

EMILY C.—

HUNTER'S HOË, NEAR FAIRFAX STATION, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long been intending to write a letter to you, but I never had anything very interesting to write. My sister and I took your magazine when we were very little children, and now that I am older (being eleven) I find new interest in the old numbers. We have just moved into the home of our grandparents—a quaint old house in Fairfax County, and near many of the celebrated battle-fields of the Civil War. The house is situated between Fairfax Court House and Manassas. Ten minutes' ride in the train brings us to the latter place.

But I must tell you about the house. It was originally owned by English people, whose slaves built it 137 years ago. Its date we found cut in a soft stone in one of the upper rooms. We also found some hand-made nails lying between two loose stones, which prove how old it is. There are fireplaces built in the cellar, and we heard that these were the slaves' quarters in those days. It seems so queer in this age of improvement to live in a house built of stone and mud, but we think it so quaint that we will not modernize it. The walls are two feet thick, and the chimneys are not built outside, as on the old frame houses of Virginia. What its name originally was I do not know, but Mr. Hunter bought it from an Englishman named De Niel, and sold it to my grandfather as Hunter's Hoë, which was changed from Hunter's Haugh, meaning Hunter's Meadow. The owners were no doubt millers, for there is an old mill-stone near by a branch, with two deep races leading to it. We often, in our rambles over the farm, find curious relics of the old days, such as arrow-points of slate and flint and tomahawks of stone and iron. I am ever your devoted reader,

C. DE W. I.—

FAIRFAX, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber to your magazine, and enjoy reading it very much, and that is why I concluded to write to you and tell you about one of the industries of southern Michigan, where I live.

One of the most useful productions of this section is the peppermint plant, which is raised extensively on the marshes. The roots are planted in rows in April, and in a few weeks the ground is nearly covered with the dark-green foliage, which is very fragrant.

By the latter part of August the plant sends out a small purple blossom. It is then ready to be cut and distilled. The oil obtained from distilling the leaves is used by druggists and confectioners, and is very valuable.

The oil is refined, and also made into crystals called menthol, which are much used in medicine.

More peppermint is raised in St. Joseph County than in any other section of the world, and a great deal of the refined oil and crystals is shipped to Europe.

Yours,

LAURENCE T.—

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we have been reading your magazine for some time, it has been a great pleasure to us. We are two girls, fifteen and thirteen years of age. We thought we would tell you of a polly parrot we have. It was a black polly, with a white spot on his back. If company would come in the house, he would mock them when he thought they had stayed long enough. He would give them a hint to go, by saying, "Good-by, man; come back some day." He was a very impolite bird. My uncle has two colts and three horses. We have great sport with the colts. We often go riding. We go to the river most every day and gather shells in the summer. We have read a great many books, but your magazine takes the prize. Awaiting another of your magazines, Yours truly, HATTIE and DACY M.—

LA VETA, HUERFANO CO., COLO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have not seen any letters from this State, I thought the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear about our part of the United States. I was twelve years old last November. My parents came here twenty-one years ago. They came here from Adams, Jefferson County, N. Y. When they came here the Indians were numerous. There is an old fort down-town that was built to protect the white settlers from the Indians. It belongs to Colonel Fransisco.

He was the first white settler here. He came here about thirty years ago. We live seventy-one miles south of Pueblo, on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. It is three miles on a straight line from the top of the Spanish Peaks to our ranch. Our town is a summer resort. It is a town of about 500 inhabitants. It is a great coal country. We are surrounded by hills that back East they would call mountains. There is nice, cool water here, and it is cool here all the year round. I have more to say, but it will take too much room.

Your loving reader, WILLET R. W——, JR.

THE BIRDS' LULLABY.

BY GERTRUDE ROXANA BEECHER (AGED ELEVEN).

UP on the lonely tree-tops high

The wind is singing the birds' lullaby;
It sings of the meadows so sweet and fair,
And of the flocks that were feeding there—
About the grasses and daisies high,
The wind doth tell in the birds' lullaby.

It tells of the river so swift and bold,
And of the mountains so icy cold;
It tells of the little brook so sweet,
And of the pebbles that shine beneath;
About the rabbit so soft and shy,
The wind doth tell in the birds' lullaby.

So sleep, little birds, in your nice warm nest,
For the great round sun has set in the west,
And mother above her birds would stay,
And the old wind sings as he goes his way,
And the little stars are in the sky—
That 's what he tells in the birds' lullaby.

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two little girls who live in the great city of Boston. Our little brothers, Louis and Robert, are very fond of you.

Papa once told us a story about a Frenchman who was traveling in Germany. He wanted some dinner, but did not know how to speak German. He wished for some mushrooms; so he drew a picture of them on paper. The waiter thought they were umbrellas, and went at once to get one. When the Frenchman saw what he had brought, he was very much disgusted, and at once left the restaurant. We are your affectionate readers,

ANNA and ELLEN T——.

RYE, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are many interesting things in Colorado to tell about.

One day the children enjoy is "Watermelon Day." It is celebrated every year. One day in October is appointed, and the settlers build a pen about 100 feet by 50 feet, and fill it full of melons until they are piled higher than a man's head; and excursion-trains come in, bringing people from all over the State. It takes about six men to cut melons, and they have to work pretty hard to keep the people eating. It is funny to see the colored people devouring large slices with a grin broader than the melon. I am eleven years old, and live with my grandma.

MINNIE M——.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

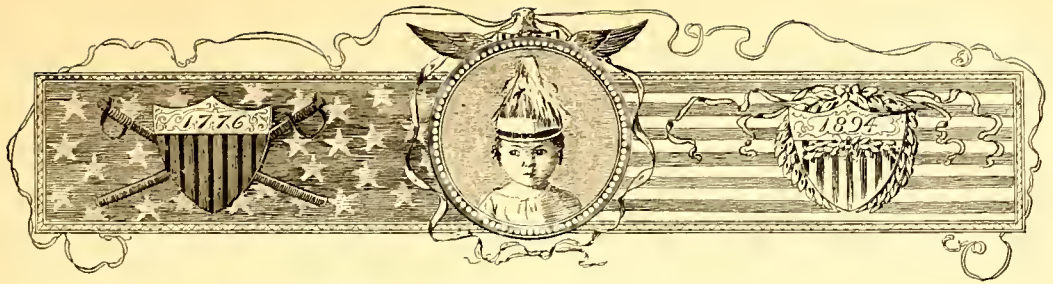
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing a letter from my cousin in your March number, I thought I would write to you. I enjoy you very much, and am much indebted to my cousins in Ottawa (whom I have never seen) for sending you to us.

There are three of us—my mother, my brother, and myself, the youngest. We live in the south of Edinburgh, quite near to the Braid Hills, which are low-lying and flat, and are used for the purpose of playing golf, a game which almost everybody plays at Edinburgh. I like sailing very much, and would like some day to visit my uncle in Ottawa. I have made a tour through the West Highlands and Islands of Scotland in a steamer belonging to my uncle, who is at Glasgow. The scenery is very beautiful there, though in some parts rocky and wild. I think that the west coast is much prettier and nicer than the east coast of Scotland. I have never been out of Scotland and England. We were greatly interested in the story called "Toinette's Philip," and I liked the one called "Tom Sawyer Abroad" very much. I remain your interested reader,

ARCH. M. L——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Allan C., Arthur B., Victor J. W., Helen G. M., Andrew B. B., Jay S. P., Jean N. R., Anna M. P., Florence E. H., A. T. B. W., Rosalind D., Grace M., Marie S. N., Robert H. B., Edythe C., Miriam S., Ernestine F., Pearl F., Henry W. P., Marion W., Dorothy T., Mabel H., Laurence B., Hetty M. A., L. Olive R. H., Juan José A., Madeline J., Olive C., Addie R., Lena S., Ethel B., Faith and Rose T., Wilfred B., Laurence W. W., John W. L., May W. and Virginia F., Daisy M., Clara S. M., Maud N., Anne B. D., W. T. S., Margaret W., "Polly," Grace A. and Bessie C., Arthur B., Ruth H., Beatrice B., Cornelia C. W., Laura B. A., Elizabeth J. H., Mary S., Harold W. M., Bessie P., Dora P., Paul P., Harry R. S., Nathalie H. and Louise I., Jeanette B., M. K. E. H., Gertrude S., Mabel B. S. and Katharine R. C., Laura and Olive, Alda L. A., F. H. McL., Clyde M., Charles W. A., Mary D., J. Waters, C. Ernest J., John C. H., Julia and Fay K., Florence C. B. A. and J. and E., Phelps T., Pauline R., Edith M. H., Rachel I. G., Beatrice L. and Edith C., Rupert S. J., Will P. L., Paul D., Margery T. B., George McV., Walter K., E. H. R., Clarice and Circe V., Florence E., A. B., H. M. L., R. M., F. P. W., Vida V., Helen P., Letty G., M. D., Frank G. M., Jr., Anna, Marian and Laura, Harry S. M., Mattie L. G., Frank O. L., James C., Edith M., Cora E. C., Flossie I. C., Edna A. T., Maude E., Gracie N., Nelson L. P., Agnes H. B., Ellen J., Miriam C., Ella and Ida T., Helen R. H., Anna L., R. H. L. D., Virginia B. W., S. L. H., Eveleen W., May W., Florence H., Isabel and Clara D., Herbert M., Guy H. B., Blanche N., John R. B., Elizabeth L. M., L. S. M. R., Ethel A. G., Carla S., Roderick ten B., Mary M., Camilla and Janette B., Minna J., Hastings C., Lillian C. H., A. H. and G. L., Elaine S. O., Clarice and Lulu H., Miriam H. N., Elizabeth A. P., Ethelwyn R. D., Ralph C. J., Lulu, Gertie and Katie S., Harold H. N., Don G., Louise T., Lorenz N., Helen C., Gertrude A. W., Nena I. E., Rose G., Hattie A. M., Herbert W., Miriam H., C. M. B., Bertie C., Mollie B. H., Mabel C., J. Elton B., E. O. W., Edith E. M., John B. S., Jr., A. F. B., Kitty W., Jennie R., Gertrude M. S., "Betsey," Alice L. P., Edith M. K.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Zambo. 2. Aloud. 3. Moose. 4. Busto. 5. Odeon.

PI. Fair and green is the marsh in June;
Wide and warm in the sunny noon.
The flowering rushes fringe the pool
With slender shadows, dim and cool.
From the low bushes "Bob White" calls;
Into his nest a roseleaf falls,
The blueflag fades; and through the heat,
Far off, the sea's faint pulses beat.

ANAGRAM. "The Father of Medicine."

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Andromache. Cross-words: 1. parAgon. 2. eveNing. 3. shaDing. 4. depRive. 5. barOnet. 6. terMite. 7. wreAthe. 8. sinCere. 9. fisHers. 10. divErge.

A FLUMINOUS ENIGMA. "The American Rhine." 1. Tiber. 2. Hoosac. 3. Elbe. 4. Amazon. 5. Milwaukee. 6. Edisto. 7. Rio Grande. 8. Irrawaddy. 9. Colorado. 10. Amoor. 11. Nile. 12. Rhone. 13. Hong-Kiang. 14. Indus. 15. Niger. 16. Ebro.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from "M. McG."—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Josephine Sherwood—Helen C. McCleary—Paul Reese—L. O. E.—"Uncle Mung"—Mama, Isabel, and Jamie—Mabel Gardner and Marjorie Brown—Ida Carleton Thallon—"Arthur Gride"—"The Wise Five"—Louise Ingham Adams—Walter L. Haight—Helen Rogers—Odie Oliphant—Annie R. Peabody—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman—Harry and Helene—R. Bloom- ingdale—Jo and I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Carrie Chester, 1—G. Isabel, 1—Raymond Little, 1—Francis W. Honeycutt, 1—H. E. J., 2—Samuel J. Castner, 1—H. L. Popper, 2—G. B. Dyer, 9—"Two Little Girls in Blue," 1—Elaine S., 1—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 2—"Queen Elizabeth," 10—Rhees Jackson, 1—L. H. K., 1—Harold A. Fisher, 2—Robert H. Jacobs, 1—Thomas Avery Roper, 9—Jessica Childs, 1—Mattie L. Garfield, 1—Frank O. Libby, 2—C. G. L., J., R., 2—Ethel C. Watts, 1—"Will O. Tree," 8—Pearl F. Stevens, 9—"Butterflies," 10—J. and P., 2—Elsie Harman, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 4—Katharine Parmly, 1—Herbert Wright, 3—Marjory Gane, 4—Grandma, Mama, and I, 6—"Lily Maid," 1—Samuel J. Castner, 1—Hattie A. M., 1—Rose Gilbert, 1—P. Le B., H. I., and P. O. S. M., 7—Robert H. M., 1—Ralph B. Mason, 1—Hubert L. Bngay, 9—Norman C., 2—Charles MacLean Moss, 4—F. Pember, 1—"Wise," 1—"Annie Laurie," 1—Maud and Dudley Banks, 8—Geo. S. Seymour, 3—No Name, Littleton, 8—Harriet E. Strong and Co., 5—Carl Mason, 1—"Three Blind Mice," 5—"Tipcat," 9—Mama and Charlie, 4—Eleanor Barras, and Helpers, 8—Karl Garthwaite Smith, 10—Floy Noteman, 4.

HOOR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell a name given to a person of excessive enthusiasm.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A deep yellow color. 2. A French coin. 3. An insect. 4. In hour-glass. 5. Devoured. 6. A subterfuge. 7. Drawing utensils. E. W. W.

CUBE.

1	2
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5	.	.	.	6	.
.
.
.	.	3	.	.	4
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a bird of prey; from 1 to 3, rascals; from 2 to 4, to wreath; from 3 to 4, meat that has been minced and highly seasoned; from 5 to 6, form of speech;

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Load. 2. Once. 3. Ache. 4. Deed. II. 1. Heed. 2. Eddy. 3. Edge. 4. Dyed. III. 1. Gems. 2. Edit. 3. Mica. 4. Stay.

DROP-LETTER PROVERBS. 1. A burnt child dreads the fire. 2. Enough is as good as a feast. 3. A friend in need is a friend indeed. 4. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

DIVIDED WORDS. 1. Bar-rel, val-ley, barley. 2. Nove-mber, faul-ty, novelty. 3. For-ego, cl-ever, forever. 4. Sup-erb, sim-ply, supply. 5. Bro-nze, dar-ken, broken.

ILLUSTRATED METAMORPHOSIS. Bird, bard, card, care, cage. Bird, bard, bars, bass, bast, best, nest.

ZIGZAG. "Coronation of Queen Victoria." Cross-words: 1. Cram. 2. cOwl. 3. foRk. 4. zeRO. 5. caNt. 6. fAng. 7. Tome. 8. mInk. 9. blOt. 10. shuN. 11. ErOs. 12. aFar. 13. Quit. 14. fUme. 15. skEe. 16. wanE. 17. buNk. 18. Ovid. 19. Iris. 20. aCid. 21. ioTa. 22. CatO. 23. laRk. 24. NIle. 25. Arid.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Barbary. Cross-words: 1. craBbed. 2. slAng. 3. aRt. 4. B. 5. cAb. 6. faRce. 7. plaYers.

from 5 to 7, clear; from 6 to 8, convolved; from 7 to 8, disfigured; from 1 to 5, empty; from 2 to 6, previously; from 4 to 8, watched; from 3 to 7, a kind of nail with a large head.

PHILIP LE BOUTILLIER.

PI.

TOH mudremsim's detpet norce,
Twese of em hyt sworly note
Stell fo stonculus snynu suroh,
Glon sayd; dan lodis skabn fo sweflor;
Fo glufs fo stewnesse thowuit bundo,
Ni Idnian swissrendeel dofun;
Fo Sauriy capee, moralmiit surelie,
Strifem reech, dan kidbrile ralesupe.

SOME LETTER-WORDS.

EXAMPLES: A crowded letter. Answer, D-pressed. A fettered letter: A-bound.

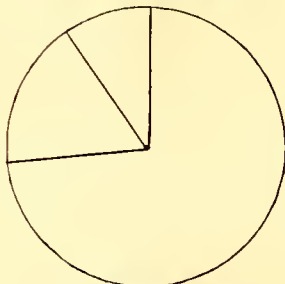
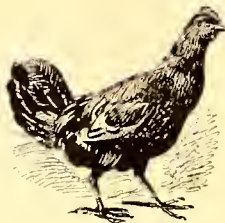
1. A quiet letter. 2. A varied letter. 3. A numbered letter. 4. An appropriated letter. 5. A widely known letter. 6. A saucy letter. 7. A suspended letter. 8. A bruised letter. 9. A sloping letter. 10. A talking letter. 11. A masticated letter. 12. A classified letter. 13. A lamented letter. 14. A separated letter. 15. An inhabited letter. 16. A delayed letter. 17. Two powdered letters. 18. Two packed letters. A. C. BANNING.

WORD-SQUARE.

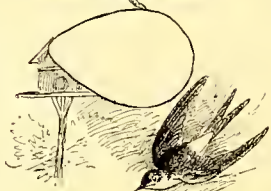
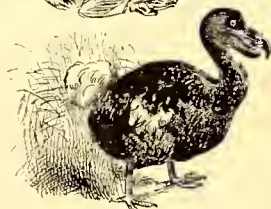
1. A COLLECTION of tents, arranged in an orderly way. 2. The agave. 3. One of a mixed race inhabiting Northern Africa. 4. Saucy.
H. H. S.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THIS differs from the ordinary double acrostic in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the seven objects have been rightly named, the initial letters will spell a word often heard on the Fourth of July; the final letters will spell the surname of an illustrious American.



18



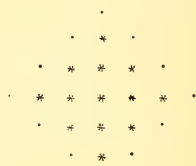
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and two letters, and form a prose quotation, concerning success, from Longfellow's works.

My 23-37-77 is a plaything. My 69-33-92 is a pronoun. My 82-61-97-11 is the threads that cross the warp in a woven fabric. My 42-86-53-56 is to utter a loud, protracted, mournful sound or cry. My 99-3-47-59 is a quarrel between families or clans. My 95-29-78-51 is the surname of an English poet and wit. My 85-13-40-10

is the surname of a very famous French author. My 93-63-15-07-73 is a male relative. My 80-7-98-31-48-90 is an imperfection. My 18-101-45-30-35-71 is a city of Turkey. My 2-49-74-5-26-43 is a city of the West Indies. My 28-89-60-76-19-36 is a city of Spain. My 16-21-84-65-25-8-54 is to twist together. My 58-87-14-55-75-79-20 is a central mass or point about which matter is gathered. My 70-22-12-96-34-27-102 is a person given as a pledge that certain promises will be fulfilled. My 9-41-38-6-62-94-24-4 is the close of day. My 91-81-32-1-66-50-72-52-88 is one of a degraded and savage race of South Africa. My 39-46-17-44-100-68-64-83-57 is homesickness. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

A DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND.



- 1. IN bats. 2. To capture. 3. A feminine name. 4. Votes. 5. A sphere. 6. Consumed. 7. In bats.

INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In bats. 2. A measure of length. 3. To assign as a share. 4. The European pollock. 5. In bats. CYRIL DEANE.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of a man, famous in history, who was born July 5th, 1801.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To offer for acceptance. 2. The common herring. 3. A state carriage. 4. A kind of trumpet, whose note is clear and shrill. 5. To render more comprehensive. 6. Hauled. 7. Filled. 8. Vestments. L. W.

NOVEL ZIGZAG.

.	.	.	1	8	.	.
.	.	2	.	9	.	.
.	3	.	.	10	.	.
4	11	.
.	5	.	.	.	12	.
.	.	6	.	13	.	.
.	.	.	7	14	.	.

FROM 1 to 7, a famous American; from 8 to 14, a famous Englishman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Surrendering. 2. Simple, or trifling. 3. To proclaim. 4. A book of directions and receipts for cooking. 5. A short, light cannon. 6. Pertaining to the lungs. 7. To convey from one place to another.

"CALAMUS."





DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXI.

AUGUST, 1894.

NO. 10.

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THE ADMIRAL AND THE MIDSHIPMITE.

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.

THE Admiral was eleven years old. He had fine gray-blue eyes and a mouth born to command. He could stand on a raft from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. in his bare legs and feet without taking cold. Once the Admiral woke his mother at five in the morning to beg her to feel his calves:

"Hard as bullets, Mama, hard as bullets," said he. "The only part of me that 's in really good condition." Then the Admiral turned over and went to sleep with a sigh, hoping for better days.

The Admiral loved the sea, and, with the bigotry of the born sailor, he hated dry land—always wanted to kick a mountain whenever he saw one, he said. When a land breeze blew, he looked a bit peaked, but once let the sea air come rolling in on an east wind, and he was "all there," standing on his raft, with his sea-legs on,—legs lean, bare, brown, hard-calved,—and he poled along the river bank from Leander's wharf to the other piers in a blissful state.

There were two other boys who helped to form the raft's crew,—the first and second mate,—and they all loved their boat as jockeys love their winning horses, or mothers their first

babies. There was another raft, too, with a crew of three boys, but the Admiral was on the flag-ship, of course. To the eye of an ordinary observer it seemed, as it lay high and dry on the mud-flats at low tide, simply a bit of old board-walk utilized as a boat. Far be it from me, however, to suggest such a thing. To the Admiral and the crew, it had nobility and beauty and was vastly superior to the other raft, which, if you like, was only a relic of the "walk" to the beach. The flag-ship bore herself proudly, let herself be poled swiftly,—as rafts go,—and leaked only just enough to make the sport truly nautical.

The Admiral had a dog, a fine fellow of a dog, too,—a fox-terrier, with a lovely jaunty black patch over his left eye, and a soul above fear; and the love of the sea was born in him as it was in his master. The dog was always on the raft, barking at the crew of the raft behind, or looking into the water, or lying or standing proudly about. He was called the Midshipmite, as the youngest and handsomest of the crew. When there was presented to the Admiral a fine tin horn through which to issue his orders, the Midshipmite received a beautiful big Jackson ball, which he rolled around under

his tongue for an hour or more, before he lost it overboard. If possible, the Admiral loved the Midshipmite even more than he loved the raft, or his title, or the ocean itself. They were always together. Every morning at twelve they swam in the surf, and every evening they had their little romp together before bedtime.

One night there came a wild wind flying up the coast. Wise men said it was the tail of a southern cyclone; but whatever it was, it was a tearer, and broke and bent and tore down and wrought destruction and death, and brought sorrow and loss along the shore. But up at the peaceful harbor in Maine it did no great damage. Not a ship was lost, though had it not been for the courage and skill of the Midshipmite and his Admiral, their flag-ship would now be a mere wreck, or a derelict haunting the northern sea off our rocky coast. For the raft, though well secured by her owners the night before in the inlet, had broken her moorings and drifted away with wind and tide from the snug little home in the tiny bay, out into the big river, and was rapidly on her way to sea.

The Admiral, holding on to himself by the strength of his calves, and the Midshipmite pattering safely behind on his four little legs, ran down to see about the flag-ship the moment they put their noses out of doors into the flying mist and screaming breeze that filled the air. Off they ran to the inlet, which looked like a miniature sea lashed into myriad white-caps. The good ship was gone! Down to the pier, beyond it, further, further they ran, the Admiral with his heart in his mouth, the Midshipmite with his tongue hanging out from pure excitement. They saw the raft in the current, not far from the land, but making for the ocean. All sorts of notions popped into the Admiral's mind. To blow his horn was only the work of a second—a loud, clear blast. That would bring the crew in a few moments. They would all be “in at the death,” at least, and see the last of their good old ship. So the Admiral blew his horn.

The sound seemed to inspire the Midshipmite; he gave a sudden bark, a swift plunge, and he was in the waves, fighting the white-caps, and making for the raft. “Oh, Middy,

Middy, come here, come back!” cried the poor Admiral, but Middy never turned. He reached the raft, by a sort of miracle, at last, boarded her, and stood there helpless but proud. Drifting away from his master, he still held his ground, and turned a courageous face, as if to say: “Here I am, Admiral. Alone I can do nothing. I cannot even use a pole; but make use of me, make use of me, my Admiral. With your intelligence and my courage, we should surely do something”; but all the while he was drifting away, nearer and nearer to where the river turns and sweeps boldly out to the great Atlantic. The Admiral did not see the other boys or the boatman, who had heard his call and were running toward him. He saw only the Midshipmite and his ship drifting away, and himself—a feeble child in spite of his strong legs—watching them go to their death. Then his little brain worked hard and fast. How to help—how to help? He put his hand in his pocket. Ah, he had it! He drew out a long, strong fish-line, with a big lead sinker on the end. Then he blew his horn again. The Midshipmite gave a short, sharp, respectful bark in reply to the Admiral's signal. “Aye, aye, sir,” it seemed to say; “I'm ready, sir.” When the Admiral saw that Middy understood, he wound the string about his waist twice, then clutched tightly at a shrub growing on the rocks, and, taking the sinker in his hand, threw it—he was pitcher on the nine at school—at the raft. By skill, and good luck, it hit the ship, and—presto! the Midshipmite had it in his mouth, taut. He had *his* sea-legs on then, had the Middy, and, with all four stretched and pulling against wind and tide, he stood on the frail planking. “Come, good fellow; come, Middy!” cried the Admiral, and pulled on the line as signal.

No! The noble junior officer would not desert the sinking ship! He held the lead in his teeth, still drifting away. The Admiral was obliged to let out the line at last, unwillingly and gradually. And then he had to leave the friendly tree, and run along the shore, for, like the Middy, he, too, would not let go.

The boatman who saw it said he had a lump in his throat as he watched the bare-headed little fellow “a-runnin' alongside o' that 'ere dog, and both a-dyin' game, sir. I would n't—

'most —'a' done it for a man," he said, "for the tide 's awful strong out there, but —"

But he did it for a dog. Yes, Leander got out his dory, and by the time the other officers were running with the Admiral, holding on to the heavy twine, — the Admiral, still cool of head, though short of wind, and cautioning them against too hard pulling, — why, the boatman was alongside the dog and raft. He called to Middy, but Middy stuck to the ship, and so they were both towed in behind Leander and the dory. It was only a short distance to cover

after all; and in a few moments the poor old raft, leaking, and looking more like a bit of dilapidated planking than ever to the eye of a

land-lubber, was securely moored to the rocks by her proud and loyal crew.

And the Midshipmite was in the Admiral's



THE RESCUE OF THE MIDSHIPMITE.



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE ADMIRAL AND THE MIDSHIPMITE!"! (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

arms. He forgot rank; so did the Admiral. Middy dropped the lead sinker into his master's hand, and the two were so wet and so salty that one did not know where the tears began, and where the sea ended. Then the Midshipmite gave the other officers his right hand, for he was a wise dog, and remembered that he was an officer, too; and then they all went home to breakfast with very hearty appetites.

Next day, when the storm was over, there was a pretty scene of triumph. The flag-ship, adorned with an American flag and a Yale flag and a big F. S., meaning Fay School, was launched before a hundred people, more or less. There was the Admiral's mother, and the mothers of other sailors; there were proud big brothers and envious younger brothers, and Leander and friendly boatmen, and lovers of boys — a crowd in all. The other raft followed humbly, yet proudly, in line, with her display of bunting, too; and on the flag-ship stood the Admiral, straight and strong, with his trumpet in his hand, and the Midshipmite, with a great

bunch of sweet-peas tied to his collar, lay quietly at his feet, waiting the word of command; the rest of the crew at the poles. The Admiral blew the horn, the men at the poles dipped oars, and the Midshipmite barked: "Ready, aye, ready, sir," and the raft heaved slowly ahead.

It was Leander on the pier who shouted, "Three cheers for the Admiral and the Midshipmite! Three times three!" "And for the flag-ship, too!" cried the crowd altogether.

"Rah, rah, rah!—rah, rah, rah!—rah, rah, rah!" rang out in all sorts of voices from the mother's teary, trembling tones, to the strong shouts of the Maine fishermen.

Leander said he had another lump in his throat when the Admiral lifted the Midshipmite and held him up close to his face, where every one could see him.

The Admiral looked very flushed and happy and a little proud, but the Midshipmite, like a true sailor-hero, simply looked brave and calm and contented.

THE WHISTLER.

HE came up over the hill
 In the flush of the early morn,
 And he blew his whistle shrill
 Till the blackbirds, down in the corn,
 And the robins, all were still.

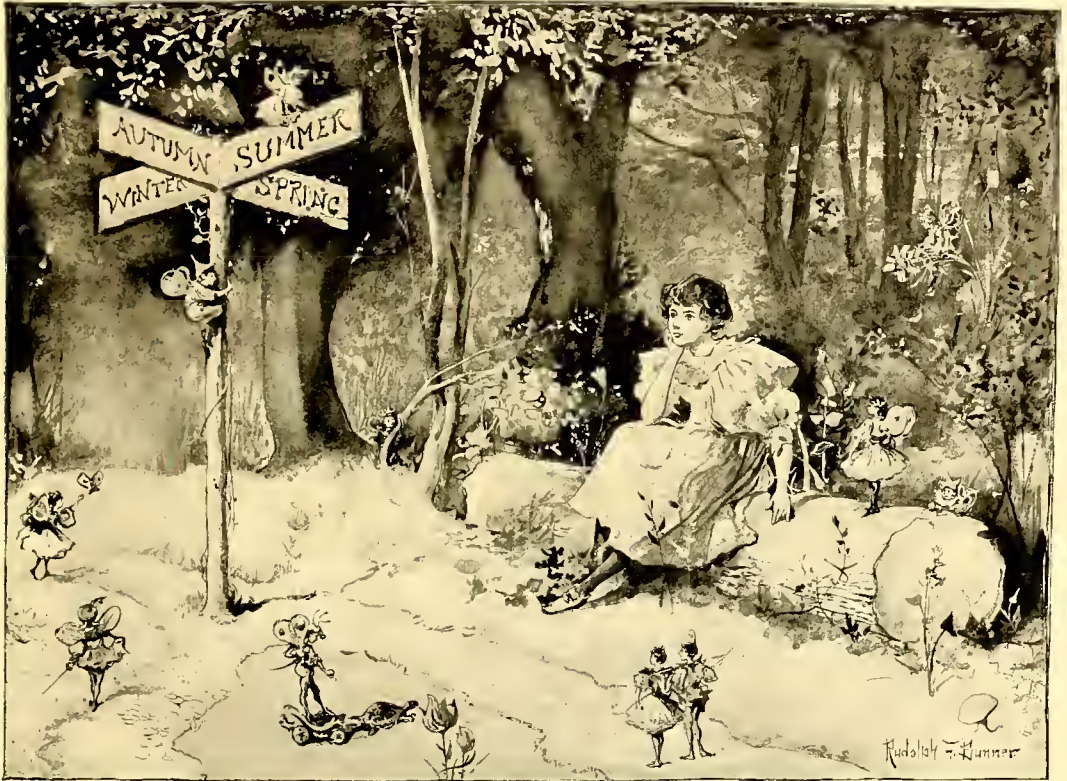
And the leaves began to lean,
 And the little blades of grass,
 And the lily garden-queen,
 All eager to see him pass,—
 He of the frolic mien.

They watched for his back-tossed hair,
 And his peachy lips a-purse,
 And his tanned cheeks full and fair,
 As he flung a flute-like verse
 Into every nook of the air.

But never a trace could they find
 Of his form, though they knew him near,
 And their bright eyes were not blind;—
 You will marvel not to hear
 That the whistler was the wind.

THE SIGN-POST.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.



IF, in the green of the woods, one day,
You came to a place where the fairies play,
And a little sign-post stood on the ground,
With four little paths from all around,
And if you could choose to go either way,
But wherever you went you knew you must stay
For ever and ever and a day —

And if one road led to the land of snow,
Of the chimney-fires and where snowballs grow ;
And the next led off to the Autumn hills
Of the morning frosts and the cider-mills ;
And still through the woods, but far away,
The third lane led to the holiday
Where long midsummer hours you spend ;
And if springtime lay at the fourth road's end,
Where arbutus hides and wake-robins blow, —

Which would you choose and where would you go ?

AMERICAN BICYCLERS AT MONT ST. MICHEL.

BY EDWARD H. ELWELL, JR.

WE were a party of twenty-three touring American cyclists, all architects or students of architecture. As we journeyed through Brittany on our way northward to the coast, it was with much satisfaction that we looked forward to a glimpse of the ocean again. We had been wheeling for five weeks through the interior of France, and we felt that the salt sea-breezes would prove most refreshing.

Our goal was the Mont St. Michel (Mount of St. Michael), which is situated at the mouth of a little river that forms the boundary between Brittany and Normandy. It empties its waters into a great gulf, inclosed between two points of land, which are fourteen miles apart and nearly as long.

Imagine the area thus inclosed to be a vast expanse, not of water but of sand—beautiful, shimmering, treacherous sand, ever changing in color as the clouds cast their shadows upon it, or the retreating tide spreads its darkening dampness, or the sun pours down its bleaching heat. Only at the highest tides does the ocean fill the entire gulf as far as the low, wooded shores at the mouth of the river. Then the water comes rushing for miles over the level waste, and woe to the man or beast that lingers before it! Nothing but wings can escape the speed of its foaming billows. But the usual tide spreads a thin layer of water only to within a mile from the head of the gulf, except in the various channels and hollows; and as it slowly recedes, marking the shape of its wavelets upon the glittering sand, for acres and acres the eye cannot detect where sand begins and water ends, unless, maybe, the distant figure of a man appears to solve the problem.

But finally the ocean recedes behind the horizon, and the blue of the sky comes down to the yellows and grays of the sand. From promontory to promontory, of which the one can just be seen from the other, and from wooded shore to horizon line, where a distant sail alone tells of the ocean, there is nothing to break the

surface of this enormous sandy beach except two gigantic rocks rising abruptly out of it. Geologists claim that in the times before there were men on earth this immense gulf was a mighty forest, that slowly sank beneath the surface with the sinking of the coast, leaving only the peaks of two mountains, and that those peaks are now these rocky islets.

Both, indeed, are marvels of nature's architecture, in the sublimity of their huge bulks that rise above the sand; but the larger of them is more wonderful still as the site of a marvel of the architecture of man. The Mont St. Michel is nearly two miles from the mouth of the river. It is but fifteen minutes' walk around the rocky beach at its base. Its height is over 350 feet. Its sides are nearly as steep as the side of a house.

For ages it has been the site of some religious building. The Romans found a heathen temple there, and replaced it by an altar to their own Jupiter. The coming of Christianity saw the beginning of the present wonderful structures, the growth of centuries. The top of the rock is just large enough for the beautiful Gothic cathedral that covers it. In size, detail, and carving it equals many of the most famous cathedrals of Europe. Above part of the building there is a promenade that is 450 feet above the sand. Around the base of the cathedral, and of course built upon the steep, rocky slopes, is a mass of huge stone buildings that have served through the centuries as monastery, prison, and feudal stronghold. They conceal all but the upper half of the cathedral, which they entirely surround. The lowest foundation is 150 feet above the sand.

The whole constitutes one mighty structure, a vast maze of great stone halls, with rows of carved pillars, of endless passages, broad flights of steps and spiral stairways, of horrible dungeons and gloomy vaults. The stone of which it is built was all brought from the mainland, nearly two miles, and, of course, hauled over

the sand. Block by block, the stone was brought across the sands, hoisted up the steep cliffs by means of windlasses, and then shaped and carved with infinite patience and rare skill. The building went on at different times between the 9th and 14th centuries; and since

side of the Mount. There is room for just one short, narrow street, behind the high walls that rise from the edge of the sand. On all other sides the steepness of the cliff itself is its defense. In the village there are about two hundred people, descendants of the original in-



MONT ST. MICHEL FROM THE SEA.

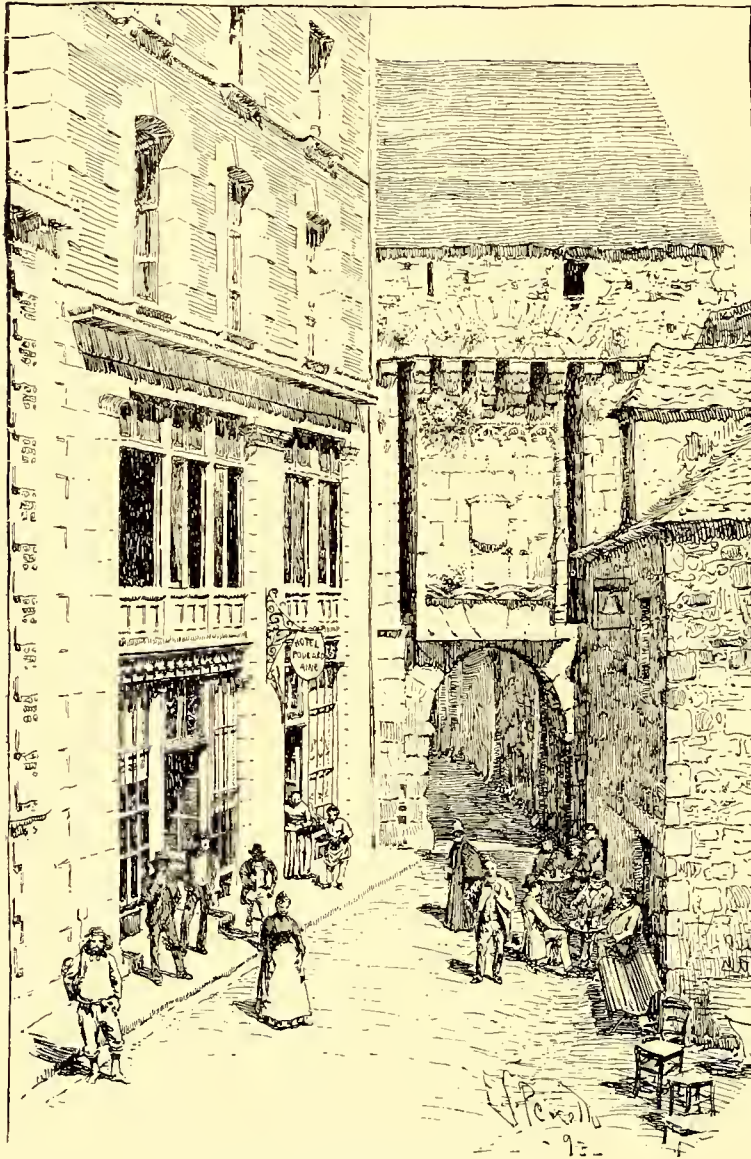
then separate parts have been many times destroyed and restored. The architectural beauty and wonderful carving of these buildings would alone make them famous. But because of their unique location, and also because they were built by the monks who possessed here a little kingdom of their own,—so rich and powerful were they when they accomplished the stupendous task,—this crowning glory of Mont St. Michel will long remain one of the marvels of the world, and be to France almost what the Pyramids are to Egypt.

There is a tiny village on the only accessible

habitants of the mainland, who fled into places of safety before the attacks of the Norsemen, over one thousand years ago. They are all fishermen, except the proprietors of the three hotels. It is but recently that this quaint little village, so queerly located, has been made accessible to visitors unless under the guidance of those who had learned by experience how to cross the sand and escape its dangers. For in numerous and ever-changing places the surface is as yielding as that of the ocean itself, and strong indeed would be the swimmer who could support himself in a quicksand!

But nine years ago the French government built a magnificent dike or stone causeway from the shore to the Mount, and over its smooth surface we hastened, that September afternoon, on our swift wheels, eager to reach the wonderful rock and its still more wonderful buildings, that had loomed before our vision during a whole hour of rapid riding.

we were allowed to enter the great gateway of this mighty stronghold, that never once yielded to the assaults of the English in the "Hundred Years' War," though throughout the rest of northern France the English arms had been victorious, and they would have conquered the entire country except for brave Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans." It was



THE COURTYARD IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL.

Beneath the frowning ramparts, the porters of the different hotels besieged us, but finally

us. Of course our manager had notified her beforehand, and we found that the arrival there

in 1434, a few years after she had saved Orleans, that the English made a last mighty effort to capture Mont St. Michel, and gathered upon the sands an army of 20,000 men. The battle was fierce and terrible, but they were forced to withdraw, leaving behind them 2000 slain and two huge cannon, then called *michelettes*.

These two great guns, among the earliest used in Europe, were the first objects to attract our attention when we entered the gateway in the wall. They are, perhaps, fifteen feet long, and in their great muzzles and on the ground below are several of the round stone balls, nearly two feet through, that they had hurled against the fortress, to so little purpose, more than four and a half centuries ago.

The narrow street passed under another giant gateway, a few rods farther on, close beside which was our hotel, a tall modern building of stone. Madame Poulard, its famous proprietor, was waiting to receive

of twenty-three wheelmen was an event of quite as much importance as it had always been elsewhere.

Our genial hostess, after we had put our bicycles in a place prepared for them, conducted us through the kitchen of her hotel, — the front room, as is often the case in France, — where a dozen chickens were roasting on a slowly-turning spit before the fireplace, and thence up two flights of stairs, and, opening a door, ushered us — not to our rooms, but out of doors on top of the ramparts. A long flight of stone steps led backward toward the monastery. We began to realize that her hotel, because of the peculiarity of the site, was distributed in sections on different terraces of the narrow and steeply-sloping patch of rock to which the village clings.

At the top of the steps we passed a long red building, containing rooms, all occupied by guests, and still farther up we approached the third section of the "Hotel Poulard," and found that it had been given over wholly to us. There were just twenty-three beds in it, and we could decide for ourselves to whom each should belong.

They were, with the exception of some in Paris, the best-furnished and cleanest rooms that we had found in France, and the view from their windows is one of the finest in the world. We were above the village and just below the base of the monastery; and the strange charm of both, combined with the still more fascinating sea of sand, held us with a power all its own. From a few tiny black specks upon the grayish-yellow ocean,

there floated up to us a faint, weird music. It was the singing of some of the village women, as they dug in the sand with their fingers for the little cockles which make a large part of the food of the people. Winter and summer,

day after day, the women and children thus add to the general food-supply, while the men and boys are occupied in fishing. Such a thing as privation is unknown at Mont St. Michel.

We were thrilled by this distant singing when shouts of anger, in good plain English, called our attention to the stone stairway. There we saw one of our party who had arrived behind and alone, struggling upward with his heavily-laden bicycle, and making unpleasant remarks about the hotel-porters in particular and the whole world in general. How should he know, who

understood no word of the native "jargon," that the bicycles were to be left below? As he approached along the causeway, he had seen us in our lofty abode and had made straight for us, mounting the ramparts by a stairway outside the hotel, and resisting the frantic gestures and "gibberish" of the hotel people, in their efforts to make him leave his beloved bicycle behind. How could he know that the hotel was in sections? He thought the people below were trying to induce him to go to another hotel and he did not intend to leave his party.

But the charm of the situation and surroundings soon dispelled his disgust, and as we all sat down to the excellent dinner, there never was a merrier, happier party of wheelmen in the world.

That night some of us were awakened by a deep and ever increasing roar, that seemed to



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE OLD CASTLE.

surround us upon every side with its tremendous sound. It was the thunder of the incoming ocean over the waste of sand; and we fell asleep with a consciousness of perfect safety in the very midst of the approaching waters.

Of course the first thing in the morning was to follow the guide through the labyrinth of the huge buildings above us, to gaze at the marvels of architecture, and to creep into the dungeons.

them a living. One longs to examine the many rows of fish-traps, that are placed upon the sand before the tide comes in, and are full of sole and flounders when the tide goes out; and also to see the differences of the surface by which the guides detect the quicksands. The very danger is attractive.

And what could be more enticing than to accompany a group of the picturesque fishermen,



MONT ST. MICHEL. THE KNIGHTS' HALL.

Although it was late in the season, the hotel was crowded; and large parties, mostly of French people, were making the tour of inspection. The majority of the visitors came only for the day, and we were told that about forty thousand come every year.

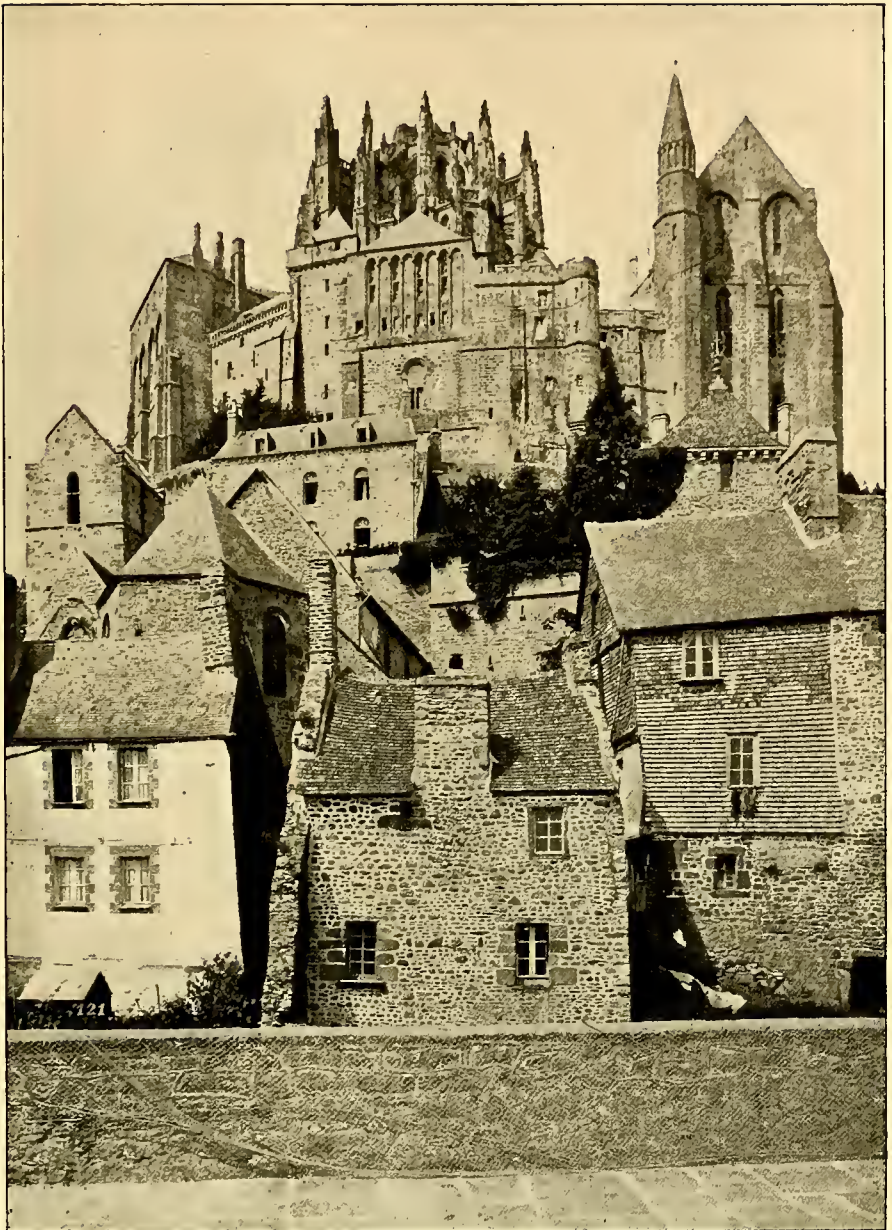
After the tour through the monastery, a walk upon the sand is next in order at Mont St. Michel. The vast level waste possesses a mysterious fascination. The stranger longs to follow the brown-legged natives, who are always coming and going over their queer domain, that in its double nature of earth and water yields to

with baskets on backs, and nets in hand, as they direct their steps toward one of the outflowing rivers of the tide, that are left in the hollow places. Old men and young boys join in the endeavor to catch the little bluish fish, a few inches long, that dart hither and thither in the shallow water, and reveal their locality by the wake they leave behind them. The old men content themselves with a still hunt. They stand in one place, slowly turning, with watchful eye; and woe to the fish that comes within the sweep of their nets. But the young men and the boys engage in the chase. The water

is but four or five inches in depth. With stealthy, high mincing steps and leaps, so as to splash as little as possible, they follow their tiny quarry until at last the open net is deftly swept beneath it. Sometimes the fish fleeing from one net becomes the victim of another, and now and then a lazy fisherman thus coolly takes advantage of a more active companion. And then a whirlwind of high-pitched voices comes pealing over the sand, for the Bretons are not as good-natured nor as sweet-tempered as some other folk of France. However, the fishermen con-

fine themselves to language; but enough of that is poured forth for sometimes a quarter of an hour, at a seeming climax of anger, to keep the stranger in constant dread of a terrible tragedy.

But can one ride a bicycle upon the sand? That was our great problem, and the theme of talk till the question was settled. It appeared so



VIEW OF THE TOWN AND THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE EASTERN RAMPARTS.

smooth of surface, so "macadamized," so to speak, by the weight of the water, that it was thought possible, by some of our party, that pneumatic tires would roll over it with ease. So, counting upon this, we had visions of a delightfully unique journey to Avranches, our next destination on the distant coast of the bay.

But where the sand was wet, it was slippery and roughened by the tiny hard ridges left by the wavelets; and where it was dry, the tires sank into it. Besides, no muscle could overcome its deadness. It seemed to cling to the tires like glue.

However, the enthusiasts would not give up their longed-for journey across the sands. They would traverse the four miles on foot, hiring a guide with his cart to carry their bicycles. The rest of us might ride the eighteen miles back over the causeway and around the shore, if we liked. *They* would be in Avranches, and at work with pencils and sketch-books, hours before we could arrive.

So at nine o'clock in the morning we bade farewell to Madame Poulard, the quaint village, and the grimly beautiful pile of architecture on top of the mighty rock, left our five companions negotiating with the guide, and pedaled away over the smooth boulevard of the causeway.

An easy run brought us to Avranches by eleven o'clock. Our companions had not arrived. An hour passed, it was time for dinner,

yet they came not. After we had nearly finished the meal we were all startled by the apparition of a face at the window,—in fact, the very ghost of the ruddy countenance of our Boston comrade as we had last seen him at Mont St. Michel.

In a few minutes all five of the tardy sand-walkers filed into the dining-room, bare-legged and coatless. The paleness of their faces was positively alarming.

Their distress was too manifestly serious for us to scoff at them.

It seems they had engaged a guide, had placed their bicycles, coats, and shoes and stockings in his cart, and had started ahead over the sand, expecting, of course, that he was to follow. They had proceeded perhaps a quarter of a mile (for there are no quicksands near the Mount), when they happened to turn about, and perceived that they were alone. Where was the guide? They had supposed he was close at their heels? Finally they detected his cart disappearing along the causeway. He had concluded that it would be much easier



THE CLOISTERS. MONT ST. MICHEL.



MONT ST. MICHEL. SOUTH VIEW FROM THE CAUSEWAY.

to take the load over the long, smooth road around the coast, than by the short yielding pathway over the sand. In vain they ran after him and shouted. He was too far away. Another guide was procured (for safety requires one), and the journey began again.

It was very pleasant at first. They saw a mirage, and stood on the brink of a quicksand and cautiously tested it with their feet. But yielding sand is not the easiest path for pedestrians, and four miles of its friction on tender feet, accustomed only to shoe-leather, produced a soreness that can be imagined.

And all the time Avranches seemed to recede from the shore instead of growing nearer. From the Mount it had appeared close at hand, for it rests upon a high cape, but really it was six miles from the edge of the sand. The man with the bicycles was not waiting for them on

the shore, of course. And so, in their coatless and bare-footed plight, they wearily plodded along over the hard smooth road that their bicycles would have traversed so easily. Arrived at Avranches, after a ten-mile walk, they climbed the long, steep grade to the very top of the cape, and wandered all about the city in search of the hotel. It was not until they learned that the hotel was not on top of the cape but over in the valley on the other side, that their cup of misery began to run over.

We were not surprised at their white faces when they had finished telling us the reason.

But where were the bicycles? It was long after dinner before the man and his cart arrived, and it will be long years before he forgets his reception. Our five friends did not start with the rest of us for Granville. A period of rest was necessary before they could resume the journey.

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF TRIPOLI. (SEE PAGE 857.)

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

ON the morning of the 19th of February, just fifteen days after they had left Syracuse, the *Intrepid* and the *Siren* stood in the harbor. Stewart, from motives of delicacy, kept his fast-sailing brig astern of the ketch. The *Nautilus* lay farther out than the *Constitution*, and Somers, taking his morning walk on the quarter-deck, saw the ketch and the brig approaching, and the next moment the lookout sang out: "Sail, ho!"

Instinctively, Somers knew that it was Decatur and Stewart. The morning was one of those clear, bright days when the earth and sea seem like Paradise. In the bright blue air he

could see the white canvas of the brig, now cleaned and fresh, and the low hull of the ketch with her lateen sail.

Soon they were near enough to be hailed; and, with a joy and thankfulness not to be described, Somers saw Decatur standing in the bows of the ketch waving his cap—a signal meaning success that had been agreed upon between them.

The next instant they were seen from the *Constitution*; and, as soon as it was certain they were observed, an ensign was run up to every masthead on the *Intrepid*. This was enough; it meant complete success. At once the commodore gave orders for a salute to be fired, and the guns of the *Constitution* roared out their welcome. This was taken up by the

Nautilus, and by the Sicilian forts on shore; for Sicily, too, had her grudge against Tripoli. In the midst of the thundering salutes, and in a cloud of blue smoke, the brig and the ketch came to anchor. Somers had ordered his boat lowered, and had made for the Constitution, in order to be the first to meet Decatur. His boat, and the Intrepid's which carried Decatur and Lawrence, came to the ladder at the same moment. Decatur sprang out and caught Somers in his arms, and they hugged each other very much as they had done in their midshipman days when both were larking together in "Old Wagoner's" steerage.

Somers then went over the side in order that he might witness Decatur's triumphal arrival. The commodore and all the Constitution's officers were waiting at the gangway to salute Decatur. Somers greeted the commodore and the other officers hurriedly, and walked aside as Decatur stepped upon the quarter-deck, followed by his first lieutenant. Decatur wore a perfectly new naval uniform, with a handsome sword. His fine black eyes were sparkling, and he had a happy air of success.

He bowed low to the commodore. "Old Pepper" grasped Decatur's hand warmly, and, taking off his cap, cried:

"If every plank in the Philadelphia is destroyed, you shall have my best efforts to make you a post-captain for it."

"Every plank is destroyed, sir; every gun is burst or at the bottom of the harbor; and the ship, after burning to the water's edge, exploded, and you could not have told the place where she lay," answered Decatur, quietly.

At this a mighty hurrah went up from the officers and men on the Constitution.

"Not a man was lost," continued Decatur; but at that another storm of cheering cut him short. Somers, the quietest and most self-contained man on the squadron, was cheering wildly, and literally dancing in his excitement. The commodore hurried Decatur into the cabin to get the particulars; Lawrence told the glorious story on the quarter-deck; while Danny Dixon, who was coxswain, got permission to leave the Intrepid's boat, and to a listening crowd of blue jackets on the "fok's'l" he recounted the noble adventure of the Intrepid.

When Decatur returned to the deck to get into his boat, he found the rigging full of men; and as he left the ship, taking Somers with him, that they might have their usual long and intimate talk, the yards were manned, and three rousing American cheers shook the Constitution's deck in honor of the Intrepid's young commander.

Amid all the felicitations on the outcome of the expedition, the modesty and calmness of Decatur, under his weight of glorious achievement, was remarked upon, especially as he was so young and so impetuous. But when he and Somers were finally left alone in the cabin of the Argus, they suddenly threw aside their dignity, and acted like a couple of delighted school-boys.

They hugged and pounded each other; they laughed; they cried; they joked; they sang; and at last, the only thing that quieted them was the usually grave Somers shoving Decatur into a chair, and shouting: "Now, you lucky rascal, don't dare to move from that chair until you have told me all about the fight!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the morning of August 3, 1804, began that immortal series of five assaults on the town, the fortresses, and the fleets of Tripoli that was destined forever to destroy the piratical and barbaric power. The force of the Americans was but little. With one heavy frigate, the glorious old Constitution, three brigs, three schooners, two bomb vessels, and three gunboats, manned by one thousand and sixty officers and men, Commodore Preble stood boldly in to attack the town defended by the Bashaw's castle, not less than a dozen powerful forts, a fleet of three cruising vessels, two galleys, and nineteen gunboats, manned by twenty-five thousand Turks and Arabs. The harbor was, moreover, protected by a line of shoals and reefs perfectly well known to the Tripolitans, but very imperfectly known to the Americans, and which the Constitution could not approach closely without incurring the fate of the unfortunate Philadelphia. But whatever "Old Pepper" lacked in ships and guns, he made up in men; for every soul on the Amer-

ican fleet was worthy to serve under the flag that flew from the mastheads.

In considering the claims of his different officers in leading the attack, Commodore Preble had at last determined upon Decatur and Somers. The larger vessels were to cover the advance of the gunboats, which were to do the real fighting; and these gunboats were divided into two divisions, the first under Decatur, the second under Somers. Besides the natural fitness of these two young captains in this dangerous hour, the commodore knew their perfect understanding of each other, and the entire absence of jealousy between them; and, with two officers acting in concert, this harmony of ideas and feelings was of great value. But few officers were to be taken in the gunboats; and none of the midshipmen from the Constitution were permitted to leave her. The frigate's situation would not be nearly so exposed as the boat divisions, yet she was the force in reserve to support them all, and would require much and skilful manœuvring. Commodore Preble, therefore, had use for all his officers. These brave young men accepted the inevitable, and only little Pickle Israel begged and pleaded unavailingly with both Somers and Decatur to take him along, especially as Macdonough would be with them.

Decatur, seeing the little midshipman was really in earnest, said kindly:

"Now, Mr. Israel, let us talk common sense. You are as brave a little fellow as ever stepped—both Captain Somers and I know that—but you could be picked up and thrown overboard like a handy-billy by any full-grown man. Macdonough is several years older than you, and as strong and able to take care of himself as any lieutenant in the squadron. Never you mind, though; just as soon as your body grows up to your spirit, you will have your chance at distinction."

Poor Pickle had to go back to the Constitution, fortified only by this promise.

James Decatur, Stephen's younger brother, was put in Somers's division, which consisted of three gunboats, while Decatur's consisted also of three boats; and each was armed with a single long twenty-four pounder. The two friends had spent many days and weeks in per-

fecting their plans; and when, at noon, on August 3, the Constitution flung out the signal of battle, each knew exactly what was to be done. It was a brilliant day, and the white-walled city, with its circle of grim forts, its three smart cruisers lying under the guns, the castle crowned with heavy mortars, and its fleet of gunboats manned by sailors in picturesque costumes, made a beautiful and imposing picture. The American fleet looked small to grapple with such a force; but, although it was estimated as about one to five of the Tripolitan force, every man went into action with a coolness and determination not to be excelled. At half-past twelve o'clock the Constitution ran in, with a good breeze, about three miles from the town. The war-ship, with her head to the land, signaled to the brigs, schooners, gunboats, and bomb vessels, to prepare for the attack; and, at the same moment, the frigate herself was cleared for action.

It was seen that the batteries were manned, and the cruising vessels had lifted their anchors, so that the Americans knew that they would have a warm reception. At the moment that the Constitution wore with her head pointing out of the harbor, the Bashaw of Tripoli was watching the fleet with a glass, from one of the windows of the castle, and he haughtily remarked:

"They will mark their distance for tacking. These Americans have no notion of fighting!" But Captain Bainbridge and his officers and men, who watched the scene with the eager eyes of prisoners hoping for release, knew perfectly well that every manœuver made by the Americans that day would be only to get closer to the enemy.

By half-past one o'clock the gunboats were manned and separated into two divisions. Somers led the first, with young James Decatur commanding the boat next to him while Stephen Decatur led the second division. Danny Dixon, as usual, was acting coxswain; and with him was a brawny young sailor, Reuben James, who had captivated Danny by his admiration for Captain Paul Jones. Danny had, in consequence, recommended him highly to Decatur. "For, Cap'n," he said, "a man as thinks as high o' Cap'n Paul Jones as Reuben James

does, and kin listen once in a while 'bout the fight between the Bunnum Richard and the S'rapis, is apt to be a mighty good sailor; and if one o' them murderin' pirates was to do for me, sir, I 'd like to think there 'd be a good man to take my place. I 'm a-thinkin', Captain Decatur, this arn't goin' to be no picnic, but good hard fightin'."

"Well, Reuben James may be with you if you want him," answered Decatur.

"Thanky, sir," responded Danny; and Reuben was the first man Decatur saw when he stepped into the gunboat.

As the two divisions of three gunboats each formed and pulled away, they saw two divisions of Tripolitan boats, much larger, stronger, and more fully manned, pull slowly out from behind the line of reefs. The windward division consisted of nine gunboats, and the leeward of five, while a reserve of five others lay just inside the harbor, protected by the reefs.

As Somers took his place in the gunboat, he said to the man at the tiller:

"Do you see that division of five boats to leeward? Steer straight for it, and get within pistol-shot of it, when I will give you further orders."

The breeze was easterly, and with one lateen sail drawing well, the boat was soon covering the distance between her and her enemies across the blue water. The firing had begun, and a terrific roar, as the Constitution barked out all her guns in broadside, showed that the ball was opened. Somers watched until his boat was abreast of the Tripolitans, when, himself sighting the one long gun amidships, he fired, and saw the shot had instant and terrible effect.

Somers turned round and saw the next boat to his, under Lieutenant Blake, a brave young officer, drawing off, obeying a signal of recall which, however, was made by mistake from the flag-ship; and the very next moment the third boat, commanded by James Decatur, caught a puff of wind that brought her head round and carried her directly into the other division of boats, which was dashing forward to attack the nine Tripolitan gunboats.

"Very well," said Somers, with his usual calm smile, "as Decatur says, the fewer the number, the greater the honor! So we 'll go ahead, boys."

The sailors gave a cheer, and in another moment they were under the fire of the five gunboats. The situation of Somers was now critical in the extreme, but he gave no sign of it in his manner, which was as cool as if he were at anchor in a friendly port. He opened a steady and well-directed fire that soon began to weaken the attack of the Tripolitan boats, and not one of them dared to come near enough to attempt boarding him. Still, he was drawing nearer and nearer the batteries. Commodore Preble, who was watching him from the Constitution's quarter-deck, exclaimed:

"Look at that gallant fellow, Somers. I would recall him, but he would never see the signal."

At that, the commodore heard a boyish voice at his elbow, and there stood little Pickle Israel.

"If you please, sir," said he, with the air of one making a great discovery, "I don't believe Mr. Somers *wants* to see any signal."

"You are right, my boy," cried Old Pepper, who was in high good humor over the gallant behavior of his "school-boy captains"; "but at least he shall be supported."

With that he gave orders, and the ship, advancing slowly, but as steadily as if working into the roadstead of a friendly port, delivered a tremendous fire upon the batteries that were now trying to get the range of the daring little boat.

In spite of Somers's efforts to keep from drifting too far toward the reefs and the reserve squadron, by backing his sweeps astern, he soon found himself under the guns of one of the large forts. The Constitution was thundering at the forts, but this one was a little too near, and her shot fell over it. The situation of Somers was now desperate, but his indomitable coolness stood him in good stead.

"If we can knock the platform down that holds those guns, my men, we shall be all right," he cried; "and see, it is very rickety."

Then ordering a double charge put in the long gun, he sighted it himself. A shot went screaming over the water, and immediately a cloud of dust, bricks, and mortar showed that it had struck the right spot. The platform was destroyed, and the battery tumbled down among the ruins.

Somers then turned his attention to the five

gunboats, that he could now drive still closer to the reef, and on which every shot from his boat was telling.

And so, for an hour longer, did the little American boat, with her one gun, her resolute

young captain, and her brave crew, hold in check a force five times her own; and not until a general recall was ordered did she leave her perilous position, and retire under the guns of the frigate.

(To be continued.)



THE WASP AND THE SPIDER.

By F. H. LITTLEJOHN.

SAID the Wasp to the Spider, "Let 's build us a ship,
With a red maple-leaf for a sail;
We 'll fasten it right at the front of a chip;
Like mariners bold we will start on a trip,
And weather the heaviest gale."

The Spider agreed, and they both sailed away,
Far over the seas in their dory;
But whither they went, I really can't say,
For they never were heard of again from that day!
So that is the end of my story.

A BONNY BICYCLE.

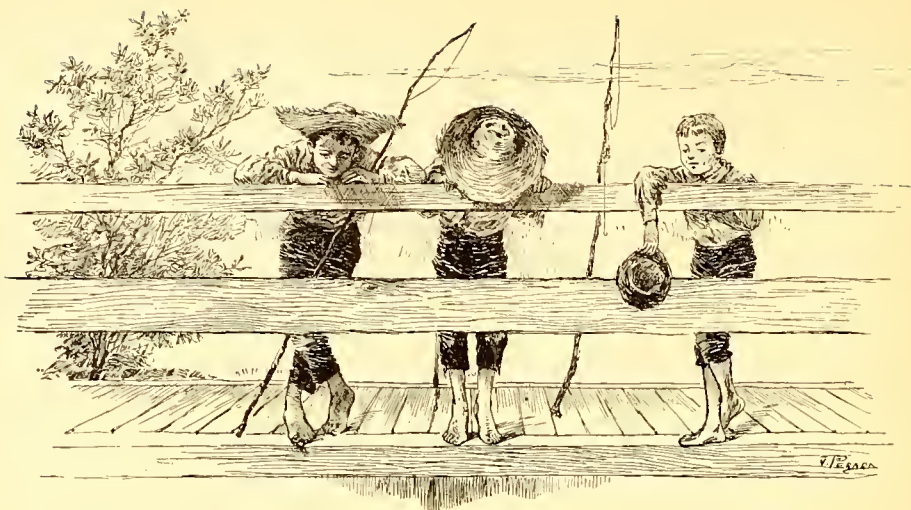
BY F. H. LITTLEJOHN.

“OH! see my bicycle airy and light —
Wheels made of daisies yellow and white,
All bound together snugly and tight,
Oh! I am the champion wheelman!

“So, Crickets and Beetles, just clear the road,
Look out for yourself, my friend, Mr. Toad,
While I skip along, quite ‘à la mode,’
For I am the champion wheelman!”

The Toad quickly jumped, but jumped the wrong way!
The Grasshopper hopped from his perch in dismay,
The wheel went to smash, I am sorry to say;
And that was the end of the wheelman.





G. WHILLIKENS.

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE city boy leaned disconsolately against the time-eaten railing of the old red bridge, and watched the swallows playing cross-tag hither and thither over the unruffled surface of "Holmes's" mill-pond. He had been in East Dover now one whole lonely hour; his face was grimy with the dust of travel, and his ears were full of cinders.

Back there in the village his mother and sister were unpacking the trunks at the stuffy little boarding-house, and he had been turned loose—to the relief of all concerned—until the unpacking was finished. Mechanically he had made his way down the street to where the still water of the pond gleamed in the evening light.

"This place is a beastly hole!" groaned the city boy to himself, banging his feet against the side of the bridge, while he glanced down into the water beneath him. A small, lean fish, near the surface, caught his eye in an instant.

"I'll bet you're the only fish in the pond," he said, addressing the lonely little pickerel; and he made it dart to another motionless position by snapping a bit of crumbling wood from the bridge railing into the water. "You're

not big enough to keep, either," he added, slightly.

This all might have been true enough, but nevertheless the city boy's face had brightened, as if by magic, at the sight of that narrow little fish. If there was any one thing that gave him supreme delight, it was to have a rod in his hands with a line, and the chance of a nibble at the other end of it. This was decidedly an inherited taste, for his father was an ardent angler, and had named his only son Isaac Walton Jones.

So he leaned further out, and watched the deep shadow underneath the bridge. A water-rat ran out from among some stones and disappeared in the roots of the alders, and a turtle lifted his black-and-yellow head, and then turned tail and hustled down into the mud. Master Jones stopped grumbling now; perhaps the heavy shade of the trees on the other side of the pond sheltered some finny lurkers that might be large enough to keep, or, for that matter, to eat,—a neat distinction usually settled by the cook. At any rate, he contemplated his stay in East Dover with less disfavor, and re-

membered the beautiful split-bamboo rod his father had given him for Christmas.

"What yc lookin' at?" suddenly inquired a voice. Master Jones looked back over his shoulder. He was so surprised that at first he did not reply.

There were three of them: three boys, of about his own age, with ragged straw hats, bare, brown legs, and dusty feet. They were regarding the city boy with all of a New Englander's frank curiosity.

"I was looking at a fish," said Master Jones, at last.

"Whar is he?" said one of the boys, and all stepped up beside him, leaning over, with their elbows on the broad wooden railing.

"There he is," he answered, pointing out the pickerel.

"Pooh! Shucks! That 's nothin'," said the boy, who had his great toe tied up in a rag. "We seed somethin' to-day wuth lookin' at; did n't we, Addis?"

"Wal, we jes' did!" replied the third boy, who had black teeth and red hair. "We seed *him*," he added.

"Who is *him*?" asked the city boy, who was disposed to be friendly.

"G. Whillikens," replied the red-headed boy.

"He 's a trout," broke in the first.

"No; he 's a whale," interrupted the smallest boy—" 'mos' as big as your arm."

Master Jones was all on the alert now.

"How long ago did you see him?" he asked eagerly.

"'Bout ten minutes, I reckon," was the answer.

"Why did n't you catch him?"

"He won't bite," returned one of the trio. "We bobbed a worm right under his nose, and he did nothin' but bump up ag'in it."

"Father says there 's been more tackle and more words wasted on that trout than—than ye ever heard on. Ye can't snare him neither; Bob Bracket tried it."

"Can you see him now?" Walton asked, very much excited.

"Ye might if ye hurry; com' 'long and we 'll show him to ye," one of his new friends answered quickly.

The four boys, headed by the boy with the stubbed toe, who limped slightly, trotted away

up the road. Then they dodged under a fence, crossed a bit of meadow, and came out of the hardhack and blackberry bushes right on to the ruins of Holmes's mill.

The mill had not turned a wheel within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It had stood there in loneliness and silence, and was becoming more and more dilapidated with every winter's snow. Scattered about in the bushes were strange, uncouth bits of machinery, wooden cogs and axles, and a few big grinding-stones. A long wooden sluice, through which the water rippled swiftly, ended in a deep, wide pool at the foot of the dripping, moss-grown dam. The boys approached it cautiously.

"Look thar!" whispered the guide, pointing toward the pool.

For a minute Walton could discern nothing but the dark, rushing water. Then suddenly he saw him. There lay "G. Whillikens"—a great, black shape in a little quiet corner, protected by a projecting, slimy board. The trout grew plainer as Walton's eyes became accustomed to the heavy shadow. He could see the black lines on the huge trout's olive back and the red-and-white edges of his balance-fins. The great hooked under jaw was working, and there were momentary glimpses of the blood-red gills. That he was a wary old chap was soon proved, for one of the boys rubbed a tiny pebble off the bank, and there was a flash and a swirl, and nothing left to mark G. Whillikens's resting-place but a little cloud of mud and a few dead leaves turning over and over at the bottom.

Walton heaved a sigh, almost of relief.

"Ye must n't breathe when ye 're watchin' him," said the biggest boy, arising to his knees. "Le's see how fur ye can fling a stone."

He scraped one out of the dirt with his bare foot. Then he whirled his arm over his shoulder and let drive down the stream.

The city boy picked up another stone and followed suit. It plashed full twenty feet farther than the village boy's had gone, and at this the others looked at Master Jones with open admiration.

"Ye can beat me holler!" observed the rustic champion, after a half bushel of small stones had found their way down the stream.

"It 's 'mos' supper-time I reckon," said one

of the boys at last, after they had chased a chipmunk under a pile of old boards, and "Addis" had been stung by a yellow-jacket, whose nest they had intruded upon.

"Yes, le's go hum," agreed the red-head. "Mar 's cookin' doughnuts."

"And I want to put some arniky on my toe!" broke in the smallest.

Walton, who was becoming hungry, was glad to acquiesce,—boys generally tire at the same moment,—so they recrossed the meadow and followed the road into the village.

Mrs. Jones was a little puzzled by her son's behavior during the supper-hour. He sat beside her without speaking—a far-away expression in his eyes, eating and drinking in silence.

"Walton 's very tired," remarked the city boy's sister, and she tried to persuade him to go to bed. But he would not stir until he saw that the bamboo rod had arrived safely, and that no single fly in the fat brown fly-book was missing. Then he went to bed quite willingly.

How long he slept Walton did not know. But he woke and found himself leaning over the footboard, gazing down where a moment before, he thought, he had seen the great form of G. Whillikens swimming over a stream bed of rag carpet.

"I was dreaming," said Master Jones, shutting his eyes, and preparing to thrust his sturdy legs under the bed-clothes again. It was just at this moment that he noticed that it was broad moonlight outside; so he jumped to the floor, and raising the curtain, he gazed out of the half-opened window.

The whole landscape was aglow with the soft gray light. He could see the shadows of the honeysuckle vines weaving across the floor of the piazza. The next house stood out clear and plain amid the surrounding trees, and he could catch even the tints of the hollyhocks and the white points of the bachelor's-buttons growing along the picket-fence. Far away the course of the stream was marked by a line of pearly mist that hung at the foot of the soft blue hills. A few bright stars blazed and sparkled overhead. A fisherman is one-third poet, and Walton knelt and leaned both elbows on the window-sill.

Suddenly a sentence he had read in one of

his father's books came into his mind: "Trout often feed on moonlight nights."

Silently he stood up and commenced to dress himself; his hands trembled as he put the fly-book in his pocket and reached in the corner for the Orvis rod. Then he climbed quietly out of the window—stumbling over a baby-carriage and a boy's velocipede; and, scrambling over the fence, he found himself in the village street.

It was silent and deserted as he hurried down toward the old red bridge, trotting now and then, and looking back as if he expected at any moment to hear his mother's voice call "Walton! Walton!"

But there was no sound, and he saw no sign of life or movement. He felt as if he were walking through a picture.

As he dodged under the fence a sleepy bird fluttered in the bushes. It startled him, and his heart began to beat fast and loud. The meadow grass soaked him to the waist with dew. Soon he lost the path, and tore his way through the tangled hardhacks to the little clearing about the ruined mill. Here he paused and untied the gray cloth cover of the bamboo rod. It glimmered, and the reel buzzed like a great insect as he threaded the line through the metal guides. Walton had to stop now and then to take deep, long breaths.

At last the line was stretched, and with chilled fingers trembling from excitement he selected from the fly-book three dainty, tempting flies—one "silver hackle," a "white miller," and a "royal coachman." He moistened them with his lips, stretching the tight, coiled snells before he attached them to the "leader." When all was right, he balanced the supple rod in his nervous hands and stole toward the bank, where it shelved away to the silent, swirling pool beneath the outlet of the sluice.

He stood there for a moment without moving. The water dripping from the dam seemed to beat a regular tattoo; a dog howled, back there in the village, and a fox prowling about the lower pond yapped derisively. As he watched the dimpling, shifting surface beneath him, suddenly he started; there could be no doubt about it—that rush and plash and ripple meant a rise!

G. Whillikens was feeding!

Walton's heart seemed to be jumping back of his throat and eyes as he raised the rod, gathered some slack from the slow-clicking reel, and cast out to the middle of the pool. Too quick that time; he must let it float longer with the current,—let it sink an inch or so,—and draw it slowly. He had been too quick entirely.

Another cast. Flash! chug! whip! whir!

the rod sharply to the left, as if G. Whillikens had been a minnow. No rod of seven ounces could have stood the strain. There was a snap—the tip had broken short at the ferule, and the city boy gave way to one wild sob. Despairingly he followed the slackened line with his eye—and there in the shallow right beneath him lay the huge fish, swaying from side to side, his back-fin out of water. He had turned him!



ISAAC WALTON JONES CAPTURES G. WHILLIKENS.

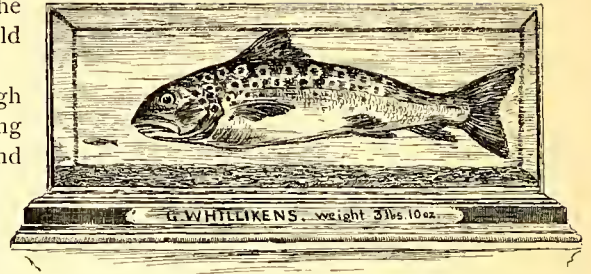
He *had him!* Boys and girls and fishermen!—he had him! The line cut the pool from right to left, the rod bent to the shape of a fish-hook. What did the boy care for noise or caution now? He stumbled over the loose planks; he groaned when the line came toward him, and he could not gather it in fast enough as the great trout made for the opening of the sluice-way. Stop him he *must*. With the line twisted and snarled about his fingers he swung

Not a moment to think now! Walton dropped the rod, poised himself, and leaped, hands, knees, and elbows right down upon him. The fish struggled against his breast—slipped through the eager fingers, and was clasped again, this time more firmly; and, with the line trailing far behind him, Walton quickly clambered out of the pool, over the rocks and loose boards near the sluice-way, and did not stop till he was some thirty feet up the slope where the cows had

made a muddy hoof-grooved path. There the eager boy *lay down upon* the trout, and held hard and fast!

G. Whillikens could not break away, although Walton could feel the powerful muscles twisting in his grasp. It was not for long, however; and a few minutes later, with the broken rod hastily unjointed, Isaac Walton Jones ran up the road again, the broad, flat tail of the trout almost in the dirt. He climbed in at the window, and—wonder of wonders!—tired out with excitement fell asleep on the outside of the bed.

Perhaps you think that this is all a dream, but if you could see G. Whillikens stuffed and mounted inside a glass case, dashing after



a "white miller," you would know that this is a true story. Beneath the case is this inscription:

G. WHILLIKENS, WEIGHT 3 LBS. 10 OZ.

HAPPY GO LUCKY.



HAPPY GO LUCKY'S
 as black as a crow-
 Out at the elbows
 and out at the toe.
 But he can tell
 what a boy
 wants to know-
 Where the speckled
 trout hide,
 and the blue-berries
 grow!

JESSIE B. McCLURE

HOW META SAVED THE MILL.

BY ELIZABETH WORTHINGTON FISKE.

META JEFFREY was a little girl twelve years old, who lived in a factory town where the tall chimneys and smoke-stacks seemed almost to reach the clouds, and where the whirr of machinery never ceased; the heavy smoke obscured the sky much of the time, so that the people dwelling in that place almost forgot, unless they stopped to think, that the beautiful blue heaven stretched above.

Meta was not one of the factory children; her father was assistant-superintendent of one of the large silk-mills, and now, for some time, had been in full charge, as the superintendent, Mr. Edwards, was ill, and had gone abroad in search of health.

With her parents and little brother she lived in a pretty cottage in one of the suburbs of the town, quite near the mill. She went to school, and took music lessons, as many another little maiden does—quite an ordinary girl, people thought; rather pretty, though, for her cheeks were rosy with health, and her eyes were bright. Just an affectionate, happy child, loving her parents dearly, fond of fun, and studious enough, though not particularly fond of books.

When the great bell rang in the morning, Meta used to watch the people passing into the mill. Some of them were girls no older than herself; she knew that they packed the boxes of gay-colored sewing-silk, and did like tasks; she wondered whether they carried nice things for lunch in their baskets, and whether they would not be glad to get away into the beautiful country that stretched far, far on every side. She herself had ridden with her father into the country sometimes, and it had seemed like fairyland to her; the trees, the flowers, and the green grass made a world so different from the great hive in which Meta "had her being," though, indeed, she was growing up like a sweet flower in spite of the smoke and noise.

One day Meta's father went to the city to look at some new machinery, and when his wife kissed him good-by that morning, he told her that the business perhaps might detain him till the next day. In the afternoon, Meta had just returned from a walk with her favorite friend, Sue Dallas, and was in the sitting-room with brother Georgie, when the maid came in, bringing a telegram for her mother. Meta noticed that her mother grew pale as she read it. "What is it, Mama?" she cried.

"Your grandmother is very ill," her mother replied. "I must go to her at once. Will you take Georgie, dear? I must get ready quickly."

The child did as she was told, sobered by the news, though not fully understanding the peril. Mrs. Jeffrey was in great haste to catch her train, and at last decided to take little Georgie—Meta was too young to have charge of the child, and Norah was careless, while her mother's house was large, and there were many servants. So Meta helped dress the little boy, and, when the carriage came, bade her mother a brave good-by.

"My darling," Mrs. Jeffrey said, as she kissed her, "I cannot bear to leave you alone; it is just possible that Papa may come back to-night. But, in any case, Norah is very good-natured. You must read some nice story, and go to bed early. Be sure to see that the front door is locked, and then go right to sleep, and it will be bright morning when you open your eyes again. Papa will be coming home, and I will write as soon as I can."

So the carriage drove away. Meta stood looking after it until it turned the corner, and then she went slowly into the house. It was too soon to be lonely; it had been so sudden a turn of affairs that she had scarcely begun to realize it, though the house seemed very empty. But she had a trustful soul, and Norah, who was a cheerful, pleasant girl, got her a particu-

larly nice supper, and said, "Shure, Miss Meta, the mistress will be home in a day or two—with good news, too!"—and that was comforting.

Toward evening, Sue Dallas came in to invite Meta to spend the night at her house, but Meta resisted the temptation. The girl thought it would not be honorable to leave Norah alone, and she felt besides, it must be said, not a little pride in her responsibility as head of the house in the absence of her parents. Then Sue went home, and, as the evening deepened, the maid looked into the sitting-room to say, "Miss Meta, if you won't feel strange, I'll just go round the corner to mate a neighbor girl, who promised to help me choose a hat this evening; I'll take the key, so you won't feel troubled, and I'll not be long."

Meta did not quite like to be left alone just then; but Norah was in the habit of going out in the evening, and Meta seldom saw her after supper-time; so she looked up from "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which she was entirely absorbed at the time, and giving a ready assent, returned to her book. Soon after she heard the area gate shut, and felt a thrill as she realized that for the first time in her life she was alone in the house. But the street, although in the suburbs, was a cheerful one; now and then the sound of voices, or snatches of a song, floated into the quiet room, and the lights in the mill, not far distant, winked and blinked at her in quite a friendly way; so she settled into content again.

The evening passed slowly until it was ten o'clock—an unusually late hour for her, but Meta had come to the most interesting part of the beautiful story, and had lingered a little to hear Norah come in. The maid slept in the basement, and Meta opened the hall door to say good night; but it was very dark and still down-stairs, and she closed the door rather hastily. The little glow of adventure that so far had sustained her had by this time faded; but she saw that the chain-bolt was in order at the front door, and that the parlor windows were fastened. Leaving a gas-jet burning dimly in the hall, as was the custom of the family, Meta ran briskly up-stairs to her own little room. Here her slight uneasiness vanished, for all was

pleasant and familiar. Her window fronted the street, so that the light shone in as she opened her blind after putting out the gas. The little maid read a chapter in the Bible, said her simple prayer, from her very heart, and was soon sleeping soundly.

It must have been about midnight when Meta awoke with a start; she said afterward that it was because the factory bell did not ring the hour,—for the watchman always struck the hour through the night, answering directly the great clock that tolled the time at the city hall. The sound of this bell had often mingled with Meta's dreams as she turned dreamily in bed, and she knew that her father sometimes listened to catch the peal, especially in that season, winter, when the steam had to be run at full-pressure. Just as the little girl awoke the town clock had struck twelve; but why did not the mill bell ring, also?

She listened a moment; then sprang from her bed and went to the window. She thought she might catch a glimpse of Nicholson, the watchman, whose duty it was to make his round, beginning at each hour. Certain parts of the building were kept lighted through the night, and Meta sometimes could see the shadow of the watchman's figure as he moved through the great rooms on the east side, lantern in hand. It was his duty to inspect the entire building thoroughly. Meta gazed anxiously. All seemed as usual; but there was no sound, no stir, and she began to feel a vague alarm, which deepened into dismay. She had often heard her father talk about the mill, and knew how much he felt the responsibility that had come upon him since the illness of the superintendent. If anything went wrong, even during his absence, her father was sure to be blamed, justly or unjustly.

Could the watchman have fallen asleep? This *had* happened once, and the man had been threatened with dismissal, but was retained at the entreaties of his wife, and also because he had proved himself in the main competent and trusty. He had been an operative in the mill at one time, but, having injured one of his hands, had received this post, which served to maintain his large family.

Nicholson was a friendly old man. Meta

had often talked with him, and he had explained the machinery to her. And now perhaps he had gone to sleep, and left his charge exposed to fire or any danger. And he would be dismissed! Yet it was so easy to go to sleep. Meta could not see how it was possible for any one to keep awake through the long dark night. She felt a sudden pity for the old man, and an impulse to help him. Ten minutes had passed: why should she not go and wake him, and warn him of his danger without any one's knowledge? She had but to cross the street, turn a few steps to the right, and enter the mill-yard (the gates were locked, but there was a loose boarding in the fence, through which Meta could easily pass); then across the yard and up a flight of steps which led into the mill. She knew the little room, not far from the office, where the watchman sat through the night. It would not take five minutes, and she could run back as quickly.

It was a rash thought, perhaps, to come into the brain of such a child; but it was not so strange after all. She was perfectly familiar with the mill, knew just where to go, and this part was kept lighted. Her father had said to her that morning just before he left, "Now will you watch over the mill while I am gone, little one?" and, though she knew that he had spoken in jest, the words came back to her with a curious force. Perhaps, in view of the event, we

may fairly say that the impulse might be called an inspiration; but people attach different meanings to that word.

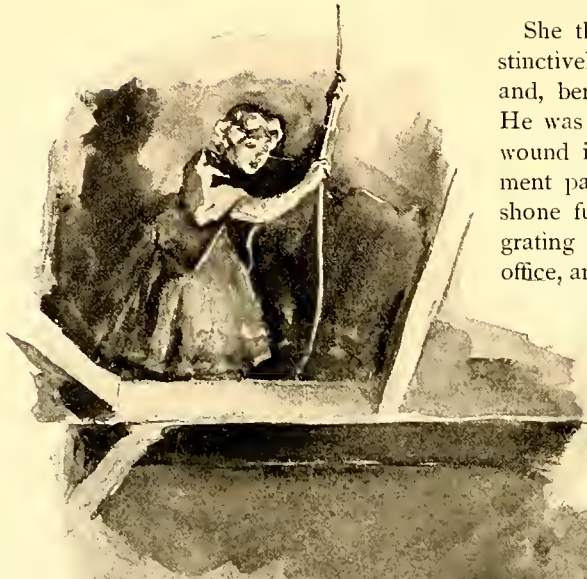
Meta hesitated no more. She dressed in eager haste, yet with a certain care, as persons have been known to do at exciting moments,



"THERE WAS A DIM LIGHT IN THE OFFICE AND SHE ESPIED TWO MEN BENDING OVER THE SAFE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and, putting on her warm sack, stole softly down-stairs and out of the door.

She shivered slightly as she heard the lock click from the inside, but she had remembered to put the key in her pocket, and also the key to the inside door of the mill, which always hung in her father's room. She did not stop to think; she ran swiftly across the street, and a few paces to the right. To her surprise, she found the gates unlocked! She rushed across



She thought he was dead, and recoiled instinctively, but rallying her courage approached, and, bending over him, saw that he breathed. He was unconscious, and was bleeding from a wound in the head. The girl stood for a moment paralyzed by fear, then a bright gleam shone full in her face, and she heard a dull grating noise. There was a dim light in the office, and she espied two men bending over the safe, trying to force open the lock. They had been too much engaged to hear Meta's light step; even her exclamation had not roused them. But, happening to look up; one of them saw the child. Meta, not yet recovered from her trance of fright,

the yard, and up the high steps, and the great door, usually so firmly locked, opened as she grasped the heavy handle — it was, in fact, ajar!

Meta was puzzled, frightened — but she had come with a purpose, and though she trembled, and felt that her heart was beating hard, she did not think of turning back. From the main entry she turned into a corridor that separated the large work-rooms from the office and one or two smaller rooms, in one of which Nicholson was accustomed to stay. She stumbled against a lantern that lay on the floor; then she uttered a short cry, for just before her in the half-light, only a few feet

from the office door, lay, motionless, the form of Nicholson, the old watchman.



"META PULLED WITH ALL HER MIGHT, AND THE GREAT BELL SOUNDED — RINGING OUT AN ALARM."

was standing near the office door, gazing on them with wide eyes and a white face.

He uttered an exclamation, and both men rushed toward her. Then, indeed, Meta fled, but not through the door she had entered. Along the familiar corridor she ran; then, turning to the right, she sped breathless up the high stairs, with feet that seemed winged; then up the second flight. She heard the men's voices behind her, calling, threatening; the footsteps pressed near and nearer; but now she was on the ladder that led to the landing above which hung the great bell.

Once or twice before she had gone up cautiously with Nicholson "to see him ring the bell," as she said; now she ran up unconscious of effort, and stood on the belfry landing, just as the two fierce pursuers reached the space below. The ladder was a movable one, and Meta made a brave attempt to draw it up after her; but it crashed down the stairway below, almost falling on the two robbers, and was broken. In the dim light she saw the two wicked faces; she saw the bright barrel of a revolver pointed at her, while a rough voice cried, "Girl, move one step and I will shoot you!"

For an instant she was dizzy; but she felt the bell-rope in her hand. Then Meta pulled with all her might, and the great bell sounded through the midnight—ringing out an alarm.

The fire-signals answered instantly, and in less than three minutes the building was surrounded by a circle of strong men drilled for emergencies, with the engines of the fire department; and they were quickly followed by almost the entire force of the operatives.

Great was the amazement when it was found that there was no fire to put out, and the wonder grew when they found the wounded watchman. The thieves, surprised, confused, and not acquainted with the ins and outs of the mill, were captured almost immediately.

Then came a bewildered pause; people looked at one another in perplexity. Who had given the alarm? There was a rush for the belfry, while the crowd without stood peering upward, lost in amazement.

Meta's hat and the broken ladder were found on the stairs, and, on the landing above, stood a little figure, stretching slender hands

into the bridgeless space, while her childish voice cried, "Take me down, please!"

A thrill went through the throng, and there was a hush while another ladder was brought, and a strong man went up. Lifting the girl in his arms, he brought her down in safety.

Then a cheer went up from the men within and without, while the women burst into sobs of joy. Meta was instantly surrounded; she answered the questioning simply, rather wondering at the excitement, until Mr. Medway, a director of the mill, fearing the effect of the continued strain, took the tired child from the circle of admirers to his own house.

Her father returned in the morning, and Meta will never forget how he folded her in his arms, and said, while tears filled his eyes, "My own brave darling!"

Nicholson was kindly cared for, and in time recovered.

Heaps of fagots, saturated with kerosene, with a fuse attached, were discovered in two separate places, indicating that the burglars' plan had been to burn the mill after robbing the safe: possibly to insure their escape during the tumult. They were tried, convicted, and are now paying the penalty of their misdeeds.

Meta returned home after a day or two of rest, apparently not much the worse for her strange experience. A few days thereafter, her mother also returned, with the welcome news that her grandmother was recovering. So, in a week, for this household, life flowed on in its ordinary channels.

Some time afterward, Meta received a beautiful gold watch and chatelaine guard,—inscribed with her name and the date of that exciting night,—a gift from the directors of the mill. With it came a note expressing their warm appreciation of her noble conduct. At about the same time her father was appointed superintendent of the factory, and he says, laughingly, that he more than half owes his promotion to his young daughter.

The memory of that experience must always remain to give Meta a certain self-reliance; but she is growing up a happy, modest, unselfish girl, who does not pose as a heroine, although she did face a great peril that night, and saved the mill.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

As Irving was the first American author whose writings won favor outside of his native land, so another New Yorker, James Fenimore Cooper, was the first American author whose works gained a wide circulation outside of his native tongue. While the "Sketch Book" was as popular in Great Britain as in the United States, the "Spy," and the "Pilot," and the "Last of the Mohicans," were as popular on the continent of Europe as they were in America, North and South. To the French and the Germans, to the Italians and the Spaniards, Fenimore Cooper is as well known as Walter Scott. Irving was the first American writer of short stories, but Cooper was the first American novelist; and, to the present day, he is the one American novelist whose fame is solidly established among foreigners.

Born at Burlington, New Jersey, on September 15, 1789, Cooper was taken in infancy to Otsego Lake in the interior of

New York; and here, at the point where the Susquehanna streams forth on its way to join the distant Chesapeake, Cooper's father built the



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stately mansion called Otsego Hall. The elder Cooper was the owner of many thousand acres along the head-waters of the Susquehanna, and in this wilderness, centering around the freshly founded village of Cooperstown, the son grew into boyhood. He could pass his days on the beautiful lake, shut in by the untouched forest, or in the woods themselves as they rose with the hills and fell away into the valleys. He slept at night amid the solemn silence of a little settlement, a hundred miles beyond the advancing line of civilization.

Hard as it may be for us now to realize it, a century ago "the backwoods" were in the State of New York. It was only during the Revolution that the people of our stock had begun to push their way across the Alleghanies. For years after the nineteenth century began, the only white men who sped down the Mississippi, or toiled slowly up against its broad current, spoke another tongue than ours. Although Cooper lived in New York, it was in the backwoods that he spent his childhood, and to Cooperstown he returned at intervals throughout his life. Backwoods scenes and backwoods characters he could always recall at will from his earliest recollections. The craft of the woodsman, the tricks of the trapper, all the delicate art of the forest, were familiar to Cooper from his youth up, just as the eery legends of North Britain and stirring ballads of the Border had been absorbed by Walter Scott.

Franklin never had the chance of a college education; Irving was fitted for Columbia, but did not enter; Cooper entered Yale, but did not graduate—and the fault was his own. It was thought that the sea would cure his tendency to frolic. The Naval Academy had not then been established, and the customary training for a career on a man-of-war was to gain experience in the merchant marine. So in the fall of 1806, when Cooper was seventeen, he sailed on a merchant vessel for a year's cruise, shipping before the mast, and seeing not a little hard service. Soon after his return he received a commission as a midshipman in the regular navy.

It was a time of peace, although the war with Great Britain already was foreseen. In 1808 Cooper was one of a party sent to Oswego, on

Lake Ontario, to build a sixteen-gun brig. In 1809 he was left for a while in command of the gun-boats on Lake Champlain. In the same year he was attached to the "Wasp," then commanded by Lawrence—the Lawrence who was soon to command the "Chesapeake" in the action with the "Shannon," and who was to die with the immortal phrase on his lips, "Don't give up the ship!" Although Cooper saw no fighting during the three years and a half in which he wore the uniform of his country, he greatly increased his store of experience, adding to his knowledge of life before the mast on a merchant vessel an understanding of life on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, besides gaining acquaintance with the Great Lakes.

In January, 1811, Cooper married a Miss De Lancey, with whom he was to live happily for more than forty years. Apparently at the request of his bride, he resigned from the navy in May. He dwelt at Mamaroneck in Westchester, for several years, at first with his wife's father, and then in a hired house. In 1817, after a three years' stay at Cooperstown, he went back to Westchester, the home of his wife's childhood, and there he remained for five years. Seemingly content with the simple life of a well-to-do country gentleman, Cooper reached the age of thirty without any attempt at authorship—without even the hankering after pen and ink which is the characteristic of most predestined authors. The novelist flowers late; Scott and Hawthorne were each over forty when "Waverley" and the "Scarlet Letter" were published—but they had been writing from their boyhood. Cooper's entry into authorship was almost accidental. Reading some cheap British novel, he was seized with the idea that he could do as well himself; and the result was his first book, "Precaution," published late in 1820. "Precaution" was an imitation of the average British novel of that time; it had merit equal to that of most of its models; it was a tale of life in England, and there was nothing to show that its author was not an Englishman. Indeed the book was republished in London, and reviewed with no suspicion of its American authorship.

That Cooper, a most loyal and ardent American, should write a second-hand story of this

sort, shows how complete was the colonial dependence of the United States on Great Britain in the first quarter of the nineteenth century—so far at least as letters were concerned. American literature did not exist. No one had yet declared that the one thing out of which an American literature could be made was American life. When Cooper's "Precaution" was written, Irving's "Sketch Book" was being published in parts; it was still incomplete, and half of the sketches in the book were from English subjects.

Yet it seems to have struck Cooper that if he did not fail with a novel describing British life, of which he knew little, he might succeed with a novel describing American life, of which he knew much. "Waverley" had been published in 1814, and in the next six years had appeared eight others of the "Scotch novels," as they were called; and in the very year of Cooper's first book, Scott had crossed the border and produced in "Ivanhoe" really the first English historical novel, applying the method of the anonymous Scotch stories to an English theme. Cooper perceived that the same method could be applied to an American theme; and in the "Spy," which was published in 1821, he gave us the first American historical novel.

"The Spy" is a story of the Revolution, and its scene is laid in the Westchester which Cooper knew so well, and which had been a neutral ground, harried in turn by the British and the Americans: the "Cowboys" and "Skinners." The time and the place were well chosen, and they almost sufficed of themselves to lend romance to any adventures the author might describe; and even better chosen was the central figure, "Harvey Birch," one of the most interesting and effective of romantic characters. To the Spy himself, mysterious but winning, was chiefly due the instant success—and the success of the story was extraordinary, not only in the United States at first, and a few months later in Great Britain, but on the continent of Europe. It was translated into French by the translator of the Waverley novels; and it was afterward translated into most of the modern languages in turn.

Encouraged by the plaudits of the public on both sides of the Atlantic, Cooper wrote an-

other story, the "Pioneers," published in 1823. As the "Spy" was the first American historical novel, so was the "Pioneers" the first attempt to put into fiction what is perhaps as worthy of record as anything in American history—the life on the frontier and the character of the backwoodsman. Here Cooper was on firm ground; and although he did not fully realize the opportunity before him, his book was a revelation to the rest of the world. In it appeared for the first time one of the very greatest characters in fiction, the old woodsman, "Natty Bumppo,"—the Leatherstocking who was to give his name to the series of tales which to-day is Cooper's best monument. In this first book we have but a faint sketch of the character the author afterward worked out with loving care. Rarely is there a successful sequel to a successful novel, but Cooper returned to Leatherstocking again and again until the history of his adventures was complete in five independent tales, the composition of which extended over eighteen years.

Leaving for the moment Cooper's other writings, it may be well to note here that the "Pioneers" was followed in 1826 and 1827 by the "Last of the Mohicans" and the "Prairie," and in 1840 and 1841 by the "Pathfinder" and the "Deerslayer." This was the order in which they were written, but very different is the order in which they are to be read when we wish to follow the career of Natty Bumppo from the days of his youth, and to trace the development of his noble and captivating character. The latest written is the earliest to be read in the sequence of events; after the "Deerslayer" comes the "Last of the Mohicans," followed by the "Pathfinder" and then the "Pioneers," until in the "Prairie" the series ends with the death of Leatherstocking. The five tales vary in value, no doubt, but taken altogether they reveal a marvelous gift of narration, and an extraordinary fullness of invention. Merely as stories their interest is unfailing, while they are ennobled by the character of Natty.

Even before the publication of the "Pioneers," in which he introduced the American Indian into fiction, Cooper planned another story which was as daring a novelty. In 1821,

the author of the "Waverley Novels," then unascertained, published the "Pirate." In Cooper's presence, the argument was advanced that Scott could not be the unknown author, since he was a lawyer, and this showed a knowledge of the ocean such as no landsman could have. Cooper, who had followed the sea himself,

published the "Pilot," the first salt-water novel ever written, and to this day one of the very best. Its nameless and mysterious hero was a marine Harvey Birch; obviously he had been modeled upon the Paul Jones whose name is held in terror to this day on the British coast he harassed. In "Long Tom Coffin," the Nantucket



OTSEGO HALL, THE HOME OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

maintained that the "Pirate" showed that its author was not a sailor, since far greater effects could have been got out of the same materials if the writer had been a seafarer by profession. To prove his point, Cooper determined to write a sea-story. Sailors there had been in fiction before, but no novel the scene of which was laid on the ocean; and Cooper's friends tried to convince him that the public at large could not be interested in a life so technical as the seaman's.

But Cooper persevered, and in 1824 he pub-

lished the "Pilot," the first salt-water novel ever written, and to this day one of the very best. Its nameless and mysterious hero was a marine Harvey Birch; obviously he had been modeled upon the Paul Jones whose name is held in terror to this day on the British coast he harassed. In "Long Tom Coffin," the Nantucket whaler, Cooper created the only one of his other characters worthy to take place beside Leatherstocking; and Tom, like Natty, is simple, homely, and strong. In writing the "Pilot," Cooper evidently had in mind the friends who thought it impossible to interest the general reader in a tale of the ocean, and he laid some of his scenes on land; but it is these very passages which are tedious to-day, while the scenes at sea keep their freshness, and have still un-
failing interest.

In his second sea-tale, the "Red Rover," published in 1828, Cooper avoided this blunder; after the story is fairly started the action passes continuously on the water, and the interest is therefore unbroken. The "Red Rover" may be said to be wholly a tale of the ocean, as the "Last of the Mohicans" is wholly a tale of the forest. Whether he was on the green billows or under the green trees, Cooper was completely at home; he drew from his own experience; he told what he had seen, what he knew. He wrote ten sea-tales in all, of which the "Two Admirals" and "Wing and Wing," both published in 1842, are the best after the "Pilot" and the "Red Rover." In 1839, he sent forth his "History of the United States Navy," to this day the only authority for the period of which it treats.

It is by the "Spy," by the five Leatherstocking Tales, and by the four or five foremost of the Sea Tales that Cooper's fame must be maintained. But he wrote many other novels, most of them of little importance. Some of them, like the "Wept of the Wishtonwish," were American in subject; and some were European, like the "Bravo" and the "Headsmen." These last were the result of a long visit Cooper paid to Europe, extending from 1826 to 1833. In Paris he had the pleasure of meeting Scott; and in Paris also he had the pleasure of defending his country against ignorant insults.

There is no need now to deny that Cooper seems to have enjoyed a dispute, and he never went out of his way to avoid a quarrel. After he returned to the United States he became involved in numberless arguments of all sorts, personal, journalistic, literary, historical. He was frank, opinionated, and absolutely certain that he always had right on his side. Sure of his ground, he bore himself bravely and battled stanchly to repel any attacks he had invited.

His private life was most fortunate. His home was happy, and his wife and children were devoted to him. He had many friends; and his best friends were the best citizens of New York. When he moved to the city, in 1822, he founded a club, called sometimes after him, but more generally the "Bread and Cheese" Lunch. To this club belonged Chancellor

Kent; Fitz Greene Halleck, and William Cullen Bryant, the poets; S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and other representatives of the arts, the sciences, and the learned professions. Before Cooper went to Europe in 1826 these friends gave him a public dinner, at which Chancellor Kent presided and at which De Witt Clinton, the governor of the State, Winfield Scott, the head of the army, and Charles King, the future president of Columbia College, were present. After his return from Europe in 1833, the same group of distinguished men tendered to him another banquet, which he declined.

Nearly a score of years after, when he was sixty years old, and when he had lived through the storm of abuse which he had injudiciously aroused, his friends again made ready to give him a public testimonial of their regard; but before the arrangements were perfected he died. He had retired to Cooperstown years before, and there with his family he had been happy, superintending work on his farm, and writing when he chose. His death took place on September 14, 1851, at Cooperstown, to which he had been taken as an infant three score years before. Had he lived another day, he would have completed his sixty-second year. His wife outlived him less than five months. A few days after his death a meeting of prominent men was held, over which Washington Irving presided, and as a result of this, William Cullen Bryant was asked to deliver a discourse on the life and writings of Cooper. This oration, spoken early in the next year, remained the best account of the novelist until Professor Lounsbury prepared for the American "Men of Letters" series the admirable biography which appeared in 1882.

A consideration of Cooper's place in literature involves a comparison with Scott. In the first place, the Scotchman was the earlier of the two; it was he who widened the field of the romance; it was he who pushed the novel to the front and made fiction the successful rival of poetry and the drama; it was he who showed all men how an historical novel might be written. Cooper is the foremost of Scott's followers, no doubt, and in skill of narration, in the storytelling faculty, in the gift of imparting interest

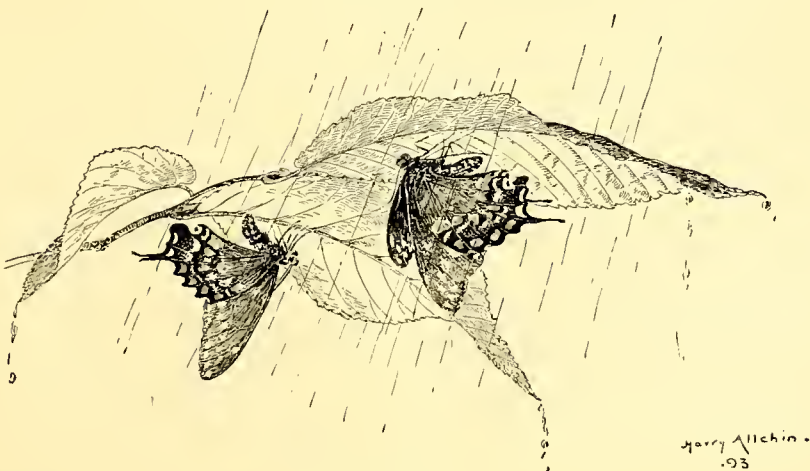
to the incidents of a tale, Cooper at his best is not inferior to Scott at his best.

Like Scott, Cooper was a writer of romance; that is to say, he was therefore an optimist, an idealizer — one who seeks to see only the best, and who refuses to see what is bad. Scott chose to present only the bright side of chivalry, and to make the Middle Ages far pleasanter than they could have been in reality. Probably Scott knew that the picture he gave of England under Richard the Lion-Hearted was misleading; certainly he knew that he was not telling the whole truth. Now Cooper's red Indians are quite as real as Scott's black knights, to say the least. Cooper's Indians are true to life, absolutely true to life — so far as they go. Cooper told the truth about them,—but he did not tell the whole truth. He put forward the exception as the type, sometimes; and he always suppressed some of the red man's ugliest traits. Cooper tells us that the Indian is cruel as Scott tells us that a tournament was often fatal; but he does not convey to us any realization of the ingrained barbarity and cruelty which was perhaps the chief characteristic of the Indian warrior. This side of the red man is kept in the shadow, while his bravery, his manliness, his skill, his many noble qualities are dwelt on at length.

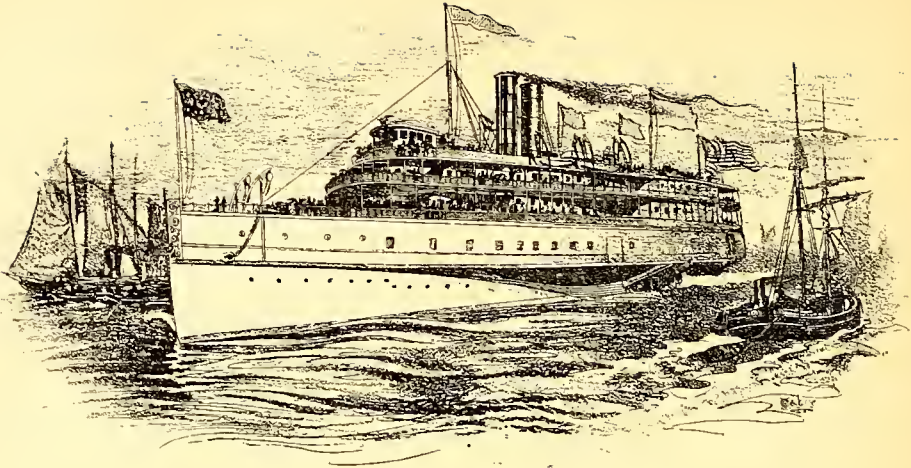
The characters that Cooper depicts best, are

simple in their strength,—like Long Tom Coffin and Natty Bumppo. When he sets before his readers unexplained characters like the unnamed "Pilot," and like the captain of the "Red Rover," we are puzzled rather than charmed. In the figure of the Spy,—Harvey Birch,—by a happy accident he was able to combine, in a measure, some of the mystery of the pilot and the pirate with the simple strength of the sailor and the scout.

Time may be trusted safely to make a final selection from any author's works, however voluminous they may be, or however unequal. Cooper died almost exactly in the middle of the nineteenth century; and already it is the "Spy" and the "Leatherstocking Tales" and four or five of the "Sea Tales" which survive, because they deserve to survive, because they were at once new and true when they were written, because they remain to-day the best of their kind. Cooper's men of the sea, and his men of the forest and the plain, are alive now, though other fashions in fiction have come and gone. Other novelists have a more finished art nowadays, but no one of them all succeeds more completely in doing what he tried to do than did Cooper at his best. And he did a great service to American literature by showing how fit for fiction were the scenes, the characters, and the history of his native land.



AN AUGUST SHOWER.



IN THE PATH OF A SOUND STEAMER.

(A True Story.)

BY GERVIS HOWE.

FIVE or six summers ago, when I was just so many years younger than I am now, and not much more than half-grown, my friend Tom Bowers and I spent two or three months sailing a 21-foot open cat-boat over the waters of one of the many harbors which open out upon Long Island Sound. Tom's summer home was at the head of the harbor, and as I lived conveniently near, and close to the shore, there was n't a day, barring Sundays, for two months that we were not aboard the "Bessie B.,"—that was the "cat's" name.

Now Tom and I had been at this sort of thing, knocking around the water in one boat or another, almost every day all summer for several years; and consequently we had pretty much used up all the ordinary adventures which most readily occurred to us. We had raced big boats that beat us because they were too big, and we had raced little boats that beat us because they were too fast. We had lain over the deep lobster-hole, hauled in and paid out three hundred feet of thin rope all day, and gone home with nothing but the redness of four terribly chafed hands to remind us of the

lobsters that were not; and we had done so many other things.

Tom Bowers's father was vice-president of one of the lines of big passenger-steamers which ply through the Sound between New York and eastern ports; and in the course of a trip up the Sound and back, the previous summer, on the "Priscilla," Tom and I had become particularly well acquainted with her pilot. While we were on the steamer I said to Tom that I thought it would be great fun to come out some night in the cat and signal the Priscilla, and Tom asked the pilot if he would give us the three whistles in case we did so. Of course the pilot said he was willing to do a little thing like that to please us; and thereupon we forgot all about the matter until one of those hot, still, dry, mid-summer days when it was so dry one could n't even whistle for a breeze. I never knew what made Tom think of the Priscilla scheme unless it was that there was n't a single other scheme to think about. All of a sudden he said he was going to write Pilot Higginson that very night, and the next afternoon we would go out and signal the Priscilla.

Well, then we resolved ourselves into a committee of the whole to discuss ways and means. You see it was now along the latter part of August, and the *Priscilla* did n't go by our harbor until ten minutes to seven, some time after dark, so no ensign-dipping or anything of that sort would do. We finally concluded to get a lot of red fire in the village, sail out of the harbor late in the afternoon, so as to get to the regular track of the steamers before dark, and then cruise back and forth across the track until we saw the *Priscilla's* lights, when we would run down on her at a safe distance, burn our red fire, and get the glory of the responsive salute.

That night Tom wrote Pilot Higginson, and we bought the red fire. The next morning the wind came out very sharp from the northwest; there were pretty big seas and lots of white caps, and what was worse, the wind kept on blowing harder and harder, until along about the middle of the day we made up our minds there would be no salute for us that night. In the afternoon, however, the gale began to moderate rapidly, and at half-past four we got under way under a double reef and began to beat out of the harbor. The wind ran down so fast that in half an hour we had shaken out a reef, and an hour later the breeze was on its last legs and we were gliding gently along under all sail. A little before sunset we were a full mile south of the steamer track, and the wind kept on getting weaker and weaker, until we were afraid we should never get near enough the *Priscilla* for her to pay any attention to our lights. Still we had a little good luck,—or bad luck,—and just as the sun went down we crawled over the track; and just as the sun went down the wind went out like a lighted candle in a bucket of water. I tell you what, we boys were glad we 'd gotten there at last, especially after it had seemed so doubtful all day, and then the breeze dying away and all that; so we just let everything go and set to work spreading the red-fire powder all around the deck just outside the combing. The deck did n't seem over dry, because, as is usual on still August nights, a very heavy dew was beginning to fall. As soon as we got through with this we lay down comfortably to await the appearance of the *Priscilla's* lights.

We lay there about half an hour or so,

munching away at a bite of cold supper, as happy, and about as intelligent, as a couple of clams at high water, when all of a sudden appeared the lights of a steamer swinging around the point about three or four miles away. We were sure at once that she was the *Priscilla*, because the *Priscilla* left her pier half an hour earlier than the other fast boats, and, dropping the slow ones, always headed the regular evening procession before she reached our harbor. There were ten minutes to spare before our red fire would be required, so we just sat there and watched her lights. When the steamer first came in sight she was almost broadside on, and we could see the electric lights from her cabins, and occasionally the glow from her starboard furnaces, that side being toward us, as well as her white steamer light at the masthead. As she kept swinging around the point, to lay the new course east, which she would hold for a hundred miles or more, pretty soon she showed us her starboard (green) light. Then she kept on swinging further and further around until she showed her port (red) light also. Then she stopped swinging, and came right on. I remember when she first showed her green light, I thought that of course she was going to leave us on her starboard side, and that when she afterward showed her red light, I thought she was going to leave us on the port side; but when she continued to show both lights we were busy putting the finishing touches on the red-fire arrangements, getting the matches ready, etc., and I don't think I thought any more about the steamer's lights for two or three minutes.

I suppose we took it for granted that she would sheer again one way or the other, probably keeping to starboard, in a few minutes. But she did n't; she kept straight on in a beeline, and when we looked up from our work and saw those big green and red eyes coming nearer and nearer, while the dull roar of the machinery grew louder and louder through the still damp air of the summer night, we both simultaneously concluded that we had better move, for she was coming as straight at us as if it were daylight and she saw us and intended to split us exactly in half. Of course we had no anchor, light, or lantern. I know we ought

to have taken one with us, but we had n't; and as to seeing our boat without a light in time to sheer off, why she 'd have cut us in two, and left the pieces a hundred yards astern before she could have gone the necessary twenty-five or fifty feet or so out of her course. There was n't a breath of air stirring, and Tom sung out to me to get the sweep, which we usually carried lashed to the deck, overboard. The sweep was at home, leaning up against the boat-house, where I had put it after giving it a coat of spar-varnish that morning; so I did n't bother about the sweep, except to think how stupid I was to have left it behind, but jumped down into the cock-pit to see if I could find a piece of board, or pull up some of the false floor, or, in short, get anything that would do to paddle with. Tom saw what the trouble was, and jumped down to help me, but there was n't enough loose wood in all that boat to make a toothpick of; so then we gave that up, and since we could not get out of the steamer's way, we thought we would light our red fire soon enough for her to see the blaze and get out of our way.

I remember I was n't scared a bit up to that time, and Tom told me afterward that he was n't either, because we both felt very sure that we could set off our red light any time we chose. By this time the steamer was getting so near that we could see some faint trace of her outline and could hear the band playing on her forward deck; and she was still coming as straight at our little boat as if she were a gigantic projectile sent with unerring aim from some mammoth gun.

The first match I struck on the damp deck sputtered a moment and went out; with the second I was too hasty and broke the stick; but the third I lighted carefully on the heel of my shoe, then I held it until the wood was well burned, and then I reached out at arm's length and touched the flame to the powder. We expected to see a tremendous flash and blaze, but I held that match down in that powder until

the wood had burned clear down to my fingers and my fingers smarted with pain; and for all the result, the powder might just as well have been so much wet sand. The fact is, the heavy dew had played havoc with it. Tom of course was trying his best to light the powder also, but I know I have never been so scared in all my life as I was while we held the matches in the powder and the powder would not take fire.

The steamer was now so near that it seemed as if all must be over in a few moments. With her lights and smoke and all, she looked like a whole city coming down on us. There was no chance of diving and staying down beneath that enormous length of keel, and I could almost feel the blows of her great paddles. I struck more matches by twos and threes and tossed them into the powder without effect; and then looking up at the vast hulk rushing upon us, now clearly visible to the eye, I was surprised to see that the red light had disappeared, but the green was still there. Then the monstrous prow, tearing the water asunder, rushed *past*, not over us; a tremendous blaze of red fire enveloped our little craft and lighted up the whole side of the steamer; passengers rushed excitedly to the rails; we were lifted on one enormous wave, and then, dropping down into a hollow, were left safe in the seething suds of the white wake of the fast receding Priscilla.

I suppose one of the matches had chanced to strike a place where some of the powder was dry, and that first started it going and then set it all off at once.

Somehow or other—I don't know just how—we got home about midnight. We supposed that we had in some way which we could not divine been seen from the steamer; but our friend the pilot afterward told us that such was not the case. He knew nothing about passing our boat until we told him of it. He distinctly remembered altering his course a trifle just at that point, but did not know why he did so. It was the only change he made for a hundred miles.



TROUBLED.

By M. M. D.

If it were not for fairies, this world would be drear ;
 (I 'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)
 The grass would not tangle,
 The bluebells would jangle,
And things would be stupid and queer, you know,
And everything dull if the fairies should go.
 (I 'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)

I love to believe in the godmothers's mice,
 And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, heigh-ho!
 And it 's cruel in Willy
 To call me a silly.

If brothers would only be nice, you know,
Not tease and make fun, all my troubles would go,—
I 'd believe in the fairies forever,—heigh-ho!

A ONE-SIDED CORRESPONDENCE.

BY ANTOINETTE GOLAY.

"Do you believe, Cousin Kate, that any one could keep up a one-sided correspondence long? I have written three letters in succession to Edith Howard while she has been crossing the ocean, and I do not believe I can write another until I hear from her. It is n't that I don't like her just the same; but it is simply no use!"

The despairing correspondent cast down her pen and looked for consolation to the lady reading at the table near by.

Cousin Kate looked up responsively and pondered a minute over the question. Then suddenly she laughed. "Yes, Grace," she said, "I believe that it is possible to have all the letters come from one side. In fact I know it, for I tried it once for a while, and made quite a success of it, though I confess that it was hard at times."

"Tell me about it," demanded Grace, basely deserting her letter and establishing herself on the rug before her cousin.

"I am very willing to tell you about it, but I warn you that it is a long story. However, it may teach you a bit of a lesson as it taught me; so prepare to listen.

"In the first place, then—I have known Helen Mason ever since we both were tiny children. We went to the same school, and the same church, but Helen and I were never really friends until after her father's death. I remember how pathetic she and her little sister looked when they sat in church the first Sunday, in their little black frocks, and hats with white flowers and black ribbons. I looked at them from across the church with a feeling almost of awe, their sorrow seemed so to set them apart from the rest of us. How was I to know that my own father was so soon to be taken away from me? He died that same summer, and when I went back to school the girls were shy with me just as we all had been shy and constrained with Helen and her sister.

"Softened by her own grief, she understood better than the rest how to sympathize with mine. I do not know that she really did much except to sit beside me in class and lend me pencils without waiting to be asked, but there was an atmosphere of sympathy about her that was balm to my sore little heart. And later, when the sharpness of our grief had softened and the black gowns had been laid aside, Helen and I developed a singleness of purpose and union in mischief that went far toward crazing our teachers and made us boon companions.

"But this is not telling about the correspondence. I'll come to that at once. After we had danced through a few more years of happy school-life there came separation. Helen went to Europe and I to college. I believe that until then it had never occurred to us that we were very fond of each other. But when we suddenly realized that we were soon to have the ocean, and probably some years, to separate us, we were sufficiently miserable. The night before she sailed—it was in June, and I was to enter college in September—we took a long walk along the lake and decided that though our friendship had been hardly more than a succession of laughs and scrapes, it should brave absence and stand through thick and thin. 'You won't decide at college that I am too untaught for you?' Helen asked.

"And I replied sturdily, 'Nonsense! There is more danger that you will find during your travels that your penned-up college friend is too stupid for you.' We parted with very little fear that either would prove inconstant.

"Throughout the summer both of us wrote regularly. And in the fall I went to college, where at first I crippled my allowance, buying five-cent stamps to send to my friend homesick laments for the good old days. Such sunny, interesting letters she wrote me! Now I wonder, and cannot understand how, I ever came to the conclusion that they were not satisfactory,

and that she was not at all my ideal friend. Yes, my dear. You look shocked, and I do not blame you; but it is a fact that I began to feel that Helen was not a satisfactory friend. I suppose it was because the girls about me were so different. Helen had been as shy of demonstration as I was, and it was a revelation to me to see these girls with their arms locked and their speech overflowing with affectionate expressions. When one or two of them bestowed upon me some of these pretty little attentions, I found it surprisingly easy to respond, and came to the natural if not very sensible conclusion that friendship could not properly exist without them. So when I found that I could be effusively demonstrative upon occasion I decided that I had not been really fond of Helen, and, by the same logic, I came to think that she had not been very fond of me.

“Moreover, to a girl plunged for the first time into an atmosphere of absorbing books and study, where ‘learning’ is the word and ‘dig ever’ the motto, outside matters seem of little importance. So Helen’s letters with their bright bits of description and entertaining little anecdotes seemed to upstart freshman *me* not improving, and therefore not worth while.

“One day, just before Christmas, I carried my troubles to a senior who had taken some notice of me, and to whom I gave a blind devotion because of her glittering social superiority in the little college-world wherein we lived. ‘Do you think, Miss Gray,’ I asked, ‘that circumstances ought to rule our affections?’

“I was proud of that sentence, but it naturally puzzled Miss Gray. ‘That circumstances ought to rule our affections?’ she repeated. ‘Now, just what do you mean?’

“I explained to her that I meant, ought we to feel bound to care more for a person whom circumstances had thrown in our way and whom we had perhaps known a great many years than for other people whom we had perhaps known only a few weeks, but for whom we felt an intense liking.

“Then my great and noble senior made a very silly speech. ‘Katherine,’ she exclaimed reproachfully, ‘I hoped you had grown more than that this year. Have you not learned that two human beings should stand soul to

soul; and that there are few things more pernicious than a servile loyalty to persons whom you have really outgrown?’

“That extraordinary utterance has always remained with me. I think that perhaps the secret of my admiration for Miss Gray was due to her way of uttering high-sounding sentences with an air of conviction that did much to impress her hearers. I went away feeling that I had gained ‘broader ideas of life,’ and by way of putting them in practice I did not write my usual Sunday letter to Helen that afternoon.

“Helen’s letters came regularly, but mine grew less frequent, and finally stopped altogether, except for occasional cold, stiff notes of which I ought to have been ashamed, but which I felt reflected great credit upon my superior intellect.”

“But, Cousin Katherine, what did Helen think of that? Was n’t she angry?” said Grace.

“Yes,” said that lady, smiling a little at some recollection called up by Grace’s words. “Yes, she was decidedly angry. Helen was not a girl to be neglected and to meekly submit. She wrote and demanded the reason for the change in my letters; and demanded it at once, saying she did not relish being experimented upon in that way. And, Grace, what *do* you suppose I did?”

Looking down at her small cousin’s grave face Miss Kate laughed merrily, then checked herself suddenly.

“Indeed I do not know why I laugh,” she said. “It is no laughing matter, except that it was so supremely idiotic. I deliberately sat down and wrote Helen the most remarkable epistle I have ever penned, telling her gravely and frankly of my change of heart. I begged her not to feel that I thought she had ‘deteriorated’ when I told her I had come to see that our friendship was a mistake; that she was to me, as she had always been, a very charming girl, but that during the past year I had grown to realize that friendship demanded something more — ‘a deep intellectual companionship’ which we had never felt. I believe I told her in substance that while I could not waste my precious time writing to her I was still always glad to receive her letters. I know that I recommended various books calculated to raise

her mind to a plane from which she could appreciate my feelings. And then I sent off the letter, which unfortunately did not burst with its own conceit, but crossed the ocean and reached Helen in Switzerland.

"It was a long time, of course, before a reply could possibly come; and I was more anxious than I cared to confess to myself to know the manner of her reception of my letter. I think that half unconsciously I expected an enthusiastic and admiring reply, a humble form of 'Oh, be my friend and teach me to be thine.' But if I did I was greatly mistaken. When Helen's reply came it was cold and clear and rather sarcastic. She said I had attained heights to which she had never even aspired, that during the course of her existence she had read the books I mentioned, which, she remarked in parentheses, could be found outside my college library, but that they had failed to elevate her to anything approaching the summit where I stood; that she still cherished weak-minded loyalty to her friends in general, and was quite without any desire to change; that while she was fully conscious of the honor conveyed in my permission to her to write, she thought best not to avail herself of it. It was a letter not much more tender and noble than mine had been. Only at the end was a postscript where there was a bit of her true self. 'Oh, Kitty,' it said, 'I am so sorry and disappointed!'

"If the letter had come to me at college, especially during the excitement pervading our lives with the commencement festivities on hand, I might have read it carelessly and felt more than ever a high-souled martyr. But it reached college a day after I had left, and was forwarded to me at home. I read it there in the midst of all the people and places that recalled Helen, because when I had last seen them she was there. I was beginning to realize what an important part of it all she had been, and was ardently hoping that my letter had been lost at sea or received as a huge joke, when the little note came to shatter all my hopes and make me feel what a goose I had been. And now, dear," she said, glancing down to see how much patience Grace had left, "now I have come to the one-sided correspondence. It began at once with a series of

contrite and apologetic notes which I sent almost semi-weekly, and to which I received never a word of reply. Quite conscious that I did not deserve any, I kept on writing, always with some words of repentance of what I frankly dubbed my idiocy, and always with eager endeavor to make my letters worth reading. Naturally it was rather hard on my impatience, and one day, in a particularly frantic frame of mind, I wrote a despairing note to serene little Polly Mason, who had more than once been confidante and councilor when Helen and I had come to grief. I begged her to write me in what spirit Helen received my letters, and if it was worth while for me to go on writing. In due time came a note from this grave and sagacious young person, who had always been wise beyond her years.

"'Helen has not said much to me about it,' she wrote, 'but I know she is very much hurt, and I think she does not intend to write to you. I think she believes you will stop when you go back to college. My advice to you is to write as often as you feel inclined through the year, whether she answers or not. I think it will all come out right.'

"Inspired by this sound advice, I continued my unanswered letters to my silent friend. It was a very full year. I regret to say that I lost a great deal of my freshman conceit, and mixed much outside fun with my work. But with all the work and play, I was never too busy to write the weekly letter to Helen. And such letters! I was determined to prove myself worthy of the friendship I had so stupidly and needlessly forfeited, and I wrote always on my finest, class note-paper, and took an amount of pains given to none of my other correspondents. I grew to take a certain pleasure in the letters, and I believe no other writing I have ever done has helped me as much as all those unanswered letters. For they were unanswered. Helen was deeply hurt, and all the winter and spring passed away without a line from her. Only from time to time Polly sent me cheering little notes, without which I should hardly have had the courage to go on writing.

"Vacation came again, and I went home, knowing that Helen would be there almost as soon as I, and feeling very embarrassed and

forlorn when I thought of seeing her. All our friends were excited at the prospect of her return, and asked me whenever they saw me just when she was to arrive. Those were hard days for me. I would not confess to them that I had had no letters from her during all the winter, and I dreaded constantly that they would suspect it.

"At last some one said to me one day, 'Is n't it jolly that the Masons are to be here to-morrow?' and I went home to sit forlornly on a log near the lake and wonder if I should go to call alone or ask some of the girls to go with me.

"I was just deciding to be brave and go by myself and have it over, when Helen herself stood before me looking so delightfully familiar and pretty that I forgot all about every-

thing except that she was there twelve hours before I expected her, and instead of the elaborate greeting I had planned I gasped rapturously, 'Helen, dear!—how are you here so soon?'

"'We came just half an hour ago,' she said, 'and I have n't been home at all; I came straight here from the station. Oh, Kitty, have n't we been geese, and are n't we glad to see each other!'

"So all clouds vanished in a moment. From that day, we have been affectionate friends and cronies. And that is the cheerful end of my one-sided correspondenc.

"Thank you very much," said Grace; "I really feel encouraged to write to Edith. But I do hope she 'll answer within the year."



FISH-DAY.



A BOWL OF HONEY.

BY ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS.

DOROTHY DOLE with a hand-painted bowl
Went out to get some honey.
“Please, Mr. Bee, a quart,” said she,
“And here is yellow money.”
She held the bowl up with a buttercup,—
How very, very funny!

Dorothy dear, O hark and hear
What the buzzing bee is singing:
“The honey sweet lies at your feet
In clover tops a-swinging.”
So fill your bowl, my Dorothy Dole,
With all that summer’s bringing.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

BY V. LANSING COLLINS.

WHEN you've seen the shadows falling
O'er the swamp-land chill,
If you're near it, wait—you'll hear it;
Sounds as if 't were some one calling,
Whoo—cep! perwill!

Wait until the moonbeams yellow
Steal up o'er the hill;
Then it's night-time and the right time
For the bird to call that mellow
Whoo—cep! perwill!



MY CHUM.

If I say "boo," he'll scowl at you,
And wrinkle up and growl;
But he won't bite a single mite,
Unless you run and howl.



A REAL UNCLE REMUS STORY.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

CHAPTER XIV (CONTINUED).

HEZEKIAH TIPTON'S office was empty when Attorney Burton came upon the afternoon appointed. It was a dull, wet day—a steady downpour of moisture that had chilled the little man through and through. He was very damp and uncomfortable, and he was very much irritated when he found that the old America merchant was not in. He waited and waited, but still Hezekiah did not come. The minutes dragged themselves along into hours, and the hours dragged themselves along into two or three, the little attorney's impatience becoming ever more and more keen and irritating. "I don't know what the man means by keeping me thus," he muttered for the fiftieth time. "Plague upon him! I 'll make him pay for keeping me in this way." He got down from the stool on which he sat perched, and walked uneasily up and down the room.

The dusk of early evening began to settle gloomily. The rain was falling more heavily than ever. There was the sound of approaching footsteps in the rain outside. "If that 's not he," said the little man aloud, "I 'll go."

Then the door opened, and the old America merchant came in, wet and sodden with the penetrating rain. He did not seem to see the other, but went straight across the room, and took off his hat and coat and wig and hung them up. Then he wiped his head, and then he put on his loose, threadbare office-coat and skull-cap. The little lawyer stood staring at him. He was very irritated, and the old man's deliberation stirred him to a sudden nervous anger.

"You 've kept me waiting a long time, Master Tipton," he broke out, "and I can tell you, sir, I 'm little pleased with you for it."

"Hey!" said the old man, and he turned facing the lawyer for the first time. "Kept you waiting, d'ye say? Well, how could I help that, Master Burton?—how did I know ye 'd come so early in the art'noon? And then, did n't I have to wait down on the wharf to talk to Mr. Bilbow?—and that kept me, aye, a great while longer than a body 'd a-thought. But now ye 're here and the day 's so late, won't you stay to supper, Master Burton?"

"No, I won't," said the little man, angrily; "I came here to talk business with you, Master Tipton, and not to eat with you. Here I 've been three hours swinging my heels and waiting for you. I don't know why I wait on you so neither. 'Tis you who should wait on me in this business."

The old man looked steadily at the attorney through the twilight gray of the office for a little while. "Well, what is it you want, Master Burton?" he said at last.

"What do I want? Why, you know very well what I want, Master Tipton. You can't have forgot what I told ye yesterday. I want some settlement or other in this business of your nephew's; and I want it without wasting any more time about it."

By this time the dusk of the office had grown gloomy indeed. Hezekiah went out, returning presently with a couple of lighted candles. "Now then, Master Burton," said he, "I am ready to talk with you." He spoke very sharply. "You told me yesterday you had some papers of some sort; have you got 'em with you now?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let me see them."

The attorney handed the little packet across the table. "You are to understand," said he, "that these are only copies."

"Aye," said old Hezekiah; "I understand.

But tell me, Master Burton, where be the originals?"

"Why," said the attorney, "I have them safe enough."

"Yes, I dare say so. But suppose something was to happen to you, Master Burton, would n't those papers be apt to cause somebody trouble?"

"No fear of that," said the little lawyer. "I've managed it so that no one will touch them but myself. They shall be handed over, Master Tipton, to anybody who chooses to pay me a hundred pounds for them, and to nobody else, and when they're handed over I'm ready to give bond to have no more to do with this business."

"And does no one else know aught of these papers?"

"No," said the attorney, "I sell them to the man as buys them and to nobody else."

"That 's right, that 's right," said the old man. He adjusted his spectacles as he spoke, untied the packet, opened the first paper that came to his hand and began slowly and deliberately reading it. When he had ended the reading he began carefully reading it over again. When he had thus finished reading it for the second time, he turned the paper over and examined it closely, and then he began to read it through for even the third time. His deliberation was very exasperating to the little lawyer, already irritated by the long delay he had been subjected to. He shuffled his feet and moved restlessly in his seat, but his uneasiness did not in any way seem to hurry or confuse old Hezekiah in his slow and careful perusal of the paper.

When, upon having thus read it over three times, he had finished the first, he took up the second paper and gave it the same close and deliberate scrutiny, and when he had laid it aside he took up the third in the same careful manner.

Meantime the gray had disappeared from the sky, and the office windows, as the attorney glanced toward them, looked out upon a night seemingly as black as pitch. At last the old man finished his reading. He took off his spectacles, laid them at one side upon the desk, gathered up the papers one by one, tied

them carefully with the tape, and handed them across the desk to the lawyer.

"Well, Master Hezekiah," said the little attorney, "you've read the papers now; what do you think of 'em, and what do you intend to do about this business?"

"Why," said the old America merchant, "I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do, Master Attorney. I'll give you my written promise to pay you just seventy pound five year hence, and interest in full at four per cent., if you'll give me all the papers in this business and go home and say no more about it."

The proposal was so sudden and unexpected that the attorney did not know what to make of it at first. He stared blankly at Hezekiah. "What?" he burst out at last. "Seventy pounds!—five years!—why, you don't know what you are talking about, Master Tipton. I told you truly that I did n't choose to go to the Americas, and I don't choose if I can help it; but you know very well that if I *do* go there and find Master Jack Ballister, and bring him back, and help him to bring suit for conspiracy against you,—for I know very well 't was you who kidnapped him, Master Hezekiah,—there'd be far more than one hundred pounds in it for me. No, no; I won't sell what I know for seventy pounds, and that 's flat."

The old man listened impassively to all he said. The little lawyer waited, but the other said nothing. "Come, come, Master Tipton," the lawyer began again, "let's talk it over reasonably. You make some proposition I can meet, and I'll think it over. But seventy pounds!—five years hence! Why, 't is out of the question." But the old man seemed to have drifted back into his usual dull state.

"I'll give you seventy pound, to be paid in five year," said he. "That 's what I said, and I'll stick to it."

The little attorney sat glaring at him. He was bitterly and cruelly disappointed. "I see you're in no mind to be reasonable, Master Tipton," said he, almost choking with anger. "Very well; I'll go, but you'll hear from me again as sure as you're alive, Master Tipton."

He slipped down slowly from the stool as he spoke, and picked up his hat. He lingered for a moment with his hand upon the latch, having

a faint, waning hope that the old man might call him back; but Hezekiah said nothing. He, also, had gotten down from his stool, and had come around to the front of the desk.

"Won't you stay to supper, Master Burton?" said he.

"No, I won't," said the attorney. Then he stepped out into the court. It was as black as pitch. A faint light shone in a window, part way down the inky length, and there was a lamp in the street beyond; otherwise the darkness was impenetrable. The little man hesitated for a moment. Hezekiah had followed him to the door. "Have you a lantern, Master Tipton?" he asked; "why, 't is as dark as a wolf's mouth!"

"No," answered Hezekiah, "I have no lantern; I 'll hold the candle for you if you want me to, but 't is only a step to the street."

At first, as Master Burton slipped and stumbled along in the darkness upon the uneven cobbled footway, he thought of nothing but of the difficulties of walking; but the darkness around him was so impenetrable that thoughts of personal danger gradually edged themselves into his mind. "What if some one should attack me here in the darkness?" thought he. But the thought was only fugitive, for he recollected directly that Hezekiah was standing behind him at the door of his counting-house, and that the street lamp was not twenty paces away before him. "'T is only a step," he said to himself with renewed courage.

Suddenly, as he went slowly and uncertainly along, he heard the sound of footsteps in an alley-way behind him. They came out upon the street in the direction he was going. A keen, nervous thrill seemed to pierce through his breast, and in spite of himself he quickened his steps. The end of the street was not twelve paces away, but with the blind impulse of nervous fear that sometimes overtakes one in the darkness, it was as much as he could do to keep from running. Suddenly, close behind him there was a noise of hurrying feet. The thought flashed through his mind, "Somebody is after me!" but he reassured himself; "no, there is the street corner and a light; no one would hurt me here." The next instant there came a crash as though the heavens had burst asunder, a flash-

ing flame of livid fire and a myriad sparkling points of light. The thought shot through his brain, "It has happened after all," and then the sparks had vanished, and the roaring in his ears had hummed suddenly away into silence.

Hezekiah, as he stood at his counting-house door, holding the candle in his hand, and peering down the darkness of the court, heard the heavy, cruel blow; then, a moment later, a smothered groan, then stillness. He stood listening intently for an instant, and then drew quickly back into his office. Shutting the door, he stood holding the latch in one hand and the candle in the other.

He was breathing thickly with excitement. "I 'd 'a' given him seventy pound," he whispered—"but he would n't take it."

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AT THE ROOST.

THERE was nearly always company of some sort or another at the Roost when Mr. Parker was at home. The house was just now pretty full of company. Among others Mr. Harry Oliver was a guest at the old house.

The Dunmore Plantation had once been one of the richest in Virginia. But it had now gone altogether to ruin, for Mr. Parker had not money to spare for keeping it up.

Everything had fallen into a careless, shiftless manner of living, of which Jack had caught the contagion. Even the knowledge that he might at any time be punished, perhaps severely, for his neglect of his duties, could not keep him always up to the point of attending to them. He spent a great deal of his time at the stables, gossiping carelessly with Dennis and the negroes, and sometimes Mr. Parker was very angry with him.

Jack was late one morning in bringing Mr. Parker's shoes to him. Mr. Parker was walking up and down in his stocking feet, and Harry Oliver was sitting laughing at him. "Where have you been with those shoes, sirrah?" called Mr. Parker. "Here have I been sending all around the house for you, and you nowhere to be found, and I with no shoes fit to wear!"

"Why, your honor," said Jack, as he kneeled

upon the floor and buckled them to Mr. Parker's feet, "I've been lacquering them. I had them over in the stable."

Harry Oliver burst out laughing.

"Over in the stable! Over in the stable!" said Mr. Parker. "Why did you have my shoes over in the stable?"

"Why, your honor, the lacquer bottle is over at the stable."

"Why do you keep the lacquer bottle over at the stable?"

"I don't know, your honor," said Jack. "But it hath always been there, and so I take the shoes over there to lacquer them." Again Harry Oliver burst out laughing.

"Well, that 's no place for the lacquer bottle to be, or for you to take my shoes either. 'T is my belief that you 're there to idle away your time. Now do you see that hereafter you keep the lacquer bottle over here, and don't take my shoes over there to lacquer them any more. D' ye hear?"

"Yes, your honor."

Mr. Parker frowned down at him with his handsome, florid face for a moment or two. "You do ill enough in your place," said he, "and are not worth the victuals you eat. I tell ye, sirrah, I 'll have a change or else I 'll know why."

"Yes, your honor."

Again Mr. Parker stared gloomily at Jack in silence. "I've been too easy with you. I 'll have you whipped the very next time you slight me. Now go and curl my wig; it should have been done yesterday and not left till this morning. And then get everything ready to shave me."

"Yes, your honor," said Jack; and as he hurried away he was buoyed up with a profound feeling of relief that he had escaped so well without punishment.

Mr. Parker was away from home. Jack had heard him tell Mrs. Pitcher that he intended to be gone for a week. The same day Dennis and the negroes began making ready the hoy, a large sail-boat, to go down the river to the Roads on a fishing-trip.

Jack was very melancholy, for Dennis's going with the negroes would leave him almost alone

in the Roost. It seemed to him as though everybody was going away.

"How far is it you go, Dennis?" said he.

"About forty mile," said Dennis.

"How long will you be gone?"

"About three or four days."

"He 's going to take me," said Little Coffee.

"Are you really going to take him too?" asked Jack.

"Why, yes," said Dennis; "methought he might as well go."

Jack's spirits fell heavier than ever. Even Little Coffee was going. "I've a great mind to go along too," said Jack.

"Why, how can you go?" said Dennis.

"His honor gave you no leave to go. Suppose his honor was to come back and find you 've gone away with me, what d' ye suppose 'll happen then?"

"A fig for his honor!" said Jack. "I 'm not afraid of his honor. Anyhow, I 'm going with you, unless you choose to stop me from going."

"No, I 'll not stop you," said Dennis.

"You 're your own master for me."

"Will you wait for me, Dennis, till I go up to the house?"

"I 'll wait," said Dennis, "till the boat 's ready; and that 'll be a half-hour maybe."

Peggy Pitcher was busied about the house, and Jack could not find her at first. "Well, Mrs. Pitcher," said Jack, "I 'm going off fishing with Dennis."

"And what if his honor comes back?" said she. "If he comes back and finds you gone he 'll not spare you, 't is my belief."

Jack looked out of the window. They were just pushing off the hoy. Jack ran down-stairs, out of the house, and down to the landing. The hoy was afloat, and they were just shoving it off from the landing against which it had drifted. "Wait for me, Dennis," he called, and he ran and jumped into it. "You might have waited," said he, "as you said you would."

"I did n't say I would wait," said Dennis, "and you should n't go, anyhow."

"Well, then, you said 't would take you a half-hour to get ready to start."

Dennis made no reply, and the next moment they had the boat free from the wharf. Jack

helped the negro raise the patched and dingy sail. The canvas flapped heavily; the blocks creaked and rattled as they hoisted the jib. Dennis put down the tiller and the boat came about, the sail filling out smooth and round as the negroes drew the sheet taut. "About!" he called, and Jack crouched down and the boom came swinging over. As the boat heeled over to the wind, Jack looked back toward the Roost as it dropped away astern, and then for the first time a heavy and uncomfortable cloud of doubt as to the consequences of what he was doing overshadowed him. He almost wished he had not come. But he thrust the thought away from him, and presently the still lurking feeling of discomfort was almost smothered in the joy of the breeze and the open sky. "How far did you say you had to go, Dennis?" said he, sliding along the uptilted weather rail, on which he was sitting, toward Dennis at the helm.

"Maybe about forty miles," said Dennis. His look lingered upon Jack for a second or two. "Suppose you've got yourself into trouble," said he, "for running off this here way, what'll you do then?"

Jack laughed, but he felt that there was the sound of constraint and uneasiness in his laugh. "Why," said he, "'t is n't one chance in a hundred his honor'll come back. Anyhow 't is too late to talk about that now."

It was afternoon when they approached the fishing-ground. Every now and then Dennis peered down into the water over the edge of the hoy, as it drifted along close-hauled to the wind. Two negroes stood ready to drop the sail, and one stood in the bows to throw over the anchor when Dennis should give the order. "Let go!" shouted Dennis suddenly, and the sail fell with a rattle of the block and tackle, and in a heap of canvas. At the same time the negro in the bow threw the anchor overboard with a great loud splash.

It was not till the middle of the afternoon that they began fishing. Jack and Little Coffee were the first to throw their lines overboard. As he sat watching the negro boy, Jack hoped with all his might that he might catch the first fish. But it did not seem possible that a fish would bite at his hook in time. Then all of a

sudden there came a sharp, quivering pull at his line and he instantly began hauling it in. For a moment he thought he had lost the fish, but again he felt the shuddering and dragging at the line, and knew that it was hooked. He hauled in the wet and dripping line wildly hand over hand, and in another second had jerked the fish into the boat, where it lay flashing and splashing and flapping upon the boards of the bottom. "I caught the first fish, Little Coffee!" he shouted.

"Look dar, now!" said Little Coffee testily. "Fish just bite at my line and you talk and scare um away."

"How could that scare a fish away?" exulted Jack as he set a fresh bait upon his hook. "To be sure a fish can't hear, for it's got no ears."

"Yes, fish can hear," said Little Coffee, drawing in his line and making a pretense of setting his bait to rights. "Fish can hear quicker dan a white boy."

Dennis laughed as he threw his hook overboard.

Jack jeered derisively. "Why, that's all foolishness, Little Coffee," said he; and Little Coffee, who could not think of anything more to say, glowered at him in glum silence.

Toward evening they hoisted up the anchor, and two of the negroes poled the hoy to the shore. Jack was the first to jump from the bow of the boat to the white, sandy beach littered with a tangle of water-grasses and driftwood washed up by the waves. A steep bluff bank of sand overlooked the water. Just beyond the brow of the bluff was a rude open shed built of boards. Jack scrambled up the sliding, sandy bank, and stood looking around him. For some little distance the ground was open; beyond stood the outskirts of the virgin forest. Jack stood and gazed about him with thrilling delight at the newness and strangeness of everything.

The negroes built a fire in front of the shed, and by and by one of them came up from the shore with some fish which he had scaled and cleaned in the water below. They cooked them in a pan with some bacon, and Jack did not know until a smell of frying filled his nostrils how hungry he was. They had also

raked up some oysters from the beds, and Jack, following the example of the others, set about roasting some for himself in the hot coals. Little Coffee danced about the fire with monkey-like antics. "Dat boy yan," said he, in his yelping voice, pointing to Jack as he spoke, "ran away dis morning. De master 'll cum back while he 's gone. Um! Um! Won't he catch it when he git back again!" He swung his arm in a grotesque pantomime of thrashing somebody, contorting his black face and hopping around and around.

The negroes burst out laughing, and Dennis looked on, as he smoked his pipe, with a sort of grim tolerance. Jack laughed, but he felt that his laugh was forced. "Never you mind, Little Coffee," said he; "'t will be all right enough with me. I 'm not afraid, and of that you may be sure."

"You be 'fraid enough in de back room when de master he got hold your collar, and ridin'-whip in hees hand," yelped Little Coffee, and once more he began thrashing the air, harder than before, and hopping around. "Ow! Ow! Ow!" he howled in mimic agony.

"I tell you what 't is, Little Coffee," said Jack; "you make a fool of yourself acting like that."

Little Coffee stopped suddenly in his antics and looked glumly at Jack. "I no more of a fool than you," said he. But Jack was satisfied that he had checked Little Coffee in what he was saying.

"I tell you what it is," said Dennis; "'t would have been better if you 'd not come along in the hoy, and that 's the truth."

"Why, I don't fear anything, Dennis," said Jack. "The master 's going away for two weeks, and he 'll not get back while I 'm gone."

"Maybe he won't," said Dennis, "and maybe he will."

Jack sat in silent thought for a long while. "I tell you what it is, Dennis," said he; "if ever the master undertakes to treat me ill, I 'll take that chance to run away."

"Ho!" burst out Little Coffee, incredulously. "You no run away, boy; you be 'fraid to run away. The master he catch you runnin' away, he kill you."

"I would n't let him catch me," said Jack.

"What Blacky says is true," said Dennis to Jack. "You can't run away in this part of the country as if you were in Maryland or Pennsylvania. There be too many rivers and waters to cross. There 's only one place you could get to, and that 's down to North Carolina. But how could a boy like you, and a stranger to the country, get down that far, d' ye think? —with swamps and woods, not to speak of rivers and the like; a matter of a hundred mile or more, I reckon."

"But I would n't try to go down to North Carolina," said Jack. "What I 'd do would be to take a ship back to England again."

"Why, how could you do that?" said Dennis. "Where could you get money enough to pay for a passage to England?"

"I would n't need money," said Jack. "I 'd work my way across."

"D' ye think so?" said Dennis. "Well, then, but you would n't. Why, there ain't one ship-master out of twenty if they laid hands on you but what 'd sell ye over again in the first port he 'd come to."

"He would n't sell me," said Jack, "if I could offer him more money than he could get for selling me. And I could do that, for I 've got a fortune of my own at home — six thousand pounds."

Dennis did not choose to argue the question further, but sat smoking in silence.

They sailed home the next day. As they came nearer and nearer to the end of the trip, the heavy oppression that had brooded over Jack at first began to settle upon him again; and when the roof and chimneys of the Roost came in sight around the bend of the river, the weight of his apprehension made him almost physically sick. As he walked slowly up toward the house, it seemed to him that his feet were as heavy as lead. What if his master should have come back? Mrs. Pitcher stood at the glass putting on her cap.

"Has his honor come back?" asked Jack, anxiously.

Mrs. Pitcher looked at him out of the glass. "Well, no," said she, "he has n't, and 't is a mightily good thing for you. Sometime or other you 'll get yourself in as pretty a mess as ever I saw in all my life. Here I 've been

wanting you to help me about the house too. I've a great mind to tell him about you when he comes back."

"Would you, then, do such a thing as that, Mrs. Pitcher?" said Jack.

"I've a mind to." She was looking narrowly at her chin in the glass. "What did you do with his honor's court-plaster?" said she. "I want a patch for this pimple on my chin."

"I don't know where the court-plaster is," said Jack sullenly.

It was nearly two weeks before the Roost saw Mr. Parker again. He was in a singularly absent, silent mood.

"Here," said he, "take my coat and shoes, and then fetch me my dressing-gown and my slippers."

"Yes, your honor," said Jack, briskly; and he hurried away, almost running, bringing the dressing-gown, and holding it while Mr. Parker thrust his arms into the sleeves.

"You may go now," said Mr. Parker, after Jack had unbuckled his shoes and he slipped them off. "Wait—tell Mrs. Pitcher to send me up a pipe of tobacco."

"Yes, your honor," said Jack. He wondered with some apprehension if Mrs. Pitcher would really tell of his going away fishing; but the day passed and nothing was said, and he concluded that all was gone by.

The next afternoon, however, Mr. Parker suddenly said: "Is this true that Mrs. Pitcher tells me—that you ran away fishing?"

The question was so sudden that Jack did not know what to say or where to look. Mr. Parker was looking steadily at him; he could not return the gaze. Mr. Parker was perfectly calm, and his calmness lent all the more weight to what he said. "I have naught to say to you," said he; "but if I ever come home and find you away I'll—hear what I say—I'll flay you alive. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, breathlessly. His master gave him one more lingering look, and then he turned away. Jack could hardly believe his escape.

"'T was a shabby business for you to tell upon me," said he to Mrs. Pitcher. Peggy laughed. "Well, what did you run away for, then?" said she.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MASTER IN THE TOILS.

MR. PARKER had been home three days when a stranger visited the Roost. It was after nightfall.

Jack was reading aloud from a well-thumbed and tattered little book called "Tarlton's Court-witty Jests," to Mrs. Pitcher, who sat idly listening to him. Mr. Parker was in the room beyond, and every now and then Jack would pause in his muttered reading, and the two would turn and look toward the master, to be sure that nothing was needed.

A loud, sudden knock upon the door startled the stillness of the house. Jack pushed back his chair, grating noisily upon the bare floor, and hurried to open the door. A tall, brown-faced man, with a great heavy black beard hanging down over his breast, stood on the step. His figure stood out dimly in the light of the candle from the darkness of the star-lit night behind. The brass buttons of his coat shone bright in the dull light. "Is Mr. Richard Parker at home, boy?" the visitor asked in a loud, hoarse voice.

"I—I believe he is, sir," said Jack hesitatingly.

"Hath he any visitors?"

"Why, no," said Jack; "I believe not to-night."

The stranger pushed himself by Jack into the house. "I want to see him," said he roughly. "Where is he?"

Mrs. Pitcher had arisen, and had managed to quietly close the door of the room in which Mr. Parker sat. "And what might be your business with his honor, Master?" said she.

"Well, Mistress," said the man, "that is my affair and not yours. Where is Mr. Parker?"

At that moment the door that Mrs. Pitcher had closed was opened again and Mr. Parker appeared. He wore a silk night-cap upon his head, and carried his pipe in his hand. "'T is you, is it, Captain?" said he coldly. "I had n't looked to see you so far up the river as this; but come in here."

He held the door open as the other entered and then closed it. "Sit down," said he, point-

ing toward the table with the stem of his pipe, "sit down and help yourself."

As the stranger obeyed the invitation, Mr. Parker stood with his back to the great empty fireplace looking with his usual calm reserve, though perhaps a little curiously, at his visitor. The other coolly tossed off the glass of toddy he had mixed for himself, and then wiped his mouth with the palm of his hand. Then thrusting his hand into an inside pocket of his coat, he brought out a big, greasy leather pocket-book. He untied the thongs, opened it and took from it a paper. "Here 's that note of hand of yours, Mr. Parker," said he, "that you gave me down at Parrott's; 't is due now some twenty days and more, and yet I have received nothing upon it. When may I look for you to settle it?"

"Let me see it," said Mr. Parker calmly, reaching out his hand for it.

The other looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then without a word replaced the paper in his pocket-book, tied the thongs and thrust the pocket-book back again into his pocket. "Why," said he, "methinks I 'd rather not let it go out of my hands, if it 's all the same to you."

Mr. Parker's expression of cool superiority did not change a shade, but he shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. "Why, Mr. Captain Pirate," said he, dryly, "methinks then you 're mightily careful of small things and not so careful of great things. If I were of a mind now to do you some ill turn, what do you think is to prevent me from opening this window and calling my men to knock you on the head, tie you up hand and foot, and turn you over to the authorities? Governor Spottiswood and my brother would be only too glad to lay hands on you, now you 've broken your pardon, and fallen under the law again. What 's to prevent me from handing you over to my brother, who, seeing that you murdered his son, would rather than ten thousand pounds have the chance of hanging you?"

The other grinned. "Why," said he, "I 've taken my chances of that. I dare say you

could do me an ill enough turn if you chose—but you won't choose."

"Why, Mr. Pirate?" said Mr. Parker, looking down at his visitor coldly.

"Because, Mr. Tobacco-planter, I 've made my calculations before I came here. I know very well how you depend upon your honorable brother for your living, and that he 'd cut you off with a farthing if he knew that you 'd been so free and easy with me as to sit down quietly at table with me and lose four or five hundred pounds to me at play. You can afford to give your note to any one but me, Mr. Spendthrift Parker, but you can't afford to give it to me and then lord it over me. Come, come! Don't try any of your airs with me," said he, with sudden ferocity. "Tell me when will you settle with me in whole or part."

Mr. Parker stood for a while looking steadily at his visitor, who showed by every motion and shade of expression that he did not stand in the least awe of him. "I don't know," said Mr. Parker at last. "Suppose I never pay you; what then?"

"Why, in that case I 'll just send the paper to your brother for collection."

Another long space of silence followed. "Look 'e, sirrah," said Mr. Parker at last, "I 'll be plain with you. I can't settle that note just now. I have fifty times more out against me than I can arrange for. But if you 'll come—let me see—three days hence I 'll see what I can do."

The other looked suspiciously and cunningly at him for a moment or two. "Come, come, Mr. Tobacco-planter," said he, "you 're not up to any tricks, are you?"

"No; upon my honor."

The other burst out laughing. "Well, then, I 'll be here three days from now," said he.

Jack and Mrs. Pitcher, as they sat in the next room, heard nothing but the grumbling mutter of the two voices, and now and then the sound of the stranger's laugh. "What d' ye suppose he 's come for, Mrs. Pitcher?" asked Jack.

"Like enough for money," said Mrs. Pitcher briefly.

(To be continued.)

"MR. PARKER STOOD LOOKING AT HIS VISITOR WITH HIS USUAL CALM RESERVE."



THE BEARS OF NORTH AMERICA.

(Seventh paper of the Series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

PART II.

THE GRIZZLY, BARREN-GROUND, AND CINNAMON BEARS.

PERSONALLY, I have more respect for His Majesty, the Grizzly Bear, than for any other animal I ever trailed, the tiger not excepted. It is quite true that many an able-bodied Grizzly is caught napping and killed "dead easy," as the base-ball language says, but so are big tigers also, for that matter. In fact, I knew of one large tiger weighing within five pounds of five hundred, who was promptly laid low by two bullets from a mere pop-gun of a rifle, and there was no fuss about it, either.

GRIZZLY BEAR.
(*Ursus horribilis*.)

It is easy enough to kill a Grizzly at a good safe distance of a hundred yards or so, which allows the hunter to fire from three to six shots by the time the teeth and claws get dangerously near. But to attack a fully grown and wide-awake *Ursus horribilis* in brushy ground at twenty or thirty yards' distance is no child's play. As an old hunter once quaintly expressed it to me, "A Grizzly Bar 'll git up an' come at ye with blood in his eye after he 's nominally dead!" The point of it is, this bear is so big, and so enveloped in long, shaggy hair, his head is so wedge-like, his strength and tenacity of life so great, and his rage when wounded so furious that at that short range he is hard to kill quickly, and kill so dead that he cannot get a blow at the hunter.

The strength in a Grizzly's arm is tremendous, and when the blow comes accompanied with claws five or six inches long, like so many hooks of steel on a sledge-hammer, it tears to shreds what it fails to crush. There are many authentic instances on record of hunters and trappers who have been killed by Grizzly Bears, and I believe it could be proved that

this animal has killed more men than all the other wild animals of North America combined, excepting the skunks and their rabies.

In the days of the early pioneers, the only rifles used were the muzzle-loading, hair-trigger squirrel-rifles of small caliber, and they were no match for the burly Grizzly, either in speed or strength. As a result, Bruin had the best of it, and in time brought about a perfect reign of terror among the frontiersmen who trespassed upon his domain. For my part, I certainly would not want to attack a big Grizzly at short range with my father's old Kentucky rifle, of 32 caliber, unless I had my will made, and all my earthly affairs in shape to be left for a long period. But with the rise of the breech-loader the tables turned; and, like all other dangerous animals, the Grizzly soon found that the odds were against him. To be sure, he still kills his hunter now and then, sometimes by one awful stroke of his paw, and sometimes by biting his victim to death. But he has almost ceased to attack men wilfully and without cause, as he once did. Unless he is wounded or cornered, or *thinks* he is cornered and about to be attacked, he will generally run whenever he discovers a man. But when he is attacked, and especially if wounded, he gets mad clean through. Then he will fight anything, even a circular saw, so it is said, and give it five turns the start.

While it is quite unnecessary to offer a description in detail of this well-known species, something must be said regarding his colors. His coat changes so easily it would seem as if he really cannot make up his own mind what it shall be at last. I have examined scores of skins from many places with a view to finding out what his geographical home has to do with it; but no sooner do I think I have found

the limits of a special color, than a specimen turns up which completely upsets all my theories. It really does seem, however, that usually the coat of the Californian Grizzly is brown, and those of Rocky Mountain specimens are usually gray or dirty white. Hence the name "Silver-tip" is in use for this variety.

is almost white in color, that among hunters he is distinguished as the Rocky Mountain White Bear, that he seldom, if ever, reaches one thousand pounds in weight, and is more ferocious and aggressive than the same species in other regions. The Californian Grizzly weighs as much as two thousand pounds, and he is



A FAMILY OF GRIZZLY BEARS.

There has always been much talk and dispute among unscientific observers regarding the color differences between Grizzly Bears of different regions. Any old hunter or trapper will assert with his last breath that there are at least two well-marked varieties, and some will even say four. Naturalists recognize only one species, but cheerfully admit the color differences from the type. On this point the opinions of an old hunter, who was in his day a renowned Grizzly Bear specialist, are of decided value to us. James Capen Adams, known to the world as "Grizzly Adams," after spending many years in many places in the society of Grizzly Bears, asserts that the Grizzly of the Rocky Mountains

of a brown color, sprinkled with grayish hairs. When aroused he is the most terrible of all animals to meet; and feats of extraordinary strength are recorded of him. Ordinarily he will not attack man. The Grizzly of Oregon and Washington rarely grows to the great size of the Californian animal, but it has a browner coat. In New Mexico the Grizzly loses much of his strength and power, and becomes, for him, a rather timid and spiritless animal.

This, at least, is quite clear: that in the matter of color there are two well-marked types, which, taken without the puzzling shades between, are sharply defined. One is the brown coat, which has very dark, brownish-black



ADAMS AND BEN FRANKLIN. (SEE PAGE 902.)

under-fur, the outer one-fifth of each hair being yellowish brown, the next two-fifths brownish black, and the rest chestnut brown. The coat is darkest on the shoulders.

In sharp contrast with this is the coat of the Silver-tip Grizzly, with *no black* in the hair save on the lower joints of the legs. The outer third of each body-hair is yellowish white, and the remainder is very light brown. On the shoulders the under-fur shades quickly into dark brown, in the form of a cross. Very often the outer and main color of a Silver-tip Grizzly is so very light that the general appearance of the animal is really a shiny, yellowish white. Nature has been very kind to the Grizzly in regard to both the quantity and the quality of his hair. A specimen that now lies before me has thick hair, three and one-half inches in length; and, while the outer third of it is stiff and straight, in order to shed rain and sleet, the two-thirds nearest the body is fine, soft, and woolly, for the express purpose of keeping "Old Ephraim" warm and comfortable in, say, a temperature of forty degrees below

zero. Does any one think for a moment that such careful provision for a wild animal's needs came about by mere chance, or by the efforts of the animal *himself* to grow such curious hair? I do not, at all events.

In former times, the Grizzly Bear inhabited nearly every range of mountains in the West and Northwest, and was the reigning monarch throughout a vast region well stocked with big game. He was bold, aggressive, and in places uncomfortably numerous. He not only possessed the mountains, but in many places, notably in Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado, he often left the shelter of the foot-hills and boldly sallied forth upon the open prairie to dig roots or pick berries for his dinner.

General Marcy had several very novel and also very exciting experiences in chasing Grizzlies on horseback in Wyoming. Once he pursued a bear, and, by skilful strategy, actually drove it to his advancing column of soldiers, one of whom rode out and shot it. On another occasion he chased a lean Grizzly for several miles, and it was all he could do to keep up with it on a swift horse. The general declared that a man could not have run half as fast as did that bear.

Although the Grizzly has been entirely exterminated in many localities, and his numbers greatly reduced everywhere else, he still holds

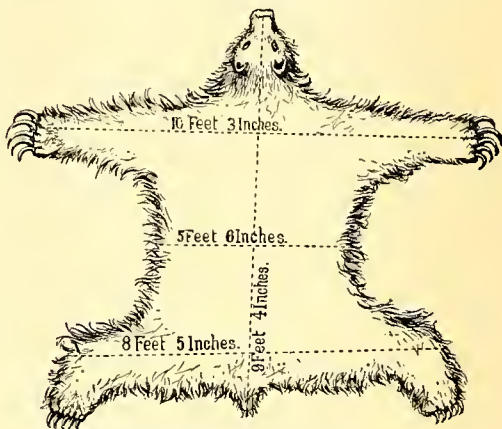


DIAGRAM SHOWING DIMENSIONS OF THE SKIN OF A CALIFORNIA GRIZZLY. (SEE PAGE 903.)

forth in the wilder mountain regions of Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, California, Oregon, and Nevada. Beyond the United

States he is found in increasing numbers northward throughout the British possessions, and all over Alaska up to about 69° north latitude. In Alaska the Grizzly attains great size, and some measurements of skins have been recorded that are beyond belief. Mr. L. M. Turner, Smithsonian collector, mentions a skin taken near the mouth of the Yukon as being the largest skin of a wild beast that he ever saw.

The Grizzly is not going to be exterminated in a hurry. In 1886 we found his fresh tracks quite plentiful as far east as the lower Musselshell River (longitude 108° west), and also saw the freshly picked bones of three beef-steers that Ephraim had killed and eaten.

And it was right there, also, that for the first time in my life I left a trail because I was afraid to follow it farther. While hunting elk all alone in ground that was loose and perfectly bare, save for a clumpy growth of stunted cedar and juniper, I saw the fresh tracks of a huge Grizzly. The clean-cut print of his hind foot measured exactly 9 by 5½ inches (a quarter of an inch shorter than St. NICHOLAS, and two-thirds the width). I said to myself, "Here, at last, is my long-lost Grizzly!" and I joyously hied me along his trail.

Presently up came two more sets of Grizzly

tracks, and joined those of my bear. They were not nearly so large as the first set, but for all that it would have been fairer to me if the two assistant Grizzlies had stayed away. As the brush grew denser the perspiration came



THE BARREN-GROUND BEAR. (SEE PAGE 903.)

out upon me more plentifully, and if my partner had only been with me, I would willingly have shared with him the prospective glory of bagging three Grizzlies in one day. But I was obliged to take my chances by myself.

I skulked silently along the trail for an hour,

peering, listening, sniffing the air (my friend Huffman assures me from experience it is sometimes possible to *smell* a Grizzly in brushy ground before seeing him), hunting for those bears, but actually afraid of finding them. Finally the trail jumped down into the head of a deep and dark ravine that was steep-sided and choked with brush, a perfect man-trap, in fact. And right there I drew the line, and quit the trail, for that day. The next morning my partner and I took it up at that point, followed it through that ravine and for miles beyond, until it struck some hard ground covered with pine-needles and was lost.

In size the Grizzly Bear is second only to the polar bear. When three days old his total length is about $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, his weight 1 pound 2 ounces, and his body, says Mr. Charles Dury, is of a dusky flesh tint, thickly covered with short, stiff hair of a dirty white color, with a broad line of ash-colored hair along the back. The nose, ears, and soles of the feet are of a bright pink color, and the eyes are tightly closed. The cubs are usually two in number, but often three, and are born in January. At six months old the cub is every inch a Grizzly Bear, and makes a most frolicsome, interesting, and usually good-natured pet. We had one in our Smithsonian "Zoo" to which I was sincerely attached. A cinnamon cub of the same age, and on which I had lavished no end of kind attentions, was always nervous, suspicious, and eager to snap any one who came within reach. But the Silver-tip was different. He was playful, fond of attention, and docile; and long after he was big enough to have killed a man with one blow of his paw, Keeper Weeden used to creep into his cage to fix his bath-tub without receiving the slightest intimation of displeasure.

Children of an older generation will surely remember "Grizzly Adams" and his big shaggy pets from the Sierra Nevadas, "Lady Washington" and "Ben Franklin." As a side-light on the temper and intelligence of the Grizzly Bear, the following from the pen of the old hunter is interesting:

Lady Washington was now a constant companion of all my little excursions. She accompanied me to the scenes of my labors" [building log traps to catch more

Grizzlies], "stayed by me while I worked, and followed me when I hunted. The kind and gentle disposition she had begun to exhibit in Washington Territory improved with time and care, and she was now as faithful and devoted, I was going to say, as it was possible for any animal to be; but, in making this assertion, my noble Californian Grizzly, Ben Franklin, that most excellent of all beasts, must be excepted. But for Ben, the history of whose magnanimous traits will adorn the following pages, the lady could truly be pronounced second to none of all the creatures over which the Creator appointed man to be the lord and master.

Lady Washington was so docile and good-natured that she submitted, "with willingness, and even docility," to being used as a pack animal, in carrying dead game, blankets, or other camp equipage up to a weight of two hundred pounds. She was also taught to work in harness and pull, through the snow, a sled loaded with deer-meat. More than once Adams was so pinched by cold he was glad to sleep against the Grizzly's warm body.

The weight of the Grizzly Bear is chiefly a matter of estimate and guesswork. Platform-scales are not plentiful in the mountains where Grizzlies grow big, and nearly all the weight-figures thus far recorded are so suspiciously "round" as to suggest more calculation than cold steelyards. Still, I have very great respect for the estimates of men accustomed to mountaineering, for they are taught by hard experience how much weight there is in every hundred pounds. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt estimated the weight of his largest Grizzly, killed in the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming, at about 1200 pounds, and declares "he was a good deal heavier than any of our horses," and "fat as a prize hog." Colonel Picket, of Meteetse, Wyoming, has killed many Grizzlies, and Mr. Archibald Rogers states, in *Scribner's Magazine*, that his largest bear weighed 800 pounds. A good-sized Grizzly killed in the Yellowstone Park in 1890 weighed 600 pounds, but Mr. Rogers expresses the opinion that the average weight of most specimens that one will get in the Rocky Mountains will be under 500 pounds. But this I believe is due to the fact that in these days of much hunting, a Grizzly is not allowed to live long enough to get enormously large, as formerly he might do.

I once saw in the possession of Mr. F. S.

Webster the skin of a Californian Grizzly that was a wonder to behold. I made an outline of it, measured it, and put the dimensions upon it, as shown in the diagram on page 900.

This skin was afterward made into a floor rug, and sold for six hundred dollars to a well-known gentleman living in New York.

The habits of the Grizzly are very similar to those of the black bear, already described, but, being more powerful, he is more destructive to game and cattle than the latter species. In the cattle-growing States bordering the Rocky Mountains, so many cattle are killed by Grizzlies that the States pay a bounty of from twelve to fifteen dollars on every Grizzly Bear destroyed. The Grizzly eats carrion whenever opportunity offers it, and often robs the elk-hunter of his hard-earned quarry. He is fond of berries of all kinds, nuts, fruit, grubs, and juicy roots of many kinds. In some respects he feeds like a hog, rooting and digging up the ground, tearing open rotten logs and stumps, and overturning stones.

Mr. A. J. Purcell, who has been in at the death of nearly forty bears in California, informs me that Grizzlies have been killed on the sea-shore, near the mouth of the Klamath River, in that State, while feeding on dead whales. In Mendocino County the first thing the bears eat in the spring, after they leave their dens, are wild clover and wild-pea vines. At that time the soles of their feet are soft and tender, and their claws are long and sharp from disuse. The hunters of that region distinguish five

(alleged) species and varieties of bears in California, as follows: Grizzly, black, brown, cinnamon, and "chemecial," the last so named from a kind of brush that grows thickly there, and is the favorite haunt of a bear which hunters imagine is different from the rest. Mr. Purcell has this to say regarding the size of the Californian Grizzly:



THE CINNAMON BEAR. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The largest bear ever killed in California was one killed in Mendocino County, known as old Reel-foot, who was said to have weighed 2250 pounds.

Many a hunter owes his life to the fact that the Grizzly Bear cannot climb trees.

THE BARREN-GROUND BEAR is the least known of all our American bears, and (*Ursus Richardsoni*) its proper description and life history cannot be written by me. All that we know about it is, that in the far Northwest, in the bleak and inhospitable Barren

Grounds of Alaska and the Northwest Territory, as far north as 69°, there lives a bear which in form and size very closely resembles the silver-tip grizzly, but is so very light-colored that the name "Yellow Bear" would be suitable to it. Says Mr. E. W. Nelson, the Alaskan explorer:

The half-dozen skins which came under my notice were all very heavily furred, and of a dingy yellowish, in some cases approaching a whitish. The fur was dense and matted in all, and very much heavier than on the other bears taken at the same time and place. The skins were not large, appearing to average about the size of a well-grown black bear.

They all came from the upper Yukon River, above the mouth of the Tanana River. Whether the Barren-Ground Bear is really a different species from the grizzly of the Rocky Mountains remains to be seen; but I doubt it very much indeed.

CINNAMON BEAR.

(*Ursus Amer-icani-us*
cin-na-mo'mum.)

Last of all we come to the CINNAMON BEAR, also called in Alaska the RED BEAR.

This animal enjoys the distinction of being the only creature in North America about which nothing can be said as to his place in nature without fear of contradiction. The great Audubon, and his co-laborer, Bachman, classified it as a subspecies of the black bear; but Professor Baird declined to accord it even that small honor. Our later authorities on quadrupeds mostly follow Professor Baird in refusing to accept it as a distinct subspecies, and this affords a good illustration of the queer ways of the really scientific workers. A Cinnamon Bear that can be distinguished nearly a quarter of a mile distant by his color is not considered a distinct form, because his skull happens to be like that of the black bear; but scores of other mammals, whose sole difference is found in the shape of one jaw-tooth, or one small bone, are ranked as distinct species, although no man living can detect any external differences, even with a microscope.

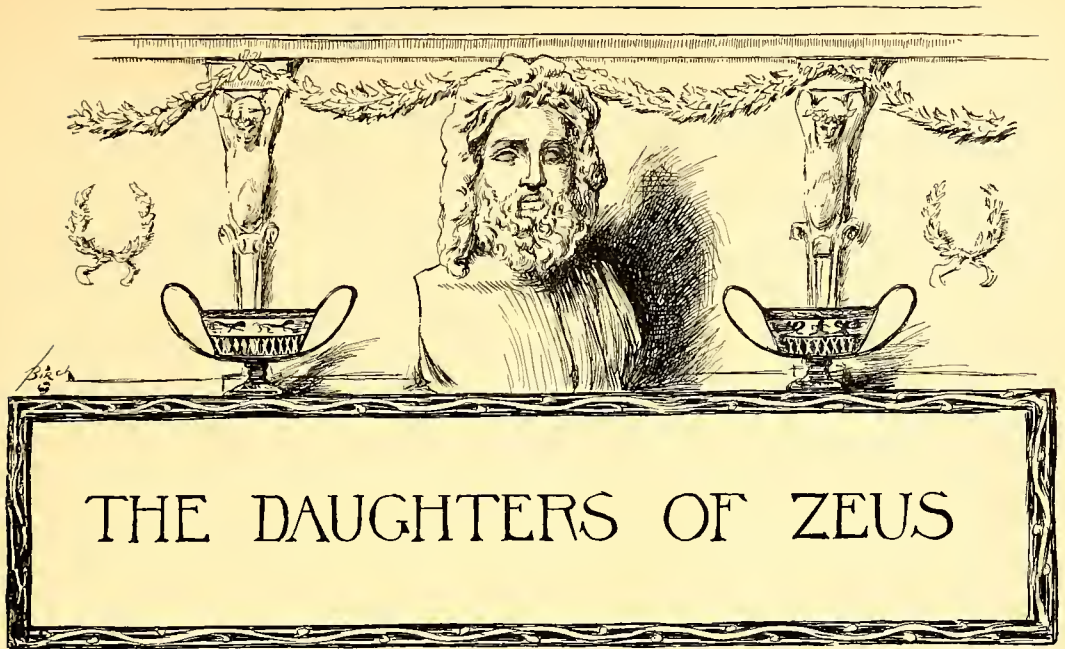
To me, therefore, the Cinnamon Bear is now and always will be a distinct and clearly defined subspecies, standing as a mysterious connecting-link and a sort of living conundrum

between the black bear and the grizzly. His home is where *both* the other species are found, and he is not found elsewhere, nor with either species *alone*. In the United States he most nearly resembles the black bear, and in several instances a black and a Cinnamon have been found in the same family of cubs! In Alaska the Cinnamon comes nearest to the grizzly, both in size and color variations. The texture and quantity of his hair is always more like the coat of the grizzly, but his skull is always more like that of the black bear. His color is chestnut- or cinnamon-brown, but sometimes dirty yellow. In temper he is worse than either of the other species, being more irritable, vicious, and revengeful. Sometimes he can climb trees, and then again he cannot. In the United States his size corresponds closely to that of the black bear, but in Alaska it approaches nearest to the grizzly.

Regarding the Cinnamon Bear of Alaska, and its close resemblance to the grizzly, Mr. Nelson has this to say:

Wherever the Red Bear occurs in Alaska there is found also a bear of about the same size, but colored and marked precisely like the "Silver-Tipped Grizzly" of the Central Rocky Mountain region of the United States. The Grizzlies and the Red Bears of the Yukon Valley offer an interminable amount of individual variation in color. The skins intergrade so that I have frequently thought they formed but extremes of the same species. The Red Bear varies from light rufus to a dark chestnut and reddish- or cinnamon-brown. . . . Skins of both the Red and Grizzly Bear average very much larger than those of the Black Bear.

Both the grizzly and Cinnamon bears hibernate in winter, and sometimes do so even in captivity. I once made the acquaintance of a Cinnamon Bear owned by Mr. O. V. Davis, of Mandan, Dakota, which "holed up" every fall, in a hole he dug for himself in a lot near the depot. In 1888 he went into his hole on December 5, and remained, absolutely without food or drink, until March 17, when he came out in good order. Unlike most Cinnamon Bears, he was wonderfully good-natured and playful, and was scarcely ever known to get angry.



THE DAUGHTERS OF ZEUS

BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

They were a multitude in number more
 Than with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth
 Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass
 I might declare, unless the Olympian nine,
 Jove's daughters, could the chronicle themselves
 Indite. . . . —*Cowper's Translation of the Iliad.*

THE people of ancient Greece used to say that Zeus (Jove or Jupiter) and Mnemosyne (Memory) had nine daughters. In very old times these daughters were worshiped as goddesses of poetry and song, under the name of Muses; later, they were spoken of as presiding over all literature, art, and science. They had an altar in the Academy at Athens; the Thespians held a yearly festival in their honor, with prizes for musicians; and at Rome two temples were dedicated to them.

The old Greek and Roman poets believed that the Muses could enable them to write with vigor and grace, and they never began any important poem without a prayer to some one or more of the Nine. This prayer formed a part of the poem itself, and in it the author gave the credit of all his thoughts to the

Muse of whom he claimed to be scarcely more than the mouthpiece. Thus Homer begins his "Iliad":

Sing, O goddess,* the destructive wrath of Achilles;
 the opening lines of the "Odyssey" are:

O Muse, sing to me of the man full of resources;
 and Vergil, after a seven-line introduction to his "Æneid," utters an invocation beginning:

O Muse, recount to me the causes, etc.

In the later days of Greek and Roman literature many people began to disbelieve in the old-time gods; but the poets continued to keep up the custom of invoking the Muses, notwithstanding. Even in modern times, the great English poet Milton breathes this prayer at the beginning of his "Paradise Lost":

Of man's first disobedience . . .

Sing, Heavenly Muse, . . .

. . . I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song.

Thus it happens that in order to understand much of the literature of our own times, we

* Calliope, the muse of epic poetry.



need to know the story of these Daughters of Zeus.

They were born, according to Greek mythology, in Pieria, near the summit of Mount Olympus, the home of the gods. From their birth they were wonderfully gifted in music and song, and often furnished entertainment at the banquets of the immortals. Pierus, the king of a neighboring country, had nine daughters who were good singers, too,—at least in their own opinion; so they challenged the Muses to compete with them. The daughters of Zeus accepted, and the contest took place upon Mount Helicon.

You can guess the result, for mortals may not strive with gods. While the challengers sang, the heavens grew dark, as though they had “tried the earth, if it were in tune,” and heard only a sullen discord. At length the mortal music ceased, and the celestial Nine began. At once the sun burst through the murky clouds, the stars stopped in their courses, and the rivers paused between their banks; at the same time Mount Helicon, on which the Muses often dwelt, swelled so proudly toward the sky that Poseidon (Neptune) ordered

the winged horse Pegasus to strike it with his hoof. The command was obeyed; the mountain no longer rose heavenward, but from the hoof-print gushed forth Hippocrene (Horse-fountain), whose waters gave poetic inspiration to all who drank thereof. The poor vanquished maidens were then punished for their presumption by being changed into magpies.

The stories which the ancients told concerning the Muses varied a great deal. There was disagreement concerning their number, their names, their parents, the mountain on which they lived, the symbols by which they were known, and the attitudes in which they should



be represented. I shall attempt to tell you, however, only the things which were most widely believed concerning them.

When Pope said,

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,

he followed the story which says they lived on Mount Olympus. When the poet Gray wrote, in describing the Progress of Poesy,

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take,

he meant to say, that poetry began in the home of the Muses on Mount Helicon, and spread over the whole earth. Wordsworth says of one man, who was a poet:

Nor did he leave
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs
Twine on the top of Pindus;



MELPOMENE



and the same writer says of another poet:

Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,
That might from him be hidden.

Thus we see that four dwelling-places of the Muses were Mounts Olympus, Helicon, Pindus, and Parnassus. It will be well to remember these.

A Greek writer, Lucian, says that when Herodotus, the "Father of History," read his famous work to the multitudes who had assembled to see the Olympic games his hearers were so delighted that they at once named the nine books after the nine Muses. Some doubt the truth of the story, but however that may be, it is certain that even to this very day the books of Herodotus are called Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polymnia, Urania, and Calliope, instead of being numbered.

Clio (glory) is an appropriate name for the first book, as she was said to preside over history; in painting or sculpture she is usually

represented with an open roll in her hand.

Euterpe (giver of pleasure) was the Muse of Lyric Poetry, or that which is expressive of the poet's own thought or feeling and is well adapted to song. She is usually represented with the double flute.

Thalia (the blooming one) represented the merry side of life; she was the Muse of Comedy, or dramatic composition in which mirth was the leading feature. Her emblems were a comic mask, often carried in one hand, a crook or staff, and usually a wreath of ivy encircling her head.

Melpomene (the singing one) represented the stern and gloomy side of life; she was the Muse of Tragedy, or dramatic composition in



TERPSICHORE



ERATO



which the leading characters usually meet death by violence. Her symbols were a mask expressive of horror or agony, a garland of vine leaves, the club of Hercules, and buskins, actor's sandals. The last had thick soles, in order to make the wearer appear tall and dignified on the stage.

Terpsichore (delighting in dance) is, perhaps, of all the Muses, most familiar to the general reader. She had charge of the Choral Song and Dance. She is commonly represented as indulging in her favorite pastime. In one hand she carries a seven-stringed lyre, the chords of which she strikes with a plectrum, or piece of ivory, bone, or shell.

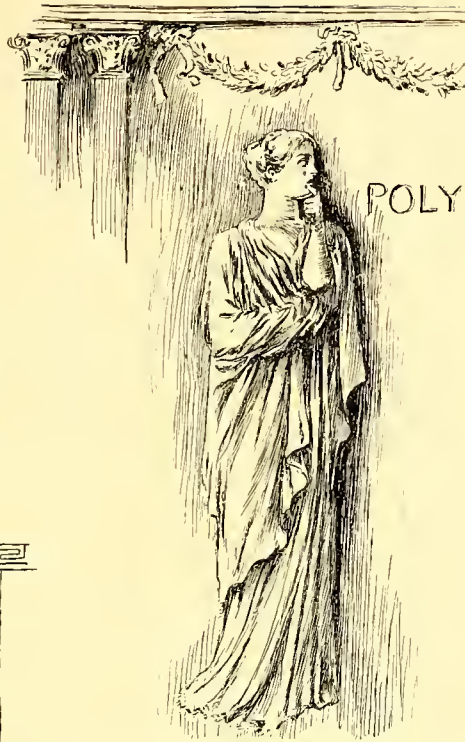
Erato (amorous) comes next with a nine-stringed harp and plectrum. Sometimes she was merry, sometimes sad,—of changeful mood,

as lovers are; for Erato was the patron goddess of Passionate Poetry and of Love Music.

Polymnia (rich in song) often has no symbol, but carries her finger to her lips, and looks up with thoughtful gaze. She was the Muse of Hymns and Sacred Songs.

Urania (heaven) was the Muse of Astronomy. She carries a globe in one hand, and a wand in the other.

Calliope (beautiful voice), though last in order was first in importance. She was the mother of Orpheus, the wonderful musician who traveled with the Argonauts in Jason's Quest. Her province was Epic Poetry, like the "Iliad" of Homer, or the "Æneid" of Vergil. She is commonly



POLYMNIA

at a loss when in your reading you come upon the names of any of the "tuneful Nine."

VRANIA



shown with a stylus or metal pen, and tablets, and sometimes in the act of writing.

The Muses are at times represented with feathers upon their heads — trophies won by them when they vanquished the Sirens in a musical contest.

If you will remember the pictures and traits of these Daughters of Zeus, you will never be



CALLIOPE

The Miller's Quest

A Flowery Tale.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.

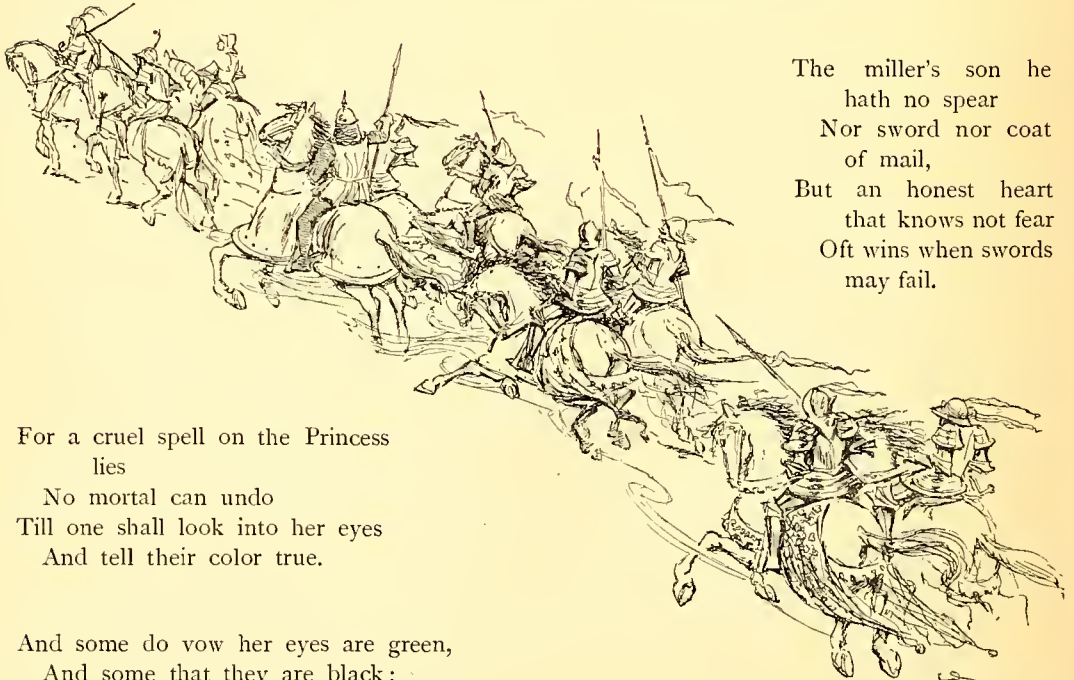
THE Princess' hair hath golden sheen,
And her cheek is lily-pale;
But none may look in her eyes, I ween,
And live to tell the tale.

For a cruel spell on the Princess lies,
And whoso will may try
His fate, and look into her eyes;
But whoso looks must die.

* * * * *

From out the south, and eke the north,
And from the east and west,
Full many a gallant knight rides forth,
Upon the fatal quest.

The miller's son is a dusty youth,
And dusty curls hath he.
Quoth he, "I'll go myself, forsooth,
And set this Princess free."



The miller's son he
hath no spear
Nor sword nor coat
of mail,
But an honest heart
that knows not fear
Oft wins when swords
may fail.

For a cruel spell on the Princess
lies
No mortal can undo
Till one shall look into her eyes
And tell their color true.

And some do vow her eyes are green,
And some that they are black;
And many a knight rides forth, I ween,
But never a one rides back.

Herford



The miller's son at the portal knocks,
 At the Princess' feet he bends,
 And he tosses aside his floury locks
 And a floury cloud ascends.

The Princess' face in a mist of white
 Is veiled as with a veil,
 And her eyes are dimmed of their deadly light,
 And the miller doth not quail.

The Princess' hair hath golden sheen,
 Her cheek is red, red rose,
 And her eyes?

* * * *

Go ask the Prince—
 I mean
 The miller's son—*he* knows.





THE STORY OF THE LAKE.

(TÉE-WAHN FOLK-STORIES.)

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



WAY to the southeast of the Manzano Mountains, two days' journey from the Pueblo town, Isleta, are the shallow salt lakes. Perhaps you would like to know *why* those lakes are salt now—for my Indian neighbors say that once they were fresh and full of fish, and that the deer and buffalo came from all the country round to drink there. Here is the story as it is believed by the Tée-Wahn, and as it was related to me by one of them.

Once there was still a village east of the Eagle-Feather (Manzano) Mountains, and in it lived a famous hunter. One day, going out on the plains to the east, he stalked a herd of antelopes, and wounded one with his arrows. It fled eastward, while the herd went south; and the hunter began to trail it. Soon he came to the largest lake, into which the trail led. As he stood on the bank, wondering what to do, a fish thrust its head from the water and said:

"Friend Hunter, you are on dangerous ground!" and off it went swimming. Before

the Hunter could recover from his surprise, a Lake-Man came up out of the water and said:

"How is it that you are here, where no human ever came?"

The Hunter told his story, and the Lake-Man invited him to come in. When he had entered the lake, he came to a house with doors to the east, north, south, and west, and a trap-door in the roof, with a ladder; and by the ladder door they entered. In their talk together the Lake-Man learned that the Hunter had a wife and little son at home.

"If that is so," said he, "why do you not come and live with me? I am here alone, and have plenty of other food, but I am no hunter. We could live very well here together." And opening doors on four sides of the room, he showed the Hunter four other huge rooms, all piled from floor to ceiling with corn and wheat and dried squash and the like.

"That is a very good offer," said the astonished Hunter. "I will come again in four days; and if my Cacique will let me, I will bring my family and stay."

So the Hunter went home, killing an antelope on the way, and told his wife all. She thought very well of the offer; and he went to ask permission of the Cacique. The Cacique demurred, for this was the best hunter in all the

pueblos (and all hunters give the Cacique a part of their game for his support); but at last he consented and gave the Hunter his blessing.

So on the fourth day the Hunter and his wife and little boy came to the lake with all their property. The Lake-Man met them cordially, and gave the house and all its contents into the charge of the woman (as is the custom among all Pueblo Indians).

Some time passed very pleasantly, the Hunter going out daily and bringing back great quantities of game. At last the Lake-Man, who was of an evil heart, pretended to show the Hunter something in the East room; and pushing him in, locked the great door and left him there to starve—for the room was full of the bones of men whom he had already entrapped in the same way.

The boy was now big enough to use his bow and arrows so well that he brought home many rabbits; and the witch-hearted Lake-Man began to plot to get him too out of the way.

So one morning when the boy was about to start for a hunt, he heard his mother groaning as if about to die; and the Lake-Man said to him:

“My boy, your mother has a terrible pain, and the only thing that will cure her is some ice from T’hoor-p’ah-whee-ai [Lake of the Sun], the lake from which the sun rises.”

“Then,” said the boy, straightway, “if that is so, I will take the heart of a man [that is, be brave], and go and get the ice for my little mother.” And away he started toward the unknown east.

Far out over the endless brown plains he trudged bravely, until at last he came to the house of Shee-choo-hlee-oh-oo, the Old-Woman-Mole, who was there all alone—for her husband had gone to hunt. They were dreadfully poor, and the house was almost falling down, and the poor, wrinkled Old-Woman-Mole sat huddled in the corner by the fireplace, trying to keep warm by a few dying coals. But when the boy knocked, she rose and welcomed him kindly and gave him all there was in the house to eat—a wee bowl of soup with a patched-up snowbird in it. The boy was very hungry, and picking up the snowbird bit a big piece out of it.

“Oh, my child!” cried the old woman, be-

ginning to weep. “You have ruined me! For my husband trapped that bird these many years ago, but we could never get another; and that is all we have had to eat ever since. So we never bit it, but cooked it over and over and drank the broth. And now not even that is left”—and she wept bitterly.

“Nay, Grandmother Mole, do not worry,” said the boy. “Have you any long hair?” for he saw many snowbirds lighting near by.

“No, my child,” said the old woman sadly. “There is no other living animal here, and you are the first human that ever came here.”

But the boy pulled out some of his own long hair and made snares, and soon caught many birds. Then the Old-Woman-Mole was full of joy; and having learned his errand, she said:

“My son, fear not, for I will be the one that shall help you. When you come into the house of the Trues, they will tempt you with a seat; but you must sit down only on what you have, your blanket and moccasins. Then they will try you with many tests of your courage; but I will help you to bear them.”

Then she gave him her blessing, and the boy started away to the east. At last, after a weary, weary way, he came so near the Sun Lake that the guard of the Medicine House of the Trues saw him coming, and went in to report.

“Let him be brought in,” said the Trues; and the guard took the boy in and in through eight rooms, until he stood in the presence of all the gods, in a vast room. There were all the gods of the East, whose color is white, and the blue gods of the North, the yellow gods of the West, the red gods of the South, all in human shape. Beyond their seats were all the sacred animals—the buffalo, the bear, the eagle, the badger, the mountain-lion, the rattlesnake, and all the others.

Then the Trues bade the boy sit down, and offered him a white *manta* (robe) for a seat; but he declined respectfully, saying that he had been taught, when in the presence of his elders, to sit on nothing save what he brought, and he sat upon his blanket and moccasins. When he had told his story, the Trues, to try him, put him into the room of the East with the bear and the lion; and the savage animals came forward and breathed on him, but would not

hurt him. Then they put him into the room of the North, with the eagle and the hawk; then into the room of the West, with the snakes; and lastly, into the room of the South, where were the Apaches and all the other

set the boy on the top of the pile and set fire to the pine-knots.

But in the morning, when the guard went out, there was the boy unharmed and saying: "Tell the Trues that I am cold, and that I would like more fire."

Then he was brought again before the Trues, who said: "Son, you have proved yourself a true believer, and now you shall have what you seek."

So the sacred ice was given him, and he started homeward—stopping on the way only to thank the Old-Woman-Mole, to whose aid he owed all his success.

When the wicked Lake-Man saw the boy coming, he was very angry, for he had never expected him to return from that dangerous mission. But he deceived the boy and the woman; and in a few days made a similar excuse to send the boy to the gods of the South after more ice for his mother.

The boy started off as bravely as before. When he had traveled a great way to the south, he came to a drying lake; and there, dying in the mud, was a little fish.

"Ah-boo [poor thing], little fish," said the boy; and picking it up, he put it in his gourd canteen of water. After a while he came to a good lake; and as he sat down to eat his lunch the fish in his gourd said:

"Friend Boy, let me swim while you eat, for I love the water."

So he put the fish in the lake; and when he was ready to go on, the fish came to him, and he put it back in his gourd. At three lakes he let the fish swim while he ate; and each time the fish came back to him. But beyond the third lake began a great forest which stretched clear across the world, and was so



THE HUNTER AND THE LAKE-MAN. (SEE PAGE 912.)

human enemies of his people. And from each room he came forth unscratched.

"Surely," said the Trues, "this is our son! But once more we will try him."

They had a great pile of logs built up ("cob-house" fashion), and the space between filled with pine-knots. Then the guard of the Trues

thick with thorns and brush that no man could pass it. But as the boy was wondering what he should do, the tiny fish changed itself into a great fish-animal, with a skin as hard as rock; and bidding the boy mount upon its back, it went plowing through the forest, breaking down big trees like stubble, and bringing him through to the other side without a scratch.

"Now, Friend Boy," said the fish-animal, "you saved my life, and I will be the one that shall help you. When you come to the house of the Trues, they will try you as they did in the East. And when you have proved yourself, the Cacique will bring you his three daughters, from whom to choose you a wife. The two oldest are very beautiful, and the youngest is not; but you ought to choose her, for beauty does not always reach to the heart."

The boy thanked his fish-friend and went on, until at last he came to the house of the Trues of the South. There they tried him with many tests of his courage, just as the Trues of the East had done, but he proved himself a man, and they gave him the ice. Then the Cacique brought his three daughters, and said:

"Son, you are now old enough to have a wife [for it must be remembered that all these travels had taken many years], and I see that you are a true man who will do all for his mother. Choose, therefore, one of my daughters."

The boy looked at the three girls; and truly the oldest were very lovely. But he remembered the words of his fish-friend and said:

"Let the youngest be my wife."

Then the Cacique was pleased, for he loved this daughter more than both the others. And the boy and the Cacique's daughter were married and started homeward, carrying the ice and many presents.

When they came to the great forest, there was the fish-animal waiting for them, and taking both on his back he carried them safely through. At the first lake he bade them good-by and blessed them, and they trudged on alone.

At last they came in sight of the big lake, and over it were great clouds, with the forked lightning leaping forth. While they were yet far off, they could see the wicked Lake-Man sitting at the top of his ladder, watching to see if the boy would return, and even while they

looked they saw the lightning of the Trues strike him and tear him to shreds.

When they came to the lake the boy found his mother weeping for him as dead. And taking his wife and his mother,—but none of



"THE BOY FOUND HIS MOTHER WEeping FOR HIM."

the things of the Lake-Man, for those were bewitched,—the boy came out upon the shore. There he stood and prayed to the Trues that the lake might be accursed forever; and they heard his prayer, for from that day its waters turned salt, and no living thing has drunk therefrom.

GLIMPSES OF CENTRAL PARK ANIMALS.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THOUSANDS of people weekly visit the menagerie in Central Park to look at the wild animals confined in the numerous iron cages, fences, and wooden houses. The characteristics of many of these animals are such as to interest visitors in them, and the history of their accomplishments is related by the keepers with great enthusiasm. One of the most intelligent animals that was ever in the menagerie was "Crowley," the chimpanzee, and he was a great favorite with the public, even small boys and girls who did not know what a "zoo" was being familiar with his name. The poor fellow died a few years after leaving his home in Liberia, but not until after he had learned to eat with a knife and fork, use a napkin, bow to people, and show numerous other signs of civilization. A great rivalry was felt between Crowley and his cousin in the London Zoo; and but for the former's untimely death, he would have shown higher qualities of intelligence than the London chimpanzee. It is reported now, however, that the latter is far in advance of what Crowley was at his death, one of his greatest accomplishments being to count from one to fifteen, and when asked to pick up a certain number of stones within this limit he does it readily.

The most dangerous and ferocious animal in the Central Park Zoo was "Tip," the large elephant who was put to death in May of this year. He is said to have killed eight keepers and wounded several others. This man-killing elephant was the least intelligent of the three kept at the menagerie; or, at least, his disposition was such that he refused to exhibit his intelligence. While the other elephants would ring a bell, wave a fan, stand on their hind legs, and do other queer tricks, Tip gloomily refused to do anything of the sort. Once or twice he broke the huge chain that encircled his body, and made a mad dash at his keeper.

He was quiet and morose most of the time, but there was no trusting his mood. He was treacherous and dangerous; this fact alone made him quite a curiosity.

The monkeys probably give the most real amusement to the visitors, and they represent all ages, sizes, and dispositions. Occasionally one escapes from the cage, and the pursuit that follows is joined in by hundreds of visitors who happen to be in the park. A capturing-bag is used to corner the little fellows when out of the cage, and this is thrown over their heads and the mouth securely tied. Quite a number of escapes from the cages have occurred at different times, and the excitement that has prevailed in the park for a few hours has been very intense. When some of the larger animals escape, the visitors are not so ready to join in the chase. Most of them get away from the scene as quickly as possible; but, no matter how ferocious the escaped animal is, the keepers fearlessly join in the pursuit until the creature is captured.

Not a great while ago a huge python snake escaped from his cage, and crawled away into some obscure place in the park. As soon as the discovery was made a general alarm was given, and every visitor deserted the vicinity of the menagerie, while the keepers started out in search for the monster. For six months nothing was heard or seen of the snake, although floors were torn up, and every nook in the park was examined. The python had eaten a hearty meal before his escape, but at the end of the six months hunger forced him from his hiding-place, and he was discovered one day by the watchman. The brave man threw his coat over the snake's head, and clung to his neck until help came in reply to his loud shouts. The huge reptile had crawled to the roof of the snake-house, and right under this he had found a snug hiding-place for six months.

Sun bear in the cherry tree.



Head of Tip showing tusks before he broke them.



C. Meredith
New York

TIP.



Bagging a monkey.



A large alligator escapes.

Four or five years ago a large alligator escaped from its pen, and was discovered by a park policeman after it had made a vicious snap at his legs. The animal was "bagged" by the keepers only after a desperate struggle.

One of the large sun-bears pried the bars of his cage apart one night, and crawled through the opening thus made. A neighboring cherry-tree attracted his attention, and he spent the early morning in stuffing himself with the delicious fruit. When found, the brute was so gorged with food that the keepers had very little difficulty in capturing him.

Many other lesser escapes from the cages have happened, and incidents in the menagerie similar to these occur very often.

A fierce fight recently occurred between a fine Kerry bull and an Indian bull. The two were tied to separate stakes, and before the fight they had been bellowing loudly for several hours. Finally the Kerry bull managed to break his rope, and, making a dash at his enemy, knocked him over. While he was rolling in the dirt the savage animal gored the Indian bull in

such a way that his life was despaired of for several days.

Once or twice the tigers have broken through their cages into those occupied by the lions, and a short, fierce battle occurred.

The flesh-eaters are not so fierce in the cages as they are in wild life, and after they have been confined for a few months they grow quite contented and docile. They are fed only once a day, and one day out of each week they are deprived of all food. This does not prove any great trial to them, as in the wild state they often go without anything to eat for several days, and it improves their health and wards off possible sickness. They are fed with meat at each meal, and just before the time for feeding they begin to get restless and savage, walking and roaring about their cages with impatience. Sunday is the day when they are not fed. In their own cages they frequently show their savage natures, and sometimes engage in quarrels that would result fatally if they were not speedily separated, or prodded with the keeper's iron hook.

A PLUCKY CONNECTICUT GIRL.

BY LAURA B. HALL.

EVERYONE knows that during the Civil War men were drafted for the army, both North and South; but all may not know that in the Revolutionary War, at least in some parts of the country, horses were drafted as well as men.

Think what his horse was to the isolated New England farmer of those early days! No steamcars or steamboats then carried him — or anybody — anywhere; even the lumbering old stage-coach had not yet arrived; no daily mail brought him the news from the uttermost parts of the earth. The farmer's horse furnished his only means of communication with the outer parts of his limited world. On this useful animal did he jog along to church on Sunday, with his good wife on the pillion behind him;

on week-days the same broad back carried to mill the corn laboriously raised on his rocky acres, to be ground into the meal that made so large a proportion of the family fare. And how was the country store, with its calico and molasses, its codfish and good-natured gossip, to be reached without this trusty helper?

Somewhere in the State of Connecticut — we should not like to tell this tale of meanness if the name of the grand old State did not bring to mind Putnam and Hale and many another brave and worthy son — lived a man whose horse the government had drafted. This man made up his mean and selfish mind that not his own, but the horse of a poor widow who lived not far away, should be the one to go to the

war. So over he went to where the unprotected woman was trying to keep a home for her six fatherless children, and informed her that her horse had been drawn for the army, and that he had been directed to come at a certain hour early next morning, to take it to the place appointed for the gathering of the drafted horses.

Imagine the consternation of the mother and the lamentations of the children over this dreadful news!

(as it says in the robber stories), and into its gloomy depths she guided her precious horse.

There she stayed all through the long, lonely night. It was not until long after sunrise, when she knew the danger was over, that the determined girl returned to her home.

What must have been the clamorous joy of those children of a hundred years ago, and the relief of the anxious mother, when the old horse clattered soberly into his stable, and his



MABEL SAVES THE FAMILY HORSE.

But twelve-year-old Mabel, who had listened in silence, kept her own counsel; and when bedtime came she went up to her little room as usual. But she quietly waited till all the household were asleep, and then she gently opened her window, crept down the roof of the shed below it, and noiselessly slid to the ground.

She went to the barn, led out the horse, put herself without any saddle upon his faithful back, and away she rode, her familiar voice softly urging the animal to his utmost speed.

We do not know whether the night was light or dark; but we do know that the dauntless child went on and on "till she came to a thick wood"

courageous young rider went into the house for her breakfast, like any other hungry little girl!

The crafty neighbor was probably not so jubilant, for after all his scheming he had been forced to furnish his own horse to the government, since the intended substitute was nowhere to be found.

Mabel lived to see the war ended, and our beloved Stars and Stripes floating over a free and peaceful land; and it was a descendant of her family, a lady who wears a crown of silver hair, but whose heart is still brave and young, who told the writer this true story of the plucky girl whom she called "Aunt Mabel."



IN THE FIELDS.

In summer-time I often go
Out to the fields where daisies grow
And, kneeling on the grassy ground,
I pick the flowers all around.

And just before I leave the field
I find a buttercup concealed
Down in the grass. And then I stay
To pluck its petals while I say :

“ One for fingers, two for thumbs,
Three for cherries, four for plums,
And five, for bread and butter nice ;
I 'll just go home and get a slice.”

THE TIDES.



As once I played beside the sea,
Its waters gently came to me,
To bring me seaweed, stones, and shells,
And wash the sand where I dig wells.

But when I went another day,
The waters slowly flowed away,
To gather shells and pebbles more
For me to play with on the shore.

DORA AND HER RING.

As little Dora was feeding some birds out of her window, a pretty ring slipped from her finger and fell, and nobody could find it. She felt very sorry, for the ring had been given to her by her grandmama. It was too large for her, and she put it on only once in a while, and then would lay it away. Somebody said, "How foolish for her to feed the birds!" One day, three or four weeks after she lost the ring, Dora thought she would look for it again, and she found in the bushes beneath her window a bird's nest and, peeping in, saw five little birds. The mother-bird flew around so wildly that Dora thought she would wait till some other day to look at the little baby-birds. But she got only a peep now and then, for the mother-bird kept watching, as if she feared somebody would rob her nest. But one day in July, when all was still, Dora stood tip-toe and gazed into the nest. The birds had all gone, but she saw something shining brightly in the soft down at the side of the nest where the birds had lived. It was her own precious ring, which had fallen into the nest! She never lost it again, and she was always glad that she fed the birds.



THE BROTHERS.

BY AGNES LEWIS MITCHILL.

I.

ONE little brother is short and slow ;
The other is taller, and he can run,
For he takes twelve steps with his longer leg
While his brother is taking one.

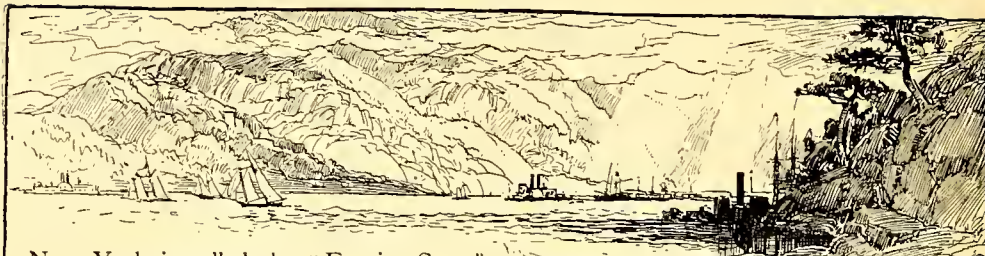
II.

One little brother a bell must ring,
With every step that he slowly makes.
But the other runs gaily from morn till night
Nor cares to notice the steps he takes.

He who loves riddles may guess me this one,—
Who are the brothers and where do they run?

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

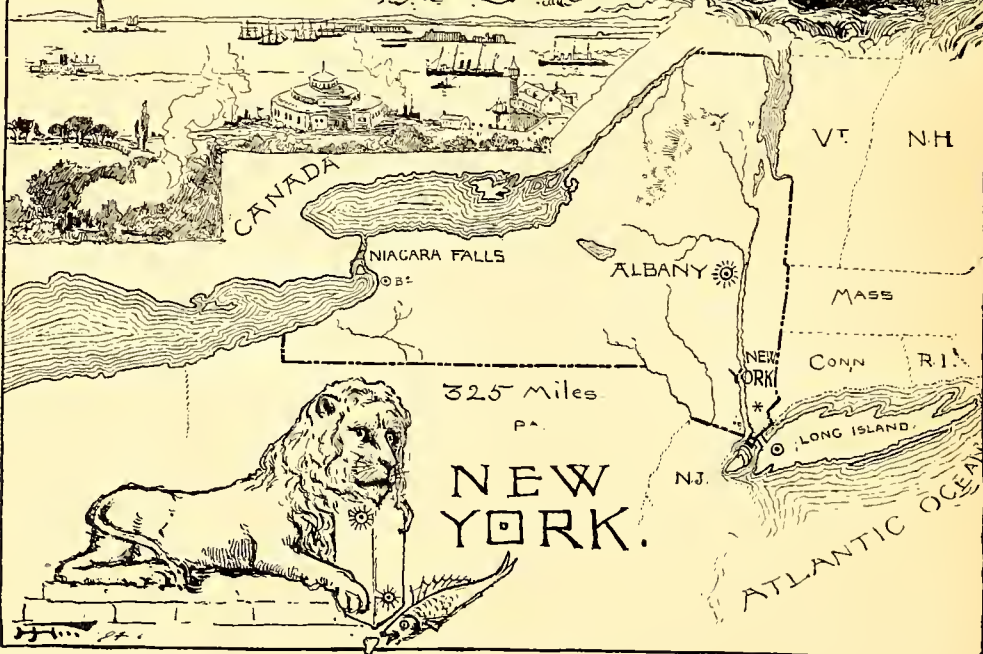


New York is called the "Empire State,"
And rightly bears the name;
As first in people, wealth, and trade,
No State contests her claim.

Into her ports great vessels throng
To make her rich and great,
And New York City, like a queen,
Sits proudly at her gate.

The grand old Hudson in the east
By many a city flows;
And westward roll Niagara Falls,
As every traveler knows.

Long Island's like a swimming fish
But quite too big to fry!
A "Sandy Hook" 's near its mouth,
And Brooklyn marks its eye.

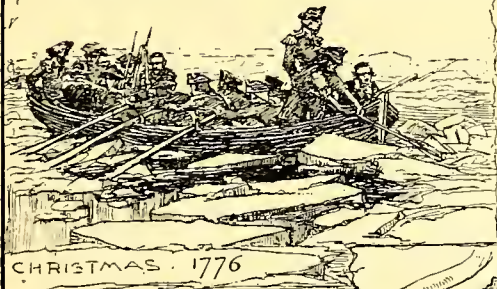


For factories and thriving farms
 New Jersey is renowned;
 The storied Catskills northward rise,
 While southward plains abound.

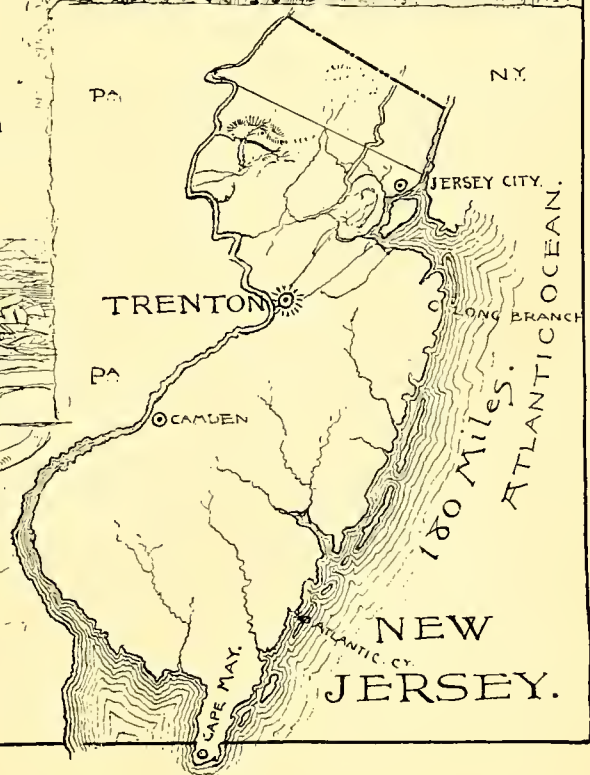
For fine sea-bathing thousands come
 From cities far and near,
 To Atlantic City, Asbury Park,
 And Long Branch, every year.

If like this State a boy were washed,
 He surely would go frantic—
 His face in the river Delaware,
 His back by the Atlantic!

Across the frozen Delaware,
 Your books will tell you when,
 Washington went to Trenton town
 And captured a thousand men.



CHRISTMAS, 1776



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot 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.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The last time I wrote to you it was from Europe. When there we went to London, and in that city I saw many queer streets, and I think I will give you a few, viz., Stoney lane, Gutter street, Bread street, Half-moon street, Dove-mews, Bute place, Camomile street, Sise lane, Cushion street, Crip Stone street, Puddle dock, Roman Bath, Huggins lane, St. Mary's Axe street, and many others.

We went to Salisbury and saw Stonehenge and the beautiful cathedral. While there, we drove to the house where Charles II. stayed after the battle of Worcester. It was a very pretty old-fashioned brick house set back amid some poplars. Coming home we drove by the old poultry cross, which was very interesting.

I am yours forever, ALFRED T. B.—.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS about a class in manual-training for girls.

For a long time work with tools has been taught to the boys in St. Paul. Several months ago my father, who is principal of one of the schools here, organized a class of girls for this work.

This manual-training class is the only one for girls in the grammar-schools of St. Paul. About twenty-five of us began the work, and most or all liked it very much. Our teacher, Mr. Oakes, is very skilful.

We had a large room fitted up with a bench for each girl, and a set of tools at each bench. The tools are a thirty-degree triangle, a forty-degree triangle, a T-square, a knife, a saw, a hammer, two planes, and a few other necessary tools. We cut out triangles, hexagons, and other figures. We drew the figure first upon paper, then the same on wood, and cut the wood to the line with a knife. One of our last pieces of work was a match-scratcher, with a stippled design and a piece of sand-paper upon it. The last thing we made was a paper-cutter. It was a good deal of work. It was about six inches in length, and had a curved handle.

Most of the girls were very sorry when vacation came and the lessons were ended.

We hope to continue it until we became skilful in the use of tools.

Your loving reader,
MARIE L. S.—.

JACKSON, TENN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will send you a little poem I composed.

THE SLY OLD MOON.

THE Moon looked down upon the earth;
The Night said "Good-by," with sorrow.
But the sly old Moon said, with a wink,
"I *might* come back to-morrow."

The Night looked brighter than before:
"Now you must do what you say."

But the sly old Moon said with *two* winks,
"If not, some other day."

ALICE O'N.—.

SOLIHULL, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing in this month's number of your delightful magazine something about Mothering Sunday, I thought your small readers over the water would like to know a little more about that day, and how it was, and is still, kept in the Midland counties of England. Long before the custom of the children giving presents to their mothers began, it was the custom for those who ordinarily attended service in the village churches to attend a service on that day at the Cathedral or Mother Church under whose rule they were. Upon this grew the custom of presenting to the mother of the household a small present on this Sunday, and a cake called a simnel cake, which, let me tell you, is very rich and unpleasant to eat. After the Reformation the first of the above-mentioned customs was discontinued, but the second still continues in some parts of the country. In Staffordshire is an old saying that "Who goes a-mothering finds violets in the lane!" and almost everybody in the villages who can, does go a-mothering; but I don't suppose they always find violets. In the Warwickshire village in which I live, which by the way is only eighteen miles from Shakspeare's town, the school-children have a holiday on Mothering Sunday, and would feel very much defrauded if it were not given them. It is a very beautiful custom, I think, this of giving up one day every year to the mother who does so much for us; and I hope it will be long before it is altogether forgotten. Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS,

Sincerely yours,
MARY M.—.

THE TWO SWORDS.

A LEGEND. BY A. E. C. AND J. I. M.

MANY years ago, in the days of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, an armorer made two broadswords from the same piece of steel. These swords were bought by two knights between whose families there had been a feud for centuries. Each went his way. Years afterward the two lords met in mortal combat, to settle the feud. The lists were filled, the people waited breathlessly for the combatants to appear. The opponents were allowed three strokes at each other.

The gallant chargers dashed together. There was a crash, two bright blades flashed in the sunlight, and were about to descend, when lo! the swords leaped from their owners' hands and hung between the earth and sky! The knights reined back their pawing steeds, the lookers-on stared open-mouthed at the phenomenon. Then every one clamored for an explanation. While the crowd was surging round the two knights, a man, an armorer by trade, stepped from among them. Stretching his hands toward the weapons, he said "Come!" The swords dropped into his hands, as owning him their master. "Lords and ladies," he said simply, "I know these swords, for I myself forged them from the same piece of metal. Knowing that they were brothers the two blades refused to strike at each other."

The mystery was solved. The master of ceremonies then came forward and addressed the knights. "My

lords, why should ye not profit by this lesson? Ye are near kinsmen severed by a feud; nevertheless, ye are of the same stock. Have I spoken well?" "Truly, 't was well said; so let it be!" exclaimed both the knights in the same breath; and forever after the two knights with the twin swords were inseparable.

UPPER SALT RIVER, A. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live in a valley entirely surrounded by high rugged hills and mountains. The Sierra Anchos are on the north, the Pinals on the east, and the Mogollon and Four Peaks on the south and west; in whatever direction we look we see mountains.

When the vaqueros are rounding-up in the mountains they often set fire to the chaparral, which is so dense and cranky that no one can ride through it; and that opens the country and drives down the wild cattle. We can see their fires at night for forty or fifty miles, and when the Indians are on the war-path, we can see their signal-fires in different directions.

Your Arizona reader,

IDA H—.

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are only three in our family—Father, Mother, and myself. I am the only child, and consequently go everywhere they go. We have traveled a great deal. I am originally from Yorkshire, England. First we went to Japan, and stayed there for about five months. We had an American girl for our neighbor, and we soon became good friends. It was a long time before I got used to the dress and habits of the Japanese. It was too funny to see men drawing people about the streets in gigs; but the Japs are not half as funny-looking as the Chinese. While we were in China we saw the emperor several times. The first time we saw him he was out for an airing. He was in a lovely coach, the seats of which were embroidered in purple and gold. The emperor had on a most gorgeous costume. It had so many colors in it that really I cannot describe it. The coach was drawn by six magnificent horses. Their harness was made of glittering gold, and each horse had a great purple plume fastened on the top of his head. Behind the emperor's coach was a long procession of men on horseback. When the people saw the procession coming they bowed low and uncovered their heads. Last year we all came over to America. I visited the Exposition and saw Helen Keller. She has such a sweet face that I am all the more interested in her.

Your most ardent admirer, VIVIENNE K. S—.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and let you know about a little club we have got, called the S. F. Boys' Club.

This club is made up for the pleasure and amusement of boys, who come in different classes and do different kinds of work.

The first class meets on Monday evening. This class is called The Hale. On this evening, while some of the boys draw with charcoal, the others carve wood. After the boys finish their work they come down-stairs and play all sorts of games till it is time for home; then, getting their tickets, and with a good-night, they leave for home.

Tuesday evening the boys cane chairs and make doormats, and after work they read or play games. This club is called the Findout Club. On Wednesday evening the boys do a kind of metalwork. Thursday evening leather is the chief material; repairing and mending

saddles, and cutting and sewing different patterns in leather is the work of the boys.

Friday night is next. This class is called the News Club; and it well deserves its name. Hammock-making is the occupation of these boys. On Saturday night the boys work in wood. Sunday is set apart for a library. The boys of the club come and get a book to read during the week, returning it two weeks later.

There is also an afternoon club. The boys too small to come in the night come in the afternoon on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and on Saturday mornings. On Tuesday afternoon the boys make door-mats of hay ropes; on the other days they make baskets.

The club boys' mothers come on Monday afternoon and have tea, and talk. The club is in a private house.

Young men and women come and teach the boys how to do the work. The club is not very large at present; there are about 150 in the club altogether, and there are plenty more waiting for a vacancy.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN G—.

(One of the Friday night boys.)

VERDUGO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in southern California, very near Los Angeles. Although January, February, and March are in the eastern States the most unpleasant months of the year, here it is almost as hot as in summer, and everything is green and fresh. The oranges are then ripening in the many orchards around us, and to those who are not accustomed to it, it seems very strange to see both flowers and fruit at once on the same tree.

We live in the midst of the foot-hills, not far from the real mountains, and the other day we took a trip up Mount Lowe. This is a peak in the great range near by, and to the foot of it runs an electric road, but for the steeper ascent there is a cable. We drove the greater part of the way, and enjoyed it very much. We passed great fields of brilliant orange-colored poppies—a common sight here, although they are seldom seen in such numbers. We ate our lunch at the foot of the mountain, and then took the electric car. It winds through a very picturesque cañon to the starting-place of the cable road. This ascent is probably the steepest in the world. The steepest grade is sixty-two per cent. to every hundred feet, and the lowest, forty-two. We waited for a few moments at the hotel, for the car had just gone up, heavily loaded, and another must come down. One looks somewhat apprehensively at the terrible ascent, and the tiny white speck creeping down toward us seems as if it must lose its hold and fall. But no! even while we watch, it comes nearer and nearer, and at last, at the foot, it has stopped; we are all crowding in, and with a few moments' wait for all to be comfortably settled, we are started at last. If you do not look over the edges of the car you will hardly realize the steepness of the road, for the cars are built in such a manner as to keep the seats perfectly level. We slowly creep up the ascent, while the conductor kindly gives us a history of the road, the money it cost, the trouble it took, and the beauty of the view. This road runs only to the top of Echo Mount—a part of Mount Lowe—but it is to be extended. As we ascend, the country spreads out like a map in little squares of green, and the many poppies look like rust. We had a pleasant time at the top of Echo Mount, where there is a good hotel. Taking horses, we rode on a narrow trail up through a deep cañon to the source of the water-supply, and found it very interesting. They have all the characteristic mountain animals in cages, and we spent some time looking at them. There were two wildcats—beauties, but they never ceased growling; a lynx, a little black bear, a pretty

gray squirrel, two eagles, and a huge hawk. The funniest thing was a baby burro. The burro is a kind of donkey, but has long rough hair, and is very much smaller. This baby burro was as shaggy as the shaggiest little poodle; you could not see his eyes at all through the thick hair. After spending two hours on the mountain top, we again took the car — this time going down. When we reached the hotel at the foot, we went up through Rubio Cañon to the beautiful Leontine Falls, where the water falls over a solid wall of rock in two leaps of about sixty feet each. The scenery all through the cañon is grand beyond description. We all had cut manzanita canes for mementos of our visit, and found them very useful in climbing. The manzanita has a smooth bark with very twisted stems, and in color ranges from dark red to cinnamon. A large bay-tree was growing near the hotel, and we all took a spray of it. We boarded the last electric car reluctantly, for we had had a very pleasant time.

Your faithful reader,
NORA F—.

NORTH BRINK, WISBECH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your readers might like to hear how my younger sister and I drive our uncle's collie dogs with reins. It is great fun. We have two pairs of reins, so that we could drive them together or one each, but we scarcely ever drive the old one; she is so silly and nervous. She is very handsome, and in some parts nearly black. She is called "Flossie." The young one is much more fun, and he is always jumping and barking about. I was born in South America, and so was my sister. My grandmama sends you to me every month. Your devoted admirer,

LEILA K. S—.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old. When I was a very little girl my spine was hurt, and I have been so helpless since I can't even turn in bed when I feel cramped lying in one position. But I am very happy. My dear mama gives me most loving attention, and I have such beautiful flowers and all the books I want. On account of my headaches, I am not allowed to try to study or read, except ST. NICHOLAS (other books Mama reads aloud to me); that is always given to me, and I read it when I feel strong enough. Such a dear friend as it is! I am so glad to welcome it each month. I have been so interested in what it contained about Helen Keller. There is a little girl who is so much worse off than I am, and yet she is so happy and cheerful. But of all the stories, I like "Toinette's Philip" best. I should like to write about my little black-and-tan dog. She is so funny. But I am afraid I am taking too much space. May I send my love to the other ST. NICHOLAS children?

MAYSIE E—.

NILES, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS four years and enjoy its stories very much.

Five years ago we went to California: Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt Blanche, Mama, and myself. As we were passing through Arizona, a man got on the train, who was dressed like a cow-boy; he had on a buckskin suit and a large sombrero. We got to talking with him, and he said he had been among the Mexicans and Indians. He said one day, when he was standing at the door of his house, a Mexican shot him through the cheek. He was on his way to his home in Los Angeles. On

inquiring his name, he said it was Charles F. Lummis. Since then I have renewed his acquaintance in the ST. NICHOLAS. I look for his stories with great interest. I hope he will have some more soon.

I remain your loving reader, BLANCHE W—.

BOOM CAMP, VIA CASA GRANDE, ARIZ.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: Mama took you two years before I was born and two years after; so when we came away down here to a mining-camp in the deserts of Arizona, I have had the old numbers to read, which Mama says are worth more than a gold-mine to me. Since I have been here I have saved my own money to take you.

I should like to give you a description of some of the wonderful cacti here. Our great sahuaro would easily reach over the tops of some of your two- and three-story buildings. They are covered with rows of thorns, the shortest a quarter of an inch in length, the longest over three inches. They have a beautiful wax-like flower, and bear a delicate fruit. Apache Indians, who were driven out of this country by Pappago and Pima Indians (who still remain here), used to make their victims climb up these great poles.

The octillo is another strange cactus. Its long, thin, and slightly twisted branches, growing from one root, look something like snakes twirled in the air, though at the tip of each branch there blossoms a beautiful scarlet flower, which is full of sweet honey.

As my letter is getting too long, I will finish with the cholla, which grows in all sorts of shapes, and is a mass of thorns. It also has a lovely flower of very rich colors. It ranges in size from higher than our buggy-top to smaller than the top of my shoe.

There are several Indian villages a few miles away. The Indians bring corn, wheat, squash, watermelons, and pottery to sell. We talk to them with a few Indian and Spanish words we have picked up.

I am nine years old, and love ST. NICHOLAS as my best friend. *Adios.* Your loving reader,

C. OLGA R—.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. Our house faces the sea. I have three brothers, and I am the only daughter. We have a large boat called the "Argos," and we enjoy going out in it.

My English teacher subscribed for you, and we all like you very much. I have all my lessons in English.

Your little Mexican friend,

CONCEPCION M—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Bertha P., Helen C., Elinor S. L., Mary S. T., Janet D. B., E. Louise T., Laura, Edna S. P., Leslie J. M., Helen S. S., Martin N., Edith A. N., Edith R. M., Gabriella M. D., Rose S., B. B., D. W., Edna T., Katie W. B., Sumner G. R., Genevieve F. W., David H., Helen R. C., Olivia H., Mary W. M., Mary Austin Y., Madeline J., Isabel A., C. T. H., Margaret J. E., Robert M. M., Alma S. B., F. P. H., Ruth M. B., Hans Carl D., A. S. T., Claribel M., Clover D., Florence D., Alice V. J., Willie K., Marie D., B. M. M., Luella C., Harry I. H., Sarah F. H., Paul P., Olive, Nina S. V., Earle C. A., Fred D., Fannie H., Mary P., Mary B. M., Lorraine E., Nellie F., Virginia H. K., Floy C.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

HOURLASS. Centrals, Fanatic. Cross-words: 1. saffron. 2. franc. 3. ant. 4. A. 5. ate. 6. blind. 7. pencils.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Freedom; finals, Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Fowl. 2. Radii. 3. Eighteen. 4. Ecclesiastic. 5. Dodo. 6. Oval. 7. Martin.

SEVEN FAMOUS AUTHORS. 1. Coleridge. 2. Wordsworth. 3. Lamb. 4. Pope. 5. Hugo. 6. Carlyle. 7. Cowper.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame." *Hyperion.*

A DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND. I. 1. B. 2. Bag. 3. Bella. 4. Ballois. 5. Globe. 6. Ate. 7. S.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Farragut. Cross-words: 1. prof. 2. bloater. 3. chariot. 4. clarion. 5. broaden. 6. dragged. 7. fraught. 8. clothes.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 7, Lincoln; from 8 to 14, Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Yielding. 2. Childish. 3. Announce. 4. Cookbook. 5. Howitzer. 6. Pulmonic. 7. Transfer.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Jo and I—Paul Reese—Helen Rogers—Mama, Isahel, and Jamie—Josephine Sherwood—Louise Ingham Adams—M. S. and D. S.—"All Three"—Isabelle Clark—Uncle Mung—L. O. E.—Marjorie, Mabel, and Henri—Annie Robbins Peabody.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received before May 25th, from Mama and Sadie, 10—Francis W. Honeycutt, 1—Lucy B. Keene, 1—G. B. Dyer, 11—"M. McG.," 11—Ethel C. Watts, 2—E. L. McAdory, 3—Helen C. McCleary, 11—Bessie T. Rosan, 1—Hugh Kähler, 1—Walter S. Weller, 2—Homer Viles, 1—J. F. M., 1—"G. S." and "M. Springer," 1—"Two Chickens," 1—S. V. M. P., 2—Ellen Jewett, 3—Alice Butterfield, 1—"Romeo and Juliet," 1—Wilson A. Monroe, 1—"Two Athenians," 4—Leila C., 2—Edna H. Reynolds, 1—Virginia H. K., 1—Harold A. Fisher, 5—John F. Russell, Jr., 2—Mary Gardner, 3—Mary Pratt, 1—Ray Wall, 1—Geo. S. Seymour, 9—No Name, Portland, Oregon, 2—Ethel M. Cook, 2—Dodo and Beebee, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—"Two Muses," 1—Marjorie Lewis, 1—One Little Girl in Blue, 1—"The Wise Five," 11—"English Cowslip," 6—May Fitzpatrick, 1—Gertrude Miller, 5—R. O. B., 3—Otto Wolkwitz, 1—Hans Wolkwitz, 1—H. D. Grinnell, 1—R. W. G., 1—L. H. K., 1—Alma Steiner, 2—Bessie R. Crocker, 10—Herbert Wright, 3—Anna Rochester, 4—"Apple K." and "Rusticity," 6—Marjory Gane, 8—Eleanor Williams, 8—Louise Mayhew, 2—June, 10—Adele Clark, 1—M. G. D., 1—Carric Miller, 2—Lillian Davis, 1—John Fletcher and Jessie Chapman, 11—No Name, New York City, 11—Blanche and Fred, 11—Two Little Brothers, 9—Ida Carleton Thallon, 11—No Name, Phila., 11—Rosalie Bloomingdale, 11—"Highmount Girls," 10—"Gamma Kai Ganma," 4—Uncle Will and I, 1—"Butterflies," 10—Marie P., 3—Isabella W. Clarke, 5—Ruth Mason, 1—"Tip-cat," 9.

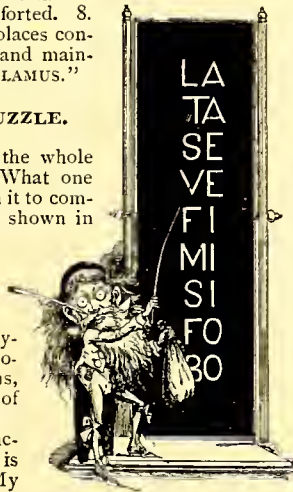
DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. The two central rows, reading downward, spell the name of an eminent American author, and the name of one of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Enchanting. 2. Swamp blackbirds. 3. A vindicator. 4. Affected niceness. 5. Inclined to one side, under a press of sail. 6. Fixed dislike. 7. Comforted. 8. Emitting. 9. Inclosed places constructed for producing and maintaining great heat. "CALAMUS."

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

THIS little man has the whole alphabet in his bag. What one letter must he take from it to complete the nine syllables shown in the picture?



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-four letters, and form a quotation concerning brains, from the writings of Thomas Fuller.

My 17-2 is a conjunction. My 24-35-11-61 is a measure of length. My

CUBE. From 1 to 2, vulture; 1 to 3, varlets; 2 to 4, entwines; 3 to 4, sausage; 5 to 6, dialect; 5 to 7, decided; 6 to 8, twisted; 7 to 8, defaced; 1 to 5, void; 2 to 6, erst; 4 to 8, eyed; 3 to 7, stud.

PI. Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days; and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

EMERSON.—"To the Humble Bee."

SOME LETTER-WORDS. 1. B-calm. 2. X-changed. 3. E-numerated. 4. X-claimed. 5. D-famed. 6. X-pert. 7. D-pendent. 8. X-pounded. 9. D-graded. 10. X-communicating. 11. S-chewed. 12. C-rated. 13. B-moaned. 14. D-parted. 15. D-populated. 16. E-late. 17. M-I-graded. 18. X-E-rated.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Camp. 2. Alone. 3. Moor. 4. Pert.

15-48-58-43 is to dart along. My 26-30-8-55-41 is part of a saw. My 53-51-9-32-22 is a pleasure-boat. My 64-28-5-19-23 is a sweet fluid. My 37-7-46-34-45 is the pollox. My 38-12-36-60-4 is a Russian proclamation or imperial order. My 49-14-20-16-62-6 is the blue titmouse. My 29-21-42-57-39-10-31 is a very common bird. My 18-6-13-33-50-1-25 was a very wise man. My 44-59-47-63-27-3-40-52-54 is intensifies.

L. W.

CUBE.

1	2
.
5	6
.
.	.	3	.	.	4
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a grassy plain; from 1 to 3, an introduction; from 2 to 4, to extinguish from 3 to 4, to develop; from 5 to 6, a building; from 5 to 7, an abridgment; from 6 to 8, one who elects; from 7 to 8, to give authority to; from 1 to 5, to languish; from 2 to 6, a border; from 4 to 8, always; from 3 to 7, other. "ZUAR."



Harold

"THEY WERE MERMAIDS, AS SURE AS I'M LIVING,
BRINGING MY BOAT TO ME."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

NO. 11.

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HOW WILLY'S SHIP CAME BACK.

By M. M. D.

*Willy, our bonny sailor,
With a "Hi-ho!" and a "Heave away!"
Willy, our would-be whaler,
"Oho, lads, ho!"*

*Ruddy of cheek and eager-eyed,
Willy, our sailor boy;
Ship-builder he of a tiny craft,
Hear him, our whaler boy:*

"My, but the boat was a beauty!
A staver! A stunning toy;
And all by myself I built her!"
(Willy, our sailor boy.)

"She was n't more than a handful,
That, sir, I don't deny;
But she went on a voyage of wonder
And came back high and dry.

"She sailed from the pool like a good one
And then she slipped from sight,
Dipped, in a flash, and was gone, sir!"
(Willy, our midshipmite!)

"Then up she rose on a billow,
And sailed till I lost her track;
I waited, and waited, and waited,—
And how do you think she came back?"

*Willy, our bonny sailor,
With a "Hi-ho!" and a "Heave away!"*

*Willy, our would-be whaler,
"Oho, lads, ho!"*

"I heard a frisking and dashing,
Soft as the lightest spray,—
A tittering crowd came splashing
To the cool rock where I lay.

"Up I sprang in a hurry.
Oh, but I saw a sight!
Six queer bright little faces,
Dripping, and merry with light.

"They were mermaids, as sure as I'm living,
Bringing my boat to me,
That mite of a boat,—now I'm giving
The story as straight as can be!

"They clung, their bright hair streaming,
Close to my rock, and laughed;
Now what makes you think I was dreaming?
And why do you say I was daft?"

"The boat,—where is it? you wonder?
Well, somehow, before I knew,
The mermaids and boat slipped under,
And hid in the waters blue."

*Willy, our bonny sailor,
With a "Hi-ho!" and a "Heave away!"
Willy, our bold young whaler,
"Oho, lads, ho!"*

“LUCIFER.”

BY RACHEL CAREW.

FOR years Betty had longed for an Angora cat,—“A big woolly darling with a plummy tail, and with gooseberry-green eyes like Miss Tipping’s!” As she made this somewhat misleading exclamation, Betty’s own pretty hazel eyes were wont to sparkle with enthusiasm at the recollection of Miss Tipping’s peerless pet.

Privately, I thought these cats frowsy, haughty, thankless creatures, always shedding their coats freely over the household, and very fussy about their food. But I was very fond of Betty, and during all the eighteen years of her life, it had been my secret yearning to gratify her with anything in my power to procure, from horned toads to white elephants.

The time for the Angora cat had now clearly arrived. I was in Paris, just about starting home to rejoin Betty at Mariner’s Island, where we had a little cottage. Cats are nowhere finer nor more prized than in Paris, and with what better present could I surprise Betty than with one of these coveted Angoras?

I betook myself to the Rue de Sève, near the Madeleine, a well-known quarter for useless and expensive quadrupeds of all sorts, and after due care selected “Lucifer.” He was alone in a compartment of a large wire cage, and seemed bored and unhappy. It was evidently wearing upon his temper to listen to the gibes and chattering of a lot of small parrots and bullfinches just beyond his reach.

I poked a wheedling finger through Lucifer’s cage, at which overture he slowly got up, yawned, and turned his back upon me. The proprietor of the establishment laid hold of him by his fluffy neck, and drew him out spluttering and hissing, for my nearer inspection.

“He is not at all *méchant*; *très gentil*, *très sage*, as madame can see.”

Lucifer reached forth and gave me a spiteful slap with his paw, which I thought neither *gentil* nor *sage*—neither good-mannered nor kind.

“And the purest specimen of his kind,” continued the man, overlooking this display of temper—“if madame will but regard the tassels in his ears and between his toes, sure sign of race; and the rich quality of his fur—such depth and thickness. Behold a cat that would adorn a palace, and not yet four months old! Is it not admirable, the rose tint of his ears, nose, and the cushions on his feet—truly an adorable animal, and white as the driven snow when removed from the dusty atmosphere of my poor dwelling.”

I was most struck by the large size of Lucifer’s feet, and the generally dirty, ragged look of his coat, already “shedding” badly, as I noticed.

He certainly had a very handsome, bushy tail, and the eyes that regarded me with such disapproval were of the desired gooseberry-green. I must admit that he was a fine big fellow that did one credit, on the whole, and I paid a price for him which I do not intend to mention to anybody.

In due time we bade our French boarding-house farewell, and started on the homeward journey, Lucifer, in a large wicker cage, glaring forth defiance at the noisy Parisian world.

“I don’t envy you the care of that great heavy cat on your long journey,” my friend said, consolingly.

I strove to smother my own private misgivings by murmuring to myself, “It is for Betty’s sake.”

During the Dover crossing, as I lay a limp bundle of misery on the deck, an ancient mariner whispered hoarsely in my ear, “That there cat of yours, ma’am, is gettin’ a tidy soakin’ wid salt-water; a matter of half-a-crown or so would cover him up fine and snug wid a tarpaulin.”

The cat-fancier in the Rue de Sève had assured me that exposure to cold would make Lucifer stone-deaf, and, conscience-stricken at

my neglect, I gave the mariner five shillings to make the fine fellow comfortable. For the remainder of the trip I consequently suffered faint tortures of anxiety lest the old man in his zeal had smothered Lucifer.

In London we alighted at Miss Nightingale's boarding-house. This lady eyed my four-footed companion with marked disapproval. I wondered if, because of her name, she had a natural fear and aversion to all the feline tribe.

“I really cannot receive the cat, madam, upon any terms,” she said with decision.

“What is to be done?” I asked helplessly; “he is not mine, and I am responsible for his safety. I should never, from my own choice, travel with a valuable cat.”

“There is a veterinary surgeon near by who would doubtless take him to board.”

I drove to this address, and cheerfully left Lucifer for a few days, relieved to know that he was well cared for, and at a distance.

The cat-doctor's name was Peacock, and his bill—on thick paper, with a richly emblazoned professional crest, “Miss Nightingale to Doctor Peacock, for care and medical attendance of Angora cat”—read like an extract from a fairy

tale, till one came to the amount, which was too solid to be the work of fairy fingers.

On board the ocean-steamer I consigned Lucifer to the daily care of the butcher. He already had quite a menagerie in charge: monkeys, dogs, parrots, an Astrakhan lamb, and many other guests, furred and feathered.

“Are you not afraid they will eat one another up?” I asked timidly.

“Would n't wonder if they did, ma'am, if their fares was n't paid,” the butcher replied. I took this as a delicate hint, and gave him a sovereign.

At various New York hotels I was refused admittance on account of Lucifer, and as there seemed to be no Doctor Peacock conveniently near, I decided to proceed at once to Mariner's Island and Betty.

It was long in advance of the season, and a



LUCIFER, THE ANGORA.

very shabby little steamer plied between B—— and the island. Before embarking on this dingy craft I noticed a procession of weather-beaten old salts filing in and out of the cabin, and on asking the cause was shown a paragraph in that morning's paper which ran thus:

Miss N——, a guest at the Wilkie House last night, has just arrived from Paris with a rare and very valuable

cat—a large and powerful animal with fierce expression, long fur, and a tail like a fox. Miss N— embarks for Mariner's Island on the "Badger" this afternoon.

I found Lucifer's cage bestrewn with tempting offerings of many kinds: fish, bits of meat, catnip, and various straws and twigs used to tickle him into some show of animation. One old fellow, Captain Wobber, was specially interested in Lucifer's travels. "So that there cat has been in them big cities across the sea. My daughter Elmiry has been to foreign parts, too, France, London, and England, a-lookin' up our old ancestors—found 'em, too, and there 's money behind 'em. Jest let me give him another bite o' this eel; it seems to relish him amazin'. So you 're goin' over to Mariner's Island? I was over there once a snipein' it [hunting snipe] with one o' Bill Tinker's boys. Pretty nice place."

Courtesy seemed to require that I should urge Captain Wobber to honor us with a visit when next he came in quest of snipe.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am. I should be pleased to come. Have you got any curiosities at Mariner's Island?"

"Nothing but the natives," arose to my lips in reply, but I withheld it as uncivil.

"I have a shark's jaw;—polished up it would make a fine curiosity. I 'll bring it over when I come. Wait a minute."

The old whaler hobbled away and returned presently with a fine double petunia growing in a tin can.

"Plant this, ma'am, in your garden over there, and I 'll send you over a batch of clam-shells to lay round the bed; clam-shells looks very pretty in gardens."

As the Badger was just leaving the pier, a dirty newspaper bundle landed with a great clatter at my feet; it contained clams for Lucifer, and had been wafted thither by Captain Wobber's still brawny arm. "Good-by, ma'am, and good luck to you," he called. "I 'll come sure to see you and the cat and the young lady, and I 'll not forget the clam-shells."

I devoutly hoped he would forget them, for I knew how Betty would ridicule the idea of such decorations. Dear old Wobber—the time was coming when my gratitude would have prompted me to set every one of his clam-shells

in gold could such a proceeding be of benefit to him!

Of Betty's reception of Lucifer I will say nothing except that her delight was ample compensation for all the trials of my journey. Lucifer's behavior when set at liberty was extravagant in the extreme. He had never seen grass, trees, nor any vegetation, and he made wild clutches and plunges at the nodding daisies and clover-tops, thinking them insects or possibly the bullfinches and bengalines he longed to catch in the Rue de Sève. He climbed trees, and not being used to such exercise, had to be assisted down by Daniel (our one male retainer), and a ladder. He peered into old womens' bedroom windows, frightening the aged occupants stiff; slumbered on our warm bread; caught snakes and brought them to the best rug in the drawing-room; and in local description he soon became as large as a full-grown sheep.

With the approach of bedtime Lucifer always seemed afflicted with deafness, and Daniel was constrained to take the lantern and search for him for an hour or more over the adjacent country, usually finding him close at hand, sitting with a bland expression of countenance on the pansies in my window-box. In secret I admired deeply Daniel's patience and forbearance with Lucifer. He cared for him well; spent hours on his knees picking Angora hairs off the rugs and cushions; put him in the way of the most likely grasshoppers; fished for him; worked hours over the cultivation of catnip; and threw gallons of water on any dog invading the premises. In fact, Daniel seemed to have no faults, in my opinion, unless over-vanity in our new wheelbarrow might be cited against him. Whenever the whistle of the Badger sounded from afar (and often when there was no sound, Betty declared), Daniel would seize upon this humble vehicle—painted blue, and a very neat thing in wheelbarrows, I thought, though Betty said I had paid far too much for it—and would trudge off to the dock, saying, "There might be something for ye's, ma'am, aboard the boat. I 'll not be gone long."

"Daniel is a great humbug," quoth Betty; "he never has anything to bring home but old Wobber's smelly clam-shells. Whenever he is tired of weeding the tomato-bed, the Badger

calls him like a siren. If you wish the garden to flourish, you must really dispose of the wheelbarrow. By the way, whatever are we to do about those hateful clam-shells if Captain Wobber makes us that promised visit? There is quite a mountain of them behind the barn now. It would break his heart not to see them adorning the flower-beds—the hideous things! But perhaps the visit will never come off."

Hannah, our cook, was not so patient with Betty's pet; when he jumped upon her, she would emit a blood-curdling whoop, quite regardless of time and season; and when she believed herself unheard, would address him in a way far from complimentary. "Yes, Mr. Loose Fur; yer name is the only right thing about ye. It's sick and tired I am entirely of pickin' yer long hairs out of me victuals, and off the ironin' blanket and me starched clothes, and whatever ye sees fit to lay yer big carcass upon. Bad 'cess to a cat wid feet on him big as a wolf, trampin' in over me clean tablecloth just laid!"

With such an undercurrent of feeling, the outbreak that came before long was only to be expected. Hannah left us suddenly, declaring, with considerable warmth, "that she was n't goin' to stay in no house where they let their foolish-lookin' furrin cat sleep a whole night on a poor workin'-woman's Sunday bonnet; no, she was n't!"—and Betty and I washed the dishes with heavy hearts. Lucifer, the culprit, sprang into my lap with special signs of affection, to which I made unfelt response, Betty's eyes being upon me. She was extravagantly fond of our household tyrant; little I suspected then that the time was near when I, too, would believe that the claw of ocean's best lobster, or the breast of the season's fattest quail, was none too good for Lucifer.

"Captain Wobber sent this to the lady, and he's a-comin' over to-morrow to see the cat, so Pat, the deckhand of the Badger said," said Tommy Vicks, our milk-boy, to Daniel a few days later.

The token sent on this occasion was a bottle of blood-purifier, compounded by the captain's own hands and enveloped in a sticky newspaper. Our joy in this new testimony of regard was upset by Betty's exclamation, "Oh, those

unlucky clam-shells! They will have to be set out after all."

"Perhaps Pat is mistaken," said I.

"I'll just take the wheelbarrow and go down to the dock to make sure. I'll not be long gone," Daniel replied. He returned before sundown with conflicting rumors about Captain Wobber's movements. "He might be a-comin', and then again he might n't," was all the satisfaction to be gleaned from Patrick of the Badger.

"Daniel, you had better attend to the clam-shells at once," I said, ruefully.

"No; he shall not till it is really necessary," cried Betty, with decision. "Daniel must meet the Badger in the morning, of course, and if Captain Wobber is on board he can signal to me with a big white silk handkerchief I have up-stairs. From my balcony I can manage with an opera-glass to see what goes on at the dock. There would be time then for us to make the clam-shell border before they could arrive here."

Fully an hour before the time, the next morning, Daniel tore himself away from his work in the vegetable garden, and started down to the dock with the wheelbarrow. Matilda, Hannah's successor, had in the mean time been set to work at the *menu* we deemed suitable for our guest.

"Shure they're for feedin' up the old tar as if he was just off a month's shipwreck!" muttered Matilda to the double-boiler, while I pretended not to hear.

Betty, on the alert for the Badger's whistle, flew up to her little balcony the moment she heard its shrill call over the water.

"Yes, I see something white waving; it is n't very distinct at this distance, but it surely must be Daniel's signal. Old Wobber has come, and now for those hideous clam-shells; there is no longer any escape."

With breathless energy, for the time was short, we fell to laying a girdle of shells around each flower-bed. Lucifer, with his usual lofty carriage of tail, and air of being always warmly welcome, hovered near, daintily sniffing at our decorative border.

"To you, Lucifer, we owe the pleasure of this visit, and most of our other troubles. Oh,

who in their sane senses would buy and keep a costly, noticeable cat!" I grumbled to myself as I hovered over the borders of the garden-beds, and resentfully hammered away at the unsavory shells.

Betty drove hers home with a spiteful grind of her heel.

"Such hard work, and all to make the place look like the entrance to a sailor's garden!" she grumbled to herself, her face scarlet from exertion.

It was barely finished when we heard a familiar rattle near at hand, and presently the blue wheelbarrow appeared over the brow of the hill; then came Daniel, but of the weather-beaten visage and baggy trousers of our gallant captain,

over Lucifer. "Get out of the way, you tiresome cat. You, and you only, are at the bottom of all this foolishness!" she cried, lifting him upon one foot, and with a swing landing him all a-sprawl in the pansy-bed, to his great surprise and anger.

He shook out his ruffled plumage to the best of his ability, and betook himself to soothing slumber on Betty's light India silk, which she fondly



LUCIFER AWAITS CAPTAIN WOBBER.

there was no trace.

"Where is Captain Wobber, Daniel?"

"He did n't come, Miss."

"Then why did you wave the signal?"

"I did n't wave no signal, Miss."

"But I certainly saw something white waving down at the dock."

"Nothing of the kind down there, Miss, unless it was the tail of Barney's old white mare. She did be a-switchin' it powerful ag'in' the flies; a slap she give me across the face, Miss, recalls it to me mind. I have in me wheelbarrow, Miss, another batch of clam-shells, wid the compliments of —"

"Daniel, throw those disgusting things to the bottom of the sea, and never let me see another one about the place!" said Betty, with a fire in her eye that bespoke danger to the unwary.

Turning to dash into the house, she tripped

hoped was out of his reach in a box on a high shelf.

Daniel and I gazed at each other awestricken—never before had breath of blame been allowed to come nigh Lucifer in Betty's presence. Daniel yoked himself to the wheelbarrow with a sigh, and I, apprehensive of the result, went into the kitchen to soothe Matilda's upset feelings.

As if in punishment for fretting at trifles, a real, grave trouble cast its shadow over our household a few days later. Betty fell ill, seriously ill, with symptoms alarmingly like those of a young girl who had recently died on the island, and whom Betty had visited before we knew the danger. I sent Daniel with urgent summons for the doctor, but he returned with the discouraging news that the Badger was laid up for repairs

at B., and could not make her trips for the present.

"But, Daniel, I would give any price for a sail-boat to cross over and bring Dr. S——."

"I know that, ma'am, and I've been to every fisherman alongshore, but they're all out for the day, and half the night too, for matter o' that, except Fitch, and he's laid up with a broken arm."

"And my darling Betty hovering on the brink of a mortal illness!" I cried in despair. "Oh, why do people ever risk their lives on a remote island, out of reach of a doctor!" I hardly knew what I said or did, and Betty seemed to grow steadily worse.

As I stood for a few moments on the veranda, staring stupidly out on the imprisoning water, Daniel came softly over the grass, with a look of suppressed joy on his plain, kindly face.

"What is it, Dan?" I asked, with a lightening of my heavy heart.

"Captain Wobber is here, ma'am."

"Oh, Daniel! —and with his boat."

"Yes, ma'am, the 'Water Witch'; and he says—"

"My old joints would have to be a deal stiffer than they are afore I'd refuse to turn round and fetch the doctor for the young lady," interrupted the old seaman, shuffling forward with a suspicious moisture in his dim old eyes. "I lost a pretty daughter once o' that age, and I know what a blank their goin' makes."

I took that old man by the hand and kissed him then and there, and am not ashamed to confess it.

"Jest you look after the little feller, ma'am—my grandson. I brought him over to see the furrin' cat, and afore you have time to fret much more I'll be back with the doctor."

There was a shy little boy hovering about the kitchen door; and for the remainder of his stay no young prince was ever more faithfully tended than this scion of the house of Wobber.

"The Water Witch is a-shovin' her nose

round the point, ma'am," called Daniel from his watch-tower on the roof of the barn, where he had spent most of his time since the old captain's departure; and he clattered down and sped like a deer across hill and dale to meet the returning little craft.

As the lighthouses began to blink their bright eyes through the dusk, Doctor S—— stood at Betty's bedside.

Soon after midnight he said to me, "You sent for me in the nick of time, madam."

"Then my darling will not follow in the footsteps of poor Molly Hicks?"

"There is no danger now, I am convinced; the fever has abated, and I think another week will find your young friend as well as ever. If I had come twelve hours later, I fear there would have been a very different tale to tell."

Not wishing to make a spectacle of myself sobbing like a school-girl, and for pure joy, I retreated to the veranda. There I found our heaven-sent friend Captain Wobber—nobody seemed to think of going to bed that night—puffing away contentedly at his pipe.

"A purty trimmin' they makes to the flower-beds, does n't they, ma'am? I knew you would like them."

The clam-shells gleamed bravely in the moonbeams, and, even at this crisis, I was glad the old captain took pleasure in seeing them in use.

"But you must n't thank me entirely, ma'am, for being on hand to fetch the doctor. That there feller a-settin' by the honeysuckle, a-lickin' his whiskers and blinkin' at the moon, ought to come in for a share. It was nothing in the world but my little Tommy's hankerin' for a sight of that cat fetched me over to-day."

"Blessings on you, Lucifer! You shall drink your cream out of my best bonnet hereafter, if you wish!" And I drew the great woolly fellow toward me with an embrace that filled my mouth freely with hair.

From that time I have been more foolishly fond of Lucifer than even Betty is.

THE WRECK OF THE "MARKHAM."

(*A True Story of the Nantucket Shoals.*)

BY EDWIN FISKE KIMBALL.

"So you want to hear my roughest experience in saving lives from wrecks. Well, there are a good many stories of hard pulls and narrow escapes I might tell of, but I think the 'Markham' scrape was the closest call we ever had. For over twenty hours it was a struggle between life and death, and I hardly like to go back and think of it. However, it may help a city man like you to understand our life here, watching in the storms for vessels in distress along this dangerous coast, and going out in the boat to rescue the poor fellows aboard; so draw your chair up closer to the fire and I will spin the yarn for you."

The speaker was a grand specimen of manly vigor, the keeper of one of the Nantucket Life-saving Stations,—a man six feet four in height, broad-shouldered, muscular, with a fearless eye, and a weather-beaten face,—a man whose form and bearing revealed the born hero, however modest his words. I was to spend the night at the station, and now, supper having been eaten, and two of the coast patrol having started out, the keeper and four of his surfmen, hardy, athletic fellows, sat around the blazing fire of driftwood, chatting quietly of their adventures. At last the captain thawed out from his reserve and began his story.

The affair happened a year ago this January, during a spell of terribly cold and heavy weather. For two or three days a fierce north-wester had been blowing. At daybreak that morning the keeper of Sankaty Light, six miles down the shore, telephoned up to me that he had seen torches burned the evening before directly out to sea; and I asked him to look out sharp for a wreck as soon as light came. Just after sunrise he telephoned again that he could see a three-masted schooner stranded on a shoal about six or seven miles to the eastward, and apparently all out of water. He

was deceived as to the distance by the early eastern light, for it afterward proved that she was twelve miles away from the lighthouse.

We could see nothing of the vessel from our lookout, and could not have seen her even in clear weather, for she was off on Great Rip shoal, formerly known as the Rose and Crown, about sixteen miles southeast from our station. We went five miles toward her before we got a glimpse of her masts. But to begin at the beginning:

As soon as I received word of the wreck, I hurried the men down to breakfast, and, while they were eating, I sized up the chances of our going out in the gale and getting back.

First I felt sure that the vessel must be out on Great Rip, double the distance reported, as there was nothing else I knew of which would heave her up so out of water. The sky was hard, black, and doubtful; the sea was ugly and rough, and the bad weather must hold on a good while longer. Snow-squalls had occurred in the night, and might occur again. Three of my regular crew of six surfmen were away sick with the grippe, and their places had been taken by men of little experience and lacking in weight and strength. I well knew it was a big risk to go out so far, and yet it was no satisfaction to me that on account of the distance the government could not blame me if I did not go. So I weighed well the chances for and against. I thought that if the crew of the schooner, or any of them, had lived through that bitter night, there was little hope of a passing vessel saving them, for captains kept far to the eastward of the shoal; so if they were to be rescued, it must be from our station, should I choose to take the risk. But could we get back to shore in the teeth of a wind blowing now and then thirty and fifty miles an hour? Even if we could make headway against it, some great wave might swamp us,

especially if heavily loaded with the rescued crew. Could we get back? was the question. It was hard to decide, I can tell you. If I did not go, some of my fellow-men, possibly out there and yet alive, would certainly perish; their wives would be made widows, their children lose protectors, and fathers, mothers, sisters suffer grief. Yet to go might mean death for ourselves, and sorrow for our dear ones. I had recently married, and my little wife and my old mother needed my support and love.

All this flashed through my head faster than I can talk it. But think as I would, I could not get over the thought of the wrecked crew out there on the shoal, and by the time breakfast was finished my mind was made up to go, and I told the boys to dress warm and start. I decided to try it with the surf-boat rather than take the heavy life-boat, which would be harder to row back against the gale, and, as it proved, I made the right choice. Still the surf-boat, you know, is only a large dory, twenty-three feet long, likely to be swamped, especially if heavily loaded, whereas the life-boat gives plenty of room and is more stable. But I knew we could not pull her back, so I took the surf-boat. We hitched our horses on to the boat-carriage and quickly crossed over to the outside beach, launched the boat into the surf, and were off by eight o'clock for our perilous trip. I forgot to tell you that before leaving the station, I telephoned over to town

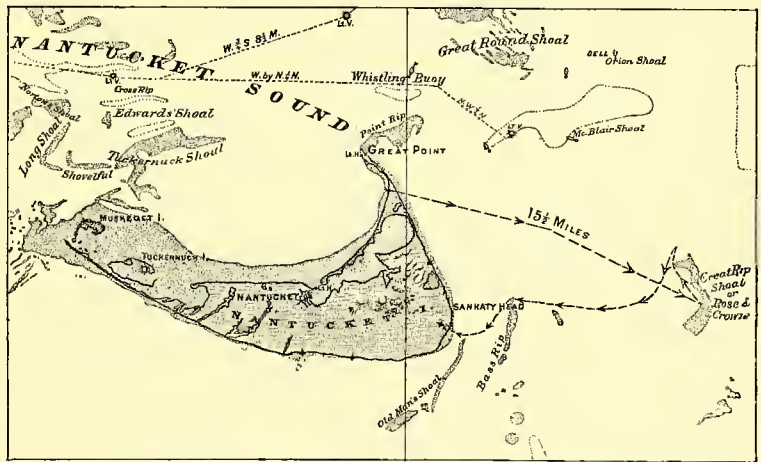
to have a steam-tug telegraphed for, and, if one could be found anywhere on Vineyard Sound, to have it come out and meet us. It was not at all certain that one would be found in harbor, and I took the chances it might not. As I learned afterward, they did catch one at Vineyard Haven, and it went out around Gay Head, and five miles out to sea, but the captain either saw nothing of a wreck or did not dare to go farther,

thinking he could not get back, so turned and went home.

I ordered the mast and sail put up, and we drove rapidly toward the shoal where I supposed the wreck to be. We found the compass out of order and useless, but would not let that turn us back. I thought if it came to the worst, we could take a northern tide, and get to one of the light-ships which lay up toward Cape Cod and be taken aboard.

After running five miles southeasterly, we made out to see her masts away off on the horizon, over ten miles away! Should we keep on and risk the return? A little lifting of the clouds in the northwest seemed an answer, and we let her drive on. Wind and tide were in our favor, and in three hours from starting, or at eleven o'clock, we drew near. Now we saw men clinging to the fore-rigging, and at last counted seven in all.

The sea was breaking on and over the vessel terribly, both under the bow and stern and on the ocean side. She was now filling, for her



MAP SHOWING COURSE TAKEN BY THE SURF-BOAT FROM THE STATION TO THE SHOAL AND BACK.

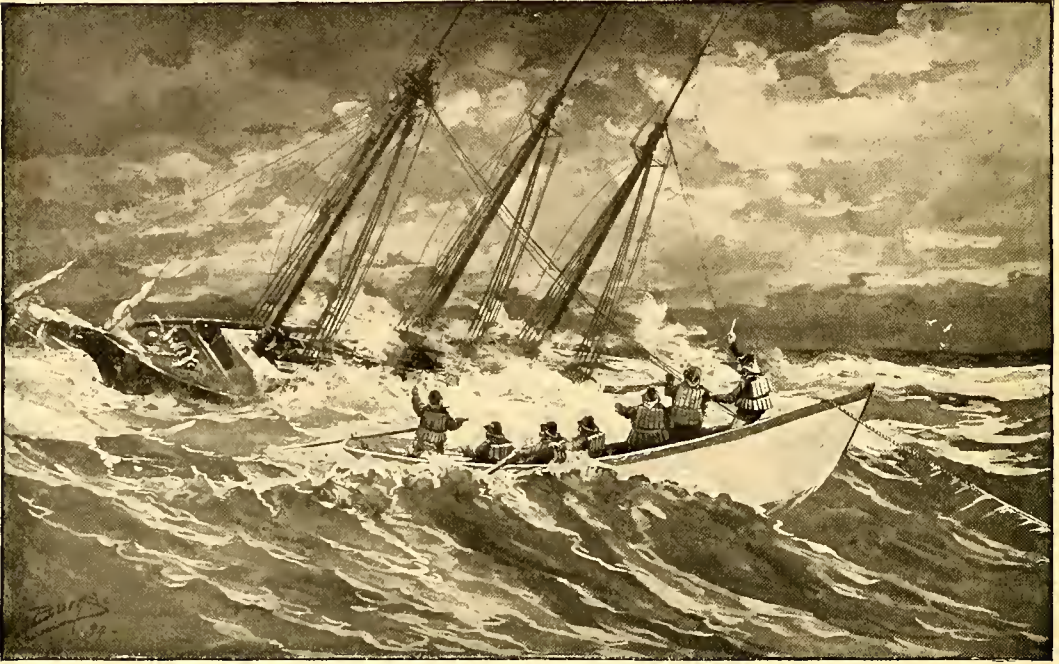
bow was nearly gone, and she had tipped landward so her bulwarks were level with the water.

The heavy swell and its fierce rebound made it impossible to go alongside to take off the crew; for if our boat had been thrown on the bulwarks, she would have been smashed like an egg-shell. The men in the rigging were stiff with the cold, and so nearly exhausted by their

fifteen hours in the blinding spray, that we knew that we must work fast if we would save them.

So, at a good distance from the wreck, I ordered the anchor let go, the sail and mast taken down, and the oars put out; and then

As they hauled us nearer, I shouted, reasoned, and threatened, but in vain. They had lost all judgment. So I passed the long boat-knife up to the bow oarsman, and hollered to the vessel that, if they hauled another foot, I should order



"THEY LOOKED AT THE KNIFE IN MY MAN'S UPLIFTED HAND, AND THEN AT ME."

we backed and drifted stern foremost toward the vessel, I using the steering-oar.

The northern tide, which had now begun to flow, swept us in toward the wreck; and, after three or four attempts, I managed with a heaving-stick* to throw a line into the fore-rigging where the men clung. I told them to tie on a heavier line which dangled near them, and which I directed to be cut clear. This they did, and we pulled their line to our boat and fastened it under a thwart near the bow.

Now occurred something which always happens with men brought so near death as they. The poor fellows were nearly crazy from exposure and the prospect of rescue. They began pulling on the line to bring our boat close alongside so that they could jump in. They could not realize that their lives, and ours also, depended on keeping the boat at a safe distance from the vessel.

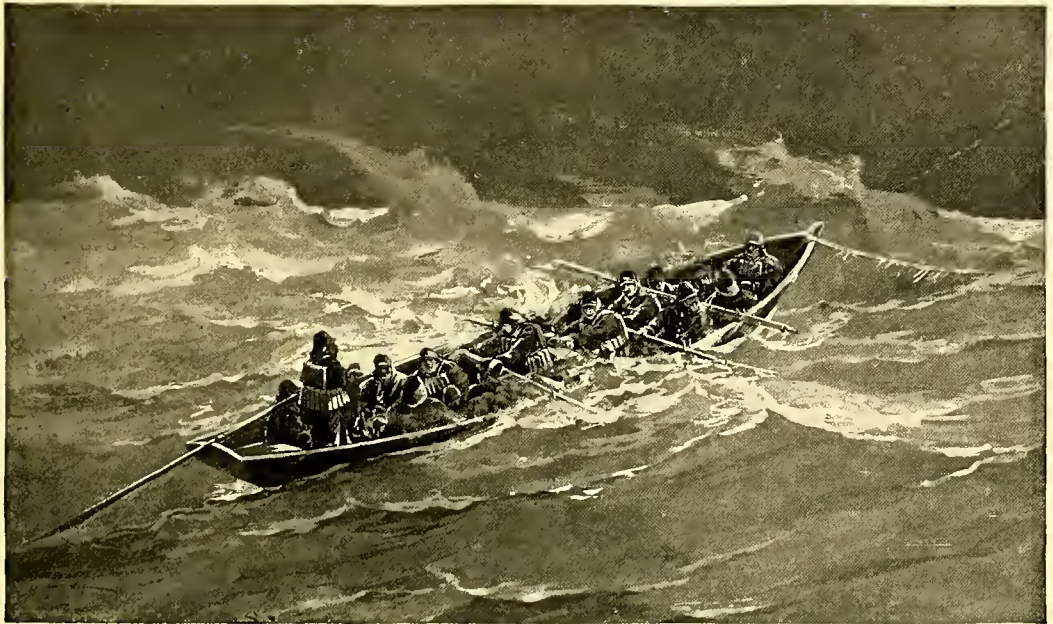
The line cut, and would leave them to their fate, unless they quickly did as I told them. They looked at the knife in my man's uplifted hand, and then at me, and knew I meant what I said, and stopped pulling. I ordered them to tie the line fast and wait. They were now under more control, and yet, to avoid the danger of a scramble which might either upset the boat or cause the loss of one of their lives, I ordered them up the rigging, telling them I should take them one at a time, the weakest first; that if they made a rush, I would order the line cut which held us to the vessel and wait till they could obey orders if I had to lay there till night. My firm speech and manner calmed them, and they fell back. Then I threw another line, and told them to make a running bowline knot in it and put it around a certain man under his arms; then to wait for my word to push him toward us. I swung the

* A stout piece of wood to which a rope may be attached, and with which it can be hurled to a distance.

boat in with my oar, two of my men holding the line which was tied around the man, and another one ready to ease off the line which held us to the vessel. Then, when a great swell lifted us toward the vessel, I gave the word; and, pushed and pulled, the man came flying through the air right into the boat, yet caught and stopped by our waiting arms. I pointed out the next man, and we got him the same way, and so on in turn till all were landed in the boat. Though it was a long jump, yet by careful waiting for the right swell, and by quick jerking on the line at the exact moment, six of them were taken without touching the water. The other man missed the boat, but came, a second later, rolling over the gunwale like a great fish, so great was the force of his jump and our pull. The captain was the last man to leave his vessel; he was made of good stuff.

After we got ashore and he could talk, he

with pickled fish and laths, a cargo worth twenty-five thousand dollars. He was sole owner of the vessel, only six months built, and not much insured. It was the only trip in her on which he had not taken his wife and child, who, if on board that awful night, must have been either washed off or frozen to death. When the vessel struck, he knew how hopelessly they were placed, but decided to try a bright torch, which might be seen by some passing vessel. So he ordered the dazed crew to get an empty kerosene-barrel, knock in its head, and place it on the after-house. Then putting some old newspapers in it, he lighted them, and the oil which had soaked into the wood flamed up high and bright. At any rate, those rays of light traveled across the dark waters into the lighthouse-keeper's eyes twelve miles away, and his voice traveling along a telephone wire next morning had started us out



"WE AGAIN ANCHORED AND LAY THROUGH THE NORTHERN TIDE."

told us how his vessel had been blown on the shoal in a heavy squall about seven o'clock the evening before. He had lost his reckoning in the thick weather, and thought he was far to the eastward. His vessel was the H. P. Markham, bound from Halifax to New York

to save them. Life hangs on small threads sometimes, you see. You will scarcely believe it, but when the captain saw us approaching, he felt only sorry that we had come out. He said he told his mate, "Too bad, too bad; seven more men to die, sure! They can never

get back in this gale alone, or with us in the boat. We are nearly dead, anyway. Brave fellows, but why did they come? Too bad, too bad; fourteen to die instead of seven!"

How did it come out, you ask? Let's see; where was I? Oh, we had just got the poor fellows all off into the boat. We had been twenty minutes about it, held from dashing against the vessel by our anchor and a rope no bigger than my thumb. It was a ticklish place and a ticklish job while it lasted, but our troubles had only just begun. There we were in an open boat out of sight of land, likely to be carried on to the shoal or off to sea, when we took up anchor. We hove up the anchor, though, for the pull in, and now the men strained at the oars so as to clear the vessel and the shoal. Both wind and tide were setting us on the awful breakers. It was only by the most desperate efforts that we succeeded in keeping off and clearing the northern end of the shoal. For two and a half hours we strained every nerve, but were only a mile away from the wreck, yet not a bit farther toward shore.

While nearest the breakers, and when the issue was doubtful, the mast and sail, which, lying on thwarts, bothered the oarsmen, were by my orders thrown overboard, and we rode a little lighter. Still we were all the time in great danger of being swamped by some big wave rolling in upon us, unless we could head the boat to it just right. I stood in the stern all through the twenty-three hours before we got ashore, holding the steering-oar, fearing to drop it lest some sudden yawl of the boat would end us forever. As the men were getting exhausted, and we had gained nothing, we threw the anchor over, and, with the shoal a little way to the southeast, lay there from two o'clock till sunset, at five. Only a few strands of hemp and the fluke of a small anchor, my friend, kept us from going into the open sea and watery graves.

At dark the southern tide commenced to run, and I ordered the anchor up and started again, with the hope that the tide would set us a little in toward shore, provided we could by hard rowing hold the bow up to the wind and prevent the boat from going astern. We worked hard and gained a little, but by nine o'clock

the tide was done, and in half an hour or an hour afterward, we again anchored, and lay through the northern tide, or till three o'clock the next morning. Oh, that night! Those five hours seemed like weeks. It was pitch dark, the wind increasing in force, and the air bitter cold. Most of the rescued crew, after being got on board, had lain in the bottom of the boat like so many logs. They were numb with cold, soaked through with salt spray, faint from hunger and lack of sleep, and so exhausted and indifferent that they would not eat the little bread we had thrown aboard our boat at starting.

Their black cook, who was asleep in his bunk when the vessel struck, had on merely a calico shirt and his trousers. Before we reached land, the back of that shirt was covered four inches thick with ice from the water which dashed upon him while rowing; for he was a brave fellow, and worked at the oars for many hours during the tough pulls for shore. During those times, I had made all I could persuade man the oars by telling them that, though they had got clear of the vessel, they were by no means saved, and, unless they helped, we would never get in, but all die in the boat. Some I could do nothing with, as they seemed to have lost all hope of life. One man sat on the midship thwart like a stone image. In vain I pleaded and threatened. He would not stir. I told him he would freeze to death; that though he had no strength to help us on, the exercise of pulling would start his blood and keep him alive. His only reply was a shake of the head and "I can't be any colder." Poor fellow! The next day, when we got him ashore, his feet were found frozen, and they swelled to twice their natural size. The captain, since sunset, lay near me, crouched up under the steering-oar. It was all I could do to hold the boat head on, and the oar thrashed so that I could n't prevent its striking the captain as he rolled around. The boat was so heavily loaded that it was deep in the water, and when we settled in the hollow of the seas, the water gushed up through the center-board box, and our lives depended on constant bailing. I kept the poor fellows hard at it with buckets, yet it took my utmost efforts to keep them to work. I told them we

should soon sink if they did not bail, but that had little effect, so I fairly forced them.

They were now inclined to go to sleep, and we had to arouse them continually to keep them awake. But, badly off as they were, it was lucky they were with us and not on the vessel, because, half an hour after we left her, the masts fell and the sea around was strewn with wreckage.

About midnight the thing I most feared happened. One of my surfmen, a little, light fellow named Jenkins, began to give out. While alongside the wreck, two great seas, coming from different directions, had met, and shooting up into the air, had dashed upon him, soaking him through and through. He was crying every now and then, "Oh, I never was so cold in my life." He soon lay down, and, in spite of our efforts to the contrary, went to sleep. A fatal sleep; for the exposure of that trip in the boat caused his death last June.

Jenkins was the sole support of an old and widowed mother, but, as he did not lose his life at the time of the rescue, she will get nothing from the government as the law reads.

While Jenkins was so sick, one of the rescued crew was taken with cramps, and his moans were pitiful to hear. All this was rather discouraging, but not one of my crew winced. They were heroes every one. They knew the peril we were in. To show you how coolly they took it, I remember that one of them, after watching the condition of things for an hour after we anchored at ten o'clock, said, "I don't see as I am of much account about this time," and, taking a bucket, squatted on it in the bottom of the boat and went sound asleep. Another of my men, after arranging as comfortably as he could some heavy coats and tarpaulin about the little fellow who was sick, hauled a coat over his own head and went to sleep also.

Did I sleep? Well, you can believe I did n't. I felt that the lives of all depended on my watchfulness and decisions. But I have n't told you that about ten o'clock that night, from the constant straining of my sight against such a wind and spray, my left eye, after two hours of severe pain, gave out entirely. It did n't

recover its sight until the next day after our return, when sleep seemed to cure the trouble. When my eye gave out, knowing how much depended on my seeing and directing, I was quite disheartened; but, as I had determined to save all hands if I could, I just braced myself the harder and pulled through. A man thinks pretty fast in a tight place like that, and I don't care to go through it but once.

At three next morning, the southern tide again made, and we got under way and worked slowly toward shore. It was still dark, and two bad shoals, Bass Rip and Old Man's, lay somewhere ahead. We might run upon them before we knew it and be lost, or a kind Providence might guide us to one side or over them in some deep enough place. How we got by Bass Rip we never shall know, but we either went north of it or through one of its slues.* It was anxious work, but we rowed on. The only guide we had that long, dreary night was the flash of Sankaty Light, which, when we started from our last anchorage, was scarcely visible, but which grew brighter and brighter as we went on. Our hopes grew with its welcome flash, and daylight found us encouraged.

Still we were far from shore, and made slow progress. The men were nearly worn out, and could not row much longer. The wind, as we neared the shore, moderated a little, or we should have been obliged to anchor to prevent our being carried by the tide on to Old Man's Shoal, or out by it southerly to sea. Fortunately, we could now gain a good deal toward shore. As we drew slowly in, the people gathered on the bluffs and beach to watch us. Soon willing hands had caught our warp and carried it up the sands, and were hauling us in over the surf.

We were on land at last and all alive, and I can tell you we were glad of it. The kind people of the little village soon had us in their houses, and our frozen clothing was removed. We were quickly put into warm beds, and could hardly stay awake long enough to drink hot soup or gruel.

When I awoke, I found my wife at the bedside. She had been wildly anxious all the while, and had had little hope of our return.

* Channels through a shoal. A sailors' word.

She had gone down the six miles to Sankaty Light and stayed all night with the keeper and his wife, watching and waiting. Their kindness to her in her distress she says she can never forget.

Well, she was glad to see me and I to see her, and I could not blame her tears. Life is worth living, and the worst or the best of us

States Inspector at Boston got hold of our story and told the superintendent of the service that something ought to be done for us. So a lot of gold medals have been obtained from the Treasury Department, and the inspector now has them. He is coming down some day this month, to have them presented with a good deal of speech-making in the church.



"THE PEOPLE GATHERED ON THE BLUFFS AND BEACH."

will make a struggle to hold on to it while there is the faintest hope.

As we had landed nearly eight miles south of our station, we sent for our horses and the boat-carriage before we went to sleep. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon then, and by the middle of the afternoon we started to return to our station; and by five o'clock were back there after an absence of thirty-three hours, twenty-six of which were spent in the open boat.

After supper, I told the boys to go on patrol again as usual. I suppose you know the fuss they are planning to make in Nantucket town over this scrape of ours. No? Well, the United

I am sorry that little Jenkins won't be there. His medal will be given to his old mother, and she will prize it, I can tell you. Yes, we're glad enough to take our medals, but you may believe we did n't have time to think of such things when we were in the scrape a year ago.

What became of the captain and his crew? As soon as they were able to travel, they were sent home to Halifax by the good people over in town, who raised a snug sum of money for them and started them off in good shape.

Well, it's time to turn in, boys.

Good night, friend. Yes, I will show you that surf-boat in the morning.

THE VANDERVEER MEDAL.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

OF the Thurston Academy girls, Maggy Grant, with her uncommon brightness and "cute" ways, and Olive Atwater, with her pretty face and unmistakable evidences of belonging to one of the richest families in town, were two of the best liked. Everything they did was interesting, somehow, and the affair of the Vanderveer medal was particularly so.

Of course everybody knew that Maggy Grant could take the medal if she wanted it, and everybody was right. She let twenty-eight disappointed girls examine it, in the cloak-room after school, listened smilingly to their bursts of admiration, and bore it home with triumph.

"It 's the Vanderveer medal," she announced, in the midst of the family. "Mrs. Vanderveer visited the school last month—the very rich lady, you know, who goes to Europe so much—and she noticed particularly the girls of the two higher grades; I suppose we 're unusually handsome or something. Anyhow, she had this lovely gold medal made, and sent to Miss Suffel to be competed for by us girls in any way Miss Suffel should decide upon. And Miss Suffel, dear thing! decided to give it every month, to wear till the next month, to the girl who is first in mathematics.

Maggy laughed gleefully. Her easy prowess in mathematics was well known.

"Um—m," said her father. "If it had been Latin, now, or French, even—um!"

"If it had been," said Maggy, with a little shrug for her elder sister Ada's benefit, "Olive Atwater would stand a chance for it. But algebra!—why, the other day she let x equal a known quantity."

"You will be taken for some royal personage when you wear this thing," said her bantering father. "You 'll have people bowing and salaaming to you."

"You seem to dislike Olive Atwater," Ada said to her lively sister, later.

Maggy turned upon her a wide gaze.

"Why, of course. Did n't you know it? We hardly speak to each other."

"Maggy!"

"Well, we don't," said Maggy, carelessly. "I know she has always looked down on me, rather, because she 's richer, and—oh, that is n't all. I 'd like to know if she asked me to her party? If she did, *I've* forgotten it."

"You had given yours, you know, without asking her."

"Mine was just a candy-pull, and she had almost every girl I know. No, indeed, Sis; I don't like Olive Atwater." Maggy schottisch to the piano and plunged into something, loudly; but Ada made herself heard above the racket. "It 's all ridiculous school-girlly moonshine," she said, "and you ought to be shaken."

The Vanderveer medal went to Maggy Grant the next month, and yet again the third time. The clever recipient accepted the honor with gay nonchalance, and wore the pretty ornament everywhere and in an ingenious variety of ways—as a brooch, as a clasp at her slender waist, on a ribbon round her neck, and even in her dark hair. Everywhere it was admired and talked about. The twenty-eight unsuccessful girls were good-natured about it, though they declared openly that they were "digging" for that medal, and that they would just simply "give their heads" for it. All but Olive Atwater; she was apparently indifferent. But one afternoon when Maggy was putting on her "things" in the cloak-room, she heard Olive talking to Martha Todd, in the next alcove, with an earnestness quite intense.

"Everybody knows about it, you see," she said; "it 's getting celebrated. And then, Mrs. Vanderveer gave it, and she 's such an old friend of ours, and she 'll be certain to ask if I have taken it, and she 'll think I 'm a block-head, so Mama says; and altogether they are all awfully anxious for me to take it, just once any-

how; and they don't see why I can't. And Papa has promised me a new silver-mounted saddle, if I do. And I'd just give *anything* if I could!" said Olive, desperately. Maggy pinned on her hat with a cool little smile. She would not have admitted it to herself, but the Vanderveer medal had immediately a new value for her.

At dinner that night her mother said suddenly, "Where 's the medal?"

"Is n't it there?" Maggy cried, feeling at her throat. It was *not* there, nor anywhere in sight; it was gone. Maggy's careless ways were well known, so nobody was astonished.

"But I know just where I lost it," she insisted. "The hook is off at the neck of my jacket, and I was going to pin it together with the medal, and I laid it down on a chair in the cloak-room while I put my jacket on, and then forgot it. I'll find it to-morrow."

But she did not find it. It was not where she had left it, and nobody had seen it — neither the janitor, who was invincibly honest, nor any of the girls. It was a mystery; but Maggy, impetuous ever, and excited over the loss, told herself indignantly that she knew what had become of it. Olive Atwater had wanted it exceedingly, because it meant to her a silver-mounted saddle; and if she had chanced to see it last night where Maggy had left it, and had taken it home and shown it as though she had won it, she would get the saddle. In the first heat of indignation which the notion caused her, and before reason had had time to assert itself, Maggy spoke her suspicion to Martha Todd, and Martha whispered it to somebody else, and it came to Olive Atwater's ears; and the next day she passed Maggy with her head high and her fair face aflame, and without looking at her. Thereafter their enmity was serious and open, and they did not "speak," and the other girls had to consider whether they would be friends of Maggy Grant or of Olive Atwater, because they could not well be friends of both.

As to the lost medal, of course Maggy had to replace it. She went to the jeweler who had made it, and found that its cost had been twelve dollars; and she took the information home. Her father, after a few tantalizing comments, presented her with a ten-dollar bill.

"I guess two dollars' worth of experience will last you till the next time," he said.

Her brother Frank ironically contributed ten cents. "You don't intend to go on taking the thing, do you?" he said. "You've demonstrated to an awe-stricken populace that you know more about figures than anybody since Archimedes, and you'd better give somebody else a show. You'd lose it again. If your head was n't stuck on, you know —"

That was the opinion of all of them, and, upon reflection, it was Maggy's. She gave Miss Suffel the bright new counterpart of the Vanderveer medal, and stepped graciously out of the contest for it. The girls of the first and second grades were immediately fired with hope and enthusiasm, and "dug" at their mathematics determinedly. Kate Ridley was the first lucky girl, and Annie Dessau was next. But after the March examinations Miss Suffel made an announcement which caused Maggy to prick up her ears. "Margaret Grant," she said to the assembled classes, "has the highest marks in mathematics. Olive Atwater is next, with an average of ninety-six; the medal is hers, therefore, if Margaret still wishes to surrender it?"

Maggy twirled her bracelet. The room was very still; the girls were listening intently. "I think I should like to take it this time, if you please, Miss Suffel," said Maggy.

"It is yours by right," said unsuspecting Miss Suffel, cordially. "Take it, certainly." And Maggy took it, conscious of some peculiar inward twinges, and of glances and whisperings among the girls. Indeed, she went round for the next few days with a consciousness of being "rather mean," as she said to herself.

The people at home, too, had something to say. Maggy walked in with her chin up, and with a mingling of sheepishness and defiance.

"That medal again!" said Frank, whistling.

"I have n't had it for two months," said Maggy. But her chin came down a little when Ada looked at her.

"Which of the girls would have taken it this time if you had not?" that astute sister inquired. "Not Olive Atwater?"

"When you lose it this time," said her father, "I fear you'll have to empty your purse and

buy another yourself. Of course, it 's a mere matter of taste; if people prefer to spend their money for gold medals rather than other things, it 's perfectly allowable. I presume the jeweler will be glad to have an order for a medal every other month or so."

Maggy *had* been hoarding her money. She was putting away nearly all her modest weekly allowance for a particular purpose. The old woman who did their heavier cleaning had a little lame grandson who sat all day in a rocker in his poor home; and Maggy had been to see him. If he could have a "whaled cheer," said his mother, she or his sister could "whale" him out every fine day; and it was for a wheeled chair for poor Teddy Ryan that Maggy was saving her money. She had sent for circulars, and she could get the chair for twenty dollars. She found real happiness in the prospect of bringing comfort to the patient little cripple, who had so little of pleasure while she had so much.

Somehow that plan for Teddy Ryan was the pleasantest thing Maggy had to think about for some time after she had taken the Vanderveer medal for the fourth time. Everything went wrong. She did not enjoy the medal in the least. She had a perfect right to it; but it was disagreeable to have Olive's girl-friends saying to her own clique that it was "awfully mean" of her to take it just because Olive Atwater would have taken it if she had n't, and when she knew how hard Olive had worked for it. Maggy was sure she had never been considered mean before, and it troubled her very deeply. And then, to cap the climax, she went one Saturday afternoon to see Kate Ridley, went to take a singing-lesson, went to see what they had at the new art-store — and in the rush and flurry *did* actually lose the medal again. When she got home it was gone.

She stood and blankly stared at herself in her glass; then she sped down to the parlor, where she had pulled off her jacket, and searched frantically. It was not there.

It was too dreadful to believe. Maggy felt her face growing hot, slowly. How could she tell anybody? She would be ashamed to. What would everybody think — Miss Suffel and all the girls? And that was not the worst of

it either — what *would* her father say, and Frank? Oh, dear! She could n't face them. And even *that* was not the worst of it. She would have to buy another medal herself this time; and when would Teddy Ryan get his chair? The warm days were coming on, just the days when he would enjoy that chair. Now he would have to go on flattening his pale little nose against the window, and all because she had lost the Vanderveer medal again. The Vanderveer medal! She was sick of the sound of the name. It had n't done her much good, anyhow, and certainly in one or two respects it had done considerable harm. She wished she had never seen it nor heard of it. The tears were stealing to her eyes, and she flung herself into a corner of the sofa and wept hotly.

She lay with her head almost buried in a cushion; and so she did not hear the sound of smooth-rolling wheels, nor Amelia answering the bell. She did not even know there was a caller till Amelia ushered Olive Atwater into the room.

Maggy rose and faced Olive Atwater. She was too much amazed to speak. The tear-stained face must have expressed something besides amazement, for Olive blushed painfully and stammered over her speech, trying at the same time to return Maggy's cool gaze in kind.

"I was at Miss Finlay's just now, taking my lesson," she said, "and I saw your medal under the piano. I knew you 'd be worried about it, and I thought I 'd go this way home and bring it to you." She put the shining thing in Maggy's hand, and turned away.

"Olive," Maggy faltered,—"Olive, it was *very* sweet of you to do that for *me*"; and her voice shook threateningly. "I 've been crying half an hour, because I was so ashamed to lose it again, and I hated to tell anybody, and — and — it would have served me right if it had been lost for good, because I ought not to have taken it, Olive. No, oh no! — I ought n't. I don't know how I *could* have been so hateful." And then Maggy, overcome by a strange mixture of emotions, cried again.

Olive sat down beside her. "Unb — button your coat," said Maggy, tearfully.

"I 've been hateful, too," said Olive. "You know, ever since you did n't ask me to your candy-pull —"

"I was n't perfectly sure you 'd want to come," said Maggy. "Nothing but a candy-pull, and your parties are so much nicer, and—I thought you always felt a little—above—" How foolish it sounded, when she came to say it!

"Oh, Maggy Grant, nobody who *knows* me really could ever think that!" Olive cried. "Why, I've always liked you and—admired you."

"There is n't anything to admire," said Maggy, with conviction. "I've been mean."

"And I have," said Olive. "I could have asked you to my party just the same, and I ought to have."

"But oh, Olive, the worst thing," Maggy stammered, quite miserably, "was my thinking for a minute that *you* knew anything about—you know."

"That first medal. Of course I never saw it, except when you wore it."

"Of course not," said Maggy. And then they looked at each other. "It 's all been *perfect* nonsense right from the beginning," said Maggy; "has n't it?"

"I suppose such things always are," said

Olive, flushed with pleasure at the way things were coming out.

The unpleasantness among the girls in the academy melted away thereafter with remarkable rapidity. It was far pleasanter to have Olive Atwater and Maggy Grant good friends; they formed a confederacy for fun and for enterprise which no other two could have equaled.

The janitor found the first Vanderveer medal in a large crack in the floor of the cloak-room; and Miss Suffel consulted with the girls, and offered it as a monthly prize for the best work in the languages. Maggy Grant gave up the mathematical medal for good and all, and worked hard for the other, and made astonishing improvement in her French. On the whole, Miss Suffel declared the Vanderveer medals to be about the best things ever introduced into the school.

Teddy Ryan got his chair. And when Maggy told Olive Atwater about it she was so pleased and interested that she made some red silk, tasseled cushions for it, and joined with Maggy in making Teddy Ryan a target, as it were, for a good share of their spending-money.



ANTHONY AND THE ANCIENTS

BY TUDOR JENKS.



ANTHONY told me the story, after he came to know me well. He said I might write about it, but did n't care to have his real name given. So I have given him another name. Perhaps he dreamed it, but as I dislike stories that are only dreams, I won't say he did. It probably

is n't a literal fact, but you can perhaps make it useful if you will seek for a sort of lesson in it. If you don't see any lesson in it, then the story does n't apply to you.

Here is the way he told it to me, as nearly as I can write it down.

I went to the museum, and, after looking at other departments, came late in the afternoon to the place where they had ancient pottery. I was looking at a case of old lamps, when one of the attendants opened the cabinet door to put in a specimen. I knew him by sight, and he bowed. Then I spoke to him:

"I wish I knew how those lamps were used."

"Come to my room and I'll show you," he answered pleasantly.

So I went into his working-room, and he took an ancient lamp from a shelf. He filled it with lard-oil, I think, put a wick into the spout,—he made a rude wick from a piece of twisted linen rag,—and lighted it.

The lamp gave a dim and flickering light.

"I wish I could see it in the dark," I said, after a minute. "All right," he said; "just take it into that store-room," and he pointed to one of the doors, "shut the door, and you will find it as dark as Egypt."

I took the lamp, shielded it from the air with my hand, went into the store-room, and shut the door. It certainly was very dark in there, and the lamp gave hardly any light. As I sat in the gloom, I began to wish that I had lived in the days of the ancients. I thought to myself how wonderful it would be if I could be transported back into the ages before any of the marvelous inventions of our day were known. How much I could tell them!

"I wish," I said to myself, "that I could live in those times for a little while."

As I spoke I was gently rubbing the edge of the lamp.

A blue flame sprang up from the wick, there

was a muffled explosion, and the room seemed filled with a soft, violet vapor. Then a voice seemed to come out from the wreaths of vapor, and it said:

"Master of the lamp, I am here. You shall at once be obeyed."

Before I could answer, the door opened, the



ANTHONY RUNS FROM THE GREAT ELK.

vapor cleared away, and, half dazed, I walked out into the light.

For a few moments I could not make out any of the objects around me. Gradually my sight cleared, and I saw that I was out in the open air and standing upon high ground overlooking a wooded valley through which wound a river. As I looked down wonderingly, I heard a rustling behind me at some distance. I turned, and saw a gigantic elk coming toward me, brandishing a pair of horns that seemed ten feet wide from tip to tip.

Then I knew that my wish had been granted,

for I remembered to have read of the ancient Irish elk. I knew I was in the British isles, years before historic times. As I was coming to this conclusion, I was also making rapid progress toward the valley. I found that I was dressed in a short tunic of a dark blue color, and that my legs were covered by loose trousers bound tight with small twisted bands of cloth. Upon my feet were rough shoes of hide. My head was bare, and my hair was very long. I carried a club in one hand, and saw that it had a head of sharp stone.

"Why, I 'm a regular savage!" I said to myself, laughingly. The elk had not pursued me far, and I soon dropped into a walk, and leisurely made my way into the valley.

I came upon a settlement. It was a collection of huts, made, as I could see from an unfinished one, of willow rods covered with mud and turf. I looked curiously at them, and yet the scene was not unfamiliar to me. All through the time I was there I seemed somehow to be both an ancient and a modern.

Upon entering the road that ran near the groups of huts, I met a man dressed not unlike myself.

"Ah, Anton," he said without the least surprise, "you are back from the hill. Did you see the elk?"

"Yes," I answered. "He came after me. If I had had my gun with me, I would have shot him."

He seemed puzzled by my answer, but only asked, "Where was the elk?"

"Upon the eastern hill," I replied.

"We will go and hunt him," said the man.

We walked together toward one of the largest huts, and entered it. There was a fire upon a block of stone in the middle of the floor, and the smoke drifted out through a hole in the center of the domed roof. Around the fire sat the members of the chief's household: his wife and several children.

The chief sat by the fire, fitting a spear-head of stone to a long pole. The wife was making a cord out of some soft bark. The children were playing with sticks and stones, and one of the girls had a rude doll. We did not talk English, of course, but I understood them and they understood me. What language we used I don't know.

The chief questioned me about the elk, and I told him all I knew.

"Come!" he said, and strode out of the hut, calling upon several other men to take part in the hunt. I went with them, out of curiosity.

To my surprise, they had no other weapons than rude clubs with stone heads, and sharp sticks the ends of which had been hardened by charring in fire. They surrounded the elk and killed it, but not without a fierce struggle. Several of them were severely hurt by the sharp horns.

On my way back to the village, I walked beside the chief. We fell into conversation, and I explained to him my astonishment at their rude clubs and spears.

"If you had a rifle," I said, "you could shoot the elk without needing to go near him."

"A rifle?" he inquired. "What is that? I have heard of a queer weapon made of a stick and a cord, and I believe that it can kill from a distance. But I do not know how it is made."

"You mean a bow and arrow," I said, laughingly. "Why, they are nothing to a rifle. If I had a rifle, I could stand off further than a bow can send, and yet reach a man with ease."

"This sounds like magic," the chief said, cautiously drawing a little away from me.

"It is not magic," I answered; "it is only that I know more than your people."

"But your beard is not yet to be seen," answered the chief, smiling indulgently as one might at a foolish child.

I saw that sooner or later I must explain how I knew more than the men of his time, and so I told him as much of my story as I thought he could understand.

"So you see," I said, in conclusion, "I am really one of your remote descendants."

"You tell a marvelous story," the chief declared; "and if it be also a true one, you may be a great help to my people. Come to my hut, and I will talk with you of the things that should be done. If you can advise me well, you shall be my chief counselor—even before your beard grows."

After we had eaten some of the meat of the elk, I went into the chief's hut, and he bade me sit down near the fire. The smoke was very thick.

"This is all wrong," I said. "You should have a chimney." Then I explained to him how the hot air was light and would carry off the smoke through a chimney.

"It would be good," he replied, "to have less smoke. But we could not take time to build such a contrivance as you speak of. Game so soon becomes scarce that we have to move our houses to a new place very often. We could not build those stone chimneys so often. Besides, if there was no hole in the roof, the hut would be dark."

"Cut a hole in the side of the hut."

"It is too cold at night," he answered.

"But we do not leave the hole open. We fill it with something hard and like ice. We call it 'glass.'"

"And how can it be had?"

"It is made," I said, "of sand and of—of soda, I think."

"Sand I know," said the chief; "but what is soda?"

"Maybe it 's potash," I suggested.

"I never heard of that either," he said, with a smile I did n't like. "What is it?"

"Well," I said at last, rather shamefacedly, "I 'm not a glass-worker. I don't know how to make it. I 'm sorry."

The chief looked at me with a faint smile. I thought it best to change the subject.

"Talking of guns—rifles," I said, "it would be splendid if you had one. They are made of steel, which is hardened iron, you know, and then loaded with powder. A lead bullet is put over the powder, and then when the powder explodes, the bullet, or round piece of lead, is driven—oh, ever so far—a thousand paces!"

"But I do not know these things," said the chief; and I noticed that he spoke soothingly, as one might to a child whose mind was disordered. "You speak of iron, of steel, of lead, and of powder. What are they?"

"It is hard for me to explain," I said, "because you know so little. Iron is a hard substance melted out of certain rocks. When that is treated in some way it becomes steel. Lead is of the same kind, but much softer."

"Can you show us how to find or to make these things?" the old chief asked. "We may be very ignorant, but we can learn."

I was silent for a few moments. I had never seen any iron ore, and I had not the least idea how to get iron out of the rock. As for steel, I knew it had carbon in it, but how it was put in or left in I did n't know.

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I don't know much about them myself. And as for gunpowder, I think it is made of charcoal."

"Good!" he said, "I know charcoal."



ANTHONY MAKES THE CANDLE.

"And—and saltpeter, I believe, and something else," I went on weakly. "But I don't know what saltpeter is, I 'm sure."

"I don't see how we can do anything with the little you know," said the chief, kindly. "You tell me strange stories, but there seems to be nothing practical about your knowledge."

I could not deny that he was right. I began to think over some of our modern improvements, and luckily thought of a candle. So I explained to him how candles were made of tallow, by dipping a string into the melted tallow. Nothing would satisfy him but an imme-

diate trial. To my great triumph I succeeded in making a tolerable candle out of some animal fat. The chief was delighted.

"That," said he, "is a great invention. You indeed are fortunate. We have only torches."

"But we don't use candles," I said; "we have gas, and kerosene-lamps, and the electric light. But I can't make any of those for you. I don't know where to find coal or oil, or how to make electricity, or an electric light."

"No matter," he said cheerfully; "this is quite enough. I see there is some truth in your story. Tell me more of your marvels."

"Well," I said, "we use the steam-engine for traveling. We heat water over the fire, and a vapor or steam comes from it, and we let the steam go into a box, and it pushes a wheel around, and that pushes other wheels. That's the way we travel."

"Can you make a steam-engine?"

"No-o," I said. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand it."

"Well, what else?" the chief asked patiently.

"How do you tell time?" I inquired.

"By the sun," he replied. "How do you?"

"We have machines to tell time for us."

"Indeed!" he said wonderingly.

"Yes," I said. "There is a piece of metal coiled up, and that pushes around some wheels, and they push other wheels that move two flat pieces and make them point to marks that mean the hours."

"Do you know how they work?"

"Not exactly," I said; "I have an idea."

"We might find these hard substances you call metals," said the chief, thoughtfully; "for I have seen bits of hard substances come from the rocks of our fireplaces. But I fear you could not teach us to make these wonderful machines."

"I'm afraid not," I replied, regretfully.

"There's one thing I want to ask you," the chief said eagerly. "The water is high and then it is low. Do you know what makes the tides?"

Now that was a question I ought to have been able to answer. I knew it had something to do with the moon, and faint memories of the words perigee and apogee came

into my mind. But I had so vague an idea of the whole subject that I could n't make it clear to myself, and so I thought it wise to tell the plain truth. I said I did n't know.

"And sometimes the sun turns black," said the chief. "Why is that?"

"The moon gets in front of it," I answered, glad of an opportunity to make any reply.

"But the moon is n't black," he said.

"No, but it looks so," I said. "The moon has no light of her own. She looks bright only because the sun lights her."

"We know that," he said, "for the light on the edge of the moon is always toward the sun. But how often does the sun turn black?"

"I don't know," I was forced to confess.

"Why does n't it happen oftener?"

This was worse than a school examination. I made up my mind to end it.

"Chief," I said, "if I have not shown learning, at least I have learned my own ignorance. I am going to go back to my own time, if I can (and I think I can, for my wish was only to stay a while), and when I *do* get back there I'm going to know some of those things you asked me about. I'm going to know them all through. Then, if I can, I'm going to come back and teach you many things."

"I wish you good fortune," said the chief, "for this candle you have made is a great thing—a great invention."

"Farewell," I said.

Then I turned and climbed the eastern hill, where I had seen the elk. Just as I came to the crest of the hill a stone gave way beneath my feet, and I went tumbling—tumbling—tumbling—down into the store-room of the museum, where I woke up.

"I forgot you!" said the voice of the museum attendant. "You must have been asleep."

"I think so. I had a strange dream," I said. Then I looked at the lamp. It was broken. "I must have broken the lamp," I added.

"No matter," he replied. "It is only one of a common kind. If it was Aladdin's lamp, now," he smilingly suggested, "it would be a matter of some importance."

"True enough," I answered.

A WONDERFUL MONSTER—THE WALRUS.

(Eighth paper of the series.)

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

A MOUNTAIN of heaving flesh, wrinkled and rough, ugly as a satyr, and even more clumsy than a hippopotamus, lives in the Arctic Ocean wherever there are clam-beds, and enough open water to afford him a home. The PACIFIC WALRUS is the most uncouth and ungainly

beast that ever sets foot on land. For two or three centuries he has been called the MORSE, and also the SEA HORSE—possibly because he is more like a horse than a humming-bird, though not much.

Three hundred years ago, when travelers and men of science were struggling to obtain a mental grasp of the form and habits of this strange creature, but wholly unaided by the collector and taxidermist, their pictorial efforts produced some astonishing results—just as may always be expected under such conditions. Marvelous, indeed, were some of the pictures of the Walrus that were published in the sixteenth century, in the dark ages when taxidermists were not, and zoölogical museums were “without form, and void.” And yet, with the exception of the figure by Olaus Magnus, which is half fish and half hog, with four eyes on each side and a pair of impossible horns, none of these grotesque figures are one whit more wonderful than is the true character of the Pacific Walrus.

And now look at a true portrait. We give you on page 957 a correct likeness of a huge specimen that was killed in 1892 on Walrus Island, near the famous fur-seal islands in Bering Sea, expressly for the National Museum to exhibit at the World's Fair. It was mounted by Chief Taxidermist William Palmer, from life studies, aided by the critical advice of the famous Alaskan explorer and artist-naturalist, Mr. Henry W. Elliott. Beyond question, it is the

only perfect mounted specimen of this species in the world to-day.

Is he not a remarkable creature? Study him, for he is fearfully and wonderfully made. His real personality was only half known to the world until, in 1872, Mr. Elliott landed on the rocky shore of Walrus Island, armed with sketch-book, note-book, and tape-measure, and made an elaborate series of studies of this species actually at arm's length. His published pictures and notes were such a complete revelation regarding the actual form and habits of the Pacific Walrus as to cause much astonishment amongst naturalists; and to some it seemed almost beyond belief that the form of the Walrus was really as pictured from life by this painstaking artist.

When you see in the elegant and treasure-filled Mammal Hall of the National Museum the original of the accompanying illustration, perched on a rock, as natural in appearance as if he had been transported bodily from his native shore, shut your eyes to the other animals that surround him, and try to imagine him as he appeared alive in the wild spot where great Nature placed him. Conjure up, if you can, a view along the rock-bound side of Walrus Island, with this burly old monster and a dozen more like him, lying on the water-worn tables of slaty-blue basalt, with showers of foaming spray dashing over them as the breakers roll in, thundering, and dash to pieces against the rocky barrier. Imagine yourself within *ten feet* of this great beast, as Mr. Elliott sat sketching for three hours beside a Walrus just as large, the herd and the roaring surf in front of you, rugged masses of dark rock all around, and piled high behind you. Add to this wild scene a silent, crouching group of swarthy, skin-clad native walrus-hunters, waiting to kill and skin a 2000-



A HAUNT OF WALRUS, BERING STRAITS.

pound Walrus for your benefit — and then you can fully appreciate the remarkable character of the Pacific Walrus.

His feeding-ground is the muddy bottom of the broad, shallow bays and lagoons of the mainland coast, where the juicy mollusk and crustacean lives and thrives. His favorite food is clams and other shell-fish, which he digs up with his long, ivory tusks from their muddy bed, crushes between his powerful jaws, and swallows, *shells and all!* Occasionally when feeding in haste, with only “twenty minutes for refreshments,” a clam slips down whole, with its shell quite unbroken; but he never minds a little thing like that. Crabs and shrimps form a toothsome delicacy whenever found, and for salad he chooses “the bulbous roots and tender stalks of certain marine plants and grasses which grow in great abundance” in the shallow waters of the sheltered bays that indent the mainland shore. In the capacious stomach of the Walrus dissected by Mr. Elliott were more than a bushel of crushed clams in their shells, with enough other food of various kinds to make altogether half a barrel of material.

Mr. Elliott says that in life an old male Walrus is not an attractive animal to look upon at close quarters. His skin is very coarse-grained, dirty yellow in color, and almost bare of hair, though why this should be so is a mystery, for surely his thick and oily outer skin (epidermis) affords excellent soil for hair. His neck, and the front half of his body, is deeply seamed and wrinkled all over, and raised in great, unsightly

lumps, caused by the struggles of the huge creature to move about in a skin of enormous thickness. According to its location, his skin is from half an inch to two inches in thickness, and lies on a mass of fat which is often six inches thick.

His neck and shoulders are of enormous size, but his hind quarters are small and weak and quite out of proportion to the front half of his body. Often he carries upon his neck big scars made by the claws and teeth of polar bears, who have attacked him without being able to give him a mortal wound or prevent his floundering into the water. The polar bear is a powerful animal, but, for all that, the skull of a full-grown Walrus is a harder nut than he can crack. And that great cushion of flesh, fat, and tough skin is of itself excellent protection against hostile teeth and claws.

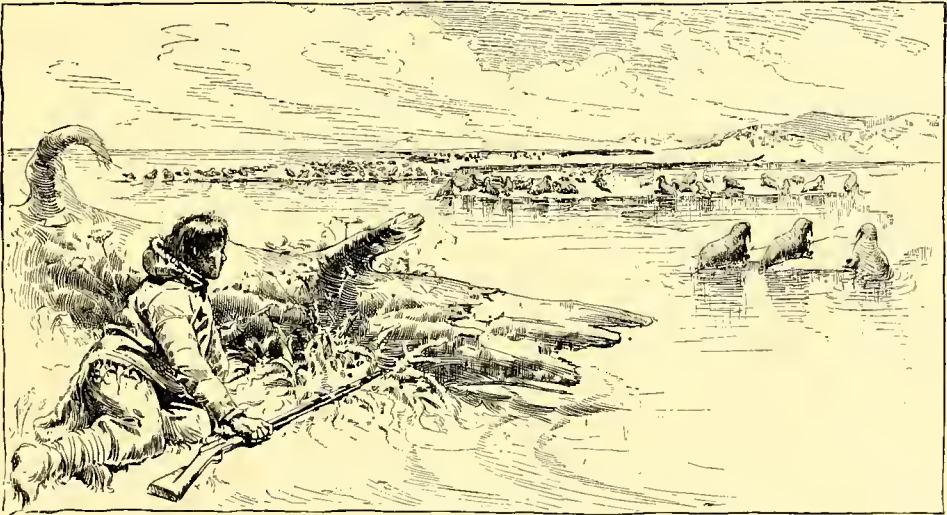
As might be expected, a Walrus is about as helpless on land as a canal boat. It is with no little difficulty, and much hitching and floundering, that he drags his huge bulk up on a sandy shore, even with the boosting that he gets from behind by the breakers as they roll in and dash against him. His hind flippers are of little use on land; and on sand or pebbles, where his front flippers do not hold well, the labor of floundering forward is so great that he never stirs beyond the edge of the water, and usually lies with his body half awash, with the salt spray dashing over him like torrents of rain. On solid rock or ice he gets

along much better, and often a herd will spread several rods back from the water's edge.

The females and younger Walruses have far less development of neck to encumber them, and therefore enjoy more freedom of motion than the old males, who actually seem a great burden unto themselves. These creatures are strictly social in their habits, and always go in herds, whether traveling, feeding, fighting, or resting ashore. In the days before the slaughter of all living creatures became a ruling passion in the breast of man, the Pacific species inhabited the whole of Bering Sea and Strait in herds which often contained thousands, and even tens of thousands, of individuals. They were found from the north shore of the Alaska Peninsula (latitude 55°) northward on all the islands and all along the main land of both Alaska and Asia. On our side they ranged as far north-eastward as Point Barrow, where they encountered the edge of the great permanent ice-pack, and could go no farther. It is to be noted as something remarkable that an animal consuming a great quantity of food, but never eating fish, nor any other flesh than marine invertebrates, could find a supply of his peculiar food

on the ice-fields, retreating southward as the edge of the ice-pack advances. Summer finds them at their most southern range, like the polar bear, basking on shore, and enjoying a season of repose after the privations and adventures of their winter campaign. It is then that the life of the Walrus is in great danger from the white hunter. His tusks contain a few pounds of rather poor ivory, and his body is literally incased in solidified oil, both of which the white hunter wants for the money they will bring. For many years, Walrus-hunting has been an important feature of the Arctic whaling-industry, with the result that now there is only one Walrus where formerly there were twenty.

To the Eskimo the Walrus is the same all-in-all that the buffalo was to the Indian, that the camel is to the Arab, and the reindeer to the Korak. Its flesh feeds him; its tough hide covers his boats, his shell-like kayak and his big, clumsy bidarra, and cut into strips it makes his harpoon lines and dog-harness; its oil furnishes him light and fire; its ivory tusks are legal tender for all sorts of civilized luxuries, such as iron and steel for spear-heads, knives,



ESKIMO HUNTER WATCHING WALRUS HERDS ON THE CLAM SHOALS AT BRISTOL BAY.

as far north as Point Barrow, where the earth freezes to a depth of fifty feet, and "the ice never melts."

In the winter the Walrus herds float about

and even guns; certain tissues make good mackintoshes for Mr. and Mrs. Innuit, and the flipper-bottoms of the Walrus make good sole-leather for the hunter also. Mr. Elliott be-

lieved that, in 1887, there were probably ten thousand natives living along the mainland shore of Alaska, who were very largely dependent upon the Walrus for their existence.

The natives of St. Lawrence Island, which is the first land south of Bering Strait, were all Walrus-hunters, and formerly depended for their existence in winter solely upon the Walrus that came to their shores. Their rock-bound island lay directly in the track of the migrating herds, and the Walrus were glad to haul up there to rest.

But finally there came an awful winter, that of 1879-80, when the ice-pack closed in solidly all around St. Lawrence Island, extending for miles in every direction, and forcing every Walrus far southward of its customary haunts. It was then impossible for the Walrus to reach the island, or for the inhabitants to go to the Walrus, and so in that long and dreary Arctic night, without food and without fuel, every man, woman, and child in three settlements, nearly three hundred in all, died of starvation. The people of one small village on the north shore were the only survivors on the whole island.

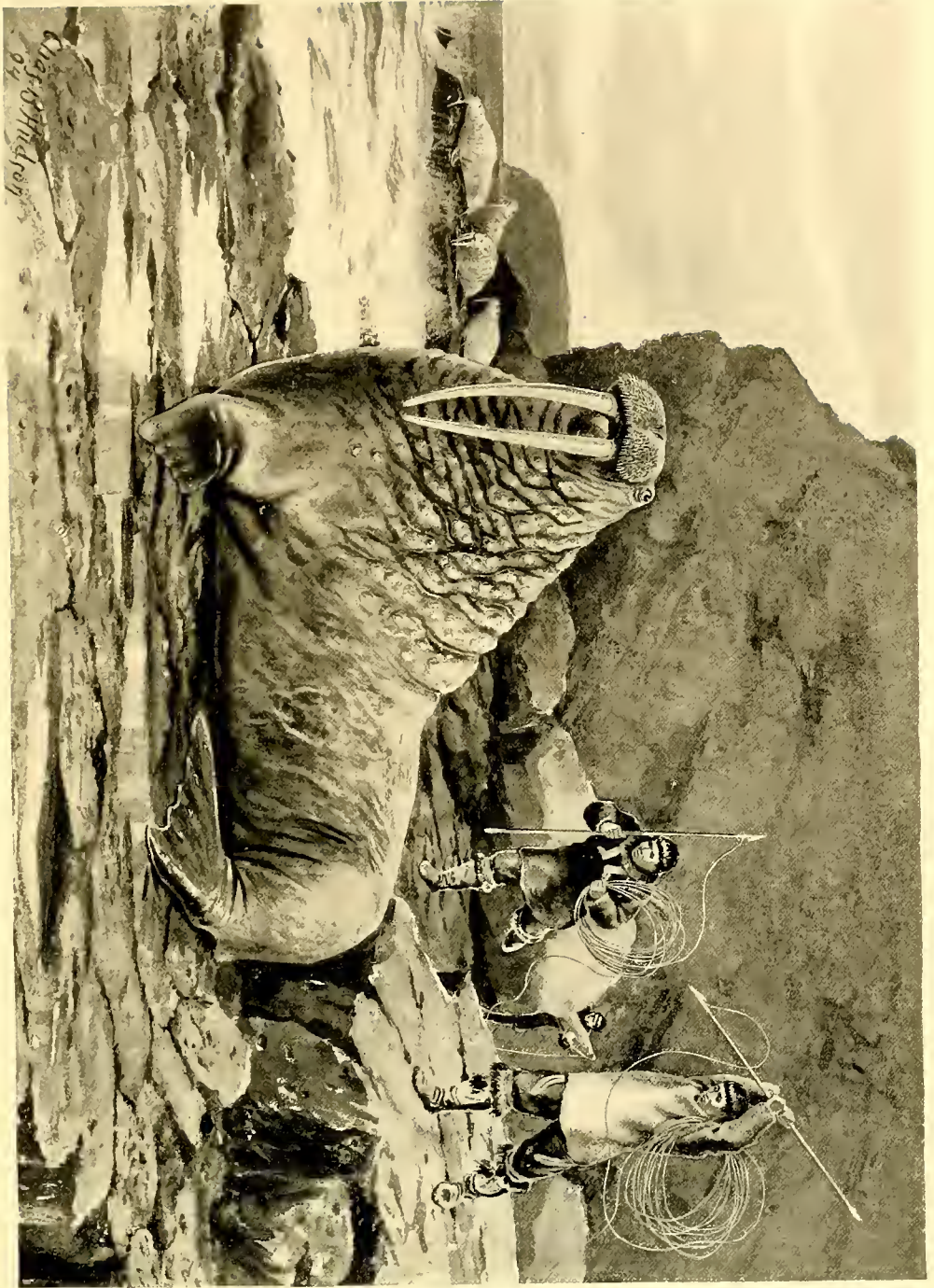
Although the Walrus is a formidable-looking animal, especially when he rears his huge head and gleaming tusks out of the water within a few feet of your boat, Mr. Elliott says he is not only timid, harmless, and inoffensive, but not even given to fighting in his own family. His tusks, which vary in length from twenty to thirty inches, and in weight average from six to eight pounds each, were given him to dig clams with, and are of precious little use to him either in fighting or defending himself from attack.

He sleeps comfortably in the open sea, floating bolt upright in the water, with his nostrils out and his hind flippers hanging a dozen feet below. Nature purposely built him in the shape of a buoy, so that when sleeping or resting at sea the buoyancy of his huge, blubber-cased fore quarters brings his nostrils out of the water without the slightest effort on his part. He grunts and bellows a great deal, solely for his own amusement, apparently, and many a time have vessels been warned off dangerous rocks in thick, foggy weather by the grunting of the Walrus lying upon them.

THE ATLANTIC differs from the Pacific species in possessing a good WALRUS coat of coarse, stiff, pale yellow hair, in having less development of neck, smaller tusks, and in being somewhat smaller every way. It has, or at least it once had, a much wider geographic range than the other, extending from Cape Frazer, at the head of Peabody Bay (latitude 80° N.), all the way southward as far as Sable Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It inhabited the northern half of Hudson's Bay, and the open waters of the northern straits as far west as 95° west longitude. To the eastward it was found on the east coast of Greenland, all around Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and at various points on the northern coast of Europe and Asia, as far east as 75° east longitude.

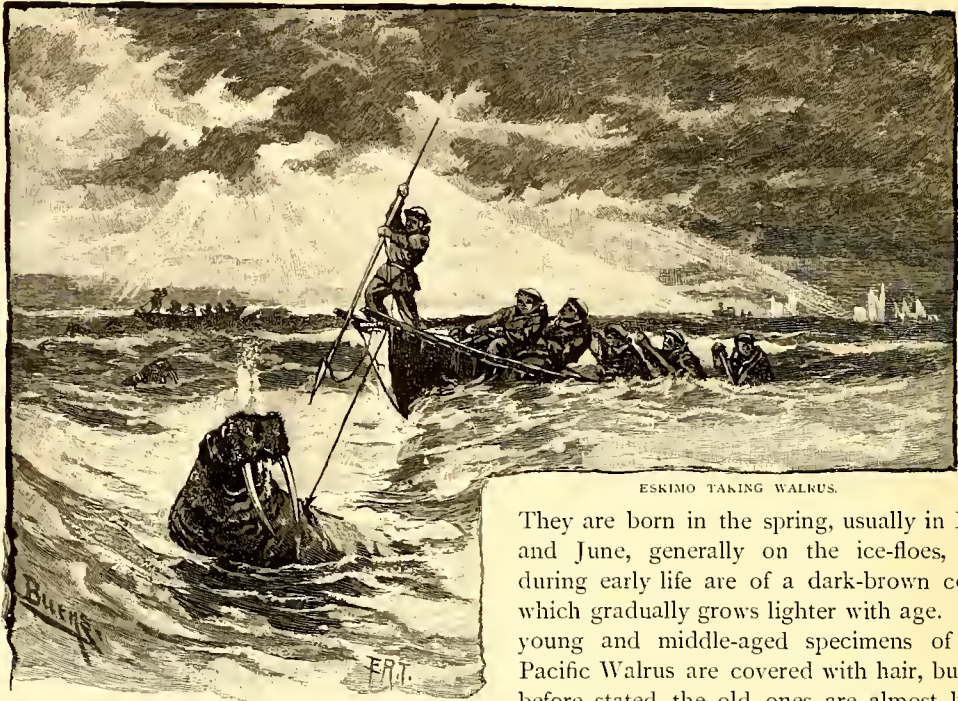
The habits of the Atlantic Walrus are quite similar to those of the Pacific species; but, according to all accounts, the former is possessed of a degree of courage and fighting temper quite unknown to the other. On land the unhappy Sea Horse is as helpless as a snail, and any clodhopper can blunder up and plunge a spear into his vitals, or shoot him. But the Eskimo hunter, who takes a frail skin-boat, harpoon, and line, and seeks him in his native element, is a sportsman who gives him a fair show, and a chance to strike back at his only mortal foe.

To harpoon a big Walrus and despatch him is no child's play, particularly when there is a herd of sympathizers on hand to watch the performance, and possibly take part in it. The hunter has only one thing to fear, which is that the huge creatures will attack his boat, and, by hooking their tusks over its side, either swamp it or smash it. This has actually occurred several times in the pursuit of the Atlantic Walrus. And it is quite enough to make any man a trifle nervous when a dozen tusked leviathans, weighing from half a ton to a ton each, full weight, rise out of the vasty deep, surround his boat at close quarters, and threaten to climb aboard. It is then high time to pipe all hands on deck to repel boarders, and turn the Winchesters loose. Some of the members of the Peary relief expedition had some exciting adventures of this nature with a herd of Atlantic



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O. Hudson

THE PACIFIC WALRUS.



ESKIMO TAKING WALRUS.

Walrus in Smith's Sound in 1892, of which a graphic description was published in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1893.

The young of the Walrus never exceed two in number, and one is the usual number.

They are born in the spring, usually in May and June, generally on the ice-floes, and during early life are of a dark-brown color, which gradually grows lighter with age. The young and middle-aged specimens of the Pacific Walrus are covered with hair, but, as before stated, the old ones are almost bare.

The mother Walrus shows great affection for her helpless offspring, and when attacked will shelter it from spears with her own body until she either escapes with it or is killed.



HUNTERS ATTACKED BY WALRUS.

The length of a large old Walrus, of either species, is from ten to twelve feet, exclusive of the hind flippers, and the weight of such a specimen has been estimated by careful and competent observers at from two thousand to twenty-two hundred pounds. The Pacific Walrus dissected by Mr. Elliott on Walrus Island measured twelve feet seven inches "from the nostrils to the end of its excessively abbreviated tail," and, if the hind flippers had been added, the total length would have been about two feet more. The girth of this monster was fourteen feet; but remember that he was selected out of a herd of about two hundred as being the largest, and was a giant of his kind.

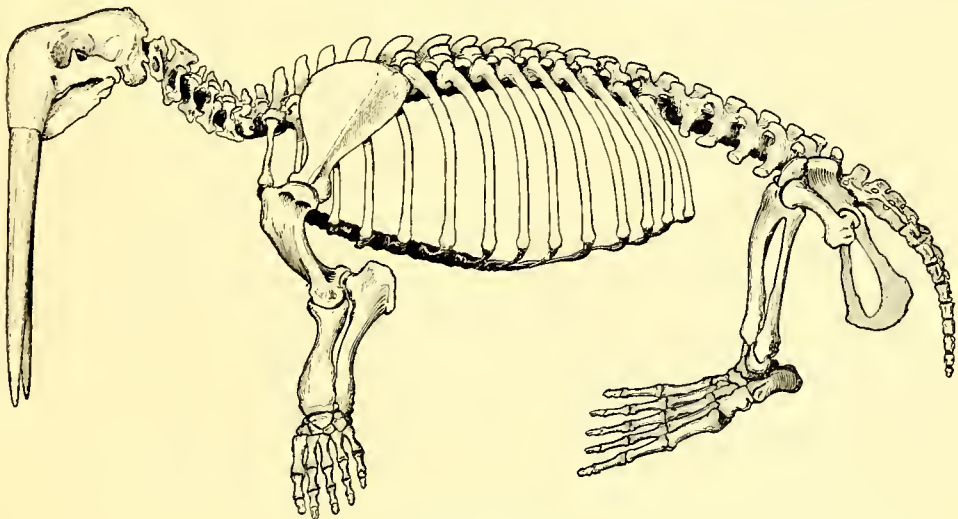
One of the wonderful facts about the Walrus is that so large an animal should have existed in such multitudes. Before the whalers of this country and England began to hunt them so diligently, they swarmed in countless thousands upon the ice-floes, and the shores of sheltered bays in the Arctic regions. It is said that during the sixty years previous to our purchase of Alaska, the Eskimos killed every year about ten thousand Pacific Walrus in Bering Sea and Strait.

On the Atlantic side the slaughter of Walrus has been awful, as the following incident will show. In 1852 two small sloops, well laden with oil, visited the southwesternmost of the Thousand Islands, and found there a herd of Walrus containing, as they estimated, between three thousand and four thousand individuals.

"One great mass of Walruses," says the historian, Mr. Lamont, "lay in a small bay, with rocks inclosing it on each side," where, by skilfully disposing four boat's-crews of sixteen men along the shore, the retreat of the herd was entirely cut off. Then the slaughter began, and such another slaughter in the world of lower animals has seldom been looked upon since man first began to slay.

The men first killed the Walruses nearest the water, until their dead bodies formed a barrier that effectually prevented any of the animals farther landward from reaching the water. "The Walruses were then at their mercy [!], and they slew and slaughtered until most of the lances were rendered useless, and themselves exhausted with fatigue." Then they went aboard their vessels, ate dinner, ground their lances, returned to their murdering, and did not stop until they had killed *nine hundred walruses!* To crown this infamous deed, the historian remarks that "the vessels were already partly loaded, and could carry away only a small portion of the spoil."

Owing to the continual hunting of the Walrus by white men, both species have retired as far as possible from waters accessible to whaling-vessels. In many localities the Walrus has been entirely exterminated; but there are many places, in the heads of shallow bays and lagoons, where clams are plentiful, and the steam-whaler cannot follow, where the Walrus will still live in peace and security for many years to come.



SKELETON OF WALRUS.



HIGHLY CONNECTED.

By O. Herford.

"I'm a very little cat,
I know, and thin at that;
But cast your eye upon
this poster fine—
The big chap on that ball.
He's just a King, that's all—
And, by the way, a relative
of mine!"



O. Herford

The Miser Elf.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.



HERE was a little miser elf who had a precious store

Of silver motes from moonbeams and priceless grains of ore,

And shiny dust of marigold, and glittering jeweled eyes

Of burnished stars and spangles from the wings of butterflies,

And bales of wondrous gossamer and green-gold beetles' wings,

And many other marvelous and rare and costly things.

But, ah! with all his golden dust and jewels rich and rare,

This little elf was never free from misery and care.

The wealth that might have conjured up all good things at his beck

Was just a golden millstone that hung around his neck.

He never had one moment's peace, his treasure out of sight,

Though he buried it for safety in a different place each night;

Each night the thought of robbers made him close his eyes in vain,

And just as soon as it was light he'd dig it up again.

One night (it was a woodland place in which he chanced to bide)—

As usual he sought a place in which his gold to hide.

He had not long been seeking before he chanced to see

A thing he'd never seen before—a curious kind of tree:

The stem was smooth and straight, and on the top there grew a sort

Of dome or hat—let's call it an umbrella-tree for short.

"The very place!" exclaimed the elf, "So strange a tree, 't is clear,

Is just the thing to mark the spot. I'll hide my treasure here."



No sooner said than done; and then, his treasure buried deep,

Upon a bed of moss near by he laid him down to sleep.

For once the elf enjoyed a night from dreams and terrors free;

And, waking, sought with bounding step his tall umbrella-tree.

"Ah, here it is!" he cried; and sure enough, before his sight

It stood. "But what is this?" Another like it to the right!

"Which can it be?" He rubbed his chin.

"What underneath the sun

Has happened? Why, I could have sworn last night there was but one.

Which can it be that marks the spot in which my treasure lies?"

And looking round, another tree of the same shape and size,

Another and another still met his astonished eyes.

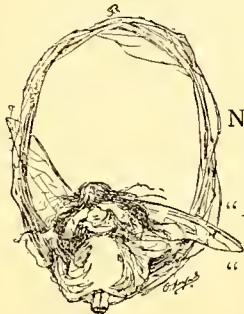
Then the dreadful truth burst on him, and he stood transfixed with fright

In a forest of umbrella-trees all grown up in a night.

When walking in the autumn woods,
 dear reader, and you pass
 A toadstool lying on its side among
 the leaves and grass,



Think of the little miser elf, for 't is a sign
 that he
 Still digs for his lost treasure underneath
 the umbrella-tree.



NCE a naughty fay
 Chanced to sprain her
 wing:
 "At her tricks," they
 say —
 "Naughty little thing!"



Said the little fay
As she lay in pain,
"No more tricks I 'll play
When I 'm well again."

Time heals everything.
Can this be our fay,
She who sprained her wing
Just the other day?

Can she be this fair,
Thrifty little thing,
Sewing up a tear
In a beetle's wing?

Yes,—alas! but oh,
Not a thrifty elf;
Of course she *has* to sew
What she tore herself!



THE BUMBLEBEES.

BY NELL KIMBERLY McELHONE.

DOWN behind the garden wall, near the apple-trees,
"Z-z-z-z!" sing the bumblebees.
"Z-z-z-z!" This is what they say—
"Z-z-z-z!"—all the sunny day.
When they go into their nest, burly bumblebees,
'T is so very still then near the apple-trees.





PRACTISING.

What trying and sighing and crying
To teach little children to play!

ii.

To play? I call it *working*,
When ten little fingers like mine
Are bumping and clumping and thumping,
And never will fall into line.
They fumble and tumble and stumble,
They trip and they skip and they hop,
And just when the music is gayest
They come to an obstinate stop.

iii.

Do you think that Mama's pretty fingers
That sparkle and dance on the keys
While the music is rippling below them,
Were ever as clumsy as these?
I would work—I would patiently practise,
How patiently!—day after day,
If I thought that my practice and patience
Would end in such beautiful play.

Eliza Chester.

i.
TEN little troublesome fingers,
Ten little finger-nails—
Pattering on the piano,
Scattering over the scales.
Clicking and clacking and clattering,
Each in the other one's way—

BRAVERY HALF THE BATTLE.

(A Hindu Tale Retold.)

THERE was once a wise old goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by running into the first cave he saw. It proved an excellent shelter, but it belonged to a lion; and soon the goat heard the lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself, "this is a place where wit is of more use than sharp horns!" And when the lion came in, he found the goat calmly stroking his beard.

"How very lucky!" exclaimed old William, just as the lion was about to spring upon him.

"Lucky?" said Leo, stopping half-way; "for me, you mean?"

"Not at all," answered William; "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions."

"I never heard of such a thing!" answered the lion, laughing scornfully.

"Very likely not," replied the goat. "But then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am the lion-hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

So saying he lowered his head, and charged the lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack, the lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William the goat sure that the lion was at a distance, than he started off too, but in another direction.

Meanwhile, Leo met a jackal, and told him about the story the goat had made up.

"What nonsense!" said the jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old William Goat well. He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me, and we'll quickly make an end of him." So they turned back toward the cave, and, soon finding the goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself, "I must make-believe harder than ever, or all is lost."

Thereupon he turned around and ran to-

ward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plainly heard, he cried out in as angry a tone as he could put on:

"Why, Jackal, how is this? I told you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright, and he once more took to his paws toward the deepest part of the jungle. The jackal called after him in vain, and, being really a coward, did not dare to face old William Goat alone.

So William arrived safe at home, to the great joy of Nanny and the little kids.

Christopher Valentine.



The Study of Arithmetic

Young Henry Clay - Two'n'two make fo', an' t'ree added to 'em
make t'ree mo', an' eight added to 'em make eight mo' -

Uncle Rastus - Dah's a scholard fo' yer! Why, if he keeps on
dat chil' 'll soon be a-addin' up in de zillions!

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER IX.

As Somers was unexpectedly weakened, so Decatur was unexpectedly strengthened by James Decatur's boat. Decatur, under sail and sweeps, and making for the nine gunboats advancing to meet him, saw Somers's desperately gallant attempt, and turning impetuously to his men, shouted :

"Do you see, men, how Somers has turned like a lion on a whole division of gunboats? We must all do our best this day or Somers will reap all the glory."

The Tripolitans advanced boldly, keeping up a hot fire of grape and musketry, which Decatur returned with interest. In the midst of the smoke, from the vessels and the batteries, the Tripolitans could not quite make out where the "Americanos" were; but suddenly a boat was laid alongside of the first Tripolitan gunboat, and Decatur's voice was heard ringing out, "Board!"—and they knew then, indeed, where the Americanos were. The Turkish gunboat was divided into two parts by a long, open hatchway, extending from her port to her starboard side. The Tripolitans, taken by surprise, rushed to the farther end of the hatchway, while Decatur, joined by his lieutenant, Thorn, and his favorite midshipman, Macdonough, made a dash for the Tripolitans. Celebrated as these pirates were for their hand-to-hand fighting, they could not withstand the steady charge of the Americans, and the boat was carried with the first rush. Scarcely were the Tripolitan colors hauled down, and the captured boat taken in tow, when, in the midst of the drifting smoke, an American gunboat was found to have ranged directly under the stern of Decatur's boat.

"What is the matter?" shouted Decatur.

"Lieutenant Decatur is wounded," answered

Midshipman Morris—the one whose foot had first touched the Philadelphia's deck. He was standing on the gunwale of the boat, and the instant Decatur saw his pale and agitated face, he knew that his brother was desperately injured.

"Severely wounded?" asked Decatur quickly.

"Yes, sir," answered Morris, in a low voice.

"Mortally?" asked Decatur.

To this Morris made no answer for a moment. Then he said huskily:

"He had boarded a Turkish boat—yonder—and the flag had been hauled down, when, as he advanced across the deck, the Tripolitan captain drew a pistol and shot him. We carried him to our own boat; the Turk escaped, and there is his boat now within the enemy's line."

Decatur knew his duty to his country and to the brave men under him, whose lives and reputations depended upon his judgment and coolness, too well to spend a moment indulging his private grief.

"I cannot go to him yet," he cried, in an agonized voice, "but I can punish the treachery of the wretch who shot him."

The Tripolitan boat was now well in the line of the rest, a few hundred yards away; but the Americans, bending to their sweeps, and unshipping their bowsprit, in a little while had reached the boat, and had run aboard of it. They could see that it was strongly manned, and its decks were crowded with turbaned heads. Decatur had put his pistol in his pocket and taken a boarding-pike in his hand to parry the Turkish scimitars. As the two boats neared each other, Decatur, whose heart was torn with grief for his brother and the determination to punish the pirates, recognized the treacherous Tripolitan captain, a man of gigantic frame and ferocious countenance, standing near the bow. The next moment, he

noticed the young sailor, Reuben James, at his side, who threw, with unerring skill, a grappling-iron aboard of the Tripolitan boat. Then the Americans, dragging on the chain, drew the boat toward them. There was no need to call away the boarders. Every man that could be spared from the sweeps was up and ready to spring. Next Decatur stood Macdonough, and immediately behind him were Danny Dixon and Reuben James. Before the boats had touched, the Americans leaped over the side and found themselves on the Tripolitan's deck surrounded by twice their number of enemies. Then began a hand-to-hand fight to which all that had gone before was child's play. The Americans, keeping together as closely as possible, fought from one end of the deck to the other; while Decatur made a dash for the Tripolitan captain. Decatur was tall and athletic, but the Turk was a giant. As the young American charged with his pike, the Turk caught it and actually wrested it out of his hands. The Turk, then, standing on tiptoe to bring the pike down with terrific force, Decatur had time to draw his sword. The sword flashed over his head for a moment, and then the heavy iron pike descending broke it short off at the hilt. Decatur felt the sharp point of the pike enter his breast; but, tearing it out in a moment covered with blood, he suddenly clinched with the Turk, who, although a much larger and stronger man than Decatur, was taken by surprise and went down on deck, locked with Decatur in a mortal embrace.

The Americans, seeing the desperate plight of their young captain, rallied around him; but they were followed by the Tripolitans, and were forced to defend themselves at every step. A hundred scimitars were wielded against them, and the noise and clash of arms was deafening. In the midst of it, Reuben James, who was almost surrounded, saw a Tripolitan raise his curved blade above Decatur, lying prostrate on the deck and struggling with the captain. There was no time for the young sailor to use his cutlass; but, dashing forward, he threw up his left arm and caught the descending blow. It nearly cut the arm in two, but it saved Decatur's life.

Meanwhile, Decatur, almost overmastered by

the brawny Tripolitan, managed to put his hand into his trousers'-pocket, and, drawing his pistol, he cocked it and fired it into the Turk's shoulder. With a scream, the Tripolitan relaxed his hold and rolled over, and Decatur sprang to his feet. That was the turning-point. The Americans, seeing their captain on his feet, and having been kept together by the coolness of Macdonough and the steadiness of Danny Dixon, now charged the Tripolitans. This last onslaught was too much for the pirates. They retreated, fighting to the last; and, when driven into the after part of the boat, were disarmed. The reserve of the Tripolitan gunboats, inside the reefs, then attempted to come out; but the Constitution, hauling her wind, poured a heavy fire into the opening in the rocks through which they would have to pass, and they were driven back. The brigs and schooners also kept up the cannonade; and, at half-past four o'clock, the Tripolitans having drawn off, the American gunboats and their captured prizes were towed out into the offing. Somers's boat was the first to reach the frigate's side, when he heard of James Decatur's mortal wound. Somers loved James Decatur like a younger brother, and was deeply distressed by the news. Commodore Preble had his own barge manned, and, as soon as Decatur reached the Constitution and reported on deck, the Commodore said:

"Captain Decatur, there is my barge. Take any officer you wish, and bring your brother to the Constitution."

Decatur, too overcome to reply, bowed silently and motioned to Somers. The two friends, without speaking a word, got into the barge together. Decatur unconsciously gripped Somers's hand hard, as he had often done in the old days when they had been schoolmates together; and in this hour of grief Somers seemed closer to him than ever before. They soon reached the gunboat, and found James Decatur lying on the deck, where he had gallantly fallen. Neither Somers nor Morris could restrain their tears.

In a few moments, James Decatur's body was carried on board the frigate by Somers and Morris, and followed by Decatur. The bodies of thirteen other brave men who had

died gloriously for their country that day, were also taken on board; and the Constitution, after having inflicted terrible damage on her enemies, hauled off, and, in company with the rest of the squadron, ran out of gunshot.

The frigate was much cut up aloft, and had lost her main royal yard; but otherwise the tremendous onslaught of her guns upon the enemy had brought no corresponding injury to herself. The brigs, schooners, gun-vessels, and bombards had also escaped comparatively unharmed, while the Tripolitans had had three gunboats sunk, three captured, one of their strongest batteries destroyed, and all the defenses much battered.

The whole squadron came to anchor at sunset, three leagues from the town. The bodies of the thirteen seamen and James Decatur, the only officer, were decently dressed in uniform, covered with ensigns, and laid upon shot-boxes arranged on the quarter-deck. All during the short August night, Decatur stood watch by the body of his brother, and Somers kept the solemn vigil with him. As midnight came on with the silence of the starlight August night, broken only by the regular step of the deck officer and the occasional striking of the ship's bells, Somers began to say something that had long dwelt in his heart.

"Why should we pity him, Decatur?" he asked, pointing to the body of James Decatur wrapped in the flag. "Can you imagine a better death than to die for one's country and for the good of humanity? For the conquest of these pirates will save many good lives, and release many thousands of prisoners who are suffering like our own countrymen. The feeling has been on me for a long time that there is but one thing worth living for, or fighting for, and that is our duty. You love pleasure better than I, and so, many things that you value seem worthless to me. I acknowledge an ambition to leave an honorable name behind me, and to do something for my country that will be remembered; and if, in trying to do this, I should lose my life in this far-off land, I lose it willingly."

Just as the radiant sunrise turned the blue Mediterranean into a sea of gold, the solemn call resounded through the Constitution, "All

hands to bury the dead." The ensign flew at half-mast; the yards were set cock-a-bill; the sails half furled; the ropes hung in bights; everything was arranged to express mourning and distress. Commodore Preble himself read the service at the open gangway, and the bodies of James Decatur and the thirteen gallant seamen, who were his companions in death, were committed to the sea.

Only a breathing-spell of a few days was allowed to the squadron, but in that time the tone of the Bashaw changed wonderfully. He wanted the Americans to send in a flag of truce, but this Commodore Preble refused, with the menace that if a hair of the heads of the imprisoned Americans should be injured, the Bashaw should be made to pay such a price for it as he would remember the longest day of his life.

On the seventh day of August, repairs having been made, and the captured Tripolitan boats refitted, another attack was made about two o'clock in the afternoon. The gunboats, of which there were now nine, were again in two divisions commanded by Somers and Decatur, covered by the guns of the brigs and schooners. They dashed boldly in; immediately a terrific cannonade was opened on them from the forts, the castle, and the Tripolitan fleet of gun-vessels that were ranged directly across the harbor. The Americans, however, returned it warmly, and over five hundred solid shot and forty shells were fired at the forts, and the batteries were very nearly shattered, the gunners driven away from their guns, and the masonry nearly demolished. The Tripolitan gunboats no longer gave the Americans a chance to board them, but remained at a discreet distance, within the reefs, preferring to fight at long range. While the divisions were advancing, Somers, who was leaning against the flag-staff of his boat, turned around as the coxswain uttered an exclamation. The second boat in Decatur's division had been struck by a Tripolitan shell. It exploded, and, for a moment or two, the unfortunate vessel and her brave crew were lost in a cloud of smoke and the water thrown up around it. When the boat became visible, the after part was already shattered and under water. Upon the forward

part, which still floated, were a young midshipman and eleven men. They had been engaged in reloading the long twenty-four-pounder she carried; and, at this terrible moment, the gun-captain, under the midshipman's orders, was coolly applying the match.

The gun roared out, and the shot struck the muzzle of a gun in the battery of Fort English, breaking it into a hundred pieces. The bow of the boat was beginning to sink; but, before thinking of saving themselves, the men, led by the midshipman, gave three hearty American cheers. Then they leaped into the water, and, Decatur's boat approaching, they were hauled on board.

"Hurrah!" shouted Somers, standing up and waving his cap at Decatur, who was doing the same thing at him. Hardly was the word out of his mouth, when he felt himself suddenly seized around the waist by the quartermaster's strong hands and thrown down on the deck. The next moment a shot struck the flagstaff against which Somers had been leaning, and cut it off short at the very spot where his head had been but a moment before.

"Beg your parding, sir," said the quartermaster, as the two scrambled to their feet, "but I seen her comin', and 't war n't no time to be axin' what the reg'lations was 'bout gittin' a officer's head out o' the way when a shot is a-comin' straight for it, sir."

"No apologies are necessary for saving a man's life as you saved mine," cried Somers, shaking the quartermaster's hand.

The attack was so spirited, and so much

damage was done that, next day, the Bashaw offered to surrender the officers and crew of the Philadelphia for five hundred dollars each.

"Tell your master," said Commodore Preble to the envoy, "that I shall yet have every officer and man belonging to the Philadelphia, but without paying one dollar of ransom for them."

This was supplemented by a night attack, on August 18, which Somers and Decatur both urged upon the commodore. But find-



REUBEN JAMES SAVES DECATUR FROM THE TURK.

ing that it was more risky, and not so effective as the day attacks, Preble told his young captains that thereafter the attacks would be by daylight.

The Tripolitans now began to be very much alarmed, and made several offers to treat. But Commodore Preble would listen to nothing but the unconditional surrender of the officers and crew of the Philadelphia.

On August 24 and 28, two more attacks were made, which were led, as usual, by Somers and Decatur. After every attack came renewed offers from the Bashaw; but Commodore Preble meant to destroy forever the power of this barbarous nation of pirates and corsairs.

On September 4, another attack in force was determined upon. It was the third in which the Constitution had taken an active part; and the magnificent way in which the stout and beautiful frigate withstood the bombardment of all the guns of the forts and vessels, gained for her the honored name of "Old Ironsides"—a name she has now borne gloriously for nearly a hundred years. At daylight, on September 4, the Tripolitans were awakened by the roar of a cannonade, and the eyes of the captive officers and men of the Philadelphia were gladdened by seeing the gunboats advancing boldly, in the first flush of dawn, supported by the brigs and schooners, while Old Ironsides was standing in, her men on the yards, shortening sail as deliberately as if she were working into a friendly port. Arrived at a point opposite the mole, she backed her topsails and then let fly her thirty great guns in broadside. In vain the forts pounded her. Moving slowly, occasionally throwing her topsail aback, she skilfully avoided being raked, and, except for some slight damage aloft, she came out of the action without injury and without losing a man.

Meanwhile, the Tripolitan gunboats had advanced to the reefs, and, just as the sun rose, the divisions under Somers and Decatur went at them fiercely. The brigs and schooners also directed their fire toward the Tripolitan flotilla. Commodore Preble was sanguine that it would be utterly destroyed. The Tripolitans, though, whose vessels drew less water than the Americans', and who knew the intricate maze of reefs and shoals perfectly well, ran into shoal water, where they could not be followed. Somers sunk two boats, while Decatur managed to bring off three. As soon as the frigate hauled off and made for the offing, the gunvessels were towed out; and, when they were well out of gun-shot, the whole squadron came to anchor. About three o'clock in the day, Captain Somers was the first to report on board the flagship. As soon as he caught sight of Old Pepper on

the Constitution's quarter-deck, he knew that something had gone wrong. The commodore, while fighting his own ship, could give but little attention to the boat divisions; but, seeing the Tripolitans almost surrounded by the American boats, with the brigs and schooners closing up, he had expected the whole flotilla to be captured. When, therefore, he saw it making back into the harbor with the loss of only five boats, and not knowing the shallowness of the water at that point, he could not understand the conduct of the American boats, and was deeply disappointed for the first time in his "boy captains." As Somers approached and made his report in a few words, he was received in angry silence. The only words the commodore said were: "I have something to say on this matter when Captain Decatur reports."

Somers, although annoyed, yet knew that, when the circumstances were explained, the commodore would do both Decatur and himself justice; for Old Pepper's heart was as just as his temper was as fiery. But, knowing Decatur's high spirit, he could not but be fearful of a meeting between the two in the commodore's present state of mind. He had but little time to think, though, for at that instant Decatur stepped over the side. He had on a short jacket in which he had been through the fight, and he was grimed with powder, besides being stained with blood from a slight wound he had received. Advancing with his usual alert step to the commodore, he raised his cap, and said quietly: "Well, commodore, I have brought you out three of the gunboats."

At that Old Pepper suddenly seized him with both hands by the collar, and, shaking him as if he were a refractory boy, cried out:

"Aye, sir, and why did you not bring me more?"

The officers stood dumb with astonishment. Decatur involuntarily put his hand on his sword; and the next moment the commodore turned on his heel and went into the cabin.

Decatur, pale with anger, walked to the gangway. Somers caught him by the arm, and cried: "Decatur, where are you going?"

"Away from this ship," answered Decatur in a voice of suppressed rage.

"No," cried Somers, holding him, "you must

not—you shall not go. The commodore has misunderstood what you have done to-day—he met me with almost equal anger; but you know how excitable he is, but how just, brave, and magnanimous. Do nothing that is insubordinate, and I'll warrant the commodore will make you every amends."

Somers could always exercise a powerful influence over Decatur, whom he actually held to prevent him leaving the ship. The other officers gathered around, trying to reason with Decatur, who, although a captain, was still only a boy in the commodore's eyes. Just then, the commodore's orderly appeared with a message: "Commodore Preble desires Captain Decatur's presence in the cabin."

"I will not go," was Decatur's determined answer.

Somers gave the man a significant look, which meant that he was not to repeat Decatur's words, and then began pleading with Decatur. He led him aside, and said, solemnly:

"You know what is planned for four nights

from this? Remembering that, this may be my last request to you. I ask you, therefore, to go to Commodore Preble, and not to sully, by one single act of disobedience, the glorious record you have made."

The appeal touched Decatur, and he could not say no. Somers went with him to the threshold, and saw the door close after him.

Fifteen minutes passed and Decatur did not return. Somers, whose anxiety was by no means over, began to be very unhappy. He walked to and fro, uncertain what to do; but at last, remembering that his rank gave him the right to seek the commodore, even when not sent for, he knocked gently at the cabin-door. No reply was made, but he ventured to open the door slightly.

Seated near each other were the gray-haired commodore and his young captain—both in tears. Somers, softly closing the door, moved off without being noticed. Half an hour later, when the commodore appeared, he was leaning affectionately upon Decatur's arm.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE KING WITH A LONG NAME.

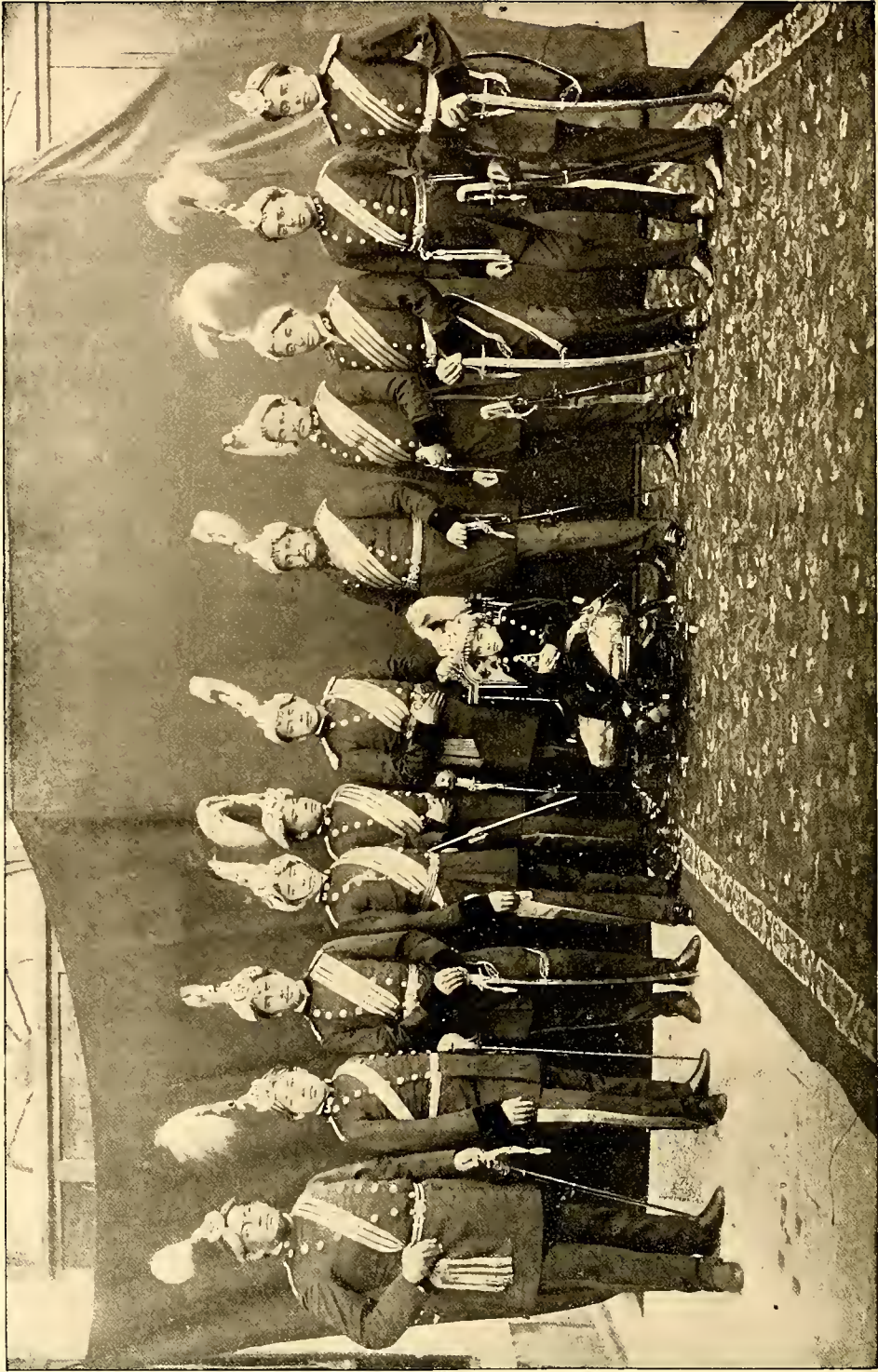
BY JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

HE was a bright, handsome little heathen, only ten years old, a born soldier and a king; and his name, including his title, was Maharaj Adhiraj Prithwi Bir Bikram Jung Bahadur Sah Sahib Bahadur Sumshere Jung.

If the possession of a crown and a kingdom, a gorgeous body-guard and a retinue of slaves, a jeweled sword, a cream-colored pony, a wife, and a long name, could suffice to make a boy happy, the small King of Nepaul should have dwelt in continual bliss, in his picturesque dominions between the frontiers of Tibet and Hindustan, a dozen years ago. And yet, from an American boy's point of view, he cannot be said to have had much fun. Asiatic kings are not supposed to play leap-frog or foot-ball, or to swing on gates; toboggans, bicycles, and roller-skates are unknown in Nepaul; and how

is a poor little heathen to be happy without any Fourth of July?

The Nepaulese boy is poorly provided with games of any sort; life is to him but one eternal turn-out of soldiers; and parades and reviews begin in time to pall upon one's imagination and enthusiasm in a land where drums never stop beating, where swords are flashing and chargers are prancing, from morn to dewy eve all the year round. For of the several races that compose the population of Nepaul,—the Ghoorkas, the Newars, the Bhootiyas, the Limbus, the Lepchas, and the minor rabble of barbarians that infests the jungles and the mountain passes,—the wiry, fierce, and masterful little Ghoorkas are the dominant race. Very proud are they of their descent from the invincible warriors and horsemen of Brahman



THE LITTLE KING OF NEPAUL AND HIS GENERALS.*

stock who, in the twelfth century, were driven out of Rajputana by the overwhelming Moslem hordes, more than a century ago raided Nepal, seized the capital, overran the country, and set up a government of spears and shields. No plowing and digging, no bartering and trading, no tinkering and carving for *them*: they were Rajputs, and born fighters; battle was their business and their pastime, and the sword and the spear their tools and playthings. So they left the digging and the planting, the tinkering and the trading, to the Newars and the Bhootiyas, and the rest of the craven herd, and found their own rapture in the saddle, the trumpet, and the lance.

From the roof of his palace, armed with a field-glass of extraordinary power, the little king could command a view of almost his entire domain—at least of the great valley, 4,500 feet above the sea, in which his three great cities lie (Khatmandu, the capital; Patan, and Bhatgaon), and where his five millions of subjects swarm like bees around the picturesque pagodas, temples, and tanks. They have a saying in Nepal, whenever new laws are to be made, or important measures to be tried, which may disturb the fortunes or imperil the peace of the people, “What will the Bawan Lakh [the 5,200,000] say to this?”

Looking northward from his perch on the palace at Khatmandu, the little king could take into the field of his glass those towering peaks, snow-crowned and majestic, like armed giants, that stand between his beautiful valley (which was once a great lake) and Tibet. There is Mount Everest, 29,000 feet high, and Dhiwalgiri, 26,300 feet, and Gosain Than, 26,000 feet, and Kinchinjunga, 23,000 feet high—the “Abodes of the Gods.” And turning his glass southward, His Majesty might well have been charmed with his view of the long, narrow strip of tilled and forest land, productive and enchanting, which forms the southern border of the valley along the northern frontier of Hindustan, and is called the Terai—a fairy-like region, but treacherous and deadly with malarial jungles and clammy morasses reeking with fevers. It was in this beautiful but baleful Te-

rai that Nana Sahib, the savage leader of the great Sepoy mutiny of 1857, who spared neither mother nor babe, hid his doomed head when a great price was set upon it by his British masters; and, like a desperate beast before the hunters, the monster fled to the poison of the jungle to escape the vengeance of men.

If his dashing, prancing Ghoorka warriors made a perpetual circus for our little king, so also his forests and jungles and rivers afforded him a tremendous and varied menagerie, compared with which our great Barnum’s “greatest show on earth” was but a dime museum; for here were bear and wolf and leopard, tiger, hyena, and jackal, elephant, rhinoceros, and wild buffalo, wild goats, vultures, and falcons, and eagles, golden pheasants and jungle fowl.

From his palace perch, in the cold season, he could spy the Bhootiyah herdsmen leading in great flocks of sheep and goats over the mountains from Tibet, every little creature carrying its pack of small sacks filled with borax, salt, and saltpeter; and behind these came trains of sturdy, plucky ponies, and fierce, shaggy dogs, from the northern highlands. Sometimes he could see great troops or long trains of carriers coming into the city, bringing tea and musk, paper-plant and yak’s tails, honey and wax, beads, precious stones, and coral, spice and betel-nuts, indigo and vermilion.

If the little king had not been a Nepalese boy “to the manner born,” and from his babyhood familiar with all Nepalese sights and sounds, he might have been moved with wonder and delight as he surveyed from his lofty lookout those countless temples, shrines, pagodas, and palaces, so imposing and so beautiful with the fantastic and marvelous wood-carving of the Newars, showing fruits and flowers, gorgeous peacocks and swooping eagles, snakes, monkeys, and griffins, gods and goddesses, giants, pygmies, and fairies, winged horses and caparisoned elephants, gold umbrellas, and lattice-work that looked like lace. And all this wonderful work has been executed in the wood of the sal-tree by the expert and patient Newar carvers, who for five hundred years, in all their

* For the facts in this article we are indebted to Mr. Henry Ballantine, late United States Consul at Bombay. The photographs were kindly furnished to Mr. Ballantine by Mr. Theo. Hoffman, of the firm of Johnston & Hoffman, well-known photographers of Calcutta.

generations, have plied their delicate art, and produced these charming forms of decoration in amazing profusion, encouraged by the patronage of princes and the applause of every man who was rich enough to adorn his house with a latticed balcony or an inlaid door. Yet these Newar carvers and carpenters have never learned the use of our common saw, but hold a plank with their toes and cut it with a chisel and mallet.

As the little king sat on his house-top, the breeze brought to his ear a fine sound as of silver bells, in gusts of Æolian music. It came from the gilded chattahs, those umbrella-like frames which surmount the spires of shrines and pagodas, and are strung with small bells of mixed copper and silver, having leaf-shaped tongues that catch the passing breeze in puffs and sighs, and rise and fall in sweet chimings and changes, as if the very leaves on the trees were played upon by angels. And so the pretty bells sang to the little king across the tombs, across the ghauts, the stairways by the river landings, where the dead are burned, over the roofs of the temples gleaming with gilding and burnished copper, over the tiled roofs of the palaces and the houses of the nobles.

Two miles away, the famous shrine of Swayambhunatha invited the notice of the boy; with its clustered sepulchers, its great brass thunderbolt of Indra, its towering golden chattahs, its bells, its prayer-wheels, and its grinning, mocking monkeys, chattering among the tombs, and stealing the offerings of the mourners and penitents to make a picnic on the very shoulders and knees of the gods. And a little farther off is Pashupati, the most solemn of all the shrines, where Bagmati, "the sacred river," flows among the temples and the burning ghauts, and past the dreadful places where Hindu widows once burned themselves with the dead bodies of their husbands, while priests and people shouted and leaped and sang. Once a year, in the spring, great caravans of eager pilgrims come from many distant places to plunge their bodies in the holy stream, believing and trusting in the virtue of the waters to wash their sins away, and save their souls. And as our little king reclines on his palace roof, and watches those pious heathens tenderly lifting the helpless forms

down the stone steps of the ghaut, I wonder if he has ever read or heard of the Pool of Bethesda.

In the great valley of Nepaul there are nearly 2800 temples and shrines, both Buddhist and Hindu. Priests swarm about the sacred places, and around the tanks and along the roads. The High Priest, or Raj Guru, is invested with the highest authority in all religious matters, and is regarded with reverence and obedience by princes as well as by common folk. Religious festivals and holidays are unending; and in all the ordinary undertakings of the people the astrologers take part, by consulting the stars and the books, and appointing the times and ways for doing this or that, as in going on a journey, building a house, or naming a child; the auspicious day or hour must be found for every event or enterprise, however small.

In Khatmandu or Bhatgaon, whichever way the stranger may turn, he will meet a lama or a guru or a sadhu; and these are the priests and teachers, the schoolmasters of the country. There are no public schools in Nepaul. The sons of princes and nobles—even our young king, while he is yet only a boy—are taught at home by the guru, or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna, Benares, or Calcutta, where they learn to speak English and to wear English clothes, and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepaul time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set afloat on a tank or pool. Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty "gongs" or "bells," as sailors reckon time aboard ships. The poor Bhootiya shepherds, or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields, say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the roof of a house, or when they can see the hairs on the back of a man's hand by holding it up against the light.

Our little king has many slaves, as indeed has every important family in Nepaul; but they are employed as household attendants only, principally to wait upon nobles and princesses in the capacity of body-servants and handmaids, and they are usually treated with kindness and consideration.

You will understand the despotic character of the government of Nepaul, when I tell you that the maiming or wounding of a cow is punished by imprisonment for life, and that it is death by the sword to kill a cow, even by mischance, because the animal is sacred. The old savage law which prescribed torture to compel confession, and mutilation as a part of punishment, was in full force until after the return from England in 1851 of the enlightened prime minister, Sir Jung Bahadur, who then abolished the barbarous code.

Everywhere in the East, and especially in Hindustan and Nepaul, marriages are made at a very early age. Parents contract for the wedding of their children while they are yet but little boys and girls, and neither the boy nor the girl has any voice in the matter. They are simply coupled with all the ceremony and extravagant display that the parents on both sides can afford, and then the poor little things go back to their homes, to be nursed and petted and trained until they are old enough to have a home of their own.

Thus this little King of Nepaul, the eighth royal Ghoorka who had come to the throne, was married when he was ten years old to a baby princess half his age, chosen for him from one of the royal families of northern India. Nor did it ever occur to the prime minister, or the priests, or the astrologers, or the match-makers, that either the bridegroom or the bride had anything whatever to do with the business.

But the wedding was "perfectly splendid." A picturesque concourse of Asiatic guests, with a sprinkling of European strangers, was gathered in the pavilions and rotundas of the palace, and there was profuse distribution of pretty souvenirs and gifts among them. Every one received something—a nosegay of rare Eastern flowers emblematic of happiness and joy, a miniature phial of attar of roses, a little silver flask of delicate perfume, a dainty scarf or handkerchief sprinkled with rose-water, a curious fan, a fantastic toy of ivory, a lacquer box. And then came the little king,—alone of course, for an oriental bride must not be exposed to the public gaze,—borne on a silver litter curtained in orange and purple satin, em-

broidered with gold, and hung with massive bullion fringe. Seated on a great cushion of cloth of gold piled with shawls of Cashmere and Canton, he was borne around the rotunda, a luminous vision of flashing jewels, and a musical murmur of tiny bells, from his plumed helmet to his slippers.

And when he had made his royal salaam, or salutation, to the guests, and departed, the *tamasha* began—that is, the grand show and the glorious fun; the nautch maidens, or dancing-girls, the musicians and jugglers, the glass-eaters and sword-swallowers, the Nutt gipsies, who are wonderful gymnasts and acrobats, and the Bhootiyan wrestlers from the mountains.

And so this little king was married; this absolute monarch was made subject, with his own careless consent, to the caprice or policy of others; disposed of "according to custom" (in a land where custom is stronger than kings), and with as slight regard for any thought or wish of his as would have been granted to the son of his groom or the daughter of his door-keeper. And as it was with his marriage, so was it with his sovereignty; he was but a titular prince, a king in name only; for in Nepaul the actual power is in the hands of the maharajah, or prime minister, who is king indeed, for the making of war or peace, for the setting-up of his friends, or the overthrow of his enemies. The dauntless Ghoorka warriors, the proudest, pluckiest little fellows in the Queen's Indian Empire, who held the British at bay in 1814, and were their stanchest friends in the great mutiny of 1857, are ruled by ministers who have assassinated their predecessors and will be assassinated in their turn by the ministers who shall succeed them. Even the enlightened and able Sir Jung Bahadur, the famous maharajah, rose to power by the murder of two ministers, and the massacre of influential chiefs in 1846.

One Sunday night, only a few months before the marriage of our little king, there was an ominous murmur of a multitude around the palace at Khatmandu; and presently the murmur swelled to a great tumult and terror, with cries of "*Hulla!—hulla!*" ("Murder! massacre!") "Then," writes an eye-witness, "came the piercing calls of the bugle, followed by rattle of musketry, and the deep booming of cannon."

That was a night of cruelty, carnage, and horror. The maharajah had been murdered at the palace by a band of conspirators led by his own nephew, in order that the brother of that

while others had fled in terror to the protection of the British Residency. General Nur Singh, an adopted son of the maharajah, was among them, flying with his little boy in his arms.



SUMSHERE JUNG, KING OF NEPAUL, ON HIS PET PONY.

nephew might be thrust into his place. The general of the army, and many faithful nobles and officers, had been slain with their chief,

But the assassins spared their young sovereign, because he was of no more consequence than his pony or his parrot. Poor little king!

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

JACK RIDES ON A MISSION.

THE next morning, when Jack came into the house, Mrs. Pitcher met him almost at the door. "His honor is awake," said she, "and wants to see you. Hurry up-stairs."

"What does he want of me now?" asked Jack. "I have n't done an ill thing since he came home."

"I don't know what he wants of you," said she; "you 'd better go see that for yourself."

Mr. Parker was sitting propped up in bed, clad in his nightcap and dressing-gown. As Jack came into the room, he thrust his hand under the pillow and brought out a letter. "Hark 'e," said he, "d' ye see this letter?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Very well, then, now listen to me. This letter is to go to my brother, Colonel Parker, and I choose that you should take it rather than send Dennis. Go out to the stables, and tell Dennis that I say to give you a good fresh horse. Ride to Marlborough and back as soon as you can. You can make the South Plantation to-night if you post along briskly, and I want you to be back by Friday night. So lose no time, and see that Colonel Parker gets this letter from your hand: d' ye understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"Then go and do as I tell you."

Jack hurried off to the stables, stopping only long enough on his way to tell Little Coffee where he was going. Then the black boy and the white boy went down together to find Dennis. Little Coffee was distinctly displeased. "What for he send you, anyhow? You no find um way—you get lost in woods, boy."

"No I won't, neither," said Jack; "I 'll find my way easy enough. I 'll ask it."

"Yah, yah!" laughed Little Coffee, "who you ax um way of, boy? Nobody in um woods to ax way from!"

"I don't care," said Jack, "I can find my way as well as you could."

"Um, um!" said Little Coffee, shaking his head, "I know way better 'n you. De master might send me 'stead of you."

Jack burst out laughing. "Why, to be sure," said he, "that would be a pretty thing to do! How could he send you to Colonel Parker at Marlborough? Why, you 're nothing but a black boy! You could n't do what he wants to have done."

"You call me black boy all the time," burst out Little Coffee. "I no like you call me black boy. Black boy 's good as white boy, anyhow."

"No he ain't, neither," said Jack; and just then Dennis came out of the stable and Jack told him the master's bidding.

Dennis saddled a good strong horse, and then he gave Jack elaborate directions as to the way to take, drawing a plan upon the ground with a stick. Then Jack rode away, glad to be gone, Little Coffee running along beside the horse to open the gate for him.

Mrs. Pitcher stopped him as he passed the house, and gave him some food wrapped up in a paper. Jack tucked it into the saddle-bag. "You lose um way!" shouted Little Coffee after him, as he cantered off.

He galloped away down the dusty road toward the woodland, into which the ragged roadway plunged, presently to be lost in a jungle of trees and bushes and undergrowth. In the woods all was still and warm, and fragrant with the spicy undergrowths. A squirrel ran across the way; further on a rabbit scurried out of the bushes and away along the road. A great wild turkey ran across the road. Jack

shouted at her. He could hear her rustling away through the bushes, and he sat peering in through the dense screen of leaves after her. He came upon a black snake that lay motionless in a sunny patch in the road, watching him with its bright, diamond-like eyes and shooting out its quivering tongue. The horse shied and refused to pass the snake, and Jack got off his saddle and killed it. He forded a great, wide, shallow creek, the horse splashing and thundering through the water. He could see the fish darting swiftly away from either side. He had some trouble in finding the road on the other side, but by and by he regained it, and drove the horse scrambling up the steep, bluff bank. The noon sun shone straight down through the leaves overhead. Jack dismounted, tied his dripping horse to a sapling, and took out his lunch. He sat in a little open, grassy spot, with the paper of food spread out before him. The solitude of the woods was full of the ceaseless stir and rustle. It seemed to Jack as though there was nobody in the whole world but himself. The horse plucked at the leaves every now and then with a loud rustle of the branch, and then chewed them, champing upon his bit.

Jack grew very sore and tired with riding. It was nearly sundown before he came to the end of the first stage of his journey. Then suddenly, almost before he knew it, he came out from the woods into an open clearing where there was a growing field of maize. The harsh, crisp leaves glistened and rattled dryly in the wind. Beyond the field of Indian corn was a great and wide stretch of tobacco-fields, bordered, in the distance, by woodlands nearly a mile away. In the distance he could see a low log-house surrounded by what appeared to be huts and cabins of various sizes and sorts.

Jack dug his heels into the horse's sides, and galloped down the straight, dusty road that stretched away between the unfenced fields toward the houses, the horse pricking up his ears and whinnying.

At last he drew rein in front of the larger of the log-houses. A number of half-naked negro children ran out at his approach, and, as he reined up his panting and sweating horse, a barefoot negro woman, with a string of beads

around her neck and others around each of her wrists and each of her ankles, came to the door and stood looking at him. Her tall, conical turban blazed like a flame in the light of the setting sun against the dark interior of the cabin. "Is this the South Plantation?" asked Jack.

"Um, um!" assented the woman, nodding her head.

"Where 's the master?" asked Jack. "Where 's the overseer?"

The woman stared at him, making no attempt to answer his question. "Where 's your master?" said Jack again, and then, the woman still not answering him, he said: "What 's the matter; don't you speak English?"

"Iss," said the woman, with a grin, "me Ingiss."

"Well, then," said Jack, "where 's your master—where is he, eh?" and he waved his hand off toward the plantation field in a general way. Perhaps the negro woman understood his action better than his words.

"He dar," said she, pointing with her finger.

Jack understood that the overseer was in the direction in which she pointed. So he rode off toward the long row of huts that stretched away beyond, some built of boards and bark, and some of wattled sticks smeared with clay. Turning the end of the last hut he came suddenly upon an open space fronted by the out-buildings. A little crowd of men, black and white, stood gathered in this open space. A man, evidently the overseer, was mounted upon a barrel and was addressing the group gathered before him. He carried one arm in a sling, and the sling was stained with fresh blood. Two assistant helpers, or overseers, stood behind the speaker.

The crowd of slaves in front of the overseer, black and white, barefoot, half-clad, wretched, low-browed, made a motley group. The overseer was evidently just finishing his harangue to them when Jack came up around the corner of the cabin. He stopped, for a moment, in his speech, and turned his head as Jack appeared upon the scene, and the listening crowd turned their eyes toward him from the speaker as with one movement. Jack recognized the overseer as the man who had come down with

him and his master in the flatboat from the Hall. Then the overseer went on with his speech, concluding, perhaps, rather more abruptly than he otherwise would have done. "And don't you forget this that I 've been telling to you," said he. "I be one of the best drivers in the Province of Virginia, if ye did but know it. How many drivers d' ye suppose there be in this here colony but what would have killed that there Will Dickson had they have been in my place, and been struck with a hoe in the arm and been cut to the bone? But I tell you I 've got my eye on ye all, and the first man that lifts his hand ag'in' me ag'in had better never been born. And now you go about your business, all of ye." Then he stepped down from the barrel, and came across to Jack. "Well, master," said he, "and who be ye?"

"Why, I'm Master Richard Parker's serving-man," said Jack. "Don't you remember me? I came down with you in the flatboat from the Hall."

"Ay, to be sure," said the other; "now I remember you very well. But what brings you here?"

"Why," said Jack, "I take a letter up to Colonel Parker, and his honor—that is, Mr. Richard Parker—told me I was to stay here all night, and then be on again to-morrow."

"Did he?" said the overseer. "Then we 'll go on to the house and tell Chloe to fit ye up a room. How long ha' ye been over from the old country?" asked the man, as they walked off together.

"I was only just brought here when you saw me in the boat."

"Ay, to be sure," said he. "What part o' England do ye hail from?"

"I was fetched from Southampton," said Jack; "I was kidnapped."

"So," said the man; "I came from Hampshire myself, but I was kidnapped too. That 's been more than twelve year ago. I had a cousin in Southampton. D' ye happen to know anything of her—Polly Ackerman?"

"Why, yes," said Jack; "I do know a Mistress Mary Ackerman. She lives in Kennel Alley. Her husband 's a tailor-man; a tall thin man with a wart on his chin."

"Ay," said the man, "that 's Polly Ackerman's husband to a T. Here we are. Walk in. Here, Cæsar, take this horse and put it up in the stable. Walk in." And Jack entered the barren interior, with its earthen floor and its rude, home-made furniture.

After supper, as the evening fell darker and darker, Jack and his host went out and sat in front of the house in the gloaming. Three of the overseer's helpers came over from their cabins to sit with them and smoke their pipes. Jack, being a newcomer, had innumerable questions asked of him concerning the old country. It was all very quiet and restful after the day's journey. Some voices from the servants' quarters sounded loud in the stillness of the hot, breathless evening. The night-hawks flew high, circling with piping cries, and now and then dropping with sudden booming flight. The frogs from the distant swamp piped and croaked ceaselessly, and a whippoorwill perched on the edge of the roof in the darkness and uttered its hurried, repeated notes over and over again in answer to one of its kind in the distant thickets. Once or twice Jack wondered aimlessly how it was faring with the poor servant whom he had only just missed seeing whipped an hour or two before; but he did not ask the overseer about him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS ELEANOR PARKER.

It was nearly noon the next day when Jack rode up to the front of Marlborough. A group of negroes came gathering about the horse, and Jack asked of them whether Colonel Parker was at home.

"Iss, he be at home," was the grinning answer; but no one made any offer to help him in any way. Just then Mr. Simms came to the door of his office in one of the wings of the house. Though bareheaded, he came directly across in the sun to where Jack stood holding his horse.

"What d' ye want?" said the factor.

"Why, master," said Jack, "I fetch a letter from Mr. Richard Parker to his honor."

"Humph!" said Mr. Simms, and his face fell somewhat. "You don't know what your master wants, do you?"

Jack looked at the other somewhat cunningly. "How should I know that?" said he.

"Well, then, give me the letter," said Mr. Simms, "and I'll take it to Colonel Parker. You came just in time to find him at home, for he's going to Williamsburg this afternoon. You may go into the hall and wait for your answer there, if you choose. Here, Blacky," to one of the negroes, "take this horse over to the stable. Come in, young man—come in!"

The great, empty, shady hallway, open from one end to the other, felt and looked very dark and cool after the glare of the morning sun outside. The great doors stood open from the rear to the front, and from where he sat Jack could see through the vista of trees a glimpse of the wide river stretching away in the sunlight, sparkling and glittering in the warm breeze. The strong wind swept through the space, and it was very cool and sweet. Jack sat there waiting and waiting. Somewhere a mocking-bird in a cage was singing its mimic notes, and now and then he could hear the noise of voices echoing loudly through the summer stillness of the great house. There was the sound of an occasional banging of a door, a distant snatch of a high-pitched, monotonous negro-song, and through all these he could hear the ceaseless tinkling and jingling of a spinet played in one of the rooms. Jack sat listening, holding his hat in his hand. He knew that it must be Miss Eleanor Parker who was playing the spinet, and thinking of her recalled that first day of his servitude in which he had come out across the lawn and seen her standing behind her father looking at him. It seemed as though all that had happened not two or three months ago, but two or three years ago, in some far-away time of the past. Suddenly the music ceased—a door opened and the young lady came into the hall, fanning herself. Jack rose, and stood waiting for her to pass by. She glanced toward him, and was about to do so when she suddenly recognized him and stopped. "Why," said she, "are you not the young man that Papa gave to Uncle Richard some while ago?"

"Yes, lady," said Jack, and he blushed awkwardly.

"I thought I remembered your face," said she; "and tell me, how do you like to be with my uncle?"

"Why," said Jack, "I like it—that is, I like well enough to be with him—that is, if I have to be with anybody. I don't want to be anybody's servant, lady, and would n't, if I could help it."

"But sure," said she, "you must be somebody's servant. Why did you come from England except to be a servant?"

"I could not help coming," said Jack; "my uncle—that is to say—my uncle had me kidnapped."

"And why did he do that?" said she.

"Because he had some money of mine," said Jack, "and he thought I was going to get it from him. I do suppose that was the reason."

"Why, then," said she, "'t was a very great pity, indeed, for you to be sent away from home, if you have money of your own and are not just a poor wretch like those other servants that are fetched hither. What is your name?"

"Jack—that is, John Ballister, lady."

Just then Mr. Simms came down-stairs to where Jack and the young lady stood. "Colonel Parker wants to see you up-stairs in his closet, young man," said the factor; and then to the young lady, "By your leave, Mistress Nelly," said he, "I'll have to take him up-stairs with me. His honor wishes to speak with him."

"He tells me, Mr. Simms, that he hath been kidnapped," said she.

"Like enough, Miss Nelly; 't is the only way we can supply enough servants nowadays. If they did but know it, they are a thousand times better off here living at ease than they are at home living in poverty."

"But he saith he hath been left a fortune at home, and is not just a poor common wretch."

"Why, Miss Nelly," said the factor, "they all tell some such story as that."

"But I told her the truth," said Jack.

"I believe he did, too," said the young lady. "I believe 't was the truth."

"Well, Miss Nelly, you can ask all about that some other time, maybe, for by your leave I must take the young man now. His honor wants to see him."

"I'll not forget you," said the young lady, "nor what you tell me about yourself."

"Thank you, lady," said Jack, and he felt very grateful. He followed Mr. Simms almost exultingly, buoyed up with the hope that he had found a friend at last.

When Jack was ushered into Colonel Parker's presence he found him seated in a large, double-nailed arm-chair at an open window. Some books and a lot of letters and papers lay upon the writing-desk. His head was covered by a silk nightcap, and he wore a silk dressing-gown. A sealed letter lay upon the window-place beside him. "Come hither, young man," he said to Jack; "come nearer; have n't I seen you before?"

"Why, yes, your honor," said Jack, "you gave me for a servant to Mr. Richard Parker."

"He was one of the servants I fetched over from Yorktown when the Arundel came in," said Mr. Simms.

"Oh, yes! I remember now," said Colonel Parker. "How long have you been with your master?"

"Between two and three months, sir."

"Two or three months, hey? Well, tell me now, how does your master live—what does he do?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Jack, hesitatingly, and then he looked in the direction of Mr. Simms.

"You need not mind my agent," said Colonel Parker, "and I want you to speak plainly. Tell me, does your master play much at cards or dice?"

"Yes—yes, sir," hesitated Jack, "he does play sometimes."

"You see, Simms," said Colonel Parker, "I knew 't was so. That is where the money goes." Mr. Simms did not reply, and Colonel Parker turned to Jack again. "Tell me," he said, "is my brother often away from home?"

"Sometimes he is, sir," said Jack.

"And whither doth he go?"

"I don't know, sir," said Jack. "He does n't take me with him."

"Hark at that, Simms," cried Colonel Parker, "he does not even take his own body-servant with him when he goes away from home. Must he not then be ashamed of what he does away

from home? Now what can you make of that?"

"Methinks, sir," said Mr. Simms very respectfully, but firmly, "you do your brother an injustice in misconstruing his intentions. The boy tells you he knows nothing about him."

"I mean to do him no injustice, Simms," said Colonel Parker impatiently; "but I mean to do myself justice. Tell me, boy," he continued, turning to Jack, "do men come pushing your master for money?"

"Sometimes, sir," said Jack. "There was a man came yesterday for a thousand pounds, and last night—"

"A thousand pounds!" interrupted Colonel Parker. "'T is enough. I will not ruin myself, Simms, for him or any other man. Take this letter, sirrah, and give it to your master," and he handed Jack the sealed letter that lay in the window-place beside him. "And now get you gone."

It was in the middle of the afternoon of the following day when Jack finally reached the Roost again. Mr. Parker himself came to the door as he galloped up and leaped to the ground. The housekeeper looked down from an upper window. Jack's master snatched Colonel Parker's note from his fingers and tore it open violently. He hesitated for a moment, and then he began reading it, running his glance rapidly down the letter. As he did so his face gathered into a heavier and heavier frown, and his strong white teeth bit deep into the end of the cigarro. At last he crushed the letter in his hand. Jack, for fear he should appear to notice anything, had turned and begun stroking and rubbing the neck of the sweating horse. When he looked again he saw that Mr. Parker had reopened the crumpled letter and was reading it through again very carefully. Then, having finished it the second time, he tore it sharply across, and then across again and again, and into little pieces that fell at last in a white fluttering shower.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VISITOR AGAIN.

IT was the same day that Jack had returned from Marlborough; the night was still and

sultry with just a breath of hot breeze blowing. Jack and Little Coffee were sitting together on the doorstep. Jack was telling about Miss Eleanor Parker. The moon had risen full and round, and bathed all the dark, hot, panting earth with a flood of shimmering silver. The fireflies flashed and twinkled everywhere. Jack's coat lay upon the step beside him, and now he sat in his shirt-sleeves. Every now and then he slapped at the mosquitos that sang persistently in his ears. "Ay," said he, "I do believe I have somebody to help me if I wanted to get away from here now. She said she would n't forget me, and I don't believe she will."

"I see her once myself," said Little Coffee.

"And she spoke as kind as could be to me, and asked me all about myself," continued Jack, without paying any attention to Little Coffee. "I told her how I had been kidnapped. I do believe she 'll speak to her father about me, Little Coffee, and then maybe he 'll help me. I only need somebody to help me to get away from here, and to help me to a start home again. M-m-m!" he groaned, stretching himself; "I 'm that sore with riding that if I 'd had a beating I could n't be sorer. Drat that mosquito!" and he slapped his cheek violently.

"I see her once," said Little Coffee again. "'Deed she a beauty! Um! You ain't de only one in de world what see her. She came down the ribber in de big boat, and stopped yan at de landing. I stand up on de bluff, and I see her with three, four fine people all a-going down ribber. Dey stop here for de Master."

They were so intent upon their talk that they did not notice the approach of a stranger through the milky night until he was close to them. Then he was there. Jack and Little Coffee jumped up from the step as he approached, his feet rustling in the long, dry, moon-lit grass. Jack did not know him at first; then he recognized him. It was the man with the long beard who had come at night three days before, and whom he had let into the house. He had so changed his appearance that he did not look like the same one. On his former visit he had looked not unlike one of the tobacco-planters from further down the river; now he was dressed somewhat as a sailor, or maybe a shipmaster, though with a

great deal of finery. He wore petticoat canvas breeches, and a short-skirted coat. The coat was trimmed, as was his hat, with gilt braid. He wore a satin waistcoat, and across his breast a silken sling from which dangled a brace of pistols. A broad leathern belt, from which hung a cutlass, was strapped around his waist. The moonlight shone upon a gold chain about his neck, and his beard, which before had hung loose over his breast, was now plaited into three plaits.

Jack stared at him, and Little Coffee looked at him with mouth agape and shining eyes. The stranger, perfectly indifferent to them, spoke directly to Jack. "Is your master at home, boy?" said he, in his hoarse, husky voice.

"Yes, he is," said Jack.

"Well, then, just tell him I 'm here," said the visitor; "for he 's expecting me."

Doors and windows of the house stood open in the warm night. Jack led the stranger into the hall. The man's heavy shoes clattered loudly in the silence. Mr. Parker sat at the desk in the room beyond, looking over some papers by the light of a candle. The warm breeze came in at the window, and the candle flickered and wavered. The insects flew around and around the light, and great beetles droned and tumbled in blundering flight. The room was full of the sooty smell from the empty fireplace. Mr. Parker was in his shirt-sleeves. He looked up as Jack tapped upon the door, and his fine florid face glistened with sweat. "Here 's a man wants to see your honor," said Jack.

The stranger pushed by Jack and entered. "I thought it must be you, Captain," said Parker, coldly; "I 've been looking for you all the afternoon. Here, take this chair and sit down," and he pointed to a seat as he spoke, turning his own chair around so as to bring his back to the candle and his face into the shadow. "You may go," said he to Jack, "and shut the door after you."

Mr. Parker waited after the door closed until he heard Jack's departing footsteps quitting the house. Meantime he looked his visitor over with perfectly cool indifference, but with a sort of dry interest in his singular costume, his eyes lingering particularly upon the plaited beard and the chain around the neck. "I sup-

pose, my good man," said he at last, "that you 've come for the settlement of that paper of yours?"

"Why, yes, I have," said the other. "Why else d' ye suppose I 'd come?"

"Well, then," said Mr. Parker, "I 'm sorry for you, for I can't say that I 'm ready after all to settle it or even a part of it. And what's more, I won't be for four weeks or more yet; nor until my brother's agent pays me my quarterly allowance."

"Not ready!" replied the other, and he stared with bold anger at Mr. Parker. "What d' ye mean by that? Why should you tell me three days ago that you 'd pay me to-day, and then in so short a time change your mind and blow t' other way?" Mr. Parker shrugged his shoulders coolly, but did not undertake to explain how he had been disappointed in getting money from his brother.

"And don't you intend to pay me at all, then?" asked the stranger, in a loud voice.

"Why, fellow," said Mr. Parker, "'t will do you no good to bluster at me. You can't squeeze blood out of a stone, and you can't squeeze money out of a man who hath none."

"And when will you pay me, then?"

"That I cannot tell you either, except, as I said, I will pay you something upon the paper when my allowance is paid me, and that will be four weeks from next Monday."

"Why, then, Mr. Parker," said the other, "you know very well that I can't be here four weeks from now. You know very well what danger I stand in here in Virginia as it is, and that I can't come and go as I please or as you please for me. As you said last time I was here, I 've broke my pardon, and I come here as it is with a halter around my neck. Come, come, Mr. Parker, you must make some reasonable settlement with me and you must make it to-night."

"Must? *Must*, Mr. Pirate?"

"Yes, must, Mr. Card-player. Look 'e, wind and weather permitting, I sail for North Carolina the day after to-morrow. If by that time you don't make some settlement of this paper of yours, I 'll send it to your brother for collection, and tell him how I came by it. D' ye understand?"

Mr. Parker, who had from the first had somewhat absent in his manner, now sat fingering the papers upon his desk, looking intently at the other, but as though he did not hear what he was saying; and after he had ended speaking he still sat gazing at him. "I have a mind to be plain with you, Pirate, and I will be so, for I am driven to it. The case is just this," and then, as with an effort, "I am a ruined and a desperate man. I am pushed fairly to the wall, and know of nowhere to get a single farthing of money." Again he looked haughtily at the other as he spoke; his handsome, florid face had flushed to a redder red than usual, and he frowned a little. "I will tell you plain," said he, "I am in such straits that only some desperate chance can set me to rights again. So far as I can tell, I owe some five or six thousand pounds to one and another here in Virginia. 'T is not so very much, but 't is enough to give you and others a chance to push me to the wall. The time was—that was when I was living in England—that my father would send me that much money in a lump, and did so two or three times. But now my brother Birchall hath everything, and I have nothing, and ten thousand pounds is more to me now than fifty thousand pounds was to me then. If I could by some chance get seven thousand pounds, methinks I could set myself to rights. But where can a desperate man get seven thousand pounds except by some desperate chance? Well, I 'd as lief say this to a rascal like you as to any other man, for I am a ruined, desperate man. Day before yesterday I sent a letter to my brother Birchall, asking for an immediate loan of five hundred pounds, and offering any sort of security that he might demand, and that I could give, if he would loan me five thousand pounds. I set forth to him how desperate were my circumstances; but, no, he would not consider or think of anything, but sent me a letter—" He ceased, and sat frowning haughtily at the other. "You see, when I came back from England four years ago, I came then a ruined man. My father had given me all that I had asked for while I was living in England, but when he died he left everything to my brother Birchall, and naught to me, except this plantation,

which is not a tenth part, I may say, of what had been the estate. He said that he had given me my share, and more than that while he lived, and so he gave the estate to my brother, who had married a great heiress and needed it not. I had to run away from England to escape my debts, and they followed me up. Then I was forced into asking my brother for help. I spoke pretty roundly to him, telling him what I thought of such injustice that gave him everything and me nothing; and so, in the end, he paid my debts for me. But he talked to me in such a way that showed plainly enough that he thought, in paying my debts, he had bought me body and soul, and he might treat me as he chose and say things to me as he pleased. I bore from him what I would not have borne from any other man in all the world. Well, this letter which he hath sent me to-day in answer to my request is such as hath driven me clean to the wall and with no help left to me, and I am a desperate man. He comes as near to calling me a rogue as he dares to do, and tells me in so many words that I am a disgrace and a dishonor to him. Well, then, if he thinks that I am a dishonor to him I may as well be so. His letter is of the kind that makes me feel easy to do what I can to get from him what he will not give me, and what, if my father had but been just to me, would have been mine by rights. 'T would have cost him nothing to have spared me five hundred pounds, or five thousand pounds, either; but now I will get it from him if I can, let him suffer from it ever so much."

"I believe your brother has only one living child?" said the visitor suddenly.

Mr. Parker looked at him for a second or two in an almost startled silence, and then nodded briefly.

"His child is a daughter," said Blackbeard. "Now, if some desperate pirate—one, for example, like myself"—and he looked Mr. Parker steadily in the face as he spoke—"should abduct this young lady, I know very well that your brother would give ten, yes, maybe twenty, thousand pounds by way of ransom to have her back again."

A pause of perfect and unbroken silence followed.

"As for managing it," said Blackbeard, "it could be managed easily enough. I should only have to go up the river some time when your brother was away from home, and when nobody was there, and carry off the young lady. I live down in North Carolina, and I could take her home until her father could ransom her."

Mr. Parker stood for a moment or two in brooding silence; but then he broke out almost with a flash: "But understand, she is my niece, and if anything is done she is to be treated in every way as befits a lady of such rank and quality in the world. There shall be no needless roughness, nor anything said or done after she is taken away from home that may be unfit for her to hear or see. I have naught against my niece, and am very fond of her. If her father suffers 't is his own fault, but I will not have her suffer. D' ye understand?"

"Yes," said the other; "I understand."

"You have a home down in Bath, and you have a wife there, I believe. The young lady shall be taken to your wife, and waited upon by her."

The other nodded his head, yet made no reply. Presently he asked: "But how is the rest to be managed? How is your brother to be approached, and how is the money to be handled that is to redeem the young lady?"

"Well, I can tell you about that," said Mr. Parker curtly. "I understand that Mr. Knight, the Colonial Secretary in North Carolina, is a friend of yours. Now it shall be arranged that Mr. Knight shall send by some decent, respectable merchant-captain a letter addressed to me. The letter will be of a kind to tell me that my niece hath been taken by some of the Pamlico pirates, who hold her for ransom. Then I will approach my brother and the matter will be arranged—I acting as my brother's agent, Mr. Knight as agent of the pirates."

The other listened closely and attentively. "And what share of the money might you expect when the matter is settled?" he asked.

"I shall expect," said Mr. Parker, "to have the half of it. You and Mr. Knight can settle the balance betwixt yourselves."

The other whistled and then arose, pushing back the chair noisily. "Why, Mr. Parker,"



"I DON'T WANT TO BE ANYBODY'S SERVANT, LADY, AND WOULD N'T IF I COULD HELP IT."

said he, "I am not used to doing business that way. If this thing is done at all, it is done at the risk of my neck and not yours. The danger falls all upon me, and yet you expect the half of all the gain for yourself. My terms are these: I shall have half of what comes of the venture, and you and Mr. Knight, as agents, shall share the balance betwixt you."

Mr. Parker also pushed back his chair and rose. "Then, sir," said he, "if you choose to quibble so, the business is all over between us, for I tell you plainly that I shall not abate one single jot or tittle. I shall have the half of what is made of this venture for my share, or there shall be no venture and nothing to share at all. As for that paper of mine you hold, you will get not a farthing upon it as it stands, and you may send it to my brother if you choose, for, after all, I can't be worse ruined than I am now"; and he shrugged his shoulders.

The other looked into his face for a moment or two, but there was not a shade or sign of yielding in it. Then he burst out laughing. "Well," said he, "you do drive a mightily hard bargain, to be sure. I tell you what it is, I will think over all that you have said, and then let you know my answer."

"Very well," said Mr. Parker, "and when will that be?"

"I will let you know on Wednesday next."

"Very well," said Mr. Parker, "I will be down at Parrott's on Wednesday next, and then we can settle the matter one way or the other."

"At Parrott's on Wednesday next," repeated the other. "That will suit me very well."

"And now, is there anything more?"

"Why, yes, there is," said the other. "How about this note of hand that you were to settle this evening?"

"Why," said Mr. Parker, "that must go without settlement. You shall keep it for the present as an assurance of good faith upon my part. But when Mr. Knight sends the letter to me, as we have planned, the paper must be inclosed in it and sent to me; for I tell you plainly that I won't conclude this business with you if you hold any paper with my name signed to it. I don't choose so to put myself into the hands of any man, much less into your hands."

Then once more the other burst out laughing. He slapped Mr. Parker upon the shoulder. Mr. Parker drew himself a little back, though he chose to show no resentment at his visitor's familiarity. "Methinks you had better go now," said he.

Mr. Parker followed him, and stood upon the door-step watching him as he stalked away through the white moonlight toward the bluff overlooking the misty distance of the river beyond.

(To be continued.)

TWO SCHOOL-HOUSES AND A SHIPWRECK.

BY ISABEL MARBURY.

MANY thousand miles from here there is a little island called Tanega-Shima. It belongs to Japan, and is situated thirty miles south by water from the main island of Kiusiu. It is thirty miles long and about ten wide. Its population is 2400, the people living mainly by fishing, though there are a few farmers. They are typical Japanese of the common class, considerably behind the times, caring little and knowing less about the outside world, but full of simple virtues and kindly feelings.

The little children are much the same as our children, with one exception,—they never cry. The mothers patter round in wooden clogs with their babies tied to their backs.

As soon as the little girl baby can walk, her doll is tied to her back, and when she has learned to carry it carefully, her baby brother or sister takes the doll's place.

The school-days of these mites begin when they are very young. The small tots can be seen trudging off with their copy-books, *seroban*,

huge paper umbrella, and rice-jar. They reach the neat little school-house—which is half paper and half wood—and wait for the teacher to come. Around the room are squares of wadded silk, or crape, upon which to rest the knees, chairs being unknown among the common class. The children are required to be at school before the teacher, in order to bid him good morning in a body. As soon as the clatter of his wooden clogs is heard, they stand in line, and at the first glimpse of him, they salute him with low bows and exclamations of “*Ohyo!*” (“Good day!”). “*Ivrashai!*” (“Please deign to enter!”). The teacher on his part thanks them and expresses the hope that all his little pupils are well. After this ceremony is over, the schoolmaster squats upon his cushion and all the scholars immediately follow his example. The first lesson is in reading, and to us it would seem very strange, for instead of reading from left to right and from top to bottom, they read from right to left and from bottom to top. After the reading-lesson comes the writing, and, instead of pens, brushes dipped in India ink and water are employed. The copy-books soon become wet, and sometimes on a sunny day the school-yard is covered with these books drying in the sun. The seroban lesson is the next, and this is very easy, as the seroban is a counting-machine. Every column in the seroban represents units ten times the amount of those in the column directly to the right. Tradespeople and even teachers so depend upon it that they cannot do without it.

On the island called Tanega-Shima are two schools in which every American should take great interest. These schools are in two little villages, Anjio and Isaki, situated on the eastern coast, only a few miles apart. They were founded in consequence of a shipwreck. This seems strange, does it not? But you shall hear the whole story.

On April 24, 1885, the bark “Cashmere” started from Philadelphia on her long voyage to Hiogo, Japan, with a cargo of kerosene in cans. She carried the captain and his son, the first and second mate, ten seamen, and a Chinese cook and steward.

Storm after storm swept over the bark. Still she labored on through five weary months, di-

verging frequently from her course on account of the bad weather. At last, when within 200 miles of Japan, she was struck by a typhoon, the storm most dreaded by navigators in the North Pacific Ocean. The vessel had already run before a gale for thirty hours, when the barometer fell rapidly to 29, a certain indication of a dangerous storm. To avoid its coming fury, Captain Nichols took in sail. On Saturday, September 12, the only canvas flying was a hammock in the mizzen rigging.

In the afternoon the typhoon burst in all its violence. The vessel was thrown upon her beam ends, and the captain ordered the masts to be cut away. But the mainmast broke off so far down that it tore up a portion of the deck. The sea poured through the opening into the hold. On account of the darkness, and the deep water over the deck, this disaster was not at once discovered. Then, the mates and one of the men stopped the hole with bedding, but water still rushed through. The rudder was carried away. Sea after sea washed over the bark. The three men faithfully fought the leak until midnight, when the first and second mates were swept overboard.

The ocean lashed itself into greater fury; the waves grew higher and higher. The pitching and rolling of the bark strained her to the utmost, and it seemed every moment as if her beams must part, and her timbers be crushed by the mighty weight of the water above her. To go out on the open deck was like stepping into the sea. At three o'clock, in the pitchy blackness, the captain attempted the dangerous duty of taking his son to the shelter of the fore-castle. The boy was saved—but the father was swept overboard.

All hope was now given up, but morning found the bark still there. The reason that the vessel had not sunk was curious. Kerosene is lighter than salt-water, and the cases of oil in her hold acted as floats. The bark was so submerged that her only remaining boat on its davits hung close to the surface of the water.

Seven of the crew, believing that land was not far away, decided to leave the hulk. The other five, including the captain's son, thought it less perilous to stay where they were. The



VILLAGE SCHOOL OF ANJO, TANEGA-SHIMA, JAPAN.—ONE OF THE TWO SCHOOLS FOUNDED IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SHIPWRECK. (SEE PAGE 990.)

boat in which the seven sailors started on Friday morning had only two pairs of oars and a scrap of canvas rigged for a sail.

The wind was blowing steadily from the southeast, and the little life-boat rushed along. On Monday night four of the men, very much exhausted, had fallen asleep in the bottom of the boat. At midnight the three watchers saw a light ahead. Presently another and another appeared, and, thinking they came from a fishing-fleet, the shipwrecked men used all their strength to row toward them. They were so weak they could hardly paddle, however, and gradually the lights disappeared. Again they had fallen into despair when land loomed before their sight; but as they neared it they heard the warning sound of breakers, and dreading the danger of being capsized, they kept offshore until morning. The day dawned brightly, and after pulling for five hours, they discovered a landing-place. It proved to be rocky, and they were thrown violently upon the beach. After resting and gathering strength for the effort, they slowly toiled up the cliff and found

a crowd of Japanese who had witnessed their disastrous landing upon what proved to be Tanega-Shima.

The hospitable natives did whatever they could to refresh and comfort the exhausted sailors, and on the following day escorted them to the other end of the island. The resident officials sent them by steamer to Kago-Shima, after their wounds had been dressed. Here they were lodged at a hotel, and European clothes were given them. At the end of eight days they were taken to Koti and were placed by the American consul on the barkentine "Catherine Sudden," bound for San Francisco.

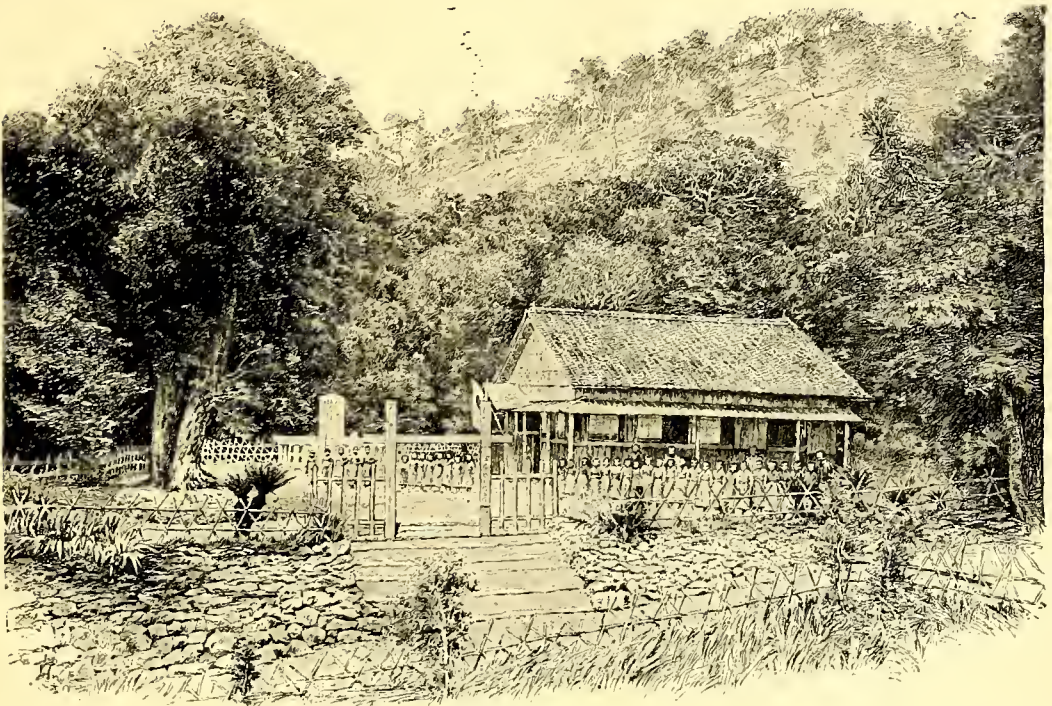
After their comrades had gone, the five men left on board the *Cashmere* crawled up under the topgallant forecabin, which was the only dry spot in the vessel. As the night settled down they were left in darkness and terror. The water thundered against the hulk, nearly crushing the ship at each blow. The vessel rocked and pitched, then settled back in the trough of the sea, and again plunged headlong into the foaming gulf left by the waves. The

captain's boy was brave, but not even the old sailors could find words to console or encourage him.

No provisions could be obtained from the hold; as the sea became less violent the men were enabled to move about a little, and they found a few yams stowed away in the fore-castle. Eaten raw, these tasted very much like uncooked sweet potatoes, and allayed the pangs of hunger, but their thirst was still intense, their throats being parched and swollen. Then one of the men noticed a jug, partially filled with some liquid, floating around in the scuppers. With caution he secured it, but found that it contained vinegar. At first no one thought of drinking it, but as their suffering grew worse the hated vinegar was eagerly drunk in small portions.

them even to sip the vinegar. All were in a state of despair, while the poor boy was so weakened by suffering and grief that he little cared what happened, and seemed almost unable to move or exert himself in any way. After the storm, the sea grew comparatively calm, giving them their one chance of life. Every man knew that even moderately rough waters would in a few moments beat their shattered hulk to splinters.

Upon the morning of the seventh day a feeble cry of "Land!" burst from the earliest watcher. With the loose planks and some pieces of rope and rigging the men managed to construct a raft. This accomplished, and the few remaining yams collected, their preparations for embarking were made. On the morning of the eighth day they set sail. With such



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AT ISAKI.

For some days and nights after the departure of the life-boat, the poor creatures remained upon the vessel, crowded in the narrow space under the fore-castle. The raw yams gave them no relief, and it soon became impossible for

rude makeshift oars and paddles as they had been able to secure, they tried to propel the raft toward the shore, but with little success. Night closed in, and left the weary voyagers far out at sea. The next morning they found

to their great relief that they had drifted much nearer, and redoubling their efforts they reached the beach.

It was the shore of Tanega-Shima—the very island on which their comrades had been cast! They, too, were treated with the utmost kindness and ten days later were sent to Kobé.

two school-houses of which I already have told you. Though built there by the Japanese they are in truth a memorial of the gratitude of the United States for the great kindness shown to our shipwrecked fellow-countrymen. That this good deed was accomplished is due to the efforts of Mr. Horace F. Cutter of San Francisco. His enthusiastic interest had been aroused by the story of the rescued sailors and their island benefactors. Mr. Cutter conferred with certain senators and leading men of the nation, urging that the United States acknowledge in some fitting way the kindness of these poor fishermen of a foreign land.

The Government, after a time, sent gold medals to the principal rescuers, but that seemed hardly adequate. In 1889, an appropriation of \$5,000 was ordered by Congress to be sent to the natives of Anjio and Isaki to be used according to their own judgment. The sum was transmitted to the Japanese Government and duly acknowledged.

Two years later, our Government was informed that the money had been invested for the support of the schools in the two villages. Some time ago a stone monument was erected in the yard of each of the schools, "To commemorate the goodness of the United States."

The inscription on the monuments gives an account of the wreck, and ends with a poem of ten lines—written for the monuments by the greatest Japanese poet of to-day. Much of the sweetness is lost in the translation, which is here given :

The principle of loving our neighbor
Is a very important matter.
Our Emperor made this golden rule;
We act in accordance with it.
We must help each other in calamity,
For sympathy is the law of nature.
Our act was humble, but its reward was great.
So, perceiving the spirit of the giver,
We accept this gift forever,
And dedicate it to the education of our children.

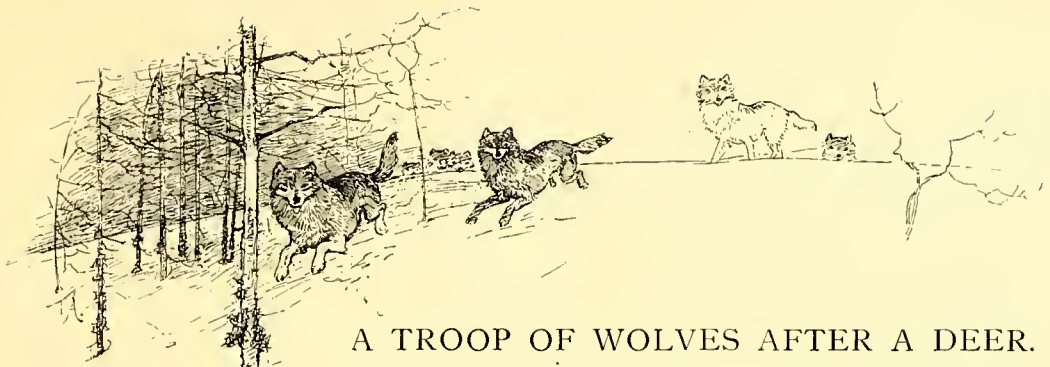


ONE OF THE MONUMENTS, IN THE SCHOOL-YARDS, "TO COMMEMORATE THE GOODNESS OF THE UNITED STATES."

There the American consul forwarded them to Yokohama with a letter of introduction to the consul-general, who procured them a chance to work their passage home on the "City of New York." The brave little boy who had borne so much sailed in their company—an object of hearty interest to them all.

On Tanega-Shima have been erected the

The children of these schools work diligently, and are told, as they read the inscription on the monuments, of other little children who live many, many miles over the sea, and of the poor little boy whose life was saved as by a miracle.



A TROOP OF WOLVES AFTER A DEER.

BY THOS. C. BIRNIE.

ON a certain day of March, in the year 18—, a little after sunrise, as Ned and I started to cross the lake on one of our hunting-trips, we saw a large deer bound from the woods about two hundred yards to the west of us, and run out on the lake. Following, about four rods behind, came two large wolves, one a little ahead of the other, and immediately following these came another, and another, till we

counted fifteen strung along in chase after the deer. A recent thaw had cleared the ice of most of the snow, and, freezing again, the ice was now smooth, with a few patches of frozen snow lying on it. I don't know what Ned thought, for he was an old hunter; but these sights were new to me at the time, and I wondered to see the deer bounding over the smooth ice without slipping. I afterward learned that its sharp hoofs, in its heavy bounds, cut deeply into the ice, giving a fair foothold.

By the time the last wolf was on the ice,



"THE TWO WOLVES OVERTOOK IT."

the deer had reached the middle of the bay. Soon the two wolves in advance overtook it, and the leading one sprung forward, caught the deer by the side, and dragged along the ice trying to haul it down. But after dragging along fifteen or twenty feet its hold gave way, and it was left sprawling on the ice with a bunch of

quarter of a mile from where it was first overtaken, when, suddenly trying to turn, it slipped and fell. This gave the wolves their opportunity, and springing on the deer they held it down, and soon the whole pack were upon it.

As the chase went on our sympathies for the deer were wrought to the highest pitch. This



THE WOLVES ATTACK THE HUNTERS.

hair in its mouth. But hardly would the deer free itself from one wolf before a second would catch it on the other side, and by the time its hold gave way the first would be up and soon catch hold again. This they kept up, first one, then the other, catching the deer by the side and trying to haul it down, while the rest of the pack kept drawing nearer and nearer all the time.

The deer was a powerful one, and strove hard for its life, breaking away many times from its savage foes only to be caught again. But it bravely kept up the struggle for about a

unequal fight was too much for Ned, and he asked me how I would like to take a hand in the play. Though my blood was up, too, I must say the proposition to face these savage brutes at first startled me. But I had every confidence in Ned's experience as well as prudence, and knew that he never would propose a foolhardy act. He said they would almost certainly attack us, but if we stood firm, and knocked over one or two of the leaders, he had not the least doubt they would soon take to their heels again. Upon this assurance I readily assented. Not only would it gratify us

to avenge the poor deer, but we thought it would be well to teach the wolves that it was dangerous to come in broad daylight and make such a display at our very door.

So, with our rifles and tomahawks, we started out to them. They paid no attention to us till we got within forty or fifty rods; then first one raised its head and looked at us, then another, and another, till five or six stood gazing directly at us.

Then the smallest one, which Ned said was the leader, started *full jump* toward us, and immediately the whole pack were coming down on us at their best pace. Three of them — the fags, I suppose — having fared badly, now seized the opportunity to make a good meal. They remained by the deer.

Ned, as soon as he saw them coming, picked out a suitable patch of snow, where we could have good footing, and where the wolves, if it came to an encounter at close quarters, would be on the slippery ice. Then sticking our tomahawks into the snow, to have them handy, and throwing off our coats, and spreading them out behind us, so that the wolves' suspicion of them would prevent an attack from that quarter, with our rifles ready we awaited their onslaught.

The largest wolves soon distanced the others, and they came stringing along in the same manner they had chased the deer. Ned had had encounters with them before, but never when their number was so great as it was now, and it was a little trying to the nerves to stand quietly and see such a pack bounding over the ice toward us.

But I knew Ned, and knew there was no flinch to him. We were well prepared to give them a warm reception. We had four shots, two of ball and two of buckshot, and we calmly awaited their attack, feeling confident we would send them scattering back with little but lead for their booty.

We agreed on our line of action, which was to let them come within twenty-five or thirty yards. Then Ned was to pick off the leader with his ball, and if that did not stop them, I was to try to drop the next; and, if they continued to advance, we were to let them come still closer, then pour in our buckshot, and after that

grasp our tomahawks and defend ourselves, though Ned thought that the attack would hardly be so determined as that.

On, on they came, each eager to get ahead of the other, and lessening the distance between us and them at a rapid rate. But we stood firm, with rifles raised and sighted on the two in advance, till Ned thought they were near enough. Then after careful aim, his rifle rang out, and the foremost wolf, with a convulsive bound, dashed to one side, and fell over on the ice.

I had good aim on the other, and as Ned's shot made the pack slacken their speed, I luckily sent a ball through its head, and dropped it in its tracks.

This reception quite cooled the courage of the nearest wolves, and they cut their race short and began spreading out around us. Those farther back slackened speed, which showed their doubt and hesitation. We would have thought the battle won had not the little one, who seemed to be the leader, come bounding on as fast as ever, passing those ahead, one after the other, and inspiring them with fresh courage. We knew not what this might lead to, and reserved our buckshot for the occasion. It looked serious for a while, and we were afraid this second attack would prove a harder one to repel than the first. We had not much time to consult on the matter, but we decided that Ned, at the proper moment, was to make sure of the little one, and, immediately after, I was to send my charge into the foremost ones following.

On the leader madly rushed to a point within thirty yards of us, then — with wolf's cunning — turned suddenly to one side. This brought the others to a halt, and relieved us of any fear we had, for we saw their attack was mere bluster. But if they were ready for a parley we were not. We sent our buckshot into the thickest of the crowd, and knocked the little one over, which sent



the rest flying away either to the woods or back to the deer, and left us masters of the field.

But we were not satisfied with that, and intended to show them we were there not only to defend ourselves, but to take the deer from them also. So, reloading our guns, we started for the deer, where there were still nine wolves gathered. And though we hardly expected another attack, yet we thought they might perhaps stand their ground till we got

near enough to get another good shot or two at them.

But they had had enough of the contest, and no sooner saw us coming than, with tails lowered, they commenced starting off, first one, then another, till all were gone but two. They were a long way off, but we gave them a parting salute, feeling pretty well satisfied with our morning's sport, and quite assured that it would be some time before this pack of wolves, at least, would care to try it over again.



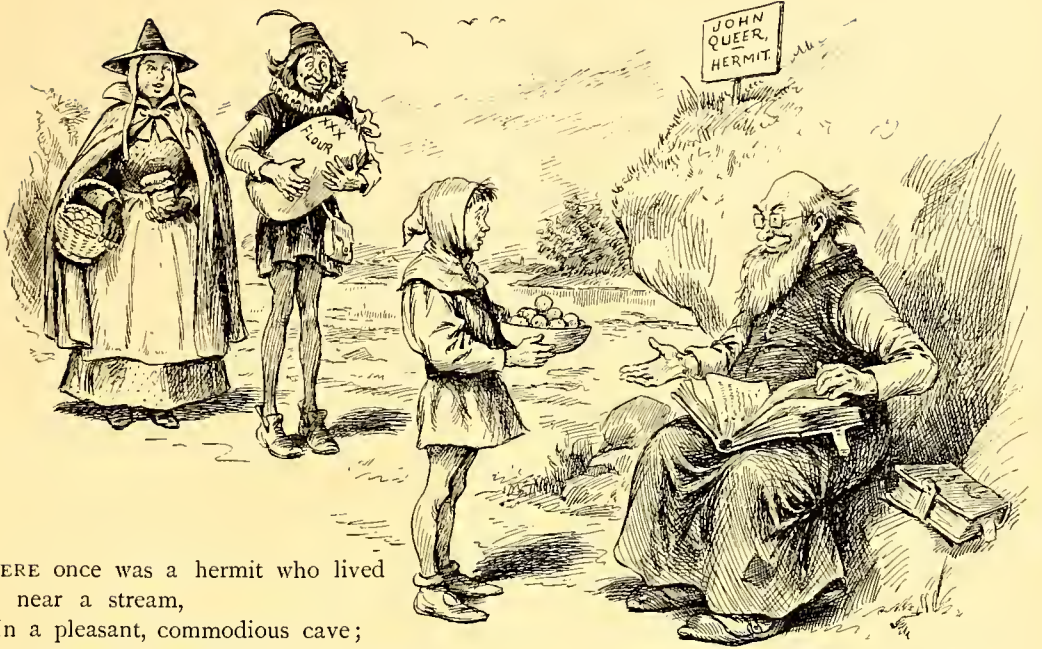
QUEER TASTE.

His taste in names was very queer,
 This honest gentleman;—
 He named his old mare "Guinevere,"
 His daughter "Polly Ann."

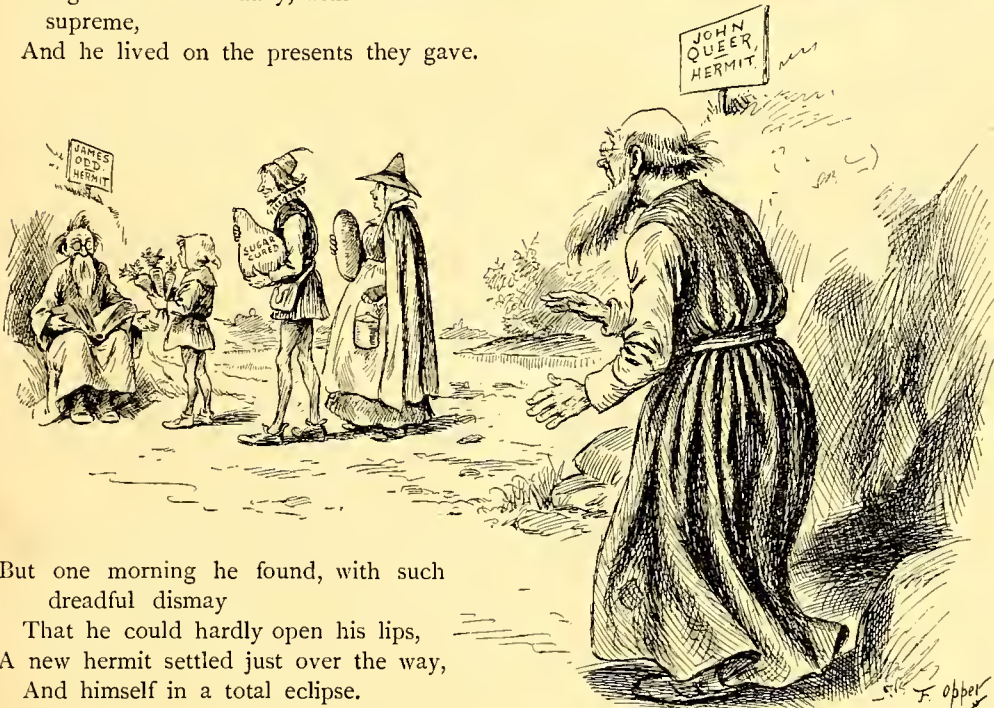
Frederick B. Opper.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.



THERE once was a hermit who lived
near a stream,
In a pleasant, commodious cave;
Folks glared on him daily, with wonder
supreme,
And he lived on the presents they gave.



But one morning he found, with such
dreadful dismay
That he could hardly open his lips,
A new hermit settled just over the way,
And himself in a total eclipse.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

BY PALMER COX.



FOURTH TOUR: IN
KENTUCKY.

WHILE traveling through
the Union vast,
The Brownies found
themselves at last
In old Kentucky, noted
well

For many things, but, truth to tell,
For horses mainly, full of fire,
That oft pass first beneath the wire.

Said one: "Some States can justly boast
Of streams or rocks along the coast,
Made famous through events sublime
That happened in some trying time.
Some guard a crumbling fort
with care
That marks a conquest or a
scare.
Some point to quarries or to
mines,
To finest orchards or to vines,
While others praise their flow-
ing wells;
But this old State, I hear, excels
In thoroughbreds of matchless grace,
That shame the wild deer in their race."

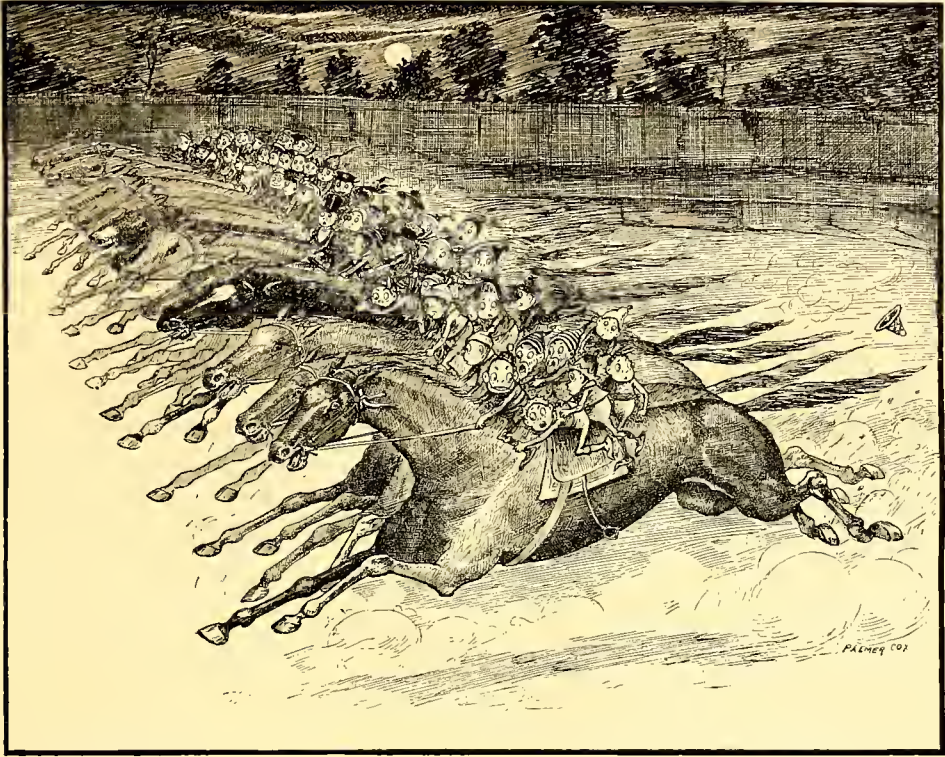
Another said: "Your saying 's true;
We never hear aught else from you.
And if I have not lost my head,
The blue-grass region now we tread,
Where stock-farms lie on every side,
And all with race-tracks are supplied.
As we ascend this pleasant height
Now Lexington appears in sight;
The center of the blue-grass ground,
Which proves my first surmises sound;
And here if anywhere we 'll find
The thoroughbreds of finest kind."
A third remarked: "Suppose we go

With horses to the course below
And take a race or two about
The circle ere the stars go out."
It was not long before the band
From stable and from pasture-land
Brought out the racers nimble-kneed
And light of foot to try their speed.
Around the race-course soon they flew,
Not stringing out, nor two by two,
But bunched together at the close
Along the home-stretch, nose and nose;
And 't was a sight to see the style
In which they measured off a mile.
When they the speed of all had proved
Again upon their way they moved.
Oft pausing as they crossed the State
To view some scene or to relate

Some story that it called to
mind,
The Brownies left the town be-
hind.
Said one: "Besides the racers
great,
So valued for their matchless gait,
The State has wonders well de-
signed
To interest the Brownie kind:

The Mammoth Cave is near at hand,
To visit which we oft have planned;
And that itself can well requite
Our hurried journey there to-night.
'T is said, and we may well believe
There is no purpose to deceive,
All fabled caves
that live in ink
Before this natural
wonder sink.
And I now raise my
hand and vote
That we its won-
drous features note
And waste no fur-
ther time before





We start its mysteries to explore,
For, though I tread its floors alone,
I'll see it ere the night has flown."

Not long a Brownie has to speak
About some famous place, or seek
To stir companions to a move,
Their time or chances to improve;
For, with desires so near akin,

At once great bustling does begin,
Resulting in a sudden start
With all united, hand and heart.

The Mammoth Cave ere long was found,
And much it did the band astound.
As with their torches blazing bright
They peered about them left and right.
Said one, who caused his eyes to range



Around the walls and ceilings strange,
 "No greater wonder, you may know,
 Our native land to-day can show,
 Than this same oddly fashioned den
 So far below the walks of men,

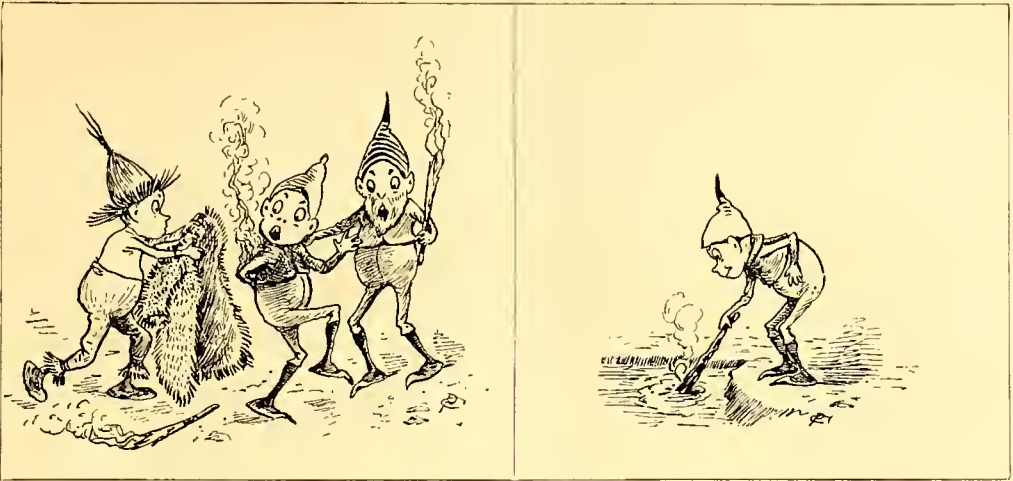
In their weird subterranean flow,
 Till with a hiss, as wildly tossed
 Down some abyss, the flood was lost.
 And in that water underground
 Some eyeless fish were swimming round,



As if intended for a place
 To house some plundering giant race
 That here high carnival could hold
 Unseen, unheard, and uncontrolled."
 So close they crowded here and there,
 Still aided by the flambeau's glare,
 At times a torch would one amaze
 By starting on his back a blaze
 That promised a more brilliant glow
 Than they required to see the show;
 And then wild scenes ensued before
 Peace reigned within the cave once more.
 They traveled through each glittering hall,
 Each room and corner, great and small;
 They followed streams that gurgled low

That, far removed from sunny skies,
 Appeared to have no use for eyes.

In spite of care and watching well
 Some Brownies into fissures fell
 That threatened for no little space
 To be their final resting-place.
 But friends would gather at their call
 And from the gloomy chasm haul
 The Brownies, who thus learned indeed
 The value of a friend in need.
 To tell of every slip and fall
 And quick response to sudden call
 That in the cave occurred that night
 Would crowd some other facts from sight

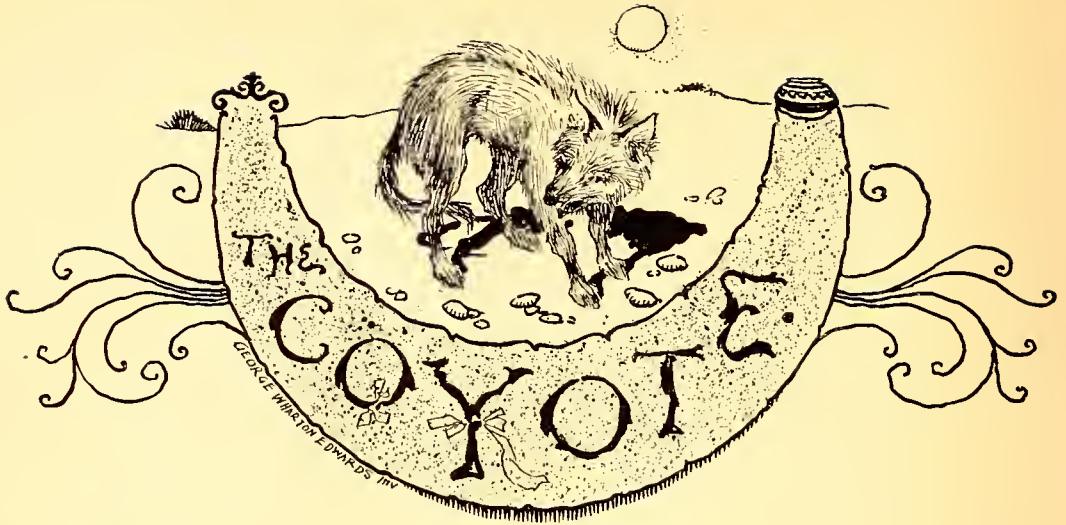


Which should be woven in betime
To fill the record of this rhyme.

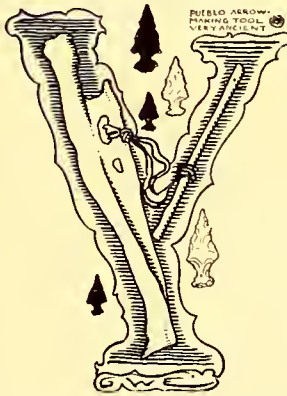
They traveled through the State until
They gained a view of Louisville.
Then one remarked: "It is allowed
The people of this town are proud,
And of its streets and business speak,
And roads that here a center seek,
And bridges stretched from pier to pier
Across the broad Ohio near.

We'll through the city find our way,
And learn its size, ere break of day,
While gazing at the buildings high,
That tower up against the sky."
And when the Brownie band had walked
Around that town of which they talked,
And viewed the streets, the churches fine,
The dwellings, and the stores in line,
With hearty praise they all agreed
It was a thriving place indeed
That fully proved the enterprise
Of citizens acute and wise.





By C. F. LUMMIS.



YOU will find that all the animals with which the Pueblo Indians are familiar—the buffalo (which they used to hunt on the vast plains to the eastward), the bear, deer, and antelope, badger, wild turkey, fox, eagle, crow, buzzard, rabbit, and

Pueblo town, and chanced to come to the threshing-floors, where a great many crows were hopping. Just then the Coyote passed, very hungry; and, while yet far off, said: "Ai! how the stomach cries! I will just eat Little-Blue-Fox." And coming near, he said: "Now, Little-Blue-Fox, you have troubled me enough! You are the cause of my being chased by the dogs and people, and now I will pay you. I am going to eat you up this very now!"

so on—appear in their legends and fairy tales. Too-wháy-deh, the Coyote,* or little prairie-wolf, figures in countless stories, and always to his own disadvantage. Smart as he is in some things, he is represented as believing whatever is told him; and so by his credulity he becomes the butt of all the other animals, who never tire of "April-fooling" him. He is also a great coward. To call a Pueblo Indian "*too-wháy-deh*" is one of the bitterest insults that can be offered him.

"No, Coyote-friend," answered the Little-Blue-Fox, "*don't* eat me up! I am here guarding these chickens, for there is a wedding in yonder house, which is my master's, and these chickens are for the wedding-dinner. Soon they will come for the chickens, and will invite me to the dinner—and you can come also."

"Well," said the Coyote, "if *that* is so, I will not eat you, but will help you watch the chickens." So he lay down beside him.

A very popular tale about the Coyote is that of his adventure with a bright cousin of his.

At this, Little-Blue-Fox was troubled, thinking how to get away; and at last he said:

Once upon a time Too-wháy-shur-wée-deh, the Little-Blue-Fox,† was wandering near a

"Friend Too-wháy-deh, I think it strange that they have not before now come for the chickens. Perhaps they have forgotten. The best way is for me to go to the house and see what the servants are doing."

* Pronounced Coy-oh-ty. † He is always a hero, and as smart as the Coyote is stupid. His beautiful pelt is an important part of the costume worn in many of the sacred dances of the Pueblo Indians.

"It is well," said the Coyote. "Go, then, and I will guard the chickens for you."

So the Little-Blue-Fox started toward the house; but getting behind a small hill, he ran away with fast feet. When it was a good while, and he did not come back, the Coyote thought: "While he is gone, I will give myself some of the chickens." Crawling up slyly to the threshing-floor, he gave a great leap. But the chickens were only crows, and they flew away. Then he began to say evil of the Little-Blue-Fox for playing a trick upon him, and started on the trail, vowing: "I will eat him up wherever I catch him."

After many miles he overtook the Little-Blue-Fox, and with a bad face said: "Here! Now I am going to eat you!"

The other pretended to be greatly excited, and answered: "No, friend Coyote! Do you not hear that *tombe**?"

The Coyote listened, and heard a drum in the pueblo.

"Well," said the Little-Blue-Fox, "I am called for that dance, and very soon they will come for me. Won't you go too?"

"If that is so, I will not eat you, but we will go to the dance." And the Coyote sat down and began to comb his hair and to make himself pretty with face-paint. When no one came, the Little-Blue-Fox said:

"Friend Coyote, I think it strange that they do not come. It is best for me to go up on this hill, whence I can see into the village. You wait here."

"He will not dare to play me another trick," thought the Coyote. So he replied: "It is well. But do not forget to call me."

So the Little-Blue-Fox went up the hill; and as soon as he was out of sight, he began to run for his life.

Very long the Coyote waited; and at last, being tired, went up on the hill—but there was no one there. Then he was very angry, and said: "I will follow him, and eat him surely! *Nothing* shall save him!" And find-

ing the trail, he began to follow as fast as a bird.

Just as the Little-Blue-Fox came to some high cliffs, he looked back and saw the Coyote coming over a hill. So he stood up on his hind feet and put his fore paws up against the cliff, and made many groans, and acted as if



"'COME, HELP ME TO HOLD IT,' SAID LITTLE-BLUE-FOX."

much excited. In a moment came the Coyote, very angry, crying: "Now you shall not escape me! I am going to eat you up now—now!"

"Oh, no, friend Too-wháy-deh!" said Little-Blue-Fox; "for I saw this cliff falling down, and ran to hold it up. If I let go, it will fall and kill us both. But come, help me to hold it."

* Pronounced tom-báy. The sacred drum used in Pueblo dances.

Then the Coyote stood up and pushed against the cliff with his fore paws, very hard; and there they stood side by side.

thirsty, for he held up the cliff with all his might. At last he said: "Ai! how hard it is! I am so thirsty that I will go to the lake, even if I die!"



"BUT HOW SHALL I GET IT?" SAID THE COYOTE.

Time passing so, the Little-Blue-Fox said:

"Friend Too-wháy-deh, it is long that I am holding up the cliff, and I am very tired and thirsty. You are fresher. So you hold up the cliff while I go and hunt water for us both; for soon you too will be thirsty. There is a lake somewhere on the other side of this mountain; I will find it and get a drink, and then come back and hold up the cliff while you go."

The Coyote agreed, and the Little-Blue-Fox ran away over the mountain till he came to the lake, just as the moon was rising.

But soon the Coyote was very tired and

I shall float up before I can dive to it."

"That is true, friend," said the other. "There is but one way. We must tie some stones to your neck, to make you heavy so you can go down to it."

So they hunted about until they found a buckskin thong and some large stones; and the Little-Blue-Fox tied the stones to the Coyote's neck, the Coyote holding his chin up, to help.

"Now, friend Too-wháy-deh, come here to the edge of the bank and stand ready. I will take you by the back and count *weem, wée-si, p'áh-*

So he began to let go of the cliff, slowly, slowly—until he held it only with his finger-nails; and then he made a great jump away backward, and ran as hard as he could to a hill. But when he looked around and saw that the cliff did not fall, he was very angry, and vowed to eat Too-wháy-shur-wée-deh the very minute he should catch him.

Running on the trail, he came to the lake; and there the Little-Blue-Fox was lying on the bank, whining as if greatly excited. "Now I will eat you up, this minute!" cried the Coyote. But the other said: "No, friend Too-wháy-deh! Don't eat me up! I am waiting for some one who can swim as well as you can. I just bought a big cheese from a shepherd to share with you; but when I went to drink, it slipped out of my hands into the water. Come here, and I will show you." He took the Coyote to the edge of the high bank, and pointed to the moon in the water.

"M—m!" said the Coyote, who was fainting with hunger. "But how shall I get it? It is very deep in the water, and

chu [one, two, three]. And when I say *p'áh-chu*, neck, swaying him back and forth as he you must jump and I will push—for now you counted. And at "*p'áh-chu!*" he pushed are very heavy." hard, and the Coyote jumped, and went into

So he took the Coyote by the back of the the deep water, and—never came out again!



UNDER THE POND-LILIES.



THROUGH THE ALPHABET.

HALF-WAY through the long alphabet my playmate I can see
 While I am standing still, afraid, in front of this great D.
 My teacher takes me by the hand (I'm only four years old),
 And says, "Come now, don't be afraid, it's easy, just be bold!"
 Oh, it's not letters that I fear, for all that I'm so vexed—
 But there are *words* beyond, I hear, and—*spelling* may come next!

Lee Carter.

A LITTLE QUAKER.

(A True Incident.)

"WITH hands clasped softly in your lap,
 And hair tucked back beneath your cap,
 And snowy kerchief trimly crossed,
 And lifted eyes in reverie lost—
 Friend Phœbe, won't you tell me why
 You look so far away, and sigh?
 Why don't you leave your little chair,
 And take the sunshine and fresh air?"

"Friend Edith, I will tell thee why
 I sit so still, and sometimes sigh.
 Dear grandma says we can't be right
 Unless we have the 'inner light.'
 (I did n't have the 'inner light,'
 Although I tried with all my might!)

"Well, first day morning Grandma goes
 To meeting, always, as thee knows,
 And either takes John, Ruth, or me;
 I go one morning out of three.

"'T was 'silent meeting' yesterday.
 High up sat old Friend Hathaway;
 His thumbs upon his cane were placed,
 And he looked stern and solemn-faced.
 Friend Hodges and Friend Underwood—
 They would n't smile—not if they could!
 (Thee knows, I think they're very *good*!)
 Up in the gallery they sat,
 Each one looked down beneath his hat,

And thought, and *thought*, and THOUGHT,
and THOUGHT,
But would n't speak out, as they ought!

“It was so still inside the house
That I could hear the little mouse
A-gnawing, gnawing in the wall.
Outside it was n't still at all!
The birds were singing in the trees,
And I could hear the boring-bees
(The clumsy kind of bee that leaves
Those little holes along the eaves).
It was so very still inside,
To keep awake how hard I tried!
I ate a peppermint, or two—

But that was very wrong, I knew.
All of a sudden, then, the birds
And bees began to sing these words:
'Friend Phoebe, come outside and play,
And never mind Friend Hathaway!'
It seemed to me I must obey—
I walked straight out the open door!
No child, thee knows, did so before.

“To punish me (I'm sure it's right—
I did n't have the 'inner light!')
I'm not allowed to go and play
Till I make up for yesterday.
Oh, dear, I must n't speak to thee—
It's 'silent meeting'—don't thee see?”

Edith M. Thomas.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

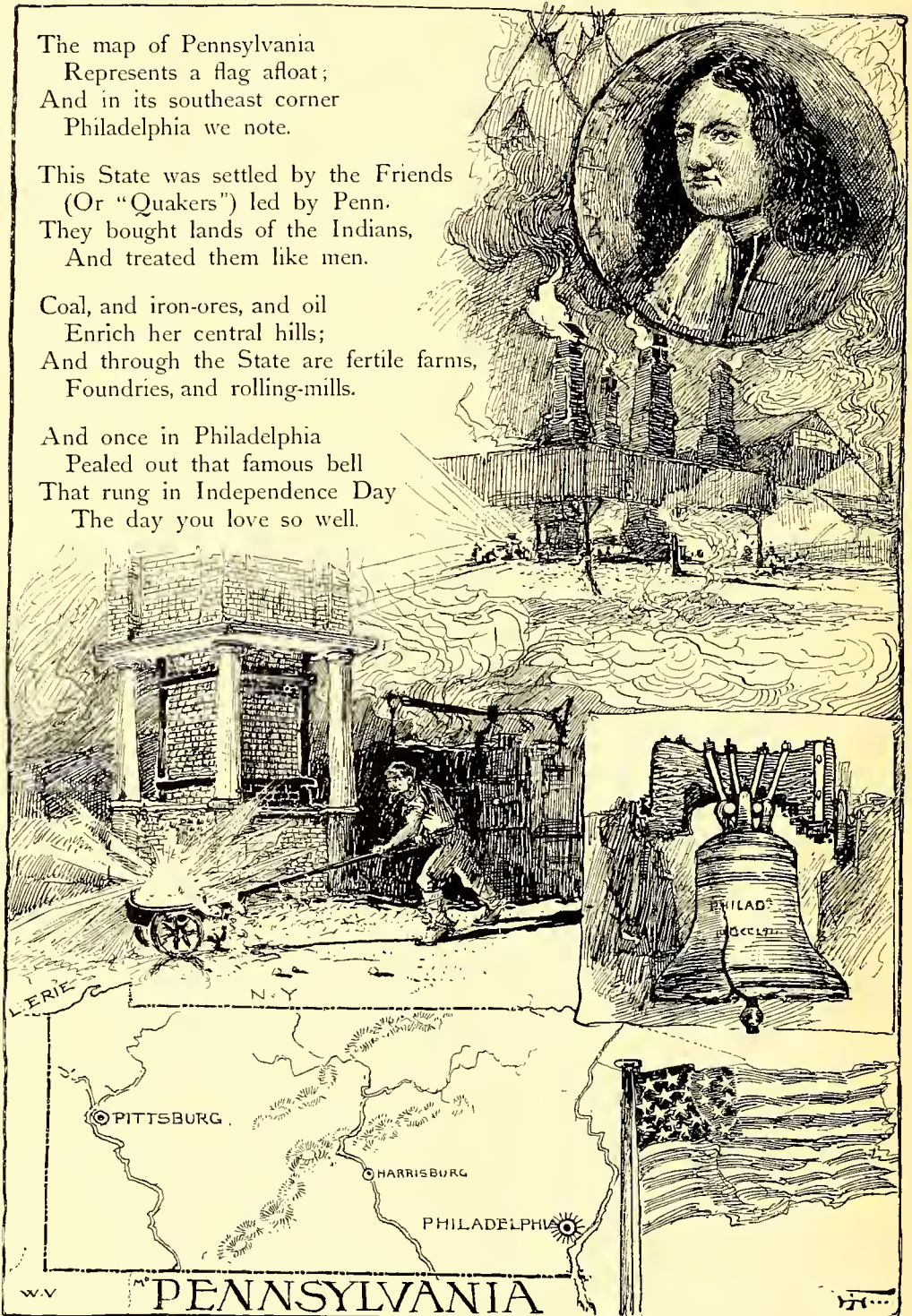
By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

The map of Pennsylvania
Represents a flag afloat;
And in its southeast corner
Philadelphia we note.

This State was settled by the Friends
(Or "Quakers") led by Penn.
They bought lands of the Indians,
And treated them like men.

Coal, and iron-ores, and oil
Enrich her central hills;
And through the State are fertile farms,
Foundries, and rolling-mills.

And once in Philadelphia
Pealed out that famous bell
That rung in Independence Day
The day you love so well.





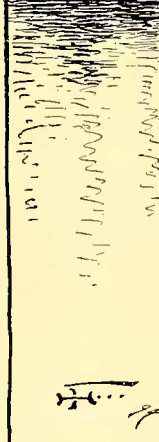
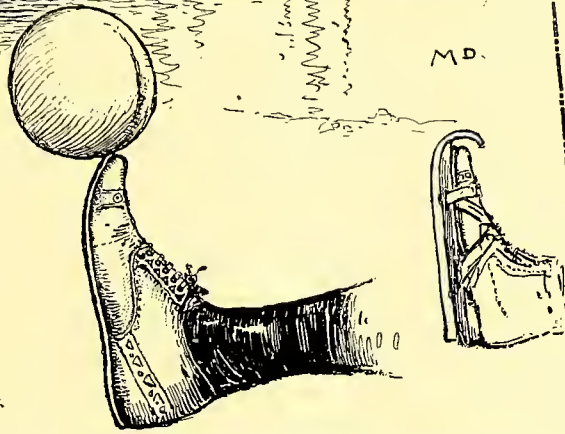
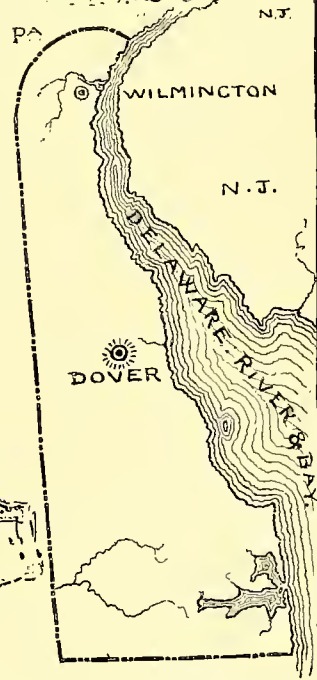
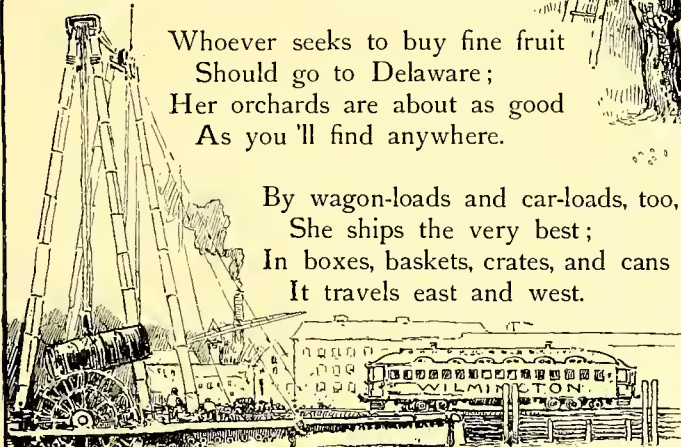
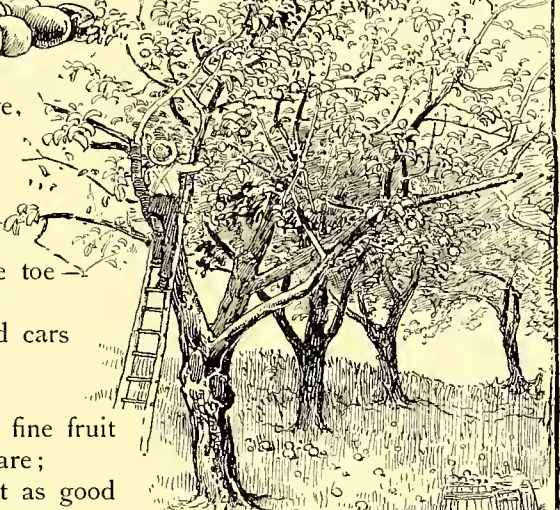
Delaware

Well, I declare!—here's Delaware,
 Shaped like an upturned shoe;
 Its capital marks just the place
 To put the button, too.

And Wilmington is near the toe—
 Along the Bay it lies;
 For steamships, carriages, and cars
 This city takes the prize.

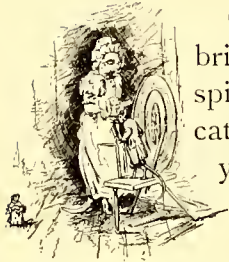
Whoever seeks to buy fine fruit
 Should go to Delaware;
 Her orchards are about as good
 As you'll find anywhere.

By wagon-loads and car-loads, too,
 She ships the very best;
 In boxes, baskets, crates, and cans
 It travels east and west.

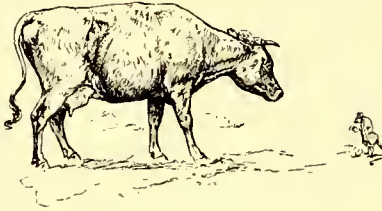


THE CAT AND RAT THAT LIVED IN AN OVEN.

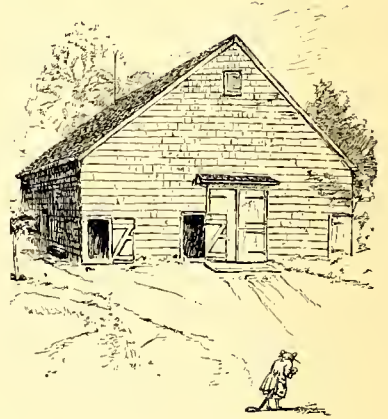
AN OLD STORY RETOLD.



ONCE upon a time a cat and a rat lived together in an old brick oven that was no more used. One day the cat was spinning, and the rat, to plague her, bit off her thread. The cat looked very cross at the rat and said in a loud voice, "If you bite off my thread again I 'll hide away your small baby rat." The rat waited till the cat spun out a thread of great length and bit it off. Pussy quick as a flash and rat began to cry and bring back my dear cat said: "I will, if and get me some milk."



So away he went, trit-a-tee trot,
The faster he went the further he got,
and said, "Cow, please give me milk: I will give Puss the milk; and Puss will give me my dear little rat again." The cow said, "I will, if you will go to the barn and get me some hay."



So away he went, trit-a-tee trot,
The faster he went the further he got,
and said, "Blacksmith, please give me the key: I will give Barn the key; Barn will give me hay; I will give Cow me milk; I will give Puss give me my dear little rat said, "I will, if you will go me some coal."



So away he went,
The faster he went
and said, "Coal-bank,
I will give Blacksmith

the hay; Cow will give the milk; and Puss will again." The blacksmith to the coal-bank and get

trit-a-tee trot,
the further he got,
please give me some coal:
coal; Blacksmith will give

me the key ; I will give Barn the key ; Barn will give me hay ; I will give Cow the hay ; Cow will give me milk ; I will give Puss the milk, and Puss will give me my dear little rat again." The coal-bank said, "I will, if you will go to the brook and get me some water."



So away he went, trit-a-tee trot,
The faster he went the further he got,

and said, "Brook, please give me some water: I will give Coal-bank the water ; Coal-bank will give me coal ; I will give Blacksmith the coal ;

Blacksmith will give me the key ; I will give Barn the key ; Barn will give me hay ; I will give Cow the hay ; Cow will give me milk ; I will give Puss the milk ; and Puss will give me my dear little rat again."



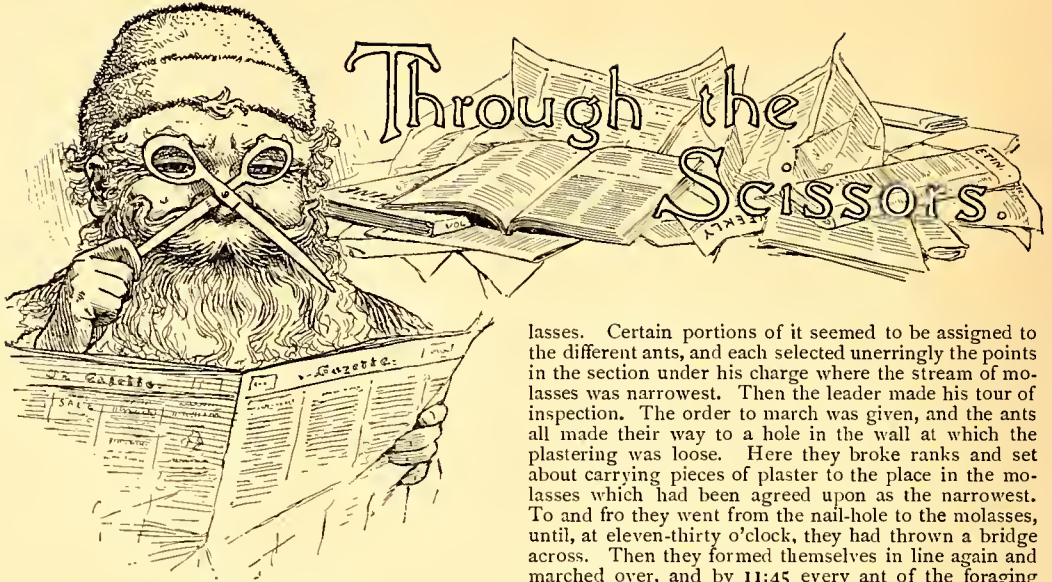
The brook was good and kind, and had just been laughing to itself because it was so happy ; and it was glad to have the chance to help the poor, tired, lonely rat. So the brook gave the water to the rat, and he gave it to the coal-bank ; and the coal-bank gave the coal to the rat, and he gave it to the blacksmith ; the blacksmith gave the key to the rat, and he gave it to the barn ; the barn gave hay to the rat, and he gave it to the cow ; the cow gave the milk to the rat, and he gave it to the cat ; and then Mrs. Puss brought back to the rat the dear little rat again, and the rat never bit off her thread any more, but was a quiet, good rat ever after.

Margaret R. Gorseline.

EARLY AND LATE.

Go to bed early—wake up with joy ;
Go to bed late—cross girl or boy.
Go to bed early—ready for play ;
Go to bed late—moping all day.
Go to bed early—no pains or ills ;
Go to bed late—doctors and pills.

W. S. Reed.



THE ENGINEER'S DOG.

THERE is an engineer out on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad who is the owner of a dog which is possessed of a good deal more than the average amount of canine intelligence. This dog is a bright little water spaniel, and has been accustomed to ride with his master on the engine since he was a puppy. He goes to the roundhouse about the time for his master's train to be made up, and mounts his own engine, having no difficulty in picking it out from the twenty or more engines standing in the roundhouse. He rides on the fireman's side of the cab, with his head and paws both hanging out of the window, intently watching the track. He often scents cattle at a long distance. When they appear in sight, he becomes greatly excited and barks furiously, looks first at them and then at his master, as though trying to make him understand the gravity of the situation. On a nearer approach to them he becomes almost frantic, and if it becomes necessary to come to a full stop, he bounds out of the cab, and running ahead drives the trespassers out of harm's way. He is well known to all the railroad men along the line, and if by chance he gets left at any station, he invariably boards the first train for home, where he patiently awaits the return of his master.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

BOUND TO GET THE PIE.

A COOK was annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came out twice a day at about seven in the morning and four in the afternoon. He poured rings of molasses to protect the pies against the invaders. He did not have long to wait, for at six-fifty o'clock he noticed that off in the left-hand corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the pies. They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack an enemy. In front was a leader, who was larger than any of the others, and who always kept a little ahead of his troops. They were of the sort known as the medium-sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind; its scientific name is *formica rubra*. About forty ants out of 500 stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aides held a council and then proceeded to examine the circle of mo-

lasses. Certain portions of it seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the points in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection. The order to march was given, and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall at which the plastering was loose. Here they broke ranks and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail-hole to the molasses, until, at eleven-thirty o'clock, they had thrown a bridge across. Then they formed themselves in line again and marched over, and by 11:45 every ant of the foraging expedition was contentedly eating pie.—*Rocky Mountain News*.

MULES DELIRIOUS WITH PLEASURE.

"I SAW an odd sight in Luzerne County a few days ago," said Eckley B. Cox. "Six mules that had for four years hauled cars in the lower workings of a coal shaft to and from the foot of the shaft had to be brought up owing to the flooding of the mine on account of fire. The mules in all that time had seen no light stronger than the flicker of the little Davy lamps the miners carried. The sun was in its zenith when they reached the surface, and the atmosphere was as clear as crystal.

"The astonished creatures closed their eyes to shut out the flood of strong light, and kept them tightly closed while they were being driven to a pasture lot a mile distant and turned loose. There they stood trembling as if they were afraid something evil was about to befall them. Presently they half opened their eyes and peered around in open-mouthed amazement. It was clear they could n't understand it.

"When they had become accustomed to the sunlight they elevated their heads and slowly swept their gaze over culm-piles, sky, mountains, and horizon again and again. Toward sundown they broke into a chorus of joyous brays, the like of which was never heard from mules before.

"After a quarter of an hour of that music they took to kicking, jumping, whirling around like teetotums, and rolling on the sod as if they had gone mad. For four days they spent their time gazing at the new sights of field and sky, refusing food and water, not even nibbling at the grass, and not so much as blinking an eye in sleep."—*Philadelphia Times*.

WITH HIS WHIP.

"THERE is quite a difference between staging in the early days of the State and now," said William Miller, the owner of the stage line from Cazadero to Ukiah.

"When I came here from Boston in 1854, I drifted about a bit, and finally went into the service of Charles McLaughlin. He was the owner of the longest stage line in California at that time. It ran, with relays, from San José to Los Angeles.

"I remember once, in a lonely coast-range cañon, through which the road wound, we had a little experience that was thrilling for the moment. It was about ten o'clock and a moonlight night. I was just putting the horses through. The stage was full of passengers, and there was a heavy treasure-box.

"Just as I got around a bend in the road I saw the figure of a man on horseback standing by the side of the road. He yelled to stop, and I saw a gun-barrel gleam in the moonlight. The horses were going at a speed that might be called breakneck, and I just made up my mind to take the chance of getting through. I saw the gun raised to the fellow's shoulder as we approached. I had my long whip in my hand, and with a desperation born of the peril of the moment I made a vicious crack at him.

"I don't know how it occurred, but the lash wound itself around the gun, and as we dashed by the whip was drawn taut, and I knew it had caught, so I held fast. I was nearly pulled out of my seat, but the gun was dragged from the robber's hand and fell to the ground; at the same time it was discharged by the shock. It rattled along the road for quite a distance before the whiplash unwound itself. I don't know what the highwayman thought, but I'll bet he was surprised."—*The San Francisco Call*.

GIANTS.

TURNER, the naturalist, declares that he once saw, upon the coast of Brazil, a race of gigantic savages whose average height was over 10 feet, some individuals exceeding 12½ feet. M. Thevet, of France, in his description of America, which was published in Paris in 1575, says that he was once present when the skeleton of a South American savage 11 feet 2 inches in height was disinterred. The Chinese have a record of several giants between 12 and 16 feet in height said to have lived in the Flowerly Kingdom within the last 300 years. Josephus mentions a Jew who was 10 feet 2 inches, and Pliny was well acquainted with Gabara, the Arabian giant, who was 9 feet 9 inches in height.

Coming down to modern times, we find that John Middleton, of the time of James I., was 9 feet 3 inches in height, and he had a hand 17 inches long by 8½ broad. Murphy, one of the celebrated trio of "Irish Giants" (Charles Byrne and O'Brien being the other two), was 8 feet 10 inches tall, while Byrne was 8 feet 4 inches, and O'Brien 2 inches taller. There have been several so-called giants on exhibition within a few years, Chang, the long Celestial, being among the number; but it is doubtful if there is a man living to-day who exceeds 7 feet 6 inches in height.—*Exchange*.

A WHALE THAT KNEW HIS WAY ABOUT.

Answered One Whistle with One Spout, Ported His Helm, and then Lit Out.

A WHALE of North Atlantic breed sped down the coast at steamship speed, when a swift Morgan ship, "El Norte," was bounding toward this port like forty. The big cetacean's ample smile the skipper saw for many a mile. Off Long Branch, where the porpoise played, the swift leviathan essayed to cross the high bows of El Norte. When cetus heard one whistle snort he put his helm down hard a-port. "He knows the code," the skipper said; "that is a whale that's got a head, for 't is by navigators taught that one blast means, 'Bring port to port.'" Just then the whale gave one long spout, to say, "I know what I'm about." Thereafter, so the crew declare, he sent up fountains in the air, and, speeding shoreward, wildly drove a school of fish toward Ocean Grove. Big whales infrequently seek food in this particular latitude.—*New York Sun*.

ATTACKED BY WILD DUCKS.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. BERNARD and the steam tug "Plymouth" arrived from Boston at Philadelphia a few days ago with three barges in tow, after one of the roughest passages ever made. There was more than the elements to contend with on the trip, for they were attacked in Vineyard Sound, during the terrific hurricane of February 19, by a tremendous flock of wild ducks that had been carried from the land by the wind. They dashed desperately against the side of the tug's house and powerful electric light on the masthead, which was the object that first attracted them. Mate Willard went on deck and was knocked flat by one of the infuriated birds, which flew directly at him, striking him with great force on the breast.

To substantiate this strange story told to a *Press* reporter, Captain Bernard saved twelve of the birds that fell exhausted from their struggles on the decks, and they are now in his home. The Plymouth, after passing Chatham just before sundown on February 19, experienced heavy rains. Soon the wind veered to the northwest and blew a hurricane, accompanied by blinding snow-squalls. At nine o'clock at night Captain Bernard and Mate Willard were both in the pilot-house, when a fluttering noise was heard to windward. With the aid of the marine glasses they could discern a huge dark formation moving directly toward them, and soon a flock of fully 300 ducks made for the vessel. They flew directly toward the electric masthead light, and in striking the pole fell by the dozen to the deck. Some of the sailors were terrified at first by the fluttering noise, but on being convinced what it was went on deck and caught fully fifty ducks and stowed them away in the fore peak. The birds were ravenously hungry, having been carried miles from the land in the teeth of the heavy gale. They could not fly back, such was the force of the wind, and those that failed to light on the Plymouth were carried off to sea and no doubt perished. For fully an hour the birds kept things in a state of excitement on board the tug, and Captain Bernard confessed it was one of the most remarkable experiences he had ever seen or heard of in upward of a quarter of a century of sea life.—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE SEA-GULL'S VISION.

"ANY one who has watched the gulls and other fish-catching birds along our coast must have discovered how keen is their sight and how cunningly they discover a school of fish long before a fin has disturbed the surface of the water," said a sea-captain. "Often times when at sea I have tested the vision of gulls that happened near my ship, to the great amusement of the passengers. I remember one occasion when the ship was going along at a pretty rapid rate, I noticed a number of gulls following closely in our wake, apparently on the watch for anything that might be thrown overboard. Going to the cabin, I procured a small biscuit, and returning to the deck, prepared to show the passengers the wonderful powers of vision possessed by these birds. Breaking the biscuit into small pieces, the largest of which was less than an inch square, I dropped one into the seething waters, just under the bow of the vessel. It was of the same color as the foam into which it was dropped, and it was, of course, rapidly carried astern. Once dropped, the piece was utterly invisible to our eyes, and we could only guess as to its whereabouts; but before it had fallen thirty yards astern a large gull detected it, and with a headlong dart dipped into the foam and secured it. With equal dexterity the other bits were picked up, one by one, the gulls at last venturing so close to the vessel that they seemed to be watching our movements with their large, bright eyes."—*Exchange*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

THE correct answers to the Floral Enigmas, printed in ST. NICHOLAS for June, will be published in this department next month, together with the names of those who have sent answers.

HAVANA, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a great admirer of your magazine. Although I am a Cuban girl twelve years old, I can read and write English, which I like very much. The June number had very many pretty pictures. I liked the one called "June Roses" the best. I wish there were a Spanish Saint Nicholas for Cuban children.

Last year we spent six months in New York. We longed to see snow, but none would come. Just on the night we left for Cuba, however, snow fell down, all white and like cotton rain. How pretty it was!

Your affectionate reader,

NARCISA ARIOSA Y G——.

LARKSPUR, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you all about Larkspur. It is a country town where people come to stay for the summer. It is a very pretty place, I can assure you. Back of Larkspur, that is, way back, there are some dense woods, and in those woods there are little brown bears who sometimes chase the deer so far down that they come in sight of the hotel veranda. One evening, when almost everybody was eating dinner, a gentleman who sat at the table next to ours suddenly turned round, and said in an excited tone of voice, "Harry, Harry!" (that is my brother's name), "here 's one; there 's a deer!" Of course that brought nearly everybody to the window; some saw it, and some did n't. I am not sure whether Harry saw it or not. But I know I did n't, for the call was addressed to Harry, and I waited a minute or two, and when I did go it was gone.

Last summer—I was n't here then, but this is what I was told—a bear was chasing a deer, and, when he lost sight of him, he came down as far as the hotel, and actually walked up the stairs, on to the veranda, and seeing the drawing-room window open, got up on his hind legs and looked in the window and scared everybody there. I am glad I was not there; are not you?

I wish to be remembered to ST. NICHOLAS all my life. Yours truly, ETELKA W——.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I am ten years old, and live in Summerville, S. C., which is a short distance from Charleston. Summerville is such a pretty place; scattered all through the woods are lovely homes. The birds are always singing, and the air smells so sweetly of pines and different flowers that grow in the woods. Many people go fox-hunting, especially after it has rained.

Our goat is afraid of thunder and lightning, and cannot bear to have it rain on him.

Your loving friend, CORNELIA C. W——.

"THE MOUNT," YORK, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only since Christmas, and I like you very much.

We live in a city with a wall all round it, and where we live now used to be an old Roman cemetery. In the cellar of a house a few doors away from us, there is a Roman tomb with a stone coffin.

We have some Gardens with a museum in them. I have a sister, and her name is Ethel; she was ten in December, and my name is Ellen, and I was twelve in August.

Yours sincerely, NELLIE A——.

NAUGATUCK, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old. We have taken you ten years. When I was a baby my sister read you, but when I was old enough I read you, too.

I have no pets except "Speckle," a hen. I have a tricycle, and while I was riding around (when she was little) she used to fly up on the back of it and ride around with me. In one year she laid two hundred and eighteen eggs. If I have a handful of fresh pieces of meat, and I call Speckle, she will come running from quite a long way to me. Then I will hold a piece just out of her reach, and say, "Now, Speckle, sing real nice"; she will sing just as loud as she can, and then I will give her it. And so I make her sing for every piece. This is all true.

I remain your faithful reader,

CHARLOTTE S. W——.

TORONTO, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICK: I am a Canadian boy, eleven years old. I have a private tutor, and two boys come over every day to have lessons with me, as I have no brothers, and like it so much better when I have some one to study with me. I like cricket in summer, and hockey in winter. I do not think I'd like to live in countries where there is no winter, for, in my opinion, the cold season is by far the jolliest part of the year. I think "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" is a great story. Mother likes "Toinette's Philip" better; she says it is a sweet tale. But the hero was n't much of a boy, Winter—my chum—and I agree; but, as you must see, we have read it, or we would not have been able to say what we think about him. I don't think there is a thing in any of your pages that I have not read at least twice—"Toinette's Philip," too. "Lilybel" was a jolly little kid. And now I must say good-by. I am yours very truly,

ALICK C. C——.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you only a little over a year. A year's subscription was given me by my sister, and I liked it so much that she gave me another one this year.

I was very much interested in "The Last of the 'Kearsarge,'" because the ship's cook gave my father a

large copper spike, two or three buttons, and a cartridge from the ship, and also a piece of the reef on which it was wrecked.

I graduated from the grammar-school last week, and I expect to go to a high school in September.

Your loving reader, HERBERT A. S.—

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old. I have been taking you only since last October, but I have enjoyed reading you since then. Some one I love very dearly sent you to me for a Christmas present.

I have always lived in America, and I was afraid that when we (Mama and I) came here, I should have to give you up; but I saw a copy of you in a shop-window, and Mama inquired, and found I could have you each month, and I am so glad, as we shall live here a year. I go to school, and am learning to speak and write in German, and am taking piano-lessons. I think this is a beautiful country; but I would rather live in Boston. I have no brother or sister. Mama and I are quite alone. I think "Toinette's Philip" is one of the prettiest stories I ever read. I have a book, "Lady Jane," by the same writer, which I think lovely. Any little girl that likes pretty stories ought to read it. Mama has promised, if I keep my copies of you nice, that she will each year have them bound for me.

Your faithful reader,
HELEN O. R.—

WAUSAU, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are five children in our family, two boys and three girls. We take you and "Puck" and "Judge," and when any of them is brought by the postman, the person who first cries "one" gets it first to read, and the one who says "two" has it next, and so forth. Only sometimes Papa says "one and a half" after somebody else has said "two" or "three," etc. Papa is a lawyer.

We have a dog (an Irish setter) named "Limerick"; he does lots of tricks. We have two cats, and they play with the dog, and sometimes scratch him so hard that he yelps. I play on the violin and have been taking lessons about six years, but not steadily, as I have to go into Milwaukee to take lessons. My music-teacher used to play first violin in the Theodore Thomas orchestra. Every one in our family plays some instrument, and we have nice times playing together. I am thirteen years old, and have never been to school except to visit. I have always studied at home. A long life to you, ST. NICHOLAS, and a happy one, is the wish of your loving friend,

MARION EVA R.—

EAGLE CLIFF, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you ever since I was ten years old, and I shall be fourteen the coming month. I always look forward to the time when your next number will come. I am very fond of reading, and read a great deal.

I live on the Columbia River. My father is a salmon-canner. He is the first one ever on the Columbia, and he sends his fish to New York. He got the gold medal from Queen Victoria at the fish exhibit in London, for the best canned salmon. He used to be a hunter before he went into the canning business.

I hunt with him often now. Last fall I shot a bear. I am very fond of hunting. I have a rifle of my own, and practise shooting a good deal. I row too. In fact, I am a regular Western girl. I have a pony and a gray-hound. Papa has an Irish setter, two bear dogs, and seven or eight deer-hounds. We keep two cows.

We live in a beautiful place. There is a cliff, where the eagles used to build their nests, about 300 feet high,

150 yards back of our house, and a ladder and steps to go up it. There is a beautiful view from the top. All kinds of fruits grow here, and the woods are full of flowers.

Three years ago we went East, and the people there seem to have an idea that we have to go around armed here all the time to protect us from the Indians; but that is not so. There are plenty of half-civilized Indians, but they are not dangerous, although they are very superstitious. My father can talk the Indian jargon. He came to California in 1853, across the Isthmus of Darien.

Of course, living in such a place as we do, where there is nobody but Papa's employees and their families, there is no school; so my sister and I have a governess. She teaches a few other children too. I love my home very much, and always hate to go away even for a few days. As I sit here at my desk, in my room, I will try to tell you what it looks like from my window, and what sounds I hear. I see the river and the mountains on the other side. Some trees hide part of the net-racks, but I can see some of the men pulling their nets over them. I can see a corner of our garden, and part of the dog-yard. I hear the birds calling to each other. The cow-bells are tinkling on the hill, and I hear the corks of the nets on the net-racks. We have had a good many bear cubs here to train the bear dogs, and they are lots of fun.

When ladies from the city come here, they scream and are afraid of snakes and frogs and bugs. They think it is dreadful because I pick them up. By the way, a snake stuck its head up between two boards the other day, and Papa shot its head off. He can hit the bull's-eye with the rifle, standing on his head. I can hit a can thrown up into the air, with my rifle.

I am afraid I am making my letter tiresome, because of course no one is so interested in my home as I am. Well, I hope you will print this, because I want the Eastern girls to know how sweet the life of a Western girl is.

Your admirer, LOTTIE H.—

KITCHAWAN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen letters from nearly every corner of the world in your "Letter-Box," but never one from Kitchawan, and it is no wonder, for it always seemed to me that Kitchawan must be somewhere near the jumping-off place. It is a little country station about forty miles from New York, and for all it is so out of the way, it is a lovely country. Our home is on the top of quite a high hill, and we have a beautiful view.

I want to tell you about a queer thing that happened here. For several mornings we heard a bird singing which had so many different notes that we could not make out what it was; after watching for a while, however, we discovered that it was a cat-bird who was building right by the house. Papa says they are sometimes called American mocking-birds.

I was very much interested in the article on "Ancient Musical Instruments," in the May number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I do think it is the most splendid magazine that ever was published.

I am ever your admiring reader,
"BUTTERCUP."

CANNES, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I saw so many letters in your "Box," I thought I would write also to tell you how much I like your magazine. We live in Cannes in the winter, and like it very much. It is a very pretty place, with its palm-trees and roses; north and east of it are the Alpes Maritimes; west are the mounts of the Esterel, which, though not high, are very beautiful, and on the south lies the blue Mediterranean. I ride a great deal when in Cannes and enjoy it more than anything else in the world. We are now in Paris, and I hope soon to go to

the palace of the Louvre, for it contains many fine paintings and statues of the old and modern masters, as well as an Indian and Chinese museum that is very interesting. Two years ago I went to Berne after spending the summer on the lake of Geneva. Berne is a very queer old town. The principal street extends from one end of the place to the other, and has low arcades on each side of it, with funny colored fountains from time to time. One of these fountains represents a man with a gun, and by his side is a tiny bear, also holding a gun as bears are on the coat of arms of this city, and they have quite a number of them in a large pit. The cathedral has some very beautiful stained glass and a lovely organ.

When I was in Florence, Papa took me to Galileo's tower, from which one has a lovely view of the city and its surrounding hills. Galileo lived there and has left many interesting relics, among which are a few queer old globes and a strange map with ships and fishes drawn all over it. We hope to go back to our house in America, and I am very glad, for my home is there, and nearly all my friends are there, too.

Hoping to see this letter printed, I remain with much love,
Yours sincerely,
NINA EVELYN B——.

WE take pleasure in printing the following extracts from a letter recently received from one of our contributors now in Peru. The writer, "Olive Otis," gave our readers in the April ST. NICHOLAS a sketch of Mrs. C. V. Jamison, the author of "Toinette's Philip," and of "Lady Jane."

CALLAO, PERU.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . Peru is the very opposite of our own progressive and bustling country, yet it possesses many picturesque and interesting features. It is entirely Spanish in language, manners, and customs, and is an interesting study to any one fond of anything intensely exotic. Callao is considered the finest part on the Pacific, and is a city of 35,000 inhabitants, and is seven miles distant from Lima, the capital, a city of 100,000 people. Two lines of railway connect the two cities, and trains, to and fro, run at frequent intervals. The railways are in excellent order, and trains are well managed. The highest railway in the world is the line from Lima to Oroya, 149 miles, over the Andes. It was the work of an American, Henry Meiggs, who, in building this aerial railway, accomplished one of the most wonderful engineering feats in the world.

The products of Peru are sugar, the land producing as many as 9,000 pounds to the acre, and cotton; the latter is planted every seven years and grows on trees. Colored cotton is one of the curiosities, the plants producing white, red, yellow, and black.

All of the temperate fruits, and many strange tropical varieties, grow freely here, and fruits and vegetables are perennial. The finest strawberries in the world are produced abundantly. Flowers of every variety are in

great abundance, and for five cents, United States money, a large bouquet can be bought in the plaza or market.

This is a rainless region, and the crops, fruits, etc., are produced by irrigation. Though clouds and fogs sometimes prevail, never a drop of rain falls. The thermometer rarely rises above 80°, or sinks below 60°; summer begins in December and ends in April, and the severest months of cold are July and August.

Trusting this brief sketch may prove of some interest to you,

I remain, yours cordially,

MRS. LEON J——,
("Olive Otis.")

VERDUGO, CAL.

I AM twelve years old, and these verses are the first I have ever written. I hope you will print them.

SUNRISE.

FROM the gates of morning springing,
Light and gladness with him bringing,
All the birds in chorus singing,
Comes the sun.
Night's dark shadows fade away,
Rose tints lighten up the gray;
With the first faint light of day,
The stars fade, one by one.

O'er the village, sleeping still,
O'er the dark of yonder hill,
O'er the river, o'er the rill,
The sunbeams creep.
The lilies, in their robes of white,
Stand smiling upward in the light;
Beside them, dewy from the night,
The violets sleep.

Earth is waking, fresh and fair,
Morning sweetness in the air,
In all the world there seems no care,
Sorrow flees with night.
Radiant day is ruling now,
Nature at her feet doth bow,
And softly places on her brow
A crown of light.

Nora French.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Cyril N. I., Mary B., Elizabeth F., Rebecca C., Shirley N. C., Virginia B., Charles McK., Hilda M., Scott McN., P. P., E. M. M., Annie M. A., Grace V., Beth B., Edith Van F., Gethel G., George R., Georgia D., Anna C. G., Hayward W., A. L. M., Helen R. H., Berton B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, R. W. Emerson and Minnesota. Cross-words: 1. chaRMing. 2. redWings. 3. deFENDER. 4. priMness. 5. caREened. 6. aveRSion. 7. conSOled. 8. shoOTing. 9. firNAces.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. The letter X NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Often the cockloft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high."

UNITED STATES PUZZLE. United, unite, you, yew, ewe, knighted, knight, night, nigh, eye, aye, I, states, state, stay, eight, ate, a.

CHARADE. History. DIAMOND WITHIN A SQUARE. Square: 1. Yeast. 2. Eager. 3. Agile. 4. Selma. 5. Tread.

MISPLACED NUMBERS. Wonder, tutor, three-ply, foretell, sick-spell, atwist, nine-pins, tenon, a tea-cup.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. PILLORY. Cross-words: 1. maPle. 2. kniFe. 3. flLth. 4. duLse. 5. prObc. 6. coRps. 7. loYal.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "M. McG."—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—"The Wise Five"—Arthur Gride—Mabel, Marjorie, and Henri—Isabel, Mama, and Jamie—Josephine Sherwood—Helen Rogers—"The Butterflies"—Paul Reese—L. O. E.—Anna B. Eisenhower—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher—Maud and Dudley Banks—Blanche and Fred—"Chloe '93"—A. M. J.—"Tod and Yam"—"The Peabodys"—Jo and I—Dorothy Swinburne and Mabel Snow—"Sunnyside"—"Bird."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Millicent T., 1—Calla A. Guyles, 1—"Little Women," 2—Harold A. Fisher, 3—G. B. Dyer, 10—Sadie L. Vernon, 2—Ethel Whedon, 1—Ammon High, 2—L. G. C., 1—Wilton Earnshaw, 2—Hilda S., 3—Mama and Sadie, 10—Otto Wolkwitz, 1—Lillie Anthony, 4—Jean T. Richardson, 1—Helen C. Bennett, 7—Effie K. Talboys, 6—A. E. and J. Schmitt, 4—Genevieve F. Winterbotham, 1—"Two Athenians," 7—G. B. D. and M., 10—G. A. R., E. C. R., and D. C. R., 1—J. A. Smith, 8—D. Brannan, 5—"Two Jersey Mosquitoes," 8—Marjory Gane, 5—Anna M. King, 1—Leota Mendes, 3—W. L., 10—Rose Sydney, 4—R. O. B., 5—"Two Little Brothers," 9—J. A. S., 5—Marion Eva Ryan, 1—Bessie and Eva, 9—L. H. K., 6—H. H. E., 2—"The Clever Two," 6—Rosalie S. Bloomingdale, 7—Mary Ann and Kata Maccoll, 2—"Apple R," 8—Turkey, Snipe, and Peggy, 2—Hortense E. Wilson, 4—Mabel R. Clark, 1—Elinor, Henry, and Constance Hoyt, 1—Ruth M. Mason, 2—Louisa and Adelaide Mitcham, 1—Hitchcock Emerson, 4—John D. Lang, 6—Margaret Dudley Adsit, 4—Katharine Parnly, 1—Henry Parnly, 1—Myra B. Fishback, 3—"The Grateful Grinners," 7—"The Windlesham Goslings," 6—E. L. C., 5—Ella Coston, 2—A. B. and Margaret Bright," 1—"Tip-Cat," 9—"Three Wise Ones," 1—Yvonne M., 5.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. THE heroine of one of Shakspeare's plays. 2. A constellation named after a celebrated hunter of Greek mythology. 3. A ceremony. 4. Part of a boot. 5. A preposition. 6. A letter. HORTON C. FORCE.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

In the accompanying illustration the names of seven common flowers are pictorially expressed. Which seven are they?



TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the first row of letters will spell a word meaning to separate; the middle row, to rise; and the last row, goes in.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To incapacitate. 2. Subterfuge. 3. A dense mass of trees or shrubs. 4. Opposed. 5. A long, narrow table on which goods are placed for examination. 6. Retards. H. W. E.

RIDDLE.

I'M sometimes long, and sometimes round;
My native place is in the ground;
I wear a coat of royal red,
To little folks I am a dread;
'T is not because of strength or might,—
It's worse than that; *I sometimes bite!*

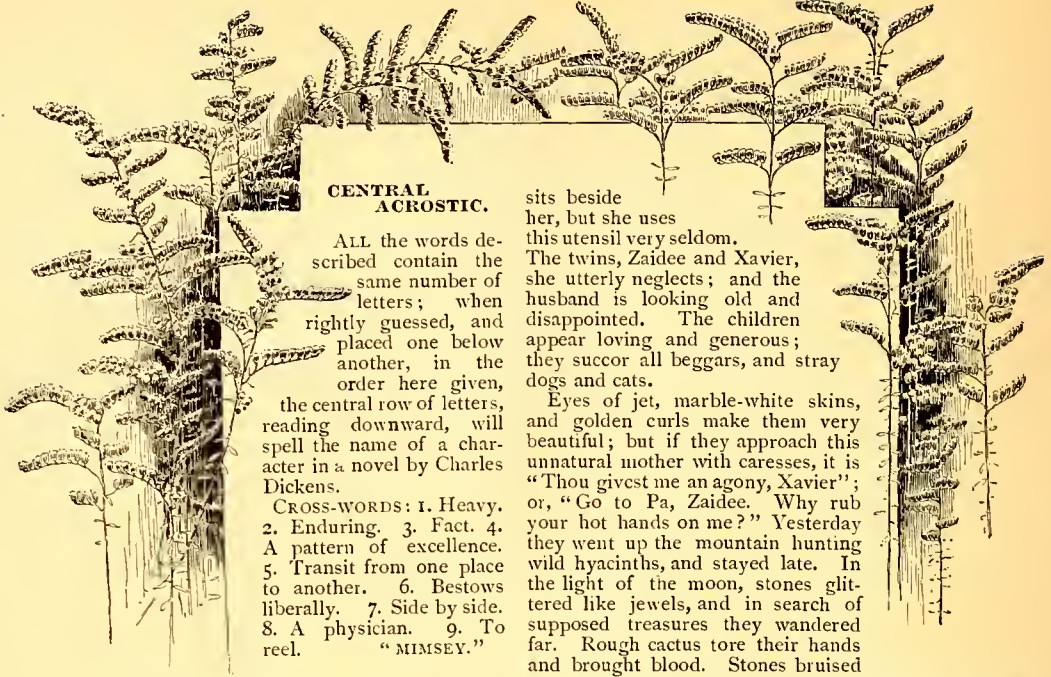
M. F. RANKIN.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

* * * * *

THE letters represented by stars spell the surname of a famous scientist born in 1820.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A storm. 2. A word which has the same meaning as another word. 3. A military officer. 4. Pertaining to the world. 5. Sobriety of demeanor. 6. Contrary to law. 7. A small European bird of the plover family. DE WITT C. L.



CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a character in a novel by Charles Dickens.

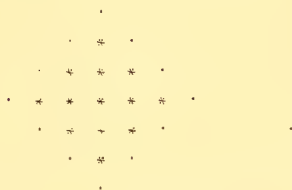
- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Heavy. 2. Enduring. 3. Fact. 4. A pattern of excellence. 5. Transit from one place to another. 6. Bestows liberally. 7. Side by side. 8. A physician. 9. To reel. "MIMSEY."

sits beside her, but she uses this utensil very seldom. The twins, Zaidée and Xavier, she utterly neglects; and the husband is looking old and disappointed. The children appear loving and generous; they succor all beggars, and stray dogs and cats.

Eyes of jet, marble-white skins, and golden curls make them very beautiful; but if they approach this unnatural mother with caresses, it is "Thou givest me an agony, Xavier"; or, "Go to Pa, Zaidée. Why rub your hot hands on me?" Yesterday they went up the mountain hunting wild hyacinths, and stayed late. In the light of the moon, stones glittered like jewels, and in search of supposed treasures they wandered far. Rough cactus tore their hands and brought blood. Stones bruised their little feet, and finally, by accident, they clambered through the thicket and discovered a gate which led into their own premises. They reached home at midnight, finding the father wild with anxiety, and the mother asleep. When roused, she called Zaidée an animal, a chit, even a *cat!* and asked: "How came thy starched shirt so limp, Xavier?" and fell asleep again! Such indifference so aggravates me I find I am on dangerous ground here, and dear as are the father and children, I am on the eve of departure.

L. E. JOHNSON.

A DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND.



1. IN deed. 2. A pronoun. 3. A Scriptural proper name. 4. Drawn from. 5. Ran. 6. A color. 7. In deed.

INCLUDED DIAMOND: 1. In deed. 2. A feminine name. 3. To extract. 4. A unit. 5. In deed.

F. S. F.

WORD-SQUARE.

- I. 1. PERTAINING to one of the poles. 2. Od. 3. A kind of harp much used by the ancients. 4. Active and watchful. 5. Quiets. E. W. W.

BURIED TREASURES.

TWENTY-THREE precious stones and minerals are concealed in the following story. Which are they?

I am in Mexico, that land of jewels,—truly named, if turquoise skies and sapphire streams can make it so. My host has a native wife, fat, indolent, so pale and listless one might think her always asleep but for her continual consumption of cigarettes and chocolate. She uses little sponge-cakes (dry as a dining-car bun) cleverly to dip up this beverage; and to see her eat it *thick* with sugar nettles me! She shows an ephemeral delight in yards of chambery, lawn, or linen, and a work-basket

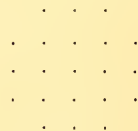
TRANSPOSITIONS.

TRANSPOSE the first and last letters of one word to form another word. Example: Transpose serious and make dresses. Answer: S-obe-r, r-obe-s.

1. Transpose brought up, and make more precious.
2. Transpose to drive away, and make spoke brokenly.
3. Transpose corrected, and make one who gives by will.
4. Transpose a hollow place, and make to watch.
5. Transpose to gather, and make a kind of fruit.
6. Transpose a bar of wood, and make the couch of a wild beast.

H. W. ELLIS.

OCTAGONS.



- I. 1. A FEMININE name. 2. To dwell. 3. A loon. 4. A feminine name. 5. Before.
- II. 1. To hold a session. 2. Geometrical lines. 3. A passage by which an inclosed place may be entered. 4. Very small. 5. A pen. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES.

ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICIOLAS," FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE GOSSAMER SPIDER.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THERE is a noiseless spinner dark and small,
Her house a curled leaf or a tuft of heather ;
She lives alone, within her silken hall,
Or at her window sits, in sunny weather.

Perchance there comes a time of wind and rain,
That fills and tips the meadow lily's chalice,
And brims the hollows of the grassy plain,
And makes an island of the spinner's palace.

What does she then? Discouraged not at all,
She spies beyond the flood some favored highland,
And sits and plans within her ruined hall
A way by which to leave the sinking island.

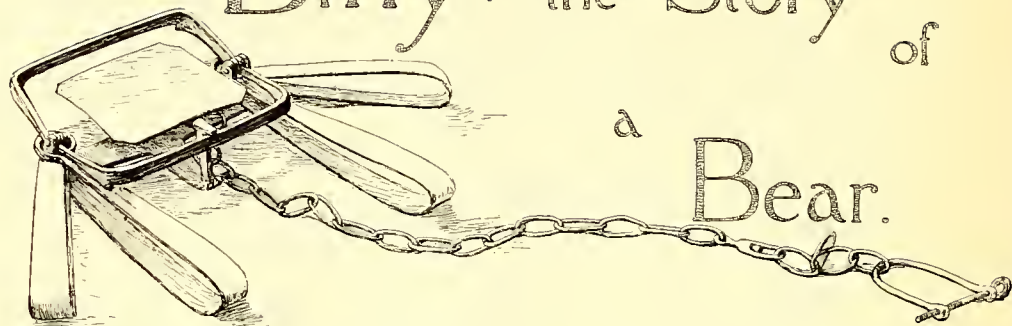
She throws a web upon the air, and soon
'T is caught and lifted by the willing breezes ;
So, freed from trouble, in her light balloon,
Our spinner travels wheresoe'er she pleases !

The fairy gentfolk that car may borrow
When they would go a journey through the sky :
Keep watch ; perhaps to-day, perhaps to-morrow,
You may behold them, drifting, drifting by.



Billy: the Story of

a Bear.



BY TAPPAN ADNEY.



BEN LAWSON lived at the edge of the backwoods. He had cleared away the forest from a large patch about the house, and other settlers had done the same.

So a comfortable settlement had grown up there, although they were many miles from the railroad and much farther from a town—indeed, Ben's house stood upon the very edge of civilization. The forest stretched away from his dooryard, a vast wilderness of trees, mountains, and lakes, like all the northern part of Maine.

In these woods were bears, which, every spring, when the frost had thawed from the ground, carried off many of the settlers' sheep, sometimes attacking even the younger cattle.

Ben Lawson had big steel traps set along an old lumber-road several miles back in the woods. One day, early in the month of May, when the traps, carefully baited with smoked codfish, had been set nearly a week, Ben started out to see what they might have caught, vowing vengeance on all bears that might cross his path; for, only three nights before, a bear had the audacity to kill a pair of fine lambs almost in sight of the house.

It is chiefly in spring that bears are thus destructive. They have spent the winter in a cozy den under the roots of a big tree, hibernating. When the deep snow has departed,

and the early flowers have begun to think of pushing upward into the new world, the bears wake from their long sleep, rub their eyes, and scramble out lean and hungry. One may see the trunks of fir-trees that they have ripped open to lick the sweetish sap under the bark. Then it is that they have their cubs with them; and not only are they very hungry, but the mother bear will savagely attack any one who ventures near. So Ben took his rifle when he went to look at his trap that first time.

When he reached the place where the last trap was set, the rude pen in which the bait was placed was thrown down and the trap itself was gone. The soft, black earth was torn up, showing that a struggle had taken place, and there was no doubt, from the fresh signs, of the direction that the bear had taken. Ben did not proceed fifty feet before he discovered the bear. It had climbed a small birch-tree, and now was securely lodged in a fork of the tree about twenty feet from the ground. The big steel trap, weighing thirty pounds, was fast to its fore-foot, and the animal was further encumbered with a heavy wooden clog that dangled from the trap at the end of a short chain. The bear was a large and powerful one. It showed its white fangs, with a ferocious look; but the next instant a ball in its breast brought it to the ground quite dead.

Bear cubs often stay near by when the mother is caught, and as she had entered the trap only

recently they were no doubt in the neighborhood. Ben cautiously looked about him, and had not moved far before he saw a small black head peeping over a log. The cub started away on a run, being apparently able to take care of itself. But being hard pressed by Ben, who was hindered somewhat by the thick undergrowth, it took to a small fir-tree, and was just out of reach when he got there. Ben climbed after, and, as he pulled it down from the top, the youngster protested strongly at such rough treatment. If there were any other cubs about Ben did not see them, for they doubtless made off at the first alarm.

The hide was soon removed from the old bear, after Ben had tied the little fellow; the trap was set in order again, and the awkward load was carried home without mishap.

Ben's little girl, about eight years old, took a fancy to the young orphan, and called him "Billy." Billy looked like a big Newfoundland pup, black and shaggy, but with a tail con-



"BEN SAW A SMALL BLACK HEAD PEEPING OVER THE LOG."

spicuous by being "hardly a tail at all," as Ben said. He was as playful as a young dog or kitten, and used to romp on the floor with the children, hugging and pretending to bite them.

But the good woman of the house viewed the little fellow with suspicion, and was not easily persuaded that all bears were not equally dan-

gerous. It was plain from the first that even a baby cub was hardly welcome. So Billy was provided with a small leather collar that could be let out as he grew, and a small chain, which, however, was never used. He was fed at first on milk, and afterward on bread and buckwheat pancakes. Indeed, he was confined to a strictly vegetable diet, because they thought his savage nature might be developed by eating meat.

Billy thrived, and soon needed a bigger collar. It was never thought necessary to keep him chained up, because he was so gentle. He had, therefore, the run of not only their own farmyard, but those of their neighbors as well. He was bent upon every sort of mischief; but it was not until long afterward that he began the series of depredations that led to his untimely end. Summer came and passed. In the autumn, when Ben dug his potatoes, Billy followed behind, watching what was going on; and, it is said, as the children picked the potatoes up, Billy himself learned to look for them and paw them out of the soil. Be this as it may, every bear uses its paws with great cleverness—and Billy was a clever bear.

When the days grew colder, at the approach of winter, he commenced to dig a hole under the side of the barn, and soon had a great cavity under the floor of the cow-stable. Into this den he began to carry all sorts of stuff, and Ben thought Billy was getting ready for winter in his natural way.

One day when bread was being baked, Billy hung about the kitchen with a make-believe indifferent air. After the bread was carefully laid away under a white cloth upon the pantry shelf, Billy waited until the mistress's back was turned. In an instant, the cub made for the pantry. There was a shuffle and rattle of claws, followed by a scream. "The bear, quick! The bear's got the bread!" cried the wife in distress, as she turned in time to see the rascal running out of doors with several fine loaves in his arms.

Ben, as it happened, was close by, and heard the hubbub. He sprang to the door of the house just in time to intercept Master Billy. Billy reared on his hind legs, and, as Ben caught him by the back of the neck, he growled sav-

agely and struck back at Ben with one free paw, but never quitting his hold of the bread.

Finally, after getting a good shaking and a cuffing about the ears, Billy broke away, carrying off the middle loaf of the three. He disappeared into his den, where he ate it at leisure.

there, as chickens will, to roost upon the floor, so they never learned to roost upon a pole like respectable hens. In the fall, therefore, they were still roosting there, although they were nearly grown. One night, soon after the last escapade, there was a great commotion, a squawking and screeching among the chickens. Ben jumped out of bed, hastily dressed, lighted a lantern, and rushed out to the old tool-house, whence the cries were proceeding. He poked the light into the hole and there he saw the cause of the trouble. Billy was standing there striking right and left, with several dead hens around him. As the lantern was thrust toward him, he made a vicious pass at that, too.

Ben caught hold of the end of the chain, and with a pull brought Billy to the hole; another jerk fetched him out and Ben started him toward the woodshed, assisting him as he thought necessary. Billy was in disgrace. Indeed, there was trouble now. Ben's wife shook her head in a way that boded no good for Billy.

"Something must be done with that bear," she said.

But she soon was feeding the poor creature with her own hands now and then. Billy was kept tied for many days



BEN CARRIES "BILLY" HOME.

This occurrence might have been passed over. It was his first display of temper. But in a day or two a hen was missing, and the next day another, and it was believed that they found their way into the bear's storehouse under the barn.

Close by the barn was a dilapidated tool-house, which was not now used. Some loose boards had been torn away, leaving a hole near the bottom. A hen had found that hole, and on the inside had built a nest upon the floor. Later she hatched a fine brood of nearly a dozen chickens. These chickens went back

thereafter. His only happy times then were on Sunday afternoons, when Ben was at home and was sure to unchain him for a play. While Ben had his eye on Billy, the bear could be kept out of mischief. But Billy remembered a neighbor's house, where he used now and then to have a morsel thrown to him out of a window. Unawares he slipped away one day, and went over there. On the sill of the very window—unfortunate thing—was a stack of pies. Billy stood up and put his paws around the whole pile to carry them off. It was a dismal failure; for the pies flew in all direc-

tions. Billy ran home, and doubtless remembered for some time the sound drubbing he re-

Ben did not delay an instant. As he ran he saw a line of dirty bear-tracks leading straight across over the cotton cloth his wife had bleaching upon the grass, and he knew the beginning of the story.

There had been no one in the room which was used as both kitchen and dining-room. A few of the dishes were already on the table. Seeing the coast clear Billy had run in and taken possession. He was squarely planted upon the table when the woman saw him. Billy had sniffed the molasses, had promptly upset the jug, and had begun to lick up the sweet fluid, which meantime was running over the edge of the cloth and off upon the floor. The prints of his dirty feet had not improved the looks of the table-cloth.

Ben entered, the frightened woman keeping back. Billy was now standing erect beside the stove, absorbed in attempts to take the hot bacon out of the frying-pan.

His master pulled poor Billy away by his ample ears, a little unceremoniously, perhaps, but yet with a heavy heart, for he was really very fond of the bear. And he was right in his fears. This last escapade did not "blow over."

The little girl and the rest of the children

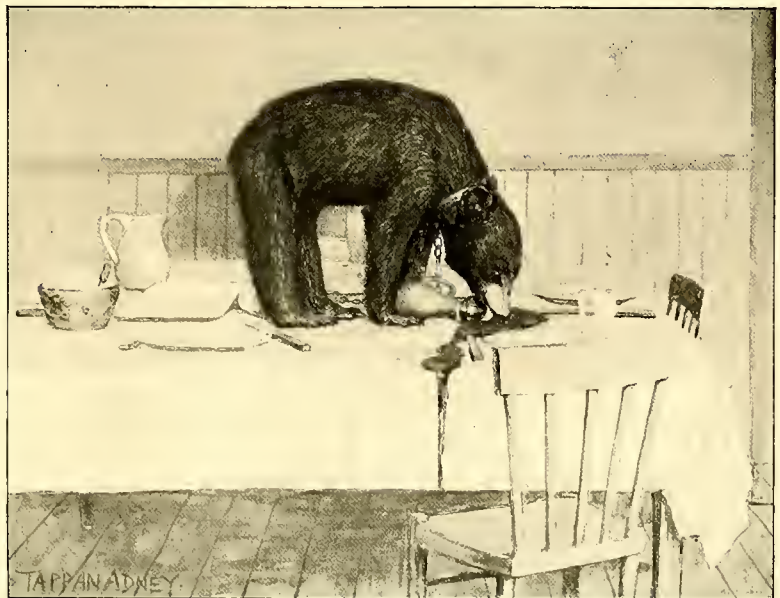
ceived with a broomstick. This was a serious matter. Indeed, some one at that time consulted the magistrate of the neighborhood, and Ben was cautioned about his bear.

A watch was kept on him now, and doubtless was thought sufficient, because he was only mischievous and had never but once displayed any temper. How Billy escaped the second time no one seemed to know.

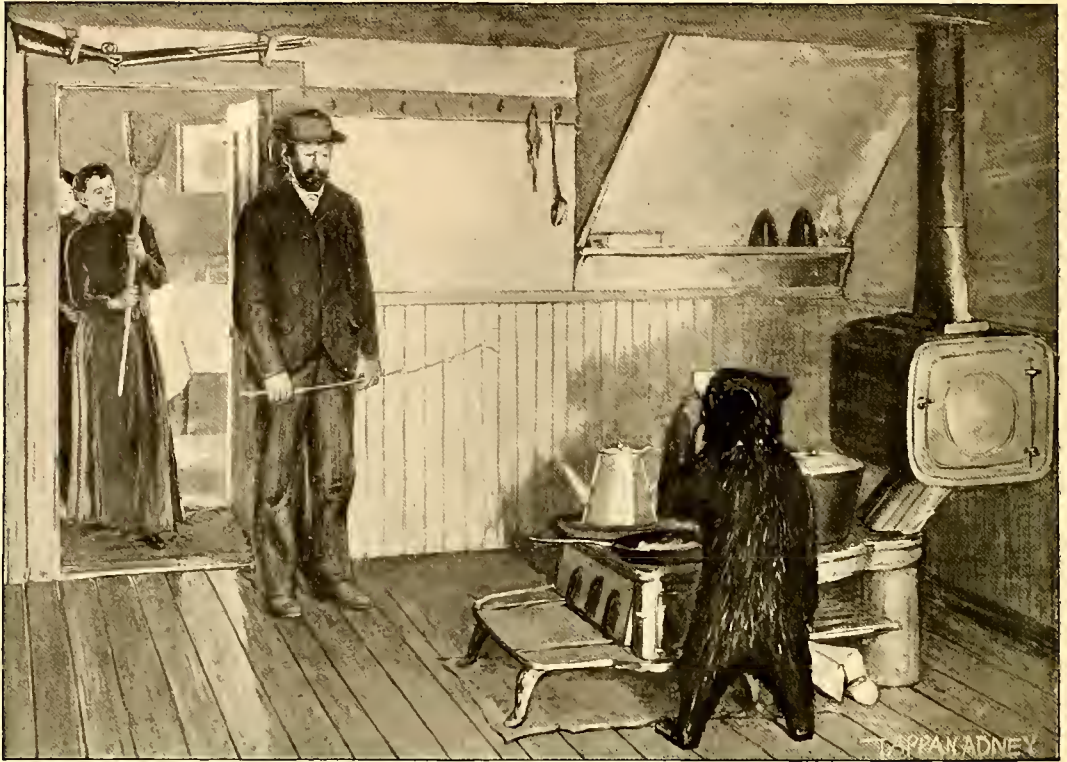
It was Sunday, as usual, for he was chained up at all other times. It was the noon hour. Ben was sitting on the door-step of his house. Suddenly there was a shout from over the way, and a woman ran out of the house in affright, screaming, "The bear!—the bear!"



"THE PIES FLEW IN ALL DIRECTIONS."



BILLY TREATS HIMSELF TO MOLASSES.



"BILLY WAS ATTEMPTING TO TAKE THE HOT BACON OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN."

thought that Billy had only gone away. One day the next spring, Ben and his little daughter were walking along the old wood's road, quite near the house. In the soft mud was

the fresh print of a bear's foot, and Ben pointed it out to the little girl.

"Do you know what that is?" he said.

"Oh!" she cried, "that 's Billy's track!"

JACK'S LITERARY EFFORT.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

JACK'S composition-day was Thursday, and this record of Jack's manners and customs in literary matters begins on Wednesday. All of his compositions were begun on Wednesday and usually were completed on the same day. You might from this conclude that he had the pen of a ready writer; but you would be misled. Jack was really an ingenious postponer.

Jack had a pleasant room for study and writing. It contained a low, broad, convenient table covered with green baize, whereon stood his green-shaded student-lamp.

At the inner edge of this table was a row of books; some for reference and some for study, and others for reading. The reference-books were little worn, the study-books showed use if

not wear, and the reading-books bore marks of true service.

"Good night," said Jack to his family, down-stairs; "I have a composition to write for to-morrow."

"Hard luck, Jack," said his younger brother.

"But, my boy," said his mother, "it is half-past nine now, and you must n't sit up after eleven."

"Oh, that 's an hour and a half," Jack replied easily, with a confidence not justified by past experience. "I 'll get it done all right. Good night."

"Good night!" came a cheerful if subdued chorus; and then Jack slowly climbed the stairs.

He lighted his lamp, cleared an odd book or two from the table, found the inkstand, after a search that would have done credit to a French detective, and rummaged out a sheet or two of legal-cap on which to write the first draft.

"Now where 's that list of subjects?" was his next inquiry. He ransacked his pockets in vain. He sat down and thought about it. He rose and went down-stairs again.

"Mother, have you seen my books?"

"Maybe you left them on the hatstand," she answered, losing count of her stitches.

"They 're not there," said Jack, after going to see. "I do wish people would leave my things—Oh! I know!" and with a sudden recollection that he had left them in the front yard while he played hand-ball with his brother Will, Jack ran out, searched in vain, came back for a candle, and at last found his bundle of books hanging to a picket of the fence.

"I 've got 'em," he said, in passing, and returned to his room.

The clock struck ten.

"Jupiter Ammon!" exclaimed Jack, and then he sat down before the table, unstrapped his books, shook several vigorously, and, fortunately, at last dislodged the scrap of paper upon which he had scrawled the list of subjects. There were five. The teacher evidently had sought variety.

The Tulip-mania in Holland.

The Hundred Days.

Something about Earthquakes.

Eli Whitney and the Cotton-gin.

The Kind of Boy I Like.

"Humph!" was Jack's first reflection. Then he began to consider them. "'The Tulip-mania.' I remember something or other about that. There was a humpback who made a fortune out of it, somehow. He thought a tulip-bulb was an onion and ate it—did n't he? But I don't see how that would make him rich. No, that subject takes some reading-up, and I have n't time, even if I had the books."

He crossed it out.

"'The Hundred Days'—that won't do either. It would take at least half an hour to get the encyclopedia and cram up on it. 'Something about Earthquakes'—same trouble. I know that volcanoes have something to do with them, but I can't stop to find out now. And 'Eli Whitney' is in the same fix; I don't see but that I shall have to go at old number five!"

He drew the foolscap squarely in front of him, dipped his pen well into the ink, shook it clear, and wrote the subject at the top of the sheet, making a small k. But after a few moments of aimless eyeing of the title, Jack seemed to be dissatisfied with the k, and made it into a capital K. Then not finding the title neat enough, he turned the sheet over, and wrote his subject slowly near the top of the other side. He sighed with satisfaction as he finished, and—the clock struck the half-hour.

"Jimminy!" exclaimed Jack, "only half an hour left, and two hundred words to write. Let me see. That will be one hundred in fifteen minutes, and fifty in seven and a half minutes, and twenty-five in three and—Oh, I don't know! Here goes, anyway." And making sure there was plenty of ink on his pen, he wrote thus:

"Every boy or most every boy anyway thinks he knows just the kind of a boy that he likes the best of any. Any way I do. I like them—"

Here he paused to find out what kind of a boy he really did like, and, unluckily, caught sight of a volume of "Tom Brown at Rugby." "Just the thing!" he said, joyfully. And he drew it out, saying to himself, "I always liked East, and I 'll just look it over a little."

He opened the book to the part where East is waging war upon Martin's museum, and

found it so interesting that he chuckled away the minutes until, happening to glance up at his little clock, he saw it was a quarter to eleven.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Jack, and he shut the book with a slam, closed his lips as firmly, drew up the paper, and resumed his composition with a hit-or-miss energy that would have been commendable if there had been any sense in it.

"—I like them to be jolly and pleasant without being fooling all the time. Nobody likes fooling all the time. A joke now and then does no harm, of course; but while all work and no play makes Jack—"

Here he paused, crossed out "Jack," and went on:

"— a boy a dull boy yet one need not be fooling all the time. But what I do despise like most other people I guess is a sneak or a liar. No real boy can like that kind of a boy. Boys should study too. Is there any reason why a boy cant stand at the head of the class and be a base ball pitcher too? I don't think so. Yet there are many kinds of boys, and we cannot all be the same. I like the character of East in Tom Brown. He was a good fellow—"

Here again Jack thought the teacher might

not like "fellow," and he put in "chap" instead, though it did n't please him. But he had no time for reflection; his minutes were limited.

"— chap, and yet he had fun in him too. Boys should always tell the truth. To lie is to be a moral coward and a boy should be afraid to be afraid of anything—"

This struck Jack as being too sweeping, and he rounded it off thus:

"— that they ought not to be afraid of such as earthquakes and being struck by lightning unless it is their duty to do so. Time forbids me to tell all about the kind of boy I like but I can say in closing that a true boy should be boy-like in all things."

Here, to Jack's intense dismay, and perhaps a little to his relief, the clock struck.

"There!" he exclaimed, "that will do for the first draft; I 'll get up in the morning early, copy it, and then I will polish the style up a little, and I guess she 'll do."

But he did n't. He was rather late in the morning—which *did* happen sometimes, and took the composition to school intending to copy it during a half-hour of study-time.

Perhaps you will not be surprised to learn that when he read it over by daylight, he concluded to answer, "Not prepared."

A POET WITH A WAY OF HIS OWN.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

I KNOW a poet, pale, severe,
 Who is a poet born; but he
 Declares our language is so queer,
 So lacking in consistency,
 He cannot bind himself to it,
 But writes as writing *should* be writ.
 With his permission I submit
 Some samples of his poetry:

I. THE RABBIT.

So shy and gentle is thy mien,
 So shrinking and so timorous!

Thou knowest well if thou art seen
 Thy chance of life is slimorous.

II. THE LION.

Thou quiet beast within thy cage,—
 Thou captive curiosity!
 But, ah! within thy heart is rage,
 Revenge, and furiosity.

III. THE CAT.

Calmly thou purrest, snoozing there;
 Dost thou feel aught of gratitude
 For thy good home and kindly care
 And health and strength and fatitude?

THE KING OF THE SAMOYED.

(*St. Petersburg, 1719.*)

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

FROM the far and frozen Northland
Which the Ice King holds in fee,
Where the frowning Yalmal headland
Looks out on the Kara Sea,

There came, over ice-bound rivers,
Over tundra and marsh and fen,
In the days of the great Czar Peter,
A band of wolf-robed men.



"THEY CAMPED ON THE FROZEN NEVA."



“HE SMOTE THE BOARD IN ANGER.”

Their sledges coasted the glaciers
 On the slope of the Obdorsk hills,
 Their reindeer skimmed the valleys
 That the frozen Dwina fills,
 And over Onega's gulf and lake,
 And on, by the banks of Svar,
 The untamed men of the North came down,
 To greet the great White Czar.

They camped on the frozen Neva
 'Neath the walls of the mighty fort;
 They gazed on the rising city,
 Czar Peter's pride and port.
 And this message went with the bear-skin,
 And a plume from the heron's wing:
 “A gift to the Little Father
 From those who call no man king.”

Czar Peter sat at table
 In the post-house big and bare,
 And his courtiers and his nobles
 Were gathered about him there.
 Then, into the feast and wassail,
 The tokens and hail they bring:
 “A gift to the Little Father
 From those who call no man king.”

Czar Peter sat at table,
 Where the vodka-drink flowed free;
 And the wine-flush changed to the wrath-flush
 That all men feared to see.
 He smote the board in anger
 And he shouted La Costa's name.
 “Ho! summon my fool, La Costa!”
 And his Portuguese Jester came.

Then over the Jester's motley
A royal robe he threw,
And the gibbering Jester's cap and bells
Into crown and scepter grew.
And the Czar he said to his nobles:

"The fools who such tribute bring,
The fools who such message send us,
Shall take a fool for their king."

He lifted the brimming beaker;
He drained it from lid to lead:

"I pledge you the great King

Costa,

The King of the Samoyed!
Now, give him an escort fitting,
And, while royal salvos ring,
Let us carry the fool in state
to rule

Over those who
call no man
king."

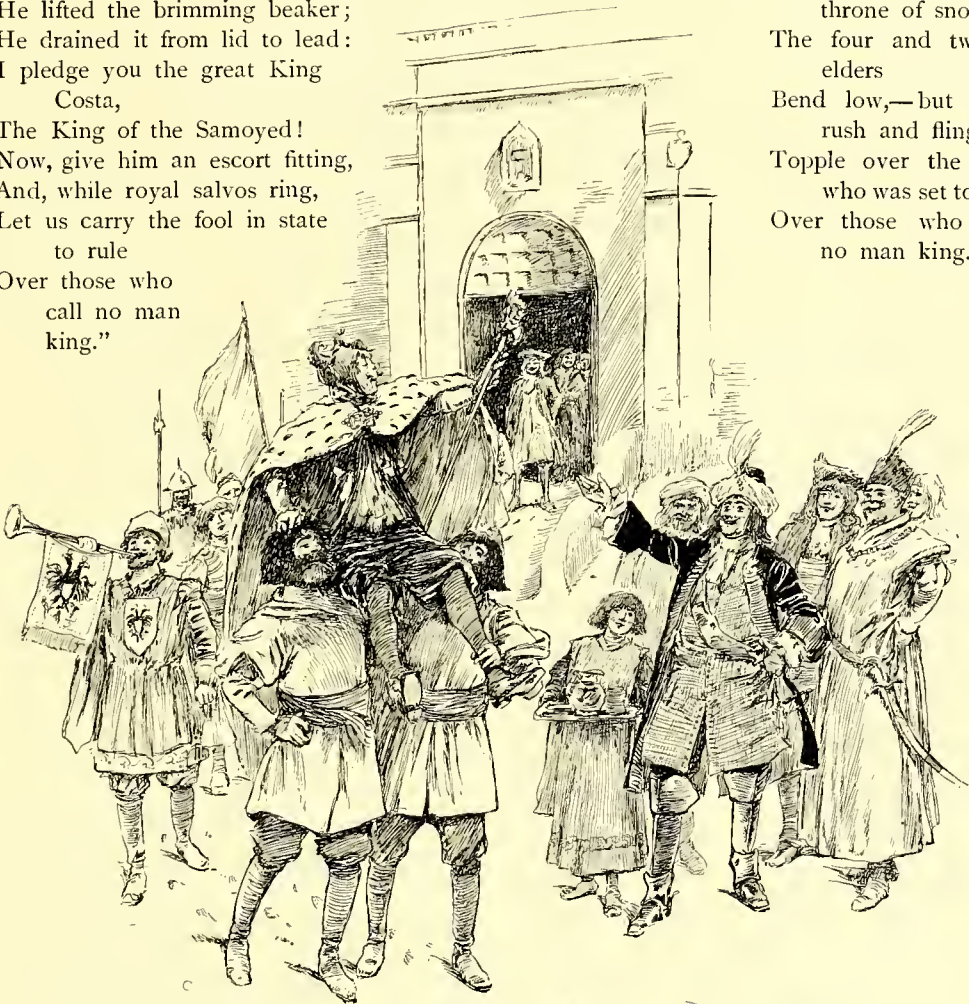
"Ho! men of the Kara ice-pack;
Ho! men of the Yalmal head;
Bow down to your king, La Costa,
The King of the Samoyed!"

The four and twenty elders
Of the Samoyed bend low

To the fool-king robed in his robe of state,
And throned on his
throne of snow.

The four and twenty
elders

Bend low,—but with
rush and fling
Topple over the fool
who was set to rule
Over those who call
no man king.



Then down to the ice-bound Neva,
From the great Czar's banquet-hall,
Does the royal cortége move in pomp,
And the royal herald call:

They pommelled him with snowballs,
 They rolled him about in the snow,
 And they tumbled him down without robe
 or crown,
 Whenever he rose to go;

“You are Czar from sun to snowland;
 You are Father of all the race;
 But Father and Czar should never thus
 Unto tyrant and fool give place!
 Freely we sought you in friendship



And, facing the Czar, who was laughing
 Till the tears streamed down, they said:
 “Look! low lies he whom ye claimed to be
 The King of the Samoyed!

Our greeting and gifts to bring.
 You may take our lives, but,—sooth, we are
 still
 The men who call no man king.”



Czar Peter listened speechless,
While to rage his laughter grew;
Then his black frown died into shame and
pride —

This man who brave men knew.
And he vowed by the great Czar Ivan
That nothing should discord bring
'Twixt the man who called all men subjects
And the men who called no man king.

Then, with gifts and gear in plenty,
To their home in the North afar
Went the wolf-robed men who dared with-
stand

The wrath of the great White Czar.
But, forever, the fool La Costa,
Who the fun of a Czar had fed,
Was hailed in sport at Czar Peter's court
As "the King of the Samoyed!"





"HE PICKED UP THE BIRD AND HELD IT OUT AT ARM'S LENGTH." (SEE PAGE 1036.)

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

A HOLIDAY.

THE next morning Mr. Parker went away from home. "I'll be gone," said he to Mrs. Pitcher, "four or five days." Jack heard this with a thrill of delight at the thought of days of liberty in store for him.

"The weather is going to break up," said Dennis, some three days after Mr. Parker had gone. He was standing in the doorway of his cabin with his hands in his breeches-pockets. The day was very warm, and his shirt was open at the throat showing his sinewy neck and breast. He was looking up into the sky; the sun had disappeared behind a dun curtain of clouds in the southwest. "D' ye see," said he to Jack, "an easterly storm at this time of year is most apt to come up from the so'west."

In the morning, true to Dennis's prediction, the day was gray and the east wind was blowing cool and strong. During the middle of the morning fine drops of rain began to fall, gradually changing into a driving sheet that shut out the woods and the further bank of the river. The river itself was cut before the wind into sharp, running ridges, which now and then broke and whitened to a rush of foam. Jack stood looking out of one of the upper windows of the house. He did not know what to do with himself. He had been to the stables, but they were chill and damp, and smelled of wet straw. Everything appeared depressing, and he felt burdened with the dull hopelessness that a rainy day brings to one who wants to be out of doors.

"I wonder if it will clear up to-morrow," he said as he sat that night in Dennis's cabin, drying his shoes and his wet and steaming coat

before the fire. "I wonder if there be any chance of the storm breaking away against morning?"

"I reckon not," said Dennis, taking his pipe out of his mouth for the brief speech; "this is like enough the break-up of the hot weather, and may be 't will last three days."

Then one afternoon the storm broke away clear and warm. The sun came out between the drifting patches of clouds, and shone hot and strong upon the dripping leaves and grass.

Jack and Dennis sat with a lot of the negroes under a shed beside the stable, looking out across the wet, teeming earth, and over toward the distant woodland.

"Um shine out now for tree, four, five days," said Kala, one of the negroes.

"I reckon it will," said Dennis, "and be as hot as fire, too, like enough."

Jack sat idly watching Little Coffee, who was pressing his foot into the oozy puddle where the water had dropped from the roof, squeezing the mud between his crooked black toes.

"Well, if it is clear enough to-morrow and dries off a trifle," said Dennis, "like enough I'll go and have a try to shoot that old cock turkey that comes out in the North Clearing. Nama 's been at me now for a week past for some fresh meat." Nama was the negro woman.

Jack was all attention at once.

"Ai! ai!" said another one of the negroes. "Um turkey used to be here,—tree, four, lots,—no more turkey about here now. Turkey all gone. Man want to shoot turkey, man have to go up to Norf Clearing."

"Aye," said Dennis, "that 's true enough. I mind when I came here—that 's been eight years ago—there was a big brood of turkeys came out from that point of woods yonder right across the roadway and into the maize-

fields. There used to be lots of turkeys about here then, but they 've all gone up the river now. I do suppose 't was the big fire four—no, five years ago last autumn drove 'em away. They have n't been down this far since."

"And do you then mean to go out and shoot a turkey to-morrow, Dennis?" said Jack.

"Aye," said Dennis, "if it be n't too hot or too soft to travel around the head of the creek. 'T is a matter of four mile betwixt here and the North Clearing, seeing as you have to cut in around the head of the water."

"Why, then," said Jack, "if you do mean to go, I mean to go along with you."

Dennis made no reply, and Jack knew by his silence that he did not intend to forbid him to go.

"Me go too, if you go, boy," said Little Coffee, and Dennis did not deny him either.

Dennis sat smoking for a while in silence. Presently he arose slowly and stretched himself. "Methinks," said he, "while I 'm in the humor for it, I 'll go over to the cabin and overhaul the gun now."

Then he walked away from the stables toward the row of cabins. Dennis never asked Jack to accompany him anywhere, but Jack knew there was a tacit invitation in his words, and he arose and followed him.

Jack sat squatted upon the hearth, watching Dennis as he took the gun apart to clean and oil it. Little Coffee had followed them there, and he stood in the doorway looking on. Every now and then he grinned aimlessly with a white flash of his big teeth. Dennis still kept his pipe between his teeth as he worked at the piece. Now and then he held his head to one side, squinting his eyes, into which the smoke drifted.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said Peggy Pitcher, the next afternoon.

"Why," said Jack, "I 'm going along with Dennis. He 's going up to the North Clearing to try and shoot a turkey for Nama, and I 'm going along with him."

"Then you 'd better not," said Mrs. Pitcher. "You know very well that his honor expected to be at home before this. I dare say the storm has kept him back, but he may be at home any time now. You know what he said

to you the last time he went away, about leaving home when he was expected back."

"I know that you told upon me," said Jack, "and that he 'd never have known I 'd gone off fishing with Dennis if you had n't."

Mrs. Pitcher laughed. "I 'll tell upon you again if I choose," said she.

The next day was clear and bright. The sun shone out very warm, and by noon there was not a cloud in the blue arch of sky.

"Will you go out after that turkey this afternoon, Dennis?" said Jack.

"Why, yes; I do suppose I will," said Dennis, not stirring from where he sat.

Jack hung about and kept Dennis in sight, and by and by, in the afternoon, he saw him take down the gun and hang the powder-flask and bullet-pouch over his shoulder. He did not choose to say anything to Jack about going, but Jack knew that he was willing for him to go, and he joined Dennis as he started off. Little Coffee came running after them. Dennis paid no attention to either. He led the way across the shaggy field, striking into the edge of the clearing and so into the woods beyond, Jack walking along on one side and Little Coffee upon the other.

"When I rode over to Marlborough t' other day," said Jack, "there was a great big turkey came out and crossed over the road just in front of me. 'T was almost as if I had n't been there. I believe I could have knocked it over with a stick if I had had one in my hand."

Dennis did not say anything. He was chewing upon a piece of spice-wood which he had broken off from one of the bushes as he passed by.

To Jack the woods presently became only a confused maze of trees and undergrowth, but Dennis walked straight on without any hesitation. It was very warm under the rustling foliage of the trees. Now and then they had to stoop low to pass through the underbrush, and sometimes Little Coffee was obliged to pick his way so carefully through the cat-briers that he was left far behind. But he always caught up again. They came to a place in the woods which seemed to be the headwaters of the creek—a smooth pool of water surrounded by

trees and bushes. Here the ground was soft and spongy under foot. Dennis picked his way along and Jack followed in his foot-steps.

"Look at that snake!" cried Dennis sharply, and Jack started violently at the quick words breaking upon the silence. Dennis made a thrust at the reptile with the butt of his gun, but it slipped quickly into the water and was gone. "'T was a moccasin snake," said Dennis.

Jack laughed. "I 'm glad I have n't Little Coffee's bare legs, anyhow," said he. Dennis grinned, and looked at Little Coffee where he stood with rolling eyes, seeing another snake in every coil of roots. Then again they went on through the woods as before. At last they came out into an open space of some twenty or thirty acres in extent where the trees had been cleared away. Here and there were little patches of bushes, and here and there the tall trunk of a tree, blackened and seared by fire, stood stark and erect; across beyond the clearing was a strip of blue river with the distant further shore hazy in the hot sunlight.

"Is this the North Clearing?" asked Jack.

"Aye," said Dennis. "Phew!" he continued, wiping his streaming face with his shirt-sleeve, "it surely be mortal hot this day."

Jack looked all around. He had almost expected to see the turkeys, but there was not a sign of life in sight except a few turkey-buzzards sailing smoothly through the air and two or three others perched upon a blackened limb of a tree.

"There 's something dead over yonder," observed Dennis.

"Where do you find the turkeys, Dennis?" said Jack.

"Find 'em!" said Dennis, "why, you find 'em here. Where else should you find 'em?"

Jack did not like to ask further questions, and presently Dennis explained. "They won't come out of the woods till toward the cool of the afternoon, when they comes out to feed. Then we 've got to creep upon 'em or lie by till they comes to us." As he spoke he wiped his face again with his sleeve.

By and by he began loading his gun very carefully, measuring the powder, wrapping the bullet in a piece of greasy cloth, and ramming it down with some difficulty into the gun.

Jack sat upon a fallen log watching him. After Dennis had loaded his gun he propped it carefully upon the log, and then stretched himself out upon a grassy place under the shade of a tree.

"You keep a sharp lookout now," said he, "and the best pair of eyes sees the turkeys first."

"Do you often go gunning, Dennis?" said Jack.

"I used to one time," said Dennis, "but not much now."

"Why not?" said Jack.

"Oh, I don't know," said Dennis; "I don't choose to."

He stretched himself as he spoke and closed his eyes, and Jack did not say anything further.

The sun sank further toward the west, and the shadows of the trees grew longer and longer. Jack sat listening, and enjoying the warm solitude. The sun sank lower and lower.

"Yan de turkey, Massa Dennis," said Little Coffee suddenly, and Jack, whose thoughts had been wandering, came sharply and keenly back to himself.

Dennis started up from where he lay and looked in the direction in which Little Coffee was pointing. Jack raised himself cautiously and looked, too. The turkeys had come out from the woods without any of the three seeing them until that moment. They were feeding in the opening about a furlong away, and maybe fifty or sixty yards from the edge of the woods.

Dennis arose and took his gun without speaking. Then, partly crouching, he skirted back into the woods, Jack following him and Little Coffee following Jack. They went on for some distance, and then Dennis turned sharply out again toward the edge of the woods. He went forward now very slowly and cautiously, and Jack followed him half crouching. He found that his heart was thumping heavily within him. He was intensely excited. Would Dennis really shoot one of the turkeys?

"Wait a little," said Dennis without turning around—"wait a little until I see where I be."

Jack could now see between the thickets that the clearing was just ahead of them. Dennis crept cautiously forward, and Jack stood watch-

ing him. Presently he saw that Dennis was beckoning for him to come forward. He did so, coming very carefully. Dennis was crouched down looking out through the bushes, and Jack came close to him. Little Coffee followed them. He peered out from between the leaves and there were the turkeys, perhaps fifty or sixty yards away—a great cock turkey, and three or four hens, each with a brood of some dozen turkey-poults, perhaps as large as so many pullets. To Jack's eyes the great birds looked very big and very near.

"'T is like if we went on a little fuder," whispered Dennis, "we could get nigher to 'em, but I have a mind to risk a shot from here."

Jack did not say anything. His heart was beating and throbbing violently. Dennis crouched for a moment or two, looking at the turkeys. Then he carefully raised his gun and thrust it out through a fork of the bush in front of him. He took a long, steady aim. Jack waited, hardly daring to breathe, every nerve tensely braced to meet the shock of the discharge. He waited, but there was no report. Suddenly Dennis lowered the gun from his shoulder. Jack's nerves relaxed thrilling.

"'T is like they are too far away for a sure shot," said Dennis. "I've a mind to try and get nigher to them around that point of woods yonder."

Jack drew a deep breath, almost like a sigh. Then he saw that Dennis was aiming the gun again. Something must have alarmed the birds, for the great cock raised his head and looked sharply this way and that. Then suddenly, when Jack was not expecting it, there came the stunning, deafening report of the gun. A cloud of pungent smoke hid everything for a little while. Then it had dissolved. Could Jack believe his eyes? The great turkey-cock was flapping and struggling upon the ground.

He leaped up with a shout and ran out into the clearing. He heard Little Coffee shout behind him. He ran forward through the long, shaggy grass, jumping over the stumps. He had a vision of the rest of the turkeys scattering with shrill, piping cries toward the woods, half-flying, half-running, but the great turkey-cock still lay flapping upon the ground. It

was nearly still when he reached it; its half-closed eyes were still bright with the life that had just left them. There it lay upon the ground. Jack looked down at it in an ecstasy. The sun shone upon the burnished, metallic luster of its neck-feathers—purple, blue, green. Its great horny foot made a futile, scratching struggle, and then it was still.

Dennis was coming hurrying forward at a trot, carrying his gun hanging at his side. Little Coffee was capering around. Dennis came up to where Jack stood. He hid whatever exultation he might have felt under an assumed air of stolid indifference. "'T was a pretty long shot," said he, "and methought I'd miss it. But 't was the only chance I had."

As he spoke he wiped his face with his sleeve. He picked up the bird and held it out at arm's length. Its wings fell open as he did so. Then he dropped it again upon the ground.

"Well," said he, "there's Nama's fresh meat, anyhow."

"I'll carry it home for you, Dennis," said Jack.

"You may if you choose," said Dennis.

The shadows were growing longer and longer as they plunged into the woods again, with their faces homeward. Jack soon found his load was very heavy, and presently he was glad to share it with Little Coffee. He tied the feet of the great bird together with one of his shoestrings; then he slung it over a branch, he taking one end upon his shoulder and Little Coffee the other upon his. Then again they went onward, Dennis leading the way.

The sun had set, and the first shade of twilight was beginning to fall when they came out again from the woods and in sight of the Roost. As they came up to the row of cabins Kala came out to meet them.

"We shot it, Kala!" cried Jack exultingly—"we shot it. A great, noble, big turkey as ever lived."

"De master he came home while ago," said Kala. "He been axing for you."

Jack stood stock still. "What's that, Kala?" said he.

"De master he came home," repeated Kala; "he been axing for you."

Somehow Jack could not believe his ears. It did not seem possible. "D' ye mean Mr. Parker 's come back?" said he.

"Um, um," said Kala, nodding his head.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEMESIS.

"NEVER you mind anything more, Jack," said Dennis. "You run up to the house as quick as you can, and maybe you 'll be in time to save your skin yet."

Jack did not trust himself to speak; he and Little Coffee had laid the dead turkey down upon the ground. Without replying to Dennis he ran away toward the house. He heard voices as he approached; they ceased at the sound of his footsteps as he entered the house. Mr. Parker was standing with his hat on in the middle of the hall. Mrs. Pitcher stood leaning over the lean rickety bannister-rail half-way up the stairs. "There he is now," she said, as Jack entered. "And 't is no use to bluster at me any more. I told you 't was none of my doings that he went."

Mr. Parker fixed a dull, heavy, threatening look upon Jack, who stood looking down at the floor holding his hat in his hand. "Come hither," said he at last in a gloomy voice, and Jack advanced slowly and reluctantly. "Come here, I say," he repeated, as Jack hesitated at a little distance, and again Jack advanced. Mr. Parker reached out suddenly, and caught him by the collar of his coat. Jack made no effort to resist him; he stood perfectly quiet, but his throat was dry and hot, and his heart, partly with the haste he had made, was beating quickly and heavily. "I 've told you and told you again," said Mr. Parker, coldly, "how you have neglected me and your duties, but you don't choose to take warning by what I say. You do as you please, to my very face. I told you that if I ever came home, and found you run away, I 'd flay you alive — and so I will."

He drew Jack across the room, and Jack, still not daring to resist, allowed himself to be led as the master chose. It was not until Mr. Parker had taken down the heavy riding-whip from the wall that Jack fully understood what he intended to do to him. His first instinct

was of defense. As Mr. Parker raised his arm Jack reached up almost instinctively and caught him by the sleeve, holding him tight. "Your honor!" he cried in a hoarse, dry voice, "your honor, I 'm mightily sorry for what I 've done, and I promise you I 'll never do the like again. I 'll never run away again, your honor, indeed I won't!"

"Let go my arm!" cried Mr. Parker harshly. "What d' ye mean by holding my arm like that?" He strove to break away from Jack's hold, but Jack clung to him more desperately than ever.

"I promise you, your honor," he cried pantingly, "I promise you I 'll never go away again; and I promise you after this that I 'll do just as you tell me, but — but — you sha'n't beat me, your honor; I 'm mighty sorry for what I 've done — I am, and you sha'n't beat me!"

"Sha'n't I?" said Mr. Parker. "Then I 'll show you. Let go my arm, I tell you!" And he tried to wrench himself loose, but still Jack held him tight. Then Mr. Parker let go his grasp upon Jack's collar, and tried to pluck away the hold of the fingers that clutched his sleeve. "Let me go, I tell you!" he cried, "Are you mad to hold me thus? — what do you mean? Let me go!" The next moment he had torn his arm free. He struck at Jack with the whip, but Jack clung to him so closely that the blow was without effect, and before he could strike him again Jack had caught him once more.

He heard the rasping sound of ripping cloth, and he knew that he must have torn some part of his master's dress. "You sha'n't beat me!" he gasped. "I tell you, you sha'n't beat me!" Mr. Parker tried to thrust him away with his elbow, but Jack clung all the more tightly to him. As Mr. Parker pushed him partly away, Jack could see his handsome face flaming fiery red, but in the violence and excitement of the struggle he only half knew what he was doing. He could feel the struggling movements of his master's body as he clutched him, and he was conscious of the soft linen of his shirt and the fine smell of his clothing. Then he felt that some one had caught him by the collar, and, in the turmoil of his excitement, he heard Mrs. Pitcher's voice. "Let go, Jack!" she was cry-

ing. "Are you clean gone crazy? What are you doing! Let go, I say!"

"No, I won't!" cried Jack, hoarsely; "he sha'n't beat me, I say!"

In his struggles he felt himself strike against the edge of the table, and then against a chair. Then he stumbled against another chair, overturning it with a loud clatter. At the same instant Mr. Parker tripped over it, and fell rolling over and over on the floor. In the fall his hat and wig were knocked off, but he still held the whip clutched in his hand. Jack stood panting, and Mrs. Pitcher still had hold of him by the collar of his coat.

In the cessation of the uproar of the struggle, Jack heard the blood surging with a ceaselessly beating "hum—hum—hum" in his ears.

Mr. Parker lay still for a second or two as though partly stunned by his fall; then he scrambled up from the floor. He picked up his wig, and put it on his head. He did not seem to see his hat where it had fallen under the table. He put his hand for a moment to his head; then he flung the riding-whip down upon the table, and walked to the door without looking at Jack. Dennis, who was on his way to his cabin, had heard the sound of the struggle and loud voices, the scuffling of feet upon the bare floor, and the clattering overturning of chairs. He had stopped, with the gun over his shoulder; Little Coffee was carrying the turkey.

"Dennis!" cried the master hoarsely, "bring three or four men and come over here directly." Then, without waiting for a reply, he came back to the table and poured out a glass of liquor for himself. The bottle clinked and tinkled against the edge of the glass with the nervous trembling of his hand.

Jack heard Mr. Parker's words to Dennis, and realized for the first time how utterly and helplessly powerless he was. His heart sank away within him. He stood without moving, numb with despair, the rapid pulse-beats still surging in his ears. "Your honor—your honor," he said huskily, "I—I did n't know what I was doing—I did n't. I did n't mean to tear your dress. Pardon me, your honor, I did n't mean it!" Mr. Parker paid not the slightest attention to him. "Won't you listen to me, your honor?" said Jack despairingly, as

he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. "I did n't mean to do it, your honor." The next moment Dennis and three negroes came into the house. "I want you to take that boy to the cell," said Mr. Parker, pointing to Jack, "and chain him up for the night. I'll flay you alive to-morrow," said he to Jack, grinding his white teeth together. And then he turned and went out of the room.

"What have you been doing, Jack?" said Dennis.

"Oh! I don't know, Dennis," Jack panted—almost sobbing. "He was going to beat me, and I tried to keep him from doing it, that was all."

"He fought with his honor like a wild-cat," said Mrs. Pitcher, "and he threw him down over a chair on to the floor."

"Why did you do that, Jack?" said Dennis. "You must have been clean gone crazy to do such a thing as that." Jack tried to reply, but he could not do so for the choking in his throat. "Well," said Dennis, "there is nothing left now but to do as his honor said. You had better come along, Jack, and not make any more trouble."

"I'm not going to make any more trouble," said Jack hoarsely.

"And what are you going to do with him, Dennis?" said Mrs. Pitcher.

"Why," said Dennis, "you heard what his honor said. What else can I do with him? I've got to take him to the cell—I can't do anything else."

"But 't is as hot as an oven there, Dennis; it has n't been opened for a month. 'T will make him sick."

"It does n't matter," said Jack, his voice still hoarse, and straining with the effort not to sob. "I do not care now where you take me. I'd as lief go to the cell as anywhere."

Dennis and Mrs. Pitcher stood looking at Jack. "Well," said Dennis, giving himself a shake, "'t is a bad, bad piece of business. I can't do anything to help you. Come along, and I'll make it as easy for you as I can."

"I'll send you over something good to eat," said Mrs. Pitcher.

"I don't want anything to eat," said Jack, despairingly.

The cell was a small brick building, immediately adjoining, and built into, the brick part of the house. Jack had been there once with Little Coffee, who had pointed out the three chains fastened to staples in the walls. Jack stood by watching Dennis as he worked for a while with the rusty leg-irons, turning the key this way and that before he could get the shackles open. " 'T is getting that dark," said he, " that I can't see a thing. There it comes! Come, Jack, hold your leg over here. 'T is got to be done, you know."

Jack tried to say something, but he could not trust himself to speak. As Dennis adjusted the irons Mrs. Pitcher came bringing some food wrapped up in a cloth. " Here," said she, " you eat this and you 'll feel the better for it." Jack shook his head. " Well, I 'll put it down here, and maybe you 'll eat it by and by," said she.

The darkness, when the door was shut, was like a black wall before him, and the muffled silence covered him over like a blanket. His ears hummed and tingled and buzzed, and he sat there thinking — thinking — thinking. He wished he had not resisted. He wondered why he had resisted. If there was only some way he could make himself right with the master; if he could only beg and obtain some pardon. Then he realized, with despair, that there was no way in which he could undo what he had done. He saw his master as he rolled over on the floor, and he knew that he would never be forgiven such an insult. And then he thrilled with an agony as he thought what must happen the next day — of what must happen. If he could only escape! If he could only escape! But he could not escape. He felt the iron around his leg, and he knew he could not escape. There was nothing for him but to sit there all night until the next day, and then to suffer and endure as well as he could. If it was only to endure; but that was not all. More would be done to him than he could endure. Oh! if he could only stop thinking of it; but he could not. Then suddenly he felt that he was parched and dry with thirst. He wondered if Mrs. Pitcher had brought him anything to drink. He reached over, fumbling in the darkness, and opened the cloth in which was wrapped the food she had brought him.

There was a little bottle with something in it. It was tea, and Jack, as he drank a long draught of it, felt an almost animal gratitude in the quenching of his parching thirst. Presently he began eating some of the food, and before he knew it he had made a hearty meal.

For a while the eating distracted his mind, and his troubles lay big and dumb, brooding within him; but after he had finished the food and sat again in the humming silence, it came back to him with a renewed and overwhelming keenness. He bowed his head over on his knees; recollections of the delight of the day came over him. The ending that had come to it all made his present sudden fate seem all the more pitiful and tragic. He felt the hot drops welling bigger and bigger under his burning eyelids, and then one dropped upon his hand and trickled slowly down across it.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ESCAPE.

IT seemed to Jack that he did not sleep, but vision-like recollections of the happenings of the day skimmed ceaselessly through his tired brain. Now he saw the hot stretch of clearing as he had seen it that afternoon — the quivering, pulsing air, the distant river and the blue further shore, the slanting sun; again and again he dreamed that he struggled with his master. Sometimes he dreamed that the next day had come and that his master had forgiven him. But through all these dreams there ever loomed big and terrible in the background of his half-consciousness the fate that he knew awaited him in the morning, and he would awaken to find his dreams dissolved into the black and terrible reality in which there was no spark of hope!

Suddenly he was startled from one of these half-waking dreams by the noise of a key rattling in the lock. It sounded loud in the dead silence, and he started up widely and keenly awake. " Who 's there?" he whispered, and then the door opened and the yellow gleam of a candle cut a square in the darkness. It was Mrs. Pitcher.

" Why, Mrs. Pitcher, is that you?" said he.

" Yes," said she, "'t is I; but be quiet."

"What time of night is it?" said Jack.

"Why 't is early yet—not more than nine o'clock, I reckon."

"Is that all?" said Jack.

She set her candle down upon the brick floor, and stood for a while regarding Jack, her arms akimbo. "Well," she said at last, "'t is all your own fault that you 're here, and none of my business. I told you not to go away from home with Dennis; but you did go in spite of all, and now you see what 's come of it. By rights I should let you alone; but, no, here I be," and she tossed her head. "Well," she went on, "I'm not going to stand by and see you beat half to death, and that 's all there be of it."

Jack shuddered. Mrs. Pitcher's latter words made his looming terrors start out in dreadful distinctness. "What do you mean, Mrs. Pitcher?" said he, hoping dumbly that he had somehow misunderstood.

"Why," said she, "I mean that his honor 's in such a state of mind I would n't trust him not to have you whipped to pieces out of pure wantonness. I don't know what 's got into him. He 's been away from home somewhere, and something 's gone wrong. I 've been talking to him ever since he sent you here, but he won't listen to anything. I 've seen him in bad humors, but I never saw him in as black a humor as he 's in to-night. If he sets on you to-morrow he 'll never stop till he finishes you, and that I do believe."

Jack could not speak; his heart shrunk and thrilled, and his ears hummed. He sat looking at her in the light of the candle, with his breath choking hot and dry in his throat.

"Well," Mrs. Pitcher burst out at last, "I 've thought it all over and I 've made up my mind. I dare say I 'm a fool for my pains, but I 'm going to let you get away. For the long and short of it is that I sh'a'nt stay by and see ye beat to pieces. After Dennis had locked you up, his honor must needs send for him, and asked where you was and if you was safe, and then he must needs have the keys in his own pockets. He was dead tired, and so went to bed awhile ago; and I 've just contrived to steal the keys out of his pockets. So now I 'm going to let you go—I am."

"Oh, Mrs. Pitcher!" cried Jack hoarsely. It

did not seem possible to him that escape had really come. His mouth twitched and writhed, and his throat choked, and it was all he could do to keep from breaking down. "But how about you?" he said, wiping his hand across his eyes.

"Never you mind about me," said Mrs. Pitcher angrily. "You mind your own business and I 'll mind my business. I ain't going to see you whipped, that 's all there is about it. So you just mind your business, and I 'll mind mine."

"But where 'll I go after you let me out, Mrs. Pitcher?"

"Why," said she, "that you 'll have to settle for yourself. 'T is 'as much as I can do to let you go." She stooped down as she spoke, and, by the light of the candle, unlocked the fetter around his leg. "All I know is," she continued, "that you must go away from here. Now go, and don't you lag about any longer. If his honor should chance to wake and find his keys gone, and have any suspicion you 'd got away, 't would be a worse lookout for you than ever—not to speak of myself."

It was not until Jack stood up free of his chains that he realized that he was really free. "I 'll—I 'll never forget what you 've done for me," said he in a choking voice, "as long as ever I live."

"There, you go now," said she, as she pushed him roughly out the cell. "As for me, don't you think anything about me, Jack; I 'll do well enough. Now you go."

"Good-by, Mrs. Pitcher," said Jack; "won't you say good-by?"

"No, I won't," said she. "You go as I tell ye to." And then he turned and ran off through the darkness.

He ran some little distance before he stopped. Then he began thinking. Where was he to go? It was all very well for him to escape, but how was he to escape, and where was he to escape to? He stood still thinking and thinking. Then he wondered if Dennis would not help him in his need. Without any especial aim he crept around back of the group of huts. He could see that there was a faint light in Dennis's cabin. Some one was singing in the darkness beyond. It was Little Coffee chanting in his high-pitched voice. Jack walked slowly and cautiously toward the sound of the singing, and

presently he could distinguish the outline of Little Coffee's form against the sky. He was sitting perched upon the fence. "Coffee!" whispered Jack, "Little Coffee!" but Little Coffee did not hear him, and continued his barbaric chant, which seemed to consist chiefly of a repetition of the words, "White man came to de gum-tree — possum he go way." "Little Coffee!" whispered Jack again, and then instantly the singing ceased.

"Who dar?" said Little Coffee presently, and Jack could see that he had turned his face toward him in the darkness.

"Hush!" whispered Jack, "'T is me — Jack."

"Who? — Jack? Dat you, boy?" whispered Little Coffee.

"Yes," answered Jack.

Little Coffee jumped down instantly from the fence, and came in the darkness toward Jack's voice. "How you git away?" said he to Jack. "Dey say Massa Dennis chain you up and lock you up. How you git out, boy?"

"Never mind that," said Jack. "'T is enough that I got out, and here I am. Come out here, Coffee, away from the cabins; somebody 'll hear us next."

He led the way down toward the edge of the bluff, and Little Coffee followed him for a while in an amazed silence. "What you going to do now, boy?" he asked after a little while.

Jack did not answer immediately. "I 'm going to run away," he said at last.

"You run away?" said Little Coffee, incredulously. Jack did not reply. "How you going to run away, anyhow?" asked Little Coffee.

"I am going to go off in a boat," said Jack.

"You no run away, boy," said Little Coffee.

"Yes, I will, too," said Jack; and then he added almost despairingly, "I 've got to run away, Little Coffee. I wonder if the oars are down by the skiff?"

"Yes, um be," said Little Coffee. "I see Kala prop de oars up again de bank when he come in from de fish-nets. Where you run away to, anyhow?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Jack. "I wish you would n't bother me so, Little Coffee. First of all I 'm going over the river to Bullock's Land-

ing," he added. "I don't know where I'll go then — most likely down to North Carolina. That 's where all the runaways go. I 'll try to get to England from there."

Little Coffee looked solemnly at him in silence for a while. "I be no more 'fraid to run away dan you be afraid to run away," said he at last.

"Would n't you?" said Jack eagerly. "Then you shall go along with me if you choose." He grasped at the chance of a companion in his escape, for now that every step brought him more nearly face to face with what he had to do, he began to see what a hard thing it was to undertake. It seemed to him that if he had some one with him it would make it easier for him. The two stood looking out across the water. From the edge of the bank bluff where they stood the river stretched away vast and mysterious into the distance. The rude dug-out canoe in which Kala had rowed over to the nets was lying drawn up upon the shore. Jack could see its form, big and shapeless, in the darkness. He descended the steps to the beach followed by Little Coffee. The oars still stood leaning against the bench where Kala had left them. Jack gathered them up and took them down to the dugout. Some water had leaked through the cracks into the boat, and before he pushed it off he bailed it out with the leathern dipper. Little Coffee stood looking silently at the preparations he was making. "You going to run away for sure?" he said at last.

"Why, don't you see I am?" said Jack.

"Why den," said Little Coffee, "you very foolish to run away; I no run away with you, boy."

"What 's that?" said Jack, standing up abruptly and facing Little Coffee. "What 's that? Why, you just now said that you 'd run away with me if I went."

"I no say dat," said Little Coffee; "I say maybe I run away." And then he burst out indignantly, "Guess you tink me fool, boy — talk of my running away dat way!"

"And so you 'd let me go alone, would you?" said Jack bitterly. "I would n't treat you that way, Little Coffee. Here, help me push the boat off, anyhow."

Little Coffee sprang eagerly enough to lend him a hand. As the two pushed the clumsy boat off into the water, Jack stepped into it. He placed the oars carefully in the rowlocks, and seated himself in the boat. All around him was the night and the water. The bluff bank seemed big against the sky. He could see Coffee's dim form standing upon the shore. He sat resting, without pulling the boat off. "Won't you go with me, Little Coffee?" said he, making a last appeal.

"Um, um!" Little Coffee grunted in the negative.

The water lapped and gurgled against the side of the boat, and the current drifted it slowly around against the shore. Jack still

hesitated and lingered. He had not until then fully realized what he had undertaken to do. For one moment of failing courage he told himself that he would go back and face what he would have to face the next day; and then, with a rush of despair, he recognized how impossible it would be to face it. If Mr. Parker would only be merciful,—ever so little merciful,—he would not have to go. "I believe you be 'fraid to run away, after all," said Little Coffee from where he stood.

The jar of the sneering words roused Jack to action.

"Good-by, Little Coffee," said he, hoarsely, and then he dipped the oars into the water and pulled off from the shore into the night.

(To be continued)



"IF THEY ONLY WOULD N'T SCREAM SO, I COULD BE OVER BEFORE THEY GET HERE!"

THE LIONS OF THE SEA.

(Ninth paper of the series "Mammals of North America.")

BY W. T. HORNADAY.

NORTH AMERICA possesses a fine fauna of Sea Lions and Seals. A series of family groups which would properly represent each of our "fin-footed" (pinniped) species would fill an immense room, as large as the largest mammal hall in any one of our American museums. And what a grand display such a series would make! Beginning with the two monster Walruses from the Atlantic and Pacific, there would be Steller's Sea Lion, almost as large as the Walrus, the Fur Seal, the Californian Sea Lion, the Sea Elephant, and eight more species of true Seals, some of them very large and of remarkable form.

I hope the time will soon come when Congress will give the National Museum the money for another building, in which there may be abundant room for the display of mounted specimens of our fast-vanishing quadrupeds: where an entire hall can be devoted to our pinnipeds, and another to our large hoofed animals. Now our entire mammalian fauna is packed and jammed into a single hall not one third large enough for it.

The Sea Lions and Seals are all amphibious flesh-eaters, belonging to the fin-footed family of the Order Carnivora, and in their habits and modes of life are very much alike. They all live upon fish and cuttlefish, of which they consume great quantities. Nature has divided these creatures into two great groups. The higher, called the Eared-Seal Family, is so called because its members rejoice in the possession of tiny, sharp-pointed external ears, while the true Seals have no external ears whatever. But there is another difference in form which to my mind seems more conspicuous and important than the presence or absence of an ear smaller than a postage-stamp.

For front feet the Sea Lion has a pair of long, very flat, triangular, clawless, and hairless black paddles, while the true Seal has a thick, short,

blunt-ended, and hairy front flipper, armed with five good, stout claws. Remember this, and when you see a seal-like animal that is strange to you, look at his front feet, and they will tell you in an instant whether that animal is a Sea Lion or Seal.

I trust the reader will recognize the utter impossibility of doing justice to this great group of animals within the limits of even two papers in a magazine. It is impossible to do more than give a brief sketch of each species, like a magic-lantern view on a curtain, leaving the thousand and one interesting details to be supplied in some other manner.

STELLER'S SEA LION is the king of the pinnipeds. Unlike nearly all other sea animals

that have been gloriously misnamed after familiar land quadrupeds, his appearance is quite lion-like, particularly his massive head and ferocious countenance, and his powerful neck covered with long, coarse hair of a tawny gray color. While he does not roar quite so thunderously as the king of the desert, he roars much oftener, and more universally. In temper he is more lion-like than the lion himself, for the old males are continually fighting and cutting each other with their long teeth in a way that real lions never dream of. They are timid and afraid in the presence of their master, man; but so is the lion also, for that matter, though he is not a stupid idiot, like the Sea Lion.

Steller's Sea Lion is at home in various places in North America, from the Farallone Islands and Point Reys, near San Francisco, northward along the Pacific coast to the Pribilof Islands. He loves the most rugged and rocky shores, where the breakers thunder unceasingly against the foot of tall black cliffs. It is on the Pribilof Islands, however, that this animal may be seen in the greatest numbers and at his best.

The herds that make that wild spot their home number many thousand individuals. The herd that frequents the northeast point of St. Paul's Island is drawn upon by the natives for food and other purposes as regularly as if it were a

themselves fairly inland, with all chance of escape cut off.

The groups of from twenty to fifty caught thus each night are driven up on to the level ground, and held until from three to five hun-



STELLER'S SEA LIONS.

big herd of cattle. In Mr. Elliott's time that one herd is said to have contained between 18,000 and 20,000 head.

At the close of the fur-seal-killing season, the natives proceed to lay in their winter's supply of meat. A number of picked men go to Northeast Point, steal down to the shore in the dead of night, and crawl along at the water's edge until a line of men is disposed between the sleeping herd and the water. At a given signal the men all spring to their feet, yell, discharge pistols, and terribly frighten the sleeping Sea Lions. Those that lie with their heads toward the water plunge forward and quickly disappear, but those headed landward naturally enough start forward away from the uproar. Being continually urged on they soon find

dred have been taken, when the grand drive begins. Then the whole herd is actually driven ten miles overland to the village. According to the condition of the weather, the drive requires from six days to three weeks, but in the end every Sea Lion who does not die of heat or exhaustion on the road actually carries his own carcass to market.

This animal yields about the same class of products as does the walrus, described in the preceding paper; and its flesh forms the principal food of all the natives of the fur-seal islands. The skin is thickly covered with coarse stiff hair of a brownish-yellow color, but it is destitute of "fur," and hence is of no value in our market.

Steller's Sea Lion is about twice the size of

the Fur Seal, the old male being from ten to eleven feet in total length, from eight to nine feet in girth, and it weighs on an average about 1200 pounds. The females are not quite half as large, in actual bulk, as the males. Although cowardly in their disposition toward man, the males are among themselves the fiercest fighters in the world. It is hard to obtain an old specimen whose neck is not criss-crossed all over by long, deep gashes, or old scars, made by the powerful teeth of jealous rivals.

Closely resembling Steller's Sea Lion is the CALIFORNIAN SEA LION, the slim fellow in the animal show who climbs up out of the water, all black and shiny, points his long thin neck straight upward, gazes at the top of his cage, and bawls out, "Hoke! Hoke! Hoke!" until all the little boys outside the tent are fairly wild to get in.

two species come together, the difference between them was for years quite overlooked. Nevertheless, the points of difference between them are very marked.

The Californian Sea Lion is only about half the size of the preceding species. The male has less development of neck, less abundant hair, and, being much lighter in build, is more active in movement. Indeed, if reports are true, we may truthfully call this creature the champion climber and jumper of all the pinnipeds in the world. Captain Scammon states that on Santa Barbara Island the old male Sea Lions are in the habit of climbing to the tops of the bold rocky cliffs that abound on its coast, and lying there for days at a time—to enjoy the scenery, perhaps! What is stranger still, these wonderful creatures when attacked or thoroughly alarmed, will take flying leaps from the tops of those same cliffs into the sea.



CALIFORNIAN SEA LIONS.

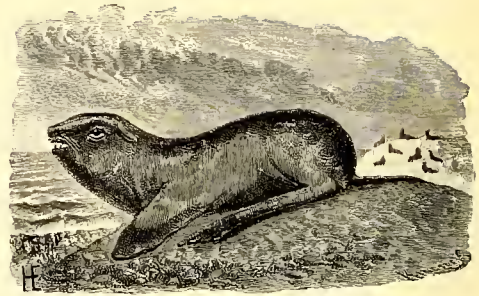
In form and habits this animal so closely resembles the smaller specimens of Steller's Sea Lion that on the Farallone Islands, where the

Captain Scammon relates how he and his crew once cornered a herd of about twenty old male Sea Lions who "were collected on the

brink of a precipitous cliff, at a height of at least sixty feet above the rocks which shelved from the beach below. Our men were sure, in their own minds, that by surprising the animals we could drive them over the cliff. This was easily accomplished; but to our chagrin, when we arrived at the point below where we expected to find the huge beasts disabled or killed, the last animal of the whole rookery was seen plunging into the sea."

The Californian Sea Lion is found only on the coast of California and the peninsula of Lower California, and its two centers of greatest abundance are the Farallone Islands, near San Francisco, and Santa Barbara Island. In former years, immense numbers were killed for their oil, but that has ceased to be a paying industry. Owing to the fact that they are protected by law, they have become so numerous around the Cliff House, the Heads, and in San Francisco Bay, that their wholesale destruction of valuable food fishes is bitterly complained of by the fishermen of San Francisco.

Of all pinnipeds, this species is the most noisy. "On approaching an island or point occupied by a numerous herd," says Captain Scammon, "one first hears their long, plaintive howlings, as if in distress; but when near them the sounds become more varied and deafening. The old males roar so loudly as to drown the noise of the heaviest surf among the rocks and caverns, and the younger of both sexes croak

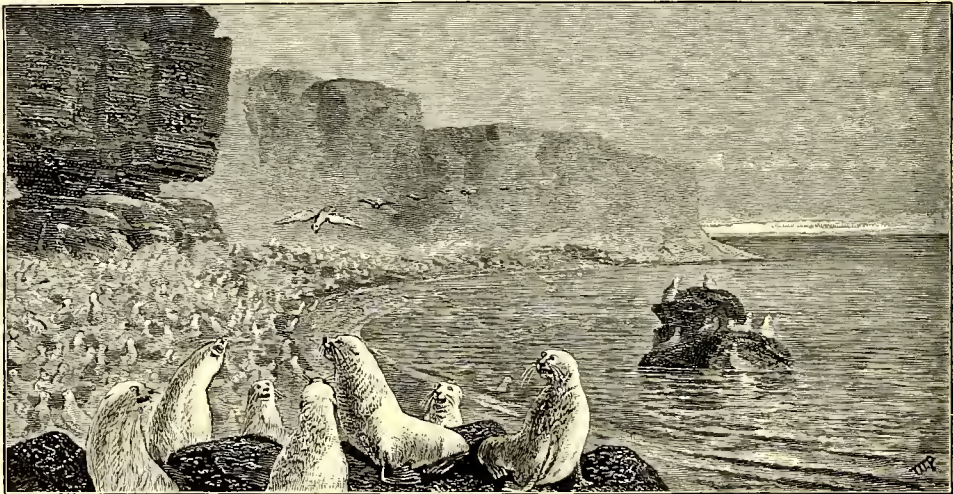


BABY SEA LION.

hoarsely, or send forth sounds like the bleating of sheep, or the barking of dogs. In fact, their tumultuous utterances are beyond description."

In the water, the body of this creature appears to be a shiny dark brown, but when the skin is mounted and dried in a museum collection, the hair is found to be thin, coarse, very stiff, and of a dirty brownish-yellow color. The figures in the accompanying illustration are from instantaneous photographs taken from life by Mr. C. H. Townsend.

The FUR SEAL (its name should be Furry (*Cal-lo-ta-ri-a-ur-si-na*) Sea Lion) is the most celebrated of all our fur-bearers, and the United States Government has been as active in protecting it from destruction as it was indifferent to the fate of the buffalo millions. If our great international dispute with England and Canada over the Fur Seal had arisen seventy years ago, before the days of



BREEDING ROOKERY OF SEA LIONS.

peaceful arbitration, there would surely have been a war over it. Nor is our interest in our Fur Seal to be wondered at when we stop to consider that from 1870 to 1890 our national treasury received \$6,000,000 from the Alaska Commercial Company as royalty on the animals killed (six sevenths of the purchase-price of Alaska). When to this we add the amount

sisted upon taking Fur Seals by shooting them in the open sea, by which wasteful process seven were lost for every three secured. But if it were not for the loss of money revenue derived from this animal, it is quite certain the Government would have allowed the wasteful slaughter to go on until the last Seal was dead.

The Fur Seal is not a true Seal by any means,



FUR SEALS.

received in a twenty per cent. import duty on the dressed skins as they came back to us from the English dyers, the total revenue derived from the Fur Seal in twenty years amounts to the enormous sum of \$8,500,000. Such an animal was worth saving from destruction. No other quadruped ever became such a bone of contention between two great nations for a long period, the discussion winding up with a high and mighty conference of arbitration.

As usual, the whole trouble arose through the greediness of a few irresponsible and lawless individuals. The sealers of the Pacific coast in-

but a Sea Lion, with naked, paddle-shaped flippers and tiny ears. It is about two thirds the size of the *Zalophus*, and is therefore the smallest member of the Sea Lion family. Mr. Elliott gives the average length of the full-grown male animal as six feet from nose to tail, and weight from 350 to 500 pounds. The average length of the adult female is a trifle over four feet, and weight from 62 to 75 pounds. When dry, the coat is of a dark, steel-gray color, and only the coarse, stiff outer hair is visible. Underneath this lies a dense coat of very fine and soft light-brown fur, in which lies all the value of the

skin. In preparing the pelt, the coarse outer hair is entirely removed, and the underlying fur is dyed a shiny, lustrous black, and sheared down very evenly. For some mysterious reason, we, the people of "Yankee ingenuity," are actually unable to dye seal fur successfully, and this work is from sheer necessity sent to England. When it comes back, there is a high rate of duty to pay, which in addition to the original royalty of \$10.22 paid to the Government by the North American Commercial Company for every skin taken, the very long bill of transportation charges, labor, and profits all along the line, from the back of the seal to that of the fortunate wearer, accounts for the price of from \$250 to \$600 on a seal-skin cloak.

In its habits the Fur Seal is a remarkable creature. With 3000 miles of coast to land upon if it chose, this strange and perverse animal now refuses to set flipper upon any portion of the whole North American continent, island or mainland, save the two little dots of land in Bering Sea, St. Paul and St. George Islands, known to the world collectively as the Pribilof Islands. St. Paul is seven miles by fourteen, and St. George is only five and a half by thirteen.

And yet, when Mr. Elliott made his careful and elaborate surveys of all the "rookeries," or herding-grounds on those islands, in July, 1873, and laboriously calculated the number of their fin-footed inhabitants, he found there the astonishing number of 3,193,420 Fur Seals. Like sheep in a pen, they actually crowded one another on the sloping shores of sand, or water-worn boulders, or tables of slaty-blue basalt. Each burly old male appears a giant beside the females and young males gathered around him.

In the accompanying illustration, drawn from one of the admirable series of photographs taken each year by Mr. C. H. Townsend for the United States Fish Commission, several old males with their respective groups are seen in the foreground.

The Fur Seal herds visit the Pribilof Islands in July of each year. There the young Seals are born. They depart in October, going southward into the open sea. From October to July they remain in the open ocean, feeding on cut-

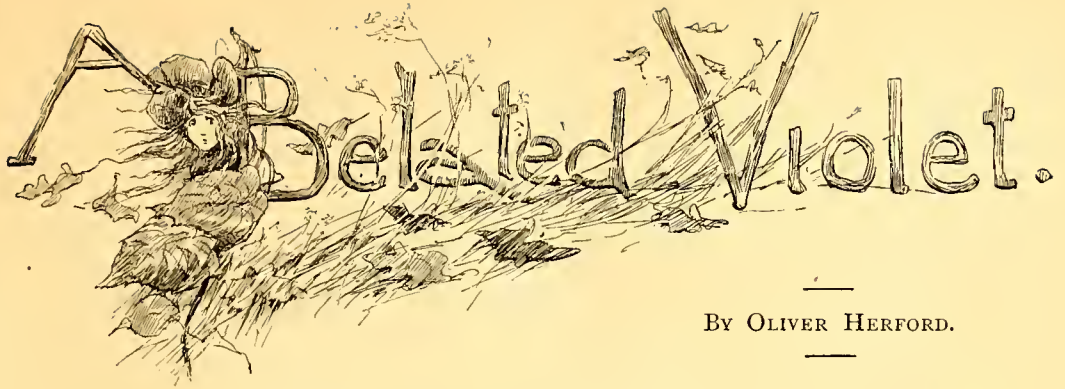
tlefish, and sleeping at the surface of the water. It is strange that storms and long-continued rough weather do not drive them ashore, as they drive the sea-otter.

During the period before seal-shooting at sea became a regular business for dozens of vessels, the Alaska Commercial Company owned for twenty years the lease of the Fur Seal islands, and was permitted by the Government to take 100,000 Seals each year, on which the Company paid a revenue of \$2 per skin, besides various extras. In 1890 the North American Commercial Company was the highest bidder for the lease, and secured the concession, with the privilege of taking 60,000 Seals per annum, paying therefor \$10.22 per skin. But the high contracting parties reckoned without counting in the poacher, who has so fearfully reduced the total number of Fur Seals that the Government has been compelled to order the suspension of all operations save the annual killing of 7500 Seals for food purposes. Thanks to this, and to the agreement between the United States and England that the Fur Seal "must and shall be preserved," we may presently hope to see the species as abundant as it was ten years ago. Three times during the rule of the Russians, in 1805, 1822, and 1834, did this animal narrowly escape extermination, but was saved each time by a similar cessation of hostilities for a period of years.

On July 20, 1893, it was calculated that there were in round numbers about 1,000,000 Seals still surviving on the Pribilof Islands.

Now that all seal-killing on the Pribilof Islands, save for food, has been effectually stopped, five years more should witness such a marked increase in the total number, that sealing operations may be resumed, and the annual crop of sacks, cloaks, and other garments be gathered as heretofore, when seal-poaching was an infant industry.

Unfortunately, seal-poaching has not, as yet, been entirely suppressed, and the products of this species of piracy on the high seas, together with the skins taken by the Russians on the Commander Islands, will still keep the fur market partially supplied with skins of the Furry Sea Lion.

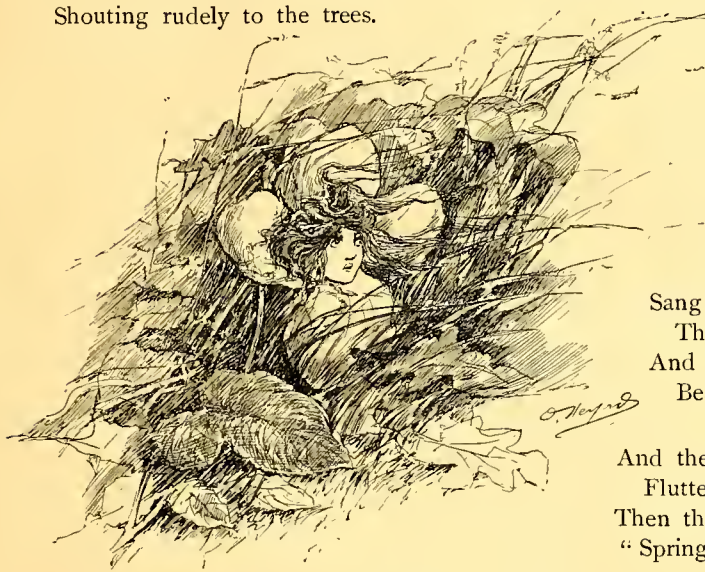


Belated Violet.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

VERY dark the autumn sky,
Dark the clouds that hurried by;
Very rough the autumn breeze
Shouting rudely to the trees.

"Thinks it 's spring—poor child, we fear
She will die if she should hear!"



Softly stole the wind
away,
Tenderly he mur-
mured, "Stay!"
To a late thrush on
the wing,
"Stay with her one
day and sing!"

Sang the thrush so sweet and clear
That the sun came out to hear,
And in answer to her song,
Beamed on violet all day long.

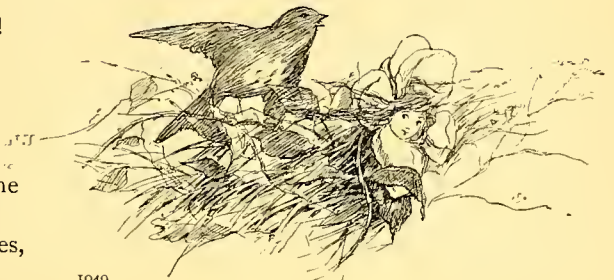
And the last leaves here and there
Fluttered with a spring-like air,
Then the violet raised her head—
"Spring has come at last!" she said.

Listening, frightened, pale, and cold,
Through the withered leaves and mold
Peer'd a violet all in dread—
"Where, oh, where is spring?" she said.

Happy dreams had violet
All that night—but happier yet,
When the dawn came dark with snow,
Violet never woke to know.

Sighed the trees, "Poor little thing!
She may call in vain for spring."
And the grasses whispered low,
"We must never let her know."

"What 's this whispering?" roared the
breeze,
"Hush! a violet!" sobbed the trees,
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"TIGER'S" MERRY-GO-ROUND.

BY FRANK DELLAN.



"LITTLE JULIUS SAW HIMSELF WITHIN A CIRCLE OF STRANGE CREATURES."

IF "Tiger" himself were to tell the story of the mishaps that befell him on a certain sunny day of last September, he might begin by saying that his ill luck was all owing to the curiosity of the young turkeys. Such curiosity, to be sure, is very likely to cause mischief, but in this case it may as well be said at once that it was his own weakness for fish that got Tiger, Mrs. Stratton's fine gray cat, into trouble.

But the turkeys did begin it; and it was in this way: As the day was a very fine one, and the ground perfectly dry, even under the old apple-trees behind the kitchen, Annie, the colored cook, took her baby boy into the yard and set him down on the grass; she gave him a tin pan and some apples to play with, called him her "little rosebud," kissed him, and returned to her work. She went into the cool cellar and brought up a fine bluefish which Mr. Stratton had caught that very morning.

Now, cats like the flavor of bluefish, and Tiger

having grown up near the sea-shore had become particularly fond of them; besides, he had had poor luck of late in hunting mice, so the sight of the fish filled him with the most pleasant thoughts, and with eager air he trotted close after Annie into the kitchen. There he took his place on the window-sill, from which he could see the work, and waited patiently while Annie was making the fish ready for dinner.

But ill luck would have it that there should be an interruption. Little Julius enjoyed himself well enough on the grass: the sunlight flickering through the apple-trees fell on his shiny black skin and on his pink gown; the glitter of the tin pan and the bright color of the apples made him crow with delight. So it is not to be wondered at that the little fellow presently became an object of interest to others in the yard. Ten young turkeys were straying near the small black boy with the pink dress and the bright tin pan. The mother turkey did

not seem to approve, but her anxious “peeps” were unheeded and her inquisitive young ones cautiously came nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting baby; and when little Julius happened to look up from the small black face he had discovered in the bottom of the pan, he saw himself within a circle of strange creatures, with legs very long and slender, with glossy coats of feathers that shone like metal in the sun, and heads all stretched out toward him. To a boy of his small size and little experience this must have seemed very alarming; the young turkeys looked so very tall and fierce, their faces so red and angry, and their foolish way of craning their necks and fixing on him now the right eye and now the left were to him mysterious and threatening. It took him a few moments to realize his danger, then he gave a terrified scream and, losing his balance, toppled over backward. The tin pan went over with him and mercifully hid from him the flapping of wings and the scurry of the scared turkeys.

Annie heard her baby’s scream and rushed from the kitchen. The bluefish was left on the table, and so it was that Tiger came to face a great temptation. He had not thought of doing mischief; he had been looking on, blinking in a contented way, possibly indulging in pleasant dreams of the coming feast. But when the fish was left unguarded under his very nose, Tiger’s savage instincts suddenly awoke and he forgot his training. He pounced upon the fish and fastened his teeth into it with a fierce growl.

Great was Annie’s dismay when she returned to find Tiger and the bluefish gone; and greater was her anger when a growl from under the table betrayed the robber, actually glaring at her as he clutched his prey. Then followed some bad minutes for Tiger; further enjoyment of the fish was not to be thought of. Warned of the coming storm by the flood of fierce language that was poured upon him, he managed by his quickness and agility to dodge rolling-pin and broom-handle, and finally to escape by the open window. Annie’s threats and abuse followed him into the yard.

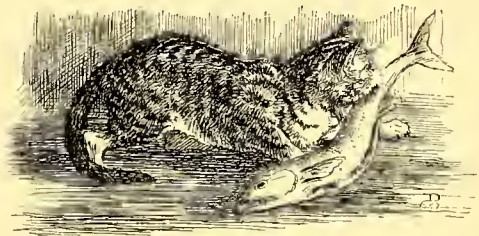
The uproar brought Mrs. Stratton from the sitting-room. “Never let that thievish cat come into the kitchen again,” she said, when the outrage had been explained to her; “and

do not give him anything to eat for at least a week; when he is hungry let him go to the barn and catch mice.”

This last was just what Tiger meant to do. Even without having heard Mrs. Stratton’s severe sentence, he felt that the house was not the place for him, and he strolled toward the barn in a roundabout way, often looking back, as if he half dreaded further pursuit. Perhaps he felt as he licked his chops that the bare taste of the fish, which was all he had got, was not worth the disgrace and punishment that followed. He was cross, and when a friendly young rooster came near, Tiger made a vicious pass at him; luckily the sharp claws did not reach their aim, and the startled fowl hurried to put himself at a safe distance.

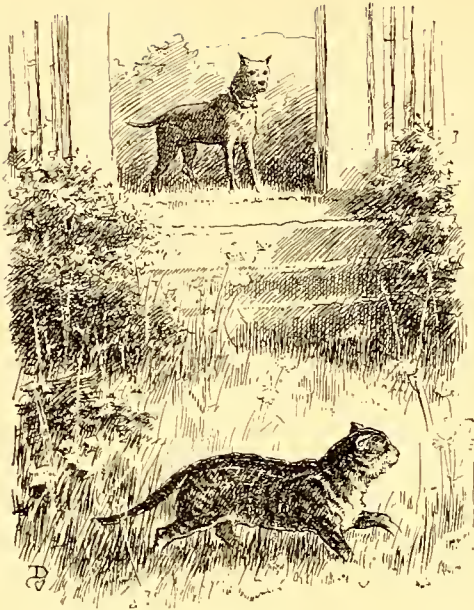
To sit quietly near a hole and wait for a mouse to appear calls for coolness and patience; a short trial showed Tiger that it did not accord with the mood he was in. After some thought and much nervous lashing of his tail, he was brought to a decision by the sight of Mr. Stratton, with a whip under his arm, walking toward the barn. Tiger resolved to go to the wind-mill, where his chances of getting some mice would be better, besides which there was a possibility of catching a young sparrow or swallow on the way.

The trip to the wind-mill was not, however, a purely pleasant task; in the first place, the tall mill itself was not a homelike, familiar place, like a house or a barn, particularly on windy days when the four great sails were going around with a creaking noise, up on one side



‘TIGER’ AND THE BLUEFISH.

and down on the other, flinging shadows that hurried over the ground and up along the sides, while from within the building came great rumbling and buzzing sounds. Another trouble was the fact that Mr. Hedges, the miller, had a



"TIGER PRETENDED NOT TO HEAR JACK'S BARK."

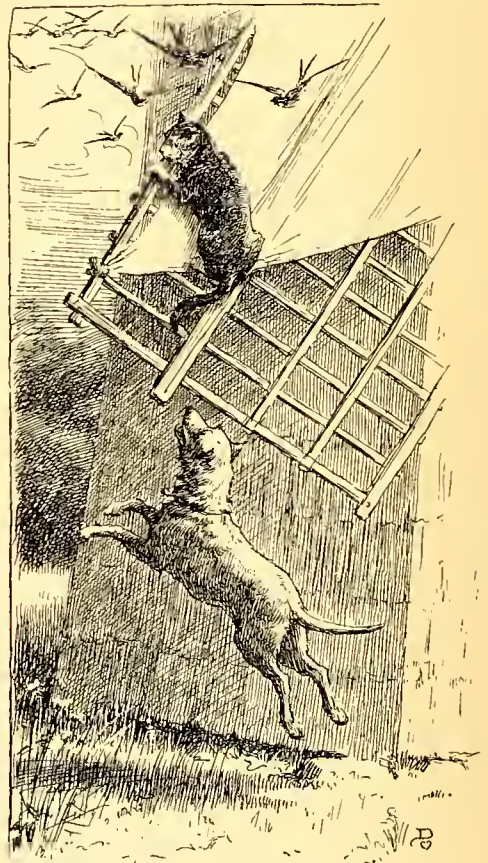
dog. This dog, "Jack," was in Tiger's eyes an ugly and dangerous brute. But Tiger was no coward; his fears of the sails were simply nervous, and he was not the cat to go out of his way to avoid a dog. So he set out for the mill.

But it was one of those days when everything seems to go wrong. Over the corn-field Tiger saw that the sails were not at rest, but wheeling around in a brisk wind; and when opposite the miller's house, although he kept himself carefully in the high grass, he was espied by Jack, who challenged him with a sharp bark. Tiger pretended not to hear this, and passed slyly on beyond the mill, to deceive the dog, who, as he well knew, would object to his hunting there, although it was sheer malice on Jack's part to grudge his neighbor a few mice, for the miller's cat was old and lazy and he himself despised any smaller game than rats.

At length, by keeping under cover of the beach-plum and bay bushes, Tiger reached his goal, and soon took up a position near a promising-looking hole by the shady side of the shingled mill; this happened to be also on the leeward side, so that the huge arms as they wheeled around were not in his sight. It was a good, quiet place to compose his ruffled

nerves. Tiger no longer felt too restless to lie in wait, so he tucked his feet comfortably under his body, curled his tail around them, and settled down to await some foolish mouse.

But the wind-mill mice were probably well fed and in the habit of taking noonday naps, for not the tip of a nose or the faintest squeak came from the hole. Tiger grew drowsy. Luckily for himself, he did not fall quite asleep, for he was in more danger than the mice for whom he had set an ambush. Jack, the cross terrier, divining the poacher's intentions, was stealing a march on him. Without a growl of warning he had crossed the road from the miller's house and, noiselessly gaining the little



"TIGER DID A DESPERATE THING." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

rise on which stood the mill, caught sight of the unsuspecting cat calmly seated, his nose toward the mouse-hole and his back toward the com-

ing danger. With a startling yell Jack sprang toward his victim.

It was shabby of Jack to take Tiger off his guard, and it is not a matter of the slightest reproach to the courage of Tiger that, roused to his peril at the last moment, he gave a desperate bound and fled.

It was a race for life! Around the mill they flew—there was no tree, no place of refuge near, but Tiger's smaller size gave him an advantage on the circular race-track. Five times the race had gone around the mill when suddenly Tiger did a desperate thing. The lower end of one of the great sails happened to sweep near the ground just ahead of him; he made a great forward and upward bound, clutched the framework and canvas, and instantly was borne aloft toward the clouds as if by the arm of a friendly giant; it was enough to make a cat's head swim, but Tiger was safe if he could keep his hold, for in a few moments the baffled terrier was barking furiously forty feet below him.

But presently the sail swept downward on the other side and lowered poor Tiger head foremost toward his enemy's snapping teeth—this was a critical moment. However, he managed to scramble to a point of safety where Jack's highest leaps failed to reach him. Around and around he was carried on this giddy-go-round; rushing along near the earth at one moment and sailing high in the air at the next.

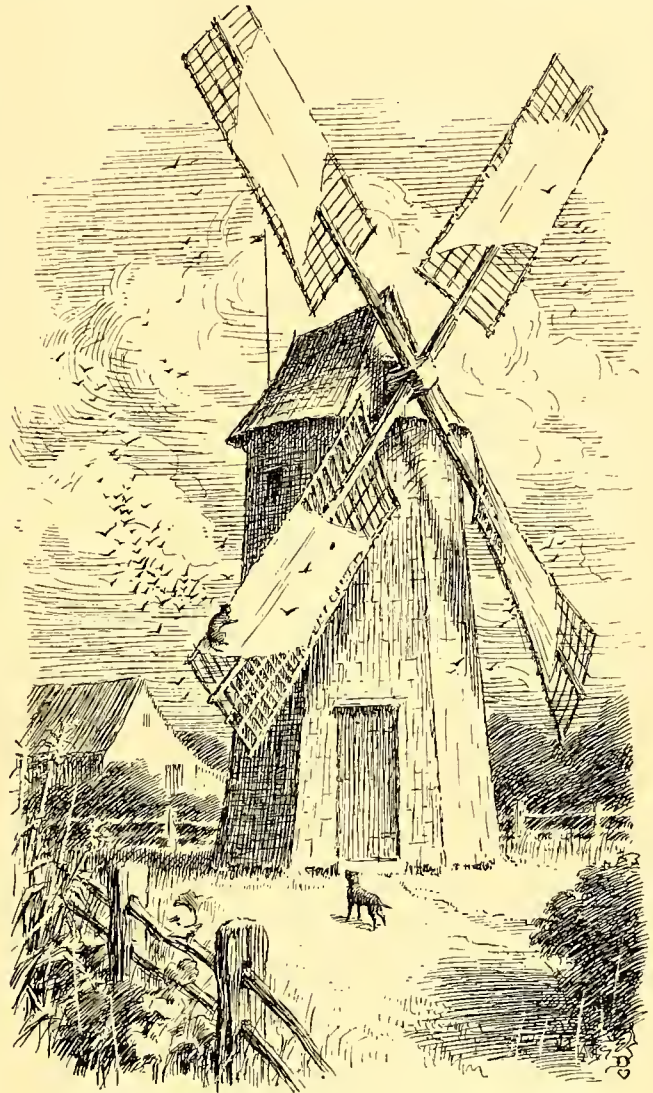
If it had not been such a topsyturvy performance Tiger might even have enjoyed the tantalizing way in which each revolution carried him almost within reach of the terrier's

jaws, and excited him to the most frantic but utterly vain leaps and yells.

Presently, too, the swallows discovered him and evidently regarded a cat sailing along high above the vane of the mill as an intruder and

an enemy. Their numbers grew at each turn, and with shrill screams they wheeled around and at him. It really seemed as if earth and air were filled with enemies!

The end of it all might have been very seri-



"IT SEEMED AS IF EARTH AND AIR WERE FILLED WITH ENEMIES."

ous, but the measure of Tiger's misfortune was at last full. A sharp whistle pierced the air; Jack pricked up his ears—he knew his master's call; another last vicious snap at Tiger, as he whirled by, and Jack dashed away down the slope and across the road to the house.

Tiger's chance had come, and he made the most of it; at the next downward turn of his friendly sail he leaped to the firm earth, showing very little of the reluctance with which a boy leaves a merry-go-round. He dashed across the open space to the corn-field, and as he disappeared in its thick cover his ears caught the distant sound of Jack's barking and of much squealing. Tiger's ill luck had left him and had fallen on some roving pigs that had broken into the miller's garden and were making havoc with the vegetables until Jack drove them out.

Nothing was seen of the culprit for some days; and when at last he reappeared he wore such an air of dejection that Mrs. Stratton charitably believed him to be truly sorry for his fault and was willing to shorten the term of his punishment.

And it is to be hoped that, with a reasonable supply of mice and of other lawful dainties, to keep his appetite within bounds, and with proper watchfulness on Annie's part, Tiger will never again yield to the temptation of stealing a bluefish.



SIR BEDIVERE BORS.

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.

SIR BEDIVERE BORS was a chivalrous knight;
 His charger was proud and his armor was bright.
 But he grew very stout,
 So that when he rode out
 He really presented a comical sight.

DECATUR AND SOMERS.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER X.

AND NOW, after a series of heroic adventures which had raised the American name to the highest point of renown, was to commence the last, the most glorious, and the most melancholy of them all.

It had been known for some time that, as the season would soon compel the American squadron to leave Tripoli for the winter, Commodore Preble was eager that one great and decisive blow might be struck before he left. True, the Bashaw was anxious to treat, but Commodore Preble was not the man to parley with pirates and brigands as long as four hundred American captives were imprisoned in Tripolitan dungeons. He was the more desirous to strike this great blow because he had discovered that the Tripolitans were almost out of gunpowder—which, at that time of general European warfare, was of much value and not easy to get. The Americans, though, were well supplied; and this put the thought into Somers's mind of attempting a desperate assault upon the shipping and forts by means of a fire-ship, or "infernal."

He first broached the plan to Decatur, the night after the last attack upon Tripoli. The young captains were seated at the table in the cabin of the *Nautilus*.

It was a desperate plan; and, as Somers lucidly explained it, Decatur felt a strange sinking of the heart. Somers, on the contrary, seemed to feel a restrained enthusiasm, as if he had just attained a great opportunity for which he had long hoped.

"You see," said Somers, leaning over the table, and fixing his smiling, dark eyes upon Decatur, "it is an enterprise that may mean death for us, or liberty to four hundred of our countrymen and messmates. Who could hesitate a moment to make the effort?"

"Not you, Somers."

"I hope not. The merit of my plan is that it requires the risking of but a few lives. Two boats to tow the fire-ship in, four men in my boat, and six in another boat, and one officer besides myself—in all, twelve men. Did ever so small a number have so great a chance of serving their country?"

Decatur made no reply to this; and Somers went on to explain the details of his scheme. Decatur aided him at every turn, advising and discussing with a freedom that their devoted intimacy permitted. But, instead of the gay impetuosity that generally characterized Decatur, Somers was surprised to find him grave and almost sad; while the somber Somers was, for once, as full of enthusiasm as Decatur usually was.

After two hours' conversation, and it not yet being nine o'clock, Somers asked Decatur to go with him to the flag-ship, where the plan might be laid before the Commodore.

As soon as Commodore Preble heard that two of his young captains wished to see him, he at once ordered that they be shown into the cabin. When Somers and Decatur entered, they both noticed the grave and careworn look worn by the Commodore. He had done much, and the force under him had performed prodigies of valor. But he had not succeeded in liberating his old friend and shipmate, Bainbridge, and his gallant company.

When they were seated around the cabin table, Somers produced some charts and memoranda, and began to unfold his idea. It was, on the first dark night, to take the ketch *Intrepid*,—the very same which Decatur had immortalized,—put on her a hundred barrels of gunpowder and two hundred shells; tow her into the harbor, through the western passage, as near as she could be carried to the shipping, hoping that she would drift into the

midst of the Tripolitan fleet; and then, setting her afire, Somers and his men would take their slender chances for escape.

Commodore Preble heard it all through, with strict attention. When Somers had finished, Commodore Preble looked him fixedly in the eyes, and said: "But suppose the explosion should fail, the ketch should be captured, and a hundred barrels of gunpowder should fall into the hands of the Bashaw? That would prolong the war a year."

"Have no fear, sir," answered Somers, calmly. "I promise you that, rather than permit such a thing, I myself will fire the ketch if there is no alternative but capture. And I will take no man with me who is not willing to die before suffering so much powder to be captured and used against our own squadron."

"Are you willing, Captain Somers, to take that responsibility?"

"Perfectly willing, sir. It is no greater responsibility than my friend Captain Decatur assumed when, in that very ketch, he risked the lives of himself and sixty-two companions for the destruction of the Philadelphia."

The Commodore, leaning across the table, suddenly grasped a hand of each of his two young captains.

"My boys," he said, with shining eyes, "the first day you sat with me at this table, the sight of your youth, and the thought of the great duties before you, gave me one of the most terrible moments of discouragement I ever suffered. I deeply regretted that I had ever assumed charge of such an expedition, with what I bitterly called then a parcel of school-boy captains. Now, I can say only that you have all turned out the best boys I ever saw, for I cannot yet call you men."

This outburst, so unlike Commodore Preble's usual stern, morose manner, touched both Decatur and Somers; and Decatur said:

"You see, Commodore, it is because we have had such a good schoolmaster in the art of war."

The conversation that followed was long and animated; and when Decatur and Somers left the ship, and were rowed across the dark water, the Commodore's permission had been given to the enterprise.

The very next morning, the squadron being well out of sight of the town, and at anchor, the preparation of the ketch began.

The day was a bright and beautiful one, although in September, which is a stormy month in the Mediterranean. The ketch was laid alongside of Old Ironsides, and the transfer of the powder and shells was begun at sunrise; for it was characteristic of Somers to do quickly whatever he had to do, and time was of great consequence to him then. The men worked with a will, knowing well enough that some daring expedition was on hand. Wadsworth, Somers's first lieutenant, with the assistance of Decatur, directed the preparation of the fire-ship, while Somers, in the cabin of the Nautilus, arranged his private affairs, and wrote his will, remembering well that he might never return from that night's awful adventure. He wrote several letters and sealed them; and then the last one, inclosing his will, was to Decatur. The other letters were long, but that to Decatur was brief. It only said:

Herein is my will, which I charge you to see executed, if I should never come back. For yourself, dear Decatur, I have no words that I can write. To other men I may express my affection, and ask their forgiveness for any injury I have done them; but, between you and me, there is nothing to forgive—only the remembrance of brotherhood ever since we were boys. If I were to think long on this, it would make me too tender-hearted—and when this thought comes to me, I can only say good-by, and God bless you.

RICHARD SOMERS.

The golden noon had come; and, as Somers glanced through the cabin windows of the smart little Nautilus, he could see the preparations going on aboard the ketch, anchored directly under the quarter of the splendid frigate.

Men were busy passing powder and arranging the shells, doing it all with the cool caution of those accustomed to desperate dangers. Decatur's tall figure was seen on the Constitution's deck. He paced up and down with the Commodore, and was really unable to tear himself away from the ship. Tears came into Somers's eyes as he watched Decatur. Somers had no brother, no father, and no mother—and Decatur had been more to him all his life than he could express.

It was well understood on the other ships

that, except the first lieutenant of the *Nautilus*, Mr. Wadsworth,—who was to command the second boat,—no other officer would be permitted to go. Although any and all of them would have rejoiced to share the glory of this expedition, they knew it would be useless to ask—that is, all except Pickle Israel, who marched boldly up to the commodore, as he was pacing the deck, and, touching his cap, suddenly plumped out: “Commodore Preble, may I go with Captain Somers on the *Intrepid* to-night?”

Old Pepper, coolly surveying Pickle, who was rather small for his fourteen years, sternly inquired: “What did I understand you to say, sir?”

The commodore’s tone and countenance were altogether too much for Pickle’s self-possession. He stammered, and blushed, and finally, in a quavering voice, managed to get out:

“If—if—you please, sir—m-may I go”—and then came to a dead halt, while Decatur could not help smiling at him slyly behind the commodore’s back.

“May you go aloft and stay there for a watch?” snapped Old Pepper, who suspected shrewdly what Pickle was trying to ask. “Am I to understand that is what you are after?”

“No, sir,” answered Pickle, plucking up his courage, and, putting on a defiant air, as he caught sight of Decatur’s smile, while Danny Dixon, who had been sent on a message, and had come back to report, stood grinning broadly at the little midshipman.

“No, sir,” repeated Pickle, with still more

boldness, “I came to ask if I might go on the *Intrepid* with Captain Somers, to-night!”

“Has Captain Somers asked for your services, Mr. Israel?” inquired the commodore, blandly.

“N-no, sir,” faltered Pickle, turning very red.

“Very well, sir,” replied the commodore, still excessively polite, “until Captain Somers asks for an officer of your age and experience, I shall not request him to take you or any other midshipman in the squadron.”

“The truth is, Commodore,” said Decatur,



“SOMERS PUT HIS HAND KINDLY ON THE BOY’S SHOULDER.”
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

who could not but respect the boy, “Mr. Israel has the courage and spirit of a man—and he forgets, after all, that he is a very young gentleman.”

“A very young gentleman” meant really a boy. The commodore smiled at this, and, looking into Pickle’s disappointed face, he said:

"Never mind, Mr. Israel, although I cannot let you go on this expedition, your gallant desire has not hurt you in my esteem; and the day will come when your country will be proud of you." True it was, and sooner—far sooner—than any of them dreamed at that moment.

Pickle turned away, sadly. As he was going gloomily below, he heard a step following him, and there was Danny Dixon's hale and handsome face close beside him.

"Mr. Israel, sir," said Danny, touching his cap, "I wants to say as how I likes your spirit. You ought 'a' been in the fight with Cap'n Paul Jones, on the 'Bunnum Richard.'"

"I wish I had been, Dixon," answered Pickle, almost crying with vexation.

"Never you mind, Mr. Israel," answered Danny, with an encouraging wink. "All the officers and men knows you ain't got no flunk in you; and, if you had n't been such a little un,—beg your parding, sir,—you 'd had a chance, sir."

Pickle, not exactly pleased with being called "a little un," marched off, in high dudgeon, angry with Danny, with the commodore, with Decatur, with the whole world, in fact—which seemed bent on balking his dreams of glory. However, after an hour or two of bitter reflection, it suddenly occurred to him, as a forlorn hope, that he might yet ask Somers. As if in answer to his wish, at that very moment he was ordered to take a boat with a message to Somers, saying that at eight bells a call would be made for volunteers to man the boats.

Pickle swung himself into the boat with the agility of a monkey, and in a few moments the stout arms of the sailors had pulled the little boat across the water to where the lovely *Nautilus* lay, rocking gently on the long summer swell of the sea. Pickle skipped over the side and up to Somers on the deck, like a flash of blue light, in his trim midshipman's uniform. His message was delivered in a few words, and then Pickle artfully continued: "And, as there 's to be a call for volunteers, Captain Somers, I wish, sir,"—here Pickle drew himself up as tall as he could,—“to offer my services.”

"I am very much obliged, Mr. Israel," answered Somers, courteously, and refraining from smiling. "Your courage, now, as always, does

you infinite credit. But, as only one officer besides myself is needed, I have promised my first lieutenant, Mr. Wadsworth, that honor."

Poor Pickle's face grew long and doleful. He suddenly dropped his lofty tone and manner, and burst out, half crying:

"That 's what all of the officers say, Captain Somers; and the next thing, maybe, the war will be over, and I sha'n't have had a single chance to do anything—and it 's a hardship—I say, it 's a hardship!"

Somers put his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, and said: "But you have already distinguished yourself as one of the smartest and brightest young midshipmen in the squadron."

Pickle turned away, and was about to go over the side, when Somers said:

"Wait a few moments. Boatswain, pipe all hands on deck, aft."

The boatswain, who was ready, piped up, and in a few minutes every man of the eighty that formed the company of the handsome brig was "up and aft."

Somers then, with a glow on his fine face, addressed the men, the officers standing near.

"My men," he said, "you see that ketch yonder—rightly named the *Intrepid*, after the glorious use to which our brave Decatur put her. She has on board a hundred barrels of gunpowder, two hundred shells, and all the apparatus for lighting these combustibles; and to-night, if wind and tide serve, she is to be taken into the harbor of Tripoli, and exploded among the shipping. I have obtained charge of this expedition, and I wish my boat manned by four men who would rather die than be captured—for the pirates are short of gunpowder, and they can get no more from Europe; so that, unless they capture this, it will be very easy work to reduce them next spring, when we shall take another and last whack at them. But the *Intrepid must not be captured*. The commodore, on this condition only, gave it me. I do not disguise from you that the enterprise is one full of danger. No man shall be ordered to go; but I want four men to volunteer who are ready, if necessary, to die for their country and their imprisoned comrades this very night; and let them hold up their right hands and say 'aye.'"

Every man in the brig's company held up his hand, and their deep voices shouted, all together, "Aye, sir."

Somers shook his head and smiled; but his eyes shone with pleasure at the readiness of his brave men.

"Ah," said he, "I might have known. My men, I can take only four of you. I shall take four who have no wives or families. You," he said to the quartermaster, "are alone in the world—I want you: and you, and you, and you," said Somers, walking along the line, as he picked out three men more; and every man smiled, and said "Thank 'ee, sir."

"You understand perfectly well," then said Somers, addressing the four, "that this is an undertaking of the utmost hazard. We may, in the performance of our solemn duty, have to light the fire that will blow us all into eternity. There will be twelve of us; and it is better that our lives should be sacrificed than that hundreds, perhaps, of honored and noble lives should be required to subdue the pirates in a longer and severer struggle. So think well over your engagement; and, if you are of the same determined mind, follow my example, and leave all your worldly affairs in order; and then make your peace with God—for we may never see the sun rise on another day."

Somers's solemn words had a great effect on the men. Their enthusiasm was not lessened; but their tone and manner changed from the jaunty gaiety with which sailors meet danger to a serious and grave consideration of their situation.

Somers shook hands with all four men. He then ordered his boat, and in a few moments he was pulling toward the frigate.

Somers's words had inspired another heart besides those of the four sailors; Pickle Israel, with his shining eyes fixed on the bright horizon, felt a longing, a consuming desire tugging at his heart. Pickle, being only a boy, could not exactly see the reason why he should not be allowed to go on the expedition, and some strange and overmastering power seemed to be impelling him to go. It was not mere love of adventure. However, Pickle said not one word more to anybody about his disappointment. But his face cleared up, as if he had, after all, a secret cause of satisfaction.

On reaching the Constitution, the men were mustered, and Commodore Preble made a short speech to them, before calling for volunteers. "And I consider it my duty," he said, "to tell every one of you, from Captain Somers down, that this powder must not be suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy. For my own part, it is with pride and with regret that I shall see you set forth; but, although I value your lives more than all Tripoli, yet not even for your lives must they get hold of this powder. I have not asked this service of any of you. Every man, from your captain down, has volunteered. But, if you choose to take the honorable risk, all I can say is, 'Go, and God protect you.'"

As Commodore Preble spoke, the tears rose in his eyes, and the men cheered wildly. As on the Nautilus, the whole ship's company volunteered, and six had to be chosen. To Danny Dixon's chagrin, he was not among them. When the men were piped down, Pickle Israel caught sight of the handsome old quartermaster going forward with a look of bitter disappointment on his face.

By sunset everything was ready. Decatur was with Somers on the Nautilus, and, just as the sun was sinking, they stood together at the gangway. It was a clear and beautiful September evening, with no moon, but a faint and lovely starlight. On the dark bosom of the sea was a gray haze that was the thing most desired by Somers, to conceal the Intrepid as she made her perilous way toward the city of the corsairs. A light breeze ruffled the water, and rocked the tall ships gently. As the friends stood, watching the dying glow in the west, Decatur was pale and agitated, while Somers, instead of his usual gravity, wore an air of joy, and even gaiety.

"Does not this remind you, Decatur, of Delaware Bay, and the first evening we ever spent as midshipmen together? The water is almost as blue at home as it is here, and I can quite imagine that 'Old Ironsides' is 'Old Wagoner,' and that the Siren, over there, is your father's ship, the Delaware. It seems only the other day,—and it is more than six years ago."

Decatur, unable to speak, looked at Somers with a sort of passion of brotherly love shining

out of his eyes. He felt as sure as that he was then living, that he would never see Somers again.

The boat being ready, the four sailors were called forward.

Somers and Decatur then went down the ladder, following the four seamen; and at the same moment, as if by magic, the yards of the Nautilus were manned, and three cheers rang over the quiet waters.

The boat pulled first to the Constitution, where the second boat was waiting. Commodore Preble was standing on the quarter-deck. Somers, with an air of unwonted gaiety, came over the side. Going up to the commodore, he said pleasantly: "Well, Commodore, I have come for my last instructions."

The commodore could only clasp his young captain's hand and say:

"I have given all that I have to give. I know your prudence, and your resolute courage. You are in the hands of God—and your country will never forget you."

As Somers, still wearing his pleasantest smile, left the Constitution, its men also manned the yards and cheered him. With Decatur, he went on board the fire-ship, to take one last look, and to wait for complete darkness, which was now approaching. On the ketch were Captain Stewart and Lieutenant Wadsworth—and the four spent this last hour together. Wadsworth, a man of vigor and determination like Somers, was, like him, perfectly easy and cheerful. Stewart and Decatur, who were to follow the ketch as far in the offing as was prudent, were both strangely silent.

Meanwhile, the Constitution's cutter had been lowered, and, with the Nautilus's boat, had been made fast to the frigate's side, directly under a port in the steward's pantry. Somers, having determined to wait another half hour for the blue fog, which was steadily rising on the water, to conceal him entirely, the men had been permitted to leave the boats. Danny Dixon, taking advantage of this, was in the Constitution's cutter, making a last examination, for his own satisfaction, with a lantern, of the oars, rowlocks, etc., when, from the ship's side above him, he heard a whisper of, "Dixon! I say, Dixon!"

Danny glanced up and saw, out of the pantry window, in the dusky half light, Pickle Israel's curly head.

"Now, what are you up to, Mr. Israel?" began Danny, but a violent shaking of the head, and a "hush-sh!" checked him.

"Turn your lantern," whispered Pickle.

Danny turned the dark side round, and then drew the boat close to the port.

When the boat was just below the port, and Danny had raised his head to hear Pickle's mysterious communication, the little midshipman quickly wriggled himself out of the port, and, swinging down by his hands, landed silently in the boat.

Danny was so surprised that he could not speak a word; but he at once suspected Pickle's design—to go on the expedition.

"Now, Dixon," said Pickle, in a wheedling voice, "don't go and tell on me. In fact, as your superior officer, I direct you, on leaving this boat, to go immediately forward, and stay there unless you are sent for."

Danny grinned broadly at this, and grasped Pickle's hand in his own brawny one.

"I knows, sir, I knows," said he, in a delighted whisper; "but I ain't a-goin' to blow the gaff on you. I likes these 'ere venture-some youngsters. But, Mr. Israel, I'll have to git out o' this 'ere boat, 'cause, if any o' them foremast men see me here, when you is missed, they 'll all say as how Dixon, the quartermaster, was a-talkin' with you, and then the commodore will take my hide, sure. But, good-by, Mr. Israel, and God bless you, as the commodore says; and if you ain't but a little shaver, let me tell you, sir, you 've got a sperit that 's fitin' to sarve under the greatest man that ever sailed blue water."

With that, Danny wrung the little midshipman's hand again, and, with a spring he noiselessly gained the ladder and disappeared.

Pickle, being very small, crawled under the gunwale of the boat, where there was an extra coil of rope, spare lanterns, and other things necessary to repair damages, covered with a tarpaulin. These things he carefully distributed along the boat under the gunwale, and then, covering himself up with the tarpaulin, made himself as small as possible in the place of the ropes and

lanterns. He had left a little hole in the tarpaulin through which he could see; and as he curled himself up comfortably, and fixed his eye on this opening, there was never a happier boy.

He had succeeded perfectly, so far, in his scheme. He thought that if any of the men suspected he was on board, they would be inclined to wink at it, like Danny Dixon. And as

at Decatur's return—then would *he* be brought forward, Midshipman Israel; and his name would be in the report sent home, and everybody would know the prodigies of valor he had performed, and he would—no doubt—receive a sword like Decatur's, and be made a lieutenant. Lieutenant Israel! How charming was the sound! Pickle was so comfortable



THE EXPLOSION OF THE KETCH. (SEE PAGE 1063.)

soon as they cast off, and got the *Intrepid* in tow, there would be no earthly way, as Pickle gleefully remembered, to get rid of him. At this idea, he almost laughed aloud; and then when they came back in triumph, and Captain Somers and Mr. Wadsworth were being congratulated and almost embraced, on the *Constitution's* deck, by the commodore and all the officers of the squadron, and the men cheering like mad, as

and so happy that, unconsciously, his eyelids drooped. How faint were the stars shining in the quiet skies, and how gently rocked the boat in the water! And in five minutes the little midshipman was sleeping soundly.

An hour afterward, he was awakened by the boat drawing up to the side of the fire-ship. Ahead, he could see the *Constitution's* boat, carrying the tow-line. The mist was denser on

the water, through which the hulls and spars of the ships loomed darkly. The Siren and the Argus were getting under way, and standing at the low rail of the ketch were two dark figures, Somers and Decatur.

Somers had taken a ring from his finger, and, breaking it in two, gave one half to Decatur, and put the other half in the breast of his jacket.

"Keep that, Decatur," he said, "in case we should never meet again." Here Somers could say no more.

Decatur put both hands on Somers's shoulders, and his lips moved, but not a sound came. He turned silently away, got into his boat, and was quickly on board his ship.

Somers then descended; the tow-line was made fast; and, with the ketch's lateen sails set so as to catch the faint breeze, soon the "fire-ship" was making fast through the dark water. The Siren and Argus, having got up their anchors, followed the ketch at a distance under short canvas.

The boats and the ketch were fast leaving the brigs astern in the murky night, when Somers, who was sitting in the sternsheets, felt something moving close by him, and, glancing down, he recognized, in the uncertain light, Pickle Israel's eyes, peering mischievously up at him.

"Why! — what is this?" he asked, amazed.

"Nothing, Captain Somers—only me," answered Pickle, scrambling up from under the gunwale. "I wanted to go, sir, very much, on this expedition, just as I did on Captain Decatur's—and nobody would let me; so I took French leave, and came by myself."

Somers, although vexed with the boy, and alarmed at having him on board, yet could not but admire his pluck.

"Did any man on this boat help you to get aboard?" he asked.

"No, sir," chirped Pickle, gaily, "not one of them knew I was aboard until just now."

Somers could not help smiling at Pickle's cunning trick. But he said gravely to the little midshipman:

"Do you understand the terrible risk we run in this attempt, and that it will be our duty, if in danger of capture, to blow up the ketch?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered Pickle. He sat up straight now, in the boat, and his eyes were shining so that Somers could see them even in the

gloom. "I know that we have only a few chances for our lives—and, Captain Somers, although I am only a midshipman, and you are a captain, I am as willing to risk my life for our country and for our shipmates in prison as you are."

"I believe you," answered Somers. "You are a brave boy; and, be it life or death, we will be together."

They soon entered the offing, and, drawing rapidly ahead, helped by wind and tide, they reached the western passage of the harbor. There they rested for a few minutes. Before them, in the misty night, lay the black masses of the town and the encircling forts, over which the Bashaw's castle reared its pile of towers and bastions. They saw the twinkling lights of the town, and those on the mastheads of the shipping in the harbor. Near the entrance were three low gunboats that looked unnaturally large through the dim and ghostly fog that lay upon the bosom of the sea, but left the heavens clear and darkly blue. Behind them, they could see the outline of the two brigs, on which as a precaution, not a light was shining. The fire-ship, as black as midnight, was stationary on the water for a moment.

The breeze had then died out, and the men took to their oars, which were muffled. Like a black shadow moving over the water, the ketch advanced. The darkness of the night favored their escaping the gunboats. They crept past the rocks and reefs, entered the western passage, and were within the harbor of Tripoli. The lights of the town grew plain, and they could still see the stars, although they seemed to be alone in a world of fog.

Suddenly and silently, three gunboats loomed close upon them—one on each side and one on their bows. The men, without a word, seized the tow-line, and drew themselves noiselessly back toward the ketch. As the two American boats disappeared like shadows, and as if they had vanished from the face of the water, the Tripolitan gunboats closed up, and, in another moment, the Americans found themselves surrounded on all sides but one by the corsairs, and that one side was next the fire-ship. The Tripolitans, with a yell of triumph, prepared to spring over the side.

"Are you ready to stand to your word,

men?" asked Somers, standing up in the boat, with a lighted torch in his hand.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered every man in both boats, laying down his oar. "And I," called out Wadsworth. "And I," said Pickle, in his sweet, shrill, boyish voice.

"Then may God bless our country, and have mercy on us!" said Somers, solemnly, throwing the torch upon the ketch's deck.

The next moment there came an explosion as if the heavens and the earth were coming together. The castle rocked upon its mighty base. The ships in the harbor shivered from keel to main-truck, and many of them careened and almost went over. The sky was lighted up with a red glare that was seen for a hundred miles, and the deafening crash reverberated, almost paralyzing all who heard it.

Those on the American ships, out in the offing, heard the frightful roar of the hundred barrels of gunpowder that seemed to explode in an instant of time; and, stunned by the concussion, they could see only the mast and a sail of the ketch as it flew blazing up the lurid sky, and then sank in the more lurid water.

To this succeeded an appalling blackness and stillness. Every light on the shipping and in the castle and the town had been extinguished by the force of the explosion. The dense mist of the fog had again settled upon the water; and not a cry, not a groan, was heard from the harbor where the thirteen brave men had rendered up their lives for their country.

All night, at intervals, a moaning gun was heard from the Constitution, in the vain hope that some of those heroic souls might be yet living. All night Decatur swung in the fore-chains of his ship, flashing a lantern across the water, and listening in agony, and vainly, for some sound, some token, from the friend he was never to see again.

But the gray dawn brought with it despair to him. For Somers and his brave companions had another morning, and another and more glorious sunrise.

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Six years after this, one evening in September, the Constitution, which had been standing off and over Tripoli for several days, ap-

proached the town. Since her last visit, the Tripolitans had been effectually conquered, and peace had long prevailed. And so highly was the American name respected, that an American officer could go safely and alone all about the town and its suburbs.

The captain's gig was lowered and manned, and Danny Dixon was coxswain. Presently, Decatur, in the fine uniform of a post-captain, came down the ladder and seated himself in the sternsheets; and the gig was rapidly pulled toward the beach at the end of the town.

Here Decatur left the boat, and, telling Danny that he would be back within an hour, walked toward a clump of trees outside the wall.

It was just such an evening as that other, six years before. The sun had gone down, and, as yet, there was no moon; but Decatur walked straight along the path to where the few straggling and stunted trees made a shadow against the white walls of the town and the white sand of the beach.

When he reached the spot, he saw, by the light of the stars that faintly glinted through the leaves, a group of graves.

Decatur stood, with folded arms, at the head of Somers's grave. As in a dream, the whole of his early life with his friend rose and passed before him. He remembered their boyhood together, their happy days as careless and unthinking midshipmen, and the great scenes and adventures through which they had passed before Tripoli. That night, six years before, they had parted to meet no more in this world. Every incident of the night returned to him,—the horror of the explosion,—the long hours he had spent hanging in the brig's forechains,—the agony of the daybreak, when not a man, or a boat, or even a spar, could be seen.

As Decatur stood by Somers's lonely grave, he felt as if still conversing with his friend.

"Not one has ever been—could ever be—to me what you were, Somers," he said aloud; "the bravest and the gentlest of men."

Then he went slowly to the head of the smallest grave of all. He was in tears, but he smiled, too. He seemed to see the little midshipman's merry eyes, and to hear again his boyish laughter. "How can I feel sorry for you?" thought Decatur, as he stooped and

pulled some of the shy and beautiful jasmine blossoms that grew on the small grave, which was almost hidden under their straggling leaves. "You lived nobly, and died bravely. Your life, though brief, was glorious. And you, Wadsworth, you, too, were worthy to die with Somers—the best and bravest."

Decatur turned again to Somers's grave, but he could not see it for the mist of tears.

An hour afterward, a new moon rose into the blue-black sky; and, just as its radiance touched the resting-places of the brave, Decatur turned and walked away from the spot where slept his best, his earliest, and his unforgotten friend.

THE END.

POOR DOROTHY TRUE.

BY MARGARET SEYMOUR HALL.



Poor little, bored little Dorothy True!
A sad little maiden with nothing to do.
There's a room to be dusted, a bed to be made,
And the eggs to be found which the bantam
has laid.

There's a wee little boy, in the nursery near,
Who's sobbing and crying with no one to
hear.

But poor little, bored little Dorothy True
Still sits and laments that she's nothing to do!

THE "CHARACTERS" OF THEOPHRASTUS AND OTHERS.

BY WILLIAM JASPER NICOLLS.

THEOPHRASTUS lived and died a great many years ago—so long ago that we can scarcely conceive that he ever lived at all. He was an Athenian, that is, a Greek, and a great friend of the famous Aristotle.

He seems to have been well satisfied with himself and his surroundings, for when he was 107 years old he complained that "life was too short," and he went to his grave lamenting his early end, and upbraiding Nature's partiality in granting long life to the crow and the stag, but not to man.

He was a philosopher, and loved to study human nature, which seems to have been very much the same 2000 years ago as it is to-day, judging from the results of his studies, some bits of which have survived even to the present time.

Theophrastus was not the name given him at his birth. His real name was Tyrtamus, and when he grew up and became an orator he was so eloquent and brilliant that his friend Aristotle suggested a name more suitable to his genius; so he changed it to Euphrastus, meaning the "accomplished speaker," which did not quite satisfy him, as he afterward changed it again to the name by which we know him, that is, Theophrastus, which means the "divine speaker."

He seems to have been not only an "accomplished" and "divine" speaker, but also a great writer, as he wrote with his pen, or stylus, over 200 compositions. None of them were printed and published until hundreds of years after they were written—not because the publishers of those days were hard to please and unreasonable, but simply on account of the undoubted historical fact that printing had not yet been invented.

We have stated that one of the studies of Theophrastus was human nature, and he traced from the lines of the human face the

character of the individual. From these descriptions an artist drew faces to illustrate a book, and this book was the constant source of delight to a little girl called "Billie," who was born just 2178 years after the death of Theophrastus. She was only four years old when she first became acquainted with the works of this great master, and, being of the same human kind, she properly becomes one of the objects of study this great philosopher had in mind. For we intend to sketch a few characters, including Theophrastus himself, some of those he describes, and one or two others, including Billie.

There is no comparison to make between Theophrastus and Billie which will give us any similar lines, excepting the incident of changing names. In this feature they were alike. Billie was not the name with which this child was baptized. She was called Mary, but her father changed it to Billie, probably because all of his children were girls and he thought that a boy's name in the house would be the next best thing to having a real boy.

Billie's new name was no indication of her character, for she was not a bit like a boy. She had long fluffy hair, big blue eyes, with a merry twinkle in them, and her fat pink cheeks were about the color of an outside leaf on the first June rose.

Jim was somewhat younger than Billie. He was not born or baptized, but just "constructed" out of old rags; but although of such low and obscure origin he soon rose to a prominent position in the household, and was one of Billie's most constant and devoted companions. He never changed his name, although urged to do so. He was not eloquent, and he was unable to write, but he filled his place in the world with tolerable satisfaction, and was considered by those who knew him to be half human. He had one very bad failing—he would never

stand or even sit up straight, but when left to himself he would slide down on the floor and rest on the small of his back, or even on his face and stomach, with his legs and arms twisted around in the most disreputable manner. This habit of Jim's was a sore trial to Billie, and she tried every means to correct it.

Billie first made the acquaintance of the "Characters of Theophrastus" in her father's library, and they were afterward impressed on her memory under circumstances which she doubtless will remember though she should live to be one hundred years old.

It was a very disagreeable experience, and one well calculated to show in bright relief some of the various traits of her character.

The library was built after the house was finished, and looked like an annex to the main building. It had only one door, which led into the drawing-room. Two big windows looked out on the little front lawn.

The library was not large, but it was cozy and comfortable, with two big, tall bookcases—how dreadfully tall they looked to Billie!—all crammed full of books with beautiful bindings, away up above her head; and under her feet was a bright soft Turkey-red carpet, with a large bearskin rug. There was a little fireplace with two old brass andirons, and the biggest brown-leather arm-chair was entirely too large for the room. But once you were in it you did not think so; neither did Billie, when she managed to get into it with a bright, crackling wood-fire blazing on the hearth in front of her and a book in her lap. She was always looking at the books "with pictures in them"; and Billie judged a book, and its author too, according to the number of pictures that it contained.

Billie was a curious little girl. The bright, painted picture-books, so common in these days, had no charm for her; and she would not be satisfied until she obtained the book which was headed with the ponderous title of "The Characters of Theophrastus, Illustrated by Physiognomical Sketches," which is certainly a very large name for quite a small book. But it proved a veritable treasure-mine for her as she pored over the queer-looking faces.

And they were faces such as we seldom see in this age. Perhaps the artist did not catch the

meaning of old Theophrastus's descriptions, for they certainly were not a particle like Jim's, or her father's, or even her grandfather's, or any living being's whom she had ever seen; still they possessed a weird fascination for her which she could not resist.



"BILLIE."

There in bold outline she found "The Disagreeable," with pouting lips and wrinkled forehead. "A companion whose conversation is tedious, and whose manners are displeasing"; and she vowed away down in her little heart that she would never be disagreeable again, even to Jim.

There she found "The Vain," who, "clad in the robe of ceremony, stalks about the forum," and "The Proud," who is "never the first to accost any man."

All of these characters Billie felt sure had some mysterious connection with little girls who were naughty and disobedient. But she almost dreaded "The Superstitious" face. It had such big, staring round eyes and an open mouth, and the lines underneath were so uncanny: "If in his walks an owl flies past, he is horror-struck."

That favorite book was on the third shelf of the tall bookcase, where she could barely

reach it by standing on the chair and dictionary; and Billie thought one day, when Jim was particularly disagreeable, that it would be a great relief to get it down, "all her own self," and look at the pictures. It was rather a hard task for such fat little hands and legs; but with the assistance of the chair and dictionary she managed to get it, and was just settling herself for a good quiet time when she caught sight of that graceless scamp Jim lying on the floor in one of his most exasperating postures. He was flat on his face, but one leg was twisted under him and up his back in the most impossible manner. He was limp and ridiculous. The sight of him in such a position was too much for Billie, and sliding down from her chair she took him by the collar and threw him, limp and clinging, out of the open door, and then she closed it, turned the key in the lock, which clicked warningly, and Jim, the wretched outcast, was locked out.

But, alas! Billie was locked *in*.

At first the little prisoner did not bother herself very much about this circumstance, but, curling herself up in the big chair, was soon engrossed with the pictures. Dear me, how sorry she was afterward, and how very careful little girls should be about locking doors! Billie never thought when that lock clicked in the door that she was in a prison, as hard and fast as any jail.

Through the little stained-glass window the sunlight shone cheerfully on her flossy head, and was reflected back with added luster from the heads of the little bandy-legged brass andirons, and over against the serene picture of "Meditation," hanging just above father's desk, in such a happy, peaceful way, that Billie soon yielded to its sweet influence, and allowed the smooth, velvety lids to droop over the azure eyes for "just forty winks."

And then Billie was asleep, one arm hanging listlessly over the arm of the big leather chair, and the other lightly enfolding the "Characters of Theophrastus."

Billie slept probably for ten minutes, when, with a little apprehensive shiver, she awoke, and rubbing her eyes with one pudgy little fist, she diligently resumed her study of Theophrastus. But somehow the "characters" had

lost their charm. An uncomfortable feeling that things had changed considerably took possession of her. The sun had gone down, and a gray sky obscured the bright gleams, so that the little library seemed cold and cheerless. One or two blackened sticks of wood lay across the little andirons, which had changed to a dull brassy yellow. And the somber light shining through the cold north window fell upon the hard-visaged features of the "Knight in Armor," which hung on the opposite wall. The picture of sweet "Meditation" was obscured by the thickening shadows. The patter of raindrops, dashed by a dreary northeast wind against the window-pane, sounded a rattling accompaniment to the low sighing sound which the wind produced whistling down the chimney.

The lines in Billie's face are now changing with great rapidity. Before we can trace "The Coward" in detail we have "The Fearful" in all of its plain, unmistakable wrinkles.

She bravely continues her study, but "The Disagreeable," "The Vain," and "The Proud" are not nearly so interesting, and when she tries the hardest to enjoy the pictures she feels most nervously uncomfortable.

The patter of the raindrops against the win-



"Jim."

down-pane probably quenched the little student's tiny flame which was lighting the infant mind in search of knowledge.

Certain it was that the desire for information concerning human nature quickly became transferred from the books and pictures to the objects and individuals themselves; and when she came to "The Superstitious" a chill ran down her little back, and clear to the end of her

ten little toes, and she looked around nervously for the owl, and thought of Jim. Poor Jim! How lonely he must feel, all by himself! And with this thought she slid down from her chair, tumbled the "Characters of Theophrastus" on the floor, and tried to unlock the door.

At that moment Billie's troubles began; for if it was difficult to lock that door, it was much harder to unlock it, and to turn and twist the key in every direction only seemed to fasten it tighter.

Now, thoroughly alarmed, she called with all her might. But no answer came.

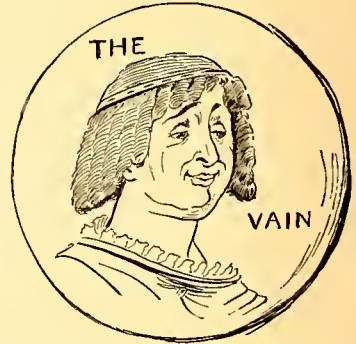
The little library seemed fearfully quiet. The pictures looked down on her from the walls in such a very solemn way, and the Spanish dagger, the rusty old-fashioned Dutch pistol, and even the broad-bladed shining Turkish paper-knife on the table seemed terribly animated and lifelike. What Ruskin calls the "awful lines" of things stood out in broad, bold relief, accentuated by the gray half-light of the dying rainy day.



And this trembling little bit of human nature felt the anguish of "The Despairing." She was alone, "Deserted," and "Forsaken"! Her little lip quivered as she thought of her father. Oh! if he would only come with his big six-footed strength, and crush that hateful door with one blow of his strong fist. For to Billie her father seemed a tower of strength. Nothing was so strong, nothing so difficult,

but "Father" could with one gigantic effort subdue and conquer it.

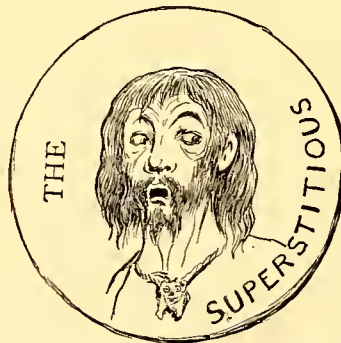
Oh! why does not Father come to rescue his poor little daughter? If he would only come now, she would never again be Disagreeable, or Proud, or Vain, or even Superstitious—and at the last thought the big, staring round eyes in the book, the owl, and everything went



round and round in her bothered head, until finally she sat down in one miserable, wretched little heap on the floor, sobbing away to her tired self, as abjectly forsaken a bit of humanity as could possibly be found in the great city.

The cold winter night was coming on apace, and Billie thought she might have to stay there all night.

The long, straight, angular lines of "The Hopeless" are plainly visible on Billie's face. When we see them on children only four years old we know that something is wrong in the order of nature—some one is to blame, and we had better scurry around quickly and find the means for removing them.



Billie's mother was not very far off all this time; and we are again puzzled to describe the expression of Billie's face when she heard her voice. In the twinkling of an eye there was "Hope," "Love," "Joy"—the sweet mother-voice penetrated every fiber of her trembling little body.

And now Billie's mother was just outside, and Billie was crying and vigorously pounding

against the door with all her strength. It was time for "Action," so Billie began twisting that curious little bit of brass in the door-lock, and also kept beating an animated tattoo with her toes against the panels.

But they stood firm, and Billie was not safe yet. Her mother was still unable to release the little prisoner. Mother's head, however, was full of love and invention, and she set quickly to work to effect a rescue.

She first tried everything in the house to pick the lock, beginning with her scissors and ending with the family tool-chest, and Billie waited for the result with breathless interest. Next her mother went outside of the house, and, mounting a tall step-ladder, looked through the window at her little daughter, and Billie could flatten her small turn-up nose against the window-pane, but nothing more, as the sash was locked on the inside, and, try as she would, she could not open it, although standing on the chair and the big dictionary. Only a sixteenth of an inch of clear, transparent glass separated the child from her mother, but the barrier was just as effective as the half-inch panel in the library door.

The rain was now pouring down on Billie's mother, and the step-ladder showed an occasional inclination to slip around sidewise on the soft, treacherous soil in such a manner that it would make the affectionate little lady clutch desperately at the window-sill. So, dripping and discouraged, she descended from her insecure perch, landing with one foot in the bed of ferns and the other in a puddle of water.

Things began once more to look serious to

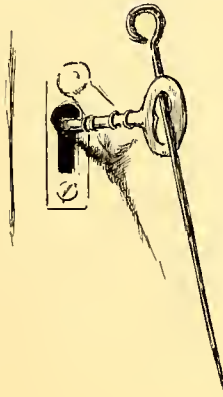
poor Billie as she watched the retreating forms of her mother and the step-ladder, and her only hope now was that father would soon come home from the office and chop the door down with a big ax—a very good way, to be sure! But Billie's mother knew a trick worth two of that kind, and this is what she did:

First calling to Billie to observe what she was doing, she slipped under the door a long, thin piece of steel wire—a skewer—which she obtained in the kitchen. It was bent around at one end, and she told Billie to slip it into the handle of the key.

"Now, my darling," she said, "turn the point of the wire around with both hands until it points toward the ceiling."

How was that for mother's wit? There was that little woman instructing her child in "applied mechanics," the great principle of the lever, which has moved mountains. But, greater than that, she applied love, which moves the world. Now no lock, no matter how old and rusty, could stand such a pressure as Billie applied to one end of her lever, and to her supreme delight it clicked once more and she was free. Free as the air, or as the little barefooted, brown-coated sparrow that had been watching the entire adventure through the library window. And then Billie's mother, how she did hug that little blue-eyed, tangle-pated, chubby-fisted midget! Why, you could not tell which was which, she squeezed her so tight and close.

And as for Jim—well, Jim just slid down lower on his miserable, rag-stuffed back, and twisted his limp, woolly legs into a worse twist than ever before.



THE HORSE THAT DID N'T EAT HIS HEAD OFF.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"THERE 's that horse eating his head off in the barn—of no good to anybody. He ought to have been put out of the way long ago, and the sooner you have it done the better!"

Uncle Minchin was stamping over the floor, frowning angrily, and thumping his great gold-headed cane on the carpet, to emphasize his words.

The children always got into the farthest corners, and looked askance at Uncle Minchin. In all his life no boy or girl had suspected him of having peppermints in his pocket, or hinted to him that a penny would be acceptable.

"Eating his head off, that 's what he 's doing!" growled Uncle Minchin again; and Phonse and Merry looked at each other in wonder. Was "Dobbin" really doing that? And they could not go to see, for they dared not stir from their corner when Uncle Minchin was in the room. Poor old Dobbin! it would surely kill him to eat his head off, and that would break their hearts; but still, Phonse, who was of an inquiring mind, felt that it would be most interesting to see him do it.

"We are all very fond of Dobbin. The children could n't bear to have anything happen to him," said the children's mother, with her lips quivering. Uncle Minchin always made her lips quiver.

"Fond! fiddlestick!" said Uncle Minchin, with a thump of his cane that made the dishes rattle in the cupboard. "Shiftless, good-for-nothing people are always talking about what they are fond of, and what they can't bear!"

And off stamped Uncle Minchin, giving a parting thump with his cane, which caused the kitten to make her tail big and spit defiance at him.

The next moment Phonse and Merry were on their way to the barn to see if Dobbin were really performing the feat that Uncle Minchin spoke of.

But there stood Dobbin in his stall, composedly munching away at the very last quart of oats they had, and he looked at Phonse out of his good eye, and whinnied affectionately.

"Just as if Dobbin would n't have more sense!" Phonse said, rubbing Dobbin's nose, and putting into his mouth the lump of sugar which the little boy had saved from his own cup of cocoa—for lumps of sugar were scarce in that household.

"He could n't do it, either; could he? Maybe Uncle Minchin only *meant* to be mistaken, but he told a wrong story," said Merry firmly.

"What a silly goosie you are!" said Phonse, with an air of great superiority. "He only meant that we were going to be very poor. Dobbin could n't be a horse and keep on eating with his head off, of course."

"Maybe he could. Don't you remember that Alice, in 'Wonderland,' saw the pleasant grin without the Cheshire cat?" said Merry.

"That 'll do for girls to believe," said Phonse, but he still looked at Dobbin a little anxiously.

"Well, what did Uncle Minchin mean?" said Merry.

"I suppose he meant that Dobbin was eating a great deal more than we could afford," said Phonse. "It was a very queer way to say it, but I don't see what else he could mean."

"Poor old Dobbin! As if he ought not to have as much as he wants to eat," said Merry. "I suppose Uncle Minchin 'd rather have him like the horse in my book that lived on thistles till he blew away."

"I don't know but he 'll have to be," said Phonse, mournfully. "He 's eating the last mouthful of oats, and the corn is all gone; there 's nothing left for him but a few old potatoes. And the people that Mama has been sewing for don't want any more work done. I

don't know but we shall all have to eat thistles till we blow away."

"Dobbin sha'n't eat thistles till I do, any way!" said Merry, with tears in her eyes, and bestowing affectionate pats on Dobbin's neck.

"I'll tell you what it is, Merry," said Phonse, with a manly air. "You and I ought to take care of Mama. We're all she's got, now that Papa's dead, and we must n't let her work so hard, and look so tired."

"I don't see what we can do," said Merry, dolefully. "We might get lost in the woods, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb, and come to a wicked giant's castle, and cut off his head and get all his money; but if the giant's wife should happen *not* to be nice—"

"Don't be a silly! There are n't any giants—anyway, not round here."

"Well, we might go and seek our fortunes. We can get on Dobbin's back, you in front and I behind, as we always do, and instead of just going across the meadow-lot, or down to the pine-grove and turning back again, we can keep straight on—on, and on, and on, until we find a bag of gold, or a purse that will never get empty; and we might find an ogre to eat up Uncle Minchin."

"Dobbin could n't carry us far enough for that; he'd drop down, he's so old and worn out. He has never been a mile since papa bought him, and that was three years ago; he only bought him to keep him from being ill-used; he gave an old gipsy man five dollars for him."

"He rolls on the grass and kicks up his heels as if he was a colt, sometimes. I think he could go, and specially if he knew what it was for. You will take us to seek our fortunes, won't you, Dobbin?"

And Merry caressed him, and called him a great many pet names which some people might have thought it very absurd to apply to a blind old horse.

Dobbin uttered a long whinny that sounded like "Yes, indeed!" He always whinnied when Merry rubbed his nose, but for all that she was sure that he meant to approve of the fortune-seeking.

"We'll start right off!" cried Merry, joyfully. "And when we come home, Dobbin

shall eat oats till he's as fat as Squire Elkins's horse, and can run races."

Phonse laughed. The idea that any amount of oats would make Dobbin run a race did seem very ridiculous. Phonse had seen two years more of life than Merry had, and did not feel quite so sure of success as she did. He had come to the conclusion that bags of gold were most plentiful in fairy stories, and that giants and fairies and all such delightful people were as hard to find as a humming-bird's nest. But since there was no money in the house, and very little to eat, and Uncle Minchin had proposed to "put Dobbin out of the way," it was evident that something must be done. He had lain awake through many an hour of the night trying to think of some plan by which he could help his mother, but he was not old enough to work.

Merry's plan might be a failure, but people outside of fairy books did sometimes seek their fortunes and find them. Phonse decided to try it, and it was not long before he was almost as eager and hopeful as Merry herself.

Early the next morning, while their mother had gone to the village to carry home some sewing, they set out.

It was hard to leave their mother without so much as saying good-by, but if they should tell her that they were going to seek their fortunes, she would be very likely to laugh, and call them foolish children, and tell them to run and play. And that would be very trying to their dignity, as well as very disappointing.

So they mounted Dobbin, Merry on behind with her arms around Phonse's waist, and the treasures that she could not bear to leave behind sticking out of her jacket pockets. Fastened by a string to a button of the pocket, and floating out behind, was a purple balloon, which a man in the village had given Merry, the day before, because she had rescued four of his balloons that were blowing away.

Phonse had taken nothing but his pop-gun, which might be useful to shoot robbers, and his jack-knife, which he might need to cut off a giant's head with.

They had left on the table this note, which had been laboriously composed and printed by Phonse:

Deer Mama, Me and merry has Gon to Seke our forchoon. o do Not Wepe For Us we Will bring hom Bags fool off goled and Dimeunts and Preshus stons And A oger to ete upp unkl min Chin with Respects ann pertikler Parting complermunts your Affekshinate sun Alphonso Harrison p. S. we ma bee Gon a Good Wile for we want to find A oger wich is Orfle feerce and Hungry.

Now it so happened that while the children were riding off, and their mother was in the village, Uncle Minchin went to the house, that when Mrs. Harrison returned he might be there, and get his rent at the first possible minute. Uncle Minchin was so rich that he might have smothered himself in bank-notes if he had wanted to (and it seemed a pity that he did n't want to), but it made no difference to him that Mrs. Harrison was his own niece, and the little old house she lived in was worth scarcely any rent at all. Perhaps he had a heart somewhere, but the way to it was very hard to find. The children's mother was very tender-hearted and was always trying to find some good in him, but I am afraid the plain truth was that the ogre was likely to find in Uncle Minchin a tough meal.

Finding no body at home, Uncle Minchin sat down to wait. The folded paper upon the table caught his eye.

"A bill!" he said to himself. "She 's been running into debt, and somebody will be trying to get that money before I do."

And he opened the children's letter.

He scowled when he began, but how much fiercer grew his scowl as he read, "And A oger to ete upp unkl min Chin"! And when he came to the postscript about the very hungry ogre, he danced with rage, and pounded the table with his fist—which hurt his fist; and that made him even more furious.

"I 'll go myself and kill that worthless old Dobbin!" said he, and started for the barn. It did n't make him feel any calmer to find Dobbin's stall empty.

"I suppose *he* 's gone to seek his fortune, and an ogre to eat me!" said Uncle Minchin. "I 'll teach those little paupers a lesson!"

Then he locked the house and the barn, put the keys in his pocket, and went away.

When Mrs. Harrison came back she found her home deserted, and pinned upon the door she found the children's letter, which told her

at once how it had happened, and also that she had lost her children.

Meanwhile Phonse and Merry, all unconscious of the ruin they had wrought, were riding gaily along on Dobbin's back. Dobbin was not so gay as they were. He could not enter so fully into the spirit of the undertaking as he might have done under different circumstances.

Dobbin was but mortal, and he found it difficult to be gay with an empty stomach; he had eaten nothing that day but two biscuits—the "lion's share" of the family breakfast. He trudged along steadily, but slowly and feebly, and hung his head disconsolately. Unless the bags of gold and the ogre should be near, Dobbin's chance of reaching them seemed small.

Occasionally they met rude boys, who made very unpleasant remarks, asking "how long old rack o' bones was going to hold out." The boys also called after them to look out for a high wind, for it would surely blow their horse away.

They certainly were a queer-looking party, especially as Dobbin, who could see only out of one eye, took a zigzag course, first on one side of the road and then on the other. It seemed as if they never would reach Fairhaven, though it was only six miles away; and they met no fairies or giants, and had no adventures at all. It seemed just as commonplace and uninteresting a trip as if they were going only to Fairhaven to do some errands instead of setting out to seek their fortune.

Phonse's heart began to sink. His doubts concerning the existence of ogres and bags of gold increased with every step. Those things properly belonged in dark and mysterious woods. There *were* woods beyond Fairhaven, but whether Dobbin would ever reach them seemed doubtful. But he said nothing about his doubts and fears to Merry, who felt perfectly sure that they should find their fortunes.

Dobbin pricked up his ears. The children had never thought it possible that he could do it, his ears always drooped so sadly. But he also stirred his legs more nimbly. It was a distant strain of music that caused this liveliness in Dobbin. As they drew nearer they discovered that the music came from a brass band;

patriotic airs were being played very energetically, and a crowd of people was collected near. It was at the junction of two roads, and

by six white horses decked with ribbons and rosettes.

Following that came six Shetland ponies, the



“JUST AS IF DOBBIN WOULD N'T HAVE MORE SENSE!” SAID PHONSE.”

they soon saw that a great procession was turning into the road on which they were traveling.

First came the band, in a gaily painted wagon, with flags flying from it, and drawn

prettiest little creatures that Merry had ever seen, some pure white, some jet black, and some dappled gray. Dobbin stood perfectly still, and stared at them out of his one good

eye, and neighed to them as if he recognized old acquaintances. Everybody noticed it, and gaunt old Dobbin was such a funny contrast to the plump, graceful creatures that people laughed. Phonse and Merry felt mortified, but Dobbin did not mind in the least; he was watching the procession.

Behind the Shetland ponies walked, with stately and ponderous tread, a huge elephant. He seemed to fairly shake the ground when he put his great feet down. Merry had never seen an elephant, and she felt like running away, but Dobbin stood, not showing the least alarm, but gazing as if fascinated. Wagons with gratings came after, containing almost every wild beast that Phonse and Merry had ever heard of, and some that they never had heard of, and which they thought must have been invented for the occasion. More beautiful horses followed, with a very funny-looking clown riding one, and kissing his hand to the crowd. On another rode a man bearing a great white silk banner, fringed with gold, and having this inscription upon it, in letters of scarlet and green and gold: "Von Homburgh's Great American and European Menagerie and Circus." After that came a giraffe, and more horses, and a chariot with a gorgeously dressed young woman seated in it.

But between the man with the banner and the giraffe there was a gap—due, probably, to the giraffe's leisurely habit of stopping to stare about him, and what did Dobbin do but step into the line before the astonished eyes of the giraffe, and walk calmly along in the procession, in spite of all the earnest remonstrances, the jerks, and even the blows, of his riders! Much distressed, and not a little frightened, were Phonse and Merry; but the crowd laughed and shouted, and the managers of the procession, seeing that the crowd was pleased, treated the matter as a good joke, and allowed Dobbin to go on.

So into the town, with the circus procession, rode Phonse and Merry on Dobbin's back, fairly rivaling the giraffe in the attention they attracted. And it was not long before Phonse recovered his spirits, and began to feel that it was the proudest moment of his life. They went through the principal streets of the town, a crowd following them all the way, and the

sidewalks lined with people. At length they came to the great field where the circus tent was erected. By this time Merry and Phonse had become somewhat tired and hungry, but Dobbin walked more firmly and held his head up higher than he had done in the morning. And instead of showing a gentle disposition, as he always had done before, he was absolutely determined to have his own way. When the other horses went into the great tent Phonse tried in vain to keep Dobbin from following. Not that Phonse and Merry did not wish very much to see the inside of the tent, but they feared that the managers of the circus would be angry. Nobody objected, however, perhaps because in the haste and confusion nobody noticed, for it was past the hour when the performance was advertised to begin, and an impatient audience was waiting on the other side of the ring.

Phonse and Merry watched the proceedings with great wonder, never having seen a circus before.

The clown went first into the ring, and through the curtain they could hear roars of laughter from the audience; then the lion-tamer went in, leading a huge lion by a silken string. After that there dashed by them a beautiful Arab horse, with a woman glittering with tinsel standing on tip-toe on his back.

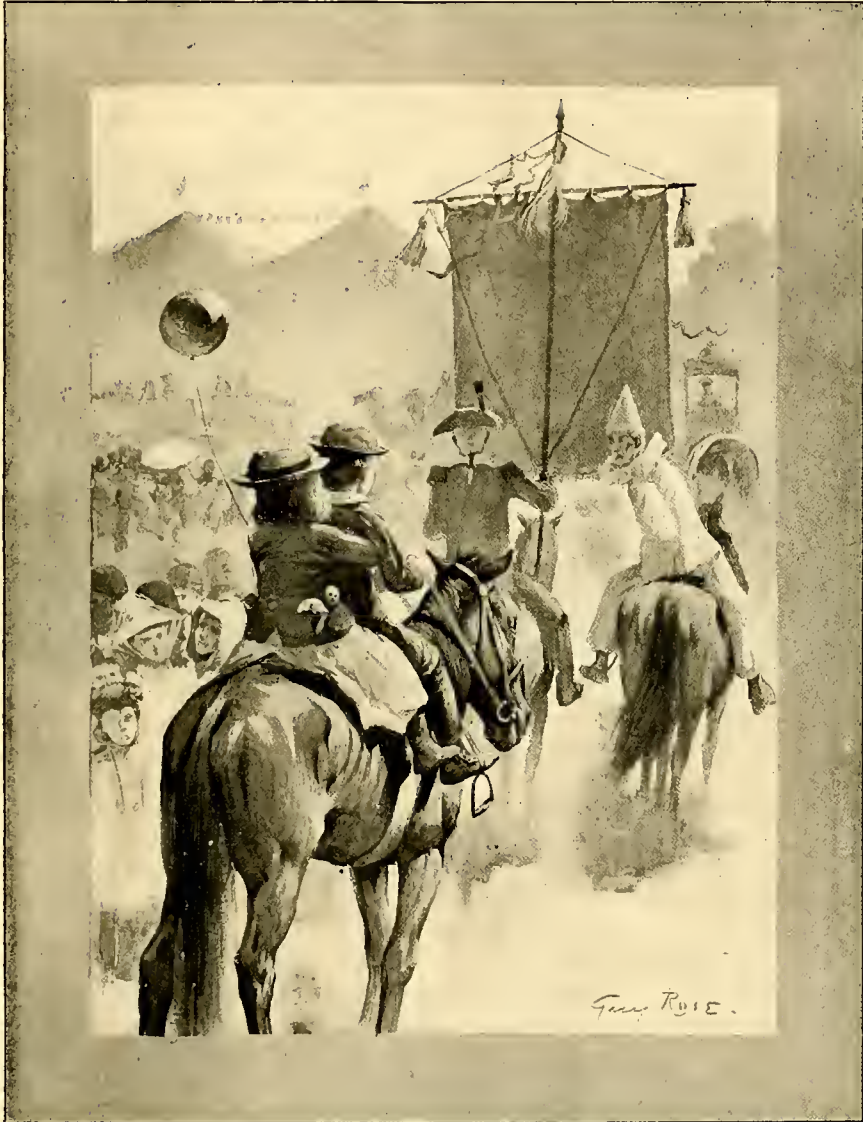
Dobbin thrilled all over, and as if urged by a force that he could not resist he sprang after the horse. Could this be feeble, old, stiff-limbed, half-blind Dobbin—this horse that was dashing around the ring, neck-and-neck with the circus horse, so fast that the audience held their breath, and Phonse and Merry clinging on for dear life almost lost theirs?

The whole audience arose and cheered; they did n't know exactly what it meant—it looked like a performance that was not on the program; but they saw that the queer old gaunt horse, with the two children on his back, was winning the race, and they went wild over him. The applause seemed to stimulate Dobbin to renewed efforts. Around and around the ring he went, and Phonse clung to him, and Merry clung to Phonse. The ground was strewn with the treasures from her pockets, and the purple balloon went sailing off over the heads of the

audience. At last the circus horse was left a length behind, and then a sudden change came over Dobbin. He shivered all over, and stood still; his vigor seemed to leave him as suddenly as it came; he staggered and fell, Phonse and Merry rolling off. Happily they fell into

Phonse and Merry hugged and patted him, and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

He was carried carefully and tenderly out of the ring, and the circus managers kept the crowd off, and all sorts of restoratives were applied, and poor Dobbin at last revived suffi-



"DOBBIN WALKED CALMLY ALONG IN THE PROCESSION."

the sawdust with which the ring was strewn, and were not at all hurt. But there lay poor Dobbin, apparently breathing his last; and

ciently to stand upon his feet, which the children had never expected to see him do again. But his head and ears drooped more dejectedly

than ever; he seemed, Phonse and Merry thought, older than ever before, and he looked back toward the circus ring, and uttered a mournful whinny that sounded as if he meant to say:

"It was glorious, but I shall never do it again—never!"

And then one of the grooms, an old man who had taken the greatest pains to restore Dobbin, said:

"I suppose none of you know who this horse is, but I do. I knew him right off, by the three little spots on his right fore leg. He was nicknamed 'Chain Lightning,' and he belonged to this very circus twenty years ago, and I can tell you he could beat his namesake all hollow! He was sold to go on the race-course, and they named him 'Hero'—everybody has heard of Hero. There was n't a horse in the country that could beat him, sixteen or seventeen years ago. Then he lost one eye, and was n't good for much, but his owner, Mr. Brush, down at B——, thought more of him than of all his other horses, and when he got to be so old that he could n't do anything he was taken care of like a prince. When he was stolen from Mr. Brush, about three years ago, the owner offered a reward of two hundred dollars for him, though I don't suppose he was really worth anything. They thought somebody stole him just for the sake of getting a reward, and then was afraid to bring him back and claim it for fear of getting arrested."

While the man was giving this account of him, Dobbin neighed and nodded his head, as if to say: "Yes; that 's true."

The proprietor of the circus looked rather suspiciously at Phonse and inquired how Dobbin came into their possession. When Phonse had told him he said that they had better carry Dobbin home to his owner, for he would probably give them the two hundred dollars. Their hearts sank at the thought of losing Dobbin, until they remembered that they could not buy him enough to eat. And perhaps his owner had felt as badly not to know what had become of him as they did when they thought they were to lose him. And then two hundred dollars was almost equal to a bag of gold to carry home to their mother.

The circus proprietor, who was a very kind man, told them that it was only an hour's ride, by cars, to the city where Mr. Brush lived, and they could take Dobbin on the train. He sent a man with them, and gave him money to pay the fare of the party.

When they saw the meeting between Dobbin and his old master they thought the man was right in saying Mr. Brush thought more of Dobbin than of all his other horses!

Phonse and Merry let their tongues run as fast as ever they liked, telling him all about Dobbin's funny ways, and how fond they were of him, and he seemed to feel that he could never thank them enough for taking such good care of him. Merry told him what Uncle Minchin said about Dobbin eating his own head off, and he said he would see that Uncle Minchin never troubled them any more. And he thought that the country air was good for Dobbin, and that he should let them have him and pay them for taking care of him.

"Oh, and then he can live on oats and sweet apples and sugar all the time, can't he? Those are all the things that he really likes!" cried Merry.

That evening, before it was quite dark, Dobbin's master carried the two children home to their mother, and he let them give her the two hundred dollars with their own hands. The poor woman had spent the day at a neighbor's, weeping for her lost children and home; and she thought it was too good to be true to have them back all safe and sound. Indeed, Phonse and Merry were rather disappointed that she did not seem, at first, to think much about the money. But when Mr. Brush found them, near their old one, a cozy little house that had a garden with flower-beds, and a nice stable for Dobbin, she fairly cried for joy.

The children decided that their fortune-seeking had been a success—though there was the disappointment about the ogre to eat Uncle Minchin, which Phonse could not quite get over.

There is no doubt whatever that Dobbin is a wonderful horse, for now that his diet consists of oats, sweet apples, and sugar, he is actually growing fat!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE AT YOUGHAL.

BY GODDARD H. ORPEN.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE. FRONT VIEW.

THE town of Youghal, Ireland, is pleasantly situated on the side of a rocky hill at the mouth of the Blackwater River, which here separates the counties of Cork and Waterford. On entering the town one sees many signs of its age and importance. Frowning down on the main street are the grim walls of an old Tudor castle. Nearer the sea stands the old water-gate, and on the heights above the old church of St. Mary may be seen the remains of the town walls with turrets at intervals, while here and there many a stone-mullioned window and pointed arch remind us of the times of Queen Elizabeth. Similar remains are to be found in several old towns in Ireland; but Youghal possesses one building quite unique in its interest, and in the memories which it recalls.

Sir Walter Raleigh's house at Youghal looks

to-day from the outside much the same as it did three hundred years ago, when the famous sea-captain, colonizer, poet, and courtier of Queen Elizabeth's reign lived there for some time. The front with its projecting porch, and bay-window; the south side with its sunny oriel; the back with its towering chimneys; the massive walls five feet thick; the high-pitched gables—all remain almost unchanged. In the garden four old yew-trees, said to have been planted by Raleigh himself, are still flourishing. The old Irish name of the town, *Eó-chaille*, means yew-wood. It is properly pronounced in two syllables; but English tongues find its sound difficult, and so they pronounce the name as "Yawl." Raleigh's usual spelling of the name, "Yoholl," better suggests the true sound.

Entering the house, we pass through the hall

and visit the low dining-room on the ground floor. Up-stairs there are handsome rooms wainscoted with dark oak. One of these retains in its fireplace the old blue Dutch tiles, with scriptural subjects inclosed in a circular border. The principal room, that with the sunny oriel window, still preserves its beautiful

When Raleigh first came to Ireland he was but little known to fame. Born of an old Devon family, he had fought as a volunteer for the Huguenots in France when a lad of seventeen, and again under the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands; and he had embarked on a fruitless journey to discover the northwest pas-



THE HOUSE AT YOUGHAL. VIEW FROM THE SOUTH.

mantelpiece of elaborately carved oak rising up to the paneled ceiling. Three figures, Faith, Hope, and Charity, support the cornice, while the panels between are richly ornamented, and an exquisite design runs along the lintel of the fireplace. This splendid work of art dates from about Raleigh's time, and is believed to have been the work of Flemish monks.

sage to Cathay. He was in his twenty-eighth year when, in the summer of 1580, he received a commission as captain of one hundred footmen to act against the rebels of Munster in Ireland. His pay was four shillings a day, equal to six times that amount nowadays. At this time the Earl of Desmond had joined the standard of rebellion previously raised by his

brothers, and in the previous November, in a terrible raid of destruction, he had plundered and burnt the town of Youghal.

One instance of Raleigh's personal courage at this time may be mentioned—a courage that was afterward so conspicuous in many a sea-fight. At one time, when he had only five or six men with him, he was surprised by the Seneschal of Imokilly, at the head of fourteen horse and three-score kerns (light-armed men), at a ford between Youghal and Cork. Raleigh himself forced his way across the ford. His Irish guide "shifted for himself." The horse of one of his followers fell midstream, and his rider would assuredly have been killed had not Raleigh returned, and in the face of great odds rescued him, and waited, pistol in hand, until the rest of his little band were safely over.

In 1586, after the Desmond rebellion had been quelled, 42,000 acres of the confiscated territory were granted to Raleigh; and from this time the house at Youghal became his favorite place of abode when in that region.

In the garden adjoining his house at Youghal, Raleigh planted the first potatoes ever grown in Ireland. The vegetable was brought to him from the little colony which he endeavored to establish in Virginia. The colonists started in April, 1585, and Thomas Harriot, one of their number, wrote a description of the country in 1587. He describes a root which must have been the potato:

Openank are a kind of roots of round form, some of the bignesse of walnuts some farre greater, which are found in moist & marsh grounds growing many together one by another in ropes, as though they were fastened with a string. Being boiled they are very good meat.

The Spaniards first brought potatoes to Europe, but Raleigh was undoubtedly the first to introduce the plant into Ireland.

So also it was with a more doubtful boon from the New World: the introduction of tobacco. In Harriot's description of Virginia there is a passage with reference to this plant:

There is an herbe which is sowed apart by itselfe, & is called by the inhabitants Uppowoc: in the West Indies it hath divers names according to the several places & countreys where it groweth & is used: the Spaniards generally call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being

dried and brought into powder they use to take the fume or smoake thereof by sucking thorow pipes made of clay into their stomacke & head.

We ourselves during the time we were there used to sucke it after their maner, as also since our returne, & have found many rare & woonderfull experiments of the vertues thereof: of which the relation would require a volume by itselfe: the use of it of late by so many men and women of greate calling, is sufficient witnesse.

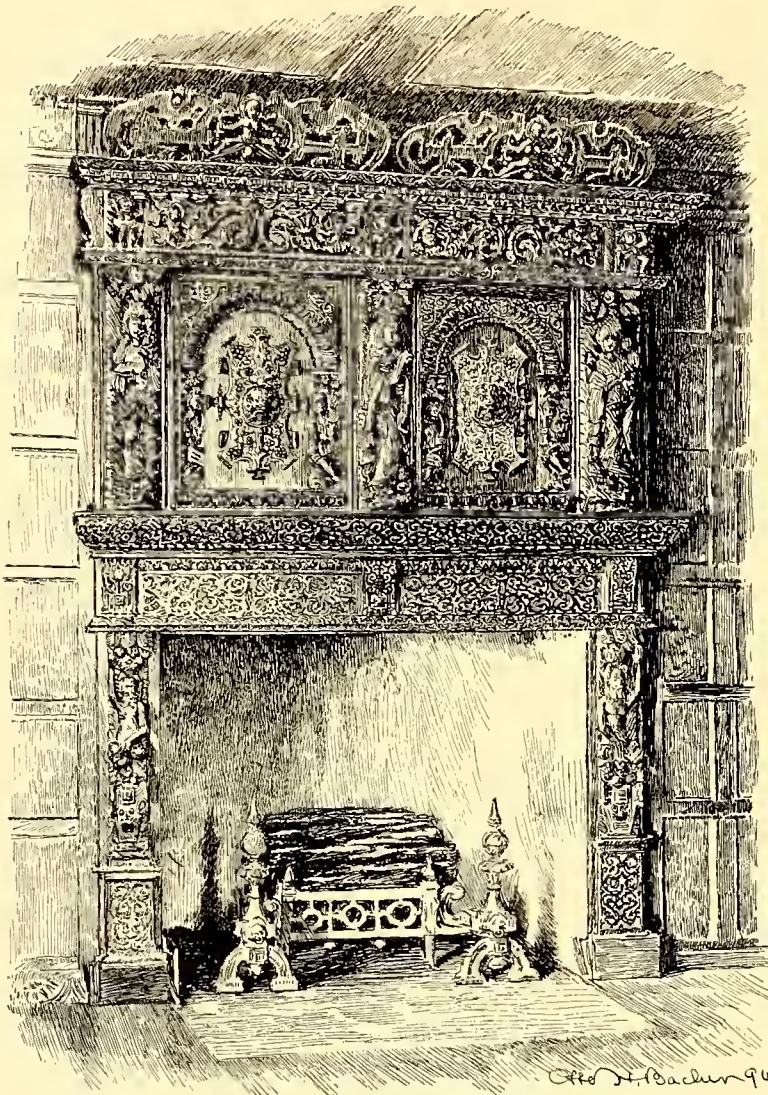


PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

One of these "men of greate calling" was undoubtedly Raleigh, who set the fashion among courtiers of smoking and introduced the custom into Ireland. He even tried to cultivate the plant in his little garden at Youghal. There is a well-known story of how his servant, seeing him one day enveloped in smoke, and thinking him on fire, threw the contents of a tankard of ale over him to save his life.

In this little house at Youghal, Raleigh spent perhaps the only tranquil seasons in his restless and stormy life. Indeed, we know that in the July of the year 1588 he left Ireland hurriedly to join in the rout of the great Armada, and in the spring of the year 1589 he was away with Drake and Norris on an expedition up the river Tagus in Spain.

It was probably in the autumn of 1589 that he paid his visit to Edmund Spenser, the poet,



MANTELPiece IN SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE.

at Kilcolman Castle. Spenser first came to Ireland about the same time as Raleigh, as secretary to Lord Grey, the chief governor; and he had, like Raleigh, received a grant of lands, including one of the Earl of Desmond's castles.

Spenser tells the story of how Raleigh introduced him to Queen Elizabeth and gained her ear to the recital of his poem, "The Faëry Queen," with the happy result that she made him poet-laureate with a pension of £50 a year, and that his great poem, forever famous in Eng-

lish literature, soon saw the light. Raleigh was indeed ever ready to use his influence at court for the advancement of his friends. On one occasion, when he came to crave a favor for another, Elizabeth said to him, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" "When your Majesty ceases to be a benefactor," was the courtly reply.

The portrait of Raleigh given on page 1079 was taken from the best of the many pictures of him. It shows Raleigh's high, intellectual forehead and long, handsome face, his thoughtful, penetrating eyes, and general air of superiority. His love of splendor is indicated by the countless jewels embroidered on his doublet, and the big pearl in his broad-brimmed hat.

About two years ago, there was some talk of transporting Raleigh's house to America and building it up again, stone by stone, at Chicago for the World's Fair, but the town authorities of Youghal patriotically refused to

allow the historic relic to be removed from the town. With the loss of this interesting house all memory of Raleigh at Youghal would soon die out. As he himself wrote the evening before his infamous execution:

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this gulf, this dust,
My God will raise me up, I trust.



NOT LIKE COMMON FOLK.

BY ADELE M. HAYWARD.

GALLANT Sir Walter Raleigh!
 He went so bravely drest,
 In times of courtly folly,
 With snowy satin vest.
 His beard was pointed cunningly;
 His feathered hat swung at his knee,
 Banded with pearls "in broderie";
 Rubies and pearly riches
 Adorned his satin breeches;
 His stockings kept their quarters
 Clipt in with diamond garters;
 And some six thousand pounds did use
 To gem his buff and buckled shoes.

His grandeur takes away one's breath!
 How plain it is to all, he
 Looked not a bit like common folk
 The while he spread his courtier's cloak,
 For love of Queen Elizabeth.
 Gallant Sir Walter Raleigh!





DOCTOR FIELD-MOUSE.

(*Tié-Wahn Folk-Stories.*)

By C. F. LUMMIS.

As the door opened to admit stalwart Francisco to the big flickering room where we were all sitting in silence, the long, shrill wail of a Coyote, away up on the forsaken hill, blew in after him on the boisterous March wind. The boys pricked up their ears; and bright-faced Manuelito turned to his white-headed grandfather, and said:

“*Tata*, why is it that Too-wháy-deh always howls so?”

“What, stupid one!” replied the old man, kindly. “Hast thou never heard of the Coyote’s toothache, and who was the first medicine-man in all the world? You should know that; for from that comes all that we know to cure the sick. And for that, I will tell thee the story.”

In the First Days it came that all the animals were made; and very soon the Coyote was sent by the Trues to carry a buckskin bag far south, and not to open it until he should come to the Peak of the White Clouds. For many days he ran south, with the bag on his back. But there was nothing to eat, and he grew very hungry. At last he thought: “Perhaps in this bag there is something to eat.” So he took it from his back, and untied the thongs, and looked in. But there was nothing in it except the stars; and as soon as the bag was opened they flew up into the sky, where they are to this day.

When the Trues saw that Too-wháy-deh had disobeyed, they were angry, and decreed that

his punishment should be to wander up and down forever, howling with the toothache and finding no rest.

So Too-wháy-deh went out with his toothache, running all over the world, groaning and crying; and when the other four-footed animals slept, he could only sit and howl. And when he came to talk with the other animals, to ask if they could not cure him, they caught the toothache too; and that is the reason why they sometimes cry. But none have it like the Coyote, who can find no rest.

In those times there were no medicine-men in the world,—not even of the people,—and the animals found no cure.

Time passing so, it came one day that Th’oo-chée-deh, the smallest of Mice, who lives in the little mounds around the chaparro-bush, was making his road underground, when he came to a kind of root with a sweet smell. T’hoo-chée-deh was very wise; and he took the root, and put it with others in a buckskin pouch he carried under his left arm.

In a few days Kee-oo-ée-deh, the Prairie-Dog, came with his head all fat with toothache, and said: “Friend Field-Mouse, can you not cure me of this pain? For all say you are very wise with herbs.”

“I do not know,” answered T’hoo-chée-deh. “But we will try. For I have found a new root, and perhaps it is good.”

So he mixed it with other roots, all pounded,

and put it on the cheek of Kee-oo-ée-deh; and in a little while the toothache was gone.

In that time it was that there was so much toothache among the animals that the Mountain Lion, Commander of Beasts, called a council to see what should be done. When every kind that walks on the ground had met, he asked each of them if he had found a cure; but not one of them knew any. The Coyote was there, howling with pain; but all the other sick were at home.

At last he came to the Field-Mouse, who is the smallest of all animals, and who did not wish to seem wise until all the greater ones had spoken. When the Mountain Lion said, "And thou, T'hoo-chée-deh—hast thou a cure?" he rose in his place and came forward modestly, saying: "If the others will allow me, and with the help of the Trues, I will try what I found last."

Then he drew from his left-hand bag the roots one by one; and last of all the root he had just found, explaining what it had done for Kee-oo-ée-deh. He pounded it to powder with a stone, and mixed it with fat; and, spreading it on a leaf, put it to the Coyote's jaw. And in a little while the pain was gone.

At that the Mountain Lion, the Bear, the Buffalo, and all the other Captains of the Four-feet, declared T'hoo-chée-deh the Father of all Medicine. They made a strong law that from that time the body of the Field-Mouse should be held sacred; so that no animal dares to kill him, or even to touch him dead. And so it remains to this day. But only the birds and the snakes, who were not at the Council of the Four-feet, do not respect T'hoo-chée-deh.

So the Field-Mouse was the first medicine-man. He chose one of each kind of Four-feet to be his assistants, and taught them the use of all herbs, and how to cure pain, so that each might practise among his own people—a Bear-doctor for the Bears, and a Wolf-doctor for the Wolves, and so for all the tribes of animals.

Time passing so, it came that one day the Men of the Old Time made *Nah-kú-ah-shú*, the great round-hunt. When they had made a

great round circle on the plain, and killed many rabbits, some of them found T'hoo-chée-deh, and made him prisoner. They brought him before the chiefs, who questioned him, saying:

"How do you gain your life?"

"By going about among the animals who are sick, and curing them," he answered.

Then the elders said: "If that is so, teach us your power, and we will set you free; but if not, you shall die."

T'hoo-chée-deh agreed, and they brought him to town with honor. For twelve days and twelve nights he and the men stayed shut up in the lodge; for two days fasting, and one day making the medicine-dance, and then fasting and then dancing again, as our medicine-men do to this day.

On the last night, when he had taught the men all the herbs and how to use them, and they had become wise with practice, they sent T'hoo-chée-deh out with a strong guard, that nothing should harm him. They set him down at the door of his house under the chaparro. A law was made, giving him full liberty of all that is grown in the fields. To this day all honor him, so that he is not called small any more. And they call him not T'hoo-chée-deh, the Field-Mouse, but *Pec-íd-deh p'ah-hláh-queer*, the Deer-by-the-River, that he may not seem of little honor. For he was the Father of Medicine, and taught us how to cure the sick.

"Is *that* why the Coyote always cries?" cried the boys. "And is that why we must never hurt the Field-Mouse, but show him respect as to elders?"

"That is the very why," said Manuelito's grandfather; and all the old men nodded.

"And why—" began 'Tonio. But his father shook his head.

"It is enough. *T'ó-kwai!*"

So we stepped out into the night to our homes. And from the hill, black against the starry sky, the howl of Too-wháy-deh, wandering with his toothache, swelled across the sleeping village of the Tée-Wahn.



I. "AH, HOW EXTRAORDINARY! A CHINAMAN WITH AN ANIMATED QUEUE!"



II. "HELLO! MELICAN MAN WANTEE BUYEE MONKKEE?"

THE DISAPPOINTED SPORTSMEN.

By W. M. DAVIS.



TOM and Dick and Harry went
A-shooting in the West,
To learn and to experiment
Which one of them shot best;

And here you see
The heroes three,
As gay and free
As they can be.

The mighty bison was their pelf,
By curious instinct led
To hide and to conceal itself
By standing on its head.
"It's very strange
No game's in range.
We heard," said Dick,
"The herds were thick."

They scoured the prairie's level ground,
They searched the plains so wide,
They peered, they pried across, around,
Between, below, beside.



“Do you suppose,”
Said Tom, “that those
Round things in rows
Are buffaloes?”

Said Harry, “They are like indeed
To heaps of new-mown hay
With lightning-rods on each, to lead
The thunder-bolts away.”

“But where,” Dick cried,
“Do those abide
Who cut and dried
These fields so wide?”



“I can't tell that, to my regret,”
Said Tom, “but this I know:
We 've wondered and we 've wandered, yet
We 've found no buffalo.
I think we 've pressed
Too far out West;
So I suggest
We take a rest.”

“Let 's sit beside these heaps of hay,”
Said Harry, “in the shade.
Perhaps some buffaloes may stray
Near by our ambushade;
And if they do
They 'll soon find who
Can shoot most true
Of me and you.”

They scarce had sat upon the ground
Beside a “heap of hay;”
When midst a dull and dusty sound
The “heaps” all ran away.
“Good gracious me!
Now can it be?”
Said Tom. “Are we
L-E-F-T?”



They turned, alas! upon their track,
And silently went home;
On prairies and on plains, alack!
They never more did roam.
And which or who
Could shoot most true,
They never knew,
No more than you.





THE TOURNEY.

By F. H. LITTLEJOHN.

SING, hey, Sir Knights! and hi, Sir Knights!
Why spend your time in foolish fights?
Some day your sharp bulrush shall pierce
Your lily-pad shields, you look so fierce.

Then, ha, Sir Knights! and ho, Sir Knights!
You 'll wish you never had these fights;
For the bulrush sharp may pierce you too;
Then pray, Sir Knights, what will you do?

THE STORY OF CORA'S PUMA RUG.

By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

YES, there are a great many interesting things in this room—more interesting to me, perhaps, than to you, at first sight. You see, I got this thing and that from the Indians, or found it on some far-away mountain, or shot it with my own gun, and so to me almost everything has a story written all over it.

The story of that puma-skin? Why, that is one of the liveliest of all, and if you will just

pour fresh cups of chocolate, we will settle down by the fire here and have it all over again.

Do you remember my telling you once about the time I went on a camping trip in the Calabases Range, with my friends the McHenrys? Yes, it was the same trip where the dead tree fell in a gale and crushed my tent about a minute and a half after I went out of it in the

morning—which shows the value of early rising, does n't it?

Well, one time Mr. and Mrs. McHenry and Old Joe, the teamster, all went away after supplies, and left the youngsters and me in camp alone; and I tell you it makes me shiver when I think of what a report I might have had to make, if those same youngsters had not been full of "sand," as they say out West.

There were a good many deer in the mountains, and the boys had discovered a place about a quarter of a mile from camp where they felt sure the deer came down to the stream each night to drink. This set Bob—Bob? Oh, he was the youngest one of the lot, and as full of things to do and energy to do them as any lad of fourteen I ever knew. Well, nothing would content this youth, Bob, but to lie in ambush in the dark and try to shoot one of those deer; and he persuaded his big brother Tom to go with him and attempt it that very night.

Now, when Cora heard of this plan, she declared that it would be an adventure worth having, and proposed to join the precious pair.

Everybody objected at once. Old Molly, the cook and general helper, was simply horrified. I warned the girl that she would get tired of it before an hour had passed; Tom said she 'd freeze; and Bob made no end of fun of the idea.

But Cora was not the girl to be put down by that kind of talk. She said that she was two years older than Bob, and could keep awake and warm as long as he could, that she could shoot as straight, if she had a chance, and that where Tom was she would n't be afraid of anything.

So we gave up and told her to go along. I suspect that Tom had no idea of getting any deer at all, and meant to bring both the enthusiasts back before midnight.

As soon as it was settled that Cora should go, all three went off to prepare the blind.

What is a blind? It is a sportsman's word for a hiding-place where he can get a shot at some animal as it comes near.

The three tramped off, and "Bimber" went bounding along with them, racing and jumping and tearing up hill and down dale as if he were

trying to have fun for two dogs. No, no—Bimber was n't the black setter—that was "Nig," who would never carry on in that fashion. Bimber was a fox-terrier, and he had more sport and more mischief in his white and black skin than any other dog, great or small, that I ever heard of. I could tell you many a good story about Bimber.

After supper we all sat around the camp-fire as usual until eight o'clock, or so, when the sky grew dark. But the moon would be up soon after nine, and would shine right down the valley; and Tom and I agreed that the hunters ought to be in their ambush by that time.

So presently Cora and the two boys shouldered their wraps and their rifles, and started away bravely toward their hiding-place up the valley, while I caught Bimber and tied him to a tent-peg, where he barked and danced and tugged at his rope until he was too tired to howl another protest.

Pretty soon Old Molly went off to her own tent, and I was left alone by the fire with only Bimber for company.

By this time—I thought, as I lounged there on the pine-needles and watched the coals—they have nestled down behind their barricade of brush, and the midsummer moon must be just coming over the jagged wall of the mountain and shooting its beams down through the foliage of the quivering aspens that stand so thickly along the stream up there. I wondered whether it would lighten the shadowy spaces under the trees, and between the thickets of alder and berry, sufficiently to show the brown coat and long ears of the mule-deer as he came cautiously down seeking the water, and enable them to distinguish his tossing antlers from the white poplar twigs.

I myself could see the moonlight silvering the tops of the trees around our camp and whitening the dingy tents; and so still was the air that even the topmost tassels of the spruces scarcely nodded on their slender stalks. I amused myself by trying to imagine the thoughts of the young sportsmen as they lay there, hardly daring to stir hand or foot, watching and listening for the least sign of game; and I wondered whether they heard, as I have so often heard in lonely camps, the real *singing*

of the stream in the gurgle and clash of the current gliding over the restless pebbles. That would be the only sound to break the stillness of the great wilderness on such a night as this; and I was glad they were having such an inspiring experience whether they got a shot or not.

How long I had been lounging there, indulging these fancies, I don't know; but suddenly I became aware that Bimber—that rascal of a dog—had somehow broken loose and had taken himself off.

I had no manner of doubt as to where he had gone. He had rushed away to his mistress, of course, as fast as his four legs could carry him. And I knew that he would upset the whole plan unless he was caught—very likely he had done so already.

So I pulled my wits together and started up the valley as quickly as I could go—but quietly, meaning to overtake the little sinner, if possible, and bring him back.

As I found out later, the dog had rushed into the blind with a joyous bark, whereupon he had been seized by the scruff of the neck and nearly smothered inside of Cora's shawl in a way that must have amazed him. No doubt he thought his friends had gone crazy.

They were hastily discussing in whispers whether the girl would not better give up her sport and carry the dog away before the whole affair was spoiled, when Cora's fingers closed upon Tom's hand in a sudden grip that told him her ears or eyes had detected something unusual.

"Listen!" she whispered. "What 's that noise?" And if her hand trembled a little on his, it is not surprising when you remember what a strange and exciting situation for a girl that was.

Tom himself, and Bob, too, heard the sound now—a *pit-pat, pit-pat* coming nearer and louder, until at last a dark form, very vaguely outlined, was just visible toward the river.

And then, just at that unlucky instant, to their disgust and rage, Bimber squirmed out and shook himself until his collar jingled like a ring of tiny sleigh-bells.

The approaching animal, whatever it was, seemed to start, as if half alarmed; but for-

tunately the dog did not bark, and Cora dragged him into her blanket again, took off his collar and held him close in her arms to stop his mouth.

"I see it!" whispered Bob, excitedly. "It 's a deer—I see its horns."

"Can you get a bead on its head or shoulder?" Tom asked. "I can't."

"Yes—I can."

"Fire, then, if you 're *sure*."

Bob needed no further orders. Aiming steadily, he pulled the trigger. The animal fell at the crack of the rifle, and at the same moment a rustling was heard in the brush at the left, which they supposed indicated another deer; but, paying no attention to it, all three jumped up and the two boys ran down toward the game, while Cora halted in the moon-lit path.

Now, it was just at that moment that I got there, so I saw all the rest that happened—and I would n't forget it either, even if I did n't have that rug you are lying upon to remind me of it.

Bob, as I have told you, had plunged into the bushes, and Tom was on the point of following him, when his attention was suddenly called backward by a sharp yelp from Bimber—a yelp of unmistakable terror and defiance.

Turning quickly, Tom's heart nearly stopped beating; and so did mine, for, although I saw the danger well enough, I had no gun and could do nothing at all to help any one.

Cora was standing like a statue in the full, white glare of moonlight—as still as if frozen there, and was gazing as though fascinated at a puma, whose lithe tawny form, crouched along the ground for a deadly spring, was half visible in the shadows. The swish of its tail, lashing back and forth against the dewy weeds, could be heard above the low growling that betokened its rage toward the terrier, who had first discovered the great beast and had diverted its attention at the very instant of its intended leap.

And now Bimber, every hair erect, nerving his foolish little heart to defend his mistress, was dashing out and back, yelping and barking, alternating between courage and cowardice in the face of that lion of the mountains—afraid to advance, yet determined not to retreat.

All this came to Tom in an instant of time. Bob was behind him, and as useless as I was, for his gun was empty. The girl stood almost directly between him and the puma, so that he could see nothing more than the animal's head. If he moved to one side a bush would get between them. If he rushed forward the cat would surely spring upon both.

glanced along the line of moonlight upon the barrel's ridge, straight between the fiery points that marked the animal's forehead, and pulled the trigger.

A sharp report, then a mighty roar of pain, burst out of the darkness; the panther reared upright, fell over, and crashed away through the bushes, and Cora pitched forward in a faint.



“‘STEADY! STAND PERFECTLY STILL, CORA,’ TOM CALLED OUT.”

“Steady! Stand perfectly still, Cora,” Tom called out.

The girl made no reply—perhaps she could not have answered if she had tried. Her tongue refused to obey her. Her muscles were rigid and fixed, as if paralyzed by her terror, and in the face of those ferocious eyes she never thought of danger from a bullet.

The puma, as if to remeasure its distance from its prey, partly rose upon its feet, arousing the dog to redouble his clamor; and Tom, pressing his rifle firmly against his shoulder,

As hurriedly as possible we reloaded the rifles, but the puma did not return, and, after a few moments, when Cora had recovered, we hastened back to camp.

At sunrise we went cautiously back to the place and investigated. The deer had been shot through the heart and lay where he fell. A proud boy was Bob!

The puma was found stone-dead by the side of the stream a few rods away. There we skinned it; and when, later on, the hide had been prepared, it was given to Cora as a keepsake.



THE PIPER.

BY LEE CARTER.

ABOUT the time our kite gets torn—
When little fires are lit at morn
 To drive away the chill—
We know the Piper we shall see;
He comes to visit Ted and me
 From far across the hill.

First he will through the village go
Before he comes to us, you know,
 And, though he asks no pay,
For four large apples and a pear—
He always says that that is fair—
 His music he will play.

He always goes from east to west,
And never seems to want to rest.

 We watch his queer, peaked hat
When he moves toward the sunset, slow,
And as the earth is round, you know,
 And is n't really flat,

We think he walks the whole way round,
At least, wherever there is ground,

 Through China, France, and Spain.
We watch him till he 's out of sight,
And, wondering where he 'll be at night,
 We both go home again.



WHEN BABY GOES A-SAILING.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

WHEN Baby goes a-sailing by the sunny shores of day,
He sees the port of Sleepytown in Nod-and-Blinkem Bay;
Where every light is gleaming bright, so welcome, warm, and red,
That each one seems to *twinkle* dreams within a cozy bed!
So drop the anchor, mother sweet, the breeze has died away
Since Baby went a-sailing — sailing — sailing!



A YANKEE NAPOLEON: "BRING ON YOUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE you are, my young country folk, and you, my city ones, brown, bright-eyed, and supple, ready to leave the mountains, lakes, sea-shore, woods, orchards, and berry-fields — all drawn hither and thither by that strange, irresistible longing to be at school again, which must be felt to be described.

Welcome to you, one and all. Now we will begin the exercises by considering

THE TITMOUSE.

In a high-school third-year class recitation, a young girl — writes Ella Guernsey to this Pulpit — was asked to describe a titmouse.

After considering a moment, she answered :

“The titmouse is a species of the rodent family — a field-mouse.”

“A field-mouse! The titmouse — a — mouse?” exclaimed the teacher. “Does a mouse fly, flutter wings, hop on boughs? When you read Emerson’s ‘Titmouse,’ you will learn how the titmouse —

‘Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow.
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.’

Go out into the woods, the fields; read with eyes and ears open, if you would place poor titmouse where he belongs. Then you will learn that he is no mouse at all, but a bird.”

A country-bred boy as an experiment once sought to learn just how many of his friends could place the titmouse rightfully. Seven out of every ten people — men, women, and young people — answered his inquiry :

“The titmouse is a species of the mouse family.”

THIS reminds me of a letter about a real rodent — a story of real life, sent to this Pulpit by a new friend, M. E. B. She calls it

HOW I EARNED FIVE DOLLARS.

WHEN I was a little girl, I visited an aunt who lived in the country. She lamented each day because the cream, in some mysterious way, disappeared from her milk-pans; and at last, becoming desperate, declared she would give five dollars to any one who could find out where it went. I asked her where she kept the pans. She replied: “On a swinging shelf in the cellar.” I determined to earn that money if possible. The next morning, accordingly, I sat upon the cellar stairs and watched. Presently I saw a large rat, the very sight of which filled me with misery. He did not come toward me, but sprang upon some catnip which hung near the end of the shelf, forming a sort of perch from which he jumped upon the shelf. He made his way along toward the milk-pans, while I watched almost breathlessly. He raised his front feet to the edge of the pan, and then drew his body up so he could walk slowly round. I saw him slash his tail across the surface of the cream and draw it with great satisfaction through his mouth. I knew if I called my aunt then that he would be alarmed and run away. So, after waiting and watching for what seemed to me a very long time, for I was a little afraid to move, I ran and told her what I had seen. She bought covered pans, and never afterward missed the cream.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

NEW YORK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I suppose that a Jack-in-the-Pulpit does not attend flower-shows, at least not exhibitions of the cultivated flowers — but oh! if you only could see them in their almost countless varieties, and of all possible shapes, all colors, and all sizes, from the diameter of a coat-button to the size of a giant sunflower! Last year (1893) was, as I suppose your birds have told you, the centennial of the Chrysanthemum in Great Britain. I am told that the flower was taken to England from India in 1793, and that as late as the year 1826 there were but forty known varieties, the *Chrysanthemum indicus* being at that time the handsomest flower known.

I wonder how long the Japanese have been familiar with this, their national flower. Very, very long, of course, according to their historians, to whom our nations of the West are creations of yesterday. But, at all events, I cannot help thinking that the Mikado himself would open his little eyes and catch his breath in true astonishment if he was suddenly to come upon one of our superb American Chrysanthemum shows.

Your faithful listener, CARRIE G.—

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Will you kindly convey my thanks to the several correspondents who have written me concerning the authorship of the verse beginning “Because of one dear childish head” (see ST. NICHOLAS for June, p. 743) — especially to S. Elizabeth B., of Brooklyn, and to Mary B. G., of Fort Riley, Kansas, who sends a copy of four verses by C. C. Hahn, entitled “Mater Dolorosa,” as they appeared in *The Public Ledger* of March 10, 1885, credited by that paper to the

Chicago Current. The first verse of that poem is exactly like the one you gave to your congregation in March last, with the exception of the word "childish," which should be "infant."

Yours,

LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Several years ago, "we children," in the course of cave-digging, brought to light a curious coin. It is of copper, the size of a cent. On one side is a head that resembles George Washington, and faint lettering about it that may be his name. The other side has a Liberty Cap, with rays issuing from it, and "Success to the United States" about the edge. The date is entirely obliterated.

Can any of your congregation tell me anything of this coin, or where I can find out about it?

A "LITTLE GIRL" WHO HAS READ YOUR PAGES FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS.

QUEER PLAYMATES.

DEAR JACK: A jolly little sea-lion and some pelicans at Central Park were fast friends and drew crowds of people to watch their curious antics.

One of the sea-lion's favorite amusements was to lie down close by the pelicans and pretend to be asleep. He was not asleep, however, but simply playing "possum," for if one watched closely he would see that occasionally the artful animal slyly opened his eyes. He was looking to see just where the pelicans were standing, for in a moment—after he had closed his eyes again for a while—he would surprise everybody by suddenly lifting one of the birds with his flipper. The pelicans would be startled and then gravely watch the prostrate animal for any signs of life; but the sea-lion was perfectly motionless and to all appearances sound asleep. In a few minutes he would strike them again, and once more the pelicans would stop pluming themselves and eye curiously the disturber of the peace. If the birds moved away the sea-lion would follow them; and then might often be seen a very pretty sparring match between the sea-lion and one of the pelicans. The pelican would quickly thrust its bill straight at the sea-lion's head, but that animal would as quickly dodge it. Again and again in rapid succession the bird would strike at him, to the right, left, up and down, but the sea-lion would always avoid the blow with wonderful quickness. Sometimes, however, he did not move quickly enough, and the pelican with wide-open mouth would clasp him around the neck and look as though he were trying to swallow the big mouthful.

Often when the sea-lion would jump into the water for a swim, the pelicans would make great

fun for the spectators. Standing on the edge of the stone basin the birds would wildly flap their wings, and I am sure they must have said to the swimming animal, in pelican language, "You can't catch me, you can't catch me!" for the sea-lion would hurriedly leave the water, and in his funny wobbling gait give lively chase to the pelicans. Then they would flee as fast as legs and wings could carry them.

During the time that I watched them the pelicans and the sea-lion were apparently on the best of terms, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the fun.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

FROM THE DEACON'S SCRAP-BOOK.

I FIND that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IN all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight can see the straight.

JOHN RUSKIN.

SEA-FOWL'S EGGS.

HAVE any of you bird-lovers ever seen the eggs of sea-fowl and noticed their peculiar shape? If

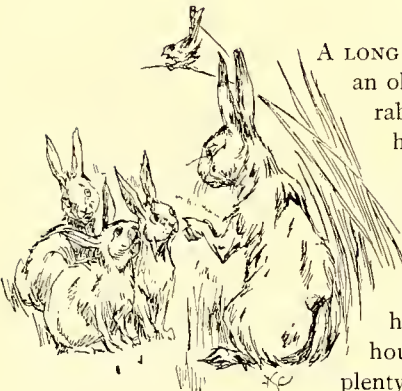


they were formed like the eggs of a hen, or even of an ostrich, they could not keep their places on the bare edges of rocks where the mother bird lays them. But, in fact, they often are so very broad at one end, and so pointed at the other, that they closely resemble a cone. Is not this wonderful? And think how round and roly-poly are the tiny eggs of certain birds who build soft little cup-shaped nests that do not spill them even when the branches are rocked by the strongest winds of the spring!



THE STORY OF THE THREE DISOBEDIENT LITTLE RABBITS.

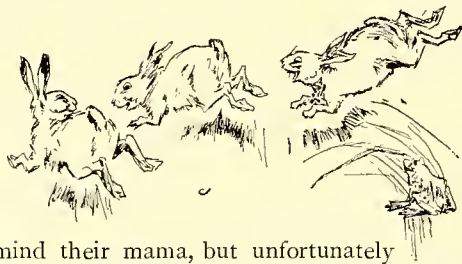
By M. R. S.



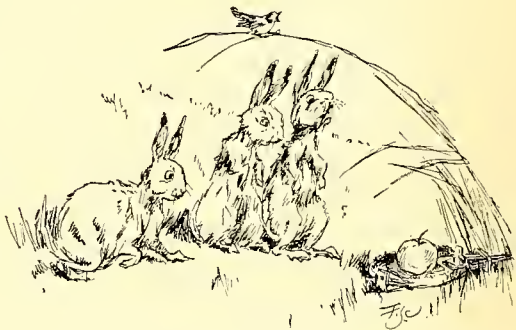
A LONG time ago an old mother rabbit and her three little ones lived in a beautiful forest. They had a nice house and plenty of wild carrots and turnips and fresh green grass to eat, and the three little rabbits would have been quite happy if they had only been good and willing

them to go outside of their own yard without her, and one day when she was going to market she left them at home, telling them not to leave the place and not to let any one in while she was away. She was no sooner out of sight than the eldest little rabbit said to his brother and sister:

“Mama won’t be back for ever so long; let’s take a walk in the woods; nothing can hurt us.”



to mind their mama, but unfortunately they were not. Their mother never allowed

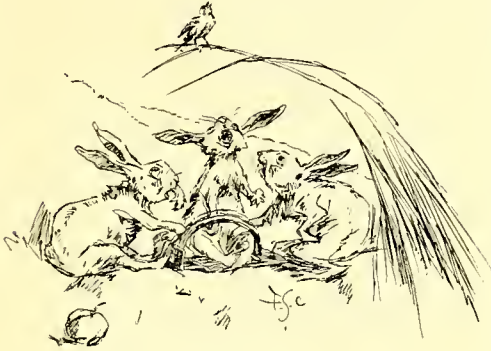


So these naughty little rabbits ran to the gate, opened it, and scampered away into the woods alone. They had not gone very far when the little sister spied a beautiful big red apple lying in the shade at the edge of a clump of tall grass.

They ran up to it at once, and the little sister cried out :

“ Oh ! oh ! look at that lovely, big, red ball. What is it ? ”

“ An apple, you little goose, ” said one of her brothers ; “ and it ’ s good to eat. ” So they all three reached for it. Now this apple was in a trap which some boys had set, and the little rabbits had no sooner touched it than snap shut the trap right on their little front paws, and not one of them could get away.



They were dreadfully frightened, and the trap hurt them so, and they all three screamed so loudly for help, that a dear friend of their mother, who was on her way to spend the day with her, heard them as she was passing

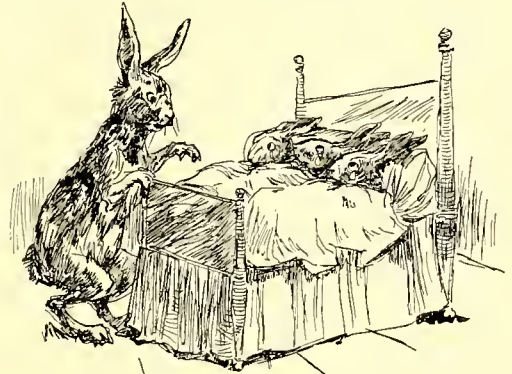


along the road, and hurried to see what was the matter. The trap was heavy and she had a great deal of trouble in lifting it, but she got them loose at last and took them limping home.

Their mother had just come in and was about to start out to look for them. When



she saw that they were hurt, she first bandaged their paws with arnica and then sent them to bed without any dinner.



A few days after this, while their mother was busy at cooking the dinner, these naughty little



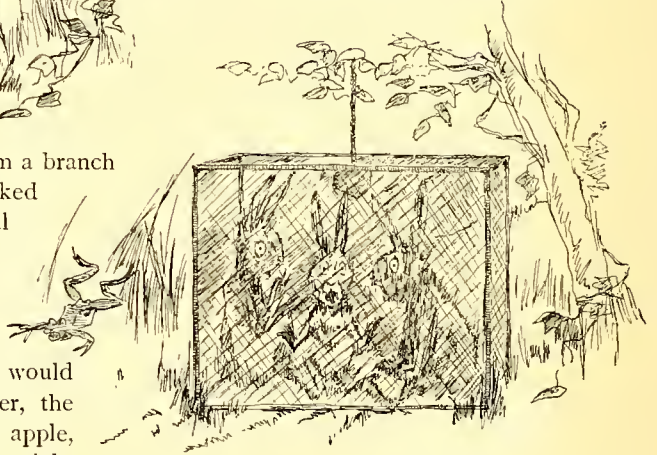
rabbits ran away again ; but this time they did not intend to go very far ; so as soon as they were out of sight of the house, they stopped and

began to play among the trees. All of a sudden, one of the little brothers called the others to come and look at an enormous yellow apple



which was hanging by a string from a branch of a small tree. They all three walked around it and looked at it from all sides; then the little sister said: "That can't be in a trap, because it is n't on the ground."

They finally decided that they would each take a bite out of it, but would not try to pull it down. However, the moment the first one touched the apple, down came a sort of wooden cage right over all three of them, and they could not get out of it, try as they would. They did not know what to do, for they were afraid that if they called for help their mother would hear them and would punish them for disobeying her. Before they could make up their minds about it, their mother found that her



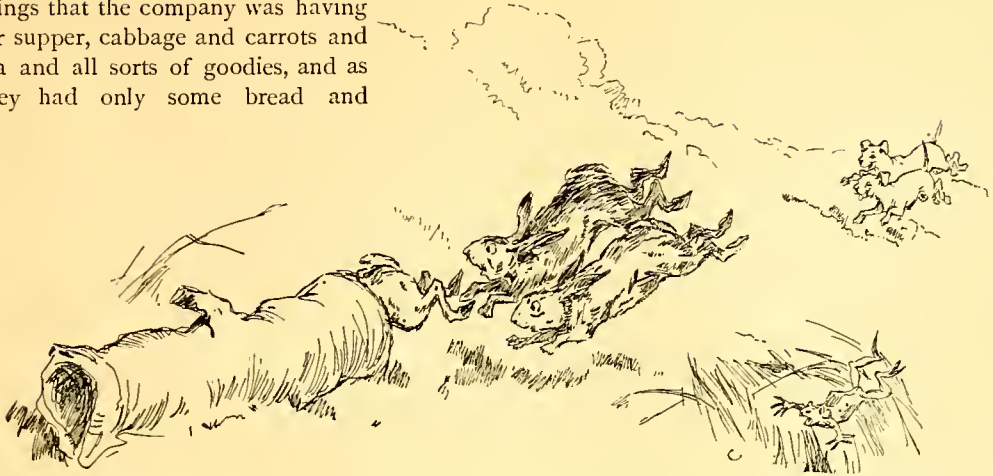
children were not in the yard; she called them to find out where they were, and as soon as they heard her voice, their fear of being left in the trap overcame their fear of being punished, and they all three cried out together: "Here we are, Mama, here we are!" Guided by their voices, she soon found them and set them free. She then took them into the house, and put them to bed without any supper. And then she told them that she was going to give a lovely party that evening to which they could

not go down; that she was very sorry that they had been so naughty; and that she hoped this would teach them a lesson.

In a few moments they heard guests arriving; then they heard the music playing and all their little friends dancing and laughing, and after a little while they could smell the good



things that the company was having for supper, cabbage and carrots and tea and all sorts of goodies, and as they had only some bread and



water before they were put to bed, they were very hungry, and so miserable altogether that first one and then the other began to cry, and they cried and cried until at last they fell asleep.

Now, would you believe that instead of being sorry for having been so bad, these three little rabbits were angry with their dear, good mother because she had punished them? So the very next day while she was taking a nap after the fatigues of the party, they slipped off and ran out into the woods again.

When they were some distance from the house, all of a sudden they heard a bark, and in another moment two big dogs came in sight; then how those poor frightened little rabbits did run! But long before they could even see their home, the dogs were so close to them that they thought they were surely lost. Just then the eldest little brother saw a hollow log lying on the ground, and calling to the others to follow him, he darted into it. The last little white tail disappeared in the log as the dogs came up, but the hole was too small for them to get in; so they sat down to watch until the rabbits came out again, and oh, how those naughty little things wished that they had minded their mother!

After a long time it began to grow dark, and

the dogs got tired of waiting and at last went away. Then one little brother peeped out of one end of the log, and one out of the other, and when they were quite sure that the dogs were really gone, they all three crept out and scampered home as fast as they could.



Their poor mother had been looking everywhere for them, but she was so glad to see them safe and sound, and they were so frightened and promised so faithfully never to disobey her again, that she did not punish them this time, thinking that they had been punished enough by being kept so long in the hollow log, and they kept their word and never went

outside the yard again without her, but were good little rabbits all the rest of their lives, and as happy as their days were long.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By GARRETT NEWKIRK.

MARYLAND



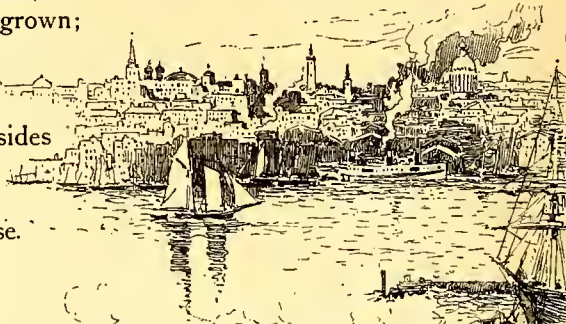
The "Land of Mary," England's queen,
 Named by Lord Baltimore,
 Upon the Bay of Chesapeake
 Owns oyster-beds "galore!"



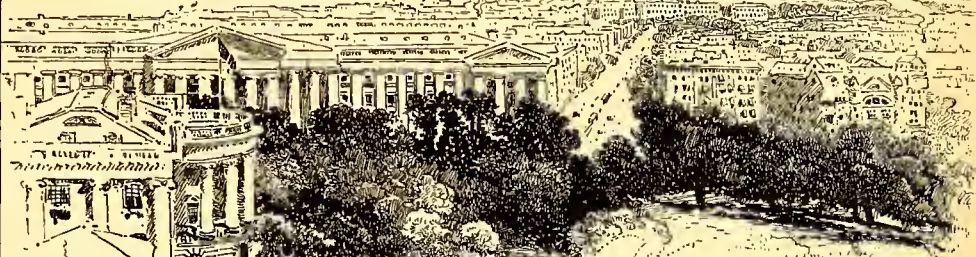
Oyster Pungies & Bugeyes.

East of the Bay lie farming-lands,
 Where corn and wheat are grown;
 The western hills for scenery
 And minerals are known.

Along the west and southern sides
 Potomac River flows;
 The District of Columbia
 This State's rich lands inclose.



The Nation's Capital is there
 With all its weighty cares,
 There Congress and the President
 Attend to our affairs.



VIRGINIA & WEST VA

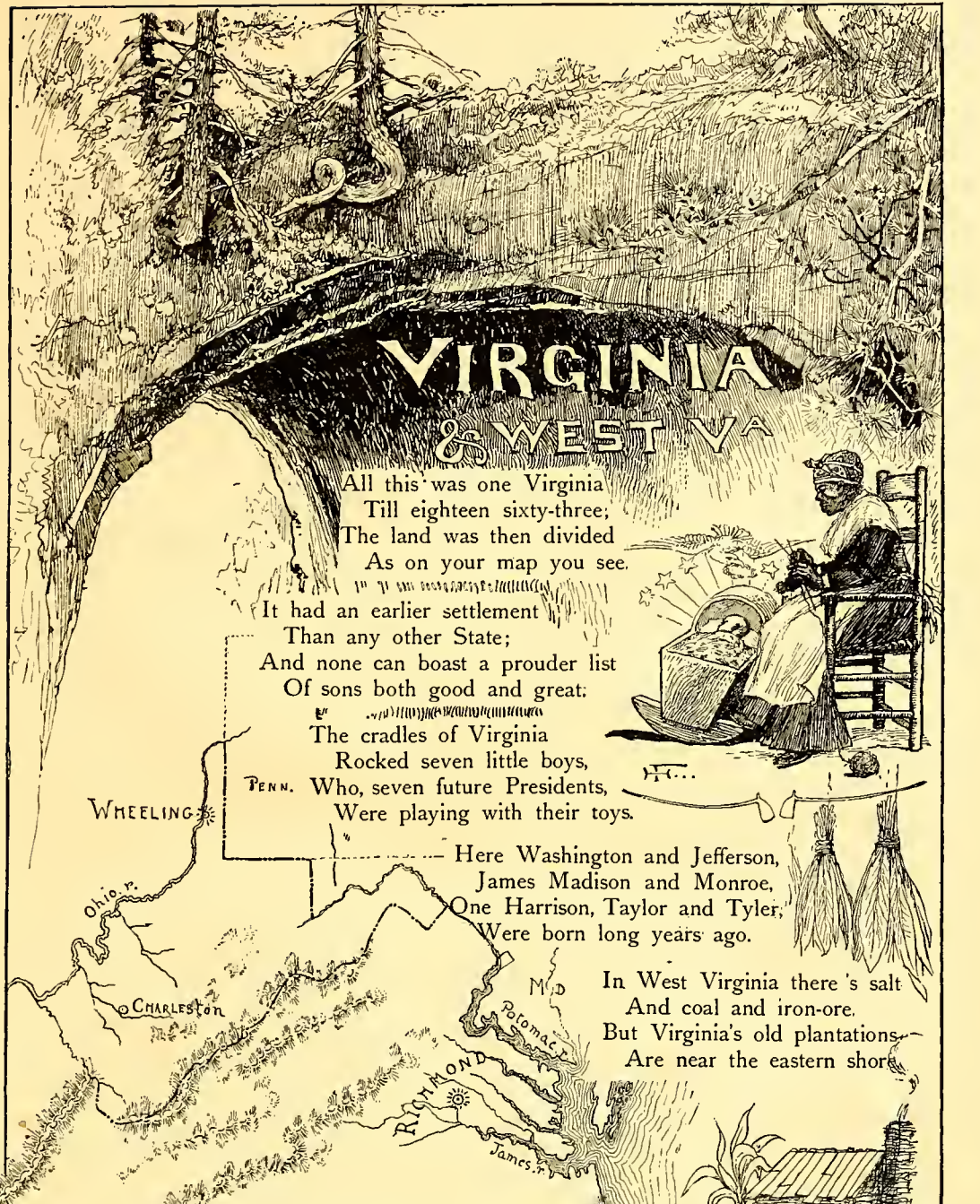
All this was one Virginia
Till eighteen sixty-three;
The land was then divided
As on your map you see.

It had an earlier settlement
Than any other State;
And none can boast a prouder list
Of sons both good and great:

The cradles of Virginia
Rocked seven little boys,
PENN. Who, seven future Presidents,
Were playing with their toys.

Here Washington and Jefferson,
James Madison and Monroe,
One Harrison, Taylor and Tyler,
Were born long years ago.

In West Virginia there's salt
And coal and iron-ore.
But Virginia's old plantations
Are near the eastern shore.



450 Miles.

N.C

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

By an oversight which we sincerely regret, Mr. Fredrick H. Littlejohn, author of the two jingles on page 860 of the August ST. NICHOLAS, was not credited with the sketches illustrating the verses. The pictures were drawn from colored sketches sent by the author.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama and Ina are busy talking up-stairs, and, as I have finished practising for the time being, I gladly pounce upon this opportunity to write to you and tell you how very much I enjoy your monthly visits. My cousin took you for us in 1887, and kept on taking you till February of 1891, when she stopped. No one knew how much I missed you, and I don't think I quite knew myself, till a very dear friend of mine gave you to me last Christmas for a Christmas gift; and a fine one you are, old St. Nic. I would care for none so much as I do for you. Well, dear ST. NICHOLAS, now you know how I happen to have you for my very own much-valued property, I wish to tell you something about myself. I am a little girl twelve years old and I live in the beautiful county of Baltimore, Longgreen Valley. Our place is very large and, to me, very beautiful, and you can just see our house from the railway station, rising apparently from the heart of a woods. So you see, ST. NICHOLAS, that we have a great many trees near us, and although we do not live quite in the heart of the woods, there is woodland accumulated on three sides of us, north, south, and east; and the lawn is hemmed in with a great number of stately firs and cedars. Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your most sincere well-wisher and friend,

MARIE L. L.—

MACON, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father has just made me a present of a lamb, and I call her Virginia. She is white all over, except her head and legs, which are black. When I first got her I thought I never could make her tame, she was so wild. But I managed to tame her, and now she will eat grass out of my hands. She also eats grass on the Ocmulgee River bank, although the grass is old, tough, and withered. She likes to go down there so much that she will sometimes run away. Besides the lamb I have a young mocking-bird. The bird's name is "Tom." Whenever I go near the cage he sets up a funny little squeak, and keeps it up until I give him something to eat out of my hands. Your interested reader,

ZAIDEE E.—

OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and have been across the continent four times. Our old home is in Ogdensburg, N. Y., but we went out to Seattle to live four years ago. We have been visiting here for two months, and return West this week. All the Indians out on the coast are called Siwash. There was one old Indian whose name was Seattle, and the city was named for him. He is dead now, but his daughter, Princess Angeline, is still living. She is about one hundred years old, and some of the old settlers pay all her expenses. She is quite a character in the city. About hop-picking time we go down to the docks to see the Alaskan Indians, who come there in their canoes. These are made out of huge tree-trunks, and are large enough for whole families to eat, sleep, and do their cooking in. These Indians are the dirtiest creatures one can imagine.

They live mainly on fish, which they eat after drying them in the sun for several days, or boiling in a pot, scales and all. When we were coming East last time, we passed through a place called Medicine Hat, and saw some Cree Indians. My mother bought a string of beads which a brave wore on his neck. He had on all his war-paint, and looked very fierce. These are much finer looking fellows than the Siwash. The Government gives each of them a new blanket every year. There are mounted police on guard all the time, with spurs on their heels, so that they can make their horses go fast over the prairie to chase the Indians. I have written you a long letter because I am

Your interested reader, H. L. V.

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are cousins and spend a great deal of our time together, as we live next door to each other.

The Soldiers' Home for Pennsylvania is in Erie, and is situated on the bank of the lake, and is a very pretty place; there is a greenhouse where there are a great many flowers; there are flowers outside, too; the flowers are planted in different shapes. The last time we were there we saw one group in the shape of a musket. There is a blockhouse there made exactly like the old one in which General Anthony Wayne died.

One of the pleasure-resorts of Erie is Glenwood Park; it is about four miles out of the city, in the woods, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery.

We have taken you for about seventeen years, beginning with my eldest brother, and coming down to me. On the Fourth of July there was on the bay a parade of all the boats, trimmed up with lanterns, and there was a fort built in the center of the bay which was burnt up; it looked very pretty. On the Fourth we shot fire-crackers nearly all day and had fireworks in the evening. We enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much. Our favorites are "Toinette's Philip" and "Lady Jane."

From your affectionate readers, M. W. R.
M. E. C.

AT THE SEA-SHORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but our family has taken you for ten years. I am going to tell you about this sea-shore place where we are spending the summer. It is a long point and looks something like the deck of a vessel. It is almost surrounded by water, and people who come here feel as if they were on a ship at sea. Perhaps some of your readers would like to hear of an adventure we had one day. We went on a clam-bake over by a very large rock. We had just begun to bake the clams, when a very queer, fantastic-looking cow came around the rock. It had three horns and two noses. We were very much frightened and ran up the rock as fast as we could. Suddenly a Brownie came out from under the rock, and changed him into a deer. He bounded away, and disappeared in the Brownies' woods. The last part of my story is a fairy tale, but strange things happen in far-away places.

Yours affectionately, CHARLOTTE W.—

MORGANTON, BURKE COUNTY, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of twelve, and have been a subscriber to your magazine for a year, and will continue to subscribe as long as I am able to do so. My

home is in the beautiful town of Morganton, in full view of the grand old Blue Mountains (Blue Ridge), a part of the Alleghany range. The Catawba River, taking its source in these mountains, runs rapidly and boisterously over its rocky bed, near the town. The scenery is beautiful and inspiring. This is one of the oldest counties in the State, named in honor of Sir Edmund Burke, and the town was named in honor of General Daniel Morgan, of the Revolutionary Army, who once camped here. I am quite successful in collecting stamps, having a collection of two hundred and thirty-seven from all parts of the world. I am very much interested in your history of the exploits of Decatur and Somers—and indeed everything in ST. NICHOLAS interests me. Your young friend and subscriber, HASSELL H—.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been reading the last number, in which you publish the wail of an unfortunate poet who could not find a rhyme to "lattice." There is a word "brattice" which you will find in Webster as a partition wall in a mine. Is it a rhyme to the required word or not?

Hoping that this, which comes from the land of female franchise—*Lady* Mayors, will aid the poet,
I am your well-wisher, C—.

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in the article in the July number entitled "The Bears of North America." More so, perhaps, because we once had a black bear. Papa got him in Athens, Mich. He thought he would amuse the boys and girls in Haskell Institute, the Indian school of which he was superintendent. His name was Jack, and he did amuse them and the older people also.

Jack was very fond of candy, and he would stand upon his hind legs and beg for it. He also liked watermelons and ice, but he did not care much for meat. His chief diet was bread and milk, though he was fond of all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats.

He sometimes got loose, but he never did much harm. We usually found him in a tree, and he would not come down unless we gave him candy. One day, when he got away, he went into the small boys' dormitory and ran over the beds. This performance did not please the matron very well, but was fun for the boys.

Papa told one of the little Indian girls one afternoon that he thought he should have to kill Jack, as he was afraid he would grow cross. The girl said, "What, kill Jack Haskell? No, never!" So Papa decided not to kill him.

He was very playful and cute, and Papa felt fully repaid for buying him. I am, as ever,
Your devoted reader, ALICE W. M—.

NEWNHAM TOWERS, BURSLEDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Irish boy. I am ten years old. I and my two brothers are staying at our uncle's here. We don't like it as much as at home. We live at Ballyheige; it is nicer than anywhere else. My brothers' names are Michael and Pat. My sister, who is eighteen, is called Sheila. We have lots of old volumes of you at home that were given to Father.

At home we have ponies. We go to school at Tralee; we go on Monday and come home on Saturday on the ponies; it is a nice long ride. My pony is called Kate. She is brown with one white foot. She canters beautifully. We have got a yacht. I can nearly steer

her; Mike can. Pat cannot go on her; he feels bad even when it is quite calm. Last summer we went to Chicago. We had three months' holidays to go, but Mr. B— came to teach us. We saw all the exhibition. We went in the Ferris wheel. Pat did n't like it; I and Mike and Sheila did.

We liked America very much. We were sorry to come home. We are going home soon; we are very glad. No one but Mike knows I am writing to you. If you ever put this letter in, Mother and Sheila would be so surprised.

We have to do lessons here with Uncle's secretary. Mother, Father, and Sheila are in London.

I hope you will find room for this. It has taken me a long time to do it. I always read the "Letter-box." What a lot of people write!

Your affectionate friend,
TERRENCE DESMOND O'F—.

THE GRANDE POINTE CLUB,
HARSEN'S ISLAND, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I am not a subscriber, I have taken the liberty to write to you, and hope you will print the letter. My father buys you every month, and I greatly enjoy reading you. But your last number had an article in which I was very much interested. This sentence is in the article: "Both the grizzly and cinnamon bears hibernate in winter, and sometimes do so even in captivity." I once made the acquaintance of a cinnamon bear owned by Mr. O. V. Davis, of Mandan, Dakota, which "holed up" every fall in a hole he dug for himself in a lot near the depot. In 1888 he went into the hole on December 5, and remained, absolutely without food or drink, until March 17, when he came out in good order. Unlike most cinnamon bears, he was wonderfully good-natured and was scarcely ever known to get angry.

That bear's name was "Bob," for I named him myself. My brother caught him about eight years ago in Idaho, near a small town called Hope. He was then about a month old, and was very cross. He was chained to a large hollow tree, in which he used to sleep. At night he used to call for his mother, just as a baby does, saying "Mama" in something between a screech and a spoken word, which used to bring tears to my mother's eyes. We gave him to Mr. Davis, because we knew he would take good care of him. Mr. Davis kept him until he was five years old, and then sold him to a man who took him to England. That was three years ago, and I have not heard or seen anything of "Old Bob" since.

Yours respectfully, Jos. A. S—.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since we came from India, about a year ago, and we all like you very much. I am a little girl of eleven, and I have three sisters and two brothers. Broadstairs is such a pretty place; we have come to spend a month here, and are enjoying ourselves very much. We bathe in the sea about every other day, and are trying to learn to swim. I have read "Toinette's Philip," and liked it very much, but I think my favorite long story is "Tom Sawyer Abroad." We lived in a hill station (7000 feet high) in India before we came to England; it was not much warmer than England is. We went up to the hill station because it is so hot in the plains. I like India much better than England, it is so much prettier. We had a very large house out in India, and our compound (or garden) took up about fifteen acres. We had a very nice tennis-court in our garden, and my brother and I used to play tennis in the morning, before our lessons.

We used to go fishing in the afternoons sometimes, and often caught nearly forty fish. The fish are very small and full of bones; if a fish weighs two ounces, it is a very large one. I go to school when I am in Dulwich, but we have had whooping-cough; so I have not been for some time. We went for a walk in the corn-fields yesterday; the corn is so high I have to stand on tip-toe to see over it. There are such a lot of wild poppies about here; we pick bunches of them when we go for walks. The corn-fields look so pretty waving in the breeze; we are going for another walk this evening. I am going down to the beach this afternoon to fish. I am afraid I shall not catch any, as the pier is small, and the fish have not time to come up near the shore, as the tide takes them down as soon as they come up.

Your affectionate reader,
MARJORY W—.

LONGMONT, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for eight years and have you nicely bound. I am going to write to you and tell you about a little Scotch terrier called "Scotie."

He knows many tricks. I was visiting there a few days ago, and as soon as I entered the house, he ran for his ball. He soon returned and laid it at my feet. Mr. B— said, "You must kiss the little girl first, Scotie." And he jumped up and tried to kiss me. Mr. B— threw the ball into the air and Scotie jumped up, turned a somersault, and caught the ball. I said, "Cats, Scotie!" and he ran to the window and barked. He follows Mr. B— everywhere, but if he sees him take out his best clothes he goes and lies down, as he knows he can't go with him to church.

We went out in the yard, and Mr. B— placed the ball in the fork of a tree some twelve feet from the ground; he then asked Scotie if he could get it, and Scotie said, "Bow-wow!" and climbed up and brought it down. I have read many wonderful stories about dogs, but never about one who could climb a tree; did you? I remain as ever,

Your devoted reader,
SARA L. H—.

REICHENHALL, BAVARIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday I went through the Salzkammergut salt-mine. Every person had to carry a lantern, and wear a facsimile of the miner's Sunday costume. The mine was dug out of the interior of a mountain, and all along the passages salt is found; in some, salt is found to an extent of ninety per cent., and other rocks are solid salt, and have to be blasted away. There are thirty-six artificial salt seas in the mine, and I was rowed across one half-way up the mountain. The guide told us that it took three days of walking to bring a person to the other end of the mine. A pit of salt is blasted out of the mine and I went into it. I saw solid salt of different colors. The salt sea is more salty than the ocean.

I remain forever your eleven-year-old and interested reader,
ADELHEIT H—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for interesting letters received from them:

Kate P., Rose S., Virginia W. W., Isabel L. T., Edna B., Florence H., Annie T., Mabel M. S., Hastings C., Melville S. W., G. C., Louise S., Margaret J., Ruth D., Beth and Josie, Lillian L. R., Nellie G. M., Frances A. G., Nina M. W., Arvilla C. O., Florence M., Ethel S., Hope A. S., I. S., Maria W. S., Agnes P., Alfred J. D., Ethel L. S., Albert G. McG., Maud R. B., Josephine W., Helen T. F., Margaret B., Flossie L.

THERE were several hundreds of answers sent to the "Floral Enigmas" published in the June ST. NICHOLAS. Here are the correct answers:

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|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. Prim-rose, | 12. Hare-bell, |
| 2. Holly-hock, | 13. Butter-cup, |
| 3. Sweet-pea, | 14. Witch-hazel, |
| 4. Su-mach (pronounced
<i>shoo-mac</i>), | 15. Rose-mary, |
| 5. Dande-lion
(dandy, lion), | 16. Lark-spur, |
| 6. Indian-pipe, | 17. Flag-root, |
| 7. Toad-stool, | 18. Spear-mint, |
| 8. Sham-rock, | 19. Pussy-willow, |
| 9. Cinque-foil, | 20. Monks-hood, |
| 10. Golden-rod, | 21. Trumpet-vine
(or, creeper), |
| 11. Tiger-lily, | 22. Morning-glory, |
| | 23. Milk-weed. |

We thank the following correspondents for their clever answers:

Dorothea E. Lewis, Clara V. Tice, Margaret Scribner, Emily M. Pratt, Lucy M. Clark, Norman B. French, John C. Gray, Jessie S. Goodwin, Ruth Whitemore, Laura S. Armstrong, Lillian M. Quinn, Laura O'Brien, Leila Conkling, Helen G., F. P. McDermott, The "Maxon Family," Edward Kirk, J. Egmont Schermehorn, Jr., Esther Tuggy, Georgia Baird and Elsie De Veaux, Dudley Wilberforce Bramhall, "Elizabeth," Marguerite D. Nutt, Daisy R. Gorham, Evelyn E. Smith, Ella Coston, Mairan L., "The Windlesham Goslings," Tillie S. Taylor, Ellen Ruth Atkins, Leah M. Crane, Miriam F. Choate, Helen A. Choate, Margaret Dudley Adsit, P. R. P., Dorothy Swinburne and Mabel Snow, Odie Oliphant, Esther Eaton, Elinor, Henry, and Constance Hoyt, Mary Ann and Kate Maccoll, Lucy H. Bullard, Mary H. Beymer, "Elioak," Bertha C. James, Emily B. Dunning, Marie, James, and Ella Crowley, Bessie Crocker, Marion Eva Ryan, J. A. Smith, Eleanor W. Allen, "Two Little Brothers," G. S. O., Elizabeth S., Wm. D. Strong, Ruth Robinson, Leota Mendeo, Madeline Johnson, Wm. Harbaugh, Elizabeth T. Foote, Helen Clements, Ina Snyder, Florence E. Scriven, Kathleen F. and Theresa F., Blanche E. Hellyar, Clara F. Ray, Violet White, Frances Lee, Edith Vollmer, Edwin B. Dutcher, E. W. M., Helen Douglas Love, Katherine K. Shoemaker, Mary W. Gottlieb, George Goldschmidt, Eleanor Claire Hull, Effie K. Talboyo, Helen C. Bennett, Helen Rogers, R. S. Coutant, Lillie Anthony, Virginia and Berkeley Bowie, Lotti A. D., "We, Us & Co.," Julia W. Maxson, Annie Powell Wall, Helen and Anna Smyth, Hester V. Brady, Marjorie Prentiss, Miriam Sheffey, "M. G.," Marguerite G. Pritchett, Grace W. Tucker, Florence D. Guillauden, Ruth Stevens, Tom N. Metcalf, Mabel Strang, Sumner G. Rand, Bertha L. Johnson, "The Bishop and the 'Ermit,'" Fanny B. Ritchey, Katherine D. Hull, Coulson Soule, Mary Grace Arthur, Marian Goff, Bertha Stover, Louisa Merritt, Laura Hickox, Jessie A. Parsons, Olivia F. Tate, Walter F. Furman, May, Edith, Lizzie, Joey, Adrian and Alma, Lulu Butts, Abbie F. Potts, Agatha Laughlin, Eunice D. Follansbee, Julia Wickes Wheeler, Mary W. Jackson, Mana J. Abbott, Agnes R. Gray, Ruth Maxson, Henry Bellows, L. C. G. and C. L. Hawke, Edith Ilaas, Amy L. Hill, Helen Lovell, Edith Alice Noble, Phyllis Winchester, Clinton Raymond Whitney, Annie F. Withereil, Alice S. Gibson, Nellie Grey, Cordelia B. Carroll, Bessie R. Dimock, Coert Du Bois, Robert Le Roy, Shaftoe, Alice N., Olive and Edith Waters, Clare Brewster, Mary Stillman, E. W. C., Rosamond Allen, Paul Hayden, Marg Leonard, Sadie L. Vernon, Mamie and Edith Johnson, G. P. Weeks, Jr., Ruth V. I., R. M. G. and C. P. G., R. M. E. Dorrie, Alice S. B., "Age," Ruth T. Mintzer, R. Robinson, Mary H. Wilson, H. M.



